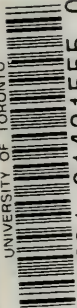


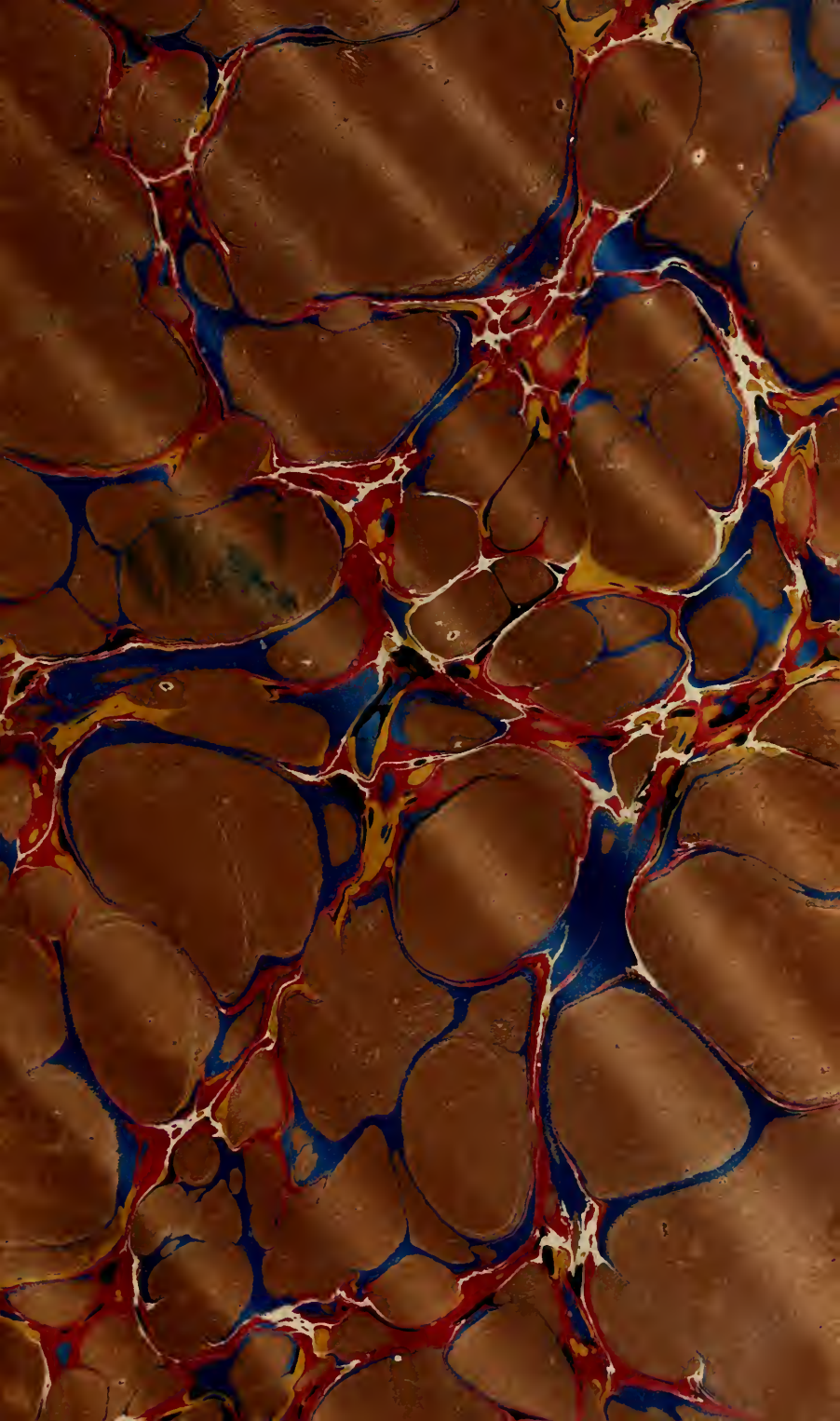
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The image shows a book cover with a marbled paper pattern. The pattern consists of large, irregular, brownish-tan shapes separated by thin, intricate lines of blue, red, and yellow. In the center of the cover is a white rectangular label with a thin black border. The label contains the text "GOLDWIN SMITH." in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

GOLDWIN SMITH.





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THE
WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

1859

THE
WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES:

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE FIFTH,

CONTAINING

THE FALSE ONE.
THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.
THE WOMAN'S PRIZE.
THE PILGRIM.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne and Company,

FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND CO.;
WHITE, COCHRANE, AND CO.; W. MILLER; J. MURRAY; R. H. EVANS;
R. SCHOLEY; J. MAWMAN; AND GALE AND CURTIS; LONDON:

AND FOR

JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO.; AND DOIG AND STIRLING; EDINBURGH.

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THE
FALSE ONE.

VOL. V.

A

TABLE I

THE FALSE ONE.

THIS Tragedy first appeared in the folio collection of 1647. We have no data whatever to determine the period of its first performance with any degree of certainty, nor to decide whether Beaumont had any share in the composition. Gardiner ascribes it to Fletcher in his commendatory verses; but the prologue and epilogue, which are far better evidence, speak decidedly of more than one author, and as the former directly alludes to Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra, the production of which Mr Malone and Mr Chalmers agree in placing in the year 1608, we might suppose that our tragedy was performed at no great distance of time from that period. There is, however, a circumstance which may stagger our belief in Beaumont's coalition with Fletcher. Amongst the actors' names enumerated in the second folio, that of Burbage is not to be found; and as that first-rate tragedian is known to have acted in most of these plays which appeared before his death, and as the latter is known to have happened in 1618-9, we might, with some probability, conclude that the drama was produced between that year and 1622, when Sir H. Herbert's office-books, so often quoted in this work, commence. It has occurred to the editor, as a doubt, whether the coadjutor of Fletcher, alluded to in the prologue and epilogue, was not another than Beaumont, and whether this may not be one of the plays in which, according to the testimony of Sir A. Cockayne, Fletcher was assisted by Massinger. In several scenes it is presumed that poet's stately and nervous versification may be discovered. The plot too is conducted with greater regularity than most of Fletcher's can boast of. This supposition is however hazarded as a mere conjecture, which must be discarded, if the circumstance mentioned above, of the probability of the play being produced within a short time of Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra, is supposed to have more weight.

Whoever were the associate authors, this tragedy has such sterling merit, that its utter neglect for many years past must be deplored as another instance of the little attention at present paid to these invaluable treasures of dramatic excellence. The particular beauties of it seem to have struck Seward, who, in this play, as in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, left his usual track of annotation to point out the chief excellencies, and to compare them to those exhibited in its original, the immortal poem of Lucan, and in its respectable rival, the *Pompée* of Corneille. Notwithstanding Bishop Warburton's great, but perhaps weakly-founded, celebrity as a critic, his supposition that the authors of *The False One* meant to break a lance with Shakspeare, is fully refuted by the prologue, which he never can have read, for it completely denies any rivalship, and distinctly points out the difference: and though the case were reversed, and a comparison instituted, where such comparison is directly deprecated, the present tragedy, while it cannot bring forward passages of excellence equal to Shakspeare's, may yet claim a rank not far inferior to it in point of interest, while it undoubtedly excels in point of unity of action and regularity of plot. But our authors disclaimed comparison, and let us not insult them by obtruding what they deprecated. The characters are painted with great force and precision, and are excellently contrasted. The heroism of Cæsar, and the majestic debauchery of Cleopatra, are equally well portrayed; and the different shades of villainy displayed in the characters of Photinus, Achilles, and Septimius, admirably discriminated. The vacillations which are continually going on in the mind of the latter, the utter contempt with which he is treated by the Roman captains, by the three lame soldiers, and even by the wanton Eros, are introduced and conducted with consummate skill; while at the same time the treatment he receives throughout, and his final fate, are an admirable instance of poetical justice. The character of this infamous villain is well contrasted with that of the honest, blunt, and valiant warrior Sceva. The versification of the tragedy is remarkably regular and harmonious; and as to the different scenes, while some of them, such as the narration of Labienus, are fine specimens of declamatory eloquence, others assume a higher degree of dramatic excellence, particularly the first scene of the second act, and the second of the fourth.

Mr M. Mason makes the following observations on the impropriety of the title: "I cannot comprehend from what character or incident in this play it has obtained the name of *The False One*. It cannot be from the character of Cleopatra; for though haughty, ambitious, and unchaste, in consequence of that ambition she is free from falseness, and even above disguise. To denominate the

play from Photinus, Achilles, or Septimius, would be doing too much honour to these subordinate characters. Besides, the word *false*, though applied to deceitfulness, inconstancy, and want of truth, is never used to express such atrocious villainies as they were engaged in."—It may be presumed, though not with conclusive decision, that by The False One, Cæsar is intended; and that the scene where he is seduced from the affection of Cleopatra by the riches displayed by her brother, is peculiarly alluded to. Nor, although the objection of Mr M. Mason certainly has weight, is it altogether improbable that the paramount baseness of the wretched Septimius may have exalted him to the "bad eminence" in question. Our authors are far from being felicitous in the titles of their plays; and it is perhaps considering too curiously, to suppose they would argue respecting the title of the False One, with the metaphysical precision inferred by Mr Mason.



PROLOGUE.

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old ; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be framed
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage : What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba ? Sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
I' th' capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious : Nor will such blame
Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to the height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity :
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew :
Let reason then first to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Cæsar.

Ptolemy, *king of Egypt.*

Achoreus, *an old, blind counsellor, priest of Isis.*

Photinus, *aneunuch, politician, and minion to Ptolemy.*

Achillas, *captain of the guard to Ptolemy.*

Septimius, *a revolted Roman villain.*

Labienuus, *a Roman soldier and nuncio.*

Apollodorus, *guardian to Cleopatra.*

Antony, } *Cæsar's captains.*

Dolabella, }

Sceva, *a free speaker, also captain to Cæsar.*

Three lame Soldiers.

Guard.

Servants.

Cleopatra, *queen of Egypt.*

Arsinoe, *Cleopatra's sister.*

Eros, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman.*

Isis,

Nilus, } *in a masque.*

Three Labourers, }

The principal actors were

John Lowin,

John Underwood,

Robert Benfield,

Richard Sharpe,

Joseph Taylor,

Nicholas Toolie,

John Rice,

George Birch.*

SCENE,—Alexandria.

THE
FALSE ONE.¹

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. A Hall in the Royal Palace.

Enter ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS.

Achor. I love the king,² nor do dispute his
power,
For that is not confined, nor to be censured

¹ *The False One.*] Mr Seward, conceiving that a slur is cast on this play (for so he expresses it) by Dr Warburton's first note on the *Tempest*, is very copious in his defences of the *False One*, as "the rival of Antony and Cleopatra." He also gives very large quotations from Lucan; and endeavours to shew the superiority of the *False One* over the *Pompey* of Corneille; in all which particulars we think him too prolix and too uninteresting to be entirely copied: Nor do we believe that our authors meant (as the Rev. commentator on the *Tempest* imagines) to break a lance with *Shakspeare* on this occasion. The prologue utterly disclaims any competition, either with his *Julius Cæsar*, or his *Antony and Cleopatra*, truly asserting, that although the personages are the same with those that are celebrated in those plays, the situations of those personages that furnish the subject of *the False One* are totally different.—Ed. 1778.

² *Achil. I love the king, &c.*] The gross error of making *Achillas* speak this has run through all the editions.—*Seward.*

We are very sorry Mr Seward should begin a play he seems to

By me, that am his subject ; yet allow me
 The liberty of a man, that still would be
 A friend to justice, to demand the motives
 That did induce young Ptolemy, or Photinus,
 (To whose directions he gives up himself,
 And I hope wisely) to commit his sister,
 The princess Cleopatra——If I said
 The queen, Achilles, 'twere, I hope, no treason,
 She being by her father's testament
 (Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
 In all he stood possess'd of.

Achil. 'Tis confess'd,

My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms
 Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
 But claim a privilege equal to the male ;
 But how much such divisions have ta'en from
 The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
 Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
 Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
 We have too many and too sad examples :
 Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
 The murders, and the massacres, that attend
 On disunited government, and to shew
 The king without a partner, in full splendour,
 Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
 (An attribute not frequent in this climate)
 Should be committed to safe custody,
 In which she is attended like her birth,
 Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
 Hath found her out a husband.

Achor. How this may
 Stand with the rules of policy, I know not ;

admire, with a fallacious assertion : The first folio (in which *Ach.* stands for *Achoreus* throughout, and for *Achillas* only in one short scene, when *Achoreus* is not present) gives this speech to *Ach.* i. e. *Achoreus.*—Ed. 1778.

Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
With the rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down
With this disgrace, though insupportable,
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,
This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian
As well as Ptolemy's, will e'er approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?

Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embark'd
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives
 them

No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Achor. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.

Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations
From whence he drew his powers; but that were
 tedious.

They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicacies are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd
To make a public feast. They at Dirachium
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,

Cæsar himself confess'd.³

Achor. Where are they now?

Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,
Inured to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And though that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man,
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.

Achor. May victory
Attend on't, where it is.

Achil. We ev'ry hour
Expect to hear the issue.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS.*⁴

Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,

³ *So much I have heard*

Cæsar himself confess.] This reading supposes Achilles to have been in Greece, and in Cæsar's presence. The correction is very obvious.—*Seward.*

⁴ *Enter Septinius.]* The vulgar editions have much oftener wrote it *Septinius*, than *Septimius*, and have given him the former name in the persons of the drama.—The reader will undoubtedly observe the fine moral couched under this infamous wretch's character, *viz.* "That even among the grossest superstition of the Heathens, the atheistical scoffer at religion was the most pernicious pest of all society." The character seems drawn with exquisite art, and our

And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Adored in Rome, I am your honours' servant.

Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.

Achil. You are cruel ;

If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.

Sept. Your honour's bitter.

Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear't : Yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief ;
I think, (and I can find no other reason)
Because I am a Roman.

Achor. No, Septimius ;

To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues.

Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.

Achor. Any thing honest ;
That I believe without an oath.

Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad^s discourse ; 'twill make you old

poets have by it much excelled their master Lucan, and their competitor Corneille. In the former, there is only a sketch of a fierce inhuman villain ; and in the latter, *Septimius* is in the first scene introduced as a privy-counsellor, makes an harangue to persuade the death of Pompey, commits the murder, and being blamed for it by Cæsar, is said to have killed himself with the same sword with which he slew Pompey : But he has absolutely no character at all, nor is it judicious to make him die the death of Brutus and Cassius ; though a Frenchman may perhaps look upon the punishment of Cæsar in the same light with the vile assassination of Pompey.—*Seward.*

^s *Sad.*] *i. e.* Serious, a common use of the word in ancient times.

Before your time. Pox o' these virtuous morals,⁶
 And old religious principles, that fool us !
 I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
 Though you were at your prayers.

Achor. What is the subject ?

Be free, Septimius.⁷

Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
 Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
 Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
 Sports with that merchant's wife ; and does relate
 Who sells her honour for a diamond,
 Who for a tissue robe ; whose husband's jealous,
 And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
 Will make the match himself : Harmless conceits,
 Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it
 The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.⁸

Achor. How ? as a fidler ?

Sept. No, sir, as a guest,
 A welcome guest too ; and it was approved of
 By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd
 in't :

⁶ — *o' these virtuous morals.*] So the first folio exhibits these words, and no doubt the asseveration in the text was omitted in this case, as in innumerable others, at the instigation of the Master of the Revels, or the licenser of the press. All the modern editions read tamely and unmetrically with the second folio : Oh, *these virtuous morals.*

⁷ *Acho. What is the subject ?*

Be free, Septimius.] Seward chooses to give this speech to Achilles, saying that it suits his character better than that of the honest Achoreus. But the latter is all along contemptuously upbraiding Septimius, and this speech suits him as well as the two which follow.

⁸ I suspect these songs were not unfrequent in the days of our authors. One exactly corresponding to the description in the text was made during the civil wars, each stanza ending with the common burden, "Lampoon, lampoon." It is appended to a contemporary MS. of the well-known Parliament of Ladies, *penes* Walter Scott, Esq.

For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
 When we have laid by foolish modesty,
 (As not a man of fashion will wear it)
 To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
 If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
 And heightens crest-fallen appetite.

Achor. New doctrine!

Achil. Was't of your own composing?

Sept. No, I bought it

Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolemies;
 But the hints were mine own: The wretch was
 fearful;

But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
 That I will own it.

Achor. And be punish'd for it?

Take heed, for you may so long exercise
 Your scurrilous wit against authority,
 The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
 (Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
 Against religion, that your great maintainers,
 Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
 Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
 Remember there are whips.

Sept. For whores, I grant you,⁹

When they are out of date; 'till then, they are safe
 too,

Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.
 And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
 I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
 To some most private cabinets, when your priest-
 hood,
 Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,

⁹ *Sept.* For whores, I grant you,

Till they are out of date, till then are safe too.] So the first folio. Till was changed to when in the second, and are to they're, by Seward.

Shall wait without unnoted : So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [Exit.

Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
This fellow does put on.

Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.¹

Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as virtues do for others.
'Tis the time's fault ; yet great ones still have
graced,
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.²

Enter PHOTINUS and SEPTIMIUS.

Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts ; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now, in a danger
When he should use his service.³

¹ *He is accepted of.*] Received or admitted. In the same way the word occurs in the English Bible, " Peradventure he will *accept of me.*"—*Genesis.*

² *Observers of all kinds.*] *Observers* and *observants* are used in the old authors in the sense of *parasites* and *sycophants*. So in King Lear they are styled,

" ——— ducking *observants*,
That stretch their duties nicely."—Ed. 1778.

³ ——— and now in a danger

When he should use his service.] Mr Sympson thinks this dark ; it may therefore be proper to explain it, as it seems to me a very beautiful sentiment. " Septimius was not only a fugitive from Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged in a war with Cæsar." One need not add how infamous such a desertion is held among soldiers.—*Seward.*

Mason admits this interpretation, but objects to the construction ; though his acquaintance with the old dramatists should have taught him that their construction is often very involved ; whether from the idiom of the language, as then spoken, or from the hasty carelessness of their composition, we cannot determine. He pro-

Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear.—

Sept. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
You are my god on earth! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!

Pho. Thou art believed; dost thou want money?

Sept. No, sir.

Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.

Sept. You much wrong me;
How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service. Do but think
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below, against me;
Command me, I will on.

Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.

Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers; this brow was
fashion'd

To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?

Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.

Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In th' ocean of your bounties: I have no friend,

poses to omit the conjunctive *and*; but it is not easy to conceive what can be gained by such omission.

Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

Pho. No more ;

When I call on you, fall not off : Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you ;
So, leave me for a while.

Sept. Ever your creature ! [*Exit.*

Pho. Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend,
Achillas,

Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action ?

Achil. That we are

To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Pho. I'll not boast

What my intelligence costs me ; but ere long
You shall know more.—The king, with him a
Roman.

Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS, wounded, and Guard.

Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.⁴

⁴ *The scarlet livery of unfortunate war*

Dy'd deeply on his face.] If the reader supposes the hint taken from the Bleeding Captain at the beginning of *Macbeth*, who comes to relate the fate of the battle between Macbeth and Macdonel, he will I believe, agree that our authors have here not only emulated, but much excelled their master. But this cannot be said of their imitation of the following lines of Julius Cæsar, where the common fact of birds of prey following armies is turned to a noble omen :

————— “ ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads ; and downward look on us

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies ready to give the ghost.”

Though our authors' lines do not equal this, yet they strongly partake of the same spirit.—*Seward.*

Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
 Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
 And fortunate in all his undertakings :
 But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
 And, though he followed the better cause,
 Not with the like success.

Pho. Such as are wise
 Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise :
 But more of that hereafter.—

Lab. In a word, sir,
 These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
 Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
 How many thousand several bloody shapes
 Death wore that day in triumph ; how we bore
 The shock of Cæsar's charge ; or with what fury
 His soldiers came on, as if they had been
 So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
 To tread upon the liberty of Rome ;
 How fathers killed their sons, or sons their fathers ;
 Or how the Roman piles on either side
 Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of
 weapons
 (The sword) succeeded,⁵ which, in civil wars,

⁵ *Or how the Roman piles on either side*

Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons

(*The sword*) succeeded.] Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter among them, says,

Ensis habet vires, et gens quæcunque virorum est,

Bella gerit gladiis.

Lib. viii.

The reader will observe what a noble flight of poetry our authors have built on this sentiment. And if he will please to look over Lucan's whole description of this battle, in the seventh book, I believe he will agree that our authors have chose the noblest of his sentiments, and expressed them with the highest dignity ; that they have shewed great spirit in their additions, and as great judgment in their omissions ; that they seldom fall below, but often rise above him. Whereas in the Pompey of Corneille (if prejudice does not

Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
 Shall make a certain stand ; then, how the plains
 Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vul-
 tures,

And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,
 Attending when their ready servitors,
 The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
 Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
 Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast ;
 How Cæsar with his javelin forced them on
 That made the least stop, when their angry hands
 Were lifted up against some known friend's face ;
 Then coming to the body of the army,
 He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
 To waste their force upon the common soldier,
 (Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
 He would have spared)——

Ptol. The reason, Labienus ?

Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood
 he was

To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
 He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
 A period to the liberty of the world.
 Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
 The famed Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,
 Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth.
 The nobles, and the commons lay together,
 And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,
 Made up one crimson lake : Which Pompey seeing,
 And that his, and the fate of Rome had left him,
 Standing upon the rampire of his camp,

make me too much depreciate French poetry) almost the reverse of all these appears. Lucan charges Cæsar with forbidding the dead bodies to be burned, (a thing indeed neither probable nor confirmed by history, nor at all consonant to Cæsar's temper and good sense,) but on this supposition he has some of the noblest lines in his whole poem.—*Seward.*

Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel ; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save them-
selves :

That he desired not so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes : And then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore The king of Parthia,
Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,
And try a second day. Now, Ptolemy,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,
(As this of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declined estate, as the straightest pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me : Yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little rest ;—and let his wounds

Be with that care attended, as they were
Carved on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employed to find the readiest way
To do great Pompey service.

Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you !

[*Exit with attendants.*

Ptol. Sit, sit all ;

It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A short deliberation in this,

May serve to give you counsel.⁶ To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader ; your kept faith,
Though Pompey never rise to the height he's fallen
from,

Cæsar himself will love ; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus ?

Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd
Like a religious and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,
What in a man sequester'd from the world,

⁶ *May serve to give you counsel to be honest ;*

Religious and thankful, in themselves

Are forcible motives.] I have ventured to change the pointing here, and propose what seems a more natural one.—*Seward.*

It is wonderful to observe the utter inattention of Seward, and frequently of the last editors, to the old copies. This passage is not pointed so in either of them, the first having a comma, and not a semicolon, at the end of the first line, and the second pointing with nearly the same precision as the acute commentator, thus:

May serve to give you counsel : to be honest, &c.

Or in a private person, is preferr'd,
 No policy allows of in a king :
 To be or just, or thankful,⁷ makes kings guilty ;
 And faith, though praised, is punish'd, that sup-
 ports

Such as good fate forsakes : Join with the gods,
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched ;
 The stars are not more distant from the earth
 Than profit is from honesty ; all the power,
 Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
 Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
 His course, as what's right guides him : Let him
 leave

The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked !

Ptol. Peace !—Go on.

Pho. Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns
 your youth,

In thinking that you cannot keep your own
 From such as are o'ercome. If you are tired
 With being a king, let not a stranger take
 What nearer pledges challenge : Resign rather
 The government of Egypt and of Nile
 To Cleopatra, that has title to them ;
 At least, defend them from the Roman gripe :
 What was not Pompey's, while the wars endured,
 The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
 Forsaken and despised, your gentle guardian,
 His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of

⁷ *To be or just, or thankful, &c.*] From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a literal translation out of Lucan, and Corneille translates nearly in the same manner. He has taken great part of Lucan's sentiments, though he has not ranged them in the same order, and his translation wants much of the spirit of his original, which our poets have extremely well preserved.

What nation he shall fall with ; and pursued
 By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,
 He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
 Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
 Of sharp Pharsalian fowl ; he flies the nations
 That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
 Are sunk in his ; and, in no place received,
 Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
 And Ptolemy, things consider'd, justly may
 Complain of Pompey : Wherefore should he stain
 Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
 Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
 Doubted of Cæsar ? Wherefore should he draw
 His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
 Or chuse this place to suffer in ? Already
 We have offended Cæsar, in our wishes,
 And no way left us to redeem his favour
 But by the head of Pompey.

Achor. Great Osiris,
 Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
 And barbarous ingratitude !

Pho. Holy trifles,
 And not to have place in designs of state.
 This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,
 I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd ;
 I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar ;
 But we must follow where his fortune leads us :
 All provident princes measure their intents
 According to their power, and so dispose them.
 And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop
 His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
 Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd ?
 Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
 Serve him that's overcome ? No, no, he's lost :
 And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
 To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
 He may recover, thy part not engaged,

Though one most dear. when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

Achor. Most execrable counsel !

Achil. To be follow'd ;

'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

Ptol. We give up

Our absolute power to thee : Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good Achilles,

Seek out Septimius : Do you but sooth him ;
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch

To me, of Labienus : 'Tis determined

Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate

Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,

But that this hour to Pompey is his last !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace of Cleopatra.

Enter APOLLODORUS, EROS, ARSĪNOE, and a Boy.

Apol. Is the queen stirring, Eros ?

Eros. Yes ; for in truth

She touch'd no bed to-night.

Apol. I am sorry for it,

And wish it were in me, with my hazard,⁸

To give her ease.

Ars. Sir, she accepts your will,

And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,

⁸ *And wish it were in me, with my hazard.*] Seward and Coleman read—with *any* hazard ; but the original text, now restored, means, with the hazard of myself, and is better than the alteration.

So far, as if restraint of liberty
 Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
 She is your debtor for it.

Apol. Did you tell her

Of the sports I have prepared to entertain her?
 She was used to take delight,⁹ with her fair hand
 To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
 As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,
 Contended to be taken: Other times,
 To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,
 Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her
 To his last gasp; then prouder of his fate,

⁹ *She used to take delight, with her fair hand*

To angle in the Nile, &c.] This description, particularly that of the stag enamoured with his death, is extremely poetical, and one may say of it what I have heard said by connoisseurs of the famous picture of Michael and Satan by Guido, it has vast beauties, and would be a capital piece, did it not put one in mind of one upon the same subject by Raphael. I freely own, that our authors are as far short of Shakspeare's description of Cleopatra sailing up the Cydnus.—*Seward.*

In the last edition, Mr Reed observes, that Shakspeare himself has been equalled, if not excelled, by Dryden in *All for Love*. Whether this observation is well-founded or not, no comparison can be instituted between the passages referred to in these great poets and the one in the text, which can never have been intended as a rival to Shakspeare's celebrated description. In fact, the lines are by no means in the best manner of our authors, being quite in the style of Marino, Donne, and Cowley. The very same conceit occurs in a black letter ballad of little value, entitled, "A most excellent Song of the Loves of young Palmus and fair Sheldra, and their unfortunate Love. To the tune of Shackley-hay."—*Evans's Ballads, 1810, vol. I. p. 52:*

"And walking lazily to the strand,
 We'll angle in the brook,
 And fish with thy white lilly hand,
 Thou need'st no other hook;
 To which the fish will soon be brought,
 And strive which shall the first be caught.
 A thousand pleasures will we try
 As we do row to Shackley-hay."

Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been chosen
 To fall a sacrifice before the altar
 Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Pho-
 tinus,

Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit
 In which she is confined, gladly affords
 Variety of pastimes, which I would
 Increase with my best service.

Eros. Oh, but the thought
 That she that was born free, and to dispense
 Restraint or liberty to others, should be
 At the devotion of her brother, (whom
 She only knows her equal) makes this place
 In which she lives, though stored with all delights,
 A loathsome dungeon to her.

Apol. Yet, how'er
 She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
 To do my best to serve her: I have prepared
 Choice musick near her cabinet, and composed
 Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,¹
 In the praise of imprisonment.—Begin, boy.

SONG, by the Boy.

*Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air :
 Even in shadows you are fair.
 Shut-up beauty is like fire, -
 That breaks out clearer still and higher.
 Though your body be confined,
 And soft love a prisoner bound,
 Yet the beauty of your mind
 Neither check nor chain hath found.
 Look out nobly then, and dare
 Ev'n the fetters that you wear.*

¹ Set unto a solemn time.] That is, in a slow solemn measure of music.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. But that we are assured this tastes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and desire
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us : Alas, you wash an Ethiop !
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name !) and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen ;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achilles, and all other monsters
That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court
Where they reside ; and this, where I, a prison ?
But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Cæsar,
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,
May think of Cleopatra.

Apol. Pompey, madam——

Cleo. What of him ? Speak ! If ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happiness ; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
And kiss my hand.

Apol. He's lost.

Cleo. Speak it again !

Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pursued
By the all-conquering Cæsar.

Cleo. Whither bends he ?

Apol. To Egypt.

Cleo. Ha ! In person ?

Apol. 'Tis received

For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again ;
 And if assurance of my love and beauty
 Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
 To do me right ! But how to free myself,
 And get access ? The guards are strong upon me ;
 This door I must pass through.—*Apollodorus*,
 Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,
 Thy life was not thine own.

Apol. I am not alter'd ;
 And let your excellency propound a means,
 In which I may but give the least assistance
 That may restore you to that you were born to,
 Though it call on the anger of the king,
 Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmoved,
 Offer my throat to serve you ; ever provided,
 It bear some probable show to be effected :
 To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
 Not loyal duty.

Cleo. [*To ARSINOE and EROS.*] Stand off !—To
 thee alone, *[To APOLLODORUS.*
 I will discover what I dare not trust
 My sister with. *Cæsar* is amorous,
 And taken more with the title of a queen,
 Than feature or proportion ; he loved *Eunoe*,
 A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
 No other object to inflame his blood,
 But that her husband was a king ; on both
 He did bestow rich presents : Shall I then,
 That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
 That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
 Despair his favour ? Art thou mine ?

Apol. I am.

Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to
 him,
 'Spite of *Photinus*' watches. If I prosper,
 As I am confident I shall, expect

Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I purchase
 His grace with loss of my virginity,
 It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Royal Palace.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS, with the Head of POMPEY,
 ACHILLAS, and Guard.*

Sept. 'Tis here, 'tis done! Behold, you fearful
 viewers,
 Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
 The pride, and strength! Look, look again; 'tis
 finish'd!
 That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
 Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
 And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors,
 That steel-War waited on, and Fortune courted,
 That high-plumed Honour built up for her own;
 Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness;
 Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
 By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my
 Achilles;
 Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,
 And all the conquer'd nations.
Achil. Peace, Septimius;

Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
 Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
 Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)
 Think not she is bound to love him too that's bar-
 barous.

Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
 And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
 Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor
 Roman;

It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,¹
 Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
 And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
 I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's!
 That man's that fed thee once, that man's that
 bred thee;
 The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd
 thee
 From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew thee,
 Because I'll make thee sensible of thy business,²
 And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
 There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on,
 But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion!

¹ *It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at.*] Our authors have falsified history in the character of Achillas, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achillas joined with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion; but Septimius stabbed him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face.—*Seward.*

² *Sensible of thy business.*] So the old folio. The second—the business; and the editions of 1750 and 1778, at the suggestion of Seward and Sympson conjointly—*thy baseness.* But Mason very properly advised the restitution of the 'old text, which the next line renders absolutely necessary. "Achillas mean to say—'I will explain the nature of what you have done, and why a noble nature durst not attempt it.'—It required no explanation to prove that a noble man durst not touch at baseness."

He triumph'd three times : Who durst touch his
person ?

The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence ;
Dear to the gods he was : to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin ?

Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glo-
rious,

Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have
fought him,

There, sword to sword.

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look——

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.

What hast thou got ?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service ; which, though you
rail at,

Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on
me,

Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious ;
And I shall live——

Achil. A miserable villain.

What reputation and reward belongs to it,

[*Seizes the head.*]

Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine :
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay ; read in mine eyes the reason !
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own ;
Inherit those rewards ; they are fitter for thee.
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks : Go out
basely !

Sept. The king will yet consider.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, and PHOTINUS.

Achil. Here he comes.—Sir!⁴

Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great sir!
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young, be provident; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt;⁵
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;

⁴ *Here he comes, sir.*] Had Achillas spoke to Septimius, it would have been *sirrah*, as before; but he was gone out, and this *sir* seems only to have slipt in from the line below.—*Seward.*

Mason observes that this reason is rather ludicrous, and not very convincing. I have restored the word, with an alteration of the pointing, as it is evidently addressed to Photinus, to whom Achillas shows the head, and with whom he continues in conference during the speech of Achoreus. Mason says, that a marginal direction should be added of Achillas's entrance after the speech of Achoreus; but, as he never makes an exit, there can be no occasion for any such direction.

⁵ ——— *fix not your empire*

*Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt,
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;*

Destructions darting from their looks.] Mr Warburton observes on a passage in Julius Cæsar, that Dionysius had complained that those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, which are so frequent in Homer, are rarely to be found in the subsequent poets; and he adds, that amongst our countrymen they seem as much confined to our British Homer. Before I saw this, I had observed something like it in a note in the Maid's Tragedy, speaking of *poetical enthusiasm*, only adding, that no followers of Shakspeare approach so near him in these astonishing graces as Beaumont and Fletcher. The lines here quoted are a strong proof of it, and what was said above of the comparison between Guido and Raphael is here again applicable; terrible and astonishing as they

Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

Pho. [To ACHILLAS.] You have done well; and
'tis done.—See Achilles,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!

Pho. The king is troubled.—Be not frightened, sir;
Be not abused with fears: His death was necessary;
If you consider, sir, most necessary,
Not to be miss'd: And humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arrived,
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?

[*A flourish.*]

are, they bring to one's mind a passage still more terribly astonishing in Julius Cæsar.

“And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”—*Seward.*

In speaking of this emulation in the *terrible graces*, it is but justice to introduce the following lines of Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, act v. sc. v.

“Methinks I see death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the Heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords,” &c.

Reed.

I hear their trumpets ; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head ; and be you confident.—

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA, and
Soldiers.*

Hail, conqueror, the head of all the world,
Now this head's off !

Cæsar. Ha !

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompence ;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers :
Here they take life ; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all
Egypt.

Achil. Nor do not question it,⁶ most royal conqueror,

Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer :
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,

⁶ *Acho.* *Nor do not question, &c.*] Mr Theobald's margin says, certe *Achillas*. And there is this proof of it, that in Lucan the whole speech to Cæsar is made by *Achillas*, though, in reality, Theodotus the rhetorician, who had joined Photinus in persuading Ptolemy to the murder, was the person who presented the head to Cæsar, and harangued on the occasion, for which he afterwards met his due reward from Brutus and Cassius, who tortured and crucified him. Notwithstanding this, there is room to doubt

Though he opposed no strength of swords to win
 this,
 Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and
 lances,
 Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
 An inward war : He was his grandsire's guest,
 Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
 And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
 And had none left him to restore his honour,
 No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
 Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
 Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right
 again :

This was a love to Cæsar.

Sc. Give me hate, gods !

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;
 But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,

whether the poets designed *Achoreus* to speak this, for they have given it a different turn from *Lucan*.

————— *nec vile putâris*
Hoc meritum, nobis facili quod cæde peractum est.
Hospes avitus erat : Depulso sceptrâ parenti
Reddiderat. Quid plura feram ? Tu nomina tanto
Invenies operi, vel famam consule mundi ;
Si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,
Quod scelus hoc non ipse facis. Lucan. lib. ix.

This is the language of villainy, boasting of merits from the greatness of it. But the speech in the *False One* represents the reluctance, the pangs, and inward war that *Ptolemy* struggled through to be able to serve *Cæsar* ; and this, spoke by a man who had a real love for virtue, gives a fine contrast to *Photinus's* unfeeling and confirmed villainy.—*Seward*.

“ We heartily join with *Theobald*—*certe ACHILLAS,*” say the last editors. Had they deigned to consult the first folio, they would have discovered that the speech is attributed to *Ach.*, which may mean either *Achillas* or *Achoreus*. The doubts of *Seward* certainly carry some weight in them ; but he should have recollected that, in a previous note, he himself had observed that our poets had not drawn *Achillas* in such odious colours as his real character deserved.

Had fallen upon him, what it had been then ;
 If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what
 that way !

He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted
 Had been most terrible ! Let the worst be render'd,
 We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head ! See,
 captains,

The head of godlike Pompey !

Sce. He was basely ruin'd ;

But let the gods be grieved that suffer'd it,
 And be you Cæsar.

Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
 Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus ?
 What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
 The light and life of Rome, to a blind stranger,
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
 Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was ?
 That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
 And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life, to know thy goodness ?
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
 In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey,
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee !⁷
 Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
 My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh how brave these tears shew !
 How excellent is sorrow in an enemy !

⁷ *I must task thee.*] Mr Seward reads *tax* thee, instead of task, but without reason ; the word *task* for *tax* is so common in all the dramatic writings of the time, that examples of it are unnecessary. To take a man to task, is a common expression at this day.

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,

Built to out-dure the sun,⁸ as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries, all the world's-earth⁹ cannot balance.

See. [*Aside.*] If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:

But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder

How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
But how he would set his face.

⁸ ——— your high pyramids,

Built to out-dare the sun, as you suppose.] Former editions. To out-dare the sun by their height is poetical, but, as you suppose, greatly flattens it; for this reason both Mr Sympson and I change it to out-dure, which seems to suit the context better.—*Seward.*

The last editors reject this amendment; but there seems to be an absolute necessity for restoring it, the text conveying little meaning, as it must ridiculously suppose an emulative challenge between the sun and the pyramids, who could exceed the other in hazardous undertakings. The occurrence of the word *dare*, in the preceding line, accounts for the compositor's mistake.

⁹ *All the world's earth.*] Mr Sympson observes the expression of *world's-earth* directly answers the Latin *terrarum orbis*.

Seward.

Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards?

See. Let me give 'em :

I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamt of ;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace!--I forgive you all ; that's re-
compence.

You are young, and ignorant, that pleads your
pardon,

And fear, it may be, more than hate provoked you.

Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,

And so they err'd : I am bountiful to think this,

Believe me, most bountiful : Be you most thankful ;

That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what

To send you for a present, king of Egypt,

I mean a head of equal reputation,

And that you loved, though 'twere your brightest
sister's,

(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar !

Cæsar. I have heard too much ;

And study not with smooth shows to invade

My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :

You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,

That man that could not recompence the benefits,

The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,

Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.

Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,

I gave you no commission to perform it :

Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;

And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,

My fortune never failing to befriend me,

My noble strengths, and friends about my person,

I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
 Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.
 You have found me merciful in arguing with ye ;
 Swords, hangmen,¹ fires, destructions of all natures,
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
 Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
 You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt,²
 And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
 That you cannot decline,³ with all your flatteries,
 That, where the day gives light, will be himself still ;
 Know how to meet his worth with humane cour-
 tesies !

Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,

¹ *Swords, hangers, fires.*] As *hangers* give much the same idea as swords, especially in the mouth of a Roman, I hope the reader will agree to the change of it to *hang-men*, which were proper to be threatened to the murderers of Pompey, and which afterward proved the fate of Septimius. There is something extremely noble in this passage ; it even approaches to those *terrible graces* before spoke of.—*Seward*.

The reader will, no doubt, greatly admire the integrity, perspicacity, and ingenuity of Mr Seward, when he is informed, that *hangmen* is the reading—not of that gentleman, but—of the second folio.—Ed. 1778.

² *You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt.*] This reading is quite good sense, and must therefore stand, though modern editors might find twenty epithets more poetical. Seward and Colman change *seeds* to *reeds* ; and the former thinks to support his amendment by making the following observations, which, to the present editor, seem rather to give countenance to the old text as it stands in both the folios : “ Observing the great propriety of all our author’s metaphors, which he applies to the Egyptians, as where he calls them *the spawn of Egypt* ; and again, *these beds of slimy eels* ; and Septimius, *that vermin that’s now become a natural crocodile*, a better reading occurred, *reeds*, to which Egypt is greatly subject from the overflow of the Nile.” These very epithets have certainly no analogy to *reeds*, and therefore do not support that reading ; on the contrary, every one of them suits the epithet in the text.

³ *Decline.*] Debase, subdue.—*Mason*.

Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix
 Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
 And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
 Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies !

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæsar. You have robb'd him of those tears
 His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
 The virgins of their funeral lamentations ;
 And that kind earth that thought to cover him
 (His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your
 cruelty,

And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
 Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye !
 My grief has stopt the rest ! When Pompey lived,
 He used you nobly ; now he's dead, use him so.

[*Exit with ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA, and
 Soldiers.*

Ptol. Now where's your confidence, your aim,
 Photinus,

The oracles and fair favours from the conqueror,
 You rung into mine ears ? How stand I now ?
 You see the tempest of his stern displeasure ;
 The death of him, you urged a sacrifice
 To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin !
 Where are your counsels now ?

Achor. I told you, sir,

And told the truth, what danger would fly after ;
 And, though an enemy, I satisfied you
 He was a Roman, and the top of honour ;
 And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,
 I told you, that the foulness of his death,
 The impious baseness——

Pho. Peace ; you are a fool !

Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em ;
 Cæsar I know is pleased, and, for all his sorrows,
 Which are put on for forms and mere dissemblings,
 I am confident he's glad : To have told you so,

And thank'd you outwardly, had been too open,
 And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
 Be confident, and proud you have done this service ;
 You have deserved, and you will find it, highly.
 Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
 You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,
 Both close and short enough, she may not see him.
 The rest, if I may counsel, sir——

Ptol. Do all ;

For in thy faithful service rests my safety.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court ;
 Men's faces are of other sets and motions,
 Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now
 As though I were a rascal ; no man knows me,
 No eye looks after ; as I were a plague,
 Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd at,
 Because I have done a meritorious murder :
 Because I have pleased the time, does the time
 plague me ?
 I have known the day they would have hugg'd
 me for't ;
 For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
 Open'd their hearts and secret closets to me ;
 Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me
 wallow.
 I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,

And the huge ⁴ leviathans of villainy
 Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
 That do them service, and spout 'em out again
 Into the air, as thin and unregarded
 As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.
 I was loved once for swearing, and for drinking,
 And for other principal qualities that became me :
 Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
 If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
 That set me on. And he comes ; now, Fortune !

Enter PHOTINUS.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,
 A little frets my blood : Take heed, proud Roman,
 Provoke me not, stir not mine anger farther !
 I may find out a way unto thy life too,
 Though arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it !
 A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.

Sept. May't please your lordship——

Pho. Oh, Septimius !

Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs ?

Pho. Wrongs ?

Sept. Yes, my lord ;

How the captain of the guard, Achilles, slights me ?

Pho. Think better of him, he has much be-
 friended thee,

Shewed thee much love, in taking the head from
 thee.

The times are alter'd, soldier ; Cæsar's angry,

⁴ *And the huge leviathans of, &c.]* I should not take the liberty of marking out beautiful passages, but that I am very desirous this play should meet with due regard from every reader ; and I therefore beg him not to pass slightly over this passage, where a metaphor is carried on with such exquisite beauty, that it may vie with the finest strokes of this sort even in Shakspeare.—*Seward.*

And our design to please him lost and perish'd :
Be glad thou art unnamed ; 'tis not worth the
owning.

Yet, that thou mayst be useful——

Sept. Yes, my lord,
I shall be ready.

Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve ; say, that it be a brother,
Or a hard father ?

Sept. 'Tis most necessary ;
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.

Pho. Or to betray a noble friend ?

Sept. 'Tis all one.

Pho. I know thou wilt stir for gold.

Sept. 'Tis all my motion.

Pho. There, take that for thy service, and fare-
well ! [Gives him a purse.]

I have greater business now.

Sept. I am still your own, sir.

Pho. One thing I charge thee ; see me no more,
Septimius,

Unless I send.

Sept. I shall observe your hour.—

[Exit PHOTINUS.]

So ! this brings something in the mouth, some
favour :

This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,
My friends, allies ; and here lies my allegiance.
Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
And shun me for my deed ; bring but this to 'em,
Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I am honour-
able :

This god creates new tongues and new affections ;
And, though I had kill'd my father, give me gold,
I'll make men swear I have done a pious sacrifice.

Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,
 And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for vir-
 tuous.⁵ [Exit.

SCENE III.

Cæsar's Apartments in the Palace.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCEVA.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes,
 my friends ;
 There is no trusting to these base Egyptians :
 They that are false to pious benefits,
 And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
 Are traitors to the gods.

Ant. We'll call ashore
 A legion of the best.

Cæsar. Not a man, Antony ;
 That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness :
 No ; 'tis enough my name's ashore.

Sce. Too much too ;
 A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
 There are some two or three malicious rascals,
 Train'd up in villainy, besides that Cerberus,
 That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.

Dol. 'Tis strange ; a Roman soldier ?

Sce. You are cozen'd ;
 There be of us, as be of all other nations,

⁵ *Shall be writ in wine for virtuous.*] Mason proposes, with some plausibility, to read—*shall be writ down for virtuous.* The old reading is however not nonsensical, as he asserts ; and as, in the soliloquy at the head of this scene, he speaks of his having once been beloved for swearing and *drinking*, the text is not only sense, but better than the variation.

Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains
him,⁶

But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!

Photinus and Achilles, and this vermin,
That's now become a natural crocodile,
Must be with care observed.

Ant. And 'tis well counsell'd;

No confidence, nor trust——

See. I'll trust the sea first,

When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,

And clutches in her storms, as politic lions

Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first;

The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.⁷

Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own
wisdoms,

And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more com-
pliment;

Once more, strong watches.

Dol. All shall be observed, sir.

[*Exeunt all but CÆSAR.*]

Cæsar. I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.

How happy was I,⁸ in my lawful wars

⁶ *Contains him.*] That is, restrains him, keeps him within bounds.—*Mason.*

⁷ *The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.*] Mr Sympson and I both hesitated on this expression, but I believe it right, as God is the rule of good or virtue, so is the Devil of *ill.*—*Seward.*

This line does not appear in the second folio.

⁸ *How happy was I, in my lawful wars, &c.*] This soliloquy of Cæsar's is extremely judicious as well as beautiful: it was difficult to conform both to history and to poetical justice. It would be an outrage upon the former to make Cæsar unfortunate, and as great a one to have made him a perfectly virtuous character, as Corneille has endeavoured to do. How then should our poets, who have drawn Cæsar exactly to the life, fulfil in any degree the justice that the audience demand against him? This they have finely accomplished, by shewing him in his retirement, stung and

In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany !
 When every night with pleasure I set down
 What the day minister'd,⁹ the sleep came sweetly :
 But since I undertook this home-division,
 This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,
 What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,
 A good, great man ? I have enter'd Rome by force,
 And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
 Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample :
 The dear veins of my country I have open'd,
 And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
 The bloody streams, that in their confluence
 Carried before 'em thousand desolations :
 I robb'd the treasury ; and at one gripe
 Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
 Placed there as sacred to the peace of Rome :
 I razed Massilia in my wanton anger ;
 Petreius and Afranius I defeated ;
 Pompey I overthrew ; what did that get me ?
 The slubber'd name of an authorized enemy.¹

[*Noise within.*

tormented with the horrid massacres that he had brought on his country, which are described with great energy.—*Seward.*

⁹ *When every night with pleasure I sat down*

What the day minister'd.] Cæsar alludes in this to his Commentaries. We must read *I set down*, for *I sat down*.—*Mason.*

¹ *The slubber'd name of an authorized enemy.*] By an authorized enemy the poets seem to have meant, an enemy to his country, pronounced so by the authority of the whole senate, as Cæsar had been by the senate of Rome. If this explanation should not satisfy, the verse will run better thus,

The slubber'd name of an unauth'ized enemy.

i. e. Of an enemy without a legal cause or legal authority.

Seward.

The last editors say “*authorized* seems to mean only *successful*.” Mr Mason is not satisfied with these explanations, and gives the following comment upon the passage, which agrees perfectly with the ideas the present editor had formed before consulting his

I hear some noises ; they are the watches, sure.—
 What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
 Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
 Is now pass'd into Africk to affront me ;²
 Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too ;
 The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
 And, from the relicks of their scatter'd faction,
 A new head's sprung : Say, I defeat all these too ?
 I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.—
 I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.
 Are the guards fast ? Who waits there ?

Enter SCEVA, bearing a large package.

See. Are you awake, sir ?

Cæsar. I' the name of wonder——

See. Nay, I am a porter,

A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir :
 An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk
 with 'em.

Cæsar. What hast thou there ?

See. Ask them which stay without,
 And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,

work : “ Cæsar's meaning appears to be this. Soon after he had passed the Rubicon, Pompey fled from Rome, and was followed by the greater part of the senate. When Cæsar arrived there he was named dictator by such of the senators as remained in the city, and chosen consul for the ensuing year. Invested with these offices, which entitled him to the legitimate command of the republic, he subverted the liberties of his country. It is to this he alludes when he says that he had gained

The slubbered name of an authorized enemy.”

² *To affront me.*] To affront frequently meant to meet. So in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ Unless another,
 As like Hermione as is her picture,
 Affront his eye.”

And put 'em by, took up the load myself.
 They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom ;
 I am sure 'tis heavy : If you like to see it,
 You may ; if not, I'll give it back.

Cæsar. Stay, Sceva ;
 I would fain see it.

Sce. I'll begin to work then.
 No doubt, to flatter you, they have sent you some-
 thing

Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.
 May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief :
 I pray you stand further off ; if there be villainy,
 Better my danger first ; he shall 'scape hard too.

[Opens the package, in which CLEOPATRA is discovered.]

Ha ! what art thou ?

Cæsar. Stand further off, good Sceva !—
 What heavenly vision ! Do I wake or slumber ?—
 Further off, that hand, friend !

Sce. What apparition,
 What spirit, have I raised ? Sure, 'tis a woman ;
 She looks like one ; now she begins to move too.
 A tempting devil, o' my life !—Go off, Cæsar,
 Bless thyself, off !—A bawd grown in mine old days ?
 Bawdry advanced upon my back ? 'tis noble !—
 Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer ;
 She is sent to dispossess you of your honour ;
 A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
 An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers trim her ;
 They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch
 her :

Be loyal to yourself !—Thou damned woman,
 Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
 Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners ?
 And am I made the instrument of bawdry ?
 I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug you !

[Draws.]

Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beast!

See. Thou beast?

Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?

See. Divine, or human,
They are never better pleased, nor more at heart's-
ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.

Cæsar. Move this way, lady: 'Pray you let me
speak to you.

See. And, woman, you had best stand——

Cæsar. By the gods,
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!

See. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too, (she'll lose no time)
Carries her litter to lie soft; do you see that?
Invites you like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he
That have received so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target³ groves of darts still growing?

³ Upon my target groves of darts still growing?] Scæva had been a common soldier, but preferred for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieged Pompey at Dirachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us

Have I endured all, hungers, colds, distresses,
 And as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,
 Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
 To ban the blood I lost for such a general?

Cæsar. Offend no more; be gone!

Scè. I will, and leave you,

Leave you to women's wars, that will proclaim you:
 You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
 With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar!

Cleo. Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to you;
 But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!

[*Kneels.*

Scè. Lower you'll be anon.

Cæsar. Away!

Scè. And privater;

For that you covet all.

Cæsar. Tempt me no further! [*Exit SCEVA.*

Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus,
 Cæsar:

I am a queen,⁴ and co-heir to this country,

that he had a hundred and thirty darts stuck in his target; one had pierced his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out, and dashed, with his eye-ball, on the ground: Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory; and he, pretending faintness, asked them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died; two soldiers, believing him in earnest, came to him; the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Sceva the preservation of all Cæsar's army. I need not mention the justice with which our poets have drawn Sceva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier-like honesty.—*Seward.*

⁴ *Contemn me not, because I know thus, Cæsar,*

I am a queen.] For *know*, I read *kneel*, and Mr Symson *bow*. As she was evidently *kneeling*, I hope it is not prejudice that makes me prefer the former. The corruption, though extremely gross, had passed through all the former editions, although this play (and this only, as far as I have yet examined) seems in the second folio

The sister to the mighty Ptolemy,
 Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
 One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
 As on a holy altar, to preserve me.

Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.

Cleo. I dare not ;

Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
 That godlike great humanity, to help me,
 Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.
 And if it be not in thy will to right me,
 And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins ;
 If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
 And waken with their murmurs thy compassions ;
 Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
 And, if thou be'st a man, for despised beauty,
 For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,
 Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
 Photinus and Achilles, the one an eunuch,
 The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,
 Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
 Nothing of what he should be but the title !
 As thou art wonder of the world——

Cæsar. Stand up then, [*Raises her.*
 And be a queen ; this hand shall give it to you :
 Or, chuse a greater name, worthy my bounty ;
 A common love makes queens : Choose to be wor-
 shipp'd,

to have been corrected by an able hand ; but no man is always attentive.—*Seward.*

After this positive assertion, the reader will no doubt be surprised at the information, that, so far from ALL the former editions reading *know*, the very second folio, above mentioned, reads *kneel*.——In the same style, Mr Seward asserts, that the former copies say, (p. 53, l. 5) in THIS private honour ; that they say, (p. 56, l. 32) Cæsar LOADS us ; and, (p. 57, l. 26) this RARE unthankful king ; assuming to himself the merit of correcting errors, some of which only appeared in the octavo of 1711.—Ed. 1778.

To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
 A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
 That hath adventured thus to see great Cæsar,
 Must never be denied. You have found a patron
 That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
 So great a blemish to the Heaven of beauty:
 The god of love would clap his angry wings,
 And from his singing bow let fly those arrows
 Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
 Should I neglect your cause, would make me mon-
 strous;
 To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

Enter SCEVA.

Cleo. [*Apart.*] He is my conquest now, and so
 I'll work him;

The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.

Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with
 babies?

As you are honest, think the enemy,
 Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,
 Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

Cæsar. Hear me,

But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,
 (And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me)
 Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou
 not

Most greedily accept?

Sce. Not as an emperor,

A man that first should rule himself, then others:⁵
 As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir;
 Yet that's a weakness too.—Hear me, thou tempter!

⁵ *A man that first would rule himself.*] So the oldest folio reads. The text, which Seward supposed to be an emendation of Theobald's, is from the second.

And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
 And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
 The soul of a commander, give ear to me —
 Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
 In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)
 And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) inhabits !

Cæsar. Fy ! thou blasphem'st.

Sce. I do, when she's a goddess.—

Thou melter of strong minds, darest thou presume
 To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities ?
 And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
 To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,
 Proud of their chains, have waited on ?—I shame,
 sir !

Cæsar. Alas, thou art rather mad ! Take thy
 rest, Sceva ;

Thy duty makes thee err ; but I forgive thee.
 Go, go, I say ! shew me no disobedience !

[*Exit SCEVA.*]

'Tis well ; farewell !—The day will break, dear lady ;
 My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,
 And think upon your servant ?

Cleo. Pray you, sir, know me,
 And what I am.

Cæsar. The greater, I more love you ;
 And you must know me too.

Cleo. So far as modesty,
 And majesty gives leave, sir. You are too violent.

Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.

Cleo. Swear to me,
 And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred)
 You'll right me as a queen——

Cæsar. These lips be witness ! [Kisses her.]
 And, if I break that oath——

Cleo. You make me blush, sir ;
 And in that blush interpret me.

Cæsar. I will do.

Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one word,
You shall believe.

Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter PTOLEMY and PHOTINUS.

Pho. Good sir, but hear!

Ptol. No more; you have undone me!
That that I hourly fear'd is fallen upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.

Pho. Hear a remedy.

Ptol. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and
ruin'd me!

My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.

Pho. 'Would that were the worst, sir!
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with Cæsar.

Ptol. 'Tis most likely;
And what am I then?

Pho. 'Plague upon that rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——

Enter ACHILLAS.

Ptol. Curse on ye all, ye are wretches !

Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.

Achil. Pardon me.

Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful !

Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't.
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of household furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use ? or who durst,
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it ?
I was abused.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions.

Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.

Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions——

Pho. Speak your mind, sir.

Achor. Let us choose Cæsar (and endear him
to us)

An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister ; this is safe now,
And will shew off, most honourable.

Pho. Base,

Most base and poor ; a servile, cold submission !

Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout
counsellors ;

Since we are sensible this Cæsar loaths us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.

Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And if I say most bloodily, I lie not :
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.
Be wise, oh, king !

Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service ;
To my fair sister my commends negotiate ;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.

Achor. Crown'd with fair peace, I go. [*Exit.*

Ptol. My love go with thee ;—
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers !
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus.

[*Exit.*

Pho. This for our service? Princes do their
pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces.
The lowest we can fall to is our graves ;
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achilles !
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——

Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously :
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgraced.

Pho. Thou lovest me, and I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Dol. Nay, there's no rousing him; he is bewitch'd sure,

His noble blood crudled,⁶ and cold within him;
Grown now a woman's warrior.

See. And a tall⁷ one;

Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chastity.

Ant. Be not too angry,

For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness——

Dol. But why should he be fool'd so?

Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour——

Ant. Say it were your own case,

Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut through,
I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winning'st orators,

⁶ *Crudled.*] So the first folio exhibits the word, consonant to a frequent mode of spelling and pronouncing it. The second, and the more modern editions, make it *curdled*, very unnecessarily. Thus, Dryden:

——— "I felt my *crudled* blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood."

⁷ *Tall.*] It has been before observed, that this word frequently signified *stout*, *brave*.

A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The oracles of love——

Sc. I would you had her,
With all her oracles and miracles :
She were fitter for your turn.

Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva,
With all her faults too ! let me alone to mend 'em ;
On that condition I made thee mine heir.

Sc. I had rather have your black horse than
your harlots.

Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now ; the sound of war
Is grown too boistrous for his mouth ; he sighs too.

Sc. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up to
hear him, gentlemen.

Shortly she'll make him spin ; and 'tis thought he'll
prove

An admirable maker of bonelace ;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general !

Ant. I would he could abstain.

Sc. She is a witch sure,
And works upon him with some damned enchant
ment.

Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends !

Sc. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy,⁸ over-joy'd, and seem to die,

⁸ *She will be sick, well, sullen,*

Merry, coy, &c.] Here our poets follow their master Shakspeare in the character of Cleopatra ; we shall find in the sequel, that they have added more of the dignity of the queen to the coquetry of the wanton than Shakspeare has done. Corneille, in order to form an interesting amour between Cæsar and Cleopatra, has endeavoured to draw them both unexceptionably virtuous.

Seward.

It is but justice to observe, that the intention of Shakspeare and

All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him :
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damnably,
And in her drink will fight ; then she fits him.

Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in !

Sec. 'Twas my blind fortune.

My soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked.
'Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf ! He has ad-
vanced me,

From an old soldier, to a bawd of memory :
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and
rouse him ;

That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances
Might shake him, like an earthquake !

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Ant. What's this fellow ?

Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by
their clothes.⁹

Ant. By my faith, he's brave indeed ! He's no
commander ?

Sec. Yes, he has a Roman face ; he has been at
fair wars,

And plenteous too, and rich ; his trappings shew it.

of our authors was not the same. The prologue says, the spectators
will find

*Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity :
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.*

Ed. 1778.

⁹ *A brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes.*] This is a
quibble upon the usual acceptation of the word *brave*, and that
which it bore anciently,—gorgeous, gallantly attired.

Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me.

Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? Ha?
Am I not totally a span-new¹ gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now,
(Though I were the arrant'st rogue, as I'm well
forward)

Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.

Ant. Is't not Septimius?

Sec. Yes.

Dol. He that kill'd Pompey?

Sec. The same dog-scab;² that gilded botch,
that rascal!

Dol. How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!

Sept. Gallants, and soldiers—Sure they do admire me.

Sec. Stand further off; thou stink'st.

Sept. A likely matter:

These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!

By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trimming these clothes, cost me——

Sec. Thou stink'st still.

Sept. The powd'ring of this head too——

Sec. If thou hast it,

I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.

¹ *Span-new.*] The more common phrase is *spick and span new*; but *span-new* occurs in Chaucer, and also in the romance of *Alisaunder*, v. 4055.

² *The same dog, scab.*] Whom does he call *scab*? we should certainly read *dog-scab*. In the same scene Dolabella says of Septimius, "A dead dog's sweeter," and Sceva almost repeats *dog-scab*, calling him *mangy mongrel*.—Ed. 1778.

Ant. I smell him now : Fy, how the knave perfumes him,

How strong he scents of traitor !

Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat ; you should have wash'd off that,
sir ;

Fy, how it choaks ! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hired coward ;
A dead dog's sweeter.

Sept. Ye are merry, gentlemen,
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me
too ;
You speak like good blunt soldiers ! and 'tis well
enough :

But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I have done ye simple service on your Pompey ;
You might have look'd him³ yet this brace of
twelvemonths,

And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——

Ant. He brags on't too !
By the good gods, rejoices in't !—Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave !

Scé. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful ! thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to !

Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.

Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus ; I have found your me-
lancholy :

³ *Look'd him.*] That is, looked after him, searched for him.

Ye all want money, and ye are liberal captains,
 And in this want will talk a little desperately.
 Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave com-
 mander :

And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
 He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
 And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have
 partners?

I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em;
 He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
 I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.

Ant. I blush,
 All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him!
 Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
 Through them I should blush too: Pray ye let's
 be walking.

Sc. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this
 lesson,
 And let him study it:—First, rogue! then, pandar!
 Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's
 presence,
 And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,
 Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desert,
 Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy con-
 science;
 And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies
 Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor
 thee,
 And e'en the sun will shame to give thee light,
 Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
 Go hang thyself!

Dol. Hark to that clause.

Sc. And that speedily,
 That Nature may be eased of such a monster!

[*Exeunt all but SEPTIMIUS.*]

Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on
 me;

I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows mur-
mur ;

Rude valours, so I'll let 'em pass, rude honours !
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king ; a young plump villain,
That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me ;

*Enter EROS.*⁴

And here she comes : I am sure of her at midnight.
My pretty Eros, welcome !

Eros. I have business.

Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.

Eros. Yes, indeed, sir,

Far, far above.

Sept. Why, why so coy ? Pray you tell me.

We are alone.

Eros. I am much ashamed we are so.

Sept. You want a new gown now, and a hand-
some petticoat,

⁴ *Enter Eros.*] The last editors have suffered this stage direction to remain, though sorely against their conscience ; for they cannot conceive how Eros, Cleopatra's waiting woman, should demean herself by being the loose companion of Septimius. Surely those gentlemen did not enter upon their task without having read a few old plays, at least some of our authors'. If they had, their talent of observation must have been very limited. For Fletcher, and almost all his contemporaries, paint waiting-women in the most odious colours. There are very few exceptions to this practice ; and such a general delineation of their depravity must certainly have had its rise in the manners of the times. Why then should Eros be so singularly chaste ? Besides, as Mason observes, Septimius calls her by her name immediately after her entrance, and had previously offered her to the captains ; for, speaking of Cæsar, he says,

“ He had the mistress ; you shall have the maids ;
I'll bring them to ye, to your arms.”

A scarf, and some odd toys : I have gold here ready ;
Thou shalt have any thing.

Eros. I want your absence.

Keep on your way ; I care not for your company.

Sept. How ? how ? you are very short : Do you
know me, *Eros* ?

And what I have been to you ?

Eros. Yes, I know you,

And I hope I shall forget you : Whilst you were
honest,

I loved you too.

Sept. Honest ? Come, pr'ythee kiss me.

Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em ;
I hate their looks ; and though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,⁵
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me ;
I had rather touch the plague, than one unworthy !
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company ; she is too good for you !

[*Exit.*

Sept. Marry, this goes near ! now I perceive
I'm hateful :

When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows
dangerous ;

For money seldom they refuse a leper ;

But sure I am more odious, more diseased too :

It sits cold here.

Enter three lame Soldiers.

What are these ? three poor soldiers ?

Both poor and lame : Their misery may make 'em

⁵ *I scorn to nourish it with blood purchase.*] So the first folio. Corrected in 1679. *Purchase* generally meant stolen goods ; but here it seems to signify any acquired property.

A little look upon me, and adore me.

If these will keep me company, I am made yet.

1 *Sold.* The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes us miserable :

We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at ;
He banquets, and we beg.

2 *Sold.* He was not wont

To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like
vagabonds.

Sept. Save ye, good soldiers ! good poor men,
Heaven help ye !

Ye have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.

1 *Sold.* Some new commander, sure.

Sept. You look, my good friends,

By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.

2 *Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, sir.

Sept. And 'tis fit, sir.

3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.

Sept. I grieve for't ;

Good soldiers should have good rewards, and fa-
vours.

I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,

And freely speak to Cæsar.

All. Oh, we honour you !

1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are ; the gods pre-
serve you !

Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold,
soldiers ! [Gives money.]

Nay, 'tis no dream ; 'tis good gold ; take it freely ;
I'll keep you in good heart.

2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you !

Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,

And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be
merry ;

And every day I'll see you !

1 *Sold.* You are a soldier,

And one sent from the gods, I think.

Sept. I'll clothe ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for
you ;
And at my table, where no want shall meet you.—

Enter SCEVA.

All. 'Was never such a man !

1 Sold. Dear honour'd sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship
you.

2 Sold. That we may ever thank——

Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.

Sc. A cunning thief!—Call him Septimius, sol-
diers,
The villain that kill'd Pompey !

All. How ?

Sc. Call him the shame of men ! [*Exit.*

1 Sold. Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to break thy brains out !⁶
Fling all ; [*They fling the money at him.*
And fling our curses next ; let them be mortal !
Out, bloody wolf ! dost thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charities, to poison us ?

2 Sold. I know him now : May never father own
thee,
But, as a monstrous birth, shun thy base memory !
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers !

⁶ *Were weight enough to break thy brains out.*] Seward substitutes the modern phrase, to *beat* thy brains out ; but he has not proved the impropriety of the original, which may once have been as usual as his emendation is at present.

3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour
this rascal,

And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists,⁷ to crown his villanies:—

Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heaven-hated!

1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to re-
member!

The hangman will not keep thee company;

He has an honourable house to thine;

No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life
for't,

Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starved,
drink with thee!³

2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog,
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny.

[*Exeunt.*

Sept. Contemn'd of all! and kick'd too! Now
I find it!

My valour's fled too, with mine honesty;

For since I would be knave, I must be coward.

This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.

What a deformity dwells round about me!

How monstrous shews that man that is ungrateful!

I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,⁸

Inspired with what I have done; the winds will
blast me!

⁷ *And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours*

[The infectious mists.] So first folio. The second folio we
have followed.—Ed. 1778.

⁸ *I am afraid the very beasts will tear me;*

[*Inspired with what I have done, the winds will blast me.*] In
this manner Seward chooses to point the text, and the last editors
follow him. Punning seems to have been one of the qualifications
of that reverend annotator, though editing was certainly not. He
thinks "the word *inspired* more naturally belongs to the *winds*
than to the *beasts*;" but Mason observes very properly, though, on
this occasion, rather too gravely, "*To inspire* indeed belongs to

Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
 The wages of my fact; my soul's oppress'd!
 Honest and noble minds, you find most rest.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, and
 ACHILLAS.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so!
 A preparation I have set on foot,
 Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar:
 My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd;
 Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties,
 Compared to what I'll take his eyes withal,
 Shall be a dream.

Pho. Do you mean to shew the glory
 And wealth of Egypt?

Ptol. Yes; and in that lustre,
 Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
 And all her riches, of no note unto it.

Achor. Now you are reconciled to your fair sister,
 Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,
 A danger of this precipice. But note, sir;
 For what Rome ever raised her mighty armies;
 First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
 Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
 An armed guest: Feed not an eye that conquers,

winds; but to be inspired does not, unless when to inspire means to inhale."

Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.

Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me ;

Let all be ready,⁹ as I gave direction :
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely ; and all about it :
No more dissuading : 'Tis my will.

Achor. I grieve for't.

Ptol. I will dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.

Pho. I fear you'll curse your will ; we must obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another in the same with a Gallery.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCEVA, above.¹

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.

Sce. I'll tell you ;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em :
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. The young queen comes : give room !

⁹ Yet *all be ready.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

¹ From this stage direction it would seem that the actors in the play itself were assembled on a raised platform, or gallery, while the masque was performed on the stage, where the attendants also exhibited the treasures.

Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest !
Come, bless my side.

See. Ay, marry, here's a wonder !
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I be not readiest to recant.

Cleo. Be merry, sir ;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself :

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, ACHILLAS, PHOTINUS,
and APOLLODORUS, *above.*

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar,
My royal guest ! First I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee. [*Treasure brought in.*]

Cæsar. What rich service !
What mines of treasure ! richer still ?

Cleo. My Cæsar,
What do you admire ? Pray you turn, and let me
talk to you.

Have you forgot me, sir ? How, a new object ?
Am I grown old o' th' sudden ? Cæsar !

Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth ?

Cleo. Is your eye that way ;
And all my beauties banish'd ?

Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæsar ;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus :
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husband-
man,

Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us ;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus,
All this is nourish'd ; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven deities,
His conceal'd heads, unto thee : See with pleasure !

Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land !

Cleo. Come, you shall hear me.

Cæsar. Away! Let me imagine.

Cleo. How! frown on me?

The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!

Cæsar. I'm sorry:

But, let me think——

Music. Enter below, in a Masque, ISIS, and three Labourers.

SONG.

Isis. *Isis, the goddess of this land,*
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew
His matchless wealth in overflow.

Labourers. *Come, let us help the reverend Nile;*
He's very old; alas the while!
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays:
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain:
How he tumbles here amain!
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels! Labour, all,

*And let him in ; let Nilus flow,
 And perpetual plenty shew.
 With incense let us bless the brim,
 And as the wanton fishes swim,
 Let us gums and garlands fling,
 And loud our timbrels ring.
 Come, old father, come away !
 Our labour is our holiday.*

Enter NILUS.

*Isis. Here comes the aged river now,
 With garlands of great pearl his brow
 Begirt and rounded : In his flow,
 All things take life, and all things grow.
 A thousand wealthy treasures still,
 To do him service at his will,
 Follow his rising flood, and pour
 Perpetual blessings in our store.
 Hear him ; and next there will advance,
 His sacred heads to tread a dance,
 In honour of my royal guest :
 Mark them too ; and you have a feast.*

Cleo. A little dross betray me ?

*Cæsar. I am ashamed I warr'd at home, my
 friends,
 When such wealth may be got abroad ! What
 honour,
 Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchased,
 Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt !*

They dance. Then NILUS sings.

*Nilus. Make room for my rich waters' fall,
 And bless my flood ;
 Nilus comes flowing to you all
 Increase and good.*

*Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
And the merry ploughman sing.*

*In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.*

*Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may rise :*

*Your holy feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a sacrifice.*

*Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.*

Now my gold

*And treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,*

*And after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head arise.*

[The Masquers dance, and exeunt.]

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well : Good night !

Scæ. I am glad you have it :

Now we shall stir again.

Dol. Thou, wealth, still haunt him !²

Scæ. A greedy spirit set thee on ! We are happy.

Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance !

Cleo. Well,

I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
Thou hast wrong'd her love—The rest here.³

² *Ptol.* *Thou, wealth, still haunt him.*] This should seem to belong to one of Cæsar's captains, being a continuation of Scæva's wish, that the love of wealth might make him seize Ptolemy's riches, and so occasion a new war. I have therefore given it to *Dolabella*, as the nearest in the trace of the letters to *Ptol.*

Seward.

³ *Thou hast wrong'd her love ; the rest here.*] "The meaning of the last sentence may be, *the rest of what I intend to do and say I keep to myself till a fit opportunity.*" As this explanation of *Seward's* seems to be the true one, the reader is spared the perusal of that commentator's further lucubrations on the passage,

Ptol. Lights along still :
 Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar !
 [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Royal Palace.

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, and
 ACHOREUS.

Acho. I told you carefully what this would prove
 to,

What this inestimable wealth and glory
 Would draw upon you : I advised your majesty
 Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
 A bait to catch a mind bent by his trade
 To make the whole world his.

Pho. I was not heard, sir,
 Or, what I said, lost and contemn'd : I dare say,
 And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in you,
 A glorious childishness ! I watch'd his eye,
 And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew

in which, at the suggestion of Sympson, he speculates on the probability of the words, "The rest here," being a stage direction. This supposition was minutely refuted in the last edition ; but it is presumed the mention of it will be sufficient to shew its utter absurdity.

Upon the wealthy quarry ; how round it mark'd it :
 I observed his words, and to what it tended ;
 How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
 And what commèrce we held for such abundance.
 The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,
 To find the secret ways the song deliver'd !

Achor. He never smiled, I noted, at the pleasures,

But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure :
 I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
 After the wealth appear'd, to hear the musick.
 Most sure he has not slept since ; his mind's troubles,

With objects they would make their own, still labour.*

Pho. Your sister he ne'er gazed on ; that's a main note :

The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.

Achor. Where was his mind the whilst ?

Pho. Where was your carefulness,
 To shew an armed thief the way to rob you ?
 Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him

* ————— *his mind's troubled*

With objects they would make their own still labour.] The relative *they* wants an antecedent here, which I hope I have restored, by reading *troubles* instead of *troubled*.—*Seward.*

In the second folio there is no relative *THEY*, as it reads, *With objects that would make, &c.* It is necessary, however, to read *troubles* ; unless we suppose a line to be lost, signifying that his thoughts were absorbed by the treasure, *and still labour, &c.*—Ed. 1778.

It is possible that a line may have been lost between the words “ With objects they would make ” and “ their own still labour : ” As, however, the alteration of *troubled* to *troubles* gives a plain and probable meaning, (viz. the troubles of his mind still labour, or are occupied, with objects they would make their own, *i. e.* bring into his possession,) I have adopted it.

To seek the rest : Ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds ; indeed you have done
most weakly.

Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend ?

Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but
savours

Of indiscretion ; and your friend has found it.
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries
A soldier marches through, and known his tem-
perance

In offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.

Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would re-
turn it :

'Tis more to him to make kings.

Pho. Pray thee be wiser,

And trust not, with your lost wealth, your loved
liberty :

To be a king still at your own discretion,
Is like a king ; to be at his, a vassal.

Now take good counsel, or no more take to you
The freedom of a prince.

Achil. 'Twill be too late else :

For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.

Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.

Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus ?

Achor. I'll go pray, sir,

(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help
you. [Exit.

Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not cre-
dited,

A most secure way : Whither will you fly now ?

Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your
power must follow.

Pho. And that diminish'd also, what's your life worth?

Who would regard it?

Ptol. You say true.

Achil. What eye

Will look upon king Ptolemy? If they do look,
It must be in scorn; for a poor king is a monster:
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesy,
A noble one, to take your life too from you:
But if reserved, you stand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, though out-
wardly

They bear fair streams? Oh, sir, does not this
shake ye?

If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——

Ptol. I never will: I was a fool!

Pho. For then, sir,

Your country's cause falls with you too, and fet-
ter'd:

All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

Ptol. No more; I am sensible: And now my
spirit

Burns hot within me.

Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.

Pho. And last, be counsell'd.

Ptol. I will, though I perish.

Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll
execute. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Apartment of Cleopatra in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, and EROS.

Ars. You are so impatient!

Cleo. Have I not cause?

Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?

Ars. Yes, 'tis fit:

But then again you know what man——

Cleo. He's no man!

The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,
Has suffer'd under the base dross of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason;
Against the truth of love he has raised rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.

Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.

Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little art,⁵ Arsinoe,

⁵ *The lustre of a little art.*] Even amongst all the numerous host of Seward's and Sympson's conjectures, amendments, and unwarrantable alterations, there are few so unnecessary and wanton as the variation they introduced in this passage. Sympson proposed to substitute for *art*—*dirt*, and Seward *trash*; and the latter was adopted by himself and the last editors, having "more of the

And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
 Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,
 Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;
 All honourable soldiers are Love's ⁶ servants;
 He is a merchant, a mere wand'ring merchant,
 Servile to gain: He trades for poor commodities,
 And makes his conquests, thefts! Some fortunate
 captains

That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
 Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him;
 Himself ne'er won it: He's so base and covetous,
 He'll sell his sword for gold!

Ars. This is too bitter.

Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
 So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
 His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
 I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
 (His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on,
 Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting;
 Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had saved
 mine honour,

I had been happy still! But let him take it,
 And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded;
 Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies:
 Love has his angry quiver too,⁷ his deadly,
 And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.

poetic spirit than the old text!" What can be more poetical than the old text? Cleopatra opposes the artificial lustre of jewels (for without the polish of art they have no lustre) to her own native beauty, the life of love.

⁶ *Lovers.*] Corrected in 1679.

⁷ *Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,*

And when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.] "The second line is undoubtedly hurt both in sense and measure," says Mr Seward, and from his own stores of conjectures proposes two, which are accompanied by a third furnished by Sympson. The second line consists of the usual number of syllable

I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
 An old blind fool too! I lose my health; I will not,
 I will not cry; I will not honour him
 With tears diviner than the gods he worships;
 I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing!

Eros. Do not; you shall not need.

Cleo. 'Would I were prisoner
 To one I hate, that I might anger him!
 I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
 Any that has the heart and will to kill him!

Ars. Take some fair truce.

Cleo. I will go study mischief,
 And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunning,
 Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him!
 Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
 Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
 That I may make him love to death, and laugh at
 him!

Enter APOLLODORUS.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.

Cleo. His service? what's his service?

Eros. Pray you be patient;
 The noble Cæsar loves still.

Cleo. What's his will?

Apol. He craves access unto your highness.

Cleo. No;
 Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.

Ars. Good sister!

Cleo. None, I say; I will be private.
 'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
 When first thou gavest consent, to bring my body
 To this unthankful Cæsar!

bles, and very plainly means, "when love finds or meets with scorn, his quiver is stored at the strongest, furnished in the most formidable manner, to encounter the scornful mortal."

Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endured.

Cleo. Take this, [Giving a jewel.]
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind:⁸ Bid him make love
to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——

Enter CÆSAR.

Apol. He enters.

Cleo. How!

Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

Cleo. I guess so, by your rudeness.

Cæsar. You're not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown? Good gods, what a set anger
Have you forced into your face! Come, I must
temper you.
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!

⁸ *One that will hug his mind.*] It might perhaps be clearer if we read, *one that his mind will hug*; but the sense is much the same. Here the character of the *majestick whore* shines forth in full lustre; and as the prologue says,

———— her great mind is
Express'd to th' height.

There is, as was observed, more of the dignity of the queen than Shakspeare has given to any part of his Cleopatra; but the working up of her passions, the strength and vigour of the sentiments, and the noble strain of metaphors that every where enrich the style, have all so much of Shakspeare's genius, that were it a fragment, I verily believe the best critics might be puzzled to distinguish it from his hand, and even from his best manner. If the reader does not agree with me, I beg the favour of his giving it a second reading, and if not then, a third and fourth.—*Seward.*

How like an ominous flash it broke out from you!
Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has anger'd you?

Cleo. Shew him a glass! That false face has be-
tray'd me,

That base heart wrong'd me!⁹

Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.

I wrong'd you, fair?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries;
They are too gross! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.

Cæsar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I have vex'd you?

Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate
you!

Let that begin the story: Now, I'll tell you.

Cæsar. But do it milder: In a noble lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows
sweetness,
Shews blessed, like herself.

Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me: Till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul,¹ and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgraced me,

⁹ *That base heart wrought me.*] The variation is Mr Seward's, and, as he observes, is confirmed by Cæsar's answer,

I wrong'd you, fair?—Ed. 1778.

¹ *To my soul.*] Corrected in 1679.

When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
 Appeared your mistress; took into your eyes
 The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,
 Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature,
 Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
 And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at!
 Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;
 Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at.
 I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd you,
 Call'd you 'dear Cæsar,' hung about you tenderly,
 Was proud to appear your friend——

Cæsar. You have mistaken me.

Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
 Was I bless'd back with,² but shook off rudely;
 And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
 You fell before the images of treasure,
 And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,
 Forgotten, and contemn'd; my soft embraces,
 And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
 As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd;
 The name and glory of your Cleopatra
 Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains!
 Shall I endure?

Cæsar. You are deceived in all this;
 Upon my life you are; 'tis your much tenderness.

Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are
 cozen'd:

I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
 And where I love will triumph!

Cæsar. So you shall;
 My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear you;
 All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods,
 The bravery of this woman's mind has fired me!—
 Dear mistress, shall I but this night——

² ——— not a smile.

Was I blessed back; but shook, &c.] The monosyllable *with* was introduced by the editors of the second folio.

Cleo. How, Cæsar?

Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope?

Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any thing!

Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear
thee;

Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:
Till when, farewell, unthankful!

Cæsar. Stay!

Cleo. I will not.

Cæsar. I command!

Cleo. Command, and go without, sir.

I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.

Cæsar. Thus low, beauty—— [Kneels.

Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee ab-
solute,

The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror!

[Exit with ARSINOË, EROS, and APOLLODORUS.

Cæsar. She mocks me too! I will enjoy her
beauty;

I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!

Love is best pleased, when roundly we compel him;

And, as he is imperious, so will I be.—

Stay, fool, and be advised; that dulls the appetite,

Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.

By Heaven she is a miracle! I must use

A handsome way to win——

Enter SCEVA, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.

How now? What fear

Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,

Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;³
 Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
 And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
 Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you are
 secure here,

And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
 To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
 And most lasciviously die in delights,
 You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
 Arm'd all, and ready to assault.

Ant. Led on

By the false and base Photinus, and his ministers.
 No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,
 But straight saluted with an armed dart.

Sec. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger.
 They swear they will flay us, and then dry our
 quarters;

A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
 Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
 Or will the giant god of love fight for you?

Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?
 Bring out the lady! she can quell this mutiny,
 And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
 She can destroy and build again the city;

Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew 'em her
 fair breasts,

Th'impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em
 Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em!
 They are not above a hundred thousand, sir;

A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
 Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
 Will fly before her heats.

³ *Your poor declining.*] That is, your *falling*. oS in Timon of Athens:

“Not one accompanying your *declining* foot.”

Cæsar. Begirt with villains?

Sc. They come to play you and your love a hunt's-up.⁴

You were told what this same whoreson wenching
long ago would come to :

You are taken napping now! Has not a soldier
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you would think——

Dol. And time too; or you'll find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.

Ant. Look out, and then believe.

Sc. No, no, hang danger!

Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;
Charge her whole body!—When the sword's in
your throat, sir,

You may cry, "Cæsar!" and see if that will help
you.

Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some
shift, Sceva,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,

⁴ *They come to play you and your love a hunts-up.*] "Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, (1589, p. 12,) mentions one Gray, as having grown unto good estimation with King Henry VIII., and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset, protector, "for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunt is up, the hunt is up.*" Is this it?

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And now it is almost day;
And he that's in bed with another man's wife,
It's time to get him away."

Ritson's *Anc. Engl. Songs*, p. lvi.—From the text, and from several other passages in old plays, it would appear that this, and other songs with the same burthen, were commonly sung as morn-ing serenades before the windows of lazy sportsmen.

And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em.

See. Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to
th' hazard.

Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She'll spoil your sword-hand.

Cæsar. Go. Come, let's to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter the Three Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I, too, look'd upon him, and ob-
served it;

He's the strangest Septimius now——

1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,
And had given away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrously.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;
He's blind almost with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
Should have so much kind moisture. When his
mother died,

He laugh'd aloud, and made the wickedest ballads!

1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough; he never loved his
parents;

Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er loved him.
His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,

That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and
ever after

She whistled him up to th' world. His brave clothes
too

He has flung away, and goes like one of us now ;
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and sor-
rowful,

And gives the best instructions !

2 *Sold.* And tells stories

Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd ; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful person,
A bloody or betraying man.

3 *Sold.* If it be possible

That an arch-villain may ever be recover'd,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth
our labour

To see him once again.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS in black Clothes, with a Book in
his Hand.*

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.

Sept. Heaven bless ye, my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men ! Come not
near me,
For I am yet too taking⁵ for your company.

⁵ *Taking.] i. e. Infecting.* So in the *Merry Wives of Wind-
sor*, act iv. scene iv. Mrs Page, speaking of Herne the Hunter,
says,

“ There he blasts the trees, and *takes* the cattle.”

And in *King Lear*, act ii. scene ii. Lear thus execrates his un-
natural daughter :

————— “ strike her young bones,
You *taking* airs, with lameness !” — *Reed.*

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt,

Some excellent salve for a sore heart.—Are you Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey?

Sept. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts will look upon my penitence, and save me, I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers, You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood;

Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude! The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs. Take heed of pride; 'twas that that brought me to it.

2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd, to edify us.

Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient,

Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye; Pray that ye may be strong in honesty, As in the use of arms; labour, and diligently, To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues, Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoil'd me: Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty; You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit Benumb ye through; scars, and those maims of honour,

Are memorable crutches, that shall bear, When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!

1 *Sold.* I cry.

2 *Sold.* And so do I.

3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!

1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave I never heard yet.

2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Who's this? a priest?

Sept. Oh, stay, most holy sir!
And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly
With what most humble sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that
hate me?

Take from my heart those thousand thousand
furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder,
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst of all
men,
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slew'st thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;
Thou art mark'd for shame eternal! [*Exit.*]

Sept. Look all on me,
And let me be a story left to time
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monstrous my hoped grace at court!—Good
soldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessed-
ness!

1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?

Sept. Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his
worst;

We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Thou hast wept
out twenty Pompeys.

Enter PHOTINUS and ACHILLAS.

Pho. So penitent?

Achil. It seems so.

Pho. Yet for all this

We must employ him.

1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:
Away; and let's to th' fort, we shall be snapt else.

[*Exeunt.*

Pho. How now? Why thus? What cause of
this dejection?

Achil. Why dost thou weep?

Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,
You have made me a famous villain!

Pho. Does that touch thee?

Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his
lewdness.

Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our
right-hand.

This fellow dares, and knows, and must be heart-
en'd.—

Art thou so poor to blench⁶ at what thou hast done?
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?

Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace
That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd.
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I am now a new man.

Pho. We have new affairs for thee,

⁶ *To blench.*] That is, to shrink, shudder, to start, fly off. So
in the *Pilgrim of Fletcher*:

————— “men that will not totter,
Nor *blench* much at a bullet.”

Those that will raise thy head.

Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.

Pho. Thou shalt be noble;
And whodares think then that thou art not honest?

Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our
strong forces;
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?

Sept. I am rogue enough.

Pho. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own sa-
crifice,

'Twould seem solow, people would spit the fire out.

Achil. Keep thyself glorious still,⁷ though ne'er
so stain'd,

And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—

Sept. I'll stop mine ears.

Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——

Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some
honesty;
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty;
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some
hope.

Sept. My foolery?

⁷ *Keep thyself glorious still.*] *Glorious* means here ostentatious, gorgeously attired.

Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.

Achil. He begins to hearken.—

Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.

Sept. That this were true!

Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar
Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and
troubles,

Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent after-
wards?

Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword? to cry for't?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey: He'll kill all his kin-
dred,

And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.

When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most
holy too)

And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.

Sept. He does all this.

Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it;

Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar: So mayst thou be;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.

Sept. He was poor.

Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this
credit.

Sept. I am afraid you will once more——

Pho. Help to raise thee.

Off with thy pining black; it dulls a soldier,
And put on resolution like a man!

A noble fate waits on thee.

Sept. I now feel

Myself returning rascal speedily.

Oh, that I had the power——

Achil. Thou shalt have all;

And do all through thy power. Men shall admire thee,

And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.

Sept. Off, off; thou must off; off, my cowardice! Puling repentance, off!

Pho. Now thou speak'st nobly.

Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!

My daring shall be deity, to save me.

Give me instructions, and put action on me,

A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,

And let my wit and valour work. You will raise me,

And make me out-dare all my miseries?

Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.

Sept. Use me then:

Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt more.

Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit!⁸

I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell

This huge oak Cæsar too.

Pho. Now thou sing'st sweetly,

And Ptolemy shall crown thee for thy service.

Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace for cooling.⁹ [Exeunt.

⁸ *Lead on, to some great thing, to weale my spirit.*] So the oldest folio reads. The correction is from the second. The reader is spared the perusal of a long note of Seward's, containing several proposals of amendment, such as *heal, steel, &c.* It appears that he never looked into the folio of 1679.

⁹ *Put him on apace for cooling.*] That is, to prevent his spirit from cooling. But Seward seems not to have been aware of this sense of the word *for*, however common in old authors, and therefore both he and the last editors read—*fore* cooling.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Apartments in the Palace.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.

Ant. The tumult still increases.

Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!

My lustful folly rather! But 'tis well,
And worthily I am made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspired against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid,
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me!

Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever loved to exercise his fate
Where danger look'd most dreadful.

Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the king and his sister
Be buried in your ruins: On my life,
They both are guilty! Reason may assure you,
Photinus nor Achilles durst attempt you,
Or shake one dart, or sword, aim'd at your safety,
Without their warrant.

Cæsar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be misled; but for his sister,
Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind

Of blasphemy to doubt her : Ugly treason
 Durst never dwell in such a glorious building ;
 Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is
 Admit of falsehood.

Ant. Let us seize on him then ;
 And leave her to her fortune.

Dol. If he have power,
 Use it to your security, and let
 His honesty acquit him ; if he be false,
 It is too great an honour he should die
 By your victorious hand.

Cæsar. He comes, and I
 Shall do as I find cause.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, and
Attendants.

Ptol. Let not great Cæsar
 Impute the breach of hospitality
 To you, my guest, to me ! I am contemn'd,
 And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
 Against my head ; and 'would they aim'd no further,
 Provided that I fell a sacrifice
 To gain you safety ! That this is not feign'd,
 The boldness of my innocence may confirm you :
 Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
 I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
 To their bad cause, by being present with them ;
 But I, that yet taste of the punishment
 In being false to Pompey, will not make
 A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd :
 With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
 I yield myself to you, and will take part
 In all your dangers.

Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
 And I receive it.

Achor. If they have any touch

Of justice, or religion, I will use
The authority of our gods, to call them back
From their bad purpose.

Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible ; we may make it good
Till your powers rescue us.

Cæsar. Cæsar besieged ?

Oh, stain to my great actions ! 'Twas my custom,
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be first in the chase ; nor walls, nor bulwarks,
Could guard those that escaped the battle's fury
From this strong arm ; and I to be enclosed !
My heart ! my heart ! But 'tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield ; and I obey,
'Till I redeem it, by some glorious way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, and
Soldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now ; we are broke in ;
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,
'Twill be styled lawful, and we shall give laws
To those that now command us : Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty ; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.

Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolemy's death.

Pho. The better ;
The globe of empire must be so manured.

Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her
name,
Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower
Drain'd from a brother's heart ; nor was she raised
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
By the sack of neighbour cities, not made hers^a
Till they were cemented with the blood of those
That did possess 'em ; Cæsar, Ptolemy,
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.

Pho. Well said, Septimius !
Thou now art right again.

Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra ?

Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport ; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command :
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,
She bears her brother company : That's my pro-
vince ;

Leave me to work her.

Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolemy.

Sept. Cæsar shall be my task ;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar !

^a Were made hers.] Corrected in 1679.

Enter, on a Balcony of the Palace, CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.

Pho. 'Tis resolved then ;
We'll force our passage.

Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desired a parley.

Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought them to capitulate.

Ptol. Now, Photinus ?

Pho. Now, Ptolemy !

Ptol. No addition ?

Pho. We are equal,
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.*

Cæsar. Presumptuous villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presumed to raise
Thy servile hand against the king, or me,
That have a greater name ?

Pho. On those by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,
Against the laws of Rome ; and at the name
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus,
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounced thee for an enemy to thy country :
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crown'd with fair success. Why should we
fear then ?

* *Pho. We are equal,*

Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale,

In which our worth is weigh'd.] That is, we [Photinus and Ptolemy] are equal, though Cæsar's name were added to that of the latter in the scale in which our respective worths are weighed. Mason proposes to read, *your* worth, which would entirely destroy the sense evidently intended by the poet.

Think on that, Cæsar!

Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be braved thus!
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!

Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the highest
point,
And must descend.

Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble
Romans
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.

Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?

Pho. There is no hope to 'scape us:
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.

[*Exeunt* PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS,
and Soldiers.]

Ant. Let us die nobly;
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.

Cæsar. That fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Though for a while she clothe her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me: Who will pay her
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and Rome ac-
knowledged
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously

A life admired by all? The threaten'd danger
 Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
 And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
 And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
 In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!
 Start not; it shall be so; that while the people
 Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,³
 Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
 Through fire, and swords, I force a passage to
 My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st, follow
 Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die a free man!
 If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
 And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An open Place in the City.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
 And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
 In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
 Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,

³ *The ensuing flames.*] Mr Sympson would read *consuming flames*, but I see no sort of reason for a change; *ensuing flames* means the flames which would ensue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan say, that it was the enemies' ships in the harbour that Cæsar fired, as they were attempting from them to scale the palace in which Cæsar was besieged, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treasure of Egyptian, Grecian, and eastern learning, was totally destroyed. Our poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæsar's heroism.—*Seward.*

Will shake me off again : He told me so
 When I kill'd Pompey ; nor can I hope better,
 When Cæsar is dispatch'd. Services done
 For such as only study their own ends,
 Too great to be rewarded, are return'd
 With deadly hate : I learn'd this principle
 In his own school. Yet still he fools me : well :—
 And yet he trusts me : Since I in my nature
 Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,
 That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one
 To whom I owed all nourishments of life,
 Be true to an Egyptian ? To save Cæsar,
 And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
 (As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
 And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,
 Oh, 'twere a master-piece !—Ha ! Curse me !⁴

Cæsar ?

How's he got off ?

*Enter CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA,
 ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, and Soldiers.*

Cæsar. The fire has took,
 And shews the city like a second Troy ;
 The navy too is scorch'd ; the people greedy
 To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
 Make spoil of all : Only Achilles' troops
 Make good their guard ; break through them, we
 are safe.

I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt !

⁴ *Ha ?* ——— *me, Cæsar.*] Former editions. *Curse*, or *blast*, or some monosyllable of the like import, is, we apprehend, the word omitted here ; as *pox* in some other passages of these plays, from the occasional delicacy of the transcribers and printers.—Ed. 1778. Or, rather, from the delicacy of the Master of the Revels, or the licenser of the press. The transcribers and printers possessed no such compunction.

Sept. Stay, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?

Ant. Cut his throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now; fawn you so soon?

Sept. Oh, hear me!

What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
For all your good.

Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,
On festival days!

Sept. I am an alter'd man,
Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cause
To say I am a Roman.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.

Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth
and easy,

For your escape.

Ant. I'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.

Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.

Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.

Sept. Still to be true to you.

Dol. And very likely.

Cæsar. Be brief; the means?

Sept. Thus, Cæsar:

To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.

Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.

Dol. I'll fly in the air first.

Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you
back

Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achilles, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.

Cæsar. Good ;

What follows ?

Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats :
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.

Cæsar. Oh, devil!—Away with him !
Nor true to friend nor enemy ? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way ; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor ! I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digg'd for't like a mole. Our swords, and
cause,

Make way for us : And that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this sword makes for you.

[*Exeunt all but SEPTIMIUS and two Soldiers,
who seize him.*

1 *Sold.* Here's a belt ;
Though I die for it, I'll use it.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good
To truss a cur in.

Sept. Save me ! here's gold.

1 *Sold.* If Rome
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.

2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse.

1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword !
Thou dost deserve a worser end ; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the City.

Enter severally, ARSINOE, EROS, and CLEOPATRA.

Ars. We are lost!

Eros. Undone!

Ars. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldier's face, more horrid,
Circle us round!

Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.

Ars. My brother seized on
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forced to bear him company, as marked out
For his protection, or revenge.

Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransack'd.

Ars. I have lost my jewels too; but that's the
least:

The barbarous rascals, against all humanity
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.

Eros. They ruffled^s me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.

Ars. Oh, my sister!

^s *Ruffled.*] The second folio changed this without necessity to *rifled*, and all the modern editors followed this reading. The old word suits the context much better.—It is impossible to avoid reprobating these indecent allusions of Eros, and the silly lamentation of Arsinoe, so unseasonably introduced in the catastrophe of this fine heroic play.

Eros. My queen, my mistress !

Ars. Can you stand unmoved,
When an earthquake⁶ of rebellion shakes the city,
And the court trembles ?

Cleo. Yes, Arsinoë,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress : Then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults ; I am still myself,
And though disrobed of sovereignty,⁷ and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it :
Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,⁸
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
'Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.⁹
Think of thy birth, Arsinoë ; common burthens
Fit common shoulders : Teach the multitude,

⁶ *When the earthquake.*] Thus the text stands in all the editions except the first.

⁷ And though *disrobed.*] Mr Seward reads, *ALTHOUGH disrobed* ; but there is no occasion for any change, the old reading conveying the same sense : " I am still myself, and *remain so* though disrobed, &c."—Ed. 1778.

⁸ *Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile.*] The reader will undoubtedly have observed the art and merit of our poets, in so often taking their images and similes from the country where the scene is laid. This is a beauty that there is not the least trace of in Corneille's *Pompey* ; all his characters, sentiments, and language, are entirely French.—*Seward.*

⁹ *Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.*] *With*, here, being necessary to the verse, but not to the sense, Mr Sympson concurred with me in changing the expression.—*Seward.*

Edit. 1750 reads—*Spite of the envious weight it's loaded with.*

Mr Seward has here given us a most strange note : He talks of the word *with*, as not being necessary to the sense, and yet it is the only word *out of four* he has left in the passage. In my opinion, he has missed entirely the beautiful imagery of the poets : " My

By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister,
For now I feel you have infused into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful :
I dare not tell a lie : You, that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble
handmaid,
Must not presume to rival.

Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Enter PHOTINUS, with Soldiers.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms !
His weapon drawn too !

Cleo. Though upon the point
Death sate, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.

Pho. Keep the watch strong ; and guard the
passage sure
That leads unto the sea.

mind, like the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile, shall grow up
straighter, spite of the envious weight *That (fruitful Nile) loads*
it with, or *dispenses on it.*" J. N.

Though these notes have been suffered to stand, I strongly
suspect that the last explanation is not accurate, being very ob-
scure, and, at best, forced and far-fetched. I believe the last line,
however inaccurately expressed, means simply—" In spite of the
envious weight my mind is loaded with by misfortune."

Cleo. What sea of rudeness
 Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath
 Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
 Are duty and obedience fled to Heaven,
 And, in their room, ambition and pride
 Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Photinus,
 A thing thy mother brought into the world
 My brother's and my slave! But thy behaviour,
 Opposed to that, an insolent intruder
 Upon that sovereignty thou shouldst bow to!
 If in the gulph of base ingratitude,
 All loyalty to Ptolemy the king
 Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,
 Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
 That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
 (Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate mad-
 ness

From running headlong on to thy confusion.
 Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
 And let me read submission in thine eyes;
 Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
 But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
 To Cæsar and my brother.

Pho. Plead my pardon?

To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus
 To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay the gods,
 As to put off the figure of a man,
 And change my essence with a sensual beast:
 All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
 Were aim'd to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou, being
 The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought!

Pho. They that have power are royal; and those
 base

That live at the devotion of another.
 What birth gave Ptolemy, or fortune Cæsar,
 By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil,

I have made mine ; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts ;
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
The story of a supreme monarchy,
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus' name had long since been as great
As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might
cause ;

That I and they might see no sun appear,
But Cleopatra, in the Egyptian sphere.

Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
Cymmerian darkness ! Inconsiderate fool !
Though flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou be-
lieve,

Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
And that, by kings, set on thy head ; all sceptres
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man ?
A gelded eunuch ?

Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
That, when that you are mine, shall yield me
pleasures

Hymen, though blessing a new-married pair,
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendour of dread majesty ;
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the
world.

My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to it.

Cleo. Baser than thy birth !
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder

Ram thee into the earth?

Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:¹
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Most impious!

Pho. They are dreams
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolemy dead,
And Cæsar, both being in my toil, removed,
The poorest rascals that are in my camp
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young Arsinoë, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you!

Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the mistress of my fate:
So hope I of my sister: To confirm it,
I spit at thee, and scorn thee!

Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

Cleo. Never!
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter ACHILLAS, *and Soldiers, with the Body of*
PTOLEMY.

Pho. The king dead? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.

¹ *That his artillery is cloy'd by me.*] That is, nailed or spiked up; derived from the French verb *clouer*.—*Mason*.

To cloy, is still a technical term in artillery.

Ars. Oh, my dear brother !

Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoë, (common women do so,)
Nor lose a tear for him ; it cannot help him ;
But study to die nobly.

Pho. Cæsar fled ?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart ;
It choaks my vital spirits ! Where was your care ?
Did the guards sleep ?

Achil. He roused them with his sword ;
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself !²)
And, as inspired by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake through our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He
went on,
But still pursued by us : When on the sudden
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

² *Admits of no comparison but itself.*] Mr Theobald has wrote *parallel* against this line, and seems to have designed a note in defence of the line, which Mr Pope and his assistants in the Bathos so ingeniously bantered him upon,

“ *None but himself can be his parallel.*”

He had certainly authorities sufficient, both in Shakspeare as well as Fletcher ; but as the sentiment is in itself somewhat absurd, and the three greatest wits in Europe joined in exposing it, the laugh will always be against him.

The following description of one of the most illustrious incidents of Cæsar's life is worthy our authors, and worthy of Cæsar. Lucan seems to have either exerted, or designed to have exerted, all the vigour of his genius in this description ; but the Pharsalia unhappily just there breaks off unfinished.—*Seward.*

Upon the subject of the first paragraph of this note, see some very judicious observations in Mr Gifford's excellent edition of Massinger, vol. I. p. 312.

Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar !

Achil. We fallen back, he made on ; and, as our
fear

Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd : But, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forged by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made a way,³
As if he had been Neptune ; his friends, like
So many Tritons, follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful music. We shower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain ; they reach'd their ships :
And in their safety we are sunk ; for Cæsar
Prepares for war.

Pho. How fell the king ?

Achil. Unable

To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.

Ars. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes !

Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us ; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees.

Cleo. I laugh at thee !
Where are thy threats now, fool ? thy scoffs, and
scorns
Against the gods ? I see calamity

³ *He made away.*] We have not altered the text, but strongly suspect the author wrote, *he made a WAY.*—Ed. 1778.

It is singular enough that these editors, having suggested an emendation, not only plausible, but necessary to the text, should have been afraid to insert it.

Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [Shout within.

Pho. Oh, they come!

Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That placed his Heaven on earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [Exit.

Enter CÆSAR, SCEVA, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar! banish fear, my
fairest;

You now are safe!

Sce. By Venus, not a kiss

Till our work be done! The traitors once dis-
patch'd,

To it, and we'll cry aim!⁴

Cæsar. I will be speedy.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and train.*

Cleo. Farewell again!—Arsinoë! How now,
Eros?

Ever faint-hearted?

Eros. But that I am assured

⁴ *To it, and we'll cry aim.*] Seward, who proved as unfortunate to our authors as Coxeter to Massinger, has here committed the same ridiculous mistake as that annotator did in a note on the *Bondman*; substituting *Ay me!* for *aim*. The common phrase, *to cry aim*, was never properly explained till the appearance of Mr Gifford's *Massinger*, where (vol. II. p. 23,) he successfully refutes the opinions of Warburton and Steevens on the subject. For complete satisfaction I refer to that work, which must be in the hands of all my readers; but I must take the liberty to quote the following succinct explanation, which is perfectly sufficient for the purpose of understanding the text, "*Aim!* (for so it should be printed, and not *cry aim*.) was always addressed to the person about to shoot [at the game of archery:] it was an hortatory exclamation of the by-standers, or, as Massinger has it, the *idle lookers-on*, intended for his encouragement."

Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too.

Cleo. He is all honour ;

Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserved him.

*Enter CÆSAR, SCEVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and
Soldiers, with the Heads of PHOTINUS and
ACHILLAS.*

Ars. He's come back.⁵

Cæsar. Pursue no farther ; curb the soldiers'
fury !—

See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.

Sce. Furies plague 'em !

They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers :
Pompey fell by the sword ; the cross or halter
Should have dispatch'd them.

Cæsar. All is but death, good Sceva ;
Be therefore satisfied.—And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,
A conqueror ! And, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will shew he can give kingdoms ; for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ *Ars.* *He's come back,*

Pursue no further ; curb the soldiers' fury.] This gross mistake of giving part of *Cæsar's* speech to *Arsinoe* ran through all the editions till 1750, when Mr Seward corrected it.—Ed. 1778.

EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace :
And, but express some sign that you are pleased,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eased.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
I' th' favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assured, the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

THE

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

THE

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

THIS admirable Comedy is one of the thirty-five which were first published by the players in 1647. In what year it was first produced, we are entirely ignorant; but that it was written by our poets conjointly we may assert with a considerable degree of confidence, for both the prologue and epilogue speak of more than one author. Seward was inclined to ascribe the delineation of the character, from which the play is denominated, to Beaumont; and the general tendency of that poet's genius seems to support his belief. On the contrary, the plot of Dinant, Cleremont, Lamira, &c. well accords with the general liveliness of Fletcher's conceptions. Till modern taste banished most of these plays from the stage, this comedy was a great favourite, and met with great and well-deserved applause. The editors of 1778 mention, that "in 1749 some of the scenes were selected for a farce, and acted under the title of this comedy." This is not noticed in the *Biographia Dramatica*; but a comedy of two acts is there said to have been acted at Covent Garden, April 27, 1778, for Mr Quick's benefit, with the same title, and the alteration is said to have been made by Mrs Booth, of that theatre. I am unable to decide whether these two alterations are distinct pieces, or whether the latter was not a revival of the former.

The merit of this comedy can never be too highly estimated; and, when compared with its companions in this collection, scarcely yields to any but *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The two different plots are full of bustle and dramatic effect; they are united together with the hand of a master, and the catastrophe is brought about with sufficient skill; though the concealment of the artifice practised by Dinant, from the judge and the lame warrior, takes somewhat from the pleasure the reader would feel had Champernel been aware of the ample retribution that had been taken for the tricks practised upon Dinant and his companion. The principal plot, upon which the humorous scenes of *La Writ* and *Sampson* are engrafted, gives occasion to some admirable scenes. The contending emotions of Champernel, when galled by the taunts

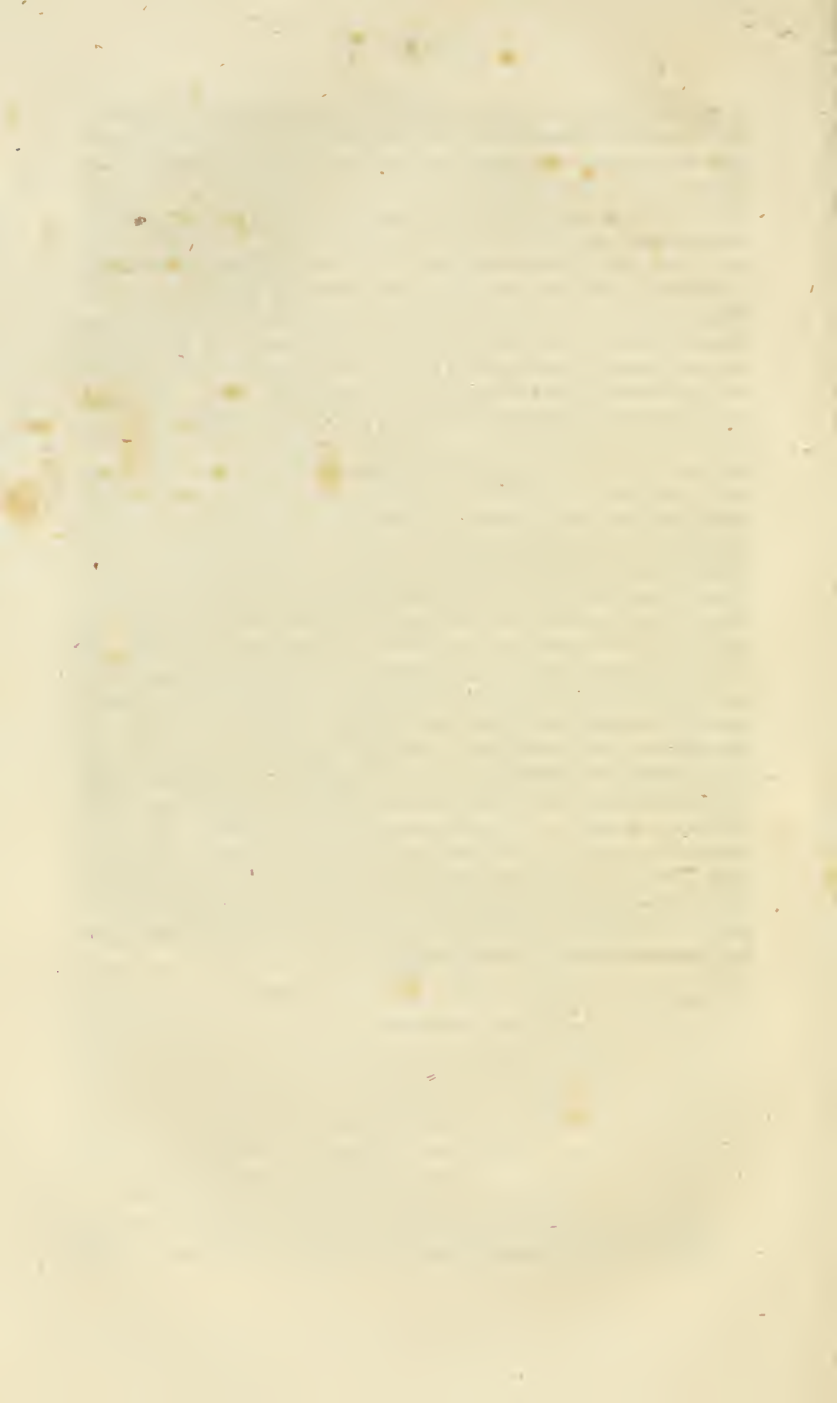
of Dinant and Cleremont, are displayed in poetry not inferior to the best passages in Massinger; and if we compare the humorous punishment of the two lovers in the night-scene, (the first of the third act,) to a similar one of the last-mentioned poet's, in *The Picture*, where the two foolish suitors, Ubaldo and Ricardo, are punished, the infinite superiority of Fletcher, in this walk of comedy, will appear undeniable. The retributive horrors, with which Lamira and her niece are punished in the last act, are perhaps too severe for the nerves of modern ladies. But it must be considered that the fine scene between Lamira and Dinant could not have been produced without driving her to the extremity of terror and despair. The different scenes between these two characters are throughout conducted with great skill, and abound in passages of superlative beauty.

On the other hand, that species of dramatic writing, the humorous, to which we are indebted for so many scenes of high excellence in the pages of Shakspeare, Jonson, and our authors, has never produced a more highly-finished character than the *Little Lawyer*, whose portrait is so much drawn to the life, that, although the passion which forms the chief feature in his character has become entirely obsolete, we regard him not merely as an eminently diverting, but even as a natural character. It has been observed in the notices prefixed to *The Nice Valour*, (vol. IV.) that our authors delighted in assiduously levelling their satire at the monstrous exuberances of duelling, which obtained in their days. To this laudable anxiety we owe the inimitable characters of Lapet, Bessus, and, above all, that which gives name to the present drama. To specify the faults in its composition, which occur very sparingly, we leave to severer critics.

“The plot,” says Langbaine, “is borrowed from Guzman [d’Alfarache,] or the Spanish Rogue, part ii. chap iv. : the story of Dinant, Cleremont, and Lamira, being borrowed from Don Lewis de Castro, and Don Rodrigo de Montalva. The like story is in other novels; as in Scarron’s Novel, called *The Fruitless Precaution*; and in *The Complaisant Companion*, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the above-mentioned original.” The story in Guzman (which occurs in the Antwerp edition of 1681, vol. II. p. 41,) is however taken from another, written about a century before, in the *Novellino* of Massuccio Salernitano (Ed. s. d. p. 280,) very little differing from the Spanish copy. That the reader may judge with what consummate skill our dramatists have built their superstructure upon so slender a foundation, the following abstract of the Italian original is given:—

“Duke Regnier, of Anjou, having been driven by King Alfonso from Naples, retired to Florence. Two French noblemen, Philippo de Licurto and Carlo d’Amboia, frequently accompanied him when

he rode through the city, and on one of these occasions the former fell in love with the beautiful wife of a citizen, and soon found means of paying his addresses, which the lady did not reject; but the jealousy of the husband prevented the accomplishment of their desires. In the mean time Carlo happened to fall in love with the sister of the lady, who dwelt in the same house. The husband at last was about to proceed to Pisa, when Duke Regnier was forced to return to France, and the two lovers to accompany him. Philippo gradually forgot his *innamorata*; but the lady's affections remained unaltered; and, in order to make him sensible of his faithlessness, she caused a false diamond to be set in a ring of fine gold, which she sent by a trusty messenger to Paris. Philippo having, by applying to other friends, solved the mysterious meaning of the ring, immediately set out for Florence, and persuaded his friend to accompany him. On their arrival, they were received with transport by the lady, who promised to fulfil the wishes of Philippo that night, if his companion would consent to occupy her place in the nuptial bed by the side of the old husband. Carlo long refused to take such a perilous situation, but the tears of his friend at last prevailed, on the promise of his being soon released. Having undressed himself, and taken a sword in his hand, he was silently led to a chamber, and left by the amorous lady, who rejoined Philippo. When Carlo had lain in the greatest trepidation for two hours, he began to curse his fate; when four hours were past he became distracted; but when the morning-sun illumined the windows, and the servants were lighting the fires and scouring the passages, he grasped his sword, and endeavoured to burst open the door, which suddenly opened from without, and his friend, with the lady, entered, to the great astonishment of Carlo. The lady began to mock him on his want of instinct, and, opening the curtains of the bed, showed him that he had all night lain with her sister, whom he so ardently loved. She then left the room, laughing, with Philippo, and left the happy Carlo to excuse himself for his nocturnal want of discernment."



PROLOGUE.

To promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves: For I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp Time's dull wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dinant, *a gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretends to love Lamira.*

Cleremont, *a merry gentleman, his friend.*

Champernel, *a lame old gentleman, husband to Lamira.*

Vertaigne, *a nobleman and a judge.*

Beauprè, *son to Vertaigne.*

Verdone, *nephew to Champernel.*

La Writ, *a wrangling advocate, or the Little Lawyer.*

Sampson, *a foolish advocate, kinsman to Vertaigne.*

Provost.

Gentlemen.

Clients.

Servants.

Lamira, *wife to Champernel, and daughter to Vertaigne.*

Anabell, *niece to Champernel.*

Nurse to Lamira.

Charlotte, *waiting-gentlewoman to Lamira.*

SCENE,—Paris, and the adjacent Country.

The principal actors were,

Joseph Taylor,
John Lowin,
John Underwood,
Robert Benfield,

Nicholas Toolie,
William Egleston,
Richard Sharpe,
Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

THE
LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Paris.—A Street.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Din. Dissuade me not.

Cler. 'Twill breed a brawl !

Din. I care not ;

I wear a sword !

Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off ; let that direct your arm ;
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.

Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer ?
We are not stoicks, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in lacquies,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank
And quality, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.

The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
 Was spent in honourable action,
 Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
 For the honour of our country, and our prince,
 Pours itself out with prodigal expence
 Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
 For every trifle. And these private duels,
 Which had their first original from the French,
 And for which, to this day, we are justly censured,
 Are banish'd from all civil governments :
 Scarce three in Venice, in as many years ;
 In Florence they are rarer ; and in all
 The fair dominions of the Spanish king,
 They are never heard of. Nay, those neighbour
 countries,
 Which gladly imitate our other follies,
 And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
 Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet ?

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late
 kings,

For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
 A cheat at cards or dice, and such-like causes,
 Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
 As might have met the Great Turk in the field,
 With confidence of a glorious victory :
 And shall we then——

Din. No more, for shame, no more !

Are you become a patron * too ? 'Tis a new one,
 No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator,
 To help him to enlarge his exercise :
 With such a one it might do well, and profit

* *Are you become a patron too ? 'Tis a new one,*

No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator.] Patron, here, has its Latin meaning, i. e. a pleader, or advocate ; but the word speech, declamation, harangue, or something to that effect, must be understood to make the following line sense ; and it is highly pro-

The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows
him,

Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
And mere apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell
thee,

And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well, sir, well!

Din. But yesterday thou wast the common second
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills

bable that a whole line is lost, which might have been something
like the following:

*Are you become a patron too? How long
Have you been conning this speech? 'Tis a new one;
No more on't, &c.* *Seward.*

We suspect *patron* to be a corruption of *pattern*, a word which
would give good sense to the passage, and comes very near that
admitted into the text.—Ed. 1778.

This passage is obscure and ungrammatical. The editors suspect
that we ought to read *pattern*, which is an ingenious supposition:
perhaps *parson* may be the true reading, as Dinant says after-
wards, [a few pages after this,]

————— “ Yet but now
You did *preach* patience.”—*Mason.*

The beginning of the speech is, it must be confessed, very puz-
zling, and all the above conjectures have been retained for the
reader's perusal. Those of the last editors, and of Mason, it is
presumed, will satisfy no one, and the explanation of Seward bids
fairest to be the one intended, though his supposition of a line
being lost cannot be admitted; for the ellipsis he mentions in his
note is by no means unusual in our authors and their contem-
poraries.

Set up on every post,² to give thee notice
 Where any difference was, and who were parties.
 And as, to save the charges of the law,
 Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
 By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels :
 But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
 That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst
 make one,
 Or be engaged thyself. This goodly calling
 Thou hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and
 studied
 The criticisms of contentions ; and art thou
 In so few hours transform'd ? Certain, this night
 Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Cler. Yes, sir,

I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
 And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipp'd
 first,

The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
 It skills not ;³ what I will be is resolved on.

Din. Why, then you'll fight no more ?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no occasion ?

Cler. There you stagger me.

² ———— *thou hadst bills*

Set up on every post.] This practice of challengers the readers of Ben Jonson must be well acquainted with. It seems to have been prevalent, to a ludicrous degree, in the reign of James I. ; and one of the most fashionable places to put up these and other advertisements was St Paul's Cathedral. Valentine, in *Wit without Money*, says to the foolish wooers,

————— " I found you, people,
 Betray'd into the hands of *fencers'*, *challengers'*,
 Tooth-drawers' bills.

³ *It skills not.*] *i. e.* It matters not. So, in *Shirley's Gamester*, the Nephew says,— " I desire no man's priviledge. *It skills not* whether I be kin to any man living."

Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and
blood

Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words.

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?

Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk; and
from an enemy,
I think much less.

Din. There's some hope of thee left then.
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgraced?

Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? They that
should do it

Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy presence,
See me o'er-charged with odds?

Cler. I'd fall myself first.

Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be ta'en
from thee,
And thou sit quiet?

Cler. There you touch my honour;
No Frenchman can endure that.

Din. Plague upon thee!⁴

Why dost thou talk of peace then, that darest suffer
Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,
That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing stammel breeches;⁵ or this gamester

⁴ *Pl*—] So the two folios. It is singular to observe the extreme nicety of those persons, whether the masters of the revels, or the licensers of the press, who would not suffer such a word to stand. On the next page but one the same nicety has occasioned the same abridgment.

⁵ *Stammel breeches.*] *i. e.* Light red breeches. So in Ben Jonson's Entertainment at Welbeck:

For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing ;

For this man's taking up a common wench
In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her
Caroch'd,⁶ in cloth of tissue ; nor five hundred
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.

Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is question'd,

I have a sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a rascal's throat, or so,
Like a good christian.

Din. Thou'rt of a fine religion ;
And, rather than we'll make a schism in friendship,
I will be of it.—But, to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair Lamira ?

Cler. Too well, sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—

“ *Fitz-Ale.* Red-hood the first that does appear
In *stammel*.

Accidence. Scarlet is too dear.”

That *stammel* designated a light pale colour has been proved by Mr Tollet, who observes, “ The light pale *stammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist., and is also there styled the *light red* and *fresh lusty gallant*.” Seward supposes that *red breeches* were worn “ only by smarts, and were esteemed coxcomical.” I should rather suppose that the quarrel in the text was not for wearing *red breeches*, but for wearing light-red, and not scarlet, which, from the above quotation from Ben Jonson, appears to have been dearer. The trivial causes which frequently gave rise to these duels, have been already noticed in the annotations to *Nice Valour*, (vol. IV. p. 307.) So Bishop Hall in his *Satires* :

— “ Babbling Makefray, at each fair and 'size
Picks quarrels for to show his valiantize.”

⁶ *Caroch'd.*] This word is derived from the French *carosse*, a coach In the Custom of the Country, Hypolita says, “ *Make ready my caroch.*”—Ed. 1778.

Your slave-like services ; your morning music,
 Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
 To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
 Sometimes admitted, and vouchsafed to kiss
 Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers ;
 How then you triumph'd ! Here was love for-
 sooth.

Din. These follies I deny not ;
 Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me :
 But my reward for this——

Cler. As you deserved ;
 For he that makes a goddess of a puppet,
 Merits no other recompense.

Din. This day, friend,
 For thou art so——

Cler. I am no flatterer.

Din. This proud ingrateful she is married to
 Lame Champernel.

Cler. I know him ; he has been
 As tall⁷ a seaman, and has thrived as well by't,
 (The loss of a leg and an arm deducted) as any
 That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame ;
 Plague on't, it mads me ! If it were my case,
 I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet, but now
 You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession ;
 And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours, for a penance,
 To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one ;
 But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
 On a new tally. 'Foot, do any thing,
 I'll second you.

⁷ *Tall.*] Stout, brave. The word is of such common occurrence in old writers, that no instance to prove its use in this sense can be required. At the same time, the utter disuse of this meaning makes a short explanation necessary whenever it occurs.

Din. I would not willingly
 Make red my yet-white conscience ; yet I purpose,
 I' th' open street, as they come from the temple,
 (For this way they must pass) to speak my wrongs,
 And do it boldly. [*Music plays.*]

Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
 I would stand by thee, boy. They come ; upon 'em !

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is a fine fiddling.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, *Nurse,*
 BEAUPRE, and VERDONE ; *Musicians.*

An Epithalamion Song at the Wedding.

*Come away ; bring on the bride,
 And place her by her lover's side.
 You fair troop of maids attend her,
 Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
 Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
 Many such fair nights may fall.*

Chorus. *Hymen fill the house with joy,
 All thy sacred fires employ :
 Bless the bed with holy love,
 Now, fair orb of beauty, move.*

Din. Stand by, for I will⁸ be heard.

Vert. This is strange rudeness !

Din. 'Tis courtship, balanced with [my] in-
 juries !⁹

You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye

⁸ ——— 'twill.] So the first folio reads.

⁹ 'Tis courtship balanced with injuries.] Courtship here, as in numerous other instances, means *courtly behaviour*. The insertion of the particle in brackets, which was evidently omitted by accident, was proposed by Mason.

Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins¹
 There yet remain so much of honest blood
 To make the colour. First, to you, my lord,
 The father of this bride, whom you have sent
 Alive into her grave.

Champ. How! to her grave?

Din. Be patient, sir; I'll speak of you anon.—
 You that allowed me liberal access,
 To make my way with service, and approved of
 My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune;
 You that are rich, and, but in this, held wise too;
 That as a father should have look'd upon
 Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
 At what her youth and heat of blood required
 In lawful pleasures, than the parting from
 Your crowns to pay her dower; you that already
 Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
 As if you were assured to live here ever;
 What poor end had you in this choice? In what
 Deserve I your contempt? My house, and honours,
 At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
 And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
 In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.
 But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,
 And not your gold; and, add to that, he's old too,
 His whole estate in likelihood to descend
 Upon your family:² Here was providence,
 I grant, but, in a nobleman, base thrift.
 No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen
 Their countrymen; but you, a gentleman,

¹ *Sear'd.*] Shrunk, or dried up. So in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

————— "Spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *sear'd* age."

² *Upon a family.*] Corrected in 1679.

To save a little gold, have sold your daughter
To worse than slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh language was deliver'd to
An old man, but my father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design ; let me alone
To answer him, or any man.

Verdone. You presume
Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindful of my service,
(For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost ; and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been) you, to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form ;
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgment to distinguish ;³ when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made yourself,
And but yourself have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion ?
But you will say, you served your father's pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
Are not to be obey'd ; or, that you are rich,
And that to wealth all pleasures else are servants :

³ ——— discourse,

And judgment to distinguish.] Discourse frequently signified *reason*, or rather, as Mr Gifford explains it happily, though with hesitation, " A more rapid deduction of consequences from premises than was supposed to be effected by reason." Discourse and judgment are again mentioned together in Massinger's *City Madam* :

————— " Such as want
Discourse and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion."

Yet, but consider how this wealth was purchased,
'Twill trouble the possession.

Champ. You, sir, know
I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how! You'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, "This rich cloth of arras
I made my prize in such a ship; this plate
Was my share in another; these fair jewels,
Coming ashore, I got in such a village,
The maid, or matron kill'd, from whom they were
ravish'd.

The wines you drink are guilty too; for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone;
These suckets ⁴ break as many more." In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchased
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears and groans of such as were the owners.

Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false!

Vert. Let losers talk.

Din. Lastly, those joys, those best of joys; which
Hymen

Freely bestows on such that come to tie
The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches;
Most miserable you shall never taste of!
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,

⁴ *Suckets.*] Not banqueting dishes, as Seward explains it, but sugar-pellets, or confectionary in general. This is fully proved by Davenant's Comedy of the Wits:

"*Thwack.* Now does my blood wamble. You! *sucket-eater!*"

Sin in your wish it were so!

Champ. Thou'rt a villain,
A base, malicious slanderer!

Cler. Strike him.

Din No, he's not worth a blow.

Champ. Oh, that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me!

Vert. Pray you have patience.

Lam. This day I am to be your sovereign;
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am myself, nor you.
Away! dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace, more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this
country,
With brave triumphant spoils) censure our actions?
You object my prizes to me: Had you seen
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which
straight
Like oil pour'd out on't,⁵ made it burn anew;
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools

⁵ *Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew.*] I would chuse to read, *like oil pour'd on it*; but I believe the old reading may give the same idea. The metaphor is a little difficult here; *the blood both quenches and makes the fire burn anew*; but *quenches*, here, must only signify *to abate the fire for a moment*, and then the whole is clear.—*Seward.*

That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
 That were against me, to the angry sea,
 Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,
 But in despite of the four elements,
 The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
 To be atchieved; you would confess, poor men,
 (Though hopeless such an honourable way
 To get or wealth, or honour in yourselves)
 He that through all these dreadful passages
 Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,
 Deserves reward, and not to have it styled
 By the base name of theft.

Din. This is the courtship
 That you must look for, madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
 When nothing can be done, to spend the night with,
 Your tongue is sound, good lord; and I could wish,
 For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,
 And there is something else, I will not name,
 (Though 'tis the only thing that must content her)
 Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs [*Draws.*
 With your best blood! Help me once, noble anger!
 Nay, stir not; I alone must right myself,
 And with one leg transport me, to correct
 These scandalous praters! Oh, that noble wounds
 [*Falls; they laugh.*
 Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
 I got these, not as you do your diseases,
 In brothels, or with riotous abuse
 Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,
 One arm disabled, and am honour'd more
 By losing them, as I did, in the face
 Of a brave enemy, than if they were
 As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen only,
 In that you have been laid, and cured. Go to!

You mock my leg, but every bone about you
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your sword.

Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there it may be
useful;

And live on the relation to your wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a poultice, and endure the scent
Of oils, and nasty plasters.

[CHAMPERNEL *weeps.*

Vert. Fy, sir, fy!

You that have stood all dangers, of all kinds,
To yield to a rival's scoff?

Lam. Shed tears upon
Your wedding-day?—This is unmanly, gentlemen.

Champ. They are tears of anger. Oh, that I
should live

To play the woman thus! All-powerful Heaven,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verdone. You shall have satisfaction:
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beaup. I say no more; you have a brother, sister:
This is your wedding-day, we are in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,

'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be laws in Paris, look to answer
This insolent affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heaven's sake! For my part, I know
not,

Nor care not, what they are. Is there aught else
That you would say?

Din. Nothing; I have my ends.
Lamira weeps; I have said too much I fear!
So dearly once I loved her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears.

[*Exeunt* DINANT and CLEREMONT.]

Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew.

Verdone. If I fail in't,
Never know me more. Cousin Beauprè!

[*They speak apart.*]

Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life; thou shalt not find
I am decrepid; in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant; and believe me,
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me)
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour,
And in all circumstances of a husband
Perform my parts.

Lam. Good sir, I am your servant;
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undo the knot, that by the church is tied.
Only I would beseech you, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my virtues,
For so you have pleased to style my innocent
weakness,

That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,

Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you;
You think I will be jealous: As I live,
Thou art mistaken, sweet! and, to confirm it,
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou
wilt,

Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lam. I'll use this liberty
With moderation, sir.

Beaup. [To VERDONE.] I am resolved.
Steal off; I'll follow you.

Champ. Come, sir, you droop:
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your son-in-law.

Vert. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use: I am most happy
In being so near you.

[*Exeunt* VERDONE and BEAUPRE.]

Lam. Oh, my fears! Good nurse,
Follow my brother unobserved, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurse. I will be careful, madam. [Exit.]

Champ. Between us compliments are superfluous.
On, gentlemen! The affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to ourselves, or to our nuptial feast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Apartments of Dinant.

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'er fear't.

Din. What sport, I pr'ythee?

Cler. Why, we must fight; I know it, and long
for't;

It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone; Beauprè look'd pale and shook
too,

Familiar signs of anger. They're both brave fellows,
Tried and approved, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be lost;
They will play up to a man, and set him off.

Whene'er I go to th' field, Heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or coward!

The first, to get a name, comes on too hot;

The coward is so swift in giving ground,

There is no overtaking him without

A hunting nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,

You ne'er think on the danger.

Cler. Why, 'tis no more

Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,

And drinking hard; mischief comes there unlook'd
for,

I'm sure as sudden, and strikes home as often;

For this we are prepared.

Din. Lamira loves

Her brother Beauprè dearly.

Cler. What of that?

Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words,) that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what, next to Heaven, I long for,
Is taken from me.

Cler. Why, what can you hope for,
She being now married?

Din. Oh, my Cleremont!
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no further wrong me. I am a Frenchman,
And for the greater part we are born courtiers;
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends; I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there? Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust?

Din. Too near;
But pr'ythee chide me not.

Cler. Not I; go on, boy!
I have faults myself, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use of 't so, I were most
happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I
have
The gift of prophecy.

Enter BEAUPRE and VERDONE.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
I am glad to find you, sir.

Din. I am at your service.

Verdone. Good monsieur Cleremont, I have long
wish'd

To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, sir.

Beau. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud to have had the
honour

To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives
That can command his passions ; and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
Ye were pleased to use to my father and my sister :
He's old, and she a woman ; I most sorry
My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword, to meet me,
A mile without the city.

Din. You much honour me
In the demand ; I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beau. Oh, sir, you teach me what to say. The
time ?

Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.

Beau. The place ?

Din. Near to the vineyard, eastward from the
city.

Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you
please,
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on ;
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.

Verdone. You shall not miss my service.

Beau. Good day, gentlemen!

Din. At your commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your servants.

[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE and VERDONE.]

I think there is no nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,⁶
And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em; for myself,
As I have little to lose, my care is less;
So, till to-morrow morning, I bequeath you

⁶ *I think there is no nation under Heaven,
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,
And such fine tricks, as we do.*]

Moliere has a scene built upon the politeness of the French duellers, which is extremely like this. I mention it not as supposing that excellent writer to have copied from our authors; but to shew how admirably the latter drew their characters; since, in the portraits of Frenchmen, they hit the very same masterly strokes with the greatest master of French comedy.—*Seward.*

I rather suspect that our authors described what they saw at home, not only among Frenchmen, but their own countrymen. The whole system of duelling, which was so prevalent at the time, and at which not only our authors, but Shakspeare, Jonson, and their more humble contemporaries, delighted to level their satire, was imported from France and Spain; and in such plays as the present we see nothing more than a real and faithful portrait of the extravagancies to which Englishmen were led by their imitation of foreign fashions, which never prevailed more than in the times of these authors. Bishop Hall thus humorously describes the different fashions imported from several countries, in the character of Ruffio:

————— “ How stily struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery!
The nuns of new-won Cales² his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
His haire, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock, amazon-like, disheveled,” &c.—Book III. Sat 7.

² Cadiz.

To your devotions, and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a castle.

Din. Thou art all honour ;
Thy resolution would steel a coward,
And I most fortunate in such a friend.
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me ! Reputation, take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second love !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Champernel.

*Enter LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE.*⁷

Lam. Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte ?

Char. Not to be waked.

By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well perceive
That this night the good lord hath been
At an unusual service ; and no wonder
If he rests after it.

Lam. You are very bold.

Char. Your creature, madam, and, when you
are pleased,

⁷ *Enter LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE.*] I think it very clear, that this is the beginning of the second act ; for a whole night is past since the last scene, and the players seem to have divided the acts at the end of the next scene, only to make them of a more equal length.—*Seward.*

As old authors were never attentive to the shortness or length of the time supposed to pass between the scenes and acts, and as there can be no doubt that the division in the folios was Fletcher's, I have restored the old regulation of the acts.

Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon
 If I speak like a fool; I could have wish'd
 To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
 Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
 Those delicates, which, by his lethargy,
 As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.

Lam. No more!

Char. I am silenced, madam.

Lam. Saw you my nurse this morning?

Char. No, madam.

Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that?

[*Knock within.*

Char. She you inquired for.

Lam. Bring her in, and leave me.

[*Exit CHARLOTTE.*

Enter Nurse.

Now, nurse, what news?

Nurse. Oh, lady, dreadful ones!

They are to fight this morning; there's no remedy.
 I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,
 Take horse as I came by.

Lam. Where's Cleremont?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lam. Where's Dinant?

Nurse. There's all the hope; I have staid him
 with a trick,

If I have done well, so.

Lam. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,

Your ladyship laid your command upon him
 To attend you presently; and, to confirm it,
 Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
 That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
 Disguised, and if you have that power in him,
 As I presume you have, it is in you

To stay or alter him.

Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The duke of Burgundy met Lewis Eleventh.

Lam. Enough; I will reward thee liberally.
[*Exit Nurse.*]

Go, bring him in.—Full dear I loved Dinant,
While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

Enter DINANT.

Din. Now, your pleasure.
Though ill you have deserved it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.

Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it; and 'tis not worth my thanks
then:

But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.

Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lam. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it; or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him——

Din. Name that danger,
 (Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,)
 Which I will shrink at; only, at this instant,
 Be speedy in't.

Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
 You shall not fight to-day, (do you start at that?)
 Not with my brother. I have heard your difference;
 Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchased
 With blood, and so defended: If you look for
 Favours from me, deserve them with obedience;
 There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command
 What with mine honour I cannot obey,
 Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
 Equally dear as that, or life, engaged,
 Not for himself, but me.

Lam. Why, foolish man,
 Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,
 In which not only I abuse my lord,
 My father, and my family, but write whore,
 Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
 To be read hourly, and yet name your honours?
 Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in sub-
 stance.

If you obey me, you part with some credit;
 From whom? the giddy multitude: But mankind
 Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose
 What most I do desire, rather than hazard
 So dear a friend, or write myself a coward:
 'Tis better be no man.

Lam. [*Aside.*] This will not do.—
 Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
 Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours;
 Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly:
 Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lam. For you; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.

Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!

Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the west port of the city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
To satisfy, though sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,
Be desperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you say?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*

Lam. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Field before the East-port of the City.

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. I am first i' th' field, that honour's gain'd
of our side;⁸
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably!
The hour is past; I wonder Dinant comes not:
This is the place; I cannot see him yet:
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour,⁹
A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse, nor man: 'Twould vex me to be left
here,
To the mercy of two swords, and two approved
ones.
I never knew him last.

⁸ *I am first i' th' field, that honour's gain'd of our side;
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably!*] The resemblance
of these lines to the following in Massinger's *Parliament of Love*,
has been pointed out by Mr Gifford:

“The honour to have enter'd first the field,
However we come off, is our's.”

Though this play is evidently posterior to *The Little French Lawyer*, I do not conceive an actual imitation on the part of Massinger. Both passages evidently allude to a common opinion in duelling, then probably universally received, that a first appearance upon the field was highly honourable.

⁹ — this *honour*.] Corrected in 1679.

Enter BEAUPRE and VERDONE.

Beau. You are well met, Cleremont.

Verdone. You are a fair gentleman, and love your friend, sir.

What, are you ready? The time has overta'en us.

Beau. And this, you know, the place.

Cler. No Dinant yet! [*Aside.*

Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do:
We wait you, sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen;
We have day enough.—Is't possible he comes
not?—[*Aside.*]—

You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come! Walk but a turn or two;
'Twill not be long.

Verdone. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough: But a short turn or two!
I think I see him; set up your watch, we'll fight
by it.

Beau. That is not he; we will not be deluded.

Cler. [*Aside.*] Am I bobb'd thus?¹—Pray take
a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air; by that time, gentle-
men——

Verdone. Come, draw your sword; you know
the custom here, sir,
First come first served.

Cler. Though it be held a custom,

¹ *Am I bobb'd thus?*] *i. e.* Fooled, cheated. So in Othello, Iago says,

“ He called me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him.”

And practised so, I do not hold it honest.²
 What honour can you both win on me single?

Beau. Yield up your sword then.

Cler. Yield my sword! that's Hebrew;
 I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
 I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old gentleman?

Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.

Cler. And wear no sword?

Gent. I need none, sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;

I want now such a foolish courtesy.

You see these gentlemen?

Gent. You want a second?

In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it.

I would you had my son; but he's in Italy.

A proper gentleman.—You may do well, gallants,
 If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy;
 The gentleman may do his country——

Cler. Now I beseech you, sir,

² In the French system of duelling, which prevailed at the time, the seconds, in numerous instances, were engaged, as well as the principals in the quarrel. Sometimes two seconds were engaged on both sides. The celebrated Marshal Biron, in his youth, fought a duel with the Sieur de Carancy, having provided two seconds each. These, seeing the principals engaged, *pour servir leur amy, ou par gayeté de cœur, s'en voulurent faire de feste, et s'entre-battre bien qu' aucuns fussent amis, et parlassent avant souvent ensemble.* Biron and his seconds had the good fortune to kill their opponents, and, according to some, after having killed Carancy, he came to the assistance of his friends, and helped them to dispatch the seconds of the latter. For this conduct he is highly praised by Brantome, as a foretoken of the great generalship he afterwards displayed.—*Oeuvres de Brantome, Paris, 1787, viii. 79.*

If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon.
There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen. [Exit.

Verdone. You see your fortune ;
You had better yield your sword.

Cler. 'Pray ye stay a little ;
Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—

Enter two Gentlemen.

Well, Dinant, well !—These wear swords, and
seem brave fellows.—

As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me :
I want a second now, to meet these gallants ;
You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you must pardon us ;
We go about the same work you are ready for,
And must fight presently ; else we were your ser-
vants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day !

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Cler. Am I thus colted ?³

Beau. Come, either yield——

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune ;
And if I fight not like a man——Fy, Dinant !

[*Aside.*

Cold now and treacherous !

La Writ. [*Within.*] I understand your causes ;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses—
Will ye make me mad? have I not all the parcels?⁴

³ *Colted.*] Another term for *fooled*, which has already occurred in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*.

⁴ *Parcels.*] This is a law term, and means that part of a deed in which land, or other things to be conveyed, are described.

And his petition too, about bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses.—What will ye have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are
melted!—

And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first. Commend me to your
mistress,

And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her——I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales:
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation!—Bid my wife send me some
puddings;

I have a cause to run through requires puddings;
Puddings enough. Farewell!

Enter LA WRIT.

Cler. God speed you, sir!

Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow!

Verdone. A rare youth.

Cler. If you be not hasty, sir——

La Writ. Yes, I am hasty,

Exceeding hasty, sir; I am going to the parlia-
ment;

You understand this bag: If you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.

Cler. 'Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.

La Writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you;

'Tis a sword matter, sir.

La Writ. I am no cutler,
I am an advocate, sir.

Beau. How the thing looks!

Verdone. When he brings him to fight——

Cler. Be not so hasty ;
You wear a good sword.

La Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword——

Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
Against these gentlemen ; I want a second :
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La Writ. I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best
to satisfy.

Beau. This is some sport yet.

Verdone. If this fellow should fight ?

La Writ. And, for any thing I know, I am an
arrant coward ;

Do not trust me ; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try ; you are mistaken.—Walk on,
gentlemen,

The man shall follow presently.

La Writ. Are ye mad, gentleman ?
My business is within this half-hour.

Cler. That's all one ;
We'll dispatch within this quarter.—There in that
bottom ;

'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.

Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir.

Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight. You'll
follow ?

La Writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.

Cler. Away, away.—

[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE and VERDONE.]

I know you can : I like your modesty ;

I know you will fight, and so fight, with such
mettle,⁵

And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—

⁵ *Mettle.*] All the previous editions read—metal. The words are continually confounded in old plays.

I see it in your eye, sir.

La Writ. I'll be hang'd then ;
And I charge you, in the king's name, name no
more fighting.

Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play the
man ;

Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you ;
I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick ?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La Writ. Stand further, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps——

Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyself, a noble advocate !
Come, to thy tools.

La Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La Writ. If I do fight—
I say, if I do, but don't depend upon't—
(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—
What shall become of my writings ?

Cler. Let 'em lie by ;
They will not run away, man.

La Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then ? my business ?
I will not fight ; I cannot fight. My causes——

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand
causes ;

Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La Writ. Hum ! say you so ? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now !

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La Writ. Do you think so ?

I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever ;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight ? for I cannot stay,

Nor will not stay ; I have business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La Writ. Here will I hang my bag then ; it may
save my belly ;

[*Hangs his bag before him.*

I never loved cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

La Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out then ;
quickly, quickly !

It has not seen sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles !

This sword is vengeance angry.

La Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy !
If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same.

Enter BEAUPRE.

Beau. They are both come on ; that may be a
stubborn rascal.

Enter LA WRIT.

Take you that ground ; I'll stay here. Fight
bravely !

La Writ. To't cheerfully, my boys ! You'll let's
have fair play ;

None of your foining tricks.⁶

⁶ *Foining*] A technical term in the noble science of defence.

Beau. Come forward, monsieur !
What hast thou there ? a pudding in thy belly ?
I shall see what it holds.

La Writ. Put your spoon home then ! [*Fight.*
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit,
sir ! [*BEAUPRE hits him on the bag.*
God-a-mercy, bag !

Beau. Nothing but bombast in you ?⁷
The rogue winks and fights.

[*BEAUPRE loses his sword ; LA WRIT treads on it.*

La Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir !
Stand off ; thou diest on point else ! I have it,
I have it !

Yet further off !—I have his sword.

[*Calls to CLEREMONT.*

Cler. [*Within.*] Then keep it ;
Be sure you keep it !

La Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you !
Is this all ? I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beau. Pox, what fortune's this ! Disarmed by
a puppy ?
A snail ? a dog ?

La Writ. No more o' these words, gentleman !
Sweet gentleman, no more ! Do not provoke me !

⁷ *Nothing but bombast in you.*] Bombast is the lining of a doublet, generally of cotton ; whence, as Steevens observes, Gerard calls the cotton plant "*the bombast tree.*" Stubbs speaks in two places of the enormous quantity of bombast stuffed into the doublet, perhaps for the very reason why *La Writ* hung his bag before him. Hence, when his opponent makes foins at his belly, he supposes that the lawyer's doublet was well lined with *bombast*, and the latter, being guarded by his contrivance, expresses his gratitude by exclaiming—"God-a-mercy, bag !"

Go walk i' th' horse-fair; whistle, gentleman.—
What must I do now? [*To CLEREMONT, entering.*]

Enter CLEREMONT, pursued by VERDONE.

Cler. Help me; I am almost breathless.

La Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie
for you, sir! ⁸ [*Strikes CLEREMONT.*]

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool!

La Writ. Thou fool, stand further off then.—
Deliver, deliver!

[*Strikes up VERDONE'S heels, and takes his
sword too.*]

Cler. Hold fast.

La Writ. I never fail in't.

There's twelve-pence; go, buy you two leaden
daggers! ⁹

Have I done well?

Cler. Most like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost!

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune.

We shall yet find an hour.

[*Exeunt BEAUPRE and VERDONE, sad.*]

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

⁸ *There's a cold pie for you, sir.*] This is the same allusion which La Writ had before made when he ties his bag before him as a fortification for his belly:

“Here will I hang my bag then; it may save my belly;
I never loved cold iron there.”

⁹ *Go, buy two leaden daggers.*] This is as much as if La Writ had called them fools; for the allusion is probably to the dagger with which the *vice*, or fool of the old moralities, belaboured the back of the devil. It is true, that dagger was generally a wooden one; but it is not impossible that it may sometimes have been made of lead, which would be as harmless as the other. So in act III. sc. I. Champernel, reproaching Verdone, says,

————— “In the field——
Your swords are all *lead* there.”

La Writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets?

Or, will you

Fight any longer, for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.

La Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you, for this great courtesy?

La Writ. All I desire of you, is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more
on't;

(I have no liking to't; 'tis a foolish matter)

And help me to put up my sword.

Cler. Most willingly.

But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not
leave you.

La Writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too,
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own dis-
posure;

And so, and so—— [Exit LA WRIT.

Cler. This is a most rare lawyer;
I am sure, most valiant.—Well, Dinant, as you
satisfy me—

I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer.

[Exit with the swords.

SCENE III.

Before the West-port of the City.

Enter DINANT.

Din. To be dispatch'd upon a sleeveless errand!
To leave my friend engaged, mine honour tainted!

These are trim things. I am set here like a *perdue*,¹
 To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
 A scurvy fellow that must pass this way ;
 But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
 Or whether his name be William, or John,
 Or Anthony, or Dick, or any thing, I know not ;
 A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at ;
 And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
 Sure Cleremont has fought, but how come off,
 And what the world shall think of me hereafter !
 Well, woman, woman, I must look ² your rascals,
 And lose my reputation ! Ye have a fine power
 over us.

These two long hours I have trotted here, and
 curiously
 Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,
 Nor any face to quarrel with.

LA WRIT *sings within, then enters.*

What's that ?

This is a rascally voice ; sure it comes this way.

La Writ. *He strook so hard,³ the bason broke,
 And Tarquin heard the sound.*

Din. What mister-thing is this ? ⁴ let me sur-
 vey it.

¹ *Perdue.*] It has been before observed, that this is equivalent to our forlorn hope.

² *Look.*] *i. e.* Look after.

³ *He strook so hard, &c.*] The lines La Writ here sings are taken from an old ballad, called "The Noble Acts of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table."—*Reed.*

This is correct with regard to this and the next quotation, but not as to those which follow. See notes 5 and 6.

⁴ *What master-thing is this ?*] The idea this gave was, *what master-piece of oddity have we here ?* But Mr Sympson has hit on a more humorous reading ; *what mister-thing is this ? Mister*

La Writ. *And then he struck his neck in two.*

Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal. What an alphabet of faces he puts on! Hey, how it fences! If this should be the rogue—As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—

La Writ. *Was ever man for lady's sake?*⁵ *Down, down!*

Din. And what are you, good sir?—[*Mimicks him.*]*—Down, down, down, down!*

La Writ. What's that to you, good sir?—[*Sings.*]*Down, down!*

Din. A pox on you, good sir! *Down, down, down!*

You with your buckram bag, what make you here? And from whence come you?—I could fight with my shadow now.

La Writ. *Thou fierce man, that like
Sir Lancelot dost appear,
I need not tell thee what I am,
Nor eke what I make here.*⁶

wight being common to Spenser and Chaucer. I am far from approving the insertion of obsolete words in general; but here, where La Writ is talking and singing knight errantry, a word common in the tales of knight errants is certainly natural and obvious. In the excellent glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *mister*, from the French *mestier*, a *profession* or *trade*. Hence it is used for any *sort, kind, or condition*; as *mister folk*, kind of men, &c.

Seward.

MISTER-thing is the reading of the second folio; not a variation *hit on* by Mr Sympson!—Ed. 1778.

⁵ *Was ever man for lady's sake.*] This is from the beginning of an old ballad printed by Percy, and by him entitled "The Legend of Sir Guy. (Ed. 1794, III, 102.) It begins,

" Was ever knight for lady's sake
So tost as I, Sir Guy?" &c.

The same ballad is again alluded to in the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

⁶ *Thou fierce man, &c.*] These four lines are not at present to be found in the ballad of 'The Noble Acts of the Round Table, &c.

Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay, stay, good Tristrem,

And let me ask thy mightiness a question ;
Did you ne'er abuse a lady ?

La Writ. Not to abuse a lady
Is very hard, sir.

Din. Say you so, sir ?

Didst thou never abuse her honour ?

La Writ. Not to abuse her honour is impossible.

Din. Certain, this is the rascal. What's thy name ?

La Writ. My name is Cock-a-two ; use me respectively,⁷

I will be cock of three else.

Din. What's all this ?

You say, you did abuse a lady.

La Writ. You lie.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La Writ. That's two lies.

Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be,
thou peagoose,⁸

quoted above, as printed by Evans, (Ballads, ed. 1810, vol. IV., p. 5.,) and by Percy under the title of Sir Lancelot, though it is possible they may have existed somewhere between the 22d and 23d stanzas. They are, however, more likely to have been added by the poets, as adapted by La Writ to the occasion.

⁷ *My name is Cock-a-two ; use me respectively,*

I will be cock of three else.] That is, *accordingly*, not respectfully, as the editors of 1750 and 1778 absurdly imagine. As to the expressions *cock-a-two* and *cock of three*, La Writ evidently speaks of his having already disarmed two, (Beauprè and Verdone,) and threatens Dinant with being a cock of three, by taking his weapon also. We still say, a cock of the game.

⁸ *Peagoose.]* Cotgrave explains *Benet*, “ A simple, plain, doltish fellow ; a noddipeake, a ninnihammer, a *peagoose*, a coxe, a silly companion.”

That durst give me the lie thus? thou mak'st me wonder.

La Writ. And wonder on, till time makes all this plain.

Din. You must not part so, sir. Art thou a gentleman?

La Writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is some Cavaliero Knight o' th' Sun.⁹

La Writ. I tell thee I'm as good a gentleman as the duke.

I have atchieved——Go, follow thy business!

Din. But for this lady, sir——

La Writ. Why, hang this lady, sir!

And the lady-mother too, sir! What have I to do with ladies?

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. 'Tis the Little Lawyer's voice: Has he got my way?

It should be hereabouts.

Din. You dry biscuit rogue,
I will so swinge you for this blasphemy!

Have I found you out? [*Draws.*]

Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.

La Writ. And I defy thee; do thy worst!

Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot though!

And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,

⁹ *Knight o' th' Sun.*] A notable hero of romance. His most ponderous legend was translated by various hands, under the title of *The Mirrour of Knighthood*, (the first part without date, the second in 1599, and the ninth and last in 1602,) from the Spanish. The principal hero, Rosiclear, is mentioned again in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as well as in *Marston's Malcontent*; and another allusion has already occurred in *The Scornful Lady*, vol. II. p. 192.

And speak according to the phrase triumphant,
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,
And, though I never heard of her, a deboshed
lady,¹

And thou a squire of low degree !² Will that con-
tent thee ?

Dost thou way-lay me with ladies ?—A pretty
sword, sir,

A very pretty sword ! I have a great mind to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue !

Cler. Hold, hold !

Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman !

La Writ. As much as you will ; my hand is in
now.

Cler. I am your friend, sir.—Dinant, you draw
your sword

Upon the gentleman preserved your honour :

This was my second, and did back me nobly.

For shame, forbear.

Din. I ask your mercy, sir,

And am your servant now.

La Writ. May we not fight then ?

Cler. I am sure you shall not now.

La Writ. I am sorry for't ;

¹ *Deboshed.*] In the *Tempest*, act III. scene II., Trinculo uses this word, speaking to Caliban, upon which Mr Steevens remarks, “ I meet with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauched*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634 :

‘ See your house be stored
With the *deboishest* roars in this city.’

When this word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly ; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety.”—*Reed.*

² *A squire of low degree.*] A term used frequently by old dramatists, derived from the popular metrical romance so called, printed by Ritson, (*Met. Rom.* vol. III. p. 145.)

I am sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on ye afore? I will sing still,
sir. [*Exit LA WRIT singing.*]

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserved: Yet, when you know——

Cler. I thank you!

Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——

Din. I do confess——

Cler. That boyish sleight——

Din. Not so, sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your
honour,

Can be allay'd with words?

Din. I give you way still.

Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a
friend's part,

A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him;
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt, and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have given my life I had never known
thee!

Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment,
With this disgrace, thy whole life³ cannot heal
again.

Din. This I can suffer too; I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may ab-
solve you,

Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me, like an ass!

Din. Will you but hear me?

³ My whole life.] Corrected in 1679.

Cler. Expose me like a jade to tug, and hale through,

(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted) your disgraces!
Invite men's swords and angers to dispatch me!⁴

Din. If you will be patient——

Cler. And be abused still! But that I have call'd thee friend,

And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me; I would not talk thus:

But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,
And bear your own abuses; I scorn my sword
Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swinge of anger;

I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you absent?

Din. You know I am no coward, you have seen that,

And therefore, out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for you too:

You know no business, that concern'd my state,⁵
My kindred, or my life——

Cler. Where was the fault then?

Din. The honour of that lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: You know she sent for me,

And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduced?

⁴ *Expose me like a jade to tug, and hale through, Laugh'd at and almost hooted? Your disgraces Invite men's swords, and angers to dispatch me?*] The punctuation now introduced was proposed by Mr Mason.

⁵ *State.*] Estate. See vol. II. p. 7.

Din. The man i' th' moon, I think; hither I
 was sent,
 But to what end——

Enter Nurse.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam!

Nurse. I am glad I have met you, sir; I have
 been seeking,
 And seeking every where.

Cler. And now you have found him,
 Declare what business, our ambassador.⁶

Nurse. What's that to you, goodman flouter?—
 Oh, sir, my lady——

Din. Pr'ythee, no more of thy lady; I have too
 much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little; speak to me.

Nurse. To you, sir?
 'Tis more than time!—All occasions set aside, sir,
 Or whatsoever may be thought a business——

Din. What then?

Nurse. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where?

Nurse. What's that to you? come you, sir, when
 you're sent for.

Cler. God-a-mercy, Mumpsimus!—
 You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
 Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your
 credit,
 And honey out your youth in rare adventures:

⁶ *Declare that business, our ambassador.*] *What* was properly substituted for *that* in the second folio. Sympson proposed to read --old *ambassador*; and Seward, having a tender care for all such "improvements," adopts the variation. The original, however, is far more humorous than the alteration, which I cannot, with the last editors, think either "a good emendation," or an "emendation" at all.

I can but grieve I have known you.

Nurse. Will you go, sir?

I come not often to you with these blessings :
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing !

Cler. Peace, Touchwood !

Din. I will not go.

Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienced puppy to make sport with ;
I have been her mirth too long ! Thus I shake
from me

The fetters she put on, thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind : No more her beauty——

Nurse. Take heed, sir, what you say.

Cler. Go forward, Dinant.

Din. The charms shot from her eyes——

Nurse. Be wise.

Cler. Be valiant.

Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's
destructions

Shall never wrack me more.⁷

⁷ *Shall never rack me more.] Rack, i. e. torment, is certainly good sense here, and I therefore don't change it, though wrack, the old way of spelling wreck, i. e. ship-wreck, seems much more poetical : for his honour, by her devices, had just before been wrack'd, which Dinant, a little lower, expresses by the same metaphor :*

———— like a bold merchant,

———— I have ventured all these.

i. e. Time, friends, honour and life.

And split my bottom.

This confirmation occurred after the conjecture itself.—*Seward.*

Seward having at last hit upon an emendation, which really deserves that appellation, does not make use of it. What made him, who is in general such a dashing and adventurous emendator, so timorous in this instance, cannot easily be conceived. *Wrack*, the old spelling of *wreck*, is continually confounded in old writings with *rack*, which, on the contrary, is often spelt *wrack*.

Nurse. Stay there.

Cler. Go forward.

Din. I will now hear her, see her, as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her,⁸
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmoved, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her
proud

Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her ;
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.
Go, bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life : Like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventured all
these,

And split my bottom. Return this answer to her ;
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,
And then despised again ; I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true——

Nurse. I am sorry I have troubled you ;
More sorry, that my lady has adventured
So great a favour in so weak a mind.
This hour you have refused that, when you come
to know it,

Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow !
She is not fair, nor handsome ! so I leave you.

Cler. Stay, lady, stay ; but is there such a busi-
ness ?

Nurse. You would break your neck, 'twere yours.

Cler. My back, you would say.

⁸ *And the power man has allow'd, sir.*] Former edit.—Seward.

Nurse. But play the friend's part still, sir, and
undo him;

'Tis a fair office.

Din. I have spoke too liberally.

Nurse. I shall deliver what you say. [*Going.*]

Cler. You shall be hang'd first;

You would fain be prating now! Take the man
with you.

Nurse. Not I; I have no power.

Cler. You may go, Dinant.

Nurse. 'Tis in's own will; I had no further
charge, sir,

Than to tell him what I did; which, if I had
thought

It should have been received so——

Cler. 'Faith, you may;

You do not know how far it may concern you.

If I perceived any trick in't——

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then. There is an hour in
fortune,⁹

That must be still observed: You think I'll chide
you,

When things must be. Nay, see, an he will hold
his head up!

Would such a lady send with such a charge too?
Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her
again,

The great fool, the greater still the better.—

He shall go with you, woman.

Nurse. As it please him;

I know the way alone else.

⁹ *There is an hour in fortune*

That must be still observed.] We meet with this sentiment in
Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*. The passage is quoted vol. II. p. 316,
of these works.—Ed. 1778.

Din. Where's your lady?

Nurse. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll go;

But what her wrongs will give me leave to say——

Cler. We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear from you?

Din. As soon as I come off.

Cler. Come on then bravely.

Farewell till then, and play the man!

Din. You are merry;

All I expect is scorn.—I'll lead you, lady.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in the House of Champernel.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPRE, VERDENE, and CHARLOTTE.

Beau. We'll venture on him.

Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee,
See me no more!

Lam. Your nephew?

Champ. I disclaim him;

He has no part in me, nor in my blood.

My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left

Conquest hereditary to his issue,
 Could not beget a coward.

Verdone. I fought, sir,
 Like a good fellow, and a soldier too;
 But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
 Ascribe you to my father what you please,
 I am born to suffer.

Champ. All disgraces, wretch!

Lam. Good sir, be patient.

Champ. Was there no tree,
 (For to fall by a noble enemy's sword
 A coward is unworthy) nor no river,^{*}
 To force thy life out backward, or to drown it,
 But that thou must survive thy infamy,
 And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
 And gladly would forget?

Beau. Sir, his misfortune
 Deserves not this reproof.

Champ. In your opinion:
 'Tis fit you two should be of one belief.

* ——— no river,

To force thy life out backward, or to drown it.] The disjunctive *or* is surely improper here; for *forcing life out backward* is only an exceedingly droll description of *drowning*.—*Seward*.

Mason properly defends the old reading in these words:—"The first part of this line refers to tree, and the latter part to river. But *Seward* rejects the disjunctive *or*, and substitutes *and* in its place; because, he says, that forcing life out backwards is only a very droll description of drowning. I believe, however, that few of his readers will be able to discover the drollery, or the justness of that description. In truth, the disjunctive, which he discards, is absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage. To force the life out backwards is no description of drowning, nor is it intended as such, but of hanging. Champernel ludicrously supposes that the pressure of the rope must prevent life from issuing forwards, and of course force it backwards; and means to say, in other words—Could you find no tree to hang yourself on, nor any river to drown you?"

You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I' th' city with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do ;
Your swords are all lead there.

Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your spleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.

Champ. From Dinant
You'll suffer more ! That ever cursed I
Should give my honour up, to the defence
Of such a thing as he is ! or my lady,
That is all innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her ! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him ;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice.
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,
His sword edged with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed
too,
And kill as deadly.

Verdone. You are as far from justice,
In him you praise, as equity in the censure
You load me with.

Beau. Dinant ? he durst not meet us.

Lam. How ! durst not, brother ?

Beau. Durst not ; I repeat it.

Verdone. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that
disarm'd us ;
I had the better of him. For Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake you'd lose it,
nephew.

Champ. Came he not, say you?

Verdone. No; but in his room
There was a devil, hired from some magician,
I' th' shape of an attorney.

Beau. 'Twas he did it.

Verdone. And his the honour.

Beau. I could wish Dinant——
But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,
And durst not come!

Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)
From one of such approved worth?

Champ. Ha! how's this?

Lam. From one so excellent in all that's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
But his affections; and in them, the worst,
His love to me?

Champ. To you?

Lam. Yes, sir, to me:

Idare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)
To you profess it: And he shunn'd the combat
For fear or doubt of these!² Blush, and repent,
That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour!

Beau. Why, this is rare.

Champ. 'Fore Heaven, exceeding rare!—
Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
Of your first suitor——

² ———— *And he shunned the combat*

For fear or doubt of these.] This is the reading of the first folio, and by the substitution of a sign of admiration for the colon, is rendered by far the most poetical. The second folio, and all the modern editions, have it unmetrically and tamely,

——— “And he shunn'd *not* the combat
For fear or doubt of these.”

Verdone. How can you convince us
In our reports? ³

Lam. With what you cannot answer :
'Twas my command that staid him.

Champ. Your command?

Lam. Mine, sir; and had my will rank'd with
my power
And his obedience, I could have sent him,
With more ease, weaponless to you, and bound
Than have kept him back; so well he loves his
honour
Beyond his life.

Champ. Better and better still!

Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert
him
From your assured destruction, had he met you.

Champ. In private?

Lam. Yes, and used all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties.

Champ. Gave all rewards too
His service could desire? Did not he take
The measure of my sheets?

Lam. Do not look yellow;
I have cause to speak; frowns cannot fright me.⁴
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assured you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——

Champ. What then?

Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed, (that's no-
thing!)

³ *In our reports.*] All editions, but the first, read *YOUR reports*: We think the old reading best; *convince* signifies *confute*, or *convict* us of *falsehood*.—Ed. 1778.

⁴ *Sir.*] This monosyllable was added unnecessarily, and without due notice being given in the modern copies.

But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolved on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.

Champ. Impudent!

Verdone. And on the sudden——

Beau. How are you transform'd
From what you were!

Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected: I am no servant,
Nor will be used like one! If you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it:
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores,
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

Beau. There's no contesting with her: From a
child,

Once moved, she hardly was to be appeased;
Yet I dare swear her honest.

Champ. So I think too,
On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way; but, if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which she must feel from me.

Beau. That as you please, sir.

Char. You have won the breeches, madam!
Look up sweetly;

My lord limps toward you.

Lam. You will learn more manners!

[*Strikes her.*

Char. This is a fee, for counsel that's unask'd
for!

Champ. Come, I mistook thee, sweet ; pr'ythee,
forgive me !

I never will be jealous : Ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing.
I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him ;
Will that suffice ?

Lam. 'Tis well, sir.

Champ. Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobserved : If thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs ;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward
If I dissemble !

Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him ! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward) and solicits me
To my dishonour ; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.

Champ. Use thine own ways ;
I give up all to thee.

Beau. Oh, women, women !
When you are pleased you are the least of evils.

Verd. I'll rhyme to't—But provoked, the worst
of devils ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SAMPSON and three Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La Writ.

1 *Client.* 'Would he knew himself, sir !

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.

2 Client. A fine lawyer, sir,
And would have fir'd you up a business !⁵
And out of this court into that !

Samp. You are too forward ;
Not so fine, my friends ; something he could have done,
But short, short !

1 Client. I know your worship's favour ;
You are a nephew to the judge, sir.

Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i'
th' dirt, friends :

It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk ; it may be so ;
And tell him that in's ear—there are such courtesies ;

I will not say, I can.

3 Client. We know you can, sir.

Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no.—
But where's La Writ ?

Where's your sufficient lawyer ?

1 Client. He's blown up, sir.

2 Client. Run mad, and quarrels with the dog
he meets :

He is no lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason ?

⁵ *A fine lawyer, sir,*

And would have fir'd you up a business.] The verb to *fir*k seems here to be used in the same sense as in Barry's Ram-Alley,

“ Sir, leave *this fir*k of law, or by this light,” &c.

Is he defunct? is he dead?

2 *Client.* No, he's not dead yet, sir;
But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for
two hours:

Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people; but how he came
to it——

Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.

3 *Client.* We all know it, sir.

Samp. I think he does, sir; I have business too,
much business,
Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week:
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends; a little does well;
I would be loth to learn to fight.⁶

1 *Client.* But, an't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business:
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir;
His not appearance——

Samp. There he fought too long;
A little, and fight well; he fought too long, in-
deed, friends:
But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways——

1 *Client.* We know, sir, if you please——

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your
causes.

⁶ *I would be loth to learn to fight.*] That is, I should be sorry
to have it now to learn.—*Mason.*

Enter LA WRIT, in the habit of a gallant, and a Gentleman at the door.

2 *Client.* Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet gentlemen,

And if there be a wench or two——

Gent. We'll have 'em.

La Writ. No handling any duels before I come ;
We'll have no going less ;⁷ I hate a coward !

Gent. There shall be nothing done,

La Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight ;
There's no sport else.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir.

1 *Client.* Ha ! monsieur La Writ !

La Writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us !
Why, there it goes.

2 *Client.* What shall we do the whilst, sir ?

La Writ. Breed new dissentions ; go hang yourselves !

'Tis all one to me ; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client.* Do you hear what he says, sir ?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

⁷ *We'll have no going less.*] So first folio ; but the other editions read, *we'll have no going ELSE.* We think the old reading is the best sense, and much more characteristic. *To go less* too, is a phrase often used by our authors.—Ed. 1778.

The phrase is still used in gaming. Not to multiply instances, onemay suffice, apposite to the text, from Massinger's *Bashful Lover*, where Martino says,

“ I shall have a regiment : Colonel Martino,
I cannot go less.”

La Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation.

If you find yourselves aggrieved——

Samp. A complete gentleman!

La Writ. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions! [*Throws away his bag of papers.*]
Thou spital of lame causes!³—I lament for thee;
And, till revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La Writ. There, every man choose his paper,
and his place:

I'll answer ye all; I will neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.
The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, sir.

La Writ. I know not, sir;

But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient; you may hear hereafter.

La Writ. I rest your servant, sir!

Samp. No more words, gentlemen;

But follow me; no more words, as you love me.

The gentleman's a noble gentleman!

I shall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, sir.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman. [*Exeunt SAMPSON and Clients.*]

La Writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?

And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, 'faith! 'tis well, judge!

³ *Thou spittle of lame causes*] That is, as the last editors properly explain it, thou *hospital* of lame causes. Seward shows his profound ignorance of old language, by taking *spittle* in its vulgar sense, then cavilling at the reading, and finally substituting *splitter* for it.

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious lawyer!

La Writ. I say, 'tis well!
But mark the end!

Cler. How he is metamorphosed!
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now: This is no simple con-
version.—

Your servant, sir, and friend!

La Writ. You come in time, sir.

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command
then.

La Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but
that's all one;

Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man?

Cler. I must confess it.

La Writ. And budged not; no, I budged not.

Cler. No, you did not.

La Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires
another.

Cler. Most willing, sir; I am ready at your
service.

La Writ. [*Gives him a paper.*] There, read, and
understand, and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, sir.

La Writ. 'Tis very like, sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. *O, admirantis!*⁹ [*Reads.*
"To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president."

⁹ *O admirantis.*] An ingenious friend suspects this Latin word to have been a marginal note crept into the text. That Cleremont

La Writ. I choose no fool, sir.

Cler. Why, he's no swordman, sir.

La Writ. Let him learn, let him learn ;
Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him
quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man !

La Writ. Never too old
To be a gentleman ; and he that is a judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.
[*Points to the scattered papers.*

There are my griefs ; he has cast away my causes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation :
And therefore, judge, or no judge——

Cler. Pray be ruled, sir !

This is the maddest thing——

La Writ. You will not carry it ?

Cler. I do not tell you so ; but, if you may be
persuaded——

La Writ. You know how you used me when I
would not fight ;

Do you remember, gentleman ?

Cler. The devil's in him. [Aside.

La Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare
do it ;

You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is banishment.

saying only *O*, somebody wrote against it *admirantis*, to shew that a note of admiration was omitted ; and that this was the expression of one under a very comic astonishment. I hope the reader will assent to the conjecture, and have therefore discarded the word.—*Seward.*

The exclamation *Oh !* was used to express joy, grief, surprise, and other sensations, and is distinguished by the grammarians according to the passion it was intended to express ; as, *O admirantis*, *O Dolentis*, &c. To this Cleremont alludes.—*Mason.*

This the last editors did not know. Their note is discarded ; but that of *Seward*, like most of his conjectures about stage directions, is too ludicrous to be omitted.

La Writ. Be banish'd then ;
'Tis a friend's part : We'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight ?

La Writ. I know then what to say ; take you
no care, sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre ;
Till when, my service.

La Writ. A judge, or no judge ? no judge !

[*Exit.*

Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I
read of ;
None to provoke to th' field, but the old president ?
What face shall I put on ? If I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets.¹
This may make some sport yet ; I will deliver it.
Here comes the president.

Enter VERTAIGNE, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen,
To do your causes good.—Is not that Cleremont ?

1 Gent. 'Tis he, my lord.

Vert. Why does he smile upon me ?
Am I become ridiculous ?—Has your fortune, sir,
Upon my son, made you contemn his father ?
The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not, my lord ; you shall not
find that :

I come with no blown spirit to abuse you ;
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.

¹ *If I come in earnest,*

I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets.] That is, my wrists will
be decorated with chains.

Vert. Your face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business ;

And I beseech your honour mistake me not.

I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad,
man,

As mad a piece of——You were wont to love
mirth

In your young days ; I have known your honour
woo it :

This may be made no little one ; 'tis a challenge,
sir—

Nay, start not, I beseech you ; it means you no
harm,

Nor any man of honour, or understanding ;

'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laugh-
ter ;

I am bold to bring it to your lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.

Do they take me for a swordman at these years?

Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's
all, sir ;

It had been in me else a saucy rudeness.

Vert. From one La Writ ; a very punctual chal-
lenge.

Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great
matter.

Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent thing.² Oh, I remember him ;

² *Such a little figent thing.*] That is, busy, stirring ; whence perhaps the vulgar phrase *figgety*. This proves that the word in the following passage of *Eastward Hoe* is not a corruption, as one of the annotators supposes, (*Dodsley's Old Plays*, ed. 1780, IV., 246 :)

“ *Quicksilver.* 'Slight, God forgive me, what a kind of *figent* memory have you ?

Sir Petronel Flash. Nay then what kind of *figent* wit hast thou ?”

Cotgrave explains *ocher*, “ to move, stirre, *fig*, wag, wagle.”

A notable talking knave! Now, out upon him,
He has challenged me downright, defied me mor-
tally!

I do remember too, I cast his causes.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal
quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a knave is this! As you're a
gentleman,

Is there no further purpose but mere mirth?

What a bold man of war! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there should be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred.

And, though I am sure your lordship hates my
person,

Which time may bring again into your favour,

Yet, for the manners——

Vert. I am satisfied:

You see, sir, I have out-lived those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat
him myself;

But I have a kinsman much of his ability,

His wit and carriage,³ (for this calls him fool)⁴

One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.

This gives the true interpretation, and shows the impropriety of another commentator's explanation of the above passage in Eastward Hoe, who derives the word from the chemical term *figentia*, and explains it *retentive*.

³ *His wit and carriage.*] So first folio; and the character of Sampson proves this the right reading, though all the other copies say, *wit and courage*. The following words too, **FOR THIS call him fool**, confirm it.—Ed. 1778.

Carriage is here again used in the common sense of behaviour, manners.

⁴ *For this calls him fool.*] That is, proves him a fool. In another of these plays a similar phrase occurs: "This writes him a mad-man." I quote from memory. The second folio, and all the other editions, needlessly alter it thus:

——— "for this, call him fool."

Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord?

Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two pitch-barrels together——

Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.

Vert. It makes me smile.

Why, what a stinking smother will they utter!

Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion,
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it)
And shall defend my cause: But, as you are honest,
Sport not with blood!

Cler. Think not so basely, good sir.

Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my
kinsman,

To-morrow morning; make your sport at full,
You want no subject: But, no wounds!

Cler. That's my care.

Vert. And so, good day!

[*Exeunt VERTAIGNE and Gentlemen.*]

Cler. Many unto your honour!—

This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.

Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter DINANT.

Din. Oh, Cleremont!

I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer:

Dost thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?

Dar'st thou for my sake——

Cler. Any thing that's honest.

Din. Though it be dangerous?

Cler. Pox o' dangerous!

Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?

Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I must part to-morrow.

Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this night,

And thou hast made thy friend!

Cler. Away, and talk not! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Night.—*A Room in Champernel's House, with a Gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA and Nurse.

Lam. Oh, nurse, welcome! Where's Dinant?

Nurse. He is at my back.

'Tis the most liberal gentleman—This gold
He gave me for my pains! Nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.

Lam. How! yield it up?

Nurse. I know not; he that loves, and gives
so largely,
And a young lord to boot, (or I am cozen'd)
May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.

Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will
please you;
Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go with
you!
Were I young for your sake——

Din. I thank thee, nurse.

Nurse. I would be tractable ; and, as I am——

Lam. Leave the room !

So old, and so immodest ! And be careful,
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my lord. [Exit Nurse.]

Cler. Will you dispatch ?

Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in ; I am your scout for once ;
You owe me the like service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.

Cler. Why, do it in dumb show then ; I am silenced.

Lam. Be not so hasty, sir ! The golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard ; your pleasures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means.

Lam. Thus, briefly : My lord sleeps now—and,
alas,

Each night he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.

Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assured of,
He sleeps again ; but, should he miss me, valour
Could not defend our lives.

Din. What's to be done then ?

Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust ; on noble Cleremont
We safely may rely.

Cler. What man can do,
Command, and boldly.

Lam. Thus then ; in my place
You must lie with my lord.

Cler. With an old man ?

Two beards together? that's preposterous!

Lam. There is no other way; and, though 'tis dangerous,

He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy

And rage commands them, yet a true friend should
not

Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you!

I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself. To be a kind of pandar,
You see I am willing;

But, to betray mine own throat you must pardon.

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated!
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont——

Cler. You shall not out-do me;
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But, for his beard——

Lam. To cover that, you shall have my night-
linen:

And, you disposed of, my Dinant and I
Will have some private conference.

Enter CHAMPERNEL privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's as we agree.

[*Exeunt all but CHAMPERNEL.*]

*Nurse and CHARLOTTE pass over the Stage with
pillows, night-clothes, and such things.*

Champ. What can this woman do, preserving
her honour?

I have given her all the liberty that may be.

I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
 Nor trust too much : I think she is virtuous ;
 Yet, when I hold her best, she's but a woman,
 As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
 And her best thoughts but weak fortifications ;
 There may be a mine⁵ wrought. Well, let 'em
 work then ;

I shall meet with it ; till the signs be monstrous,
 And stick upon my head, I will not believe it,
 She may be, and she may not. Now to my ob-
 servation. [*Stands private.*]

Enter DINANT *and* LAMIRA.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? If you
 love me——

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus
 From one chamber to another?

Lam. A little delay, sir,
 Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
 Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray ye
 go in,
 Sweet mistress, I am mad! Time steals away,
 And when we would enjoy——

Lam. Now, fy, fy, servant!
 Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?

Din. Pray do but kiss me then.⁶

Lam. Why, that I will, [*Kisses him.*]
 And you shall find anon, servant——

Din. Softly, for Heaven's sake!

⁵ *A mean.*] Corrected in 1679.

⁶ *Pray do not kiss me then.*] Thus the second folio corrupted the text, and gave Seward an opportunity for a long and waggish note, for which the curious reader is referred to his edition.

You know my friend's engaged. A little ; now,
now !

Will you go in again ?

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Din. Why do you laugh so loud ? precious !

Will you betray me ? ha' my friend's throat cut ?

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

Cham. [*Apart.*] Will you so ? You are liberal !
If you do cozen me——

Enter Nurse, with wine.

Din. What's this ?

Lam. Wine, wine ; a draught or two.

Din. What does this woman here ?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

Din. This might have been spared ;
'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray send her
softly off.

Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine ;
I will make you another Hercules.

Din. I dare not drink.

Fy, what delays you make ! I dare not ;
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things
then.

Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress ! Oh,
the pleasure !

Din. Lady, why this ? [*Music.*⁷

Lam. We must have mirth to our wine, man.

Din. Plague o' the music !

Champ. God-a-mercy, wench !

⁷ The nature of this music is explained by a marginal annotation in the original folio, three lines higher up, viz. "Recorders." These instruments have been proved by Sir J. Hawkins to have been similar to our flagelets ; and his explanation is well supported in Mr Douce's Illustrations, vol. I. p. 248. They are, however, frequently confounded with *flutes*.

If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee.

Din. The house will all rise now; this will disturb all.

Did you do this?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool!

You love me! Come, sit down, and drink.

Enter CLEREMONT above.

Cler. What a devil ail you?

How cold I sweat! A hog's pox stop your pipes!

[*Music.*

The thing will wake. Now, now, methinks I find
His sword just gliding through my throat. What's
that?

A vengeance choak your pipes! Are you there,
lady?

Stop, stop those rascals! Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meat? Why, Dinant!

Din. I cannot do withal;

I have spoke, and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too.

Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me?
Plague damn your whistles! [*Music ends.*

Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight;
They have done; lie down.

Cler. 'Would you had done too! you know not
In what a misery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.

Din. I would have. [*The recorders play again.*

Cham. I'll watch you, goodman 'Would-have!

Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.

Cler. I dare not;
Softly, sweet lady. God's heart!⁸

⁸ *Softly, sweet lady,—— heart?]* Former copies. We must

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he sleeps still soundly.

Lie gently down.

Cler. Pray make an end.

Din. Come, madam.

Lam. These chambers are too near.

Cham. I shall be nearer.

[*Exeunt* DINANT and LAMIRA.

Well, go thy ways; I'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: That, that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet, by the honour of a soldier,
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children;
You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune!

[*Music ceases.*

Cler. Peace, good madam!

Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet; pray be wary;
Dispatch; I cannot endure this misery;

I can hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers,

And down again.

[*Whistle within.*

A thousand larums⁹ fall upon my quarters!

Heaven send me off! When I lie keeping courses¹—

Plague o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I shake!

'Tis still again. 'Would I were in the Indies! [*Exit.*

either read *hark!* for *heart?* or rather believe there has been some omission from delicacy.—Ed. 1778.

⁹ *A thousand alarms fall upon my quarters.*] *Larums* are often used by our authors for *alarms*, and the verse requires it here. They are both derived from the Italian *al arme*, i. e. *To arms*. Without knowing this, the metaphor will be probably misunderstood; his *quarters* seem to mean the odd post he was *quartered in*, and he had a thousand *alarms* beating on every side of him.

Seward.

Must not every reader suppose *larums* was introduced to the text by this *ingenious* commentator? Indeed, it was not, as the old folio proves.—Ed. 1778.

¹ *When I lie keeping courses.*] I know no idea to *keeping courses* that will at all suit the occasion it is here spoke upon; I therefore read, *keeping courses*, or *watching of dead bodies*. Dinant had

Enter DINANT and LAMIRA with a light.

Din. Why do you use me thus? thus poorly,
basely?

Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?

Why did you send for me? this new way train me?

Lam. Madman, and fool,² and false man, now
I'll shew thee!

Din. Pray put your light out.

Lam. Nay, I'll hold it thus,

That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it!

Tell me but this, when you first doted on me,

And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,

Did you not hold me honest?

Din. Yes, most virtuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
That made me worth your love and admiration?

Din. I must confess—

Lam. Why would you deal so basely?
So like a thief, a villain?

Din. Peace, good madam!

Lam. I'll speak aloud too!—Thus maliciously,
Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,
Of honour and of truth (for which I loved you,
For which I call'd you servant,³ and admired you)

before called Champernel *Lamira's grave*; and Cleremont may, in the same spirit, call him *a dead corps*, and his own station, like that of persons set to watch one, generally attended with tears and horrors. This receives still additional humour from the strange mistake he is under.—*Seward.*

The explanation is just; but no ingenuity was required to find out a corruption where there was no corruption. *Courses* was a common method of spelling the word in question.

² A *fool*.] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

³ *Servant*.] The nature of the curious connection between a mistress and her servant has been already explained, vol. II. p. 363.

To steal that jewel purchased by another,
 Piously set in wedlock, even that jewel,
 Because it had no flaw,⁴ you held unvaluable?
 Can he, that has loved good, dote on the devil?
 (For he that seeks a whore, seeks but his agent)
 Or am I of so wild⁵ and low a blood,
 So nursed in infamies——

Din. I do not think so,
 And I repent.

Lam. That will not serve your turn, sir.

Din. It was your treaty drew me on.

Lam. But it was your villainy
 Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try
 How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,
 How well you had deserved the name of virtuous:
 But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
 Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
 Swelling your poison'd billows——

Din. Will you betray me?

Lam. To all the miseries a vex'd woman may.

Din. Let me but out,
 Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
 And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman!
 Oh, that I had but words——

Lam. They will not serve you.

Din. But two-edged words, to cut thee! A
 lady-traitor!

Perish by a proud puppet! I did you too much honour,
 To tender you my love; too much respected you,
 To think you worthy of my worst embraces.

⁴ *Flame.*] Corrected in 1679. The play was very carelessly printed in the first folio, and the corrections in the second are, with a few exceptions specified in these notes, very judicious, and probably made on authentic foundations.

⁵ *Wild.*] I strongly suspect the original was *vild*, the common way in old plays of spelling *vile*. The epithet agrees far better with *low* and *infamies*, which words occur immediately after, than that in the text.

Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp your lame
stock;⁶

You are not fair, nor handsome; I lied loudly,
This tongue abused you, when it spoke you
beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well! 'tis brave.

Din. Put out your light;

Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter!
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend, the first-fruits of that blood
You and your honourable husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both!

Lam. To you, sir;

Yet, to the eye of Justice, straight as truth.

Din. Is this a woman's love? a woman's mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? Do you laugh at me?

Lam. Ha, ha!

Din. Plague light upon your scorns, upon your
flatteries!

Upon your tempting faces, all destructions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride that
paint you!
Death in your eyes, to fright men from these
dangers,
Raise up your trophy!—Cleremont!

Re-enter CLEREMONT above.

Cler. What a vengeance ail you? [*Noise within.*

Din. What dismal noise!—Is there no honour
in you?—

⁶ *I scorn to imp your lame stock.*] This is a metaphor taken from the neglected art of falconry. To *imp* a hawk, was to insert feathers in his wings in the place of those accidentally lost or dropt out.

Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a woman !

Deal bravely for thyself.

Cler. This comes of rutting !

Are we made stales⁷ to one another ?

Din. Yes ;

We are undone, lost.

Cler. You shall pay for't, greybeard !

Up, up ! you sleep your last else !

Enter above, ANABEL and two Servants with lights.

1 Serv. No, not yet, sir.—

Lady, look up.—Would you have wrong'd this beauty ?

Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms ?

You wear a sword ; we must entreat you leave it.

2 Serv. Fy, sir ! so sweet a lady ?

Cler. Was this my bedfellow ?

Pray, give me leave to look ! I am not mad yet ; I may be by and by.⁸ Did this lie by me ?

Did I fear this ? Is this a cause to shake at ?

Away with me, for shame ! I am a rascal.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, CLEREMONT, and two Servants.

Din. I am amazed too.

Beau. We'll recover you.

Verdone. You walk like Robin Good-fellow, all the house over,

And every man afraid of you.

Din. 'Tis well, lady !

The honour of this deed will be your own ;

The world shall know your bounty.

⁷ *Are we made stales to one another.] Stales is a technical name for decoy-ducks.* *Seward.*

Beau. What shall we do with 'em?

Cler. Geld me;

For 'tis not fit I should be a man again;
I am an ass, a dog!

Lam. Take your revenges;

You know my husband's wrongs and your own
losses.

Ana. A brave man, an admirable brave man!

Well, well, I would not be so tried again.

A very handsome proper gentleman!

Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour more,
And then hang me?

Din. We wait your malice; put your swords
home bravely!

You have reason to seek blood.

Lam. Not, as you are noble!

Cham. Hands off, and give them liberty; only
disarm 'em.

Beau. We have done that already.

Cham. You are welcome, gentlemen!

I am glad my house has any pleasure for you.

I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,

And you are young and handsome gentlemen:

Have you any more mind to wenches?

Cler. To be abused too!—Lady, you might have
help'd this.

Ana. Sir, now 'tis past; but it may be I may
stand

Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Ana. You cannot tell.

Now, sir, a parting hand.

Cler. Down and roses!

Well, I may live to see you again.—A dull rogue!—
No revelation in thee?

Lam. Were you well frightened?

Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and
colours?

That's all your punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.

Cham. Your swords you must leave to these gentlemen.

Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.

Din. 'Tis well.

To be a mistress, is to be a monster!⁸

And so I leave your house, and you, for ever.

Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are
a master.

Champ. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

⁸ *To be a mistress, is to be a monster.*] Lamira's answer plainly shews, that Dinant called himself, not her, a monster; *i. e.* a monstrous fool, as he afterwards says more plainly. Mr Sympson concurred with me in pointing out the corruption, and in the sense that ought to be restored. He reads,

To be a mistress's, is to be a monster;

but as this gives a harshness to the measure, I have ventured to prefer the correction I had made before the receipt of his.

Seward.

Mr Seward reads,

To have a mistress, is to be a monster.

Lamira's reply seems to argue for the old reading. Dinant says, *to be a mistress, is to be a monster.*—'Leave your lusts,' says she, 'and you will not be influenced by a mistress; you will be a *master.*' This passage, however, may be classed among the doubtful ones.

J. N.

The passage may mean, "As soon as a woman becomes a mistress, as soon as you make her so, and subject yourself to her, she becomes a monster, and tyrannizes over her servant without mercy." This agrees perfectly with Lamira's answer. If an emendation should be necessary, that of Sympson bids fairest to have been the original; for, as to Seward's objection with regard to the metre, the present scene is so loosely versified, that it can have no weight whatever.

Cham. 'Faith, we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner;

There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.

Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.

[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT and DINANT.]

Cham. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!

'Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lie so still, and so long.

Ana. 'Twas your pleasure;

If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

Cham. Oh, my best wife,

Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life.

Lam. The more trust you commit, the more
care still,

Goodness and virtue shall attend my will.

Cham. Let's laugh this night out now, and
count our gains.

We have our honours home, and they their pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter CLEREMONT and DINANT.**Din.* It holds, they will go thither.*Cler.* To their summer-house?*Din.* Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the most infliction,

Only to insult upon our miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?*Din.* Yes, yes.*Cler.* Thoroughly?*Din.* Thoroughly.*Cler.* Basta, enough! I have your mind; I will not fail you.*Din.* At such an hour.

? *Basta, enough*] The editors of 1750 are very fond, as the reader must have noticed before, of omitting words for the sake of rendering the versification of their authors regular, where no regularity was intended; and the way they justify this proceeding is, by declaring the word to be thrown out, a marginal direction. Now, all who ever looked into an old quarto, or folio, must have remarked, that very frequently the most necessary directions are not specified; and to supply these, to divide the scenes, and to specify where they are transacted, is perhaps the principal duty of an editor, which those of 1750 and 1778 entirely neglected. In the text. Seward, at the suggestion of Sympsom, omits the word *enough*, as "a marginal explanation of the Italian word *basta*."

Cler. Have I a memory?

A cause, and will to do?—Thou art so sullen——

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.

Cler. I have more reason, for I 'scaped a fortune,
Which, if I come so near again—I say nothing;
But if I sweat not in another fashion——

Oh, a delicate wench!

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry
with itself too,

It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you;
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter SAMPSON and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, sir, you now need no instruction,

But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman:
You bear your uncle's cause.

Samp. Do not disturb me;

I understand my cause, and the right carriage.

Gent. Be not too bloody.

Samp. As I find my enemy; if his sword bite,
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant;

He durst not undertake else.

Samp. He's most welcome,

As he's most valiant ; he were no man for me else.

Gent. But say he should relent.

Samp. He dies relenting,
(I cannot help it) he must die relenting ;
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying ;
(Your honourable way admits no prayer)
And if he fight, he falls ; there's his *quietus*.

Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire and
meet 'em ;

But still, I say, have mercy !

Samp. I say, honour ! [*Exeunt* :

SCENE III.

A Room in Champernel's House.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANABEL, BEAU-
PRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, *and a Servant.*

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart ?

Champ. Go ? I'll fly with thee !

I stay behind !

Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our best friends.

Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.

Verdone. 'Faith, let's have a kind of play.

Champ. What shall it be ?

Verdone. The story of Dinant.

Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.

Ana. But I'll lie still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be
rare sport ;

Any how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!
Have you given order for the coach?

Char. Yes, madam.

Champ. My easy nag and pad?

Serv. 'Tis making ready.

Champ. Where are your horses?

Beau. Ready at an hour, sir.

We'll not be last.

Champ. Fly! What a night shall we have!¹

A roaring merry night!

Lam. We'll fly at all, sir.

Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee!

I'll try your art upon a country pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it;

Then, if you fail——

Champ. Thou say'st too true; we all talk.

But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner

Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,

A crab-faced mistress cleave to him for this year!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Champ.* *Fy, what a night shall we have.*] As Champernel promotes and not discourages the scheme of mirth, *fy* is surely wrong. It might be *fly*, in answer to Beaupré, but I rather think it was a note of joy instead of disapprobation; as *hey!* or something to that effect.

Seward.

Mr Seward reads, *hey!* We prefer his other conjecture, *fy*, which the next speech seems to countenance.—Ed. 1778.

This conjecture has been suffered to stand, though the text may be right, and *fy* be meant merely as an exclamation of mirth, without affixing any very exact meaning to it.

SCENE IV.

An open Field without the City.

Enter CLEREMONT and LA WRIT.

La Writ. Since it cannot be the judge——

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La Writ. You are sure he is his kinsman? a gentleman?

Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow, And so near to his blood——

La Writ. It shall suffice :

I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred ; I'll lop him.

Cler. Will you kill him?

La Writ. An there were no more cousins in the world, I kill him!

I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred ;
For every cause a cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more cousins?

La Writ. The next a-kin then to his lordship's favour ;

The man he smiles upon.

Cler. Why, this is vengeance !
Horrid, and dire !

La Writ. I love a dire revenge :
“ Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself.”²

² Give me the man that will all others kill,

And last himself.] There is certainly great humour in this quotation, if we knew from whence it was taken. Such a senti-

Cler. You stole that resolution.

La Writ. I had it in a play; but that's all one, I would see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La Writ. To no lord's cousins in the world; I hate 'em!

A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice; If I see him first, he dies.³

Cler. A strange antipathy!

What think you of their nieces?

La Writ. If I like 'em,

They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning.

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You have broke your fast?

La Writ. No, verily.

Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.

La Writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter SAMPSON and the Gentleman.

Cler. Here they come.

Bear yourself, in your language, smooth and gently;

ment, or something like this sentiment, had probably been introduced as a piece of serious sublimity; for, had it been before comic only, there would be no humour in the quotation. Whoever reads *Almanzor*, wrote by so eminent a poet as Mr Dryden, will not wonder to find sentiments as ridiculous as this in tragedies of some note.

Seward.

³ *If I see him first, he dies.*

A strange antipathy.] Did the latter part belong to *La Writ*, the line would have been continued, for the three first monosyllables being contracted by the reader into two, (a liberty the old poets often use) the verse is complete. This, together with the humour the sentiment receives, by making it the observation of *Cleremont* upon what *La Writ* had said, seems to prove sufficiently that it belongs to him.

Seward.

When your swords argue——

La Writ. Pray, sir, spare your precepts.

Gent. I have brought you, sir——

La Writ. 'Tis very well ; no words.——

You are welcome, sir !

Samp. I thank you, sir ; few words.

La Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.

Samp. I love you ;

I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

La Writ. I esteem of you.⁴

Cler. Let's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen.

Search my friend, I'll search yours.

Gent. That's quickly done.

Cler. You come with no spells, nor witchcrafts ?

Samp. I come fairly,

To kill him honestly.

La Writ. Hang spells and witchcrafts !

I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman ;

And so I kiss his hand.

Gent. This doublet is too stiff.

La Writ. Off with 't ; I hate it, [*He strips.*]

And all such fortifications : Feel my skin ;⁵

⁴ *I esteem of you.*] The *of* seems here only to hurt both sense and measure. This is a fine continuation of the banter on the French politeness in duelling. And I doubt not but our poets, who so often, and with such infinite variety of humour, have bantered the shocking fashion of their age, of fighting for every trifle, did not little contribute to the reformation of their countrymen in that particular.—*Seward.*

There is a stiff complaisant formality in the *of* ; and it is perfectly in the style, not only of the character, but of the times.—*Ed. 1778.*

⁵ The practice of fighting duels, stript to the shirt, was very common, and is not entirely obsolete upon the continent at this day, being still practised in some of the universities. *La Writ*, directing the second to feel his skin, refers possibly to some story, like one related by *Brantome*, of the celebrated duellist *Baron de Vitaux*, who fought with *Millaud* stript to the shirt. The latter opened his breast, and showed what to all appearance seemed to

If that be stiff, flea that off too.

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La Writ. Off with't, I say!

I'll fight with him like a flead cat.

Gent. You are well, you are well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Samp. Yes, sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in's shirt?

Gent. That's a main point; my friend has two.

Cler. That's true, sir.

La Writ. Base and degenerate cousin, dost not
thou know,

An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?
This shirt five times victorious I have fought under,
And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-
works,⁶

As I will do through thine. Shake, and be sa-
tisfied!

Cler. This is unanswerable.

Samp. But may I fight

With a foul shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be

A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy;
Cæsar wore such a one.

Samp. Saint Denis, then!

I accept your shirt.

be his bare skin. He, however, wore a thin cuirass, painted like the skin, which prevented the sword of Vitaux from penetrating, and enabled his treacherous adversary to kill him.—*Œuvres de Brantome*, viii. 89.

⁶ *Squadrons of your curious cut-works.*] This is another instance of the fashion of wearing shirts adorned with lace and embroidered with different figures. See the note on the following lines in the Custom of the Country, (vol. II. p. 313.)

“ Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat *historical shirt*.”

Cler. Not so forward ; first, you must talk ;
(It is a main point of the French method)
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.

Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no
anger.

Cler. When you have done, then stir your re-
solutions ;

Take to your weapons bravely.

La Writ. 'Tis too cold :

This for a summer fight.

Cler. Not for a world

You should transgress the rules⁷——

Samp. 'Tis peevish weather ;

I had rather fight without.

Gent. An 'twere in a river——

Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins !

La Writ. Then let's talk quickly.

Plague o' this circumstance !

Cler. Are the horses come yet ?

Gent. Yes, certain.—Give your swords to us ;
now civilly.

Cler. We'll stand a while off.—Take the things,
and leave 'em——

[*Aside to the Gentleman.*

You know when—and let the children play :

This is a dainty time of fear for puppies.

'Would the old lord were here !

Gent. He would die with laughter,

⁷ —— *Not for a world*

You should transgress the rules.] The highest authority among duellists, were the rules of the celebrated Caranza, who is so frequently alluded to in the old plays. For instance, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Bobadil says to Master Matthew, "By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently: The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great *Caranza*."—See our author's *Love's Pilgrimage* for an account of this celebrated personage.

Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game
out ;

Away, away !

Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.

Call when ye're fit.

[*Exeunt CLEREMONT and Gentleman, with the
Dresses and Swords.*

La Writ. Why, look you, sir, you seem to be
a gentleman,

And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh,
boh, 'tis very cold !—

Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Past flesh and blood to bear.—Boh, boh, wondrous
cold !

Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed !—
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman,
Yet, take me with you, ^s—Boh, boh, pestilence
cold !—

Not altogether—

La Writ. Boh, boh—I say altogether.

Samp. You say you know not what then—
Boh, boh—Sir.

La Writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand.
You have

A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—Boh, boh !

Samp. Boh, boh—What ?

La Writ. A shitten scurvy cousin !

Samp. Our swords, our swords !

Thou art a dog ; and, like a dog—Our swords !

La Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen !—Ha !
where's your second ?

^s — *take me with you.*] i. e. you must consider. The expression frequently occurs, not always with this exact meaning, in old plays.

Samp. Where's yours?

La Writ. So ho! our weapons!

Samp. Wa, ha, hó! our weapons!

Our doublets, and our weapons!—I am dead.

La Writ. First, second, third—A plague be wi' you, gentlemen!

Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am starved.

La Writ. They are gone, and we are here. What shall we do?

Samp. Oh, for a couple of faggots!

La Writ. Hang a couple of faggots!

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp. I have it already.

La Writ. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—Run away with our doublets!

To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a may-game!

Samp. There were no honour in't; pox on't, 'tis scurvy!

La Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffs—

Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend on boxes!

La Writ. Let's go in quest. If ever we recover 'em—

Samp. Ay, come, our colds together, and our doublets.

La Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman!

I say, if ever we recover 'em—

Samp. Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts.

La Writ. There's ne'er a house within this mile.

Beat me,

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em—

[*They kick one another.*]

Kick hard; I'm frozen. So so; now I feel it.

Samp. I am dull yet.

La Writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen!

Rogues, thieves, thieves! Run now; I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Forest.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANABEL, CHARLOTTE, and Nurse.

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.

Champ. You that have legs say so;
I put my one to too much stress.

Verdone. Your horse, sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Though it were further.—Anabel, thou'rt sad:
What ails my niece?

Beau. She is still devising,⁹ sister,
How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old-as I am, he would have startled me;
Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shrieked,
Though he had never offer'd——

Ana. Out upon thee!

⁹ *Devising.*] All the editions but the first folio choose to read —*musings.*

Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.

Ana. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth.

[*Music of Cornets within.*

Vert. Nay, be not angry ;
There's no ill meant.—Ha ! music ? and choice
music ?

Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove. What courte-
ous bounty
Bestows it on us ? My dancing days are done ;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

Verdone. 'Tis, questionless, some one of your
own village,
That, hearing of your purposed journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady.

Lam. I think rather,
Some of your lordship's clients.

Beau. What say you, cousin,
If they should prove your suitors ?

Verdone. That's most likely !

Nurse. I say, if you are noble, be't who will,
Go presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a miller's mare.

Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve the
country.

I'll make one, and lead the way.

[*Exit.*

Char. Do you note
How zealous the old crone is ?

Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as she.—Come, sweet, we'll follow ;
No ill can be intended.

[*Music ends.*

Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet.

[*Exeunt.*

Song in the Wood.

*This way, this way come, and hear,
 You that hold these pleasures dear;
 Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
 Whilst we melt the frozen ground.
 This way come; make haste, oh, fair!
 Let your clear eyes gild the air;
 Come, and bless us with your sight!
 This way, this way, seek delight!*

*Enter a company of Gentlemen, habited like
 Ruffians.*

1 *Gent.* They are ours; but draw them on a
 little further
 From the foot-path into the neighbouring thicket,
 And we may do't as safe as in a castle.

2 *Gent.* They follow still; the president Ver-
 taigne
 Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after;
 The women, as if they had wings, and walked
 Upon the air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome;
 We'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here. All know
 How we are to proceed?

2 *Gent.* We are instructed.

1 *Gent.* One strain or two more.

[Music continues within.]

*Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE,
 VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANABEL, Nurse, and CHAR-
 LOTTE.*

Excellent; they are come.

Nurse. We cannot miss; in such a business, yet

Mine ear ne'er fail'd me.

Char. 'Would we were at it once!

I do not walk, but dance.

1 *Gent.* You shall have dancing!

Begin; and when I give the word¹—

2 *Gent.* No more:

We are instructed.

[*Dance; after which, the Gentlemen rush on
BEAUPRE and company, and seize them.*

1 *Gent.* Now!²

Beau. But win us fairly!

1 *Gent.* Oh, sir, we do not come to try your
valour,

But to possess you; yet we use you kindly,
In that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.

Vert. Oh, Heaven!

How hath mine age deserved this?

Champ. Hell confound it!

This comes of walking! Had I kept

My legs on my good horse, my armour on,

My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend,³

¹ *Begin; and when I give the word.*] In the first folio, this hemistich is given erroneously to Lamira.

² *Now.*] In the edition of 1778, this exclamation forms part of the second Gentleman's speech; but the present regulation is undoubtedly proper, "Now!" being the watch-word, mentioned by the first Gentleman, to seize on the company.

Begin; and when I give the word—

In the first folio, it is printed in Italics opposite to Beauprè's speech. In the second, it is altogether omitted, as well as in Seward's copy.

³ *And this good sword too, friend.*] Mr Sympson has undoubtedly hit on the true reading here,

———— my sword to friend,

i. e. to befriend me: Is an expression common to the best writers.
Seward.

How I would break and scatter these!

All the Gent. Ha, ha, ha!

Champ. Do you scorn me, rogues?

Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods! but hear me;
Be not so rough! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private;
You shall not find me squeamish.

Char. Do not kill me,
And do your worst; I'll suffer.

Lam. Peace, vile creatures!

Vert. Do you know me, or my place, that you
presume not
To touch my person?

1 Gent. If you are well, rest so;
Provoke not angry wasps.

Vert. You are wasps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are
men,
(As you seem such in shape) if true-born French-
men,

However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us;
These ladies' honours, and our liberties safe,
We freely give it.

1 Gent. You give but our own.

Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you would
be old!

The preceding lines are thus given in the original folio,

————— *Had I kept my legs,
My legs in my good house, &c.*

The text is from the second folio, excepting the variation of
of, to *on*, which suits the context better, and is only a slight al-
teration of *in*, in the first folio.

Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When justice shall o'ertake you!

Champ. Look on me,
Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know it;
I have rode hard, and late too.

Vert. Take heed, sir.

Champ. Then use me like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at sea, as you on land are.
Restore my matrimony undefiled,
Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me!

Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd;
And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As living without action here, you may do)
Forbear their tender gristles; they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it;
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.

1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be trodden.

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.

Din. Lacquey, my horse!

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd women.

2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard!

Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful lady-plot,
In the hands of ruffians?

Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man and woman?

Din. Justice too,
Without a sword to guard itself?

Cler. And valour with its hands bound?

Din. And the great soldier dull?

Why, this is strange.

Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——

Ana. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam. As ever I

Appeared lovely——

Ana. As you ever hope

For what I would give gladly——

Cler. Pretty conjurations!

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you——

Ana. Shew yourselves men, and help us.

Din. Though your many

And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despised Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus——

Cler. I will say little;

[*They fight.*]

Speak thou for me!

Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.

Vert. Brave tempers,

To do thus for their enemies!

Champ. They are lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You, that would rescue others, shall now
feel

What they were born to.

2 *Gent.* Hurry them away!

[*Exeunt all but VERTAIGNE and CHAMPERNEL.*]

Champ. That I could follow them!

Vert. I only can

Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven

A little life for my revenge.

Champ. The provost

Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out:

No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from

My searching vengeance!

Enter LA WRIT and SAMPSON.

La Writ. Oh, cold! oh, fearful cold! Plague
of all seconds.

Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis!

Champ. The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.

La Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants——

Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live!

La Writ. Pox take him!
How that word has warm'd my mouth!

Vert. Why, how now, cousin?

Why, why—and where, man, have you been? at
a poulter's,

That you are cased thus like a rabbit? I could
laugh now,

And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children,
Laugh monstrously.

Champ. What are they?

Vert. Give me leave, sir;

Laugh more and more, never leave laughing!

Champ. Why, sir?

Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing, (I smell it, sir, I
smell it)

Such a ridiculous thing!——

La Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord?

I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.

Champ. What art thou?

La Writ. What art thou?

Samp. If he had his doublet,

And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought
to have——

Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson!

Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.

La Writ. Base is the slave commanded: Come to me.

Vert. This is the Little Advocate.

Champ. What Advocate?

Vert. The Little Advocate that sent me a challenge.

I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: Now you see the issue.

Champ. Is this the Little Lawyer?

La Writ. You have a sword, sir,

And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

Samp. If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger
His manhood has arrived, but that men's fates are foolish,

And often headlong over-run their fortunes⁴—

La Writ. That Little Lawyer would so prick
his ears up,

And bite your honour by the nose—

Champ. Say you so, sir?

La Writ. So niggle about your grave shins,
lord Vertaigne, too—

Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that, sir.

La Writ. I will have more, I must have more.

Vert. Out with it.

⁴ *His manhood has arrived.*

La Writ. *Be't then.*

Men's fates are foolish,

And often, &c.] So the first folio exhibits the passage. The editors of the second seem to have had good authority for the variations they introduced, the first being in a very corrupt state. Further down, the latter gives the words—"No, no, no, I will not," improperly to Vertaigne.

Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow——

Champ. Have I caught you? [*Strikes him down.*]

Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Champ. No, no, no, I will not.

D'you peep again? Down, down, 'proud heart!

Samp. Oh, valour!

Look up, brave friend. I have no means to rescue thee.

My kingdom for a sword! ⁵

Champ. I'll sword you presently;

I'll claw your skin-coat too.

Vert. Away, good Sampson;

You go to grass else instantly.

⁵ *My kingdom for a sword.*] Mr Sympson thinks this a stupid sneer at Shakspeare, and Mr Theobald always used to look on every such jocular quotation from him as so many sneers. For my part, I think it no more a sneer upon Shakspeare, than the Battle of the Frogs and Mice is upon the Iliad, or the Splendid Shilling upon Paradise Lost. Every sentiment, or expression of *dignity* and *sublimity*, when applied to a *ridiculous* subject, serves only by its *contrast* to render the subject more *ridiculous*. Thus, *et tu Brute* below, cannot possibly be a sneer upon Shakspeare, who does nothing but transcribe the very expression Cæsar made use of at his death; at least the Latin translation of it. But Sampson assuming the distress of Richard the Third, and La Writ the dignity of Cæsar in his fall, extremely heighten the comic drollery of their characters. Thus again, in an emendation of Mr Sympson's, in this very play, [*a pretended emendation!*]

What mister thing is this?

As Spenser had stamped a dignity upon the obsolete word *mister*, it is with great humour applied to La Writ. But is Spenser *sneered* at by the application? No; Fletcher was so far from sneering, that he almost *idolized* him; as is shewn in page 114, note 4, on the Faithful Shepherdess.—*Seward.*

After all, it cannot be denied that our poets, as well as Ben Jonson, have certainly more than once indulged themselves in sneering allusions to the works of Shakspeare.—Ed. 1778.

Whether our poets ever sneered at their immortal predecessor, (which I much doubt,) or not, the present passage cannot be construed into a sneer, excepting by very weak understandings. Do we sneer at Shakspeare, when we ludicrously apply a sublime passage from his plays to a common occurrence in life?

Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.

Vert. Not one word.

Champ. If you do, sirrah——

Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?

Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee! [*Exit.*

Champ. Are you a lawyer, sir?

La Writ. I was, I was, sir.

Champ. Nay, never look; your lawyer's pate
is broken,

And your litigious blood about your ears, sirrah!

Why do you fight and snarl?

La Writ. I was possess'd.

Champ. I'll dispossess you.

[*Beats him.*

Vert. Ha, ha, ha!

La Writ. *Et tu, Brute?*

Vert. Beat him no more.

Champ. Alas, sir, I must beat him,

Beat him into his business again; he will be lost
else.

Vert. Then, take your way.

Champ. Lie still, and do not struggle.

La Writ. I am patient.

I never saw my blood before; it jades me:

I have no more heart now than a goose.

Champ. Why, sirrah,

Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living,

And send your challenges like thunderbolts,

To men of honour'd place?

La Writ. I understand, sir;

I never understood before your beating.

Champ. Does this work on you?

La Writ. Yes.

Champ. Do you thank me for't?

La Writ. As well

As a beaten man can.

Champ. And do you promise me,

To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?

La Writ. If you will give me leave and life.

Champ. And ask this nobleman forgiveness?

La Writ. Heartily.

Champ. Rise then, and get you gone; and let
me hear of you

As of an advocate new-vamp'd. No more words;
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs;
I shall pursue you else.

La Writ. I have done, sweet gentleman.

[*Exit.*

Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends, and
children.

Champ. We'll raise the country first, then take
our fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the same, with a Cave in the Back-ground.

Enter First Gentleman and LAMIRA.

1 Gent. Shall I entreat for what I may command?

Lam. Think on my birth.

1 Gent. Here I am only noble,

A king, and thou in my dominions, fool,

A subject, and a slave.

Lam. Be not a tyrant,

A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,

And I will think you such; and on my knees,

As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,

With prayers and tears.

1 Gent. I like this humble carriage:

I will walk by ; but kneel you still, and weep too,
 (It shews well) while I meditate on the prey,
 Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no mercy, Heaven ?

Enter Second Gentleman and ANABEL.

2 Gent. Not kiss you ? I will kiss, and kiss
 again.

Ana. Savage villain !

My innocence be my strength ! I do defy thee,
 Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on,
 sir ?

You're hot ; there is a cooler. [*Draws out a knife.*

2 Gent. A virago ?

Ana. No, loathsome goat, more, more ; I am
 that goddess,

That here with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,
 Scourge rape and theft.

2 Gent. I'll try your deity.

Ana. My chastity, and this knife held by a
 virgin,

Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
 Call on for the encounter.

~[*Throws her and takes her knife.*

2 Gent. Now what think you ?

Are you a goddess ?

Ana. In me their power suffers
 That should protect the innocent.

1 Gent. I am

All fire, and thou shalt quench it, and serve my
 pleasures.—

Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,
 Let us enjoy our purchase.

Lam. Oh, Dinant !

Oh, Heaven ! oh, husband !

Ana. Oh, my Cleremont !

1 *Gent.* Two are our slaves they call on; bring
 'em forth,
 As they are chain'd together; let them see,
 And suffer in the object.

2 *Gent.* While we sit,
 And without pity hear 'em.

Enter the rest of the Gentlemen, bringing in DINANT and CLEREMONT, bound.

Cler. By my life,
 I suffer more for thee than for myself.

Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
 As such that not alone abused our service,
 Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
 But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
 The baits they laid for us were our own honours,
 Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse than
 slaves.

2 *Gent.* He dies.

1 *Gent.* Pray hold; give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched,
 The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boasted ho-
 nour,

(As you believed, compass'd with walls of brass,
 To guard it sure) subject to be o'er-thrown
 With the least blast of lust.

Lam. A most sad truth.

Din. That confidence, which was not to be
 shaken,
 In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
 Which, with so strong and ceremonious duty,
 Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
 Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you
 yield up
 To a licentious villain, that will hardly
 Allow you thanks for't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, though crying one.
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers
please,

(Though I know not their faces that condemn me)
A little startles me; but a man is nothing,
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart
too,

When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by
you,

(Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me,
To make you sport) you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?

Ana. Pray you no more!

Cler. If I had loosed that virgin zone, observe
me,

I would have hired the best of all our poets
To have sung so much, and so well, in the honour
Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.

Ana. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's comfort.

But now——

2 Gent. Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it!

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian?

2 Gent. As you love your throat——

1 Gent. Away with them.

Ana. Oh, Cleremont!

Lam. Oh, Dinant!

Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for.

Ana. Amen, amen!

1 *Gent.* Drag the slaves hence. For you,
A while I'll lock you up here: Study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This strong vault shall contain you;
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pined away, and be prepared to lose it
With penitence.

1 *Gent.* No human help can save you.

Ladies. Help, help!

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain; rocks cannot hear
you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I,

A Room in the Cave.

*A horrid noise of music within. Enter one and opens
the door, within which LAMIRA and ANABEL
were shut up, they in all fear.*

Lam. Oh, cousin, how I shake! all this long
night,
What frights and noises we have heard! still they
increase.

The villains put on shapes to torture us,⁶
 And, to their devil's form, such preparations
 As if they were a-hatching new dishonours,
 And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.
 Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Anabel!
 Hark, a new noise!

[*A strange music, sackbut, and troop-music.*]

Ana. They are exquisite in mischief.

I will go on; this room gives no protection,
 More than the next.—What's that? How sad and
 hollow,

The sound comes to us!

[*Gentlemen peeping above, disguised in horrid shapes.*]

Lam. Groaning, or singing, is it? [*Louder noise.*]

Ana. The wind, I think, murmuring amongst
 old rooms.

Lam. Now it grows louder; sure some sad
 presage

Of our foul loss.—[*A gentleman peeps.*—]—Look,
 now they peep.

⁶ *The villains put on shapes to torture us,*

And, to their devil's form, such preparations

As if they were, &c.] The former editors, by their pointing and making *devils* the plural number instead of the genitive singular, seem to have taken *form* for a verb; but then they leave *and to their devils* without any sense at all.—*Seward.*

The old pointing gives, we think, the same sense with *Seward's*, and avoids the hardness of *PUT ON preparation*. *To their devils*, signifies *BESIDES their devils*, like which they were disguised.—*Ed. 1778.*

In the present instance, I prefer the interpretation of *Seward*. The old editions do not always mark the genitive case with an apostrophe; and as to “the old pointing,” mentioned by the last editors, had they looked into the old copies, they would have found no pointing at all in the disputed line. The simple sense is, “The villains put on devil's forms to frighten us, and in addition to those devil's forms, put on (*i. e.* make ready) such preparations,” &c.

Ana. Pox peep 'em !

Lam. Oh, give them gentle language.

Ana. Give 'em rats-bane.

[*Gentlemen peep above.*]

Lam. Now they're above.

Ana. I would they were i' th' centre.

Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.

Ana. Since we must lose——

Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.

Ana. Call 'em rogues,

Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains !

Lam. Look, an thou woo't beware ; dost thou feel the danger ?

Ana. 'Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,

And worse when that comes too ; they cannot eat me.

This is a punishment upon our own prides
Most justly laid : We must abuse brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses ; laugh
and jeer at

Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it——

'Would 'twere to do again !

Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.

Ana. Do you feel it ?

Do you find it now ? take heed o' th' punishment.

We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper, [and]⁷ young ; oh, how it tortures me !

Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty——

Lam. Oh, think not so.

Ana. Nay, an we 'scape so modestly——

Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,

⁷ *And.*] This conjunctive particle was introduced in the modern editions.

When we are used thus ?

Ana. Why not ? why do you cry ?

Are we not women still ? what were we made for ?

Lam. But thus, thus basely——

Ana. 'Tis against our wills ;

And if there come a thousand, so.

Lam. Out on thee !

Ana. You are a fool : What we cannot resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for ? There be
women,

And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to meet this for-
tune.

Lam. Hark, a new noise ! [*New sound within.*

Ana. Let 'em go on ; I fear not.

If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot
preserve me,

Why, so be it, cousin. If I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues——

*Enter four over the stage, with BEAUPRE and VER-
DONE bound, and halters about their necks.*

Lam. They come.

Ana. Be firm ;

They are welcome.

Lam. What mask of death is this ? Oh, my
dear brother !

Ana. My coz too ? why, now you are glorious
villains !

Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours ?

Ana. Let 'em go ;

When death prepares the way, they are but
pageants.

Why must these die ?

Beau. Lament your own misfortunes ;
We perish happily before your ruins.

Ana. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?

1 *Gent.* Yes, foolish woman,
Our captain's will is death.

Ana. You dare not do it.
Tell thy base boist'rous captain what I say,
Thy lawless captain, that he dares not!⁸
D'you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?

Lam. Good sir,
(Good cousin, gently!) as you are a gentleman——

Ana. A gentleman! A slave, a dog, the devil's
harbinger!

Lam. Sir, as you had a mother,——

Ana. He a mother?
Shame not the name of mother! A she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch! A woman-mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? Hang him!—Do thy worst; thou
darest not,
Thou darest not wrong their lives; thy captain
dares not;

They are persons of more price.

Verdone. Whate'er we suffer,
Let not your angers wrong you.

Ana. You cannot suffer;
The men that do this deed must live i' th' moon,
Free from the gripe of justice.

Lam. Is it not better——

Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like rascals,
And put false faces on? they dare not do it!
Flatter such scabs of nature?

2 *Gent.* Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.

Ana. Unbind those gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.

⁸ The modern editors, without necessity, and even without noticing the variation, add to this line, the words—do it.

Lam. As you have mercy, do !

Ana. As you are monsters !

Lam. Fright us no more with shipwreck of our honours ;

Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.

Ana. I say, they dare not.—

There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues !
Tortures, ye bloody rogues ! wheels !

2 Gent. Away.

Lam. Stay.

Ana. Stay ;

Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-faced gentlemen,

You excellent in honesty !—Oh, kinsmen !

Oh, noble kinsmen !

Gent. Away with 'em !

[*Exeunt* VERDONE, BEAUPRE, and *Gentlemen.*]

Ana. Stay yet.—

The devil and his lovely dam walk with you !

Come, fortify yourself ; if they do die,

(Which all that ruggedness cannot rack into me)

They cannot find an hour more innocent,

Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter CLEREMONT, *disguised.*

Lam. Now stand constant ;

For now our trial's come.

[*ANABEL falls.*]

Cler. This beauty's mine ;

Your minute moves not yet.

Lam. She sinks !—If Christian,
If any spark of noble heat—

Cler. [*Apart to ANABEL.*] Rise, lady,

And fearless rise ; there's no dishonour meant you.

Do you know my tongue ?

Ana. I have heard it.

Cler. Mark it better.

I am one that loves you; fairly, nobly loves you.
Look on my face. [*Pulls off his mask.*]

Ana. Oh, sir!

Cler. No more words; softly
Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.

Ana. You have brought me comfort.

Cler. If you think me worthy of your husband,⁹
I am no rogue nor beggar; if you dare do thus——

Ana. You're monsieur Cleremont?

Cler. I am the same.

If you dare venture, speak; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not woo you much.

Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves!

Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you,
I have a priest too shall be ready.

Ana. You are forward.

Lam. Is this my constant cousin? How she
whispers,
Kisses and hugs the thief!

Ana. You'll offer nothing?

Cler. Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.

Ana. Can you relieve my aunt too?

Cler. Not yet, mistress,
But fear nothing; all shall be well. Away quickly;

⁹ *If you think me worthy of your husband.*] The word *dare* being twice repeated afterwards, in repeating this question, and the want of a syllable in the verse, seem to prove it accidentally dropt from this line.—*Seward.*

The old reading is plain good sense; but *Seward* adds the word *dare* [after *If you,*] which makes it nonsensical, because he supposes a syllable is wanting in the line; a circumstance the poets disregarded.—*Mason.*

It must be done i' th' moment, or——

Ana. I am with you.

Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me.—Keep your standing.

[*Exeunt CLEREMONT and ANABEL.*

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own shame dwell with thee!

Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery?
The dear love and the life she owed her kinsmen?
Oh, brave tongue-valiant, ' glorious woman!

¹ *O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman!*] Mr Sympson concurred with me in reading *tongue-valiant*. It is highly probable that Milton read it so, for he seems to imitate it in his *Samson Agonistes*: Samson calls Harapha, *tongue-doughty giant*; and this is not the first time in this play that Milton, in that very scene, seems to have imitated our authors. What Champernel says in the second scene of the first act,

—————[*Oh, that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
To run away.*]

Milton puts, with a small change of expression, into Samson's mouth,

“Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclosed, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage of me.”

But beside the corruption of *tongue-valiant*, the word *glorious* seems to have lost its proper consort, which both the sense and verse require to be restored: I read therefore,

O brave tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious woman!

Dinant says, a little below, to Lamira,

*That spring of chastity that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain-glory.*

This confirms the conjecture above.—*Seward.*

The reverend annotator, being entirely unacquainted with old language, must be excused for not knowing that *glorious* was frequently used in the French and Latin sense for proud, vain,

Is this the noble anger you arrived at?
 Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues
 you rail'd at,
 The scabs and scums of nature? Oh, fair modesty,
 Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
 What hand of Heaven is over us,² when strong
 virgins
 Yield to their fears, and to their fears their for-
 tunes?
 Never, Belief, come near me more! Farewell,
 wench,
 A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
 My turn is next; I am resolved. It comes;
 But in a nobler shape! Ha!

boasting. The last editors retain his needless alteration. So in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

————— We have not
 Received into our bosom and our grace
 A *glorious* lazy drone.

And in the same writer's Unnatural Combat:

————— Thy tears . . .
 A *glorious* insultation, and no sign
 Of pity in thee.

As to the supposed imitations noticed by Seward, they are left to the reader's consideration, though they are by no means satisfactorily made out.

² *What hand O Heaven is over us.*] Thus read all the editions but the first.—Ed. 1778.

The *f* in the first folio is printed with a letter almost worn out, and this accounts for the variation in the second, which Mr Mason proposes to restore, as being "clearly the better reading," and as "being adopted by Seward." There can, I think, be no doubt that the original is the better reading; and as for Seward's choosing the variation, he printed blindly from the octavo of 1711, which is a mere copy of the folio, 1679, and never looked into the first editions, excepting when he was puzzled.

Enter DINANT.

Din. Bless you, lady !

Lam. Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings ;
For all the hours I have had since I came here
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty ?
For I presume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most
true ;
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my death.

Lam. Heaven was your comfort.

Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own I had the least care of) round about me
The captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that, even from those rude
eyes,

That never knew what pity meant, or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings : (Take heed,
mistress,

And let not such unholy hearts out-do you !
The soft-plumed god will see again !) Thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amazed ; then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wish'd me prosperous in your love : Wish
you so ;

Be wise and loving, lady ; shew but you so !

Lam. Oh, sir, are these fit hours to talk of
love in ?

Shall we make fools of our afflictions ?

Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,

Where all the noise of bloody horror is?³
 My brother, and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
 Dead, basely dead! Is this an age to fool in?
 And I myself, I know not what I shall be!
 Yet I must thank you; and if happily
 You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were
 living,
 And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.
Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to your
 word.

*Enter CLEREMONT, ANABEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE,
 CHARLOTTE, Nurse, and the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How! do you conjure?

Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam,
 But such as you would gladly see.

Lam. My brother,
 And nephew living?

Beau. And both owe their lives
 To the favour of these gentlemen.

Verdone. Who deserve
 Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.

Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
 To be hereafter more familiar [Kisses them.
 With such great worth and virtue.

1 *Gent.* Ever think us
 Your servants, madam.

Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
 How we are freed, I will discover it,
 And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen
 This night encountering with those outlaws that
 Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were
 Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
 (I am sure with better fortune) not alone

³ *Is.*] This monosyllable was properly added in 1679.

Guarded themselves, but forced the bloody thieves,
 Being got between them and this hellish cave,
 For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
 Into the woods, all left to their possession :
 This saved your brother and your nephew from
 The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains,
 And gave my friend his liberty ; this preserved
 Your honour, ready to be lost.

Din. But that [*Aside.*]
 I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
 And gentlemen are the same men, by my practice
 Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
 With such a constant brow, that, I am doubtful,
 I should believe him too.

1 Gent. If we did well,
 We are rewarded.

2 Gent. Thanks but take away
 From what was freely purposed.

Cler. Now, by this hand,
[*To the gentlemen apart.*]
 You have so cunningly discharged your parts,
 That, while we live, rest confident you shall
 Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beauprè
 Nor Verdone scents it ; for the ladies, they
 Were easy to be gull'd.

1 Gent. 'Twas but a jest ;
 And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,
 Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing.

Din. Cleremont,
 Say, what success ?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish ; 'tis done, lad !
 The grove will witness with me, that this night
 I lay not like a block. But how speed you ?

Din. I yet am in suspense ; devise some means
 To get these off, and speedily.

Cler. I have it.—

Come, we are dull ; I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

1 Gent. Let's ransack it ;
'Tis ours now by the law.

Cler. How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite ?

Ana. To walk again
I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

Cler. A little respite, pr'ythee. Nay, blush not ;
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable.—
Monsieur Beauprè, Verdone,
What think you of the motion ?

Verdone. Lead the way.

Beau. We follow willingly.

Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you.

[*Exeunt all but DINANT and LAMIRA.*

Din. Now be mistress of
Your promise, lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you must make it good.

Lam. Must ?

Din. Must and shall !

I will be fool'd no more : You had your tricks,
Made properties of me and of my friend,
Presumed upon your power, and whipp'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage : Do not flatter
Yourself with hope, that any human help
Can free you ; and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me ?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent ; because I will torment you,
I'll make you feel th' effects of abused love,

And glory in your torture !

Lam. Brother ! nephew !

Help, help, for Heaven's sake !

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder ;

Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,

It should be fruitless : 'Tis not that I love you,

Or value those delights you prize so high,

That I'll enjoy you ; a French crown will buy

More sport, and a companion to whom

You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me then.

Din. Not so ; I'll do't in spite,

And break that stubborn disobedient will,

That hath so long held out ; that boasted honour

I will make equal with a common whore's ;

The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,

And grew into a river of vain glory,

I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,

And make it loathsome even to goats !

Lam. Oh, Heaven !

No pity, sir ?

Din. You taught me to be cruel,

And dare you think of mercy ? I'll tell thee, fool ;

Those that surprised thee were my instruments :

I can plot too, good madam, (you shall find it,)

And, in the stead of licking of my fingers,

Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd,

To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,

Thus make my way, and with authority

Command what I would have.

Lam. I am lost for ever !

[*Kneels.*

Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,

And yield myself up, miserable guilty !

Thus kneeling I confess, you cannot study

Sufficient punishments to load me with ;

I am in your power, and I confess again,

You cannot be too cruel. If there be,
 Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
 Any thing else to make the balance even,
 Pray put it in; all hopes, all helps have left me,
 I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
 And ravishment the least that I can look for!
 Do what you please.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
 Nor touch nor hurt you, lady; nor had ever
 Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such goodness,
 And in a man so injured!

Din. Be confirm'd in't; [Kisses her.
 I seal it thus. I must confess you vex'd me,
 In fooling me so often, and those fears
 You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
 Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
 Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
 As you have done to me, and I will honour
 Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.

Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.

Din. No compliments. The terrors of this
 night
 Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
 With ease forget it: For Dinant, that labour'd
 To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
 And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe then,
 As if a complete army undertook it. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Paris. A Street.

Enter LA WRIT, SAMPSON, and Clients.

La Writ. Do not persuade me, gentle monsieur
Sampson;

I am a mortal man again, a lawyer;
My martial part⁴ I have put off.

Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.

La Writ. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients;
I am yours, and you are mine again—Be but so
thresht,

Receive that castigation with a cudgel——

Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.

La Writ. I have it, it cost me half-a-crown, I
bear it,

All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'njoint my beaten body.

Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swinged.

La Writ. Let it concern thee too;
Go, and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did;
Speak to that lion-lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do;

⁴ *My mortal part.*] Corrected in 1679.

Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do,
 Sampson,
 Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices,
 Do, silly Sampson, do.

1 *Client.* You wrong the gentleman,
 To try to put him out of his right mind thus :
 You wrong us, and our causes.

La Writ. Down with him, gentlemen,
 Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace.—
 Then when thou hast been lamed, thy small guts
 perish'd,

Then talk to me ; before, I scorn thy counsel :
 Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.

Samp. And can the brave *La Writ*—

2 *Client.* Tempt him no further ;
 Be warn'd, and say no more !

La Writ. If thou dost, Sampson,
 Thou seest my myrmidons (I'll let 'em loose)
 That in a moment—

Samp. I say nothing, sir ;
 But I could wish—

La Writ. They shall destroy thee wishing !
 There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten
 causes,
 Dearer than ten men's lives ; tempt, and thou
 diest !

Go home, and smile upon my lord, thine uncle,
 Takē money of the men thou mean'st to cozen,
 Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live dis-
 creetly ;

Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating ;
 Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy
 laundress' placket,
 And thou wilt live long.

1 *Client.* Give ear, and be instructed.

La Writ. I find I am wiser than a justice of
 peace now :

Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man!
That sticks still by him.—Art thou a new man?

Samp. Yes, yes,
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

La Writ. Go, my son Sampson, I have now be-
got thee;

I'll send thee causes; speak to thy lord, and live,
And lay my share by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place:
That man neglects his living is an ass.

[*Exit* SAMPSON.]

Farewell!—Come, chearly, boys, about our busi-
ness!

Now, welcome tongue again, hang swords!

1 *Client.* Sweet advocate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Country-house of CHAMPERNEL.

Enter Nurse and CHARLOTTE.

Nurse. I know not, wench; they may call 'em
what they will,

Outlaws, or thieves, but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man; he used me well:

What I did, 'tis no matter; he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess there was one bold with
me too,

Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter;

I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom,

And I have done't; and I would pay't again,

Were I ta'en to-morrow.

Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt!

If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taste a little flesh——

Char. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger !

Nurse. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live ;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed-penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.

Char. Peace, nurse ;
Farewell,⁵ and cry not roast meat. Methinks
Cleremont
And my lady Anabel are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.

Nurse. I observe it.—
If she have got a penny too !

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, and Provost.

Char. No more.
My lord monsieur Vertaigne ; the provost too !
Haste, and acquaint my lady.

[*Exeunt Nurse and CHARLOTTE.*

Pro. Wondrous strange !

Vert. 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.

Champ. On mine honour.

Pro. I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals ;
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.

⁵ Farewel, and cry not roast meat.] The proverb proves, as well as the sense, that we should read *fare well*. The corruption was easy.—Ed. 1778.

To cry roast meat is a phrase still in use, meaning to boast of any thing you have, so as that another shall take it from you.

Champ. We to our cost have.
But will you search the wood?

Pro. It is beset;

They cannot 'scape us. Nothing makes me wonder
So much, as, having you within their power,
They let you go; it was a courtesy
That French thieves use not often. I much pity
The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRE,
LAMIRA, ANABEL, CHARLOTTE, *and Nurse.*

Are these the prisoners?

Din. We were such.

Vert. Kill me not, excess of joy!

Champ. I see thou livest; but hast thou had no
foul play?

Lam. No, on my soul; my usage hath been
noble,

Far from all violence.

Champ. How were you freed?

But kiss me first; we'll talk of that at leisure;
I am glad I have thee.—Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not!

Ana. Sir, I am where

I owe most duty.

Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, sir;

The man that should have been your bedfellow,
Your lordship's bed-fellow, that could not smell
out

A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool
To make you merry; this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.

Champ. How! is she dishonour'd?

Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable:

Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
 And the next priest we meet shall warrant it
 To all the world. I lay with her in jest ;
 'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

Champ. Is this true, niece ?

Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir,
 storm not ;

He is my friend, and I can make this good,
 His birth and fortunes equal hers ; your lordship
 Might have sought out a worse ; we are all friends
 too,

All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless
 You would raise new dissentions, make perfect
 What is so well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me persuade you.

Champ. Well, God give you joy !

She shall not come a beggar to you, sir.—
 For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll shew you
 Another niece, to this not much inferior ;
 As you shall like, proceed.

Din. I thank you, sir.

Champ. Back then to Paris. Well that travel
 ends,

That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I am sent forth to inquire what you decree
Of us, and of our poets ; they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we,
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their patrons, and we say no less :
Resolve us then, for you can only tell,
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

THE
WOMAN'S PRIZE;
OR,
THE TAMER TAMED.

BY
JOHN FLETCHER.

THE
WOMAN'S PRIZE;
OR, THE
TAMER TAMED.

THIS Comedy first appeared in the folio edition of 1647; and there is satisfactory evidence that it was the sole production of Fletcher, after the death of Beaumont. It is attributed to him by Lovelace and Gardiner in their commendatory verses, as well as by Langbaine; the prologue speaks of it as the product of "Fletcher's brave muse;" and, finally, it is expressly called his by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels. The comedy appears to have been a very popular one; but, in 1633, it occasioned a dispute between the delicate Master of the Revels and the players, as appears by an extract from his MS. inserted in Mr Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage, which runs thus: "On Friday, the nineteenth of October, 1633, I sent a warrant, by a messenger of the chamber, to suppress *The Tamer Tamed*, to the king's players, for the afternoone, and it was obeyed, upon complaints of foule and offensive matters conteyned therein. They acted *The Scornful Lady* instead of it. I have entered the warrant here.

"These are to will and require you to forbear the acting of your play, called *The Tamer Tamed*, or the *Taminge of the Tamer*,¹ this after noone, or any more till you have leave from mee: and this at your peril. On Friday morninge, the 18 October, 1633.

¹ It appears that the title of *The Woman's Prize* obtained little popularity, as it is generally called *The Tamer Tamed*. It was probably called *The Taming of the Tamer*, to approximate the title to that of Shakespeare's play.

“ To Mr Taylor, Mr Lowins, or any of the king’s players at the Blackfriars.

“ On Saturday morninge followinge, the booke was brought mee, and at my lord of Holland’s request, I returned it to the players the Monday morninge after, purged of oaths, prophane-ness, and ribaldry, being the 21 of October, 1633.”

From the sequel, it appears that this “ stoppinge of the acting of this play, it being an ould play,” raised the clamour of the comedians against the pious Sir Henry. For he inserts a former sūbmission of the players, dated 1624, upon their acting Massinger’s Spanish Viceroy without his licence, at the same time directing all old plays, at their revival, to be submitted to his inspection, “ the rather that, in former time, the poetts tooke greater liberty than is allowed them by mee.”² On the twenty-fourth of the same month, Lowin and Swanston were sorry for their ill manners, and craved “ Sir Henry’s pardon, which he granted, in presence of Mr Taylor and Mr Benfeilde.”

The persons who complained of the “ foule and offensive matters” were probably puritans, and the passages reprobated (for the theatrical editors of 1647 profess, with apparent truth, to have restored the parts expunged by the licensers) were probably those levelled at the sect, which seems to have stood high in the favour of Sir Henry; particularly the fifth scene of the second act, and the second of the third. The letter in which Fletcher ridicules the fury of the precise puritans against the players, and undoubtedly introduces very gross ribaldry, must have been peculiarly offensive to their ears.

The Master of the Revels having employed Saturday and Sunday in the pious task of cleansing this Augæan stable from filth and prophanity, allowed the reformed play to be performed. Accordingly, Shakspeare’s Taming of the Shrew having been acted at court, before the king and queen, the 26th of November the same year, and “ likt,” Fletcher’s sequel was presented two days after, and “ very well likt” by the royal spectators. The popularity of the comedy seems to have continued steadily after this; and soon after the Restoration, it is mentioned in a list of stock-plays of the Red-Bull actors at Drury-Lane. In the last century it seems to have suffered the same neglect as most of these plays. “ We believe,” say the editors of 1778, “ an alteration of part of it was acted about twenty years ago at Drury-Lane theatre, as an after-piece, for the benefit of Mrs Pritchard, or one of her family.” This partial revival happened in 1760, and an epilogue spoken on the

² This appears to be a fling at Sir George Buck, whose mild government over the Revels preceded the iron reign of the austere Sir Henry Herbert.

occasion by Miss Pritchard, occurs in the poems of the late R. O. Cambridge.

The comedy is avowedly an imitation and continuation of Shakspeare's *Taming of a Shrew*, and was probably penned by Fletcher, as a retributive compliment to the ladies, for having satirized them severely in his earlier plays. For the same reason, Chaucer professes to have written "*The Legend of Good Women*;" and Fletcher's friend and contemporary, Nathaniel Field, having offended the ladies by his comedy, called "*Woman's a Weathercock*," endeavoured to regain their favour by another, entitled "*Amends for Ladies*."

As Fletcher, or rather the author of the prologue, which seems to have been written for a revival, deprecates a severe scrutiny of the plot, and warns the readers and the audience not to expect "set speeches, high expressions, or politic discourse," it seems unfair to apply the touchstone of stern criticism to it. The composition has every mark of haste; there are no scenes of superlative merit, but the whole is written in a uniform and somewhat careless manner, seldom rising above familiar discourse. The humour which Fletcher generally introduces in his comedies, wrought up to a high degree of excellence, consists, in the present play, rather in the incidents than in the language; and few attempts are made to delineate any of the characters with precision. With respect to its merits, when compared with those of the comedy to which it professes to be the sequel, the author of the *Biographia Britannica* observes, that "the play in itself is more regular than *The Taming of the Shrew*, yet has not in the whole so many beauties as are to be met with in that comedy." It is, perhaps, not too bold a hypothesis to suppose, that Fletcher, being called upon by the ladies to revenge their cause upon Petruchio, and to transplant the laurels of victory from his head to that of a second wife, hastily conceived and executed the design, and increased the value of the compliment intended for his countrywomen, by removing the residence of Petruchio from Italy to England, and giving the honour of having tamed the boastful Italian to an English virgin. Thus, at the conclusion, Petruchio says,

Well, little England, when I see a husband
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding.

PROLOGUE.¹

LADIES, to you, in whose defence and right
Fletcher's brave muse prepared herself to fight
A battle without blood, ('twas well fought too ;
The victory's yours, though got with much ado,)
We do present this Comedy ; in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In fancy, language, and all parts that may
Add grace and ornament to a merry play :
Which this may prove ! Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,
We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set speeches, high expressions, and, what's worse
In a true Comedy, politic discourse.
The end we aim at, is to make you sport ;
Yet neither gall the city nor the court.
Hear, and observe his comic strain, and when
Ye are sick of melancholy, see't again.
'Tis no dear physic, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.

¹ This prologue appears from the context not to have been the original one, spoken during Fletcher's life-time, but to have been written for a revival.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Moroso, *an old rich doating citizen, suitor to Livia.*
 Sophocles, }
 Tranio, } *two gentlemen, friends to Petruchio.*
 Petruchio,¹ *an Italian gentleman, husband to Maria.*
 Rowland, *a young gentleman, in love with Livia.*
 Petronius, *father to Maria and Livia.*
 Jaques, }
 Pedro, } *two witty servants to Petruchio.*
 Doctor,
 Apothecary.
 Watchmen.
 Porters.

Maria, *a chaste witty lady,* }
 Livia, *mistress to Rowland,* } *the two masculine daugh-*
 Bianca, *their cousin, and commander in chief.* } *ters of Petronius.*
 City Wives, }
 Country Wives, } *who come to the relief of the ladies,*
 Maids. } *of which two were drunk.*

SCENE,—London.

¹ It has, in another place (Ford's Dramatic Works, vol. I. p. 345,) been observed, that that poet, as well as Shakspeare and Fletcher, erroneously spelt this name Petruchio. According to the Italian manner it should be given thus—*Petruccio*, being a ludicrous augmentative of Petro. In the second folio copy of Fletcher's Chances the name is spelt properly. See vol. VII.

THE
WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR, THE

TAMER TAMED.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the House of Petruchio.

*Enter MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, and TRANIO, with
rosemary,¹ as from a wedding.*

Mor. God give 'em joy!

Tra. Amen!

Soph. Amen, say I too!

The pudding's now i' the proof. Alas, poor wench,

¹ *Rosemary.*] This herb was not exclusively used on mournful occasions; but, being supposed to strengthen the memory, was also carried at weddings. The supposed signification of it may be more fully deduced from the following stanza of an old song, printed in the last edition of Evans's Ballads, and entitled "A

Through what a mine of patience must thou work,
Ere thou know'st good hour more !

Tra. 'Tis too true : Certain,
Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a father,
To match her to this dragon : I protest
I pity the poor gentlewoman.

Mor. Methinks now,
He's not so terrible as people think him.

Soph. [*To TRANIO.*] This old thief flatters, out
of mere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.

Tra. But shall he have her ?

Soph. Yes, when I have Rome ;
And yet the father's for him.

Mor. I'll assure you,
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes, sure, a wealthy ;
But whether a good woman's man is doubtful.

Tra. 'Would 'twere no worse !

Nosegaie alwaies sweet, for Lovers to send for Tokens of Love at
New yeres Tide," &c.

Rosemarie is for remembrance
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.

From this ballad, we learn the mystery of the signification of flowers, which is no more than the alliteration formed between the name of the flower and that of the thing signified, as Rosemary for Remembrance, Gilliflowers for Gentleness, Marygold for Marriage. To suppose with the editor, that Shakspeare referred to the ballad in Hamlet, when Ophelia gives rosemary for remembrance, is doing it far too much honour. She merely alludes to the popular signification of the flower.

In Randolph's Milkmaid's Epithalamium, (Poems, 4th ed. 1652, 12, p. 102.) a young girl wishing for marriage sings,

Love quickly send the time may be
When I shall deale my rosemary !

Mor. What though his other wife,
 Out of her most abundant soberness,²
 Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
 (For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
 And forced him blow as high as she; does't follow
 He must retain that long-since-buried tempest,
 To this soft maid?

Soph. I fear it.

Tra. So do I too;
 And so far, that if God had made me woman,
 And his wife that must be——

Mor. What would you do, sir?

Tra. I would learn to eat coals with an angry
 cat,³

And spit fire at him; I would, to prevent him,⁴
 Do all the ramping roaring tricks, a whore
 Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
 There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,
 To be a wife, and his.

Soph. So I should think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first
 wife

² *Out of her most abundant soberness.*] Mason observes, that
 "this quality of soberness ill agrees with Catherine, and her daily
 hues and cries." He continues, "I have no doubt but we should
 read *sourness*, instead of *soberness*." There is, however, no occa-
 sion for deviating from the text. *Soberness* stands here with great
 propriety for constant seriousness, want of liveliness, which so
 much disgusted Petrucchio in the behaviour of his first wife.

³ *I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat.*] This seems to
 allude to some inhuman trick played with cats. So again in Bon-
 duca:

They are cowards, *eat coals like compelled cats.*

Qu. If this phrase be not connected with the disputed one of *car-
 rying coals*?—See Shakspeare, ed. 1803, XX. p. 7.

⁴ *To prevent him.*] *i. e.* To be *beforehand* with him, to *out-do*
 him.—Ed. 1778.

(I tell you on my knowledge, and a truth too)
 Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
 Cry out for cudgels, colestaves,⁵ any thing ;
 Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghost
 Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first
 marriage,
 He is no more the still Petruchio,
 Than I am Babylon.

Soph. He's a good fellow,
 And on my word I love him ; but to think
 A fit match for this tender soul——

Tra. His very frown,⁶ if she but say her prayers

⁵ *Colestaves.*] Cotgrave explains *Tiné*, “ a colestaffe, or stang ; a big staffe whereon a burthen is carried betweene two on their shoulders.”

⁶ *His very frown*————

———*makes him tinder.*] This very unintelligible passage we have no assistance from any authority to set right : What stuff is it to say, that *Petruchio's* own frown, if his wife says her prayers, &c. makes him [*Petruchio*] tinder ! If I may venture to conjecture what the poets did write, it should be thus, *her very sound*, or, as it might be wrote nearer to the trace of the letters in Chaucer's manner, *her very soun*, *i. e.* voice, and then the passage would be sense.—*Symson.*

We think some words are lost : *His very frown* is a proper beginning of a reply to the foregoing speech. The last speech ending with an imperfect verse, *Tranio's* might have begun with,

——— *Oh, no !*

His very frown WOULD THROW HER INTO FITS ;
 AND E'EN HER VOICE, *if she but*, &c.

We do not presume to give the additional words as those lost, but only as supplying something like the sense of them.—Ed. 1778.

Mason proposes to read,

The very sound, if she but say her prayers, &c.

But all these emendations are so far from the trace of the letters, that none of them bid fair to have been the original reading. Nor do we see the slightest reason for any emendation ; the original text affording a meaning perfectly explicit and clear, and in entire conformity with the whole of the context, and the uniform character of *Petruchio* : “ If she but say her prayers louder than men

Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder;
The motion of a dial, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a water-work;⁷
She must do nothing of herself, not eat,
Drink, say, "Sir, how do you?" make her ready,
 unready,
Unless he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her,
Ten pounds to twenty shillings, within these three
 weeks.

Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter JAQUES, with a pot of wine.

Mor. He loves her most extremely,
And so long'twill be honey-moon.—Now, Jaques!
You are a busy man, I am sure.

Jaques. Yes, certain;
This old sport must have eggs,——

Soph. Not yet this ten days.

Jaques. Sweet gentlemen, with muskadel.⁸

speaking treason, he puts on such a frown as makes him appear, or, by the ordinary process of inordinate self-indulgence, actually makes him become, inflammable like tinder."

⁷ *A water-work.*] I suppose that a water-work means a water-mill.—*Mason.*

This is surely quite obvious.

⁸ *This old sport must have eggs.* - - -

Sweet gentleman, with muscadell.] This passage, perhaps, explains the reason why wine was offered immediately after the marriage-ceremony to the bride and bride-groom, generally before they left the church. See the learned notes of Steevens, Warton, Reed, and Malone, on the following passage in the *Taming of the Shrew* :

"After many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:— A health,' quoth he; as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates
After a storm—Quaff'd off the muscadell,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face."

Tra. That's right, sir.

Mor. This fellow broods his master.⁹—Speed you, Jaques!

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

Jaques. Your worships

Shall have it rich and neat; and, o' my conscience,
As welcome as our Lady-day. Oh, my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at ring?¹
That hour, a standing were worth money.

Mor. So, sir!

Jaques. Upon my little honesty, your mistress,
If I have any speculation,
Must think this single thrumming of a fiddle,
Without a bow, but even poor sport.

Mor. You're merry.

Jaques. 'Would I were wise too! So, God bless
your worship! [Exit.

Tra. The fellow tells you true.

Soph. When is the day, man?

Come, come; you'll steal a marriage.

Mor. Nay, believe me:

But when her father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.

Tra. Why not now?

One charge had served for both.

Mor. There's reason in't.

Soph. Call'd Rowland.

Mor. Will you walk?

They'll think we are lost: Come, gentlemen!

[Exit.

Tra. You have wiped him now.

⁹ Broods his master.] i. e. Nourishes or cherishes him.—Ed. 1778.

¹ Run at ring.] Jaques is probably quibbling upon the chivalrous game at tournaments, of endeavouring at full speed to pierce and bear off a ring suspended in the air. See, for instance, Northern Antiquities, 4to, now in the press, p. 115, 116.

Soph. So will he ne'er the wench, I hope.

Tra. I wish it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter ROWLAND and LIVIA.

Rowl. Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-night,
If your affections be not made of words——

Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly,
Rowland :

(Is there none near us?) My affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever sainted you ——

Rowl. Why, then take this way.

Livia. 'Twill be a childish,² and a less prosper-
ous course

Than his that knows not care; why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?

Rowl. Then you flatter!

Livia. Alas! you know I cannot.

Rowl. What hope's left else
But flying, to enjoy ye?

² *Rowl.* *Why, then take this way.*

Livia. 'Twill be a childish.] Mr Monk Mason, whose editorial qualifications have been set in their true light by Mr Gifford, proposes to point the first, and amend the second line, as in the text. Had he looked into either of the folios, he would have found both his *conjectures* confirmed, as well as in Seward's, and in every edition but Colman's. The last corruption occurs again in the last edition on the next page but one.

Livia. None, so far.

For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruin,
Can such a bye-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew
you,

And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Rowl. And then Moroso has ye.

Livia. No such matter:

For hold this certain; begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit cods,³ or musty English crocus,
Switches, or stones for th' tooth-ach, sooner finds
me,

Than that drawn fox Moroso.

Rowl. But his money;

If wealth may win you——

Livia. If a hog may be

High-priest among the Jews! His money, Row-
land?

Oh, Love forgive me! What faith hast thou!

Why, can his money kiss me——

Rowl. Yes.

Livia. Behind,

Laced⁴ out upon a petticoat.—Or grasp me,
While I cry, oh, good thank you! (O' my troth,
Thou makest me merry with thy fear!) or lie with
me

³ *Counterfeit cods.*] In some manuscript notes, which have been procured for the present editor, generally of very little value, a *cod* is explained, according to the meaning in which the word is used by Chaucer, and still in Scotland,—a pillow, a belly. I am afraid the allusion is not so delicate.

⁴ *Lasd.*] First folio; *laid*, second. The text is from the former, the spelling having been rectified by Sympson.

As you may do? Alas, what fools you men are!
 His mouldy money? Half a dozen riders,⁵
 That cannot sit, but stamp'd fast to their saddles?
 No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me;⁶
 My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
 To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt
 me?

Rowl. I cannot say I doubt you.

Livia. Go thy ways;

Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion——
 I' faith, I will not fail thee.

Rowl. I had rather——

Livia. Pr'ythee, believe me! If I do not carry it,
 For both our goods——

Rowl. But——

Livia. What *but*?

Rowl. I would tell you.

Livia. I know all you can tell me: All's but this;
 You would have me, and lie with me: is't not so?

Rowl. Yes.

Livia. Why, you shall; will that content you?
 Go.

Rowl. I am very loth to go.

Enter BIANCA and MARIA conversing in the back-ground.

Livia. Now, o' my conscience,
 Thou art an honest fellow! Here's my sister!
 Go, pr'ythee go! this kiss, and credit me,

⁵ *Half a dozen riders.*] A rider is a Dutch coin impressed with the figure of a man on horseback, and worth about twenty-seven English shillings.—*Mason.*

⁶ *No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me.*] That is, make money by me, marry me for that purpose.—*Mason.*

Use, in old writings, stands continually for *usury.*

Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee :
You shall hear what I do. Farewell !

Rowl. Farewell ! [*Exit.*

Livia. Alas, poor fool, how it looks !
It would even hang itself, should I but cross it.
For pure love to the matter, I must hatch it.

Bianca. Nay, never look for merry hour, Maria,
If now you make it not : Let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,
Make you continual anvil to his anger !
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage : Take your own coun-
cil ;

You shall not say that I persuaded you.
But if you suffer him——

Maria. Stay ! shall I do it ?

Bianca. Have you a stomach to't ?

Maria. I never shew'd it.

Bianca. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger
in you.

But do not say I urged you.

Maria. I am perfect.

Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I leap'd
Into this gulph of marriage ; and I'll do it.
Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but spite and anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle !—Now, cousin,
I am no more the gentle, tame Maria :
Mistake me not ; I have a new soul in me,
Made of a north-wind, nothing but tempest ;
And, like a tempest, shall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out !

Bianca. This is brave now,
If you continue it : But, your own will lead you !

Maria. Adieu, all tenderness ! I dare continue.
Maids that are made of fears, and modest blushes,
View me, and love example !

Bianca. Here's your sister.

Maria. Here's the brave old man's love——

Bianca. That loves the young man.

Maria. Ay, and hold thee there, wench! What
a grief of heart is't,
When Paphos' revels should up-rouse old Night,
To sweat against a cork,⁷ to lie and tell
The clock o' th' lungs, to rise sport-starved!

Livia. Dear sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?

Maria. Why, at church, wench;
Where I am tied to talk thus: I'm a wife now.

Livia. It seems so, and a modest!

Maria. You're an ass!
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.

Livia. 'Bless me!

Maria. From what?

Bianca. From such a tame fool as our cousin
Livia!

Livia. You are not mad?

Maria. Yes, wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, (mark me, Livia,)
Or indeed fit for our sex. 'Tis bed-time:
Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant bridegroom!

Livia. Whither will this woman?

Bianca. You may perceive her end.

Livia. Or rather fear it.

Maria. Dare you be partner in't?

Livia. Leave it, Maria!

⁷ —*Against a cork.*] So in King Lear, Cornwall orders his servants to bind fast the *corky*, *i. e.* withered, arms of Gloucester. And in a passage quoted by Dr Percy from Bishop Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, Martha Bressier, who pretended to be possessed, is spoken of as "an old *corkie* woman." This will explain the allusion in the text.

(I fear I have mark'd too much) for goodness
leave it!

Devest⁸ you with obedient hands; to bed!

-*Maria.* To bed? No, Livia; there are comets
hang

Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Must yet, before I know that heat—(ne'er start,
- wench,)

Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;
Here must his head be, Livia.

Livia. Never hope it:

'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean, as
To tame Petruchio.

Maria. Stay!—Lucina, hear me!
Never unlock the treasure of my womb,
For human fruit to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
A mother's labour to me; if I do
Give way unto my married husband's will,
Or be a wife in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him easy as a child,
And tame as fear! He shall not win a smile,
Or a pleased look, from this austerity,
Though it would pull another jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man.
And when I kiss him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams and guesses!

Livia. A strange exordium!

Bianca. All the several wrongs
Done by imperious husbands to their wives
'These thousand years and upwards, strengthen
thee!

Thou hast a brave cause.

⁸ *Devest.*] That is, *undress*, in the literal sense of the word.
All the modern editions have it—*divest*.

Maria. And I'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my life out ever after !

Livia. In what part of the world got she this
spirit ?

Yet pray, *Maria*, look before you truly !
Besides the disobedience of a wife,⁹
(Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own) it shews
So distant from your sweetness——

Maria. 'Tis, I swear.

Livia. Weigh but the person, and the hopes
you have,
To work this desperate cure !

Maria. A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aim at. Disobedience ?
You talk too tamely : by the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childish woman
That lives a prisoner to her husband's pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship !

Livia. His first wife said as much.

Maria. She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course : Let her be named
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do
'em :
I have a new dance for him.

⁹ *Besides the obedience of a wife.]* We read, *Disobedience*, which *Maria's* answer certainly confirms. Again, *obedience*, or, as Seward would read, *DUE obedience*, is no *heavy imputation*, but *Disobedience* is, and supplies the syllable required by Seward to complete the measure, and, what is of more consequence, agrees with the sense of the context.—We ought to observe, that we have altered the stops. The text in *Maria's* speech used to stand thus :

—— *A weaker subject*
Would shame the end I aim at, Disobedience.
You talk too tamely.—*Ed.* 1778.

Livia. Are you of this faith ?

Bianca. Yes, truly ; and will die in't.

Livia. Why then, let's all wear breeches !

Maria. Now thou comest near the nature of a
woman :

Hang these tame-hearted eyasses,¹ that no sooner
See the lure out, and hear their husband's holla,
But cry like kites upon 'em : The free haggard
(Which is that woman that hath wing, and knows
it,

Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,
To shew her freedom, sail in every air,
And look out every pleasure, not regarding
Lure nor quarry till her pitch command
What she desires ; making her founder'd keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.

Livia. You're learned, sister ;
Yet I say still, take heed !

Maria. A witty saying !
I'll tell thee, *Livia* ; had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience ; had he got

¹ *Eyasses.*] *Eyess*, a [watery-eyed] hawk brought up under a kite.—*Coles's Dict.*—Ed. 1778.

“ You may know an *eyasse* by the paleness of the seres of her legges, or the sere over the beake.” Booke of Hawking, &c. as quoted by Steevens. The metaphors in the speech are all taken from hawking. The *lure* was fabricated of leather and feathers, and when cast up, bore some resemblance to a bird. A *kite* is one of the worst kinds of hawks, and the *haggard*, a wild, unreclaimed, and untaught one. To *check* is, according to Latham, “ when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them.” *Quarry*, according to Mr Douce, (Illustrations, I. 399,) “ not only signified the game that was killed, but, in falconry, [as in the present passage,] the bird that was pursued or sought after.” The rest of the technical terms of hawking in this passage explain themselves.

A patent, with an office to reclaim us,
 Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the malice
 And subtilty of devils, or of us,
 Or any thing that's worse than both——

Livia. Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!

Maria. Or could he

Cast his wives new again, like bells, to make 'em
 Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
 Of the first breaker of wild women; yet,
 Yet would I undertake this man, thus single;
 And, spite of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
 Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him
 Into a babe again, that aged women,
 Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master him.

Bianca. Thou wilt be chronicled.

Maria. That's all I aim at.

Livia. I must confess I do with all my heart
 Hate an imperious husband, and in time
 Might be so wrought upon——

Bianca. To make him cuckold?

Maria. If he deserve it.

Livia. Then I'll leave ye, ² ladies.

Bianca. Thou hast not so much noble anger in
 thee.

Maria. Go sleep, go sleep! What we intend
 to do

Lies not for such starved souls as thou hast, *Livia.*

Livia. Good night! The bridegroom will be
 with you presently.

Maria. That's more than you know.

Livia. If you work upon him
 As you have promised, you may give example,
 Which no doubt will be follow'd.

² 'Then I'll leave ye.] Probably we should read, THERE I'll leave ye.—Ed. 1778.

This is a very plausible proposition; but the following speeches of Bianca and Maria support the propriety of the text.

Maria. So !

Bianca. Good night !

We'll trouble you no further.

Maria. If you intend no good, pray do no harm !

Livia. None, but pray for you ! [Exit.

Bianca. Cheer, wench !

Maria. Now, Bianca,

Those wits we have, let's wind them to the height !

My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that

Will make me ever famous.³ They that lay

Foundations are half-builders, all men say.

³ *My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that*

Will make me ever famous.] My rest is up, means my stake is laid. It is a common phrase in these plays.—*Mason.*

In the present instance, the phrase is not, as this commentator supposes, derived from card-playing. The allusion is to the rest employed by the ancient musketeers, upon which they rested their heavy musket to load and take aim at the enemy. The propriety of this explanation is proved by the words—"I pull for that," &c. For the ancient firelocks, though they were fired by a match, had a trigger, as appears by the following passage from the life of Roger Ascham, prefixed to his Works, ed. 4to, p. vi., where it is quoted from the exercise of the Norfolk militia. As the allusion occurs frequently, the reader will pardon the length of the quotation, which has been already introduced by Reed in a note on Middleton and Decker's *Roaring Girl*, (*Old Plays*, VI. 87.) "The first *muskets* were very heavy, and could not be fired *without a rest* ; they had match-locks, and barrels of a wide bore, that carried a large ball and charge of powder, and did execution at a greater distance. The musketeers on a march carried only their rests and ammunition, and had boys to bear their muskets after them, for which they were allowed great additional pay. They were very slow in loading, not only by reason of the unwieldiness of the pieces, and because they carried the powder and balls separate, but from the time it took to prepare and adjust the match ; so that their fire was not near so brisk as ours is now. Afterwards a lighter kind of match-lock musket came into use, and they carried their ammunition in bandeliers, which were broad belts that came over the shoulder, each containing a charge of powder ; the balls they carried loose in a pouch ; and they had also a priming horn by their side. The old English writers called those large muskets calivers ; the *harquebuz*e was a lighter piece,

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. My master, forsooth——

Maria. Oh, how does thy master?
Pr'ythee commend me to him.

Jaques. How is this?——
My master stays, forsooth——

Maria. Why, let him stay!
Who hinders him, forsooth?

Jaques. The revel's ended now,—
To visit you.

Maria. I am not sick.

Jaques. I mean
To see his chamber, forsooth.

Maria. Am I his groom?
Where lay he last night, forsooth?

Jaques. In the low matted parlour.

Maria. There lies his way, by the long gallery.

Jaques. I mean your chamber. You are very
merry, mistress.

Maria. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted,
Jaques.

But, if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou seest, deliver to thy master.

Bianca. Do, gentle Jaques. [*Exeunt.*

that could be fired without a rest. The match-lock was fired by a match fixed by a kind of tongs in the serpentine or cock, which, by pulling the trigger, was brought down with great quickness upon the priming in the pan; over which there was a sliding cover which was drawn back by the hand just at the time of firing. There was a great deal of nicety and care required to fit the match properly to the cock, so as to come down exactly true on the priming, to blow the ashes from the coal, and to guard the pan from the sparks that fell from it. A great deal of time was also lost in taking it out of the cock, and returning it between the fingers of the left hand every time that the piece was fired; and wet weather often rendered the matches useless."

Jaques. Ha! is the wind in that door?
 By'r lady, we shall have foul weather then!
 I do not like the shuffling of these women;
 They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads
 together:

I have observed them all this day, their whispers
 One in another's ear; their signs and pinches,
 And breaking often into violent laughters,
 As if the end they purposed were their own.
 Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,
 A very trick, and dainty knavery;
 Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort.
 What would these women do in ways of honour,
 That are such masters this way? Well, my sir
 Has been as good at finding out these toys,
 As any living; if he lose it now,
 At his own peril be it! I must follow. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Court before the House of Petruccio.

Enter Servants with lights, PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO, TRANIO, and SOPHOCLES.

Petru. You that are married, gentlemen, have
 at ye,⁴

For a round wager now!

Soph. Of this night's stage?

Petru. Yes.

Soph. I am your first man: A pair of gloves

⁴ — home at ye.] So the first folio. The text is from the second, which there is, perhaps, no necessity to adopt.

Of twenty shillings.

Petru. Done ! Who takes me up next ?
I am for all bets.

Mor. Well, lusty Lawrence,⁵ were but my night
now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot
too ;

I would, gallants.

Petru. Well said, Good-will ; but where's the
staff, boy,⁶ ha ?

Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.

Tra. A good tough train would break thee all
to pieces ;

Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

Petron. See how these boys despise us !—Will
you to bed, son ?

This pride will have a fall.

Petru. Upon your daughter ;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In eggs, and butter'd parsnips.

⁵ — *lusty Lawrence.*] This probably refers to a tale still common among the vulgar of the powers of a friar so called. The alliteration was a powerful incitement to the popularity of the phrase.

⁶ *Where's the staff, boy, ha ?*] Sympson wishes to read *stuff* ! Mason defends the old reading, which he supposes to allude to an obsolete proverb. The allusion is, no doubt, obsolete ; but, perhaps, not altogether inexplicable. At the end of *Much Ado about Nothing*, Benedick says, " Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife ; there is no *staff* more reverend than one *tipt with horn.*" In the learned notes of Steevens, Reed, and Malone, it is proved, by several passages from old writings, that this alludes to the ancient trial by wager of battles in civil as well as criminal suits. The combatants fought with *staves, or bastons, tipped with horn.* The manner in which Shakspeare uses the term, proves that it was proverbially employed in an obscene sense, and the text probably alludes, though not so directly, yet with sufficient plainness, to the same custom.

Petron. Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?
To-morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like St George at King-
ston,⁷

Running a foot-back from the furious dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazy.

Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd—

Petru. 'Tis well, sir.

What then?

Soph. *Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf;
Here is no place for living man.*

Petru. Well, my masters,
If I do sink under my business, as I find
'Tis very possible, I am not the first
That has miscarried so; that is my comfort;⁸
What may be done without impeach or waste,
I can and will do.

Enter JAQUES.

How now! Is my fair bride a-bed?

Jaques. No truly, sir.

Petron. Not a-bed yet? Body o' me, we'll up
And rifle her! Here's a coil with a maidenhead!
'Tis not entailed, is it?

Petru. If it be,
I'll try all the law i' th' land, but I'll cut it off.
Let's up, let's up; come!

Jaques. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaques. Unless

⁷ *St George at Kingston.*] Probably an allusion to the sign-board of some well-known inn in that town.

⁸ *That has miscarried; so that's my comfort.*] The present improved pointing was proposed by Mason.

You will drop thro' the chimney like a daw,
Or force a breach i' th' windows; you may untile
The house, 'tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou mean?

Jaques. A moral, sir; the ballad will express it:

The wind and the rain

Has turn'd you back again,

And you cannot be lodged there.⁹

The truth is, all the doors are barricadoed;
Not a cat-hole, but holds a murderer¹ in't:
She's victuall'd for this month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk! Come, come;
let's up.

Jaques. Yes, yes,
I am drunk! Ye may go up, ye may, gentlemen;
But take heed to your heads: I say no more.

Soph. I'll try that.

[*Exit.*

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd,
fellow?

Jaques. Yes, truly, sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded
too;

⁹ This quotation from a ballad, seemingly very popular, occurs again in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where it begins, "Go from my window, my love, go." It is quoted, also, in the *Soldier's Fortune* by Otway. Turned into a spiritual hymn, it occurs in the Scottish collection of *Godly and Spiritual Songs*, &c. 1621.

¹ *A murderer.*] This was a small cannon, probably, as Ritson conjectured, a *swivel*, and generally loaded with pieces of old iron, slugs, &c. as appears from Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, (quoted by Steevens :) "A case-shot is any kinde of small bullets, nailes, old iron, or the like, to put into the case, to shoot out of the ordnances or *murderers*; these will do much mischief." A more common denomination of it was *murdering-piece*. So in our author's *Dauble Marriage*,

— like a *murdering-piece* aims not at me,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.

And two as desperate tongues planted behind it,
As e'er yet batter'd: They stand upon their honours,

And will not give up without strange composition,
I will assure you; marching away with
Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their mouths,²
Will not satisfy them.

Petru. How's this? how's this?

They are? Is there another with her?

Jaques Yes, marry is there, and an engineer.

Mor. Who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Jaques. Colonel Bianca; she commands the works;

Spinola's but a ditcher to her.³ There's a half-moon!

I'm but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave,
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force
before it,

And mount your ablest piece of battery,
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Petru. I should laugh at that, good Jaques.

Soph. Beat back again!

She's fortified for ever.

Jaques. Am I drunk now, sir?

² — *bullets in their mouths.*] Before the invention of cartridges, bullets were frequently carried in this manner, and the same practice is still usual among the American riflemen.

³ *Spinola's but a ditcher to her.*] The marquis of Spinola, who was commander in chief at the siege of Ostend, mentioned in the next page.—*Reed.*

Perhaps *ditcher* stands here for *pioneer*, an employment not reckoned the most honourable among soldiers. Bonaparte formed all those conscripts, who mutilated themselves in order to avoid marching to the armies, into a body of pioneers.

Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd.

I have 'scaped a pretty scouring.

Petru. What, are they mad? have we another bedlam?

They do not talk, I hope?

Soph. Oh, terribly,
Extremely fearful; the noise at London-Bridge
Is nothing near her.

Petru. How got she tongue?

Soph. As you got tail; she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-night?

Nay, an I suffer this, I may go graze.

Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was:

I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody answer'd;

Knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have broke in

By force; when suddenly a water-work
Flew from the window with such violence,
That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar,

Cætera quis nescit?

The chamber's nothing but a mere Ostend;⁴

In every window pewter cannons mounted,
You'll quickly find with what they are charged,
sir.

Petru. Why then, *tantara* for us!

⁴ *A mere Ostend, &c.*] Alluding to the remarkable siege of *Ostend*, which held out from the 5th of July, 1601, to the 8th of September, 1604, three years and ten weeks. See "A true History of the memorable Siege of *Ostend*, and what passed on either Side from the Beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the Town." 4to, 1604.—*Reed.*

Soph. And all the lower works lined sure with
 small shot,
 Long tongues with firelocks, that at twelve-score
 blank
 Hit to the heart.⁵ Now, an ye dare go up——

Enter MARIA and BIANCA above.

Mor. The window opens! Beat a parley first.
 I am so much amazed, my very hair stands.

Petron. Why, how now, daughter? What, in-
 trench'd?

Maria A little guarded for my safety, sir.

Petru. For your safety, sweetheart? Why, who
 offends you?

I come not to use violence.

Maria. I think

You cannot, sir; I am better fortified.

Petru. I know your end; you would fain re-
 prieve your maidenhead

A night, or two.

Maria. Yes, or ten, or twenty,
 Or say an hundred; or, indeed, till I list lie with
 you.

Soph. That's a shrewd saying! From this pre-
 sent hour

I never will believe a silent woman;

When they break out they are bonfires.

Petron. Till you list lie with him? Why, who
 are you, madam?

Bianca. That trim gentleman's wife, sir.

Petru. 'Cry you mercy! do you command too?

⁵ — *firelocks, that at twelve-score blank*

Hit to the heart.] That is, which will hit the mark, though
 the *blank*, (or white mark at which aim is taken,) were twelve-
 score feet distance.

Maria. Yes, marry does she, and in chief.

Bianca. I do command, and you shall go with-
out

(I mean your wife,) for this night.

Maria. And for the next too, wench ; and so
as't follows.

Petron. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a ?

Maria. Yes, indeed, dear father ;
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know, for ever.

Soph. Indeed these are bugs-words. ⁶

Tranio. You hear, sir, she can talk, God be
thanked !

Petru. I would I heard it not, sir !

Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this
woman

Makes but an anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous.

Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this
jesting ?

Maria. Hope still, sir.

Petron. You will come down, I am sure.

Maria. I am sure I will not.

Petron. I'll fetch you then.

Bianca. The power of the whole county can-
not, sir,

Unless we please to yield ; which yet I think
We shall not : Charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.

⁶ *Bugs-words.*] Not *bug-words*, as all the editions but the first have it. *Bugs*, in old writers, meant terrors, from the Celtic *bug*, a goblin. Hence *bugs words* are haughty, menacing words, intended to terrify. The phrase occurs in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*,

“ *Huntley.* Dainty sport toward, Dalyell : sit, come sit,
Sit and be quiet ; here are kingly *bugs words*.”

Mor. Heaven bless me from ⁷

A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?

Petru. Pr'ythee, Maria, tell me what's the reason,

And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?

You were not forced to marry; your consent

Went equally with mine, if not before it:

I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle

A man should have, to keep a woman waking;

I would be sorry to be such a saint yet:

My person, as it is not excellent,

So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with physic,

But well enough to please an honest woman,

That keeps her house, and loves her husband.

Maria. 'Tis so.

Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers

Of him that owes 'em, (all the world knows that,)

And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Maria. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels ⁸

I dare except against; nay more, so far

I am from making these the ends I aim at,

These idle outward things, these women's fears,

That, were I yet unmarried, free to chuse

Through all the tribes of man, I would take Petruchio

⁷ *Mor.* 'Bless me from.] So the first folio. The second omits the apostrophe, which was undoubtedly inserted to notify the scrupulous omission of—*Heaven*.

⁸ *Parcels.*] This is a law-phrase still used in conveyances for a part, or member, of an estate. It seems also to have been used for property in general. So in *Powel's Mystery and Misery of Lending and Borrowing*, (1636. 12, p. 162,) the citizens son persuading a wealthy widow to lend him money on pretence of speculating in East India goods, says, that "it might be a happy occasion of uniting their persons as well as their *parcels* together."

In's shirt, with one ten groats to pay the priest,
 Before the best man living, or the ablest
 That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire; and they are
 right ones.⁹

Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and
 stand prating
 Out of the window, like a broken miller?¹

Petru. If you will have me credit you, Maria,
 Come down, and let your love confirm it.

Maria. Stay
 There, sir; that bargain's yet to make.

Bianca. Play sure, wench!
 The pack's in thine own hand.

Soph. Let me die lousy,
 If these two wenches be not brewing knavery
 To stock a kingdom!

Petru. Why, this is a riddle;
 "I love you, and I love you not."

Maria. It is so;
 And till your own experience do unty it,
 This distance I must keep.

Petru. If you talk more,
 I am angry, very angry!

Maria. I am glad on't, and I will talk.

Petru. Pr'ythee, peace!
 Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee, woman,
 If thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.

Maria. And I am worse, a woman that can fear

⁹ — *the ablest*

That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire; and they are right ones.] The Lancashire men are still celebrated for their strength and dexterity at the sport of single-stick, being frequently matched against the Somerset youths. To this probably the text alludes.

¹ — *stand prating*

Out of the window, like a broken miller.] It is a common observation, that millers, when they have nothing to do, are continually looking out of the window.

Neither Petruccio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance :
There's a short method for you ; now you know me.

Petru. If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.

Bianca. No, you shall carry it, sir.

Petru. Peace, gentle low-bell !²

Petron. Use no more words, but come down
instantly ;

I charge thee, by the duty of a child !

Petru. Pr'ythee come, Maria ! I forgive all.

Maria. Stay there ! That duty, that you charge
me by,

(If you consider truly what you say,)

Is now another man's ; you gave't away

I' th' church, if you remember, to my husband ;

So all you can exact now, is no more

But only a due reverence to your person,

Which thus I pay : Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.

Petron. This is monstrous !

That blessing that St Dunstan gave the devil,

If I were near thee, I would give thee, whore ;

Pull thee down by th' nose !³

Bianca. Saints should not rave, sir :

A little rhubarb now were excellent.

² — *low-bell.*] A sheep's or goat's bell in a forest. This seems to be the present signification of the word, Bianca, to whom the word is addressed, being the rallying-point, the commander or bell-weather of the rebellious ladies. It may, however, refer to another signification of the term, *viz.* " a kind of fowling," as Dr Johnson explains it, " in which the birds are wakened by a bell, and lured by a flame into a net."

³ *That blessing that St Dunstan gave the devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee, whore ;*

Pull thee down by th' nose.] The exploit of St Dunstan's pulling the nose of the devil with a pair of tongs, has escaped the general oblivion which has fallen upon the popish legends of saints.

Petru. Then, by that duty you owe to me,
 Maria,
 Open the door, and be obedient!
 I am quiet yet.

Maria. I do confess that duty:
 Make your best on't.

Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.

Bianca. Sir, there's no learning
 An old stiff jade to trot; you know the moral.

Maria. Yet, as I take it, sir, I owe no more
 Than you owe back again.

Petru. You will not article?
 All I owe, presently—let me but up—I'll pay.

Maria. You are too hot, and such prove jades
 at length.
 You do confess a duty, or respect to me from you
 again,

That's very near, or full the same with mine?

Petru. Yes.

Maria. Then, by that duty, or respect, or what
 You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
 And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
 For know, I am not for you.

Petru. Well, what remedy? [*To his Friends.*]

Petron. A fine smart cudgel.—Oh, that I were
 near thee!

Bianca. If you had teeth now, what a case
 were we in!

Mor. These are the most authentic rebels, next
 Tyrone,⁴ I ever read of.

Maria. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you
 bear you,
 And as I find my will observed, I may,
 With intercession of some friends, be brought

⁴ *Tyrone.*] The celebrated earl of Tyrone, who was subdued
 by the Earl of Essex in the reign of Elizabeth.

May be to kiss you ; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition.

You understand me ?

Soph. Thou, boy, thou !

Petru. Well,

There are more maids than Maudlin ; that's my
comfort.

Maria. Yes ; and more men than Michael.

Petru. I must not

To bed with this stomach, and no meat, lady.

Maria. Feed where you will, so it be sound and
wholesome ;

Else, live at livery, for I'll none with you.

Bianca. You had best back one o' th' dairy
maids ; they'll carry :

But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise
else.

Petru. Now, if thou wouldst come down, and
tender me

All the delights due to a marriage-bed ;
Study such kisses as would melt a man ;
And turn thyself into a thousand figures,
To add new flames unto me ; I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings : All the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
(For without doubt your minds are miserable,
You have no masks for them,) all this rare beauty,
Lay but the painter and the silk-worm by,
The doctor with his diets, and the tailor,
And you appear like flea'd cats ; not so handsome.

Maria. And we appear, like her that sent us
hither,

That only excellent and beauteous Nature,
Truly ourselves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle : We are gold,
In our own natures pure ; but when we suffer

The husband's stamp upon us, then allays,
 And base ones, of you men, are mingled with us,
 And make us blush like copper !

Petru. Then, and never
 Till then, are women to be spoken of ;
 For till that time you have no souls, I take it.
 Good night !—Come, gentlemen ! I'll fast for this
 night ;

But, by this hand—Well, I shall come up yet ?

Maria. No.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd
 jury ;

Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,
 Nor any thing that's easy. Do you rebel so soon ?
 Yet take mercy.

Bianca. Put up your pipes ; to bed, sir ! I'll as-
 sure you

A month's siege will not shake us.

Mor. Well said, colonel !

Maria. To bed, to bed, Petruchio ! Good night,
 gentlemen !

You'll make my father sick with sitting up.
 Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
 Unless we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. I'll hang first !

Maria. And I'll quarter, if I do not !

I'll make you know, and fear a wife, Petruchio ;
 There my cause lies.

You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
 And bear the fear'd name of a brave wife-breaker .
 A woman now shall take those honours off, and
 tame you.

Nay, never look so big ! she shall, believe me,
 And I am she. What think ye ?— Good night to
 all.

Ye shall find centinels—

Bianca. If ye dare sally.

[*Exeunt above*

Petron. The devil's in 'em, even the very devil,
The down-right devil!

Petru. I'll devil 'em; by these ten bones,⁵ I
will!

I'll bring it to th' old proverb, 'No sport, no pie.'
Pox! taken down i' th' top of all my speed?

This is fine dancing! Gentlemen, stick to me:
You see our freehold's touch'd; and, by this light,
We will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em out,
Or make 'em recreant.

Petron. I'll see all passages stopt, but those
about 'em.

If the good women of the town dare succour 'em,
We shall have wars indeed.

Soph. I'll stand perdue⁶ upon 'em.

Mor. My regiment shall lie before.

Jaques. I think so;

'Tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle!
We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons
(Hear what I say) on their bare knees.

Am I Petruchio, fear'd, and spoken of,
And on my wedding-night am I thus jaded?

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *By these ten bones.*] This adjuration by the ten fingers occurs again in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*,

"By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears."

⁶ *Perdue.*] Forlorn hope, *Fr.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter ROWLAND and PEDRO, at several doors.

Rowl. Now, Pedro?

Pedro. Very busy, Master Rowland.

Rowl. What haste, man?

Pedro. I beseech you, pardon me,
I am not mine own man.

Rowl. Thou art not mad?

Pedro. No; but, believe me, as hasty——

Rowl. The cause, good Pedro?

Pedro. There be a thousand, sir. You are not
married?

Rowl. Not yet.

Pedro. Keep yourself quiet then.

Rowl. Why?

Pedro. You'll find a fiddle

That never will be tuned else: From all women——

[*Exit.*

Rowl. What ails the fellow, tro?—Jaques?

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Your friend, sir;
But very full of business.

Rowl. Nothing but business?
Pr'ythee the reason! is there any dying?

Jaques. I would there were, sir!

Rowl. But thy business?

Jaques. I'll tell you in a word : I am sent to lay
An imposition upon souse⁷ and puddings,
Pasties, and penny custards, that the women
May not relieve yon rebels. Fare you well, sir !

Rowl. How does my mistress ?

Jaques. Like a resty jade ;
She's spoil'd for riding. [Exit.

Rowl. What a devil ail they ?
Custards, and penny pasties, fools and fiddles !
What's this to th' purpose ?—Oh, well met.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Now, Rowland !
I cannot stay to talk long.

Rowl. What's the matter ?
Here's stirring, but to what end ? Whither go you ?

Soph. To view the works.

Rowl. What works ?

Soph. The women's trenches.

Rowl. Trenches ? Are such to see ?

Soph. I do not jest, sir.

Rowl. I cannot understand you.

Soph. Do not you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new bride
Stands with her husband ?

Rowl. Let him stand with her,
And there's an end.

Soph. It should be ; but, by'r lady,
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies him,
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of rutters⁸

⁷ *Souse.*] Originally a pickle made of salt, but also used for any thing kept in such pickle.

⁸ *Such a regiment of rutters*
Never defied men braver.] *Ruttres* was a name given to a body of German soldiers in the pay of France ; but a play upon

Never defied men braver : I am sent
To view their preparation.

Rowl. This is news,
Stranger than armies in the air.⁹ You saw not
My gentle mistress ?

Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret business ; when she had found it,
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retired
To shun Moroso.

Rowl. This may be for me.

Soph. Will you along ?

Rowl. No.

Soph. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Rowl. Farewell, sir !—

What should her musing mean, and what her joy
in't,

If not for my advantage ? Stay you ! may not
That bob-tail jade Moroso, with his gold,
His gew-gaudes,¹ and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this ?

the word is here intended. *Braver* means here more bravely.—
Mason.

See vol. II. p. 339, for a full explanation of the former word.

⁹ *Than armes in the air.*] Corrected in 1750. This is another
allusion to the armies fighting in the air, a tale probably imported
from Germany. So in *Wit without Money*, (vol. II. p. 41.)

“ ——— fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aspurge.”

¹ *Gew-gaudes.*] An old method of spelling *gew-gaws*.

Enter LIVIA at one door, and MOROSO at another, hearkening.

Here she comes ;

And yonder walks the stallion to discover !

Yet I'll salute her.—Save you, beauteous mistress !

Livia. The fox is kennell'd for me.—Save you, sir !

Rowl. Why do you look so strange ?

Livia. I use to look, sir,

Without examination.

Mor. Twenty spur-ryals² for that word !

Rowl. Belike then

The object discontents you ?

Livia. Yes, it does.

Rowl. Is't come to this ? You know me, do you not ?

Livia. Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.

Rowl. Why do you break your faith ?

Livia. I'll tell you that too :

You are under age, and no band holds upon you.

Mor. Excellent wench !

Livia. Sue out your understanding,

And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle !³

(For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses)

And, if you can, more manners !

² *Twenty spur-ryals.*] These gold coins were worth 15s. each. So in *Your Five Gallants* by Middleton :

Purs. What has Mr Bowser lost ?

Bow. 'Faith, not very deeply, sir, inough for a scholler, some half-a-score *ryals*.

Purs. 'Sfoot, I have lost as many with *spurs* at their heels.

³ *Knuckle.*] Mason proposes to read *noddle*, "as knuckles are not usually covered with hair." But Rowland is a mere youth, and not likely to have lost the hair on his head. Livia evidently speaks of his chin, which she ludicrously calls *knuckle*.

Mor. Better still!

Livia. And then, if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,

A ten-pound waistcoat,⁴ or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

Rowl. Farewell! and when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck!

Livia. Because I have known you, I'll be thus
kind to you:

Farewell, and be a man! and I'll provide you,
Because I see you're desperate, some staid cham-
bermaid,

That may relieve your youth with wholesome
doctrine.

Mor. She's mine from all the world!—Ha,
wench!

Livia. Ha, chicken!

[*Gives him a box on the ear, and exit.*]

Mor. How's this? I do not love these favours.
—Save you!

Rowl. The devil take thee!

[*Wrings him by the nose.*]

Mor. Oh!

Rowl. There's a love-token for you! thank me
now!

⁴ *A ten-pound waistcoat.*] This dress was generally, as has been before observed, assumed by strumpets; but from the text it appears that it was not exclusively appropriated to them. The price mentioned proves that they were sometimes very expensive, ten pounds being a very large sum in those days. From the following quotation it would appear that a peculiar kind of waistcoat was appropriated to strumpets: In the *Art of Thriving*, by Thomas Powel, Gent. Lond. 1635, 12. (p. 12.) a landed gentleman is advised to match his son "before he can tell what difference is betwixt a black-wrought waistcoat with a white apron, and a loose-bodied gown without an apron."

Mor. I'll think on some of ye ; and, if I live,
My nose alone shall not be play'd withal.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Petronius.

Enter PETRONIUS and MOROSÒ.

Petron. A box o' th' ear, do you say ?

Mor. Yes, sure, a sound one ;

Beside my nose blown to my hand. If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,
He has sued his livery, and is no more a boy.⁵

Petron. You gave her some ill language ?

Mor. Not a word.

Petron. Or might be you were fumbling !

Mor. 'Would I had, sir !

I had been aforehand then ; but, to be baffled,
And have no feeling of the cause——

Petron. Be patient ;

⁵ *He has sued his livery, and is no more a boy.]* To sue out a livery is a legal phrase ; and the allusion is here to a minor coming of age, and suing out the delivery of his lands, which, in the feudal times, were generally given, or sold, by the monarch during the minority of the heir.

I have a medicine clapp'd to her back will cure her.

Mor. No, sure 't must be afore, sir.

Petron. O' my conscience,

When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with bas-
tard,⁶

Whose nature is to form things like itself,
Heady and monstrous. Did she slight him too?

Mor. That's all my comfort! A mere hobby-
horse

She made child Rowland:⁷ 'Sfoot, she would not
know him,

Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts; which I held more than
wonder,

I having seen her within these three days kiss him,
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.

Petron. There is some trick in this. How did
he take it?

Mor. Ready to cry, he ran away.

⁶ *Bastard.*] The best idea of this kind of wine is given in Mr Tollet's quotation, in illustration of a passage in Henry IV. Part I. from Markham's translation of *Mason Rustique*, 1616, p. 635, "— such wines are called *mungril* or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness nor manifest astringency, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." It was, however, often confounded with muscadell or sweet wine. The word is so inviting for a quibble, that few of the old play-wrights could refrain. See our authors' *Cupid's Revenge*, A. IV. S. III.

⁷ *Child Rowland.*] Child was frequently used by old writers for a prince, or a young nobleman. The text alludes to an old ballad of great celebrity, of which only a few fragments are preserved in Scotland. It is also referred to in *King Lear*, and begins,

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came."

See the Popular Ballads collected by my friend Mr R. Jamieson, Edinburgh, 1806. I. 217, and *Northern Antiquities*, *ib. now in the press*, p. 398.

Petron. I fear her :

And yet I tell you, ever to my anger
She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.

Mor. I'll be sworn
'Twas well tied on then.⁸

Petron. Go to ! pray forget it :
I have bespoke a priest, and within these two
hours

I'll have you married ; will that please you ?

Mor. Yes.

Petron. I'll see it done myself, and give the lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month
on't.

Mor. Nay, good sir, be not violent.

Petron. Neither——

Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,
To give me a box o' th' ear, or so.

Petron. It may be.

Mor. I reckon for the best still. This night then
I shall enjoy her ?

Petron. You shall handsel her.⁹

Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't,
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.

Petron. Where's your jointure ?

Mor. I have a jointure for her.

Petron. Have your counsel

⁸ *This blow was but a favour.*

Mor. I'll be sworn

'Twas well tied on then.] Moroso quibbles upon the favours given by ladies at weddings and other ceremonies, a curious relic of chivalrous manners.

⁹ *Handsel her.] i. e.* Use or enjoy her the first time.

Perused it yet?

Mor. No counsel but the night, and your sweet daughter,

Shall e'er peruse that jointure.

Petron. Very well, sir.

Mor. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders. The other's ready seal'd.

Petron. Come then, let's comfort My son Petruccio: He's like little children That lose their baubles, crying ripe.

Mor. Pray tell me, Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt Of bold defiance?

Petron. Still, and still she shall be, Till she be starved out: You shall see such justice, That women shall be glad, after this tempest, To tie their husbands' shoes, and walk their horses.

Mor. That were a merry world!—Do you hear the rumour?

They say the women are in insurrection, And mean to make a——¹

Petron. They'll sooner

Draw upon walls as we do. Let 'em, let 'em! We'll ship 'em out in cuck-stools;² there they'll sail

As brave Columbus did, till they discover The happy islands of obedience.

¹ *And mean to make a——*]. From the metre, as well as from the answer of Petronius, it would appear that three syllables have here been omitted, probably by order of the over-delicate Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels: but it is impossible to restore them by mere guess.

² *Cuck-stools.*] Sherwood explains, "A cucking-stoole or cuck-stoole, *selle a ribaudes, selle à ricaldes. Engin pour punir les ribaudes en les plongeans dans l'eau.*" This terror of scolding women seems to have been used down to the times of Butler, and perhaps later.

We stay too long ; come !

Mor. Now, St George be with us ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Court before the House of PETRUCHIO.

Enter LIVIA alone.

Livia. Now, if I can but get in handsomely,
 Father, I shall deceive you ; and this night,
 For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock :
 I have shifted sail, and find my sister's safety³
 A sure retirement. Pray to Heaven that Rowland
 Do not believe too far what I said to him !
 For yon old foxcase forced me ; that's my fear.
 Stay, let me see ! this quarter fierce Petruchio
 Keeps with his myrmidons : I must be sudden ;
 If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
 But martial-law ; to this place have I 'scaped him.
 Above there !

Enter MARIA and BIANCA above.

Maria. *Qui va la ?*

Livia. A friend.

Bianca. Who are you ?

Livia. Look out and know !

Maria. Alas, poor wench, who sent thee ?
 What weak fool made thy tongue his orator ?
 I know you come to parley.

Livia. You're deceived.

³ *My sister's safety.*] i. e. My sister's place of safety, her strong-hold.—*Mason.*

Urged by the goodness of your cause, I come
To do as you do.

Maria. You're too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness : Do not we know
Thou hast been kept up tame ?

Livia. Believe me !

Maria. No ; pr'ythee, good Livia,
Utter thy eloquence somewhere else.

Bianca. Good cousin,
Put up your pipes ; we are not for your palate :
Alas ! we know who sent you.

Livia. O' my word——

Bianca. Stay there ; you must not think your
word,

Or by your maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,
Sworn after even-song, can inveigle us
To loose our hand-fast : Did their wisdoms think
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish
To entertain our gentle sister Sinon, ⁴
And give her credit, while the wooden jade
Petruccio stole upon us ? No, good sister !
Go home, and tell the merry Greeks ⁵ that sent
you,

Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Æneas,
Will on my back, 'spite of the myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and through seas
Unknown, and unbelieved, seek out a land,
Where, like a race of noble Amazons,
We'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men !

Livia. I'll second you.

Bianca. How long have you been thus ?

⁴ *Sinon.*] See Virgil's Æneid.—*Reed.*

⁵ *The merry Greeks.*] This is a proverbial expression common in old books. As Mr Steevens observes, “ *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller.”

Livia. That's all one, cousin ;
I stand for freedom now.

Bianca. Take heed of lying !
For, by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That killed the prince of Orange,⁶ will be sport
To what we purpose.

Livia. Let me feel the heaviest !

Maria. Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland, (for
by your maidenhead
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to yourself.

Livia. I swear !

Bianca. Stay yet !
Swear as you hate Moroso, (that's the surest)
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dried Jack ;⁷ full of more aches

⁶ *That kill'd the prince of Orange.*] This was Balthazar Gerard, who murdered the prince of Orange at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584. The horrible punishments inflicted on this miserable wretch are thus related by a writer who lived not very distant from the time in which the transaction happened : " Here first he had his right-hand with a hot yron seared and cut off, which did the deede, and cast into the fire : Next of all, with fire hot pincers he had his flesh torne and pluckt off from sixe parts of his bodie, which were most fleshie, viz. of his breast, armes, legs, and buttocks, and those cast into the fire ; and his body, beginning from the lower part, was with an axe chopt in peeces, his belly was ripped, his heart was pluckt out and cast at the villaine's face (yet in some life) and afterwards his head, being chopt off, was with other foure parts of his bodie, as arms and feete, set upon foure poles on foure turrits or ports of the citie, fastened upon a long pole set upon the turrit of the school-house, on the back-side of the prince's lodging ; and whatsoever he had in his life-time about him was taken from him and given away." A true Discourse Historicall of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Warres there begun in the yeere 1565, &c. 4to. 1602. B. L., p. 51. *Reed.*

⁷ *Worse than a poor dried Jack.*] By this is probably meant a Jack-a-lent, a kind of puppet, at which cudgels were thrown in

Than Autumn has ; more knavery, and usury,
 And foolery, and brokery, than Dog's-Ditch ;⁸
 As you do constantly believe he's nothing
 But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
 And that beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
 Worse than a mare's tail eaten off with flies ;⁹
 As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
 That lies by such a Bilboa blade, that bends
 With ev'ry pass he makes, to th' hilts, most miser-
 able,

A dry-nurse to his coughs, a fewterer'¹
 To such a nasty fellow, a robbed thing
 Of all delights youth looks for ; and, to end,
 One cast away on coarse beef, born to brush
 That everlasting cassock that has worn
 As many servants out, as the North-East passage
 Has consumed sailors : If you swear this, and truly,
 Without the reservation of a gown,
 Or any meritorious petticoat,
 'Tis like we shall believe you.

Livia. I do swear it.

Maria. Stay yet a little ! Came this wholesome
 motion

(Deal truly, sister) from your own opinion,
 Or some suggestion of the foe ?

Livia. Ne'er fear me !

For, by that little faith I have in husbands,

Lent, as at the Shrove-tide cock. The best illustration of the text is from the old comedy of *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600 : "A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*."

⁸ *Dog's-ditch.*] Probably Hound's-ditch.

⁹ *With fillies.*] Silently corrected in 1750.

¹ *Fewterer.*] A dog-keeper, or leader of a lime-hound, &c.—*Cole's Dict.* 1677. Ed. 1778.

And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, sister!

Maria. If we believe, and you prove recreant,
Livia,

Think what a maim you give the noble cause
We now stand up for! Think what women shall,
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when ex-
amples

Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
Spoke, as we do 'em, wench, shall make new cus-
toms!

Bianca. If you be false, repent, go home, and
pray,

And to the serious women of the city
Confess yourself; bring not a sin so heinous
To load thy soul to this place. Mark me, Livia;
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honours,
And we fail in our purpose, get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be!

Maria. If a mother's daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband,
Find thee, and know thy sin——

Bianca. Nay if old age,

One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones,
Come but i' the windward of thee, for sure she'll
smell thee,

Thou'lt be so rank; she'll ride thee like a night-
mare,

And say her prayers backward to undo thee;²

² —*Say her prayers backward to undo thee.*] This was supposed to be one of the most powerful spells of witchcraft. So in the last act, scene II., Petruchio says,

“ If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward, fiends or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made.”

She'll curse thy meat and drink, and, when thou
marriest,

Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.

Maria. Children of five year old, like little fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley ;³ all that ever
Shall live and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will (like so many furies) shake their keys,
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,
Crying, revenge ! Take heed ; 'tis hideous,
Oh, 'tis a fearful office ! If thou hadst
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou camest
hither

A false imagination, get thee gone,
And, as my learned cousin said, repent !
This place is sought by soundness.

Livia. So I seek it,
Or let me be a most despised example !

Maria. I do believe thee ; be thou worthy of it !
You come not empty ?

Livia. No, here's cakes and cold meat,
And tripe of proof ; behold here's wine and beer !
Be sudden, I shall be surprised else.

Maria. Meet at the low parlour-door ; there lies
a close way ;
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter
Fling it away ; 'twill but defile our offerings.

Bianca. Be wary as you come.

Livia. I warrant you. [Exeunt.

³ Will pinch thee into motley.] i. e. make thy skin of all colours,
like the motley suit of fools.

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Three Maids.

1 *Maid.* How goes your business, girls?

2 *Maid.* A-foot, and fair.

3 *Maid.* If fortune favour us. Away to your strength!

The country forces are arrived. Be gone!

We are discover'd else.

1 *Maid.* Arm, and be valiant!

2 *Maid.* Think of our cause!

3 *Maid.* Our justice!

1 *Maid.* 'Tis sufficient.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter ROWLAND and TRANIO, severally.

Tra. Now, Rowland?

Rowl. How do you?

Tra. How dost thou, man?

Thou look'st ill.

Rowl. Yes. Pray can you tell me, Tranio,
Who knew the devil first?

Tra. A woman.

Rowl. So.

Were they not well acquainted?

Tra. May be so,

For they had certain dialogues together.

Rowl. He sold her fruit, I take it?

Tra. Yes, and cheese

That choak'd all mankind after.

Rowl. Canst thou tell me

Whether that woman ever had a faith,

After she had eaten?

Tra. That is a school-question.

Rowl. No, 'tis no question; for believe me,
Tranio,

That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in her

But windy promises, and cholic vows,

That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard, I am
sure,

Of Esculapius, a far-famed surgeon,

One that could set together quarter'd traitors,

And make 'em honest men.

Tra. How dost thou, Rowland?

Rowl. Let him but take (if he dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
(There will be credit for him that will speak him)

A broken woman, Tranio, a base woman,

And if he can cure such a wreck of honour,

Let him come here and practise!

Tra. Now, for honour's sake,

Why, what ail'st thou, Rowland?

Rowl. I am ridden, Tranio,

And spur-gall'd to the life of patience,—

Heaven keep my wits together!—by a thing

Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.

Tra. Your mistress has a little frown'd, it may
be?

Rowl. She was my mistress.

Tra. Is she not ?

Rowl. No, Tranio :

She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my mistress,
A good sword, or a book. And if you see her,
Tell her, I do beseech you, even for love's sake—

Tra. I will Rowland.

Rowl. She may sooner count the good
I have thought her, our old love and our friend-
ship,

Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her :
And now I have met a messenger, farewell, sir!

[*Exit.*

Tra. Alas, poor Rowland ! I will do it for thee.
This is that dog Moroso ; but I hope
To see him cold 'i th' mouth first, ere he enjoy her.
I'll watch this young man ; desperate thoughts
may seize him,

And, if my purse or counsel can, I'll ease him.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the House of Petruchio.

Enter PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO, and
SOPHOCLES.

Petru. For, look you, gentlemen, say that I
grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,

Which you and all men else know, she deserves
not,

(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?

Petron. I think not.

Petru. No, by Heaven, ⁴ they cannot!

For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So stiff a Tom-boy, of so set a malice,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young crab-tree? and then answer me!
And mark but this too, friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear
She justly can take hold on; and d'ye think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a spindle first! No, no, my masters,
Were she as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and housewife
As good as the wise sailor's wife, ⁵ and young still,
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild-mare once a-week, ⁶ she
should,

⁴ No, by ——.] So the folios.

⁵ *The wise sailor's wife.*] Meaning Penelope, the wife of Ulysses.
—*Mason.*

⁶ *She should ride the wild-mare once a-week.*] So in Henry IV., p. II. the hostess, speaking of Falstaff, says—"He hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights like a mare." And Falstaff answers, "I think I am as like to *ride the mare* if I have any vantage of ground to get up." Steevens says the allusion is to the gallows, sometimes called the two-legg'd mare; and Malone conceives the allusion is "*only* a wanton one." I conceive both Falstaff and Petruchio, besides the wanton allusion they probably both make, quibble upon some other meaning of the phrase, which however is certainly not to the gallows, as Steevens supposes, for to that Petruchio cannot possibly allude, when he says his wife shall ride the wild-mare once a-week. There cannot, I presume, be any

Believe me, friends, she should ! I would tabor her,
 'Till all the legions that are crept into her,
 Flew out with fire i' th' tails.⁷

Soph. Methinks you err now ;
 For to me seems, a little sufferance
 Were a far surer cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
 Where I see promises of peace and amendment,

Mor. Give her a few conditions.

Petru. I'll be hang'd first !

Petron. Give her a crab-tree cudgel !

Petru. So I will ;
 And after it a flock-bed for her bones,
 And hard-eggs, till they brace her like a drum,
 She shall be pamper'd with ;
 She shall not know a stool in ten months, gentle-
 men.

Soph. This must not be.

Enter JAQUES.

Jacques. Arm, arm ! out with your weapons !
 For all the women in the kingdom's on ye ;

doubt that the allusion is the same as in Falstaff's account of the qualifications of Poins ; he "*rides the wild-mare with the boys.*" Some obsolete game seems here to be referred to, the nature of which can easily be conceived ; but, from the text of our author, it seems in some instances to have been used, like the *cuck-stool* mentioned in a preceding scene, as a punishment for scolds.

⁷ *I would tabor her,*

Till all the legions that are crept into her,

Flew out with fire i' th' tails.] This seems an evident allusion to romance, where it frequently happens, that a dragon having been killed by some champion, a multitude of young ones issue from the womb of their mother.

They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy
 'em,
 But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Stand to your guard, sir! all the devils
 extant

Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
 There are more women marching hitherward,
 In rescue of my mistress, than e'er turn'd tail
 At Sturbridge-fair, and I believe as fiery.

Jaques. The forlorn-hope's led by a tanner's wife,
 (I know her by her hide) a desp'rate woman;
 She flead her husband in her youth, and made
 Reins of his hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all
 together,

They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten
 And born thus, by the boisterous breath of hus-
 bands;⁸

They serve sure,⁹ and are swift to catch occasion
 (I mean their foes or husbands) by the forelocks,
 And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
 But more for noble spite than fear; and crying
 Like the old giants that were foes to Heaven,
 They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main pot-
 lids

⁸ *They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten*

And born thus by the boisterous breath of husbands.] Jaques compares the Amazons to the mares in romance conceiving by the wind. So in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, (vol. II. p. 49,) "Do you conceive, as our jennets do, by the wind? My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady."

⁹ *Serve sure.]* Sympson says, that *to serve sure* means to deserve; but it is a military phrase, and means to act like steady soldiers.—*Mason.*

Like massy rocks, dart ladles, tossing irons,¹
 And tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid,
 They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
 At those imperious codsheads,² that would tame
 'em.

There's ne'er a one of these, the worst and weakest,
 (Choose where you will) but dare attempt the raising,
 Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
 A May-pole and a morris,³ maugre mainly
 Their zeal, and dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,

¹ *Dart ladles, tossing irons.*] Simpson reads—*toasting irons*, understanding, probably, forks for toasting bread. Mason wishes to restore the old reading, and observes, that *tossing* is not an epithet, but that the text means that the women tossed irons about. But it certainly is an epithet, though we cannot define the exact nature of the instrument alluded to. In Gammer Gurton's Needle, the Gammer says,

“My goodly *tossing* sporyar's needle, chave lost iche wot not where.”

The explanation of an annotator, that *tossing* formerly meant *sharp*, may possibly be correct.

² *Codsheads.*] So first folio; other editions, *godheads*. Ed. 1778. I suspect the latter is the right reading.

³ ———, *but dare attempt the raising,*
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,

A May-pole and a morris.] The rage of the Puritans against these harmless sports has been ridiculed by Fletcher in another place, more at length and with strong humour, (*Women Pleased*, Act IV.) Mr Douce, in his curious dissertation on the Morris Dance, observes, that “During the reign of Elizabeth, the Puritans made considerable havock among the May-games, by their preachings and invectives. Poor Maid Marian was assimilated to the whore of Babylon; Friar Tuck was deemed a remnant of popery, and the Hobby-horse an impious and pagan superstition; and they were at length most completely put to the rout as the bitterest enemies of religion. King James's Book of Sports restored the Lady and the Hobby-horse: but during the Commonwealth they were again attacked by a new set of fanatics; and, together with the whole of the May festivities, the Whitsun ales, &c., in many parts of England degraded. At the Restoration they were once more revived.”

Dares plant a stand of batt'ring ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o' th' parish.

Soph. Lo you, fierce

Petruchio ! this comes of your impatience.

Pedro. There's one brought in the bears, against
the canons

Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaques. Another, to hereverlasting fame, erected
Two ale-houses of ease, the quarter sessions
Running against her roundly ; in which business
Two of the disannullers lost their night-caps ;
A third stood excommunicate by th' cudgel ;
The constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Pedro. Then are they victualled with pies and
puddings,

(The trappings of good stomachs) noble ale
(The true defender,) sausages, and smoked ones,
If need be, such as serve for pikes ; and pork
(Better the Jews ne'er hated) here and there
A bottle of metheglin, a stout Briton⁴

That will stand to em ;

What else they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to council !

Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or the
kingdom

Will have no other talk but this.

Petron. Away then,

And let's advise the best !

Soph. Why do you tremble ?

Mor. Have I lived thus long to be knockt o' th'
head

⁴ *Britain.*] So all the editions read. Pedro evidently calls the Welsh liquor metheglin, a stout *Briton*, and this suggested the alteration.

With half a washing beetle?⁵ Pray be wise, sir.

Petru. Come; something I'll do; but what it is, I know not.

Soph. To council then, and let's avoid their follies! Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a cloak left. [*Exeunt.*⁶

SCENE VI.

The Court before the House.

Enter PETRONIUS, PETRUCHIO, MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, *and* TRANIO.

Petron. I am indifferent, though, I must confess, I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that, sir.

Soph. Are ye resolved to give her fair conditions? 'Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted!

'Would I had run my head into a halter When I first woo'd her! if I offer peace, She'll urge her own conditions; that's the devil.

Soph. Why, say she do?

Petru. Say, I am made an ass then! I know her aim: May I with reputation, (Answer me this) with safety of mine honour, After the mighty manage of my first wife, Which was indeed a fury to this filly,

⁵ *A washing-beetle.*] A rammer, or batting staff, used by laundresses to press the linen in washing.

⁶ In the first folio the short scene before this, of the three maids, is here unnecessarily repeated.

After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don Hercules horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide, suffer this Cicely,
Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappled with
me,

This pink, this painted foist,⁷ this cockle-boat,
To hang her fights out,⁸ and defy me, friends,
A well-known man of war? If this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done.

Petron I do not think you may.

Tra. You'll make it worse, sir.

Soph. Pray hear me, good Petruchio. But even
now

You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forced. Give her conditions;
For, on my life, this trick is put into her——

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You'll find it so.

Soph. Then, if she flounder with you,

⁷ *This pink, this painted foist.*] The former of these is described by Johnson, "a heavy narrow-sterned ship." Cotgrave explains "*juste*, a foist, a gallie that has about 16 or 18 oars on a side, and two rowers to an oar." *Pink* is applied to a woman by Shakspeare, and by Ford in the *Lady's Trial*:

"The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a *pink*."

⁸ *To hang her fights out.*] This naval expression occurs in Shakspeare, and again in our Authors' *Valentinian*, Act II., Sc. I. vol. IV. p. 394:

"I had rather make a drallery till thirty,
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear *my fights out* bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers."

Clap spurs on; and in this you'll deal with tem-
perance,

Avoid the hurry of the world—

Tra. And lose—

Mor. No honour on my life, sir.

Petru. I will do it. [Music above.

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Enter JAQUES.

Petru. Why, God hold it!

Mor. Now, Jaques?

Jaques. They are i' th' flaunt, sir.

Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.

Jaques. They have got a stick of fiddles, and they
firk it⁹

In wond'rous ways: The two grand capitanoes
(They brought the auxiliary regiments¹)

Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare
breeches,

And bid the kingdom kiss 'em; ² that's the burden.

They have got metheglin, and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants. ³

Petron. How know'st thou?

Jaques. I peep'd in
At a loose lansket. ⁴

⁹ *They have got a stick of fiddles, and they firk it*
In wondrous ways.] Perhaps we should read—*stock*. To *firk*
in the present passage means—to gambol, caper.

¹ *They brought the auxiliary regiments,*] That is, They *who*
brought, &c.—*Mason*.

² *And bid them kiss 'em.*] So the first folio. The text is from the
second folio.

³ *Tyrants.*] This is an allusion to the rant of Herod, and other
characters in the old moralities.

⁴ *Lansket.*] This word, the meaning of which is evident, I have
not met with elsewhere.

Tra. Hark!

Petron. A song! Pray silence.

SONG.⁵

*A health for all this day,
To the woman that bears the sway,
And wear the breeches;
Let it come, let it come.*

*Let this health be a seal,
For the good of the common-weal,
The woman shall wear the breeches!*

*Let's drink then and laugh it,
And merrily, merrily quaff it,
And tippie, and tippie a round:*

*Here's to thy fool,
And to my fool;
Come, to all fools,*

Though it cost us, wench, many a pound.

Mor. They look out.

[*All the Women appear above, Citizens, and Country Women.*]

Petru. Good even, ladies!

Maria. Good you good even, sir!

Petru. How have you slept to-night?

Maria. Exceeding well, sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Maria. No, believe me,

I never thought upon you.

Coun. Is that he?

Bianca. Yes.

Coun. Sir!

Soph. She has drank hard: Mark her hood.

⁵ This Song appeared first in the second folio.

Coun. You are——

Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else. Let her utter.

Coun. And I must tell you *viva voce*, friend,
A very foolish fellow.

Tra. There's an ale-figure.

Petru. I thank you, Susan Brotes.

Cit. Forward, sister.

Coun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comely, and courageous——

Petru. Well, I have so.

Coun. And, to the comfort of distressed damsels,
Women out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.

Petru. It should seem so.

Coun. And why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Coun. For thirteen causes.

Petru. Pray, by your patience, mistress——

Cit. Forward, sister!

Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?

Cit. Who shall let her?⁶

Petron. Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come
not now

To hear your doctrine.

Coun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.

Petru. Hark you, good Maria,
Have you got a catechiser here?

Tra. Good zeal!

Soph. Good three-piled predication,⁷ will you
peace,

⁶ Let her.] *Hinder* her.—Ed. 1778.

⁷ *Good three-piled predication.*] See this epithet explained in vol. II. p. 456. It seems to have been most frequently applied to old bawds. So in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, Leon says—

——“That's a bawd,

A *three-piled bawd*, bawd-major to the army.”

And hear the cause we come for?

Coun. Yes, bob-tails,
We know the cause you come for; here's the
cause:— [Pointing to MARIA.

But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

Cit. Give me sack!

By this, and next, strong ale——

Coun. Swear forward, sister!

Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and then
all

That ever yet was chronicled of woman,
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herself.

Coun. She shall, Tom Tilers,
And brave ones too. My hood shall make a hearse-
cloth,

And I'll lie under it like Joan o'Gaunt,
Ere I go less;⁸ my distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal trophy of my conquests,
And loud Fame at my head with two main bottles
Shall fill to all the world, the glorious fall
Of old Don Gillian.

Cit. Yet a little further.

We have taken arms in rescue of this lady,
Most just and noble: If ye beat us off,
Without conditions, and we recant,⁹

⁸ *Ere I go less.]* i. e. before I put up with worse conditions.

⁹ *If ye beat us off,
Without condition, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve.]* This is sense as it stands; but consi-

Use us as we deserve ; and first degrade us
 Of all our ancient chambering,¹ next that
 The symbols of our secresy, silk stockings
 Hew off our heels ; our petticoats of arms
 Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break
 Over our coward heads.²

Coun. And ever after,
 To make the tainture most notorious,

dering the context, I have no doubt but we should read, " and we *recreant*," instead of *recant* ; for she proceeds in reciting the punishment of recreant knights. And some pages before, Petruccio says—

—We will beleaguer them,
 And either starve them out, or make them *recreant*.—*Mason*.

This is a very plausible proposition, and would have been adopted in the text, if *recreant* could have been found in any other instance to have been used as a verb. Besides, *recant* agrees perfectly with *condition*.

¹ —Our ancient chambering.] i. e. *Intriguing*. As Mr Malone observes, chambering and wantonness are mentioned together in the English version of the Scriptures.

² —Next that

*The symbols of our secresy, silk stockings
 Hew off our heels ; our petticoats of arms
 Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break*

Over our coward heads.] The citizen's wife gives in these lines a complete description in metaphor of the different punishments a recreant knight underwent. His gilt spurs were hewed off by the common hangman with an axe upon a dunghill ; his coats of arms were shattered to pieces ; and his sword broken over his head. The word *bodkin*, it must be recollected, was used in a two-fold sense, that, to wit, which it bears at present, and *dagger*, or sometimes even sword ; which explains the quibble in the text.

Silk stockings seem to have first become usual in the reign of Elizabeth. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1596, 4to, calls out lustily against these articles of finery, which he observes to have been as expensive as a whole suit of clothes in the days of greater purity, the cost being no less than twenty shillings or more : —The mention of these stockings as the emblems of secresy, may refer to the ceremony of throwing the stocking at weddings.

At all our crests (*videlicet*, our plackets³)
 Let laces hang, and we return again
 Unto our former titles, dairy-maids!

Petru. No more wars! Puissant ladies, shew
 conditions,
 And freely I accept 'em.

Maria. Call in Livia;
 She's in the treaty too.

Enter LIVIA above.

Mor. How! Livia?

Maria. Hear you that, sir?
 There's the conditions for you; pray peruse 'em.
 [*Throws down a paper.*]

Petron. Yes, there she is: It had been no right
 rebellion,
 Had she held off. What think you, man?

Mor. Nay, nothing:
 I have enough o' th' prospect. O' my conscience,
 The world's end and the goodness of a woman
 Will come together.

Petron. Are you there, sweet lady?

Livia. 'Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you not: Your
 blessing!

Petron. Yes, when I bless a jade that stumbles
 with me.
 How are the articles?

Livia. This is for you, sir;
 And I shall think upon't.

[*Throws a paper to MOROSO.*]

Mor. You have used me finely!

Livia. There is no other use of thee now extant,

³ *Plackets.*] i. e. petticoats. "The bone-ache is the curse of those that war for the *placket*."—Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.

But to be hung up, cassock, cap, and all,
For some strange monster at Apothecaries.⁴

Petron. I hear you, whore!

Livia. I must be his then, sir;⁵
For need will then compel me.

Cit. Blessing on thee!

Livia. He will undo me in mere pans of coals,
To make him lusty.⁶

Petron. There is no talking to 'em.—
How are they, sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes,
[*Reads.*

When, and in what way she will; continual monies,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, *why is this*; or, *whither will it*?
New coaches, and some buildings, she appoints
here;

Hangings, and hunting-horses; and for plate
And jewels, for her private use, I take it,
Two thousand pound in present; then for music
And women to read French——

Petron. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That Livia shall by no man be importuned,

⁴ —*At Apothecaries.*] I suppose at Apothecaries' Hall. The modern copies read silently—at th' apothecary's.

⁵ *Petron.* I hear you, whore.

Livia. It must be his then, sir;

For need will then compel me.] There is little if any sense in this passage as it stands. We should read:

—— I must be his then, sir,

For need will then compel me.

And Livia's meaning is, If I must be a whore, I must first be his wife, and then need will compel me to become so.—*Mason.*

⁶ *Livia.* *He will undo me, &c.*] This speech is only in first folio.—Ed. 1778.

This whole month yet, to marry.

Petron. This is monstrous!

Petru. This shall be done; I'll humour her
a while:

If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.

Soph. When you are once a-bed, all these con-
ditions

Lie under your own seal.

Maria. Do you like 'em?

Petru. Yes;

And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,
I'll ratify 'em.

Coun. Stay! what pledges?

Maria. No, I'll take that oath.

But have a care you keep it!

Cit. 'Tis not now

As when Andrea lived.

Coun. If you do juggle,

Or alter but a letter of these articles

We have set down, the self-same persecution—

Maria. Mistrust him not.

Petru. By all my honesty——

Maria. Enough; I yield.

Petron. What's this inserted here?

Soph. That the two valiant women that com-
mand here

Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers.

Petru. That shall be too;

And if a tun of wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice. I ordain ye all
Paymasters, gentlemen.

Tra. Then we shall have sport, boys!

Maria. We'll meet you in the parlour.

Petru. Ne'er look sad, sir;

For I will do it.

Soph. There's no danger in't.

Petru. For Livia's article, you shall observe it ;
I have tied myself.

Petron. I will.

Petru. Along then !—Now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter TRANIO *and* ROWLAND.

Tra. Come, you shall take my counsel.

Rowl. I shall hang first !

I'll no more love, that's certain ; 'tis a bane,
Next that they poison rats with, the most mortal.
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense ; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me,
Some serious point of learning or my state ;
No more *ah-me's*, and *misereri's*, Tranio, ⁷

⁷ — *ay-me's*, and mistresses, *Tranio.*] For *mistresses* the first copy has *miseries*, which the reader may perhaps think the true reading: I imagine the word wants but a syllable, which I would restore thus,

No more ay-me's and misereri's, Tranio.

Come near my brain. I'll tell thee; had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ache worser than his horns
do,

And firk him^s with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee; there is no-
thing

(It may be thy case, Tranio, therefore hear me)
Under the sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy——

Tra. Whither wilt thou, Rowland?

Rowl. As 'tis to be in love.

Tra. And why, for Virtue sake?

Rowl. And why, for Virtue's sake! Dost thou
not conceive me?

Tra. No, by my troth.

Rowl. Pray then, and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't. I'll tell thee why too,
For I have hope to save thee: When thou lovest,
And first beginu'st to worship the gilt calf,
Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And, like a 'prentice, flung away thy freedom;
Forthwith thou art a slave.

Tra. That's a new doctrine.

Rowl. Next, thou'rt no more man.

Tra. What then?

And to confirm this, in Act V. S. II. of this very play, we have
the very expression repeated again.

“——— *The two Fish Streets,*
Were she (Maria) but once arrived amongst the whitings,
Would sing a woful misereri, Pedro.”—Simpson.

And firk him.] i. e. tease, irritate him. Our authors are re-
markably fond of this word with its various meanings.

Rowl. A frippery ;
 Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,
 Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber ;⁹
 If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
 Yet thou wilt lose thy language.¹

Tra. Why ?

Rowl. Oh, Tranio !

Those things in love ne'er talk as we do.

Tra. No ?

Rowl. No, without doubt ; they sigh, and shake
 the head,

And sometimes whistle dolefully.

Tra. No tongue ?

Rowl. Yes, Tranio, but no truth in't, nor no
 reason :

And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
 You shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em,
 (Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot,)
 Such gibb'rish ; such, *believe me—I protest, sweet—*
And, oh, dear Heavens, in which such constellations
Reign at the births of lovers—This is too well !
And, deign me, lady, deign me, I beseech you.

⁹ A frippery ;

Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,

Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber.] A frippery is a usual term for an old clothes'-shop, but frequently applied to the apparel of a gallant. In Ford's *Lady's Trial*, (ed. 1811, vol. II. 268,) Benatzi exclaims, "Cut-throats, by the score, abroad, come home, and rot in *fripperies*."—*Rose* refers to the great roses anciently worn in shoes. So in Middleton and Dekker's *Roaring Girl*, "Have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villainous splay-feet, for all their *great roses*?"—A *swabber* is well known to be the boy who sweeps the deck of a ship ; but the precise allusion in the text is rather obscure.

¹ *If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,*

Yet thou wilt lose thy language.] That is, if you can love so prudently and thriftily as to preserve thy making, yet thou wilt lose thy language.—*Mason.*

Your poor unworthy lump—and then she licks him.

Tra. A pox on't, this is nothing!

Rowl. Thou hast hit it.

Then talks she ten times worse, and wries,² and wriggles,

As though she had the itch (and so it may be.)

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

Rowl. Of mine own follies, Tranio.

Tra. Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?

Rowl. I think so, certain;

And, if I be not dead-drunk, I shall keep it.

Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think
of women?

Rowl. Why, as I think of fiddles; they delight
me,

Till their strings break.

Tra. What strings?

Rowl. Their modesties,

Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they are like
kits,

They have but four strings to 'em.³

Tra. What wilt thou

Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same woman still?

Rowl. Give me the money;

A hundred, and my bond for't.

Tra. But pray hear me;

I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?

Rowl. Do, do; give me the money.

Tra. There!

² — wries, and wriggles.] To wrie, is the same as our *writhe*, and from the verb the adverb *awry* seems to be derived. It occurs in a less delicate sense in *Cymbeline*, (ed. 1803, XVIII, 597.)

³ — they are like kits,

That have but four strings to 'em.] A kit is a small dancing-master's fiddle, and the word still in use.

Rowl. Work, Tranio.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.

Rowl. Yes, straight.

This is the first good I e'er got by woman.

Tra. You would think it strange now, if another
beauty

As good as hers, say better——

Rowl. Well?

Tra. (Conceive me,

This is no point o' th' wager.)

Rowl. That's all one.

Tra. Love you as much, or more, than she now
hates you.

Rowl. 'Tis a good hearing! Let 'em love: Ten
pound more,

I never love that woman.

Tra. There it is;

And so an hundred, if you lose.

Rowl. 'Tis done!

Have you another to put in?

Tra. No, no, sir.

Rowl. I'm very sorry. Now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for th' bell;⁴ I'm sure
I am in excellent case to win.

Tra. I must have leave

To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.

Rowl. Ten pound more,

I ne'er believe you.

Tra. No, sir; I am stinted.

⁴ — *Now will I erect*

A new game, and go hate for th' bell.] I suppose this alludes to the common expression—*to bear the bell*, which probably alludes to the bell-wether of a flock. In the same manner the text may mean—"I will invert the usual practice of the game; and, instead of causing myself to be generally beloved, I will endeavour to obtain renown, by being the first in the rank of woman-haters."—It is, however, possible that both expressions allude to some obsolete game.

Rowl. Well, take your best way then.

Tra. Let's walk. I am glad
Your sullen fever's off.

Rowl. 'Shalt see me, Tranio,
A monstrous merry man now. Let's to the wed-
ding;

And, as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches, and their works.

Tra. I will.

Rowl. And do thy worst.

Tra. Something I'll do——

Rowl. Do, Tranio.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Petruchio.

Enter PEDRO and JAQUES.

Pedro. A pair of stocks bestride 'em! are they
gone?

Jaques. Yes, they are gone; and all the pans i'
th' town

Beating before 'em. What strange admonitions
They gave my master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!

Pedro. O' my conscience,
He has found his full match now.

Jaques. That I believe too.

Pedro. How did she entertain him?

Jaques. She look'd on him——

Pedro. But scurvily.

Jaques. With no great affection
That I saw : And I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty ; and some copies
Say, but her cheek.

Pedro. Jaques, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now ?

Jaques. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,
Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, against players,⁵
And to as good a tune too ; but against her,
“ That Heaven would bless me from her ! ” Mark
it, Pedro ;

If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those Amorites
That came to back her cause, those heathen
whores,
Had their hoods hallowed with sack.

Pedro. How devilish drunk they were !

Jaques. And how they tumbled, Pedro ! Didst
thou mark

The country cavaliero ?

Pedro. Out upon her,

⁴ *Full us many prayers*

As the most zealous Puritan conceives

----- *against players.*] In a preceding scene of this drama, Fletcher ridicules the aversion of these methodists of old against morris-dancers and may-poles. Here he alludes to their persecution, which has continued to the present day, of the players. The railleries of Stephen Gosson, Stubbes, and some others, had appeared before this time ; but the day was not yet come when Prynne sallied forth with his *Histriomastix*, and when the triumphant Puritans utterly proscribed those apostles of Satan, as they denominated them. In the present scene, Fletcher seems to have thrown the glove of defiance before these pious foes, by introducing the most disgusting obscenity. See the introduction to this comedy.

How she turn'd down the bragget!⁶

Jaques. Ay, that sunk her.

Pedro. That drink was well put to her: What a somersalt,⁷

When the chair fell, she fetch'd with her heels upward!

Jaques. And what a piece of landskip she discover'd!

Pedro. Didst mark her when her hood fell in the posset?

Jaques. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy. The tumbrel,⁸

When she had got her ballast——

Pedro. That I saw too.

Jaques. How fain she would have drawn on Sophocles

To come aboard, and how she simper'd it——

Pedro. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.⁹

Jaques. I' th' heat of summer, there had been some hope on't.

Pedro. Hang her!

⁶ *Bragget.*] So the first folio. Bragget is a Welsh drink, made of mead and ale sweetened with honey. It is mentioned thus in Taylor the Water Poet's *Drinke and Welcome*:

“ *Braggot*, that can teach a cat to speak,
And poore Pomperkin impotent and weak.”

⁷ *Sober salt.*] So the first folio; corrected in the second. The nature of a *somerset*, as the word is now corrupted, is well known,

⁸ *The tumbrel.*] A *tumbrel* is a kind of bum-boat unfit for sailing.—*Mason.*

See *Petruchio's* soliloquy at the close of this act.

⁹ — *striker.*] This word was generally used for one who borrows money, or picks a purse, but here in an obscene sense.

Jaques. She offer'd him a Harry-groat,¹ and
 belch'd out,
 Her stomach being blown with ale, such court-
 ship,
 Upon my life, has given him twenty stools since.
 Believe my calculation, these old women,
 When they are tipp'd, and a little heated,
 Are like new wheels; they'll roar you all the
 town o'er
 Till they be greased.

Pedro. The city cinque-pace,²
 Dame Toast-and-Butter, had the bob too.

Jaques. Yes:
 But she was sullen drunk, and giv'n to filching;
 I see her offer at a spoon.—My master!
 I do not like his look; I fear he has fasted,
 For all this preparation: Let's steal by him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?

Petru. Not touch her.

Soph. Where was your courage?

Petru. Where was her obedience?

Never poor man was shamed so; never rascal

¹ — *a Harry-groat.*] This groat, which was struck in the time of Henry VIII., bears the head of the king, with a long face and long hair. So in A. IV. S. II. of this play:

“Two Harry-groats that had their faces worn.”

² — *cinque-pace.*] The second folio and the modern copies have it—cinque-a-pace. *Cinque-Pace*, as Sir John Hawkins observes, is “the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five.” It is generally spelt—*sink-a-pace*, and the quibble in the text need not be explained. *To have the bob*, seems to be the same as the vulgar phrase, to be cut, *i. e.* drunk.

That keeps a stud of whores was used so basely.

Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly; do you love her?

Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition I pass'd thee half my land.

Soph. It may be then,
Her modesty required a little violence:
Some women love to struggle.

Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did;
But to no end; I wash'd an Ethiop.
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite——

Soph. 'Tis strange!
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refused a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair terms.

Petru. I shall quit her.

Soph. Used you no more art?

Petru. Yes; I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently,
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatch'd me
Out of the pain I was, (for I was nettled,)
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunts-up³——

Soph. Then she started?

Petru. No more than I do now: Marry, she answer'd,
If I were so disposed, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,
One that might well content a single woman.

Soph. And he should tilt her?

³ — *such* a hunts-up.] See p. 87 of this volume.

Petru. To that sense. And last,
 She bade me yet these six nights look for nothing,
 Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good-night,
 And so good-morrow, and a kiss or two
 To close my stomach; for her vow had seal'd it,
 And she would keep it constant.

Soph. Stay you, stay you!

Was she thus when you woo'd her?

Petru. Nothing, Sophocles,
 More keenly eager: I was oft afraid
 She had been light and easy, she would shower
 Her kisses so upon me.

Soph. Then I fear
 Another spoke's i' th' wheel.

Petru. Now thou hast found me!
 There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh, Patience,
 Preserve me! that I make her not example
 By some unworthy way; as flaying her,
 Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her——

Soph. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her then, and see the heir
 Of spite and prodigality! She has studied
 A way to beggar us both, and by this hand
 She shall be, if I live, a doxy.*

[*MARIA* appears at the door, with a *Servant* and
Woman.

Soph. Fy, sir!

Maria. I do not like that dressing; 'tis too
 poor:

Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
 And betwixt every lace a rich embroidery;
 Line the gown through with plush perfumed, and
 purple

* — a doxy.] Is a cant-word among gypsies for a woman no longer a maid. See vol. III. p. 121.

All the sleeves down with pearl! ⁵

Petru. What think you, Sophocles?
In what point stands my state now?

Maria. For those hangings,
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use; and bespeak
New pieces, of the civil wars of France:
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk-work,
The borders gold.

Soph. Ay, marry, sir, this cuts it.

Maria. That fourteen yards of sattin give my
woman;
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil; ⁶
There's too much silk i' th' lace too. Tell the
Dutchman,
That brought the mares, he must with all speed
send me
Another suit of horses; and, by all means,
Ten cast of hawks for th' river: I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound, and flying;
For the next winter I am for the country,
And mean to take my pleasure. Where's the
horseman?

Petru. She means to ride a great-horse. ⁷

Soph. With a side-saddle?

Petru. Yes; and she'll run a-tilt within this
twelvemonth.

⁵ ——— purfle

All the sleeves down with pearl.] To *purfle* means to embroider, and is used by Milton and Dryden.

⁶ *I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil.*] Civil was continually used for solemn, grave, sober. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— Come, *civil* Night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.”

⁷ *She means to ride a great-horse.*] The great-horse, (anciently the *destrere*,) is the tournament and war-horse, in opposition to the palfrey and hunting-nag.

Maria. To-morrow I'll begin to learn: But
 pray, sir,
 Have a great care he be an easy doer;
 'Twill spoil a scholar else.

Soph. An easy doer!⁸
 Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes; I shall meet her morals
 Ere it be long, I fear not.

Maria. [*Entering.*] Oh, good morrow!

Soph. Good morrow, lady! How is't now?

Maria. 'Faith, sickly;
 This house stands in an ill air——

Petru. Yet more charges?

Maria. Subject to rots and rheums; out on't!
 'tis nothing

But a tiled fog.

Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?

Maria. I like the seat, but 'tis too little.—So-
 phocles,

Let me have thy opinion; thou hast judgment.

Petru. 'Tis very well!

Maria. What if I pluck it down,
 And build a square upon it, with two courts
 Still rising from the entrance?

Petru. And i' th' midst
 A college for young scolds.

Maria. And to the southward
 Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
 And cast it of the Italian fashion, hanging?

Petru. An you could cast yourself so too—
 Pray, lady,

Will not this cost much money?

Maria. Some five thousand;

⁸ *An easy doer.*] The clown in *Measure for Measure* enumerates several persons, and observes, they are "All great *doers* in our trade." This will explain the text sufficiently.

Say six. I'll have it battled too⁹——

Petru. And gilt?—*Maria*,
This is a fearful course you take! Pray think on't:
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.

Maria. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more. Build upon't!
Tell me of due obedience? What's a husband?
What are we married for? to carry sumpters?¹
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions as you yours?

Petru. Pray hear me!

Maria. Take two small drops of water, equal
weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in duty?

Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love and credit:
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.

Maria. That's in my making.

Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.

Maria. Yes, it is, *Petruchio*:
For there was never man without our moulding,
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,

⁹ *I'll have it battled too.*] That is, with battlements on the parapet of the roof.

¹ — *to carry sumpters?*] Sumpter is generally used for a pack-horse; but in the present passage, as well as in the following from *Cupid's Revenge*, for the cases or baskets to carry the necessaries of a journey in:

“—— I'll have a horse to leap thee,
And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters*.”

Left any thing, three ages after him,
Good, and his own.

Soph. Good lady, understand him.

Maria. I do too much, sweet Sophocles: He's
one

Of a most spiteful self-condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A bravery dwells in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,
And sooner mischief.

Petru. If I be so sudden,
Do not you fear me?

Maria. No, nor yet care for you;
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you!

Petru. Does this become you now?

Maria. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious
woman,
Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.

Maria. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friends again; take all your
pleasure!

Maria. Now you perceive him, Sophocles.

Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature!

Maria. [To SOPHOCLES.] 'Would I had been so
happy, when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
(For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art
honest)

A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him, and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart!—Wear this for
my sake,

And when thou think'st upon me, pity me;
[Gives him a ring.]

I'm cast away !

[*Exit.*

Soph. Why, how now, man ?

Petru. Pray leave me ;

And follow your advices.

Soph. The man's jealous.

Petru. I shall find a time, ere it be long, to ask
you

One or two foolish questions.

Soph. I shall answer

As well as I am able, when you call me.—

If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,

And if I do not venture, it's—

Farewell, sir !

[*Exit.*

Petru. Pray, farewell!—Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's use ? no wintering
These cattle without straying ? 'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing !
Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd,
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass ? Was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance, in the days
Of my first doting ? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too ? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart ?
Had I not every morning a rare breakfast,
Mix'd with a learned lecture of ill language,
Louder than Tom o' Lincoln ? and at dinner,
A diet of the same dish ? Was there evening
That e'er past over us, without *thou knave*,
Or *thou whore*, for digestion ? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her ? And did Heaven forgive
me,

And take this serpent from me, and am I

Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches!
 Something I must do speedily: I'll die,
 If I can handsomely, for that's the way
 To make a rascal of her. I am sick,
 And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. [Exit.

SCENE III.²

A Room in the House of Petronius.

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, TRANIO, and ROWLAND.

Livia. Then I must be content, sir, with my
 fortune.

Rowl. And I with mine.

Livia. I did not think a look,
 Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
 Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.

Rowl. Come, come, I know your courses!
 There's your gewgaws,
 Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gave
 me:

The money's spent in entertaining you
 At plays, and cherry-gardens.

Livia. There's your chain too.
 But, if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
 I would yet remember you.

² This scene probably suggested a similar one in Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Mistakes*, an extract from which is still acted under the title of *Lovers' Quarrels*. In one of Calderon's comedies a similar scene occurs; but the resemblance of it to that of our author must have been purely accidental.

Bianca. Give him his love, wench ;
The young man has employment for't.

Tra. Fy, Rowland !

Rowl. You cannot *fy* me out a hundred pound
With this poor plot.—Yet, let me ne'er see day
more,

If something do not struggle strangely in me !

Bianca. Young man, let me talk with you.

Rowl. Well, young woman ?

Bianca. This was your mistress once.

Rowl. Yes.

Bianca. Are you honest ?

I see you are young and handsome.

Rowl. I am honest.

Bianca. Why, that's well said. And there's no
doubt your judgment

Is good enough, and strong enough, to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends : Why did you
leave her ?

Rowl. She made a puppy of me.

Bianca. Be that granted :

She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes ;
Love were too serious else.

Rowl. A witty woman !

Bianca. Had you loved me——

Rowl. I would I had !

Bianca. And dearly,

And I had loved you so—You may love worse, sir ;
But that is not material.

Rowl. I shall lose !

Bianca. Some time or other, for variety,
I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the pages ; but have loved you still,
Out of all question, and extremely too :
You are a man made to be loved.

Rowl. This woman

Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.

Bianca. I'll tell you one thing; if I were to choose

A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mother's making would content me;
For o' my conscience she makes good ones.

Rowl. Lady,

I'll leave you to your commendations.—
I am in again, the devil take their tongues!

Bianca. You shall not go.

Rowl. I will. Yet thus far, Livia;
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again.—If I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound. [Apart.

Livia. Good sir, but thus much——

Tra. Turn, if thou be'st a man.

Livia. But one kiss of you;
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.

Rowl. Come; [Kisses her.

I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap.
We'll have one more, and then farewell.

Livia. Farewell!

Bianca. Well, go thy ways! thou bear'st a
kind heart with thee.

Tra. He has made a stand.

Bianca. A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed!

Rowl. I will—I will not. [Exit.

Tra. He's gone; but shot again. Play you but
your part,

And I will keep my promise; forty angels
In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes!) he's yours,
If I have any wit.

Livia. I'll pay the forfeit.

Bianca. Come then; let's see your sister, how
she fares now,

After her skirmish; and be sure Moroso
Be kept in good hand: Then all's perfect, Livia.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the House of Petruccio.

Enter JAQUES and PEDRO.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?
Oh, my sweet master!

Jaques. Run for a physician,
And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro.
*He will die, didle, didle die,*³ if they come not
Quickly; and bring all people that are skilful
In lungs and livers; raise the neighbours,
And all the *aquavitæ*-bottles extant;
And, oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson!
A little of his comfort, ne'er so little—
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush;
There's the best ale.

Pedro. I fly!

[*Exit.*]

Enter MARIA and Servants.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho!
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' chamber,

³ *He will die, didle, didle die.*] These words are probably the ridiculous burden of some obsolete ballad. So in Lord Randal (Jamieson's Ballads, I. 162.)

There was a knight, on a summer's night,
Was riding o'er the lee, diddle,
And there he saw a bonny birdie
Was singing on the tree, diddle.

And take the hangings down, and see the linen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half-hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body
Help down the chests of plate, and some the
wardrobe;

Alas, we are undone else!

Jaques. Pray, forsooth,
And I beseech you, tell me, is he dead yet?

Maria. No, but he's drawing on. Out with the
armour!

Jaques. Then I'll go see him.

Maria. Thou art undone then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me!

Enter SOPHOCLES and PETRONIUS.

Soph. Why, how now, lady? what means this?

Petron. Now, daughter!

How does my son?

Maria. Save all you can, for Heaven sake!

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, and TRANIO.

Livia. Be of good comfort, sister.

Maria. Oh, my casket!

Petron. How does thy husband, woman?

Maria. Get you gone,

If you mean to save your lives: The sickness—

Petron. Stand further off, I pr'ythee!

Maria. Is i' th' house, sir. My husband has it
now:

Alas, he is infected, and raves extremely:

Give me some counsel, friends.

Bianca. Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.

Maria. I have bespoke two women, and the city

Hath sent a watch by this time : ⁴ Meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.

Petron. How long is't
Since it first took him ?

Maria. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I am frightened from my wits !—Oh, here's the
watch.

Pray do your office ; lock the doors up, friends :
And patience be his angel !

Tra. This comes unlook'd for.

Maria. I'll to the Lodge : Some that are kind,
and love me,

I know will visit me.

Petru. [*Within.*] Do you hear, my masters ?
Ho, you that lock the doors up !

Petron. 'Tis his voice.

Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.

Petru. Will ye starve me here ?

Am I a traitor, or an heretic ?

Or am I grown infectious ?

Petron. Pray, sir, pray !

Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.

Maria. Pray have patience !

You shall want nothing, sir.

Petru. I want a cudgel,

And thee, thou wickedness !

Petron. He speaks well enough.

Maria. He had ever a strong heart, sir.

⁴ — *The city*

Hath sent a watch by this time.] Whenever the plague was known to rage in a house, the city-officers placed a guard before the door to prevent any one entering it during a period of forty days.

Petru. Will ye hear me? First, be pleased
 To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
 Every man's several voice: You that spoke first,
 I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;
 And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray mark me,
 Is my damn'd wife Maria.
 If any man misdoubt me for infected,
 There is mine arm, let any man look on't!
 [*Thrusts his arm out of a window.*]

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Doctor. Save ye, gentlemen!

Petron. Oh, welcome, doctor!
 You come in happy time. Pray, your opinion!
 What think you of his pulse?

Doctor. It beats with busiest, [*Feels his pulse.*]
 And shews a general inflammation,
 Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever.
 Take twenty ounces from him.

Petru. Take a fool!
 Take an ounce from mine arm, and doctor Deuz-
 ace,
 I'll make a close-stool of your velvet costard!^s—
 Pox, gentlemen, do you make a May-game on me?
 I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
 As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
 As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
 Or, as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
 And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.

[*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*]

Petron. Nay, we'll go with you, doctor.

^s — *your velvet costard.*] *Costard* was a common appellation for the head. The term *velvet* alludes to the caps worn by physicians. In the next line, the folios have only a bar for the word *pox*, and the exclamation on the next page but one—*By Heaven*, is indicated in the same manner.

Maria. 'Tis the safest.

I saw the tokens, sir.

Petron. Then there's but one way.³

Petru. Will it please you open?

Tra. His fit grows stronger still.

Maria. Let's save ourselves, sir;
He's past all worldly cure.

Petron. Friends, do your office!

And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way, may win it, let him have it.

Farewell, and pray, my honest friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Petru. Why, rascals!

Friends! gentlemen! thou beastly wife! Jaques!
None hear me? Who's at the door there?

1 Watch. Think, I pray, sir,
Whither you are going, and prepare yourself.

2 Watch. These idle thoughts disturb you: The
good gentlewoman,
Your wife, has taken care you shall want nothing.

Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me!
Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miss,
If I miss three. Ye come here to assault me!
I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant——

2 Watch. That's an ill sign!

1 Watch. He draws on; he's a dead man!

Petru. And sleep as soundly—Will you look
upon me?

1 Watch. Do you want pen and ink? While
you have sense, sir,
Settle your state.⁶

Petru. Sirs, I am well as you are,
Or any rascal living.

2 Watch. 'Would you were, sir!

⁶ *State.] i. e. Estate.*

Petru. Look to yourselves, and, if you love
your lives,

Open the door. and fly me! for I shoot else;
By Heaven, I'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.

I Watch. Let's quit him!

It may be 'tis a trick. He's dangerous.

2 Watch. The devil take the hindmost, I cry!

[*Exeunt Watch running.*]

Petru. Have among ye!

The door shall open too; I'll have a fair shoot.

[*Bursts the door open, and enters with a fowling-piece.*]

Are ye all gone?—Tricks in my old days! crackers
Put now upon me? And by Lady Green-Sleeves?⁷
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd,
As much as they deserve, against these women,
I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles;
Which are more than a hunted nare'er thought on.
When a man has the fairest and the sweetest
Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? and I'll speak modestly;
He has a quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estate to nothing, never cured,
Nor never dying; he has a ship to venture
His fame and credit in, which if he man not
With more continual labour than a galley,

⁷ —*Lady Green-Sleeves.*] There seem to have been several ballads so called, one of which has been printed by Mr Ellis in his *Specimens of Early Poetry*. The allusion in the text strongly supports the observation of Steevens, (*Shakspeare*, V. 64,) that, "from a passage in the *Loyal Subject* by Beaumont and Fletcher, it should seem that the original was a wanton ditty—

And set our credit to the tune of Green-Sleeves."

To make her tith, either she grows a tumbrel,⁸
 Not worth the cloth she wears, or springs more
 leaks

Than all the fame of his posterity

Can ever stop again.⁹ Out on 'em, hedge-hogs!

He that shall touch 'em has a thousand thorns

Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,

I would do any thing below repentance,

Any base dunghill slavery; be a hangman,

Ere I would be a husband. Oh, the thousand,

Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!

Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,

And those are fools; some, that they are not suf-
 fer'd,

And those are maudlin-lovers; some, like scor-
 pions,

They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs;

Some die with doing good, those benefactors,

⁸ *To make her tith, either she grows a tumbrel.*] The latter word has been explained above, page 331. *Tith* seems to stand for tight, as in the following passage in Monsieur Thomas:

“ — Be sure then
 His tewgh be *tith* and strong.”

⁹ *Can ever stop again.* I could rail twenty days;

Out on 'em, hedge-hogs!

He that shall, &c.] We think it cannot be doubted but that the words *I could rail twenty days*, have been foisted in here by mistake, and have therefore omitted them. They come in their proper place afterwards lower down, where the line runs,

I could rail twenty days together now.

There they complete the measure; here they interrupt it, as well as break in upon sense.—Ed. 1778.

I believe the editors are right. The intervening lines were probably omitted in the representation, and crossed in the prompter's book, and the words in question left as a direction to pass on to where they occur in their place. I have observed similar repetitions several times in these pages.

And leave 'em land to leap away ; some few,
 For those are rarest, they are said to kill
 With kindness and fair usage ; but what they are
 My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
 They're buried in old walls, with their heels up-
 ward.

I could rail twenty days together now !
 I'll seek 'em out ; and if I have not reason,
 And very sensible, why this was done,
 I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't !
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Petronius.

Enter MOROSO and PETRONIUS.

Mor. That I do love her is without all question,
 And most extremely, dearly, most exactly ;
 And that I would even now, this present Monday,
 Before all others, maids, wives, women, widows,
 Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
 As certain too ; but to be made a whim-wham,
 A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' first house, ¹

¹ *A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' first house.]* The first of these expressions is probably the same as our *gim-crack*, or the

For all my kindness to her——

Petron. How you take it!

Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-caps!
Wouldst have her come and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

Mor. Not so, neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she should do;

Put on a clean smock, and to church, and marry,
And then to bed a' God's name! This is fair play,
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave her
bobs

(I have had too many of them) and her quillets,²
She is as nimble that way as an eel;
But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A sow of lead is swifter.³

jiggam-bobs, a low phrase which occurs in our authors' Knight of Malta (A. V. S. II.) and is still common among the vulgar. The word in the text may, with some probability, be traced to *gib*, a cant term for a cat. In the Scornful Lady, the Elder Loveless calls Abigail—Your gibship. A gentleman of the first house, is an expression which occurs in Romeo and Juliet, where Mercutio calls Tybalt, "A gentleman of the very first house," in allusion to his passion for duelling; and again in Fletcher's Women Pleased:

"—— A gentleman's gone then;

A gentleman of the first house; there's the end on't."

The term has been explained—a gentleman of the first rank, one who, as eldest son of the family, has a right to bear the family coat of arms: This, however, does by no means explain the text, except the phrase be used ironically for a boaster, as may also be the case in Romeo and Juliet.

² *Let her leave her bobs, - - - - and her quillets.*] Both these words evidently stand for *tricks*. The latter is generally applied to those of lawyers, and occurs several times in these volumes.

³ *A sow of lead.*] A piece of lead in an oblong shape is so called.

Petron. Quote your griefs down. ⁴

Mor. Give fair quarter : I am old and crazy,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it ;
Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch
me :

But understand me, I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have. If you allow me
Worthy your son-in-law and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit, let me shew so ;
And not be troubled in my visitations
With blows, and bitterness, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing and loud clamour.

Petron. Thou fond man,
Hast thou forgot the ballad, " Crabbed Age ?" ⁵
Can May and January match together,
And never a storm between 'em ? Say she abuse
thee,

Put case she do !

Mor. Well ?

Petron. Nay, believe she does.

Mor. I do believe she does.

⁴ Quotat *your griefs down.*] That is, note them, enumerate them. So in Webster's *White Devil* :

" ——— you possess a book
Wherein you have *quoted* by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the city."

⁵ *Crabbed age.*] The ballad here alluded to is printed amongst the Poems of Shakspeare, and supposed to be one of his productions. It is also preserved in Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I.—*Reed.*

There is very little doubt that the ballad, or rather song, is Shakspeare's. It appears to have had very extensive popularity. May and January, in the ensuing line, obviously refer to *The Merchant's Tale* of Chaucer.

Petron. And devilishly :
Art thou a whit the worse ?

Mor. That's not the matter ;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abused ;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay, more than this ; I find too, and find
certain,
What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or
ouches,⁵
Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,
Waistcoats, embroider'd stockings,⁶ scarfs, cawls,
feathers,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs, and
ribbands,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. 'Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I have done all this, and think
it duty,
Is't requisite another bore my nostrils ?
Riddle me that !

Petron. Go, get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two days, for she is so.
The boy's beside the saddle ! Get warm broths,
And feed apace ! think not of worldly business,

⁵ — *ouches*.] Cotgrave explains *monilles*, “ necklaces, tablets, brouches, or *ouches* ; any such ornaments for the neck.”

⁶ *Waistcoats, embroider'd stockings*,—] See p. 295 and 320. Stubbs, in the passage quoted in this last page, says, that these stockings were “ so curiously knit with open seame down the legge, with quirks and clokes about the ancles, and some time (haply) *interlaced with gold or silver threads*, as is wonderful to behold.”

It cools the blood ; leave off your tricks, they are
hateful,

And mere forerunners of the ancient measures ;
Contrive your beard o' th' top cut, like Verdugo's,
It shews you would be wise ; and burn your night-
cap,

It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance ;
You may eat onions, so you'll not be lavish.]

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood and quicken ;
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,⁷
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove,

Mor. Shall I hope once again ? say it !

Petron. You shall, sir ;
And you shall have your hope.

Mor. Why, there's a match then !

Enter BIANCA and TRANIO.

Bianca. You shall not find me wanting ; get you
gone !

Here's the old man ; he'll think you are plotting
else

Something against his new son. [*Exit* TRANIO.

Mor. Fare you well, sir ! [*Exit.*

Bianca. *An ev'ry buck had his doe,
And ev'ry cuckold a bell at his toe ;
Oh, what sport should we have then, boys, then,
Oh, what sport should we have then !*⁸

⁷ Sweep your mouth.] That is, wash it. The modern editors without any notice read—sweet your mouth.

⁸ This is probably a quotation from some contemporary ditty. The second line may possibly allude to the bells worn about the ancles, and perhaps sometimes at the toes of morris-dancers : the more obvious meaning, however, is, that a bell at the toes of cuckolds would give notice of their approach.

Petron. This is the spirit that inspires 'em all.

Bianca. Give you good even !

Petron. A word with you, sweet lady !

Bianca. I am very hasty, sir.

Petron. So you were ever.

Bianca. Well, what's your will ?

Petron. Was not your skilful hand

In this last stratagem ? Were not your mischiefs
Eking the matter on ?⁹

Bianca. In his shutting up ?

Is that it ?

Petron. Yes.

Bianca. I'll tell you.

Petron. Do.

Bianca. And truly.

Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much.

Petron. I am sorry for your heaviness.

Belike you can repent then ?

Bianca. There you are wide too :

Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way molest me.

Petron. What then, lady ?

Bianca. But that I was not in it, there's my
sorrow,

There ; now you understand me ! for I'll tell you,
It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a height, and excellence, and art,
I have not known a braver ; for, conceive me,
When the gross fool her husband would be sick—

Petron. Pray stay !

⁹ ——— *Were not your mischiefs*

Eking the matter on.] That is, urging, provoking it on. *To eke out* is still a common phrase ; but that in the text has become obsolete.

Bianca. Nay, good, your patience!—And no sense for't,

Then stept your daughter in——

Petron. By your appointment?

Bianca. I would it had, on that condition I had but one half-smock, I like it so well!— And, like an excellent cunning woman, cured me One madness with another; which was rare, And, to our weak beliefs, a wonder.

Petron. Hang you!

For surely, if your husband look not to you, I know what will.

Bianca. I humbly thank your worship! And so I take my leave.

Petron. You have a hand I hear too——

Bianca. I have two, sir.

Petron. In my young daughter's business.

Bianca. You will find there A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets, And play *down-diddle* to her.

Petron. I shall watch you.

Bianca. Do.

Petron. And I shall have justice.

Bianca. Where?

Petron. That's all one;

I shall be with you at a turn henceforward.

Bianca. Get you a posset too; and so good even,
sir!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of Petruchio.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, and PEDRO.

Jaques. And, as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass; pewter, plate, even to the very looking-glasses.

Pedro. And that, that hung for our defence, the armour,
And the March-beer was going too: Oh, Jaques,
What a sad sight was that!

Jaques. Even the two rundlets,¹
The two that was our hope, of muskadel,
Better ne'er tongue tript over, these two cannons,
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, sir,
Even those two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almost cut off clean.

Petru. Go trim the house up,
And put the things in order as they were!

[*Exeunt PEDRO and JAQUES.*

I shall find time for all this!—Could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business:
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to reign her;²

¹ *Rundlets.*] A kind of small barrels.

² *To reign her.*] i. e. to govern her. The old editions spell the word—*rayne*, and the modern copies read—*rein*.

But while she shews all these, and all their losses,
 A kind of linsey-wolsey, mingled mischief³
 Not to be guess'd at, and whether true or bor-
 row'd

Not certain neither—What a hap had I,
 And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
 Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here she comes.

Enter MARIA.

Now, if she have a colour, (for the fault is
 A cleanly one) upon my conscience
 I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
 Certain I married for, her wit: I'll mark her.

Maria. Not let his wife come near him in his
 sickness?

Not come to comfort him? she that all laws
 Of Heaven, and nations, have ordain'd his second,
 Is she refused? and two old paradoxes,
 Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,
 Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,
 That all young wives must follow necessary,
 Having their maidenheads——

Petru. This is an axiom
 I never heard before.

Maria. Or say rebellion,
 If we durst be so foul, (which two fair words,
 Alas, win us from in an hour, an instant,
 We are so easy) make him so forgetful
 Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
 As to deny his wife a visitation?
 His wife, that, though she was a little foolish,

³ *But while she shews all these, and all their losses,*

A kind of linsey-wolsey, mingled mischief.] That is, while she shows all these bad qualities, and at the same time the want of them all.—Mason.

Loved him, oh, Heaven, forgive her for't! nay
doted,

Nay, had run mad, had she not married him?

Petru. Though I do know this falser than the
devil,

I cannot choose but love it.

Maria. What do I know

But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd
him?

In what a case had I been then! I dare not
Believe him such a base, debosh'd companion,⁴
'That one refusal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this sickness out of need,
And take a keeper to him of fourscore
To play at billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together.⁵ Not come near him?

Petru. This woman would have made a most
rare Jesuit;

She can prevaricate on any thing;
'There was not to be thought a way to save her,
In all imagination, beside this.

Maria. His unkind dealing, which was worst
of all,

In sending, who knows whither, all the plate,
And all the household-stuff, had I not cross'd it,
By a great providence, and my friends' assistance,
Which he will one day thank me for—Alas,

⁴ ——— [*Such a base debosh'd companion.*] The last word is equivalent to *fellow*. Deboshed was the usual way of spelling and pronouncing *debauch'd*.

⁵ *One that mew'd content,*

And all her teeth together.] *Mew'd* is a term of falconry, signifying originally, shut up in a cage; but as the hawks in such a situation were apt to shed their feathers, it was also, as in the text, used in the sense of *losing* the feathers. *Content* signifies often contentment, here the quality of giving contentment, which *Maria* says the old woman of fourscore *mew'd*, (lost) together with "all her teeth." But the text is very obscure, and we hardly hope to have elucidated it.

I could have watch'd as well as they, have served
him

In any use, better, and willinger :

The law commands me to do it, Love commands
me,

And my own duty charges me.

Petru. Heaven bless me !

And, now I have said my prayers, I'll go to her.—
Are you a wife for any man ?

Maria. For you, sir,

If I were worse, I were better : That you are well,
At least that you appear so, I thank Heaven,
Long may it hold ! and that you are here, I am
glad too :

But that you have abused me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled—
Never look strangely on me ; I dare tell you—
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners—

Petru. Holla ! you kick too fast.

Maria. Was I a stranger ?

Or had I vow'd perdition to your person ?

Am I not married to you ? Tell me that !

Petru. I would I could not tell you !

Maria. Is my presence,

The stock I come of, which is worshipful,—
If I should say right worshipful I lied not,
My grandsire was a knight—

Petru. O' the shire ?

Maria. A soldier,

Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a grasier
That ran away with pay !—Or am I grown,
Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your presence ?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me !

Maria. And two death's heads,
Two Harry-groats that had their faces worn,⁶
Almost their names away too——

Petru. Now hear me !
For I will stay no longer.

Maria. This you shall !
However you shall think to flatter me
For this offence, (which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so)
Whatever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your land can purchase,
What all your friends or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it. Now your will, sir !

Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think
living,
I am sure the lewdest!⁷ Now be still, and mark me !
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I should now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,
Thou most poor, paltry, spiteful whore—Do you
cry ?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.

Maria. Your pleasure !

Petru. Was it not sin enough, thou fruitereſs,
Full of the fall thou eat'st, thou devil's broker,
Thou seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of vengeance with a thread hung
o'er us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance, was it not vexation
At all points, *cap-a-piè*—Nay, I shall pinch you !—

⁶ *Two Harry-groats that had their faces worn.*] See p. 332.

⁷ *Lewdest.*] i. e. the most wicked ; an old sense of the word.

Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse
 The name of Heaven, the tie of marriage,
 The honour of thy friends, the expectation
 Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
 Childish and base rebellion? but, continuing
 After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief?
 And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,
 And the dear reservation of his honour,
 Nothing above-ground could have won to hate
 thee?

Well, go thy ways!

Maria. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first:
 What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou thing,
 Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primrose,
 That two hours after art a weed, and wither'd,
 For this last flourish on me? Am I one
 Selected out of all the husbands living,
 To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?⁸
 Am I so blind, and bed-rid? I was mad,
 And had the plague, and no man must come near
 me!

I must be shut up, and my substance 'bezzled,
 And an old woman watch me!

Maria. Well, sir, well;
 You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my
 plot,

I must undo myself, forsooth! Dost hear me?
 If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
 Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,
 Dost thou not cry, *Come beat me?*

Maria. I defy you!
 And, my last loving tears, farewell! The first stroke,

⁸ *A tit of ten-pence.*] I suppose in allusion to the price given to the lowest order of prostitutes.

The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
 (Try me, and you shall find it so) for ever,
 Never to be recall'd, (I know you love me,
 Mad till you have enjoy'd me,) I do turn
 Utterly from you ; and what man I meet first,
 That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
 Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,
 Shall kill you, and enjoy me. What I have said
 About your foolish sickness, ere you have me
 As you would have me, you shall swear is certain,
 And challenge any man that dares deny it ;
 And in all companies approve my actions.
 And so, farewell for this time ! [Exit.

Petru. Grief go with thee !

If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
 Saying my prayers backward,⁹ fiends, or fairies,
 That can again unlove me, I am made. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Bianca.

Enter BIANCA and TRANIO.

Tra. Mistress, you must do't.

Bianca. Are the writings ready
 I told you of ?

Tra. Yes, they are ready ;
 But to what use I know not.

Bianca You are an ass,
 You must have all things construed.

⁹ *Saying my prayers backward.] See p. 304.*

Tra. Yes, and pierced too,
Or I find little pleasure.

Bianca. Now you are knavish ;
Go to ! Fetch Rowland hither presently ;
Your twenty pound lies bleeding else ; she's mar-
ried

Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not.
And see the papers of one size !

Tra. I have you.

Bianca. And for disposing of 'em——

Tra. If I fail you,

Now I have found the way, use martial law,
And cut my head off with a hand-saw !

Bianca. Well, sir !

Petronius and Moroso I'll see sent for.

About your business ; go !

Tra. I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Bianca. Ho, Livia !

Enter LIVIA.

Livia Who's that ?

Bianca. A friend of yours. Lord, how you look
now,

As if you had lost a carrack !¹

Livia. Oh, Bianca !

I am the most undone, unhappy woman——

Bianca. Be quiet, wench ! thou shalt be done,
and done,

And done, and double done, or all shall split for't.
No more of these minced passions ! they are mangy,

¹ *A carrack.]* A vessel of great burthen, generally filled with silver and other valuables from the Spanish West-Indies. Hence one of the harbours at Cadiz is called the *Caraccas*. It has not been satisfactorily explained whether the Spanish province in South-America so called derived its name from the appellation of these ships, or *vice versa*.

And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind :
An apple will do more. 'Thou fear'st Moroso ?

Livia. Even as I fear the gallows.

Bianca. Keep thee there still !

And you love Rowland ? say.

Livia. If I say not,
I am sure I lie.

Bianca. What wouldst thou give that woman,
In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy father's policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a bed together ?

Livia. How ?

Bianca. Why, fairly,
At half-sword, man and wife :—Now the red blood
comes !

Ay, marry, now the matter's changed.

Livia. Bianca,
Methinks you should not mock me.

Bianca. Mock a pudding !
I speak good honest English, and good meaning.

Livia. I should not be ungrateful to that woman.

Bianca. I know thou wouldst not : Follow but
my counsel,

And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune,
Let me never know a good night more ! You must
Be very sick o' th' instant.

Livia. Well, what follows ?

Bianca. And in that sickness send for all your
friends,

Your father and your fever, old Moroso ;
And Rowland shall be there too.

Livia. What of these ?

Bianca. Do you not twitter yet ? Of this shall
follow

That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses as the merchants

Do dollars to the East-Indies: You shall know all;
But first walk in and practise; pray, be sick.

Livia. I do believe you, and I am sick.

Bianca. Do.

To bed then; come!—I'll send away your servants
Post for your fool, and father: And, good Fortune,
As we mean honesty, now strike an up-shot!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter TRANIO and ROWLAND.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my
money;

But that's all one: I'll never more persuade you;
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.

Rowl. But did she send for me?

Tra. You dare believe me?

Rowl. I cannot tell; you have your ways for
profit

Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.

Tra. No, on my word, sir,
I deal directly with you.

Enter Servant hastily.

Rowl. How now, fellow?
Whither post you so fast?

Serv. Oh, sir, my master!
Pray did you see my master?

Rowl. Why your master?

Serv. Sir, his jewel——

Rowl. With the gilded button?

Serv. My pretty mistress Livia——

Rowl. What of her?

Serv. Is fallen sick o' the sudden——

Rowl. How, o' th' sullens?

Serv. O' th' sudden, sir, I say; very sick.

Rowl. It seems she hath got the tooth-ache
with raw apples.

Serv. It seems you have got the head-ache:
Fare you well, sir!

You did not see my master?

Rowl. Who told you so?

Tra. No, no; he did not see him.

Rowl. Farewell, blue-bottle.²— [*Exit Servant.*
What should her sickness be?

Tra. For you, it may be.

Rowl. Yes, when my brains are out, I may be-
lieve it;

Never before, I am sure. Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of honesty.

Tra. It will so.

Rowl. It may be not too; you would fain be
fingering

This old sin-offering of two hundred, 'Tranio:
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a deer to th' toil! yet I may leap it;
And what's the woodman then?

Tra. A loser by you.

Speak, will you go or not? To me 'tis equal.

² *Farewell, blue-bottle.*] In allusion to the dress of servants, who in ancient times were generally habited in blue. The term, as Dr Farmer observes, is derived from the great flesh-fly, vulgarly called—a *blue-bottle*.

Rowl. Come ; what goes less ?³

Tra. Nay, not a penny, Rowland.

Rowl. Shall I have liberty of conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses ?
Hang me, if I affect her ;⁴ yet, it may be,
This whoreson manners will require a struggling,
Of two and twenty, or, by'r Lady, thirty.

Tra. By'r Lady, I'll require my wager then.
For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
I have lost my speculation : I'll allow you——

Rowl. Speak like a gamester now.

Tra. It may be two.

Rowl. Under a dozen, Tranio ; there's no setting :
You shall have forty shillings, wink at small faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest,
I do it but to vex her.

Tra. I'll no by-blows.

If you can love her, do ; if you can hate her,
Or any else that loves you——

Rowl. Pr'ythee, Tranio !

Tra. Why, farewell, twenty pound ! 'twill not
undo me ;

You have my resolution.

Rowl. And your money :

Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent,⁵ and break my shins

³ *Come ; what goes less.*] It has been before observed, that *to go less* was a term at cards and other games.

⁴ *Hang me if I affect her.*] To affect is continually used for to love.

⁵ *Make me a Jack o' Lent, and break my shins.*] It has been already observed, that a *Jack o' Lent* was a puppet at which boys in the Lent season threw cudgels.

For untagg'd points⁶ and counters! I'll go with
you;

But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain—
A parting kiss is lawful?

Tra. I allow it.

Rowl. Knock out my brains with apples. Yet,
a bargain?

Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.

Rowl. Thou art the strangest fellow!

Tra. That's all one.

Rowl. Along then! Twenty pound more, if thou
darest,

I give her not a good word!

Tra. Not a penny

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the House of Petruchio.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, and PEDRO.

Petru. Pr'ythee, entreat her come; I will not
trouble her

Above a word or two.

[*Exit* PEDRO.

Ere I endure

This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,

⁶ *Untagg'd points.*] These *points*, like those in the following passage of the *Winter's Tale*, are "laces with metal tags to them," as explained by Malone:—"He hath ribbands with all the colours i' the rainbow; *points*, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle."

I'll go to plough again, and eat leek-porridge !
 (Begging's a pleasure to't, not to be number'd.)
 No, there be other eountries, Jaques, for me,
 And other people ; yea, and other women :
 If I have need, " here's money," " there's your
 ware,"

Which is fair dealing ; and the sun, they say,
 Shines as warm there as here ; and till I have lost
 Either myself or her—I care not whether,
 Nor which first——

Jaques. Will your worship hear me ?

Petru. And utterly outworn the memory
 Of such a curse as this, none of my nation
 Shall ever know me more.

Jaques. Out, alas, sir,
 What a strange way do you run !

Petru. Any way,
 So I out-run this rascal.

Jaques. Methinks now,
 If your good worship could but have the pa-
 tience——

Petru. The patience ? why the patience ?

Jaques. Why, I'll tell you ;
 Could you but have the patience——

Petru. Well, the patience.

Jaques. To laugh at all she does, or, when she
 rails,

To have a drum beaten o' the top o' th' house,
 To give the neighbours warning of her larum,
 As I do when my wife rebels——

Petru. Thy wife ?

Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber ;
 The dead of night's not stiller——

Jaques. Nor an iron-mill.

Petru. But thy wife is certain——

Jaques. That's false doctrine ;
 You never read of a certain woman.

Petru. Thou know'st her way.

Jaques. I should do, I am sure ;
I have ridden it night and day, this twenty year.

Petru. But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningness,⁷ the rainbow,
When she hangs bent in Heaven, sheds not her
colours

Quicker, and more, than this deceitful woman
Weaves in her dyes of wickedness.

Enter PEDRO.

What says she ?

Pedro. Nay, not a word, sir ; but she pointed
to me,
As though she meant to follow. Pray, sir, bear it
Even as you may : I need not teach your worship
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal——

Petru. What ails the fellow ?

Pedro. And no doubt she may, sir——

Petru. What may she ? or what does she ? or
what is she ?

Speak and be hang'd !

Pedro. She's mad, sir.

Petru. Heaven continue it !

Pedro. Amen, if't be his pleasure.

Petru. How mad is she ?

⁷ ———*Such a drench of balderdash,*

Such a strange carded cunningness.] Balderdash is a vulgar word for a confused medley either of words or things. So in Taylor the Water Poet's Drink and Welcome :

——— Now and then in beer and *balderdash*
Her lips she dips, and clean her entrails wash.

Carded is used metaphorically for mixed, from the technical term of carding wool, or working it with a card, and in this manner mixing coarse and fine wool together.

Pedro. As mad as heart can wish, sir : She has
dress'd herself

(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i' th' suburbs^b
For single money, and as dirtily :
If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.

Petru. What new way's this ?

Pedro. There came in master Sophocles——

Petru. And what

Did master Sophocles, when he came in ?
Get my trunks ready, sirrah ! I'll be gone straight.

Pedro. He's here to tell you.—
She's horn mad, Jaques.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Call you this a woman ?

Petru. Yes, sir, she is a woman.

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had made experience.

Soph. Yes, I did so,
And almost with my life.

^b ——*Those that multiply i' th' suburbs.*] It was usual formerly in this kingdom, as it is still in some continental towns, to confine prostitutes to the outskirts of the town. To this practice there is another allusion on the next page. In *Measure for Measure*, the Bawd hearing the mandate of Angelo, exclaims,—“ But shall all our houses *in the suburbs* be pulled down ?” In an old ballad, entitled, “ A fayre Portion for a fayre Maid,” in which one of these harlots boasts the luxury of her life when compared with that she had led in the country : she says,

“ In the pleasant'st place the *suburbs* yield,
My lodging is prepared,
I can walk forth into the fields,
Where beauties oft are aired.”

Petru. You rid too fast, sir.

Soph. Pray, be not mistaken: By this hand,
Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know! 'Tis true, she gave me
A ring——

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceived still:
Believe me, I ne'er kiss'd her since; and now
Coming in visitation like a friend,
(I think she's mad, sir) suddenly she started,
And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife
out,

To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?

Soph. As I am here, sir.

Petru. I believe you honest;
And pray continue so.

Enter MARIA.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now, damsel,
What will your beauty do, if I forsake you?
[*She makes signs.*
Do you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess then,
You'll walk abroad this summer, and catch cap-
tains;

Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' suburbs,
And keep a nest of nuns?

Soph. Oh, do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is.

Petru. She's dogged,
And in a beastly case, I am sure.—I'll make her,
If she have any tongue, yet tattle.—Sophocles,
Pr'ythee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well; and when thou hast done, but
tell me

(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.

Soph. I'll tell you,
I have seen a sweeter——

Petru. An hundred times, cry oysters.
There's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars,
Runs on her breech, may be an empress to her.

Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

Petru. Never a whit, sir.—
I'll tell thee, woman, for now I have day to see
thee,

And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping;
I know you are well enough.)—Now would I give

[*Apart.*

A million but to vex her!—When I chose thee
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble⁹
Than twenty terms can come to; such a cause,
Of such a title and so everlasting,
That Adam's genealogy may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I took a leprosy,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession,
And had the devil with thee, if not more;¹
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes:
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and fox from fern-bush,
That would have married thee?

Soph. She's not so ill.

⁹ Took more TROUBLE.] *i. e.* Not took more PAINS, but chose more VEXATION.—Ed. 1778.

¹ ——— Nay worse yet, a possession,
And had the devil with thee, if not more.] A possession means, become possessed of a devil. *If not more*, means, if not more devils than one.—*Mason.*

Petru. She's worse than I dare think of; she's
so lewd

No court is strong enough to bear her cause;
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother: No,
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her,
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration;
Her first form was a ferret's under-ground;
She kills the memories of men.—Not yet?

Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this

Petru. I care not!

Be what she will, the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point, I unty, and thus I loose it;²
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity, farewell! Yet, for you have been
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much,
Though you deserve it well, you shall not beg:
What I ordain'd your jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you, and half my house;
The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also)
Yet to confirm you christian; your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep, I beseech you, it infects our uses:
And now I am for travel.

Maria. Now I love you;

And now I see you are a man, I'll talk to you;
And I forget your bitterness.

Soph. How now, man?

Petru. Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever famous,

² Like this point, I unty, and thus I loose it.] In the present line the point alluded to is a ribband with which the dress of a person, particularly the shoes, was fastened.

Make but this woman all thy wonders!

Maria. Sure, sir,

You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous.

Petru. She'll ship me.

Maria. A way of understanding I long wish'd
for ;

And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back,
sir!

Methinks you look a new man to me now,

A man of excellence; and now I see

Some great design set in you. You may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part

Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you;

Nay, hang about your neck, and, like a dotard,

Urge my strong tie upon you: But I love you,

And all the world shall know it, beyond woman;

And more prefer the honour of your country,

Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect

The uses you may make of other nations,

The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,

The full ability and strength of judgment,

Than any private love, or wanton kisses.

Go, worthy man, and bring home understanding.

Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed
schoolmen.

Maria. For if the merchant through unknown
seas plough

To get his wealth, then, dear sir, what must you

To gather wisdom? Go, and go alone,

Only your noble mind for your companion;

And if a woman may win credit with you,

Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther

The more experience finds you: And go sparing;

One meal a-week will serve you, and one suit,

Through all your travels; for you'll find it certain,

The poorer and the baser you appear,

The more you look through still.

Petru. Dost hear her?

Soph. Yes.

Petru. What would this woman do, if she were
suffer'd

Upon a new religion.³

Soph. Make us Pagans.

I wonder that she writes not.

Maria. Then when time,
And fulness of occasion, have new-made you,
And squared you from a sot into a signor,
Or nearer, from a jade into a courser;
Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,
And I, your glad Penelope——

Petru. That must have
As many lovers as I languages;
And what she does with one i' th' day, i' th' night
Undo it with another.

Maria. Much that way, sir;
For in your absence it must be my honour,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
'The faith and loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why, by my soul,⁴ I would travel;
Did not you mean so?

Petru. Alas, no; nothing less, man;

³ Upon a new adventure.

Soph. Make us nothing.] So the first folio. We have no doubt but the text (which is from the second) is genuine, and that an ideal delicacy caused the variation.—Ed. 1778.

⁴ *Why, by my ——,]* So the folio. The vigilant eye of Sir Henry Herbert watched with peculiar nicety in this play, to expunge any thing that borders upon prophanity, as has been noticed in the preliminary observations.

I did it but to try, sir. She's the devil!
 And now I find it, (for she drives me) I must go.—
 Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?

Maria. Sir, for your house, and, if you please
 to trust me

With that you leave behind——

Petru. Bring down the money!

Maria. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
 I'll govern as a widow. I shall long
 To hear of your well-doing, and your profit;
 And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
 I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,⁵
 Those are the climes must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?—

She'll wish me out o' th' world anon!

Maria. For France

'Tis very fair: Get you aboard to-night, sir,
 And lose no time; you know the tide stays no
 man.

I have cold meats ready for you.

Petru. Fare thee well!

Thou hast fool'd me out o' th' kingdom with a ven-
 geance!

And thou canst fool me in again.

Maria. Not I, sir;

I love you better; take your time, and pleasure.
 I'll see you horsed.

Petru. I think thou would'st see me hang'd too,
 Were I but half as willing.

Maria. Any thing

That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the land's end, So-
 phocles?

And other of my friends, I hope.

Maria. Ne'er doubt, sir;

⁵ *Cataya.*] China was thus denominated in the middle ages.

You cannot want companions for your good.
I am sure you'll kiss me ere I go ; I have business,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going !

For if thou tarriest but another dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy chamber.

Maria. Fare you well, sir !

And bear yourself, I do beseech you once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly and worthily ; 'tis for my credit.
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
(Nothing should make me leave you else) I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die. If you want limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the devil,

That was your first good master, shower his blessing

Upon ye all ! into whose custody——

Maria. I do commit your reformation ;
And so I leave you to your *stilo novo*.⁶ [Exit.

Petru. I will go !—Yet I will not !—Once more,
Sophocles,
I'll put her to the test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then !—Let's seek my father
out,
And all my friends to see me fair aboard :
Then, women, if there be a storm at sea

⁶ *Stilo novo*.] Alluding to the manner in which foreign letters were dated.—*Reed.*

Worse than your tongues can make, and waves
 more broken

Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
 Nothing but tempests, till they crack my keel!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in the House of Petronius. A Table set
 out with ink and paper.*

Enter PETRONIUS and BIANCA.

Bianca. Now whether I deserve that blame you
 gave me,

Let all the world discern, sir!

Petron. If this motion,

I mean this fair repentance of my daughter,
 Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,
 I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
 And I repent.

Bianca. The first touch was her own,
 Taken no doubt from disobeying you;
 The second I put to her, when I told her
 How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,
 Again you might be purchased: Loving woman!

She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point. Yet all my counsel
And comfort in this case could not so heal her,
But that grief got his share too, and she sicken'd.

Petron. I am sorry she's so ill; yet glad her
sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Enter MOROSO.

Bianca. Here comes Moroso.

Petron. Oh, you are very welcome;
Now you shall know your happiness.

Mor. I am glad on't.
What makes this lady here?

Bianca. A dish for you, sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True, Moroso:
Go, get you in, and see your mistress.

Bianca. She is sick, sir;
But you may kiss her whole.

Mor. How?

Bianca. Comfort her.

Mor. Why am I sent for, sir?

Petron. Will you in and see?

Bianca. May be she needs confession.

Mor. By Saint Mary,
She shall have absolution then and penance;
But not above her carriage.

Petron. Get you in, fool! [*Exit MOROSO.*]

Bianca. Here comes the other too.

Enter ROWLAND and TRANIO.

Petron. Now, Tranio!—
Good even to you too! and you are welcome.

Rowl. Thank you.

Petron. I have a certain daughter——

Rowl. 'Would you had, sir!

Petron. No doubt you know her well.

Rowl. Nor never shall, sir:

She is a woman; and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep-fall'n snow.

Petron. Well, that's by th' bye still.
This daughter that I tell you of is fall'n
A little crop-sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.

Rowl. Mine, sir?

Petron. Yes, sir:

Or rather, as it seems, repenting. And there
She lies within, debating on it.

Rowl. Well, sir?

Petron. I think 'twere well you would see her.

Rowl. If you please, sir;

I am not squeamish of my visitation.

Petron. But this I'll tell you, she is alter'd
much;

You'll find her now another Livia.

Rowl. I have enough o' th' old, sir.

Petron. No more fool,

To look gay babies in your eyes,⁷ young Row-
land,

And hang about your pretty neck——

Rowl. I am glad on't,

⁷ *To look gay babies in your eyes.*] This conceit, which seems to be founded in the reflection, which really appears in the iris, of the person placed before it, was a great favourite in the seventeenth century, and has lately been revived by a modern rhymester, distinguished for having done what he could to debase the taste and vitiate the morals of the 19th century, by the polluted effeminacy of his writings.

And thank my fates I have 'scaped such execution.

Petron. And buss you till you blush again.

Rowl. That's hard, sir ;

She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it ;
I never was so boyish. Well, what follows ?

Petron. She's mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her :
Only she would take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wand'ring vow or two,
You left in pawn ; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.

Rowl. She shall have 'em,
With all my heart, sir ; and, if you like it better,
A free release in writing.

Petron. That's the matter ;
And you from her shall have another, Rowland,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you !

Rowl. So be't.—Your twenty pound sweats,
Tranio.

Tra. 'Twill not undo me, Rowland ; do your
worst !

Rowl. Come, shall we see her, sir ?

Bianca. Whate'er she says
You must bear manly, Rowland ; for her sickness
Has made her somewhat teatish.

Rowl. Let her talk
'Till her tongue ache, I care not. By this hand,
Thou hast a handsome face, wench, and a body
Daintily mounted !—Now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I piss'd it.

LIVIA brought in on a bed ; MOROSO by her.

Bianca. Pray draw her softly !^a the least hurry,
sir,

^a *Pray draw 'em softly !]* So the folios read ; but as it is not

Puts her to much impatience.

Petron. How is't, daughter?

Livia. Oh, very sick, very sick; yet somewhat
Better, I hope, a little lightsomer,
Because this good man has forgiven me.
Pray set me higher: Oh, my head!

Bianca. Well done, wench!

Livia. Father, and all good people that shall
hear me,

I have abused this man perniciously;
Was never old man humbled so: I have scorn'd
him,

And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at him,
Flung candles' ends in his beard, and call'd him
Harrow,

That must be drawn to all he does;⁹ contemn'd
him,

For methought then he was a beastly fellow,—

Oh, God, my side!—a very beastly fellow;

And gave it out, his cassock was a barge-cloth,

Pawn'd to his predecessor by a sculler,

The man yet living; I gave him purging comfits
At a great christning once,

That spoil'd his camblet breeches; and one night

I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he pass'd down;

And the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't!)

Even with his reverend head, this head of wisdom,

Told two and twenty stairs, good and true,

Miss'd not a step, and, as we say, *verbatim*

to be supposed that Moroso lay also in the bed, the alteration became obvious.

⁹ *Flung candles' ends in his beard, and call'd him Harrow,*

That must be drawn to all he does.] The allusion contained in the latter part of these lines is probably to the agricultural instrument called the *harrow*, which does its work the better in proportion to the resistance it meets with.

Fell to the bottom, broke his casting bottle,
 Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,
 Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,
 And was translated.¹ All this villainy
 Did I; I, Livia; I alone, untaught.

Mor. And I, unask'd, forgive it.

Livia. Where's Bianca?

Bianca. Here, cousin.

Livia. Give me drink.

Bianca. There.

Livia. Who's that?

Mor. Rowland.

Livia. Oh, my dissembler, you and I must part.
 Come nearer, sir.

Rowl. I am sorry for your sickness.

Livia. Be sorry for yourself, sir: You have
 wrong'd me;

But I forgive you.—Are the papers ready?

Bianca. I have 'em here:—Will't please you
 view 'em?

Petron. Yes.

Livia. Shew 'em the young man too; I know
 he's willing

¹ — broke his casting-bottle,

Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings;

Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,

And was translated.] A casting-bottle contained perfumed liquors, and was so denominated from these being cast upon the ground, or dress. In *Fancies Chaste and Noble* by Ford, Secco enters sprinkling his hat and face with a *casting-bottle*. The superstitious virtues ascribed to the *toad-stone* are well known; and it appears from the text, that a quackish composition under that name was sold by the Brodums and Solomons of those days, at the moderate rate of eighteen shillings; or, the toad-stone may be supposed to have been worn in a ring or seal, and thus lost in Moroso's tumble. *Translated*, in the last line, seems to be used in an indefinite sense, which is not very luminous; perhaps it means—Sent into another region, into temporary insensibility, a swoon.

To shift his sails too ; 'tis for his more advancement :

Alas, we might have beggar'd one another ;
 We are young both, and a world of children
 Might have been left behind to curse our follies ;
 We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,
 Undone for ever. I confess I loved him
 (I care not who shall know it) most entirely ;
 And once, upon my conscience, he loved me :
 But farewell that ! we must be wiser, cousin ;
 Love must not leave us to the world. Have you
 done ?

Rowl. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

Livia. Pray stay then.

Give me the papers, (and let me peruse them,)
 And so much time as may afford a tear
 At our last parting.

Bianca. Pray retire, and leave her ;
 I'll call ye presently.

Petron. Come, gentlemen ;
 The shower must fall.

Rowl. 'Would I had never seen her ! [*Exeunt.*

Bianca. Thou hast done bravely, wench.

Livia. Pray Heaven, it prove so !

Bianca. There are the other papers : When
 they come,

Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
 Hard by your side ; give 'em as little light
 As drapers do their wares.

Livia. Didst mark Moroso,
 In what an agony he was ? and how he cried most
 When I abused him most ?

Bianca. That was but reason.

Livia. Oh, what a stinking thief is this !
 Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
 Directly sick indeed ; Thames-street, to him

Is a mere pomander.²

Bianca. Let him be hang'd!

Livia. Amen!

Bianca. And lie you still;
And once more to your business!

Livia. Call 'em in.—

Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers!

Enter PETRONIUS, ROWLAND, TRANIO, and
MOROSO.

Petron. Is she ready?

Bianca. She has done her lamentations: Pray
go to her.

Livia. Rowland, come near me; and, before
you seal,

Give me your hand: Take it again; now kiss me!
This is the last acquaintance we must have!
I wish you ever happy! There's the paper.

Rowl. Pray stay a little!

Petron. Let me never live more,
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!

Bianca. There's pen and ink, sir.

Livia. Even here, I pray you: 'Tis a little em-
blem

How near you have been to me.

² A mere pomander] *Mere* means absolute. *Pomander* was a ball made of different perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in the times of an epidemic disease, especially the plague. Camphor is used in the same manner at present. Herrick, in a quaint poem in praise of Lady Abdie's fragrance, says,

“ — the meanest part of her
Smells like the maiden *pomander*.”

Rowl. [*Signs.*] There.

Bianca. Your hands too,

As witnesses.

Petron. By any means ; to the book, son.³

Mor. With all my heart. [*Signs.*

Bianca. You must deliver it.

Rowl. There, Livia ; and a better love light on thee !

I can no more.

Bianca. To this you must be witness too.

Petron. We will. [*They sign.*

Bianca. Do you deliver it now.

Livia. Pray set me up.

There, Rowland, all thy old love back ; and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy !

I must no more.

Rowl. Farewell !

Livia. A long farewell ! [*Exit ROWLAND.*

Bianca. Leave her, by any means, till this wild
passion

Be off her head. Draw all the curtains close.

A day hence you may see her ; 'twill be better :
She's now for little company.

Petron. Pray tend her.

I must to horse straight ; you must needs along
too,

To see my son aboard : Were but his wife
As fit for pity as this wench, I were happy.

³ *By any means ; to the book, son.*] The book means the deed which they were to sign. So Glendower says, in the first part of Henry IV.

“ By this our *book* is drawn, we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.”

The *book* here means, the instrument by which Glendower, Percy, and Mortimer, shared the kingdom between them.—*Mason.*

Bianca. Time must do that too. Fare ye well!
 To-morrow
 You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Petruchio's House.

*Enter JAQUES, PEDRO, and porters, with a chest
 and hampers.*

Jaques. Bring 'em away, sirs!

Pedro. Must the great trunks go too?

Jaques. Yes, and the hampers. Nay, be speedy,
 masters!

He'll be at sea before us else.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques!

What a most blessed turn hast thou——

Jaques. I hope so.

Pedro. To have the sea between thee and this
 woman!

Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.

Jaques. By your leave,

We'll get us up to Paris with all speed;

For, on my soul, as far as Amiens

She'll carry blank.⁴ Away to Lyon-key,

And ship 'em presently! we'll follow ye.

⁴ — as far as Amiens

She'll carry blank.] This allusion is to the white mark, or blank, at which archers take aim.

Pedro. Now could I wish her in that trunk.

Jaques. God shield, man !
I had rather have a bear in't.

Pedro. Yes, I'll tell you :
For in the passage, if a tempest take you,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleased the fates, I would have the
 master,
Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
" Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish ;"
Then this for one, as best spared, should by all
 means
Over-board presently.

Jaques. O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us. But, believe me, *Pedro*,
She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever ;
For none would keep her company but dog-fish,
As currish as herself, or porpoises,
Made to all fatal uses : The two Fish-Streets,
Were she but once arrived among the whitings,
Would sing a woful *misereri*, *Pedro*,
And mourn in Poor-John, till her memory
Were cast o' shore again, with a strong sea-breach ;⁵
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-fork,
And all his demi-gods and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemish channel, *Pedro*,
As ever boy was of the school ; 'tis certain,
If she but meet him fair, and were well anger'd,
She would break his god-head.

Pedro. Oh, her tongue, her tongue !

Jaques. Rather her many tongues !

Pedro. Or rather strange tongues !

⁵ — *with strong sea-breach.*] That is, when the sea is tumultuous, full of breakers. This explanation is only introduced for Mr M. Mason, who wishes to read—*sea-breeze*.

Jaques. Her lying tongue!

Pedro. Her lispng tongue!

Jaques. Her long tongue!

Pedro. Her lawless tongue!

Jaques. Her loud tongue!

Pedro. And her liquorish——

Jaques. Many other tongues, and many stranger
tongues

Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,

Were women raised withal; but never a true one.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Home with your stuff again! the jour-
ney's ended.

Jaques. What does your worship mean?

Soph. Your master—Oh, Petruchio! Oh, poor
fellows!

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Soph. Oh, your master's dead,
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,
The grief of her⁶——

Jaques. Has kill'd him?

Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him!

Pedro. Is there no law to hang her?

Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery: I dare not,
For fear impatience seize me, see her more;
I must away again. Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,

⁶ *The grief of—her.*] So the former copies; but surely the dash should be after *her*, instead of before:

“*The grief of her*——

Jaques. *Has kill'd him?*”

The grief of her signifies, *his grief occasioned by her.*—Ed. 1778.

Even to avoid the shame that follows her,
 Cry if she can. Your weeping cannot mend it.
 The body will be here within this hour, (so tell
 her,)

And all his friends to curse her. Farewell, fellows!
 (*Exit.*)

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Jaques. Oh, my worthy master!

Pedro. Oh, my most beastly mistress! Hang
 her—

Jaques. Split her—

Pedro. Drown her directly—

Jaques. Starve her—

Pdro. Stink upon her—

Jaques. Stone her to death! May all she eat be
 eggs,

'Till she run kicking-mad for men!

Pedro. And he,

That man that gives her remedy, pray Heaven
 He may even *ipso facto* lose his longings!⁷

Jaques. Let's go discharge ourselves; and he
 that serves her,

Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
 A Sedgly curse light on him; which is, Pedro,
 "The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd,
 with a scythe at his back!"⁸ [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *Lose his longings.*] So first folio; other copies,
 — *lose his fadding.*—Ed. 1778.

⁸ *A Sedgley curse light on him; which is, Pedro,*
 "The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a scythe
 at his back."] "Sedgley," says Grose, in his Proverbs, "is near
 Dudley, (in Staffordshire,) and is famous for a manufactory of
 bolts, hinges, plough, cart, and fire-irons." In Massinger's City
 Madam, it is quoted as a Scotch saying,

"——— If she speak
 Her language, may the great fiend, booted and spurr'd,
 With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
 Ride headlong down her throat."

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ROWLAND with a deed, and TRANIO stealing behind him.

Rowl. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus!
Upon my life, she loves me still. Well, paper,
Thou only monument of what I have had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia!
Oh, bitter words, I'll read you once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye.— [*Reads.*
How's this? let me look better on't! A contract?
By Heaven, ° a contract, seal'd and ratified,
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!
I do not dream sure! Let me read again;
The same still; 'tis a contract!

Tra. 'Tis so, Rowland;
And, by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound to-morrow.

Rowl. Art sure, Tranio,
We are both alive now?

Tra. Wonder not; you have lost.

Rowl. If this be true, I grant it.

Tra. 'Tis most certain!

There's a ring for you too; you know it?

Rowl. Yes.

° — a contract.] So the folios delicately exhibit the line. On the next page, the same scrupulousness is observed in these copies.

Tra. When shall I have my money ?

Rowl. Stay you, stay you !

When shall I marry her ?

Tra. To-night.

Rowl. Take heed now

You do not trifle with me : If you do,
You'll find more payment than your money comes
to !

Come, swear, (I know I am a man, and find
I may deceive myself,) swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I Rowland ?

Tra. Yes.

Rowl. Am I awake ?

Tra. You are.

Rowl. Am I in health ?

Tra. As far as I conceive.

Rowl. Was I with Livia ?

Tra. You were, and had this contract.

Rowl. And shall I enjoy her ?

Tra. Yes, if you dare.

Rowl. Swear to all these.

Tra. I will.

Rowl. As thou art honest ; as thou hast a con-
science,

As that may wring thee if thou liest ; all these
To be no vision, but a truth, and serious !

Tra. Then, by my honesty, and faith, and con-
science,

All this is certain.

Rowl. Let's remove our places.³

Swear it again.

Tra. By Heaven, it is true.

³ *Let's remove our places.*] This is plainly a sneer at the scene in Hamlet, where (on account of the ghost calling under the stage) the prince and his friends two or three times remove their

Rowl. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I
 am glad on't.
 Let's go; and tell me all, and tell me how,
 For yet I am a pagan in it.

Tra. I have a priest too;
 And all shall come as even as two testers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Petruchio's House.

Enter PETRONIUS, SOPHOCLES, MOROSO, and PE-
 TRUCHIO *borne in a coffin.*

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out!

Enter MARIA *in black, weeping, and* JAQUES.

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes!

situations.—Again, in this play, at the close of Act II. Scene V. Petruchio's saying,

“*Something I'll do; but what it is, I know not!*”

seems to be meant as a ridicule on Lear's passionate exclamation,

“*———— I will do such things—*

What they are, yet I know not!”

J. N.

Mr Nichols is never tired of discovering these sneers, as he calls them, which are, in fact, nothing but innocent parodies. How much would he be delighted had he discovered the following passage in the tragedy of 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, by Shakspeare's imitator, Ford (Act II. Scene II. ed. 1811, I. 39,) “*Work you that way, old mole? then I have the wind of you.*”

There lies your husband ; there, your loving husband ;

There he that was Petruchio, too good for you !
Your stubborn and unworthy way has killed him,
Ere he could reach the sea : If you can weep,
Now you have cause, begin, and after death
Do something yet to the world, to think you honest.

So many tears had saved him, shed in time ;
And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move compassion.

Maria. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable :
'Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause ;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.

Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left
in her.

Maria. But what's the cause ? Mistake me not ;
not this man,
As he is dead, I weep for ; Heaven defend it !
I never was so childish : But his life,
His poor, unmanly, wretched, foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity ; there's my mourning.

Petron. Dost thou not shame ?

Maria. I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was ; to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all gentry,
While he was living here, he walked amongst us.
He had a happy turn, he died ! I'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person ;
The memory of this man, had he lived
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy Autumn flies. But let him rest,
He was a fool, and farewell he ! not pitied,
I mean in way of life, or action,

By any understanding man that's honest,
 But only in his posterity, which I,
 Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him
 In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
 Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
 Denied him means to raise.

Petru. [*Rising.*] Unbutton me! ²

By Heaven, I die indeed else!—Oh, Maria,
 Oh, my unhappiness, my misery!

Petron. Go to him, whore! By Heaven, if he
 perish,

I'll see thee hang'd myself!

Petru. Why, why, Maria—

Maria. I have done my worst, and have my
 end: Forgive me!

From this hour make me what you please: I have
 tamed you,

And am now vow'd your servant. Look not
 strangely,

Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?

Thus I begin my new love. [*They kiss.*]

Petru. Once again!

Maria. With all my heart.

Petru. Once again, Maria!—

Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Soph. Get ye to bed then; there you'll quick-
 ly know, sir.

Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Maria. Never, sir.

Petru. You shall not need; for, as I have a
 faith,

² *Unbutton me!*] It is wonderful that the last editors did not set this down as a sneer upon the dying exclamation of King Lear—"Pray you, undo this button."—"By Heaven," in the following line, as well as in two other instances before the conclusion, is in the folios indicated by a bar.

No cause shall give occasion.

Maria. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour, since you make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.

Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off!

Petru. Go, Jaques,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogsheads blood : I am born again !
Well, little England, when I see a husband
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding ;
And if he have not butter to his bread³
Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.

Enter ROWLAND, LIVIA, BIANCA, and TRANIO.

Petron. What have we here?

Rowl. Another morris, sir,
That you must pipe to.

Tra. A poor married couple
Desire an offering, sir.

Bianca. Never frown at it ;
You cannot mend it now : There's your own hand,
And yours, Moroso, to confirm the bargain.

Petron. My hand?

Mor. Or mine?

Bianca. You'll find it so.

Petron. A trick,
By Heaven, a trick!

Bianca. Yes, sir, we trick'd you.

Livia. Father——

Petron. Hast thou lain with him? Speak!

Livia. Yes, truly, sir.

³ — to thy bread.] So the first folio ; the text is from the second, which is the clearer reading, though either may be adopted.

Petron. And hast thou done the deed, boy ?

Rowl. I have done, sir,
That that will serve the turn, I think.

Petru. A match then !
I'll be the maker-up of this.—Moroso,
There's now no remedy, you see : Be willing ;
For be, or be not, he must have the wench.

Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner ;
And, if I can, I'll drink't away.

Tra. That's well said !

Petron. Well, sirrah, you have play'd a trick :
Look to't,
And let me be a grandsire within this twelve-
month,
Or, by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes !

Rowl. There shall not want my labour, sir.
Your money

Here's one has undertaken.

Tra. Well, I'll trust her ;
And glad I have so good a pawn.

Rowl. I'll watch you.

Petru. Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be
jovial !

I have my colt again, and now she carries :
And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his text.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer's Tamed ; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives :
Nor can the women, from this precedent,
Insult, or triumph ; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more than hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.

THE PILGRIM.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE PILGRIM.

THIS Comedy, which was first printed in the folio of 1647, we have sufficient reason to ascribe to Fletcher solely. The evidence of Gardiner's commendatory verses is not alone sufficient to establish the fact; but the circumstance of its having been performed at court during the Christmas exhibitions, renders any further investigation needless; for it appears, as Mr Malone observes, "from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript, that the new plays, which Fletcher had brought out in the course of the year, were generally represented at court at Christmas." As the present play was represented there in 1621, we need not hesitate to fix upon that year as the date of its production. In the year 1700, Sir John Vanbrugh made some alterations in the comedy for Drury-lane Theatre: "It was agreed, that Dryden, or, as one account says, his son Charles, should have the profits of a third night, on condition of adding to the piece, a secular masque, adapted to the supposed termination of the seventeenth century, a dialogue in the mad-house between two distracted lovers, and a prologue and epilogue." Such is the account of Dryden's last biographer, who adds, that the prologue and epilogue, the first in ridicule of Sir Richard Blackmore, and the latter a more moderate attack upon Jeremy Collier, were produced within twenty days of Dryden's death.¹

The character of Alinda was the second in which the celebrated Mrs Oldfield appeared; and about that period the play seems to have enjoyed great popularity. In 1749, the music of the Secular Masque was set by Dr Boyce, and performed with great success at Drury-lane.² I know not if the *Biographia Dramatica*

¹ Scott's *Life of Dryden*, p. 435.

² *Ibid.*

alludes to this revival, or a previous one, in the following paragraph, as the first edition of that work appeared in 1764, and the second in 1782; and the additions of Mr Reed to the latter are not distinguished from the original matter of Mr Baker. "This comedy, when revived about thirty years ago, together with the *Secular Masque*, by the managers of *Drury-lane Theatre*, though very well, nay, in some of the characters very greatly performed, did not meet with the applause it might reasonably have expected." We learn, however, from the last edition of our authors, printed in 1778, that the play, with *Vanbrugh's* alterations, had "been performed at *Covent-Garden* within a very few years past. It was acted at *Drury-lane Theatre* also while under *Mr Garrick's* management." The latter sentence probably refers to the revival in 1749, mentioned before. At present the play seems to be entirely laid aside, which appears somewhat singular, considering that it is so well calculated for stage effect, and particularly as it gives such opportunity to show a lively female performer to advantage.

The comedy is of a very romantic cast, full of business and lively incidents. The action is never suffered to lag, and, though the frequent changes of disguise may border on the improbable, the effects produced by them are so truly comic, that we have no time to dwell on those improbabilities. *Fletcher* does not seem to have bestowed much labour in delineating the different characters. The angry *Alphonso* is not different from other angry old men; and the two lovers, as well as the heroine, are such as most of the contemporary dramas exhibit. Among the serious scenes, the rescue of *Roderigo* from the peasants by his mortal foe and rival, *Pedro*, with their noble reconciliation, and, above all, the discourse of these two new friends in the last act, when reposing in the forest, are pre-eminent for beauty and natural feeling. The scenes in the *Mad-house*, though sometimes strongly tinged with such filth as the galleries demanded, are in general delineated with great skill; but no comparison should be instituted between the mad-men of *Fletcher* and those of *Shakspeare*.

The plot, from internal evidence, seems to be borrowed from some Italian or Spanish novel, which, however, the editor has not been so fortunate to discover in the course of his researches.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor of Segovia.

Verdugo, a captain under him.

Alphonso, an old angry gentleman.

Curio, }
Seberto, } two gentlemen, friends to Alphonso.

Pedro, the Pilgrim, a noble gentleman, servant to Alinda.¹

An Old Pilgrim.

Roderigo, rival to Pedro, captain of the outlaws.

Lopez, }
Jaques, } two outlaws under Roderigo.

Four other Outlaws.

A Gentleman of the country.

Master and Keepers of the mad folks.

A Scholar,

A Parson,

An Englishman,

Jenkin, a Welshman,

} madmen.

Courtiers, Porter, three Gentlemen, and four Peasants.

Alinda, daughter to Alphonso.

Juletta, Alinda's maid, a witty lass.

Fool.

Ladies.

SCENE,—Segovia, Alphonso's neighbouring Castle, and the circumjacent Country.²

¹ Servant to Alinda.] That is, according to the phraseology of the age—lover. See vol. II. p. 263.

² The principal actors were—Joseph Taylor, Nicholas Toolie, Robert Benfield, John Thompson, John Lowin, John Underwood, George Birch, James Horne,—Folio, 1679.

THE PILGRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Country. A Room in the Castle of Alphonso.

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SEBERTO.

Curio. Signior Alphonso, you are too rugged to her,

Believe, too full of harshness.

Alph. Yes, it seems so!

Seb. A father of so sweet a child, so happy,
(Fy, sir!) so excellent in all endowments,
In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror!

Alph. She is a fool; away!

Seb. Can you be angry?

Can any wind blow rough upon a blossom
So fair and tender? Can a father's nature,
A noble father too——

Alph. All this is but prating:
Let her be ruled; let her observe my humour;
With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen:

I am her father ; I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her——

Curio. No doubt, you may compel her ;
But what a mischievous unhappy fortune
May wait upon this will of yours, as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates and ruins !

Alph. Is't not a man I wish her to ? a strong man ?
What can she have ? what could she have ?¹ a
gentleman ?

A young man ? and an able man ? a rich man ?
A handsome man ? a valiant man ? do you mark me ?
None of your pieced companions, your pined gal-
lants,

That fly to fitters, with every flaw of weather ;
None of your imp'd bravadoes :² What can she
ask more ?

Is't not a mettled man, fit for a woman ?
A strong-chin'd man ? I'll not be fool'd, nor flurtd !

Seb. I grant you, Roderigo is all these,
And a brave gentleman : Must it therefore follow
Upon necessity she must dote upon him ?
Will you allow no liberty in choosing ?

Curio. Alas ! she's tender yet.

Alph. Enough, enough, enough, sir ;
She's malleable, she'll endure the hammer :

¹ *What could she have.*] The modern editors, for what reason they do not inform us, choose to substitute *would* for *could*.

² *None of your pieced companions, your pined gallants, That fly to fitters, with every flaw of weather,*

None of your impt bravadoes.] *Companion* was a very usual phrase, similar to the common appellation, *fellows*, and applied in a degrading sense. *Fitters* has already occurred for pieces, fragments, &c. in the Custom of the Country (vol. II. p. 338.) *Impt*, as has been before observed, is a term of falconry, for inserting artificially new feathers in the wings of hawks for those lost by accident. Hence, *impt bravadoes* means gallants, whose bodies are patched up by artificial means.

And why not that strong workman that strikes
deepest?

Let me know that: She's fifteen, with the vantage,
And if she be not ready now for manage——

Seb. You know he is a banish'd man, an outlaw,
And how he lives; his nature rough and bloody
By customary rapines: Now, her sweet humour,
That is as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses;
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gen-
tle;

How would you have these meet?

Alph. A-bed, a-bed, sir:

Let her be the fairest rose, and the sweetest,
Yet I know this fair rose must have her prickles.
I grant you, Roderigo is an outlaw;
An easy composition calls him in again.
He is a valiant man, and he's a rich man,
And loves the fool; a little rough by custom;
She'll like him ten times better. She'll dote upon
him;

If e'er they come to grappling, run mad for him:
But there's another in the wind, some castrel,
That hovers over her, and dares her daily.³
Some flick'ring slave!

Curio. I dare not think so poorly.

Alph. Something there is, and must be; but I
shall scent it,
And hunt it narrowly.

³ — some castrel,

That hovers over her, and dares her daily.] A *castrel* is a kind of hawk of but little value.—*To dare* is a manner of fowling; the method most in use was by fastening small mirrors on scarlet cloth, by which the attention of the larks was occupied, and the fowler was thus enabled to draw his net over them. From the text it would seem that the term was likewise applicable to falconry.

Seb. I never saw her yet
Make offer at the least glance of affection,
But still so modest, wise——

Alph. They are wise to gull us.
There was a fellow, old Ferando's son,
(I must confess handsome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate,) young Pedro
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make such offers
As if she would shoot her eyes like meteors at him:
But that cause stands removed.

Curio. You need not doubt him,
For long since (as 'twas thought, on a grieved
conscience)
He left his father and his friends; more pity!
For truth reports he was a noble gentleman.

Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a beggar!
And there I'll leave him.

Seb. The more the court must answer.
But certainly I think, though she might favour
him,
And love his goodness, (as he was an honest man,)
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.

Alph. She is so full of conscience too, and charity,
And outward holiness, she will undo me;
Relieves more beggars than an hospital;
And all poor rogues, that can but say their prayers,
And turn their pipes to lamentations,
She thinks she's bound to dance to.

Enter ALINDA and JULETTA.

Good morrow to you!
And that's as you deserve too. You know my mind,
And study to observe it; do it chearfully,
And readily, and home!

Alin. I shall obey you;

But, noble sir——

Alph. Come, come, away with your flatteries,
And your fine phrases——

Curio. Pray you be gentle to her.

Alph. I know 'em, and know your feats! If
you will find me

Noble and loving, seek me in your duty;

You know I am too indulgent——

Seb. Alas, poor lady!

Alph. To your devotions; I take no good thing
from you.—

Come, gentlemen, leave pitying and moaning of
her,

And praising of her virtues, and her whim-whams:
It makes her proud and sturdy. [*Exit.*

Seb. Curio. Good hours wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen: I want such com-
forts.

I would thank you too, father, but your cruelty
Hath almost made me senseless of my duty;
Yet still I must know—'would I had known no-
thing!

What poor attend my charity to-day, wench?

Jul. Of all sorts, madam; your open-handed
bounty

Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth your
pity,

But others that have made a trade of begging.

Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I must give it:
It takes away the holy use of charity

To examine wants.

Jul. I would you would be merry!

A chearful-giving hand, as I think, madam,
Requires a heart as chearful.

Alin. Alas, Juletta,

What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unless we fool our own afflictions,

And make them shew ridiculous?

Jul. Sure, madam,
You could not seem thus serious, if you were married,

Thus sad and full of thoughts.

Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou think'st if there be a young handsome fellow,
As those are plentiful, our cares are quench'd then.

Jul. Madam, I think a lusty handsome fellow,
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,
Is even as good a pill to purge this melancholy,
As ever Galen gave; I am sure more natural,
And merrier for the heart, than wine and saffron:⁴
Madam, a wanton youth is such a cataplasm!

Alin. Who has been thy tutor, wench?

Jul. Even my own thoughts, lady;
For though I be barr'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark,
madam:

'Faith, marry, and be merry.

Alin. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a tetchish girl?
(It may be proud, and to that vice expenceful)
Who can assure himself I shall live honest?

Jul. Let every man take his fortune.

Alin. And, o' my conscience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole kingdom
Will not contain my stock.

Jul. The more the merrier:

'Tis brave to be a mother of new nations.

Alin. Why, I should bury a hundred husbands.

Jul. 'Tis no matter,

⁴ — *wine and saffron.*] From this passage it would appear, that amongst other ingredients which were used to form compound wines, saffron was one. The virtues of it were, probably, supposed to be similar to those attributed to eringoos, parsnips, &c.

As long as you leave sufficient men to stock you.

Alin. Is this thy mirth? are these the joys of marriage?

Away, light-headed fool! are these contentments? If I could find a man——

Jul. You may, a thousand.

Alin. Mere men I know I may: And there a woman

Has liberty (at least she'll venture for it)
To be a monster, and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whose example,
As from a compass, we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age, and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes,
Such things are few, and far to seek; to find one
That can but rightly manage the wild beast Wo-
man,

And sweetly govern with her—But no more of this, wench;

'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see
What poor afflicted wait our charity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Castle-gate.

Enter a Porter, four Beggars, PEDRO, and Old Pilgrim.

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks! Twenty foot further;
There louse yourselves with reason and discretion.

The sun shines warm ; the further still the better :
Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis danger-
ous.

1 *Beg.* Heaven bless our mistress !

Por. Does the crack go that way ?

'Twill be o' the other side anon.

2 *Beg.* Pray you, friend—

Por. Your friend ? and why your friend ? Why,
goodman Turncoat,

What dost thou see within me, or without me,
Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,
That I should be thy friend ? What do I look like ?
Any of thy acquaintance hung in gibbets ?
Hast thou any friends, kindred, or alliance,
Or any higher ambition than an alms-basket ?

2 *Beg.* I would be your worship's friend.

Por. So you shall, sirrah,

When I quarter the same louse with you.

3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o'clock.

Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast
done scratching,

For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon.
Oh, the infinite seas of porridge thou hast swal-
low'd !

And yet thou look'st as if they had been but
glisters :

Thou feed'st abundance, thou hadst need of sus-
tenance.

Alms do you call it to relieve these rascals ?
Nothing but a general rot of sheep can satisfy 'em !

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SEBERTO.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how she would undo
me ?

What marts of rogues and beggars !

Seb. It is charity,

Methinks, you are bound to love her for.

Alph. Yes, I warrant you!

If men could sail to Heaven in porridge-pots,
With masts of beef and mutton, what a voyage
should I make!—

What are all these?

1 *Beg.* Poor people, an't like your worship!

2 *Beg.* Wretched poor people!

3 *Beg.* Very hungry people!

Alph. And very lousy.

4 *Beg.* Yes, forsooth, so, so.

Por. I'll undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy grasier.

Alph. What are you?

Old Pil. Strangers that are come to wonder at
your charity,

Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.

Curio. Use them with favour, sir; their shows
are reverend.—

It seems ye are holy pilgrims?

Old Pil. You guess right, sir;

And bound far off, to offer our devotions.

Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no
relics here,

Nor holy shrines.

Old Pil. The holiest we e'er heard of;

You keep a living monument of goodness,

A daughter of that pious excellence,

The very shrines of saints sink at her virtues,

And sweat⁵ they cannot hold pace with her pieties.

We come to see this lady; not with prophane eyes,

Nor wanton bloods, to dote upon her beauties,

But, through our tedious ways, to beg her blessings.

⁵ *And swear they cannot, &c.]* So the folios read. Corrected by Seward.

Alph. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one,

And this cries money for reward; good store too:
These commendations beg not with bag and bottle.
Well, well, the sainting of this woman, gentlemen,
I know what it must come to; these women-saints
Are plaguy heavy saints, they out-weigh a he-
saint

Three thousand thick; I know, I feel.

Seb. You are more afraid than hurt, sir.

Alph. Have you your commendations ready too?

[To PEDRO.

He bows and nods.

Curio. A handsome well-built person.

Alph. What country-craver are you?—Nothing
but motion?

A puppet-pilgrim?

Old Pil. He's a stranger, sir;

This four days I have travell'd in his company,
But little of his business, or his language,
As yet I have understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome;

Only the sun has been too saucy with him.

Alph. Would you have money, sir, or meat?
what kind of blessing

Does your devotion look for?—Still more ducking!
Be there any saints that understand by signs only?

More motion yet?—This is the prettiest Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims! I'll be for you, sir:

Do you discourse with signs? You're heartily wel-
come. [Offers him a piece of gold.

A poor *viaticum*!—Very good gold, sir;

But holy men affect a better treasure:

I kept it for your goodness; but, ne'ertheless,
Since it can prove but burthensome to your holi-
ness,

And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'll put this up again.

Curio. You are too unreverent.

Alph. You talk too broad.⁶ Must I give way,
and wealth too,

To every toy, that carries a grave seeming?

Must my good angels wait on him?—If the proud
hilding⁷

Would yield but to my will, and know her duty,
I know what I would suffer.

Seb. Good sir, be patient!

The wrongs you do these men may light on you,
Too heavy too; and then you'll wish you had
said less:

A comely and sweet usage becomes strangers.

Alph. We shall have half the kingdom strangers
shortly,

An this fond⁸ prodigality be suffer'd;

But I must be an ass! See 'em relieved, sirrah.

If I were young again, I would sooner get bear-
whelps,

And safer too, than any of these she-saints!

But I will break her.

Curio. Such a face, for certain!

Seb. Methinks I have seen it too; but we are
cozen'd.

But fair befall thee, Pilgrim! thou look'st lovely.

[*Exeunt* ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SEBERTO.]

⁶ *Alph.* *You talk too broad.*] The last editors choose to give these words to Curio; but the sense afforded by the old regulation requires no change.

⁷ *Hilding.*] This epithet is used for a low, pitiful person, either male or female. *Angels*, in the same line, refers to the obsolete coin so called.

⁸ — *fond.*] *i. e.* foolish.

Por. Will ye troop up, ye porridge regiment?
Captain Poor's-quarter, will you move?

Enter ALINDA and JULETTA.

Alin. You dull knave,
Are not these wretches served yet?

Beggars. 'Bless my mistress!

Alin. Do you make sport, sir, with their miseries?
You drowsy rogue!

Per. They are too high fed, madam;
Their stomachs are asleep yet.

Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll serve you out next; even out o' doors,
sirrah!

And serve 'em quickly too.

Beggars. Heaven bless the lady!

Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.

Jul. I would I knew it!

If it be for any man's sake, I'll cry "amen" too.
Well, madam, you have e'en as pretty a port of
pensioners⁹—

Alin. Vain-glory would seek more, and hand-
somer;
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is.—

[*Exeunt Beggars.*]

What men are these?

Jul. It seems they are holy Pilgrims.
That handsome youth should suffer such a pe-
nance!

⁹ Port of *pensioners*.] Sympson proposes to read *sort*, or *cohort*. The old word, however, is right, and stands for show, appearance. So in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

"Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and *port*, and servants as I should."

Would I were e'en the saint they make their vows
to !

How easily I would grant !

Old Pil. Heavens grace in-wheel you,¹
And all good thoughts and prayers dwell about you !
Abundance be your friend ! and holy Charity
Be ever at your hand, to crown you glorious !

Alin. I thank you, sir. Peace guide your travels
too,

And what you wish for most, end all your troubles !
Remember me by this ; and in your prayers,
When your strong heart melts, mediate my poor
fortunes. [Gives money.]

Old Pil. All my devotions wait upon your ser-
vice !

Alin. Are you of this country, sir ?

Old Pil. Yes, worthiest lady,
But far off bred ; my fortunes farther from me.

Alin. Gentle,² I dare believe ?

Old Pil. I have lived freer.

Alin. I am no inquisitor ; that were too curious.
Whatever vow or penance pulls you on, sir,
Conscience, or love, or stubborn disobedience,
The saint you kneel to, hear, and ease your travels !

Old Pil. Yours ne'er begin ! and thus I seal my
prayers. [Exit.]

¹ *Heaven's grace in-wheel you.*] The old dramatists were fond of using, or coining, such extraordinary words as the present verb. Fletcher is, in this respect, less guilty than most of his contemporaries ; few more so than Shakspeare, and his imitator, Ford. In the plays of the latter, for instance, we have,—*unsouled, intrunked, unvessel*, and many other combinations as strange and unwarranted.

² *Gentle.*] That is, of gentle parentage, in reference to *far off bred* in the Pilgrim's speech. So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*,

“ And make thee *gentle*, being born a beggar.”

Alin. How constantly this man looks ! how he sighs !

Some great affliction hatches his devotions.—
Right holy sir—How young, and sweet he suffers

Jul. 'Would I might suffer with him !

Alin. He turns from us.

Alas, he weeps too ! Something presses him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted ;
You come for that, and take it. If it be want, sir,
'To me you appear so worthy of relieving,
I am your steward : Speak, and take.—He's dumb
still !

Now, as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,
His modesty makes me afraid I have trespass'd.

Jul. 'Would he would stir me too ! I like his
shape well.

Alin. May-be he would speak alone : Go off,
Juletta.

Afflicted hearts fear their own motions.
Be not far off.

Jul. 'Would I were nearer to him !

A young smug handsome holiness has no fellow.

[*Exit.*

Alin. Why do you grieve ? Do you find your
penance sharp ?

Or are the vows you have made too mighty for
you ?

Does not the world allure you to look back,
And sorrow for the sweet time you have lost ?
You are young and fair : Be not deluded, sir ;
A manly made-up heart contemns these shadows,
And yours appears no less : Grievs for your fears,
For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and
rudely,

For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,

Become tears well ;³—I dare not task your goodness—

And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,
When the whole heart is excellently sorry.
I pray you be comforted.

Pedro. I am, dear lady ;
And such a comfort you have cast upon me,
That, though I struggle with mine own calamities,
Too mighty and too many for my manage ;
And though, like angry waves, they curl'd upon
me,
Contending proudly who should first devour me,

³ — *griefs for your fears,*

For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and rudely,

For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,

Become fears well ;—] The word *fears* occurring twice in this passage, one of them is evidently corrupt, and unquestionably it must be altered in the last line to *tears*, as was done by Seward. With regard to the same word, the first time of its occurrence, the difficulty is not cured so easily. The last-mentioned annotator proposes to read—*feats*, i. e. actions, deeds ; which has a very ludicrous sound. Sympson controverts it on the score of tautology, and wishes to read—*years*. This is a more plausible variation than the former ; and, if the sense of the text in the folio was inexplicable, would deserve adoption. The last editors defend the old reading in the first line, thus—“ The last *fears* is very properly changed to *tears* ; but *Griefs for your FEARS* is, we think, right ; and ‘ Griefs for your *fears* become tears well,’ signifies, that ‘ sorrow for fearing that he could not endure the severity of the penance he had imposed on himself was, among his other failings, a proper cause for *tears*.’ ” At last comes Mr Mason, and asserts that we should read—*feres*, i. e. companions, a word used by Spenser ; and in the prologue to Shakspeare’s *Pericles*, spoken by Gower, written purposely in antique phrase, and in imitation of the latter poet : But I do not believe that it was used (without such affectation of antiquity) in the times of Fletcher. Besides, to what companions should this single line allude ? For these reasons we must content ourselves with the old text, as explained (though, perhaps, not to every reader’s satisfaction) by the last editors.

Yet I would stem their danger.⁴

Alin. He speaks nobly! [Apart.

What do you want?

Pedro. All that can make me happy;

I want myself!

Alin. Yourself? Who robb'd you, Pilgrim?—

Why does he look so constantly upon me?

[Apart.

“I want myself.”—Indeed, you holy wanderers
Are said to seek much; but to seek yourselves—

Pedro. “I seek myself, and am but myself's
shadow;”

Have lost myself, and now am not so noble.

Alin. “I seek myself.” Something I yet remem-
ber

That bears that motto. 'Tis not he; he is younger,
And far more tender.—For that self-sake, Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this! [Offers him money.

Pedro. Your hand I dare take;

(That be far from me, lady!) thus I kiss it,
And thus I bless it too. “Be constant, fair, still;
Be good,” and live to be a great example! [Exit.

Alin. One word more, Pilgrim!—He has ama-
zed me strangely!

“Be constant, fair, still?” 'Tis the posy here;
And here without, “Be good.” He wept to see me.
—Juletta!

Enter JULETTA.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this key, and fetch me

⁴ Yet I would stem their danger.] This very plain and poetical reading Seward wishes to alter to *anger*; and the last editors approve of the variation, though it was prudently only hazarded, not adopted.

The marygold-jewel⁵ that lies in my little cabinet :
I think 'tis that.—What eyes had I, to miss him !

[*Exit* JULETTA.

Oh me, what thoughts ! He had no beard then, and,
As I remember well, he was more ruddy.
If this be he, he has a manly face yet,
A goodly shape.

Enter JULETTA, *with the jewel.*

Jul. Here, madam.

Alin. Let me see it !—

'Tis so ; too true ! It must be he, or nothing :
He spake the words just as they stand engraved
here ;

“ I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow.”
Alas, poor man ! Didst thou not meet him, Julietta ?
The Pilgrim, wench ?

Jul. He went by long ago, madam.

Alin. I forgot to give him something.

Jul. 'Twas ill done, lady ;

For, o' my troth, he is the handsomest man
I saw this many a day : 'Would he had all my
wealth,

And me to boot !—What ails she, to grow sullen ?

Alin. Come, I forgot ; but I will recompense it.

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ *The marygold jewel.*] The signification of this herb may be learned from the ballad, quoted at the beginning of the preceding play :

“ Marigold is for marriage,
That would our minds suffice,
Least that suspicion of us twain,
By any means should rise.”

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

*Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, SEBERTO, JULETTA,
Porter, and Servants.*

Alph. Can she slip through a cat-hole? tell me
that!

Resolve me,

Can she fly i' th' air? is she a thing invisible?

Gone, and none know it?

Seb. You amaze your servants.

Alph. Some pelting rogue⁶ has watch'd her
hour of itching,

And claw'd her, claw'd her; do ye mark me?
claw'd her!

Some that I foster up.

Curio. They are all here, sir.

Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they are ar-
rant rascals,

And, by this hand, I'll hang 'em all!

Seb. Deal calmly:

You will not give 'em time to answer you.

Alph. I'll choke 'em, famish 'em!—What say
you, wagtail?

You knew her mind, you were of council with her;

⁶ *Some pelting rogue.*] Pelting is an old word of frequent occurrence, meaning paltry, contemptible.

Tell me, and tell me true.

Curio. Ask with discretion.

Alph. Discretion? hang discretion! hang ye all!
Let me know where she is.

Jul. Would you know o' me, sir?

Alph. O' thee, sir! ay, o' thee, sir! What art thou, sir?

Jul. Her woman, sir, an't like your worship, sir.

Alph. Her bawd, her fiddle-stick,
Her lady-fairy, to oil the doors o' nights,
That they may open with discretion,
Her gin, her nut-crack!

Jul. 'Tis very well, sir.

Alph. Thou liest! 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most abominable!

Will you confess, thing?

Jul. Say I were guilty, sir,
I would be hang'd before I would confess:
Is this a world to confess in?

Curio. Deal directly.

Jul. Yes, if my matter lie direct before me;
But when I am forced and ferreted⁷—

Alph. Tell me the truth,
And, as I live, I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Jul. An you would give me ten, I would not tell you;

Truths bear a greater price than you're aware of.

Seb. Deal modestly.

Jul. I do not pluck my clothes up.

Alph. What say you, sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?

Por. I saw her last night, an't shall like your worship,

⁷ But when I am forced and ferreted.] Cotgrave explains *furceter*, "To ferret; search, hunt, boult out; prie, looke, spie narrowly into every corner of."

When I served in her livery.

Alph. What's that, sirrah?

Por. Her chamber-pot, an't please you.

Seb. A new livery.

Alph. Where lay she? who lay with her?

Por. In truth, not I, sir:

I lay with my fellow Frederick, in the flea-chamber;

An't like your worship, we are almost worried.

Jul. I left her by herself, in her own closet,
And there I thought she had slept.

Alph. Why lay you from her?

Jul. It was her will I should; she is my mistress,
And my part is obedience.

Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?

Por. All mine.

Serv. And mine: She could not get out those
ways

Unless she leap'd the walls; and those are higher
Than any woman's courage dare aspire at.

Alph. Come, you must know!

Curio. Conceal it not, but deal plain.

Jul. If I did know, and her trust lay upon me,
Not all your angers, nor your flatteries,
Should make me speak; but having no more in-
terest

Than I may well deliver to the air,
I'll tell you what I know, and tell it liberally:
I think she is gone, because we cannot find her;
I think she is weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gone; may-be, she is in love;
May-be, in love where you shew no great liking,
And therefore gone; may-be, some point of con-
science,

Or vow'd devotion——

Alph. These are nothing, minion!

You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.

Jul. Any more truth than this, if I know, hang me,

Or where to search for it! If I make a lie
To gain your love, and envy my best mistress,^s
Pin me against a wall, with my heels upwards.

Alph. Out of my doors!

Jul. That's all my poor petition;
For if your house were gold, and she not in it,
Sir, I should count it but a cage to whistle in.

Alph. Whore! If she be above ground, I will
have her.

Jul. I would live in a coal-pit, then, were I
your daughter.

Seb. Certain she does not know, sir.

Alph. Hang her, hang her,
She knows too much! Search all the house, all
corners,

And where 'tis possible she may go out!

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

If I do find your tricks——

Jul. Reward me for 'em.

Or, if I had such tricks you could discover,

^s *To gain your love, and envy my best mistress.*] Mr Seward, thinking *envy* corrupt, would substitute *injure*; and Mr Symson would read, *and my best mistress' envy*, which transposition, he says, "will make the sense very clear." We do not think so, and believe the old reading genuine, but that the verb *envy* admitted a different construction formerly to what it bears at present: It seems here to signify, *to blame or accuse*.—Ed. 1778.

To *envy*, means here to injure, according to the language of the time. So in *Coriolanus*, Menenius says to the people,

—— "Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than *envy* you."—*Mason*.

So weak and slightly woven, you might look
through,

All the young girls should hoot me out o' th' parish.

You are my master, but you own an anger

Becomes a school-boy, that hath lost his apples !

Will you force things into our knowledges ?

Alph. Come hither, Juletta ; thou didst love me.

Jul. And do still ;

You are my lady's father, and I reverence you.

Alph. Thou wouldst have pleased my humour.

Jul. Any good way,

That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery,

Or fail of trust.

Alph. Come, come, thou wouldst have——

Jul. Stay, sir !

Alph. And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and
shalt do.

Dost thou want clothes, or money ?

Jul. Both.

Alph. 'Shalt have both.

Jul. But not this way ; I had rather be an
Adamite,

And bring fig-leaves into fashion again.

If you were young, sir,

Handsome, and fitted to a woman's appetite,

And I a giddy-headed girl, that cared for nothing,

Much might be done ; then you might fumble
with me,

And think to grope out matters of some moment,
Which now you will put too short for :

For what you have seen hitherto,

And known by me, has been but honest service,

Which I dare pin i' th' market-place to answer ;

And let the world, the flesh, and devil examine it,

And come you in too, I dare stand your strictest.

And so, much good may do you with your dreams
Of courtesy !

Alph. This is most monstrous !

Enter Porter drunk, and Servants.

Seb. Sure she does not know, sir ;
She durst not be so confident, and guilty.

Alph. How now ? what news ? what hopes and
steps discover'd ?
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th'
matter.

Do you stand staring still ?

1 Serv. We are no gods, sir,
To say she is here, or there, and what she is doing ;
But we have search'd.

Por. I am sure she is not i' th' cellar ;
For, look you, sir, if she had been i' th' cellar—

Alph. I am sure thou hast been there.

Por. As I carried the matter,
For I search'd every piece of wine ; yes, sure, sir,
And every little tierce that could but testify ;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

Alph. Away with him !
Fling him i' th' hay-mow, let him lie a-mellowing ;
He stinks of muskadel like an English Christmas.¹
Are these your cares ? your services ?

2 Serv. Pray you hear, sir ;
We have found where she went out ; her very
footing.

Alph. Where ? where ? go on.

Curio. Observe then with more staidness.

2 Serv. Searching the garden, at the little
postern
That opens to the park, we first discover'd it.

¹ *He stinks of muskadel like an English Christmas.*] This species of wine was a common ingredient in the wassel-bowls, which were peculiarly in favour at Christmas.

Alph. A little foot?

1 *Serv.* It must be hers, or none, sir.

Alph. How far beyond that?

2 *Serv.* To the park it leads us;

But there the ground being hard, we could not mark it.

Alph. She always kept that key; I was a coxcomb,

A fool, an ass, to give a girl that liberty!—
Saddle my horses, rogues! ye drunken varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in pint-pots,
Your brains in butts! My horses, ye pin-buttocks!
—You'll bear me company?

Seb. We dare not leave you,
Unless we found a quieter soul within you.

Curio. If we may do the lady any service,
Sweet, gentle soul!—

Alph. I say again, my horses!—
Are you so hot? have you your private pilgrimages?
Must you be Jumping-Joan? I'll wander with you,
I'll jump you, and I'll joggle you!—My horses!
And keep me this young lirry-poop² within doors.
I will discover, dame——

Jul. 'Tis fit you should, sir,
If you knew what.—Well, love, if thou be'st with
her, [*Aside.*

Or what power else that arms her resolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this madman;
Direct her to her wishes, dwell about her,
That no dishonourable end o'er-take her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune!

Alph. You know the place we meet in?

Seb. We shall hit it.

² *This young lirry-poop.*] The meaning of this cant-word may be collected from Cotgrave's interpretation of the French phrase, *Qui sçait bien son roulet*, "that knows his *liripoope*, that's thoroughly provided to speake."

Alph. And, as you are honest gentlemen, endeavour——

Curio. We'll search the best we can; if she light in our hands——

Alph. Tie her to th' horse-tail!

Seb. We know how to use her;
But not your way, for all your state.³

Alph. Make haste there!——

And get you in, and look to th' house. If you stir out, damsel,

Or set o' foot any new motion this way,
When I come home, (which shall be suddenly,)
You know my mind—if you do play the rascal—
I have my eyes and ears in sundry places;
If you do prance——

Jul. I shall do that that's fit, sir—
And fit to cross your fooleries; I'll fail else.

[*Apart.*

And so I'll to my chamber.

[*Exit.*

Alph. To your prayers,
And leave your stubborn tricks!—She is not far
yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing suddenly——

Curio. Keep her from thy hands, I beseech!

[*Aside.*

Alph. Our horses!—

Come, cheerfully. I'll teach her to run gadding!

[*Exeunt.*

³ *State.*] Estate, possessions.

SCENE II.

A Forest.

Enter RODERICO and four Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Captain, you are not merry.

Rod. We get nothing,
We have no sport; whoring and drinking spoils us,
We keep no guards.

2 *Out.* There come no passengers,
Merchants, nor gentlemen, nor whosoever,
But we have tribute.

Rod. And whilst we spend that idly,
We let those pass that carry the best purchase.⁴
I'll have all search'd and brought in. Rogues and
beggars

Have got the trick now to'become bank-masters.
I'll have none 'scape; only my friends and neigh-
bours,

That may deliver to the king my innocence,
Those I would have regarded;—it is policy—
But otherwise, nor gravities, nor shadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have purses,
For they shall pay.

3 *Out.* You speak now like a captain;
And if we spare, flay us, and coin our cassocks!

⁴ — *the best purchase.*] A cant phrase for stolen goods, or rather for property in general, usually put in the mouths of thieves. The word occurs again twice immediately after.

Will you look blithe ?

Rod. You hear no preparation
The king intends against us yet ?

4 *Out.* Not a word, sir :

Good man, he's troubled with matter of more mo-
ment ;

Humming of higher nature vex his brains, sir.
Do we not see his garrisons ?

Rod. Who are out now ?

4 *Out.* Good fellows, sir, that, if there be any
purchase stirring,
Will strike it dead ; Jaques and Lopez, lads
That know their quarters, as they know their
knapsacks,
And will not off.

Rod. Where is the boy you brought me ?
A pretty lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up neatly.

1 *Out.* He's within at meat, sir ;⁵
The knave is hungry ; yet he seasons all
He eats or drinks with many tears and sighings.
The saddest appetite I ever look'd on !

Rod. The boy is young ; 'tis fear and want of
company
He knows and loves ; use him not rough, nor
harshly,
He will be quickly bold. I'll entertain him :
I want a pretty boy to wait upon me,
And, when I am sad or sleepy, to prate to me.

⁵ *He's within at meat, sir, &c.*] This line and the twelve fol-
lowing (ending *use him gently, all*) are in the folios made one
speech, and given to the *First Outlaw*. The octavo 1711 gives
Roderigo the latter part of it (beginning, *I'll entertain him,*) as
do the editors of 1750, who, however, think that *Roderigo* should
speak all but the first four lines, as printed in our text, which we
have no doubt is the true reading.—Ed. 1778.

Lopez. His habit says he's holy ; if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis best you free him.
We'll keep his wallet here ; I am sure 'tis heavy.

Rod. Pilgrim ! come hither, sir ! Are you a
Pilgrim ?

A piece of pretty holiness ! Do you shrink, sir ?
A smug young saint ! What country were you
born in ?

You have a Spanish face. In a dumb province ?
And had your mother too this excellent virtue ?
No tongue, do you say ? sure she was a match-
less woman !—

What a fine family is this man sprung from !
Certain, he was begotten in a calm,
When all was husht ; the midwife was dumb Mid-
night.—

Are you seal'd up ? or do you scorn to answer ?
You are in my hands, and I have medicines for you
Canmake you speak.—Pull off his bonnet, soldiers !
—You have a speaking face.

Lopez. I am sure a handsome :

This Pilgrim cannot want she-saints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer.—Ha !

Pedro. Come, do your worst ! I am ready.

Rod. Is your tongue found ?—Go off, and let me
talk with him ;

And keep your watches round.

All. We are ready, captain. [*Exeunt Outlaws.*]

Rod. So ; now what are you ?

Pedro. Am I ?

My habit shews me what I am.

Rod. Thy heart,

A desperate fool,⁷ and so thy fate shall tell thee.

⁷ Thy heart

: *A desperate fool, &c.*] This passage surely ought to run so,
Thou art

A desp'rate fool, &c.

In this Mr Seward likewise concurred.—*Sympson.*

What devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.

Pedro. I know thou dost; and since it is my
fortune

To light into thy fingers, I must think too
The most malicious of all devils brought me:
Yet some men say thou art noble.

Rod. Not to thee;

That were a benefit to mock the giver.
Thy father hates my friends and family,
And thou hast been the heir of all his malice:
Can two such storms meet then, and part with
kissing?

Pedro. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And so I'll use it.

Pedro. I cannot hinder you; less can I beg
Submissive at his knees that knows not honour;
That bears the stamp of man, and not his nature.
You may do what you please.

Rod. I will do all.

Pedro. And when you have done all, which is
my poor ruin,

(For farther your base malice cannot venture,
Dishonour's self will cry you out a coward.

Hadst thou been brave, and noble, and an enemy,
Thou wouldst have sought me whilst I carried
arms,

Whilst my good sword was my profession,
And then have cried out, "Pedro, I defy thee!"
Then stuck Alphonso's quarrel on the point,

I can by no means think so; the old text is not only sense, but spirited; while the variation is insipid. "My habit," says Pedro, "SHEWS I AM a Pilgrim." "*Thy heart,* (i. e. thy temerity)," replies Roderigo, "SHEWS THOU ART a desperate fool, and so thy fate, &c."—*J. N.*

Nothing can be more obvious than this interpretation; and yet Mr Mason wishes to restore the arbitrary reading of 1750, which was very unlikely to have been corrupted into the old text.

The mercenary anger thou servest under
 To get his daughter; then thou shouldst have
 braved me,
 And, arm'd with all thy family's hate, upon me
 Done something-worthy feat:⁸ Now, poor and
 basely
 Thou set'st toils to betray me; and, like the
 peasant
 That dare not meet the lion in the face,
 Dig'st crafty pit-falls! thou shamest the Spanish
 honour;
 Thou hast neither point of man, nor conscience
 in thee.

Rod. Sir, sir, you are brave! you plead now in
 a sanctuary,
 You think your Pilgrim's bulwark can defend you:
 You will not find it so.

Pedro. I look not for't:
 The more unhallow'd soul hast thou to offer it!

Rod. When you were bravest, sir, and your
 sword sharpest,
 I durst affront you; when the court-sun gilded you,
 And every cry was the young hopeful Pedro,
 Ferando's⁹ sprightly son! then durst I meet you,
 When you were master of this fame and fashion,
 And all your glories in the full meridian,
 The king's proof-favour buckled on your body:
 Had we then come to competition,
 Which I have often sought——

Pedro. And I desired too.

⁸ *Done something worthy feat.*] *Something*, as Mr Mason observes, is here used adverbially, and a *something-worthy* feat, is a deed worthy in some degree.

⁹ *Alonso's.*] So the folios read. Pedro's father had been before named Ferando, (not Fernando, as the modern editions have it.) Perhaps the mistake arose from the inadvertence of the author,

Rod. You should have seen this sword, (how-
e'er you slight it,)

And felt it too, sharper than sorrow felt it,
In execution quicker than thy scorns;
Thou shouldst have seen all this, and shrunk to
see it!

Then, like a gentleman I would have used thee,
And given thee the fair fortune of thy being;
Then with a soldier's arm I had honour'd thee:
But since thou steal'st upon me like a spy,
And thief-like think'st that holy case shall carry
thee

Through all my purposes, and so betray me,
Base as the act,¹ thy end be, and I forget thee.

Pedro. What poor evasions thou build'st on, to
abuse me!

The goodness of a man ne'er taught these prin-
ciples.

I come a spy! Durst any noble spirit
Put on this habit, to become a traitor?
Even in an enemy shew me this antipathy,
Where there is Christian faith, and this not reve-
renced.

I come a spy! No, Roderigo, no.
A hater of thy person, a maligner!
So far from that, I brought no malice with me,
But rather, when I meet thee, tears to soften thee.
When I put on this habit, I put off
All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth
That clapt too rank² a bias to my being,
And drew me from the right mark all should aim at;

¹ *Base as you act, thy end be.*] First folio says, *YOU act*; second, *THE act*. *Simpson* thinks a variation necessary, which should be either, *YOUR* or *THIS act*. *THE act* is a good reading, and being that of the second folio, should be preferred.—*Ed.* 1778.

² *Clapt too rank a bias.*] *i. e.* Strong, great, &c.—*Simpson.*

Instead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers ;
 For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance ;
 Long weary steps, and vows, for my vain-glories.
 Oh, Roderigo !

Rod. If thy tongue could save thee,
 Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit !—
 Soldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye.—
 I'll forgive your holy habit, sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Outlaws, LOPEZ, and JAQUES.

1 Out. Wherefore this halter, captain ?

Rod. For this traitor.

Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.

1 Out. Do you want a band, sir ? This is a
 coarse wearing ; [*Puts the halter on him.*]

'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar :

But patience is as good as a French pickadel.³

Lopez. What's his fault, captain ?

Rod. 'Tis my will he perish,
 And that's his fault.

³ *Pickadel.*] Cotgrave, in his Dictionary of the French and English tongues, 1611, explains the word *piccadilles* as "the severall divisions of peeces fastened together about the brimme of the collar of a doublet, &c." And a late author informs us, that in *Piccadilly*, in the Haymarket, "There were formerly no houses, and only one shop for Spanish ruffs, which was called the *Piccadilly*, or ruff-shop."—See London and its Environs described, vol. V.—*Reed.*

Pickadel means a ruff. *Peccadello* in Spanish, and *pecadille* in French, means a slighter species of offence, which was formerly punished by exposing the criminal to public view, as we now do in the pillory, with an iron collar round his neck ; and as ruffs bear some resemblance to this collar, they were called *pickadels* ; and, as I have been told, the street called *Piccadilly* obtained its name from its being the place where these pillories were first erected.—*Mason.*

The Outlaw perhaps quibbles upon both meanings of the word.

Pedro. A captain of good government!—
Come, soldiers, come; ye are roughly bred, and
bloody;

Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious commands;
Ye have a captain seals your liberal pardons.
Be no more Christians, put religion by,
'Twill make ye cowards; feel no tenderness,
Nor let a thing call'd Conscience trouble ye;
Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect
To what I seem; were I a saint indeed,
Why should that stagger ye? ye know not ho-
liness;

To be excellent in evil, is your goodness;
And be so, 'twill become ye. Have no hearts,
For fear you should repent; that will be dan-
gerous;

For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that pulse beat back to your considerations,
How ye have laid a stiff hand on religion——

Rod. Truss him, I say!

Pedro. And violated faith——

Rod. Hear him not prate!

Pedro. Why, what a thing will this be!

What strange confusion then will breed among
ye——

Rod. Will none of ye obey?

Pedro. What devils vex ye!

The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers,
Will be delights to these; those have their ends,
But these out-live all time, and all repentance:
And if it creep into your conscience once,
Be sure ye lock that close.

Rod. Why stand ye gazing?

Pedro. Farewell, sleep, peace, all that are hu-
man comforts!

Better ye had been trees, or stones, and happier;

For those die here, and seek no further being,
Nor hopes, nor punishments.

Rod. Rots take ye, rascals!

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Dispatch the prater.

Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our
consciences!

We are bad enough already; sins enough
To make our graves even loath us.

Rod. No man love me?

Lopez. Although I be a thief, I am no hangman;
They are two men's trades, and let another exe-
cute.

Lay violent hands on holy things!

Rod. Base cowards!

Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command ye!
Holy, or unholy, if I say it,
I'll have it done.

1 *Out.* If I do't, let me starve for't.

2 *Out.* Or I.

3 *Out.* Or I. We will obey things handsome,
And bad enough, and over-do obedience;
But to be made such instruments of mischief—

Jaq. I have done as many villainies as another,
And with as little reluctance;
Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.
Put me upon a felt and known perdition?

Rod. Have ye conspired, ye slaves?

Pedro. How vilely this shews,
In one that would command another's temper,
And bear no bound in his own!

Rod. Am I thus jaded?

Pedro. Is it my life thou long'st for, Roderigo?
And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,
But my blood spilt? Do it thyself, dispatch it;
And, as thou takest the whole revenge unto thee,
Take the whole sin upon thee, and be mighty,

Jaq. Why should that be dangerous,
Or any way deserve death? is it not natural?
Bar us the Christian liberty of women,
And build us up with brick, take away our free-
stone.

1 Out. Because thou art holier than he, upon
my conscience,
He does not envy thee; that's not his quarrel;
For, look you, that might be compounded with-
out prayers.

Lopez. Nor that thou seem'st an honest man;
for here
We have no trading with such tinsel-stuff;
To be an excellent thief is all we aim at.
Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou
canst out-run us?

Pedro. I scorn to shift his fury; keep your
obedience;
For though your government admit no precedent,
Keep yourselves careful in't.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then?

Pedro. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.

2 Out. 'Tis ten to one he'll shoot him; for the
devil's in him

If he hang him himself.

Lopez. He has too proud a nature;
He will compel some one.

Jaq. I am confident.

Lopez. And so are all, I think.

Pedro. Be not molested;

If I must die, let it not trouble you;
It stirs not me; it is the end I was born for.
Only this honest office I desire ye,
If there be courtesy in men of your breed,
To see me buried; not to let his fury
Expose my body to the open violence
Of beasts and fowls; so far I urge humanity.

Jac. He shall not deny us that ; we'll see you
under ground,
And give you a volley of as good cups of sack,
For that's our discipline——

Enter RODERIGO, and ALINDA in boy's dress.

Lopez. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever ; the boy with him.

1 Out. Will he compel the child ?

Lopez. He is bent to do it,
And must have somebody.

Rod. If thou lovest me, do it !
Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do it !
Stare not, nor stagger, sirrah ! if ye deny me—
Do you see this, rogue ?

Alin. What would you have me do, sir ?—
Heaven's goodness bless me ! [*Apart.*

Rod. Do ? why, hang a rascal,
That would hang me.

Alin. I am a boy, and weak, sir.

Rod. Thou art strong enough to tie him to a
bough,
And turn him off. Come, thou shalt be my jewel,
And I'll allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,
And twenty gallant things ; I'll teach thee arms
too ;
Make thee mine heir.

Alin. Let me inherit death first !

Rod. Make me not angry, sirrah !

Alin. Which is the man, sir ?

I'll pluck up the best heart I can ; yet——

Rod. Fear not ;

It is my will. That in the Pilgrim's coat there,
That devil in the saint's skin.

Alin. Guard me, goodness ! [*Apart.*

Rod. Dispatch him presently.

Pedro. I wait your worst, sir.

Jaq. Will the boy do it? is the rogue so confident?

So young, so deep in blood?

Lopez. He shakes and trembles.

Pedro. Dost thou seek more coals still to sear thy conscience?

Work sacred innocence to be a devil?

Do it thyself for shame, thou best becomest it.

Rod. Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be 'filed with thee;

And yet I'll have it done; this child shall strangle thee:

A crying girl, if she were here, should master thee.

Alin. How should I save him? how myself from violence? [*Aside.*

Pedro. Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch your hate, sir;

The patience of my death shall more torment thee,

Thou painted honour, thou base man made backward!

Than all my life has fear'd thee.

Rod. Gag him, sirrah!

Jaq. The boy looks chearfully now; sure he will do it.

Lopez. He will maul him else.

Alin. Are you prepared to die, sir!

Pedro. Yes, boy, and ready; pr'ythee to thy business.

Alin. Why are you then so angry? so perplex'd, sir?

Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion. Why do you rail?

Lopez. The boy's a pretty priest.

Pedro. I thank you, gentle child; you teach me truly.

Alin. You seem to fear too.

Pedro. Thou seest more than I feel, boy.

Alin. You tremble, sure.

Pedro. No, sure, boy ; 'tis thy tenderness.

Pr'ythee make haste, and let that gulph be satisfied.

Alin. Are you so willing to go to't ?

Pedro. Most willing :

I would not borrow from his courtesy

One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.

Alin. And is your reckoning straight, sir ?

Pedro. As straight as truth, boy ;

I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.

Alin. Then to your prayers ; I'll dispatch you presently.—

Now guide my tongue, thou blessedness ! [*Aside.*

Rod. A good boy !

Alin. But hark you, sir, one word ; and pray you resolve me.

Let me speak privately. [*They walk apart.*

Rod. What wouldst thou have, child ?

Alin. Shall this man die ?

Rod. Why dost thou make that question ?

Alin. Pray you be not angry ; if he must, I'll do it.

But must he now ?

Rod. What else ? who dare reprieve him ?

Alin. Pray you think again ; and as your injuries are great, and full, you suffer from this fellow, do not you purpose so to suit your vengeance ?

Rod. I do, and must.

Alin. You cannot, if he die now.

Rod. Cannot ?

Alin. No, cannot ; be not vex'd ; you'll find it. I have consider'd, and I know it certain, you suffer below him ; lose all your angers.

Rod. Why, my best boy ?

Alin. I love and tender you,
I would not tell you else. Is that revenge,
To slight your cause, and saint your enemy?
Clap the dove's wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are sighing?
Is this revenge?

Rod. I would have him die.

Alin. Prepared thus?

The blessing of a father never reach'd it!
His contemplation now scorns you, contemns you,
And all the tortures you can use: Let him die thus,
And these that know and love revenge will laugh
at you.

Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him,
Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him.
This man you rock asleep, and all your rages
Are requiems to his parting soul, mere anthems.

Rod. Indeed he is strongly built.

Alin. You cannot shake him;

And the more weight you put on his foundation,
Now as he stands, you fix him still the stronger.
If you love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendships and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a star in Heaven, and there would stick
him,

Now take his life.

Rod. I had rather take mine own, boy.

Alin. I'll ease him presently.

Rod. Stay, be not hasty.

Alin. Bless my tongue still! [*Aside.*

Lopez. What has the boy done to him?

How dull and still he looks!

Alin. You are a wise man,
And long have buckled with the world's extre-
mities,

A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes;

And would you work your master-piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour? that will pity you,⁶
When the world knows you have prey'd on a poor
Pilgrim.

Rod. The boy has stagger'd me: What wouldst
thou have me——

Alin. Have you? do you not feel, sir? does it
not stir you?

Do you ask a child? I would have you do most
bravely,

(Because I most affect you,) like yourself, sir;
Scorn him, and let him go; seem to contemn him,
And, now you have made him shake, seal him his
pardon.

When he appears a subject fit for anger,
And fit for you, his pious armour off,
His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,
Then strike, and then you know revenge, then
take it.——

I hope I have turn'd his mind. [*Aside.*

Rod. Let the fool go there!—

I scorn to let loose so base an anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;
And when we meet again——

⁶ *Take the bare name of Honour, that will pity ye,
When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.*] Mr
Seward supposes a transposition here, and would read,

*Take the bare name of Honour? when the world knows
Ye've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim, they will pity ye.*

Mr Symson "can't allow of so bold a proceeding against the
text," which he thinks "may be set right with less trouble so,"

*Take the bare name of Honour, it will pity you
When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.*

We think the text gives the same sense with Seward's transposi-
tion; and do not like Symson's reading.—Ed. 1778.

The text certainly requires no amendment, *that*, as Mason re-
marks, referring to *honour*.

Pedro. I'll thank you, captain. [Exit.

Alin. Why, this was like yourself.—But which way goes he?

Shall we ne'er happy meet! [Aside.

Rod. I am drowsy, boy;

Go with me, and discourse: I like thy company;

Oh, child! I love thy tongue. [Exit.

Alin. I shall wait on you. [Exit.

Lopez. The boy has done't; a plaguy witty rascal!

And I shall love him terribly.

Jaq. 'Twas he, most certain;

For, if you mark, how earnest he was with him,

And how he labour'd him!

Lopez. A cunning villain!

But a good rogue. This boy will make us all honest.

I Out. I scarce believe that; but I like the boy well.

Come, let's to supper; then upon our watches.

Lopez. This Pilgrim 'scaped, a joyful one.⁷

⁷ *This Pilgrim 'scaped a joyful one.*] This may be understood as if this Pilgrim was joyful on account of his escape; but 'tis more in character to make *one* relate to *supper*, and then, though *joyful*, understood ironically, may stand, yet *woful* seems a more humorous word. I read therefore,

“ *This Pilgrim 'scaped a woful one.*”—Seward.

A comma at the word *'scaped* will, I believe, give us the author's meaning. The *Outlaw* says, “ Let's to our watches!” “ Mine,” says *Lopez*, “ will be a *joyful* watch, as this Pilgrim has escaped;” his execution would have made it melancholy.—*J. N.*

Seward's proposed alteration is a very needless one. The explanation of *J. N.*, though ingenious, is rather far-fetched. Either of Seward's may be adopted; the first is more natural, the second more humorous. Perhaps *Lopez*, who had most interested himself in the preservation of *Pedro's* life, means to say—“ Now the Pilgrim has escaped with his life, our supper will be a joyful one.” Ano-

Jaq. Let's drink round
To the boy's health, and then about our business.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

*Enter RODERIGO, JAQUES, LOPEZ, and three
Outlaws.*

Rod. None of you know her?

Jaq. Alas, sir, we ne'er saw her,
Nor ever heard of her, but from your report.

Rod. No happy eye?

Lopez. I do not think 'tis she, sir;
Methinks, a woman dares not——

Rod. Thou speak'st poorly;
What dares not woman, when she is provoked?
Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?
That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,
These jewels here, a part of which I sent her,

ther explanation has been suggested, that *joyful* is used ironically; as we still would say, "The Pilgrim has escaped from a merry bout." The reader is left to select the interpretation which likes him best.

And, though unwilling, yet her father wrought her
To take and wear.

Lopez. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? Where were our understandings?
I could have guess'd unhappily, have had some
feeling

In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the discovery of such a jigambob!
A handsome wench too? Sure we have lost our
faculties,
We have no motions.⁸ What should she do here,
sir?

Rod. That's it that troubles me. Oh, that base
rascal!
There lies the misery! How cunningly she quit him,
And how she urged! Had ye been constant to me,
I ne'er had suffer'd this.

1 Out. You might have hanged him;
And 'would he had been hang'd! that's all we
care for't,
So our hands had not done't.

Rod. She is gone again too;
And what care have ye for that? gone, and con-
temn'd me;
Master'd my will and power, and now laughs at me.

Lopez. The devil, that brought her hither, sir,
I think
Has carried her back again invisible,
For we ne'er knew nor heard of her departure.

Jaq. No living thing came this night through
our watches;
She went with you.

Rod. Was by me till I slept,

⁸ *We have no motions.*] That is of the flesh. Sympson, and the last editors, were so little acquainted with old language, that they read—*notions*.

But when I waked, and call'd—Oh, my dull pate
here!

If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This roguy box——

Lopez. We could but give it you.

Rod. Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims! there the
game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know it, I feel it.

Enter ALPHONSO and two Outlaws.

Alph. Bring me unto thy captain! where's thy
captain?

I am founder'd, melted; some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the devil has haunted me
I' th' likeness of a voice.—Give me thy captain!

2 Out. He's here, sir; there he stands.

Alph. How dost thou, captain?

I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt!
My daughter's run away; I have been haunted too;
I have lost my horse; I am hungry, and out of
my wits also.

Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know;
strange things!

And take your ease; I'll follow her recovery;
These shall be yours the whilst, and do you service.

Alph. Let me have drink enough; I am almost
choak'd too.

Rod. You shall have any thing.—What think
you now, soldiers?

Jaq. I think a woman is a woman, that's any
thing.

The next we take, we'll search a little nearer;
We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of breeches.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Dwelling of the Outlaws in the Forest.

Enter JULETTA in boy's clothes.

Jul. He's gone in here : This is Roderigo's
quarter,
And I'll be with him soon ; I'll startle him
A little better than I have done. All this long
night
I have led him out o' th' way, to try his patience,
And made him swear, and curse, and pray, and
swear again,
And cry for anger ; I made him leave his horse too,
Where he can never find him more ; whistled to
him,
And then he would run through thick and thin to
reach me ;
And down in this ditch, up again, and shake him,
And swear some certain blessings ; then into that
bush
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I sit laughing : A hundred tricks I have
served him,
And I will double 'em, before I leave him :
I'll teach his anger to dispute with women
But all this time I cannot meet my mistress,
I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,
For sure she is much afflicted ; till I do,

I'll haunt, thy ghost, Alphonso; ⁹ I'll keep thee
waking.

Yes, I must get a drum: I am villainous weary,
And yet I'll trot about these villages

Till I have got my will, and then have at you!

I'll make your anger drop out at your elbows, ere
I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter SEBERTO and CURIO.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have
ridden,

We cannot cross her; no way light upon her.

Curio. I do not think she is gone thus far, or
this way;

For certain, if she had, we should have reach'd her,
Made some discovery, heard some news; we have
seen nothing.

Seb. Nor pass'd by any body that could promise
any thing.

She is certainly disguised; her modesty
Durst never venture else.

Curio. Let her take any shape,
And let me see it once, I can distinguish it.

⁹ *I'll haunt thy ghost, Alphonso.*] The pointing in the text is Mason's. The sense is—I will haunt thee like a ghost.

Seb. So should I think too. Has not her father found her?

Curio. No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no patience

(Unless she ligh^t in his teeth) to look about him: He guesses now,¹ and chafes, and frets like tinsel.

Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it; But keep her from him, Heaven! Where are we, Curio?

Curio. In a wood I think; hang me, if I know else!

And yet I have ridden all these coasts at all hours, And had an aim.

Seb. I would we had a guide.

Curio. And if I be not much awry, Seberto, Not far off should be Roderigo's quarter; For in this fastness, if I be not cozen'd, He and his Outlaws live.

Seb. This is the place then We appointed him to meet in.

Curio. Yes, I think so.

Seb. 'Would we could meet some living thing!—

Enter ALINDA disguised.

What's that there?

Curio. A boy, I think. Stay; why may not he direct us?

Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find him.

Keep my wits, Heaven! I feel 'em wavering.

¹ *He guesses now, and chafes and frets like tinsel.*] “He guesses now,” means, He wearies himself with conjectures.—*Mason.*

Sympson would read, “He guesses *not*, but chafes,” &c.; and the last editors think *guesses* corrupt. *Mason's* definition of the sense is quite satisfactory.

Oh, God, my head !

Seb. Boy ! dost thou hear ? thou stripling !

Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me ! now
Roderigo

Will hang him without mercy.—Ha !

Curio. Come hither !—

A very pretty boy.—What place is this, child ?

And whither dost thou travel ?—How he stares !

Some stubborn master has abused the boy,

And beaten him : How he complains !—Whither
goest thou ?

Alin. I go to Segovia, sir, to my sick mother ;
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,
And—oh, my bones !—I have been beaten, sir,
Misused and robb'd ; extremely beaten, gentle-
men.

Oh, God, my side !

Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus ?—

Look up, and be of good cheer.

Alin. Oh, I cannot.

My back, my back, my back !

Curio. What thieves ?

Alin. I know not,

But they call the captain, Roderigo.

Curio. Look you !

I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want any thing ?

Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, sir.

Curio. There's some money,

And get thee to thy mother.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen.

Seb. This was extremely foul, to vex a child thus.
Come, let's along ; we cannot lose our way now.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alin. Though ye are honest men, I fear your
fingers,
And glad I am got off. Oh, how I tremble !

Send me but once within his arms, dear Fortune,
And then come all the world!—What shall I do
now?

'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me
Or get me meat, or any thing, I know not.
These wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.

Enter JULETTA with a drum.

Jul. Boy! boy!

Alin. More set to take me?

Jul. Dost thou hear, boy? thou pointer!

Alin. 'Tis a boy too,

A lacky-boy: I need not fear his fierceness.

Jul. Canst thou beat a drum?

Alin. A drum?

Jul. This thing, a drum here.

Didst thou never see a drum? Canst thou make
this grumble?

Alin. Juletta's face and tongue! Is she run mad
too?

Here may be double craft. [*Aside.*]—I have no
skill in't.

Jul. I'll give thee a ryal but to go along with me.

Alin. I care not for thy ryal: I have other bu-
siness.

Drum to thyself, and dance to it.

Jul. Sirrah, sirrah!

Thou scurvy sirrah! thou snotty-nosed scab! dost
thou hear me?

If I lay down my drum—

Alin. Here comes more company!

I fear a plot; Heaven send me fairly from it.

[*Exit.*]

Enter RODERIGO and two Outlaws.

Jul. *Basta!* who's here? [Retires.

Lopez. Captain, do you need me farther?

Rod. No, not a foot. Give me the gown; the sword now.

Jul. This is the devil thief; and, if he take me, Woe be to my gally-gaskins!²

Lopez. Certain, sir, She'll take her patches off, and change her habit.

Rod. Let her do what she please. No, no, Alinda,

You cannot cozen me again in a boy's figure,
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,

² *Woe be to my gally-gaskins.*] Often spelt—gally-gascoyns; also denominated *slops* and *pump-hose*. See a note on *The Scornful Lady* (vol. II. p. 148.) The enormous size of these obsolete exuberances of fashion, and the use, for which they sometimes served, may be further illustrated by the following ludicrous anecdote:—"Better profits than this did a prisoner make of the linings of his breeches, who, being to go before the judge for a certain cause which he was accused of. (it being at that time when the law was in force against wearing bayes stuffed in their breeches, and he having then stuffed his breeches very full,) the judge told him that he did wear his breeches contrary to the law. When he (beginning to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavouring by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did wear within them) drew out of his breeches one pair of sheets, two tablecloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brushe, a glasse, a comb, two night-caps, and other things of use; saying, (all the hall being strewed with this furniture) your lordships may understand, that, because I have no safer storehouse, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay up my goods in. And though it be a streight prison, yet it is a storehouse big enough for them; and I have many things more of value within it. Upon this he was discharged, and well laughed at; and they commanded him that he should not alter the furniture of his storehouse; but that he should rid the hall of his stuffe, and keep it as it pleased him."—Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, p. 542, apud Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, II. 576.

But I shall know it.

Jul. A boy? his face in patches?

Rod. Nor shall your tongue again bewitch
mine anger.—

If she be found i' th' woods, send me word pre-
sently,

And I'll return; she cannot be far gone yet:

If she be not, expect me when you see me.³

Use all your service to my friend Alphonso,
And have a care to your business. Farewell!

No more: Farewell! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Jul. I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.

This boy in patches was the boy came by me,

The very same; how hastily it shifted!

What a mope-eyed ass was I, I could not know
her!

This must be she, this is she, now I remember her;

How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd me!

I could now piss my eyes out for mere anger.

I'll follow her—But who shall vex her father then?

One flirt at him, and then I am for the voyage.

If I can cross the captain too—Come, tabor!

[*Exit.*]

³ — *expect me when you see me.*] That is, You need not expect me till you see me, as I know not when I shall return.—*Mason.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cabin of the Outlaws.

Enter JAQUES and First Outlaw.

Jaq. Are they all set?

1 Out. All, and each quarter quiet.

Jaq. Is the old man asleep?

1 Out. An hour ago, sir.

Jaq. We must be very careful in his absence,
And very watchful.

1 Out. It concerns us nearly.
He will not be long from us.

Jaq. No, he cannot.

1 Out. A little heat of love, which he must
wander out;
And then again—Hark! *[Drum afar off.]*

Jaq. What?

1 Out. 'Tis not the wind, sure;
That's still and calm; no noise, nor flux of waters.

Jaq. I hear a drum, I think.

2 Out. That, that; it beats again now. *[Drum.]*

Jaq. Now it comes nearer. Sure we are sur-
prised, sir;
Some from the king's command. We are lost, we
are dead all!

1 Out. Hark, hark! a charge now! my captain
has betray'd us,
And left us to this ruin, run away from us!

Enter two Outlaws.

Lopez. Another beats o' that side.

2 Out. Fly, fly, Jaques!

We are taken in a toil, snapt in a pitfal;
Methinks I feel a sword already shave me.

3 Out. A thousand horse and foot, a thousand
pioneers,

If we get under ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an axe to cut the woods down.

Lopez. This is the dismal'st night— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alph. Where is my nag now?

And what make I here to be hang'd? what devil
Brought me into this danger! Is there ne'er a hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Ne'er an old ditch to choke me? I shall be taken
For their commander now, their general,
And have a commanding gallows set up for me
As high as a may-pole, and nasty songs made on me;
Be printed with a pint-pot and a dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time. Can I pray?
Let me see that first—I have too much fear to be
faithful.

Where's all my state now? I must go hunt for
daughters,
Daughters, and damsels of the lake,⁴ damn'd
daughters!

⁴ *Damsels of the lake.*] This alludes to the *Lady of the Lake*, a famous character in the old romances; particularly the very popular one called *Morte Arthur*; where many miracles are performed, and much enchantment is conducted, by means of the interposition of the *Lady of the Lake*.—Reed.

The most remarkable exploit of this supernatural lady, who

A hundred crowns for a good tod of hay,⁵
 Or a fine hollow tree, that would contain me.
 I hear 'em coming ; I feel the noose about me !

Enter SEBERTO, CURIO, *Outlaws*, and JAQUES.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly ? here are no
 soldiers,
 None from the king to vex you.

1 Out. The drum, the drum, sir !

Curio. I never saw such pigeon-hearted people !
 What drum ? what danger ?—Who's that that
 shakes behind there ?

Mercy upon me, sir, why are you fear'd⁶ thus ?

Alph. Are we all kill'd ? no mercy to be hoped
 for ?

Am I not shot, do you think ?

Seb. You are strangely frightened ;
 Shot with a fiddle-stick ! Who's here to shoot you ?
 A drum we saw indeed ; a boy was beating it,
 And hunting squirrels by moon-light.

Lopez. Nothing else, sir ?

Curio. Not any thing ; no other person stirring.

Alph. Oh, that I had that boy ! this is that devil,
 That fairy rogue, that haunted me last night !
 He has sleeves like dragon's wings.

Seb. A little foot-boy.

dwelt on the marches of Brittany, was, that the great enchanter, Merlin, having fallen in love with her, she decoyed him into a forest, where she abandoned him while sleeping, having previously prevented him from leaving the place by strong enchantments. There he is bound down as long as the world exists.

⁵ *A good tod of hay.*] A tod of wool is a bundle weighing twenty-eight pounds. From the text, it would seem that the same word was applied also to hay.

⁶ — *fear'd.*] Scared, frightened. See above, p. 421, 442, 445.

Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my clothes on.

If e'er I stay here more to be thus martyr'd—
Did ye not meet the wench?

Seb. No, sure, we met her not.

Alph. She has been here in boy's apparel, gentlemen,

(A gallant thing, and famous for a gentlewoman,)
And all her face patch'd over for discovery;⁷
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumstance,
That she hath play'd her master-prize, a rare one.
I came too short.

Curio. Such a young boy we met, sir.

Alph. In a grey hat?

Curio. The same; his face all patch'd too.

Alph. 'Twas she, a rot run with her! she, that rank she!

Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part again:
But get some store of wine; this fright sits here yet.
[*Exeunt into the cabin.*

Enter JULETTA.

Jul. What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry!

If this do bolt him,⁸ I'll be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd; I'll ferk him;
As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him; I'll claw him.

⁷ For *discovery.*] That is, to prevent discovery. A common phrase in these plays.

⁸ *If this do bolt him.*] Probably the negative is wanting,

“*If this don't bolt him.*”—Simpson.

The next line but one, “As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him,” proves, that the negative should not be inserted; for he could not pursue his daughter without quitting the wood; that is, without bolting.—*Mason.*

Now will I see if I can cross her footing.
 Yet still I'll watch his water,⁹ he shall pay for't ;
 And when he thinks most malice, and means worse,
 I'll make him know the mare's the better horse.
 [Exit.

SCENE V.

Segovia. A Street.

Enter PEDRO and the third Gentleman.

Gent. You are a stranger, sir ; and, for humanity,
 Being come within our walls, I would shew you
 something.

You have seen the castle ?

Pedro. Yes, sir ; 'tis a strong one,
 And well maintain'd.

Gent. Why are you still thus sad, sir ?
 How do you like the walks ?

Pedro. They are very pleasant ;
 Your town stands cool and sweet.

Gent. But that I would not
 Affect you with more sadness, I could shew you
 A place worth view.

⁹ *Yet still I'll watch his water.*] A metaphor, not over delicate, taken from the medical creed of the time ; the urine being then considered as the greatest criterion whereby to judge of the nature and progress of disease.

Pedro. Shows seldom alter me, sir ;
Pray you speak it, and then shew it.

Gent. 'Tis a house here
Where people of all sorts, that have been visited
With lunacies and follies, wait their cures :
Their fancies, of a thousand stamps and fashions,
Like flies in several shapes, buz round about ye,
And twice as many gestures ; some of pity,
That it would make you melt to see their passions ;
And some as light again, that would content you.
But I see, sir, your temper is too modest,
Too much inclined to contemplation,
To meet with these.

Pedro. You could not please me better ;
And I beseech you, sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon you.

Gent. Since you are willing,
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct you.

Pedro. I ne'er had such a mind yet to see mi-
sery ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*A Mad-house in the same City ; Madmen are seen
in their Cells.*

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry Mad Bess some meat, she roars
like thunder ;
And tie the parson short, the moon's i' th' full,
He has a thousand pigs in's brains. Who looks
to the prentice ?

Keep him from women, he thinks he has lost his
mistress ;

And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn-mad.

2 *Keep*. The justice keeps such a stir yonder
with his charges,

And such a coil with warrants !

1 *Keep*. Take away his statutes ;
The devil has possess'd him in the likeness
Of penal laws ; keep him from *aqua-vitæ*,
For if that spirit creep into his quorum,
He will commit us all. How is it with the scholar ?

2 *Keep*. For any thing I see, he's in his right
wits.

1 *Keep*. Thou art an ass ! in his right wits,
goodman coxcomb ?

As though any man durst be in's right wits, and
be here :

It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em.

Enter English Madman.

Eng. Give me some drink !

1 *Keep*. Oh, there's the Englishman.

Eng. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em,
froth 'em !

Down o' your knees, you rogues, and pledge me
roundly ! [*Sings.*

One, two, three, and four ;

We shall all be merry within this hour.

To the great Turk !

1 *Keep*. Peace, peace, thou heathen drunkard !
These English are so malt-mad, there's no med-
dling with 'em ;

When they have a fruitful year of barley there,
All the whole island's thus.

Eng. A snuff, a snuff, a snuff,

A lewd notorious snuff! give't him again, boy.¹

Enter She-Fool.

Fool. God ye good even, gaffer!

2 Keep. Who let the Fool loose?

1 Keep. If any of the madmen take her, she is pepper'd;

They'll bounce her loins.

Fool. Will you walk into the coal-house?

1 Keep. She is as lecherous too as a she-ferret.

2 Keep. Who a vengeance looks to her?—Go in, Kate,

I'll give thee a fine apple.

Fool. Will you buss me,

And tickle me and make me laugh?

1 Keep. I'll whip you.

Eng. Fool, Fool! come up to me, Fool.

Fool. Are you peeping?

Eng. I'll get thee with five fools.

Fool. Oh, fine, oh, dainty!

Eng. And thou shalt lie-in in a horse-cloth, like a lady.

Fool. And shall I have a coach?

Eng. Drawn with four turkies;

And they shall tread thee too.

Fool. We shall have eggs then!

And shall I sit upon 'em?

Eng. Ay, ay, and they shall be all addle,

And make an admirable tansey for the devil.

Come, come away; I am taken with thy love,
Fool,

¹ *A snuff, a snuff, a snuff,*

A lewd notorious snuff!] *Snuff* here means *affront*. A more usual phrase is—*to take in snuff*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“You'll mar the light by taking it in *snuff*.”

And will mightily belabour thee.

1 *Keep.* How the Fool bridles ! how she twitters
at him !

These Englishmen would stagger a wise woman.
If we should suffer her to have her will now,
We should have all the women in Spain as mad
as she here.

2 *Keep.* They would strive who should be most
fool.—Away with her !

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, Scholar, and
PEDRO.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little ! let's hear him sing ;
he has a fine breast. ²

1 *Keep.* Here comes my master.—To the spit,
you whore,

² *Let's hear him sing ; he has a fine breast.*] In Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. III. p. 466, he cites part of Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry, 1580," in which the following line occurs :

"The better *breast*, the lesser rest ;"

upon which he makes this observation : "In singing, the sound is originally produced by the action of the lungs ; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good *breast* was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms *Voce di Petto* and *Voce di Testa*, to signify two kinds of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakespeare's comedy of Twelfth-Night, after the Clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

"By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*."

And in the statutes of Stock-College, in Suffolk, founded by Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words : "Of which said queristers after their *breasts* are changed, (*i. e.* their voices broke,) we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibitions of forty shillings, &c."—Strype's Life of Parker, p. 9.—*Reed.*

And stir no more abroad, but tend your business ;
 You shall have no more sops i' th' pan else, nor
 no porridge :

Besides, I'll whip your breech.

Fool. I'll go in presently.

1 Gent. I'll assure you, sir, the Cardinal's angry
 with you

For keeping this young man.

Mast. I am heartily sorry.

If ye allow him sound, pray ye take him with ye.

3 Gent. [*To PEDRO.*] This is the place, and now
 observe their humours.

2 Gent. We can find nothing in him light, nor
 tainted ;

No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers ;
 In all his letters, nothing but discretion,
 Learning, and handsome style.

Mast. Be not deceived, sir ;

Mark but his look.

1 Gent. His grief, and his imprisonment,

May stamp that there.

Mast. Pray talk with him again then.

2 Gent. That will be needless ; we have tried
 him long enough,

And if he had a taint we should have met with it.

Yet to discharge your care——

Pedro. A sober youth !

Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.

2 Gent. You find no sickness ?

Schol. None, sir, I thank Heaven,

Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.

1 Gent. Do you sleep o' nights ?

Schol. As sound, and sweet, as any man.

2 Gent. Have you no fearful dreams ?

Schol. Sometimes, as all have

That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs ;
 Else, I am all one piece.

1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindness
You have conceived from any friend, or parent?
Or scorn from what you loved?

Schol. No, truly, sir :

I never yet was master of a faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred ;
And what love is, unless it lie in learning,
I think I am ignorant.

1 *Gent.* This man is perfect ;
A civiler discourser I ne'er talk'd with.

Mast. You'll find it otherwise.

2 *Gent.* I must tell you true, sir,
I think you keep him here to teach him madness !
Here's his discharge from my lord cardinal.—
And come, sir, go with us.

Schol. I am bound unto ye ;
And farewell, master.

Mast. Farewell, Stephano.
Alas, poor man !

1 *Gent.* What flaws and whirls of weather,
Or rather storms, have been aloft these three days ;
How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny !
And still grows louder.

Mast. It has been stubborn weather.

2 *Gent.* Strange work at sea ; I fear me there's
old tumbling.³

1 *Gent.* Bless my old uncle's bark ! I have a
venture.

2 *Gent.* And I, more than I would wish to lose.

Schol. Do you fear ?

2 *Gent.* Ha ! how he looks !

³ — *I fear me there's old tumbling.*] This is another proof that *old* was very commonly used as an augmentative. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Ursula says to Beatrice, "Madam, you must come to your uncle, yonder's *old* coil at home." See the Notes to the Variorum Editions of Shakspeare.

Mast. Nay, mark him better, gentlemen.

2 Gent. Mercy upon me, how his eyes are alter'd !

Mast. Now tell me how you like him ; whether now

He be that perfect man ye credited ?

Schol. Does the sea stagger ye ?

Mast. Now you have hit the nick.

Schol. Do ye fear the billows ?

1 Gent. What ails him ? who has stirr'd him ?

Schol. Be not shaken,

Nor let the singing of the storm shoot through ye ;
Let it blow on, blow on ! let the clouds wrestle,
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,
The sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble,
Upon a dolphin's back I'll make all tremble,
For I am Neptune !

Mast. Now what think ye of him ?

2 Gent. Alas, poor man !

Schol. Your bark shall plough through all,
And not a surge so saucy to disturb her ;
I'll see her safe, my power shall sail before her !

Down, ye angry waters all ;

Ye loud whistling whirlwinds, fall ;

Down, ye proud waves ; ye storms, cease ;

I command ye, be at peace.

Fright not with your churlish notes,

Nor bruise the keel of bark that flats ;

No devouring fish come nigh,

Nor monster in my empery

Once shew his head, or terror bring ;

But let the weary sailor sing :

Amphitrite with white arms

Strike my lute, I'll sing [thy] charms.

Mast. He must have music now : I must observe him ;

His fit will grow too full else.

[*Music, a song within.*]

2 *Gent.* I must pity him.

Mast. Now he will in himself, most quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing,

1 *Gent.* We are sorry, sir, and we have seen a wonder.

From this hour we'll believe ; and so will leave ye.

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*]

Pedro. This was a strange fit.

Mast. Did you mark him, sir ?

Pedro. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.

Mast. Many have sworn him right,⁴ and I have thought so ;

Yet, on a sudden, from some word or other,
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out :
I dare not give him will.

Enter ALINDA as a Boy.

Pedro. Pray Heaven recover him !

Alin. Must I come in too ?

Mast. No, my pretty lad ;

Keep in thy chamber, boy ; 'shalt have thy supper.

Pedro. I pray you what is he, sir ?

Mast. A strange boy, that last night
Was found i' th' town, a little crazed, distracted,
And so sent hither.

Pedro. How the pretty knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me !—Sure such eyes

⁴ *Many have sworn him right.*] This is one of the most skilful exhibitions of madness that this play affords.—Ed. 1778.

I have seen, and loved!—What fair hands!—
Certainly—

Mast. Good sir, you'll make him worse.

Pedro. I pray believe not:

Alas, why should I hurt him!—How he smiles!—
The very shape, and sweetness of Alinda!—
Let me look once again: Were it in such clothes
As when I saw her last—This must be she!—
How tenderly it strokes me!

Mast. Pray you be mild, sir!

I must attend elsewhere. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Pray you be secure, sir.—

What would you say?—How my heart beats and
trembles!

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her
flesh too!

I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,
Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little
one!

Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro!

Pedro. Oh, my soul!

3 *Gent.* What fit's this? [*Aside.*

The Pilgrim's off the hooks too!

Alin. Let me hold thee;

And now come all the world, and all that hate me!

Pedro. Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh, how
I love you!

How do you now?

Alin. I have been miserable;

But your most virtuous eyes have cured me, Pedro.
Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you.
My head's wild still!

Pedro. Be not so full of passion,
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;
'Twill be ill taken.

Alin. Are you weary of me?

I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,
And weep away for joy.

Enter Master.

Mast. I told you, sir,
What you would do! For shame, do not afflict
him:
You have drawn his fit upon him fearfully.
Either depart, and presently, I'll force you else.
Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers.

Pedro. Alas, good sir——

Mast. This is the way never to hope recovery.
Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to th'
governor.

Bring in the boy. Do you see how he swells and
tears himself?

Is this your cure? Be gone! If the boy miscarry,
Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll so hamper you!

3 Gent. You were to blame, too rash.

Pedro. Farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A High-Road before the City.

*Enter ALPHONSO, a Gentleman, and JULETTA
apart.*

Gent. You are now within a mile o' th' town,
sir; if my business
Would give me leave, I would turn and wait
upon ye.

But for such gentlemen as you inquire of,
Certain, I saw none such; but for the boy ye
speke of,

I will not say 'tis he, but such a one,
Just of that height—

Alph. In such clothes?

Gent. I much mistake else----

Was sent in th' other night, a little maddish,
And where such people wait their cures.

Alph. I understand you.

Gent. There you may quickly know.

Alph. I thank you, sir.—

Jul. So do I too; and if there be such a place,
I ask no more: but you shall hear more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
I'll see what I can do. I am almost founder'd
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four first; my cause is meritorious,
And come what can come!—

Gent. All you have told me's certain,
Complexion, and all else.

Alph. It may be she then ;
And I'll so fumble her ! Is she grown mad now ?
Is her blood set so high ? I'll have her madded !
I'll have her worm'd !⁵

Jul. Mark but the end, old master ; [*Apart.*
If thou be'st not sick o' th' bots within these five
hours,
And kick'st and roar'st⁶—I'll make ye fart fire,
signior.

Enter ALINDA, disguised as the She-Fool.

Gent. Here's one o' th' house, a fool, an idiot,
sir :
May-be, she is going home ; she'll be a guide to ye,
And so I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*

Alph. I am your servant.

Alin. Oh, now I am lost, lost, lost ! Lord, how
I tremble ! [*Apart.*
My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers !
This is more misery than I have 'scap'd yet.

Alph. Fool ! Fool !

Alin. He knows me not.—Will you give me
twopence ?
And, gaffer, here's a crow-flower, and a daisy ;
I have some pie in my pocket too.

Alph. This is an arrant fool,

⁵ *I'll have her worm'd.*] This alludes to the vulgar error, that dogs may be prevented from ever becoming mad, by cutting what is called the worm under their tongues.

⁶ *If thou be'st not sick o' th' bots within these five hours, And kick'st and roar'st.*] The bots is a disease among horses, which makes them very impatient. This will explain the allusion in the text.

An ignorant thing.

Alin. Believe so, and I am happy. [*Aside.*]

Alph. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, Fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven;

And I have a fine little house, made of marmalade,
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint Peter;
I have a hundred little children, and they sing
psalms with me.

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want
understanding.

But why do I stand talking with a coxcomb?⁷

If I do find her, if I light upon her—

I'll say no more.—Is this the way to the town,
Fool?

Alin. You must go o'er the top of that high
steeple, gaffer—

Alph. A plague o' your fool's face!

Jul. No; take her counsel. [*Aside.*]

Alin. And then you shall come to a river twen-
ty mile over,

And twenty mile and ten, and then you must
pray, gaffer,

And still you must pray, and pray—

Alph. Pray Heaven deliver me
From such an ass as thou art!

Alin. Amen, sweet gaffer!—

And fling a sop of sugar-cake into it;

And then you must leap in naked—

Jul. 'Would he would believe her!

Alin. And sink seven days together: Can you
sink, gaffer?

⁷ *A coxcomb.*] That is, a natural fool, as he supposes Alinda to be; who was dressed in all the insignia of the fool, and of course her cap was decorated with the cock's comb. The reader is here again referred to Mr Douce's highly curious Dissertation on the Fools and Clowns of Shakspeare.

Alph. Yes, coxcomb, yes. Pr'ythee, farewell!
a pox on thee!

A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee!

Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of milk
shall serve you:

I am going to get apples.

Go to the devil!

Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?

Thou tell me news! thou be a guide!

Alin. And then, nuncle——

Alph. Pr'ythee keep on thy way, good naunt.
—I could rail now

These ten hours at mine own improvidence.—

Get apples and be choak'd! farewell! [*Exit.*]

Alin. Farewell, nuncle!

Jul. I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him,
And I shall love this fool extremely for't.

Could I but see my mistress now, to tell her
How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,
How I have worn myself away to serve her——
Fool, there's a ryal for the sport thou mad'st me
In crossing that old fool, that parted from thee.

Alin. [*Apart.*] Thou'rt honest sure, but yet
thou must not see me.——

I thank you, little gentleman! Heaven bless you,
And I'll pray for you too. Pray you keep this
nutmeg;

'Twas sent me from the lady of the Mountain,
A golden lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles!

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your understanding;
And so good night; the moon's up.

Jul. Pretty innocent!⁸

⁸ *Innocent.*] This epithet was frequently applied to a natural fool. So in *Eastward Hoe*, by Chapman, Ben Jonson, and Marston;—“If you are a cuckold, and know it not, you are an *innocent*—”

Alin. Now, Fortune, if thou darest do good,
protect me! [Exit.

Jul. I'll follow him to yond town; he shall not
'scape me.

Stay; I must counterfeit a letter by the way first,
And one that must carry some credit with it; I
am wide else,

And all this to no purpose that I aim at.

A letter must be had, and neatly handled;

And then if goodwife Fortune do not fail me,

Have at his skirts! I shall worse anger him

Than ever I have done, and worse torment him.

It does me good to think how I shall conjure him,

And crucify his crabbedness: He's my master;

But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.

He would now persecute my harmless mistress;

A fault without forgiveness, as I take it,

And under that bold banner flies my vengeance;

A meritorious war, and so I'll make it.—

I th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool
gave me?

She said 'twas good to rub my understanding.

What strange concealment? bread, or cheese, or
a chesnut?

Ha! 'tis a ring, a pretty ring, a right one:

A ring I know too! the very same ring!—

Oh, admirable blockhead! oh, base eyes!

A ring my mistress took from me, and wore it;

I know it by the posy, "Prick me, and heal
me."²

cent; if you know and endure it, a martyr." On the next page but two, the word occurs again in the same sense, where Roderigo says,

"The devil in a fool's coat! Is he turned *innocent*?"

² *Prick me, and heal me.*] These words, by what mistake I know not, are wanting in the folio of 1679.—*Sympson.*

None could deliver this but she herself too.
 Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the blessing
 I would arrive at, and block-like never know it?
 I am vengeance angry; but that shall light on
 thee,

And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it.
 There are so many cross-ways, there's no follow-
 ing her,¹——

And yet I must—not now. I hope she is right still,
 For all her outward show, for sure she knew me;
 And, in that hope, some few hours I'll forget her.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.

Near the out-skirts of a Village.

Enter RODERIGO, in a Pilgrim's habit.

Rod. She is not to be recover'd, which I vex at;
 And he beyond my vengeance, which torments me.
 Oh, I am fool'd and slighted, made a rascal;
 My hopes are flutter'd,² as my present fortunes!

¹ — *there's no following her;*

And yet I must not now.] The distraction of Juletta here will be finely expressed if we alter the pointing;

—— *there's no following her;*——

And yet I must—not now. I hope, &c.—Simpson.

² *My hopes are flatter'd, as my present fortunes.*] This can hardly be admitted to be sense, though the reading is retained by the last editors as used ironically. Simpson reads—my hopes

Why should I wander thus, and play the coxcomb?
Tire out my peace and pleasure for a girl?

A girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And, consider'd at the best, is but a short break-
fast

For a hot appetite. Why should I walk, and
walk thus,

And fret myself, and travel like a carrier,
And peep, and watch; want meat and wine, to
cherish me,

When thousand women may be had, ten thousand,
And thank me too, and I sit still? Well, trim
beauty

And chastity, and all that seem to ruin me,
Let me not take you, let me not come near you,
For I'll so trim you, I'll so bustle with you—

'Tis not the name of virgin shall redeem you,
(I'll change that property,) nor tears, nor angers;
I bear a hate about me scorns those follies.

To find this villain too (for there's my main prize,)
And if he snap me then³——

Enter ALINDA.

Alin. Is not that Pedro?

'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh!

Rod. What art thou?

Alin. Ha! now, now, now,
Oh, now, most miserable!

are *flat*, as are my present fortunes. Mason proposes to read either *shattered*, or *fluttered*. The former is stronger, but the latter nearer the trace of the letters, and frequently used by Fletcher.

³ *And if he snap me then—*] The modern editions read—'scape; but *snap* might have been used in reference to a bow snapping, alluding to Roderigo's having intended his enemy to die by the halter.

Rod. What, a devil, art thou?

Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?

Rod. What antick?

Speak, puppet, speak!

Alin. That habit to betray me?

Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?

Rod. It danceth!

The devil in a fool's coat? is he turn'd innocent?

What mops and mowes⁴ it makes! heigh, how it
frisketh!

Is't not a fairy? or some small hobgoblin?

It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to it;

But if it should prove the devil then?

Alin. Come hither.

Rod. I think 'twill ravish me.

It is a handsome thing, but horribly sun-burnt.

What's that it points at?

Alin. Dost thou see that star there?

That, just above the sun?

Pr'ythee go thither, and light me this tobacco;

And stop it with the horns o' th' moon.

Rod. The thing's mad,

Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd.

Go sleep, fool, sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so sweetly;

For so I can say my prayers, and then slumber.

*I am not proud, nor full of wine,
(This little flower will make me fine,)
Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,
If I see a sparrow die :)
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious⁵ to pursue it still :*

⁴ — *mops and mowes.*] Making strange gestures and grimaces. The words occur together more than once in Shakspeare. *Innocent*, in the former line, means a lunatic, as in many other old plays.

⁵ *Nor glorious to pursue.*] *i. e.* Take no pride, pleasure in, &c. — *Sympson.*

*Nor pitiless to those that weep ;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.*

Do, do, do, and see if they can.

Rod. It said true ;

I feel it sink into me forcibly.

Sure 'tis a kind of sybil, some mad prophet.

I feel my wildness bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you
what's your fortune.

Rod. Here ; pr'ythee speak.

Alin. Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy !

Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and look
finely ;

You shall never kiss the king's daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But still you foul 'em faster.

Rod. This goes nearer.

Alin. You'll have two wives.

Rod. Two wives ?

Alin. Ay, two fine gentlewomen ;

(Make much of 'em, for they'll stick close to you,
sir)

And these two, in two days.

Rod. That's a fine riddle.

Alin. To-day you shall wed Sorrow,

And Repentance will come to-morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspired !

Alin. I'll sing you a fine song, sir.

He called down his merry men all,

By one, by two, by three ;

William would fain have been the first,

But now the last is he.⁶

⁶ This is quoted from the old ballad, entitled "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter," printed in Bishop Percy's Reliques, (Ed. 1794, III. p. 74.)

Rod. 'Tis the mere chronicle of my mishaps.

Alin. I'll bid you good even ; for my boat stays
for me yonder,

And I must sup with the moon to-night in the
Mediterranean. [*Exit.*

Rod. When fools and mad-folks shall be tutors
to me,

And feel my sores, yet I unsensible——

Sure it was set by Providence upon me,

To steer my heart right. I am wondrous weary ;

My thoughts too, which add more burden to me——

I have been ill, and, which is worse, pursued it,

And still run on : I must think better, nobler,

And be another thing, or not at all.

Still I grow heavier, heavier ; Heaven defend me !

I'll lie down, and take rest, and goodness guard me !

[*Lies down on one side of the stage.*

Enter four Peasants.

1 *Pea.* We have 'scaped to-day well ; certain,
if the Outlaws

Had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't.

2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have robb'd me
thrice.

3 *Pea.* And me five times ;

Beside, they made my daughter one of us too,

An arrant drum : Oh, they are the lewdest rascals !

The captain such a damn'd piece of iniquity——

But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the best
on't.

They cannot hear.

4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly,

And eat up all I have ; drink up my wine too,

And if there be a servant that contents 'em,

Let her keel hold, they'll give her stowage enough.

We have no children now, but thieves and Out-laws :

The very brats in their mothers' bellies have their qualities,

They'll steal into the world.

1 *Pea.* 'Would we had some of 'em here !

2 *Pea.* Ay, o' that condition we could master 'em ;

They are sturdy knaves.

3 *Pea.* A devil take their sturdiness !

We can neither keep our wives from 'em, nor our states ;

We pay the rent, and they possess the benefit.

1 *Pea.* What is this lies here ? is it drunk or sober ?

It sleeps, and soundly too.

2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old woman,

That keeps sheeph hereabouts. It turns and stretches.

4 *Pea.* Does she keep sheep with a sword ?

3 *Pea.* It has a beard too.

1 *Pea.* Peace, peace ! It is the devil Roderigo ! Peace of all hands, and look.

2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.

3 *Pea.* Speak softly.

4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.

3 *Pea.* Stay, stay ! let's be provident.

1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.

4 *Pea.* Let me come to him ;

Even one blow at his pate ; if e'er he wake more—

3 *Pea.* So, so, so ! lay that by. [*Takes his sword.*

2 *Pea.* I must needs kill him ;

It stands with my reputation.

3 *Pea.* Stand off, I say,

And let us some way make him sure ; then torture him :

To kill him presently, has no pleasure in't ;

He has been tormenting of us at least this twelve-month.

Rod. Oh, me!

All. He comes, he comes.

4 *Pea.* Has he no guns about him?

3 *Pea.* Softly again! No, no; take that hand easily,

And tie it fast there; that to th' other bough there.

Fast, fast, and easy, lest he wake!

[*They tie him to a tree.*]

2 *Pea.* Have we got you?

This was a benefit we never aim'd at.

3 *Pea.* Out with your knives, and let us carve this cock-thief,

Daintily carve him!

1 *Pea.* I would he had been used thus
Ten years ago! we might have thought we had children.

3 *Pea.* Oh, that Sir Nicholas now, our priest,
were here,⁷

What a sweet homily would he say over him,
For ringing all in, with his wife i' th' bellfry!

⁷ Sir Nicholas now our priest, &c.] Sir was the title given (formerly) to any clergyman under the degree of a doctor. The reader can't but observe the great impropriety which the next line but one contains, the scene lying not in England but Spain.—*Sympson.*

The poets, perhaps, wrote this inadvertently, and were probably not aware that an authority might be produced to prove that they were not absolutely wrong in giving a wife to a Catholic priest. "The Abbé de Longuerue remarks, that, in the year 1704, many of the bishops of Normandy were married men." Way's *Fabliaux*, II. 201. In the note here quoted, which refers to the fabliau of The Priest who ate Mulberries, Mr Ellis observes, that the "Lady-leman," who swoons at the priest's misfortune, might have been his wife. His conjecture is fully confirmed by a reference to the original, printed in the late edition of *Barbazan*, vol I. p. 98, where the lady is called—*la feme au prestre.*

He would stand up stiff girt. Now pounce him
lightly ;
And, as he roars and rages, let's go deeper.
Come near ; you are dim-eyed ; on with your
spectacles.

Rod. Oh, what torments me thus ? what slaves,
what villains ?

Oh, spare me ; do not murder me !

3 Pea. We'll but tickle you :

You have tickled us at all points.

4 Pea. Where are his emblems ? *

Enter PEDRO.

Rod. As ye are men, and Christians——

2 Pea. Yes, we hear you ;
And you shall hear of us too.

Rod. Oh ! no mercy ?

Pedro. What noise is this ? what roar ?—I can-
not find her,
She is got free again ; but where, or which way ?

Rod. Oh, villains, beasts !

Pedro. Murdering a man, ye rascals ?
Ye inhuman slaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,
Or, as I am a gentleman—Do ye brave me ?
Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cowards !
Take up that sword, and stand. [*To RODERIGO.*]

Stay, ye base rascals,

Ye cut-throat rogues——

All. Away, away ! [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Pedro. Ye dog-whelps !

Rod. Oh ! I am now more wretched far, than
ever.

* *Where are his emblems ?*] The peasant, by his emblems,
means his marks of virility.—*Mason.*

Pedro. A violence to that habit?—Ha! Roderigo?

What makes he here, thus clad? Is it repentance,
Or only a fair show to guide his mischiefs?⁹

Rod. This benefit has made me shame to see him;
To know him, blush.

Pedro. You are not much hurt?

Rod. No, sir;
All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience;
That pricks and tortures me.

Pedro. Have you consider'd
The nature of these men, and how they used you?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handsome?

Rod. I dare not speak; or, if I do, 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or justify me.

Pedro. Was it noble
To be o'er-lay'd with odds and violence?
Manly, or brave, in these thus to oppress you?
Do you blush at this, in such as are mere rudeness?

That have stopt souls, that never knew things
gentle?
And dare you glorify worse in yourself, sir?
You used me with much honour, and I thank you;
In this, I have requited some. You know me:
Come, turn not back; you must and you shall
know me.

Had I been over-season'd with base anger,
And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,
Bore no respect to honesty, religion;
No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,

⁹ *Or only a fair shew to guide his mischiefs?*] That is, to give opportunity to his committing mischief. Though Sympson calls this a blunder, and wearies himself with conjectures; and though Mason says it is neither sense nor English, the old text is perfect sense, and better than the reading of the second folio (*guile*), adopted by the editors of 1778.

Had I had in me ; but given reins and licence
 To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,
 This day, know, Roderigo, I had set
 As small a price upon thy life and fortunes
 As thou didst lately on mine innocence ;
 But I reserve thee to a nobler service.

Rod. I thank you, and I'll study more to honour you :

You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
 And are the greater master of your goodness.
 Though it be impossible I should now recover,
 And my rude will grow handsome, in an instant,
 Yet, touching but the pureness of your metal,
 Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glister ;

That men may hope, although the mine be rugged,
 Stony and hard to work, yet time and honour
 Shall find and bring forth that that's rich and worthy.

Pedro. I'll try that ; and to th' purpose. You told me, sir,

In noble emulation,—so I take it ;
 I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it—
 You had a fair desire to try my valour ;
 You seem'd to court me to it : You have found a time,

A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,
 That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,
 And only now for honour's sake defies you !
 Now, as you are a man,—I know you are valiant——

As you are gentle bred, a soldier fashion'd——

Rod. His virtue startles me!—I dare fight,
 Pedro.

Pedro. And as you have a mistress that you honour,

Mark me ! a mistress——

Rod. Ha!

Pedro. A handsome mistress :

As you dare hold yourself deserving of her——

Rod. Deserving? what a word was that to fire me!

Pedro. I could compel you now without this circumstance ;

But I'll deal free and fairly, like a gentleman :

As you are worthy of the name you carry,

A daring man——

Rod. Oh, that I durst not suffer!

For all I dare do now implies but penance.

Pedro. Now do me noble right.

Rod. I'll satisfy you ;

But not by th' sword. Pray you hear me, and allow me.

I have been rude ; but shall I be a monster,

And teach my sword to hurt that that preserved me?

Though I be rough by nature, shall my name

Inherit that eternal stain of *barbarous*?

Give me an enemy, a thing that hates you,

That never heard of yet, nor felt your goodness,

That is one main antipathy to sweetness,

And set me on ! You cannot hold me coward.

If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard.¹

The temper of my sword starts at your virtue,

And will fly off, nay, it will weep to light [on] you :²

¹ *If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard.*] This means simply, "You cannot think me coward, because, if ever I have erred, it has been in hazard, *i. e.* in over-daring, the opposite extreme to cowardice." I find Mr Mason has given a similar explanation. That of the last editors, "My errors have risen from accident," is very erroneous. Seward, as usual, prefers an absurd amendment to the plain text.

² *To light ye.*] Mr Sympson observes, that "we have here either an *ellipsis*, (the passage meaning *to light ON you,*) or a cor-

Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,
Hold sacred love and peace with one another.
See how it turns !³

Pedro. This is a strange conversion !—
And can you fail your mistress ? can you grow cold
In such a case ?

Rod. Those heats that they add to us,
Oh, noble Pedro ! let us feel 'em rightly,
And rightly but consider how they move us.

Pedro. Is not their honour ours ?

Rod. If they be virtuous ;
And then their sword adds nothing to their lustre,
But rather calls in question what's not doubted :
If they be not, the best swords and best valours
Can never fight 'em up to fame again,
No, not a Christian war ; and that's held pious.

Pedro. How bravely now he's temper'd ! I must
fight,

ruption.” If we suppose the latter, he says we may read, on authority of Chaucer, *to FIGHT you*, i. e. *STRIKE* ; or else, “ *to SLIGHT you*, i. e. *cut, wound, &c.* from the *A. S. Slitan, scindere, lacerare.*” We think that *to FIGHT you* is much more easy and probable than the other words proposed, and more agreeable to the context.—Ed. 1778.

The variation of the last editors is plausible ; but it appears more probable, that the word in brackets was accidentally omitted.

³ *See how it turns !*] These words, which are made a continuation of *Roderigo's* speech in all former editions, cannot belong to him, but to *Pedro* :

“ *See how it turns ! this is a strange conversion !*”

Ed. 1778.

Not so strange as the short-sightedness of these editors. “ *See how it turns,*” which they absurdly refer to *Roderigo*, is most undoubtedly part of his own speech, and refers to his sword, of which, as *Mason* observes, he had said before :

“ The temper of my sword starts at your virtue,
And will fly off.”

And rather make it honourable, than angry.
I would not task those sins to me committed.

Rod. You cannot, sir ; you have cast those by,
discarded 'em ;

And, in a noble mind, so low and loosely
To look back, and collect such lumps, and lick 'em
Into new horrid forms again——

Pedro. Still braver !

Rod. To fight because I dare, were worse and
weaker

Than if I had a woman in my cause, sir,
And more proclaim'd me fool ; yet I must confess
I have been covetous of all occasions,
And this I have taken upon trust for noble,
The more shame mine ! Devise a way to fight thus,
That, like the wounded air, no blood may issue,
Nor, where this sword shall enter, no lost spirit,
And set me on ! I would not scar that body,
That virtuous, valiant body, nor deface it,
To make the kingdom mine. If one must bleed,
Let me be both the sacrifice and altar,
And you the priest ; I have deserved to suffer.

Pedro. The noble Roderigo now I call you,
And thus my love shall ever count and hold you.

Rod. I am your servant, sir ; and now this habit,
Devotion, not distrust, shall put upon me.
I'll wait upon your fortunes, (that's my way now,)
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a partner.

Pedro. I thank you, sir ; I shall be too proud
of you.

Oh, I could tell you strange things !

Rod. I guess at 'em ;

And I could curse myself, I made 'em stranger.
Yet my mind says, you are not far from happiness.

Pedro. It shall be welcome. Come, let's keep
us thus still,

And be as we appear, Heaven's hand may bless us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Mad-house in Segovia.

Enter ALPHONSO, Master, and Keepers.

Mast. Yes, sir, here be such people ; but how
pleasing

They will appear to you——

Alph. Pray let me see 'em ;

I come to that end ; pray let me see 'em all.

Mast. They will confound you, sir ; like bells
rung backward,

They are nothing but confusion, and mere noises.

Alph. May-be I love a noise. But, hark ye, sir !
Have you no boys ? handsome young boys ?

Mast. Yes, one, sir ;
A very handsome boy.

Alph. Long here ?

Mast. But two days ;
A little crazed, but much hope of recovery.

Alph. Ay, that boy let me see ; may-be, I know
him ;

That boy, I say.—This is the boy he told me of,
[*Aside.*

And it must needs be she !—That boy, I beseech
ye, sir !

That boy I come to see.

Mast. And you shall see him,
Or any else ; but pray be not too violent.

Alph. I know what to do, I warrant you; I am
for all fancies;

I can talk to 'em, and dispute——

1 Keep. As madly?

For they are very mad, sir.

Alph. Let 'em be horn-mad.

1 Keep. We have few citizens; they have bed-
lams of their own, sir.

And are mad at their own charges.

Alph. Who lies here?

Mast. Pray you do not disturb 'em, sir; here lie
such youths

Will make you start if they but dance their trench-
mores.⁴

Fetch out the boy, sirrah.—Hark! [*Exit Keeper.*]

Alph. Heigh, boys! [*Shaking of irons within.*]

⁴ *If they but dance their trenchmores.*] *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (says Sir John Hawkins, *History of Music*, vol. IV. p. 391.) “Frequent mention is made by our old dramatic writers: Thus, in the *Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act V. one of the Townsmen says,

“*All the windows of the town dance a new trenchmore.*”

“In the *Table-Talk* of Selden, tit. King of England, is the following humorous passage: ‘The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and at length to *trenchmore*, and the cushion-dance: Then all the company dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth’s time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James’s time, things were pretty well. But in King Charles’s time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and the cushion-dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite come toite.’ And in the comedy of the *Rehearsal*, the earth, sun, and moon, are made to dance the hey, to the tune of *trenchmore*. From all which it may be inferred, that the *trenchmore* was also a lively movement.”—*Reed.*

Enter English Madman, Scholar, and Parson.

Eng. Bounce !

Clap her o' th' star-board ! bounce ! top the can.

Schol. Dead, ye dog, dead ! do you quarrel in my kingdom ?

Give me my trident !

Eng. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with mackrels ! Oh, brave meat !

Schol. My sea-horses !

I'll charge the northern-wind, and break his bladder !

Par. I'll sell my bells, before I be out-braved thus.

Alph. What's he ? what's he ?

Mast. A parson, sir, a parson,
That run mad for tithe-goslings.

Alph. Green sauce cure him !

Par. I'll curse ye all ! I'll excommunicate ye !
Thou English heretic, give me the tenth pot.

Eng. Sue me ; I'll drink up all. Bounce, I say
once more.

Oh, have I split your mizen ? Blow, blow, thou
west-wind,

Blow till thou rive,⁵ and make the sea run roaring.

⁵ *Blow till thou rive.*] This is a manifest copying from Shakspeare's Boatswain in the *Tempest*,

“ *Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough,*”

which passage is not sense as it stands, but ought to be altered thus,

“ *Blow till thou burst thee, Wind, &c.*”

By which reading he (Boatswain) addresses the Wind as a person, and the sentence acquires a dignity which it had not before.—*Sympson.*

I'll hiss it down again with a bottle of ale.

Schol. Triton! why, Triton!

Eng. Triton's drunk with metheglin.

Schol. Strike, strike the surges, strike!

Eng. Drink, drink; 'tis day-light;

Drink, diddle, diddle, diddle, drink, Parson, proud
Parson:

A pig's tail in thy teeth, and I defy thee!

Par. Give me some porridge, or I'll damn thee,
English.

Alph. How comes this English madman here?

Mast. Alas,

That is no question; they are mad every where,
sir.—

Their fits are cool now; let 'em rest.

*Enter Keepers, and She-Fool in ALINDA'S Boy's
clothes.*

Alph. Mad gallants,

Most admirable mad; I love their fancies.⁶

1 *Keep.* You stinking whore!—Who knew of
this? who look'd to him?

Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.

2 *Keep.* Certain, he made the Fool drunk.

Mast. How now? who's this here;

Where is the boy?

1 *Keep.* The boy, sir?

Mast. Ay, the boy, sir.

1 *Keep.* Here's all the boys we found.

Mast. These are his clothes;

But where's the boy?

This same variation of Shakspeare's text, is proposed by Mr Stevens (as his own conjecture) in the edition of Shakspeare published in 1773.—Ed. 1778.

⁶ *I love their faces.*] Varied by Mr Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

Fool. The boy is gone a-maying ;
He'll bring me home a cuckoo's nest. Do you
hear, master ?

I put my clothes off, and I dizen'd him,
And pinn'd a plumb⁷ in's forehead, and a feather,
And buss'd him twice, and bid him go seek his
fortune :

He gave me this fine money, and fine wine too,
And bid me sop, and gave me these trim clothes too,
And put 'em on.

Alph. Is this the boy you would shew ?

Fool. I'll give you twopence, master.

Alph. Am I fool'd of all sides ?

I met a fool i' th' woods, (they said she dwelt here)
In a long pied coat.

Mast. That was the very boy, sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay ; I gave him leave to play for-
sooth :

He'll come again to-morrow, and bring pescods.

Mast. I'll bring your bones !

Alph. Pox o' your fools, and bedlams !

Plague o' your owls and apes !

Mast. Pray you, sir, be tamer ;

We cannot help this presently ; but we shall
know——

I'll recompense your cares too ! [*To the Keepers.*

Alph. Know me a pudding !

You juggle, and you fiddle ; fart upon you !

I am abused !

Mast. Pray you, sir——

⁷ *Plumb.*] We take this to be a name of some cap ; as we now call that worn by children *a pudding*.—Ed. 1778.

This is an admirable note ; and it is to be wished that these editors had always employed their critical sagacity as innocently as in labouring to make sense of the Fool's nonsense.

Enter Welsh Madman.

Alph. And I will be abused, sir!
And you shall know I am abused!

Welsh. Whaw, Master Keeper.

Alph. Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whims,
Pox o' thy urship!

Welsh. Give me some ceeze and onions, give
me some wash-brew;

I have —— in my bellies;¹ give me abundance.
Pendragon was a shentleman, marg you, sir;
And the organs at Rixum were made by revela-
tions:

There is a spirit blows, and blows the bellows,
And then they sing!

Alph. What moon-calf's this? what dream?

Mast. Pray you, sir, observe him;

He is a mountaineer, a man of goatland.

Welsh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue
clout;

I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes——

Mast. He will not hurt you.

Welsh. Give me a great deal of guns: Thou art
the devils,

I know thee by thy tails. Poor Owen's hungry!

I will pig thy bums full of bullets.

Alph. This is the rarest rascal!

He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth.

Is this any thing akin to th' English?

Mast. The elder brother, sir.

He run mad because a rat eat up's cheese.

Alph. He had a great deal of reason, sir.

¹ *I have —— in my bellies.*] This hiatus, which occurs in both folios, the reader may supply from the stores of his own imagination.

Welsh. *Besar las manos*,⁹ is for an old cod-piece,
marg you.

I will borrow thy urship's whore to seal a letter.

Mast. Now he grows villainous.

Alph. Methinks he's best now.

Mast. Away with him.

Alph. He shall not.

Mast. Sir, he must.

Welsh. I will sing, and dance, do any thing!

Alph. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?

Mast. Away with the Fool;

And whip her soundly, sirrah.

Fool. I'll tell no more tales.

[*Exit.*

Alph. Or wilt thou fly i' th' air?

Eng. Do; and I'll catch thee,

And, like a wisp of hay, I'll whirl, and whirl thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up!

Schol. I'll save thee,

And thou shalt fall into the sea, soft, softly.

Welsh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call my
countrymen.

Mast. They all grow wild. Away with him, for
Heaven's sake!—

Sir, you are much to blame.

Alph. No, no, 'tis brave, sir!

You have cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.

Mast. In with him,

And lock him fast.

Alph. I'll see him in his lodging.

[*Exit.*

Mast. What means this gentleman?

Enter JULETTA.

Jul. He's in; have at him.—

Are you the master, sir?

⁹ *Basilus manus.*] So the folios. Corrected in 1750.

Mast. What would you with him ?

Jul. I have a business from the Duke of Medina :
Is there not an old gentleman come lately in ?

Mast. Yes, and a wild one too ; but not a prisoner.

Jul. Did you observe him well ? 'tis like he may be.

Mast. I have seen younger men of better temper.

Jul. You have hit the cause I come for.—
There's a letter ;

Pray you peruse it well.—I shall be with you,

[*Aside.*

And suddenly, I fear not ; finely, daintily ;

I shall so feed your fierce vexation,

And raise your worship's storms ; I shall so niggle you,

And juggle you, and fiddle you, and firk you,

I'll make you curse the hour you vex'd a woman ;

I'll make you shake, when our sex are but sounded !

“ For the Lord's sake,” we shall have him at : I
long to see it,

As much as for my wedding-night ; I gape after it.

Mast. This letter says, the gentleman is lunatic ;
I half suspected it.

Jul. 'Tis very true, sir ;

And such pranks he has play'd !

Mast. He is some great man,

The duke commands me with such care to look
to him ;

And if he grow too violent to correct him,

To use the speediest means for his recovery ;

And those he must find sharp.

Jul. The better for him.

Mast. How got you him hither ?

Jul. With a train I tole'd him :¹
He is in love with a boy, there lies his melancholy.

Mast. Hither he came to seek one.

Jul. Yes, I sent him ;
Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought
him.

Mast. Here was a boy.

Jul. He saw him not ?

Mast. He was gone first.

Jul. It is the better. Look you to your charge
well ;
I'll see him lodged, for so the duke commanded me.
He will be very rough.

Mast. We are used to that, sir ;
And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.

Jul. You will find him gainful,² but be sure
you curb him.
And get him if you can fairly to his lodging ;
I am afraid you will not.

Enter ALPHONSO, with a Keeper.

Mast. We must sweat then.

Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises ? I'll
have more noise,

¹ *With a train I told him.]* So the folios. The verb *to tole*, in the sense of drawing on, or inducing to follow, has already occurred in *The Faithful Shepherdess* (vol. IV. p. 14.) The phrase was originally applied to tolling persons out of a fair, who exposed goods stolen, or who had not observed the statutes of the fair. (See Shakspeare, Ed. 1803, VIII. 396.)

² *You will find him gainful.]* Sympson says, that *gainful* means *wayward*. I have never met with this word in that sense, but it commonly means *lucrative*, and that is the obvious meaning in this passage. Julietta tells the Master, that he will find Alphonso a profitable patient ; but conjures him to curb him, notwithstanding his rank.—*Mason*.

I'll have all loose, and all shall play their prizes ;
Thy master has let loose the boy I look'd for,
Basely convey'd him hence.

Keep. Will you go out, sir ?

Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with me,
I'll have thy master in ; he's only mad here !

[*Shaking of irons.*

And, rogues, I'll have ye all whipt ! Heigh, mad
boys, mad boys !

Jul. Do you perceive him now ?

Mast. 'Tis too apparent.

Jul. I am glad she is gone, he raves thus.

[*Aside.*

Mast. Do you hear, sir ?

Pray will you make less stir, and see your cham-
ber ?—

Call in more help, and make the closet ready.

Keep. I thought he was mad ; I'll have one
long lash at you.

Alph. My chamber ! where ? my chamber ! why
my chamber ?

Where's the young boy ?

Mast. Nay, pray you, sir, be more modest,
For your own credit sake ; the people see you,
And I would use you with the best.

Alph. Best ? hang you !

What, dost thou think me mad ?

Mast. Pray, and be civil ;
Heaven may deliver you.

Alph. Into a rogue's hands ?

Mast. You do but draw more misery upon you,
And add to your disease.

Alph. Get from me !

Mast. No, sir ;

You must not be left so ; bear yourself civilly,
And 'twill be better for you ; swell not, nor chafe
not.

Alph. I am a gentleman, and a neighbour, rascal.

Mast. A great deal the more pity ; I have heard of you.

Jul. Excellent master ! [*Aside.*

Mast. The duke is very tender too.

Alph. Am I a lunatic ? am I run mad ?
What dost thou talk to me of dukes and devils ?
Why do the people gape so ?

Mast. Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and slip in softly,
They will so tew you else ; I am commanded, sir.

Alph. Why, pr'ythee, why ?

Mast. You are dog-mad, yet perceive it not ;
Very far mad, and whips will scant recover you.

Alph. Ha ! whips ?

Mast. Ay, whips, and sore whips, an you were
a lord, sir,
If you be stubborn here.

Alph. Whips ? What am I grown ?

Jul. Oh, I could burst ! Hold, hold, hold, hold
o' both ends ! [*Apart.*
How he looks ! pray Heaven he be not mad indeed.

Alph. I do not perceive I am so, but if you
think it—
Nor I'll be hang'd if't be so.

Mast. Do you see this, sir ? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that devil in ye !

Alph. Indeed I am angry,
But I'll contain myself : Oh, I could burst now,
And tear myself ! but these rogues will torment me.
Mad in mine old days ? make mine own afflictions ?

Mast. What do you mutter, sir ?

Alph. Nothing, sir, nothing ;
I will go in, and quietly, most civilly :
And, good sir, let none of your tormentors come
about me ;
You have a gentle face, they look like dragons.

Mast. Be civil and be safe. Come, for these two days,
You must eat nothing neither; 'twill ease your fits, sir.

Alph. 'Twill starve me, sir; but I must bear it joyfully.

I may sleep?

Mast. Yes, a little. Go in with these men.

Alph. Oh, miserable me!

[*He is led off by the Keepers.*]

Mast. I'll follow presently.—

You see 'tis done, sir.

Jul. Ye have done it handsomely,
And I'll inform the duke so. Pray you attend him;
Let him want nothing, but his will.

Mast. He shall not;
And if he be rebellious—

Jul. Never spare him:
He has flesh, and hide enough; he loves a whipping.

Mast. My service to his grace! [Exit.

Jul. I shall commend it.—

So, thou art fast; I must go get some fresh room
To laugh and caper in: Oh, how it tickles me!
Oh, how it tumbles me with joy! Thy mouth's
stopt:

Now if I can do my mistress good, I am sainted.
[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter SEBERTO and CURIO.

Seb. Now, o' my conscience, we have lost him
utterly !
He's not gone home ; we heard from thence this
morning,

And since our parting last at Roderigo's,
You know what ground we have travell'd.

Curio. He's asleep sure ;
For if he had been awake, we should have met
with him :

'Faith, let's turn back, we have but a fruitless
journey ;

And to hope further of Alinda's recovery,
(For sure she'll rather perish than return,)
Is but to seek a moth i' th' sun.³

Seb. We'll on sure ;
Something we'll know, some cause of all this
fooling,
Make some discovery.

³ *A moth i' th' sun.*] This, without reason or authority, is changed by Theobald to *mote*. But the old reading will appear right to every person who recollects the propensity that moths have to fly to any luminous body. To find a mote in the sun would require no ingenuity ; they are frequently discovered.—*Mason.*

Curio. Which way shall we cast then?
For all the champaign country, and the villages,
And all those sides——

Seb. We'll cross these woods a while then :
Here if we fail, we'll gallop to Segovia,
And if we light of no news there, hear nothing,
We'll even turn fairly home, and coast the other
side.

Curio. He may be sick, or fall'n into some
danger ;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.

Seb. He's well enough ; he has a travell'd body,
And, though he be old, he's tough, and will en-
dure well ;
But he's so violent to find her out,
That his anger leads him a thousand wild-goose
chases :

I'll warrant he is well.

Curio. Shall we part company ?

Seb. By no means ; no ; that were a sullen bu-
siness,
No pleasure in our journey. Come, let's cross
here first ;
And where we find the paths, let them direct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JULETTA and ALINDA.

Jul. Why are you still so fearful of me, lady?
So doubtful of my faith and honest service?
To hide yourself from me, to fly my company?
Am I not yours? all yours?—By this light, you
shake still!

Do you suspect me false? did I e'er fail you?
Do you think I am corrupted, base, and treacherous?

Lord, how ye look! Is not my life tied to ye?
And all the power I have, to serve and honour ye?
Still do you doubt? still am I terrible?

I will not trouble ye: Good Heaven preserve ye,
And send ye what ye wish! I will not see ye,
Nor once remember I had such a mistress!

I will not speak of ye, nor name Alinda,
For fear you should suspect I would betray ye:
Goodness and peace conduct ye!

Alin. Pr'ythee pardon me!

I know thou art truly faithful; and thou art welcome,

A welcome partner to my miseries:
Thou know'st I love thee too.

Jul. I have thought so, lady.

Alin. Alas, my fears have so distracted me,

I durst not trust myself.

Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And cast those by ; at least consider, lady,
How to prevent 'em : Pray ye put off this fool's
coat ;

Though it have kept ye secret for a season,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye. Your arch
enemy

Roderigo is abroad ; many are looking for ye.

Alin. I know it, and those many I have cozen'd.

Jul. You cannot still thus.

Alin. I have no means to shift it.

Jul. I have, and shift you too. I lay last night
At a poor widow's house here in the thick e ;
Whither I will conduct ye, and new-shape ye
Myself too, to attend ye.

Alin. What means hast thou ?

For mine are gone.

Jul. Fear not, enough to serve you ;
I came not out so empty.

Alin. Pr'ythee tell me,
For thou hast struck a kind of comfort through me,
When saw'st thou Roderigo ?

Jul. Even this morning,
And in these woods : Take heed ; he has got a
new shape.

Alin. The habit of a pilgrim ? Yes, I know it,
And I hope shall prevent it. ⁴ Was he alone ?

Jul. No, madam ; and, which made me wonder
mightily,
He was in company with that handsome Pilgrim,
That sad, sweet man.

Alin. That I forgot to give to ?

⁴ — *Yes, I know it,
And I hope shall prevent it.] That is, prevent the conse-
quences of it.—Mason.*

Jul. The same, the very same, that you so pitied ;
A man as fit to suit his villainies——

Alin. And did they walk together ?

Jul. Wond'rous civilly.

Alin. Talk, and discourse ?

Jul. I think so ; for I saw 'em
Make many stands, and then embrace each other.

Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd ! a Judas dwells
with him,

A Sinon, that will seem a saint to choke him !—
Canst thou but shew me this ?

Jul. Lord, how she trembles !—

Not thus, for all the world ; ye are undone then.
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free ;
And then I'll shew ye any thing.

Alin. Come, good wench,

And speedily, for I have strange faiths working,
As strange fears too ; I'll tell thee all my life then.

Jul. Come quick ; I will conduct ye, and still
serve ye :

And do not fear ; hang fear, it spoils all projects.
This way ! I'll be your guide. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Segovia. An open Place.

Enter Governor, VERDUGO, and Citizens.

Gov. Use all your sports,
All your solemnities ; 'tis the king's day to-morrow.

His birth-day, and his marriage ; a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.

1 *Cit.* We will, sir,

And make Segovia ring with our rejoicings.

Gov. Be sumptuous, but not riotous ; be boun-
teous,

But not in drunken bacchanals ; free to all stran-
gers,

Easy and sweet in all your entertainments ;
For 'tis a royal day, admits no rudeness.

2 *Cit.* Your lordship will do us the honour to
Be here yourself, and grace the day ?

Gov. It is

A main part of my service.

3 *Cit.* I hope your honour

Has taken into your consideration

The miseries we have suffer'd by these Outlaws ;
The losses, hourly fears, the rude abuses,
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with ;
Our daughters' and our wives' complaints.

Gov. I am sorry for't,

And have commission from the king to ease it :
You shall not be long vex'd.

1 *Cit.* Had we not walls, sir,

And those continually mann'd too with our watches,
We should not have a bit of meat to feed us :

And yet they are our friends, and we must think so,
And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast 'em,
And send them loaden home too ; we are lost else.

2 *Cit.* They'll come to church among us, as we
hope, Christians,

When all their zeal is but to steal the chalices.

At this good time now, if your lordship were not
here,

To awe their violence with your authority,
They would play such gambols !

Gov. Are they grown so heady ?

2 *Cit.* They would drink up all our wine, piss
out our bonfires,
Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the
fairest,

Nay, have at all; fourscore and ten's a goddess;
Whilst we, like fools, stand shaking in our cellars.

Gov. Are they so fierce upon so little sufferance?
I'll give 'em such a purge, and suddenly!—
Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
(To see what house these knaves keep,) of good
soldiers,

As sturdy as themselves; that dare dispute with
them,

Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearless,
But with a better faith belabour 'em:

I'll know what claim they have to their possession.

'Tis pity of their captain Roderigo,

A well-bred gentleman, and a good soldier,

And one his majesty has some little reason

To thank for sundry services, and fair ones;

That long neglect bred this:⁵ I am sorry for him.

Verd. The hope of his estate keeps back his
pardon;

There's divers wasps that buz about that honey-
box,

And long to lick themselves full.

Gov. True, Verdugo;

'Would he had but the patience to discern it,

⁵ — *one his majesty has some little reason*

To thank for sundry services, and fair ones;

That long neglect bred this.] The last line is very obscurely expressed; but the plain meaning (without having recourse to Mason's proposed variation—*whose* long neglect, &c.) is as follows: "His majesty's long neglect of thanking him for those sundry fair services has bred these disorders."

And policy to wipe their lips !⁶

Verd. To fetch him in, sir,

By violence, he being now no infant,
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his people
Are of his own choice, men that will not totter
Nor blench much at a bullet ; I know his order :
And though he have no multitude, he has man-
hood ;

The elder twin to that too, staid experience.

But if he must be forced, sir——

Gov. There's no remedy,

Unless he come himself.

Verd. That will be doubtful.—

Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble Pedro ?

Gov. I cannot, by no means ; I think he's dead,
sure :

The court bewails much his untimely loss ;

The king himself laments him.

Verd. He was sunk ;

And, if he be dead, he died happily :

He buried all he had in the king's service,

And lost himself.

Gov. Well, if he be alive, captain,

(As hope still speaks the best,) I know the king's
mind

So inwardly and full, he will be happy.

Come ; to this preparation ! when that's done,

The Outlaws' expedition is begun.

⁶ *To wipe their lips.*] Mr Seward proposes to read, “ *to wet their lips, i. e.* to gain some of them, by letting them taste some of his honey.” But surely *wet* is a wretched *verb* applied to honey. *Wipe* may mean to *wound, to give them a WIFE*, a familiar expression of offence ; which the answer implies, by mentioning “ to fetch him in by *violence*.”—Ed. 1778.

The meaning may possibly be to “ wipe off their lips,” or to prevent their swallowing, the honey which they are buzzing about the beehive to obtain, *viz.* the forfeited estates of the outlawed Roderigo. But we offer this with great doubt.

Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help ourselves too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest.

RODERIGO and PEDRO, discovered lying under a tree.

Rod. How sweet these solitary places are! How wantonly
The wind blows through the leaves, and courts
and plays with 'em!
Will you sit down and sleep? The heat invites you.
Hark, how yon purling stream dances and murmurs;
The birds sing softly too: Pray take some rest,
sir.—
I would fain woo his fancy to a peace; [*Aside.*
It labours high and hastily upon him.—
Pray you sit, and I'll sit by.⁷
Pedro. I cannot sleep, friend;
I have those watches here admit no slumbers.
Saw you none yet?

⁷ The beautiful cadence of these verses is very remarkable; but the last editors counting the syllables of the first line, found, to their great consternation, fourteen (which is a very common number with Fletcher.) They, therefore, set about their work of reform, and produced a new organization, of which the following line of thirteen is a fair specimen:

“To a peace; it labours high and hastily upon him.”

Rod. No creature.

Pedro. What strange music
Was that we heard afar off?

Rod. I cannot guess :
'Twas loud, and shrill ; sometimes it shew'd hard
by us,
And by and by the sound fled as the wind does.
Here's no inhabitants.

Pedro. It much delighted me.

Rod. They talk of fairies, and such demi-devils ;
This is as fine a place to dance their gambols——

Pedro. Methought I heard a voice.

[*Music and birds.*

Rod. They can sing admirably ;
They never lose their maidenheads.—I would fool
any way, [Apart.
To make him merry now.—Methinks⁸ yon rocks
Shew like enchanted cells, where they inhabit.

[*Music afar off. Birds.*⁹

Pedro. 'Tis here again. Hark, gentle Roderigo,
Hark, hark ! oh, sweet, sweet ! how the birds re-
cord too !¹

Mark how it flies now every way !—Oh, love !
In such a harmony art thou begotten ;

⁸ Yond *rocks* yonder.] This is either a palpable error, or gross inadvertence. In either case, it injures both sense and measure ; and we have omitted the last word, though it stands in all the copies.—Ed. 1778.

⁹ *Pot birds.*] This marginal direction in the quarto explains the manner in which the song of birds was imitated. Pot birds are well known in the nursery at this day.

^x — *How the birds record too.*] “ A bird, I am informed, is said to *record* when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song, and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with bird-fanciers at this day.”—Mr Malone's note on a beautiful passage in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. (Ed. 1803, XXI. 291.)

In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and nourish'd.
Oh, my best mistress !

Rod. How he weeps ! Dear Heaven,
Give him his heart's content, and me forgive too !
I must melt too.

Pedro. The birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another :
Lie still and hear.—These, when they have done
their labours,
Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em :
Nothing rocks love asleep but death.

Enter ALINDA and JULETTA, like old women.

Rod. Who are these ?

Pedro. What ?

Rod. Those there, those, those things that come
upon us,
Those grandam things, those strange antiquities.
Did not I say these woods begot strange wonders ?

Jul. Now you may view 'em.

Alin. Ha !

Jul. The men you long'd for ;
Here they are both. Now you may boldly talk
with 'em,
And ne'er be guess'd at ; be not afraid, nor faint
not.

They wonder at us ; let's maintain that wonder.
Shake not ; but what you purpose, do discretely ;
And from your tongue I'll take my part.

Alin. Ha !

Jul. There,
Before you, there. Do not turn coward, mistress !
If you do love, carry your love out handsomely.

Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo : What a peace
Dwells in their faces ! what a friendly calm
Crowns both their souls !

Rod. They shew as if they were mortal.
They come upon us still.

Pedro. Be not afraid, man ;
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.

Rod. That thing i' th' button'd cap looks terribly ;
She has guns in her eyes ; the devil's engineer !

Pedro. Come, stand ; and let's go meet 'em.

[*Rises.*]

Rod. Go you first ;
I have less faith : When I have said my prayers—

Pedro. There needs no fear.—Hail, reverend
dames !

Alin. Good even !
What do ye seek ?

Pedro. We would seek happier fortunes.

Rod. That little devil has main need of a barber !
What a trim beard she has !

[*Aside.*]

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em !

Lie not still, nor linger here ;²
Here inhabits nought but fear.
Be constant, good ; in faith be clear ;
Fortune will wait ye every where.

Pedro. Whither should we go ? for we believe
thy reverence,
And next obey.

Alin. Go to Segovia ;
And there before the altar pay thy vows,
Thy gifts, and pray'rs : unload thy heaviness ;
To-morrow shed thy tears, and gain thy suit :
Such honest noble showers ne'er wanted fruit.

Jul. Stand you out too ! [To RODERIGO.]

Rod. I shall be hang'd, or whipp'd now ;
These know and these have power.

² *Nor longer here.*] The variation proposed by Sympson.—
Ed. 1778.

Jul. See how he shakes !

A secure conscience never quakes :
 Thou hast been ill, be so no more ;
 A good retreat is a great store.
 Thou hast commanded men of might ;
 Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.

Alin. Command thy will, thy foul desires ;
 Put out and quench thy unhallow'd fires ;
 Command thy mind, and make that pure ;
 Thou'rt wise then, valiant, and secure :
 A blessing then thou may'st beget.

Jul. A curse else, that shall never set,
 Will light upon thee. Say thy prayers ;
 Thou hast as many sins as hairs.
 Thou art a captain, let thy men
 Be honest, have good thoughts,³ and then
 Thou mayst command, and lead in chief ;
 Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.

Rod. What shall I do ? I do confess.

Alin. Retire,
 And purge thee perfect in his fire :
 His life observe ; live in his school,
 And then thou shalt put off the fool.

Jul. Pray at Segovia too, and give
 Thy offerings up ; repent, and live !

[*Music within.*

Alin. Away, away ! inquire no more :

Do this, ye're rich ; else, fools, and poor.—
 What music's this ? [Aside.

Jul. Retire ; 'tis some neat joy,
 In honour of the king's great day. They wonder :
 This comes in right to confirm their reverence.
 Away, away ! let them admire ; it makes
 For our advantage. How the captain shakes !
 [Exeunt.

Pedro. This was the music.

³ *Be honest, and good thoughts.*] Silently corrected in 1750.

Rod. Yes, yes. How I sweat !
I was never so deserted ! Sure these woods are
Only inhabited with rare dreams and wonders.
I would not be a knave again, a villain——
Lord, how I loath it now ! for these know all, sir,
And they would find me out.

Pedro. They are excellent women ;
Deep in their knowledge, friend.

Rod. I would not be traitor,
And have these of my jury—How light I am,
And how my heart laughs now methinks within me !
Now I am catechized, I would ever dwell here,
For here's a kind of court of reformation :
Had I been stubborn, friend——

Pedro. They would have found it.

Rod. And then they would have handled me a
new way ;
The devil's dump had been danced then. ⁴

Pedro. Let's away,
And do their great commands, and do 'em hand-
somerly,
Contrite, and true ; for I believe, Roderigo,
And constantly believe, we shall be happy.

Rod. So you do well ; fall edge or flat o' my side,
All I can stagger at is the king's anger ;
Which, if it come, I am prepared to meet it.

Pedro. The king has mercy, friend, as well as
justice.
And when you fall——

Rod. No more ; I hope the fairest. ⁵ [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *The devil's dump had been danced then.*] The term *dump* was used both for a mournful ditty, and for a dance of the more solemn kind. One of the sixteenth century has been given by Mr Steevens in the notes to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

⁵ *And when you fall: no more.*

Rod. I hope the fairest.] The variation in the text was recommended by Sympson,—Ed. 1778.

SCENE V.

Segovia. An Anti-chamber in the Mad-house.

Enter Master, SEBERTO, and CURIO.

Curio. We have told ye what he is, what time
we have sought him,
His nature, and his name; the seeming boy too,
Ye had here, how, and what; by your own relation
All circumstances we have clear'd; that the duke
sent him

We told ye how impossible; he knows him not:
That he is mad himself, and therefore fit
To be your prisoner, we dare swear against it.

Seb. Take heed, sir; be not madder than you
would make him!
Though he be rash, and sudden, (which is all his
wildness,)

Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a gentleman,
And so must be restored and clear'd in all points;
The king shall be a judge else.

Curio. 'Twas some trick
That brought him hither; the boy and letter
counterfeit,
Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain him.

Mast. I dare not, sir, nor will not; I believe ye,
And will restore him up: Had I known sooner
He had been a neighbour, and the man you speak
him,
(Though, as I live, he carried a wild seeming,)

My service and myself had both attended him.
How I have used him, let him speak.

Seb. Let's in, and visit him ;
Then to the holy temple, there pay our duties ;
And so we'll take our leaves.

Mast. I'll wait upon ye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The Cathedral in the same City. An Altar prepared. Solemn Music.

Enter Governor, VERDUGO, Courtiers, Ladies, &c. kneeling at the Altar, and offering Oblations.

Gov. This to devotion sacred be ;
This to the king's prosperity ;
This to the queen, and chastity. [Music.]

Verd. These oblations first we bring
To purge ourselves ; these to the king ;
To love and beauty these : Now sing.
[Music.]

Ladies. Holy altar, deign to take
These for ourselves ; for the king's sake,
And honour, these ; these sacred lie
To virtue, love, and modesty,
Our wishes to eternity. [Music.]

Enter PEDRO and RODERIGO, and kneel before the altar.

Pedro. For ourselves first, thus we bend ;
Forgive us, Heaven, and be our friend !

Rod. And happy fortune to us send !

Pedro. To the king, honour, and all joy,

Long, and happy from annoy.

Rod. Prosperous be all his days,

Every new hour a new praise !

Pedro. Every minute thus be seen,

Both. And thousand honours crown the queen.

[*Music.*]

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SEBERTO.

Seb. Come to the altar ; let us do our duties.

Alph. I have almost forgot a church.

Curio. Kneel reverently.

Alph. For my lost wits (let me see)

First I pray ; and secondly,

To be at home again, and free ;

And if I travel more, hang me !

For the king, and for the queen,

That they may be wise, and seen

Never in the madman's inn !

For my daughter I would pray ;

But she has made a holiday,

And needs not my devotion now :

Let her take her own course, Heaven,

Whether it be odd or even,

And if that please not, take her you !

[*Music.*]

Seb. A short and sweet meditation !—What are these here ?

Enter ALINDA and JULETTA, habited like shepherdesses,⁶ with garlands of flowers.

Alin. Hail to this sacred place !

⁶ *Shepherds.*] So all the editions read. But as *Alinda* and *Ju-*

Jul. They are all here, madam ;
 No violence dare touch here ; be secure !
 My bilbo-master too ?⁷ How got he loose again ?
 How lamentably he looks ! he has had discipline.
 I dare not let him know my pranks. [*They kneel* ;

Seb. 'Tis she sure.

Curio. 'Tis certainly.

Pedro. Ha ! do I dazzle ?

Rod. 'Tis the fair Alinda.

Gov. What wonder stand these strangers in ?

Rod. Her woman by her !

The same, sir, as I live.

Alph. I had a daughter

With such a face once, such eyes, and nose too.

Ha, let me see ! 'tis wond'rous like Alinda.

Their devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and nearer.

And she had a filly too that waited on her,

Just with such a favour :⁸ Do they keep goats now ?

Alin. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray

A happy honour to this day ;

Thus our sacrifice we bring

Ever happy to the king.

Jul. These of purple, damask, green,

Sacred to the virtuous queen,

Here we hang.

Alin. As these are now,

Her glories ever spring, and shew !

These for ourselves, our hopes, and loves,

Full of pinks, and lady-gloves,

letta are immediately recognised by the other characters, I have no doubt they entered in female attire. Indeed the Governor addresses Alinda—*Lady*, on p. 523.

⁷ *My bilbo-master too* ?] That is, My master who had been confined in the mad-house in bilboes. These were a kind of irons used to fasten down prisoners. The term is still used in the navy.

⁸ — *Favour.*] i. e. Countenance, face.

Of heart's-ease⁹ too, which we would fain,
As we labour for, attain :

Hear me, Heaven, and, as I bend,
Full of hope, some comfort send !

Jul. Hear her, hear her ! if there be

A spotless sweetness, this is she. [*Music.*

Pedro. Now, Roderigo, stand.

Rod. He that divides ye
Divides my life too.

Gov. Pedro ! noble Pedro !
Do not you know your friend ?

Pedro. I know, and honour you.

Gov. Lady, this leave I'll crave, (pray be not
angry,)

I will not long divide you. How happy, Pedro,
Would all the court be now, might they behold
thee,

Might they but see you thus, and thus embrace
you !

The king will be a joyful man. believe it,
Most joyful, Pedro.

Pedro. I am his humble servant.—

Nay, good sir, speak your will ; I see you wonder ;
One easy word from you——

Alph. I dare say nothing ;

My tongue's a new tongue, sir, and knows his
tether :

Let her do what she please, I dare do nothing ;
I have been damn'd for doing.—Will the king
know him,

That fellow there ? will he respect and honour
him ?

He has been look'd upon, they say ; will he own
him ?

⁹ — *Heart's-ease.*] i. e. *Pansy*, or *Viola tricolor.*—*Sympson.*

Gov. Yes, certainly, and grace him, ever honour him,
Restore him every way; he has much lamented him.

Alph. Is't your will too? This is the last time of asking.

Rod. I am sure, none else shall touch her, none else enjoy her,
If this, and this hold.

Alph. You had best begin
The game then; I have no title in her;
Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me to her,

And let me get me home, and hope I am sober:
Kiss, kiss; it must be thus. Stand up, Alinda;
I am the more child, and more need of blessing.
You had a waiting-woman, one Juletta,
A pretty desperate thing, just such another
As this sweet lady; we call'd her Nimble-chaps:
I pray is this the party?

Jul. No, indeed, sir,
She is at home: I am a little foot-boy,
That walk o' nights, and fright old gentlemen;
Make 'em lose hats and cloaks.

Alph. And horses too?

Jul. Sometimes I do, sir; teach 'em the way
through ditches,
And how to break their worships' shins and noses
Against old broken stiles and stumps.

Alph. A fine art!
I feel it in my bones yet.

Jul. I am a drum, sir,
A drum at midnight; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, sir!
Do you take me for Juletta? I am a page, sir,
That brought a letter from the duke of Medina
To have one signior Alphonso, (just such another
As your old worship,) worm'd for running mad,
sir: ¹

¹ — Worm'd for running mad.] That is, to prevent his running

Alas, you are mistaken.

Alph. Thou art the devil,
And so thou hast used me.

Jul. I am any thing ;
An old woman, that tells fortunes——

Rod. Ha !

Jul. And frights good people,
And sends them to Segovia for their fortunes ;
I am strange airs and excellent sweet voices ;
I am any thing, to do her good, believe me.
She now recover'd, and her wishes crown'd,
I am Juletta again : Pray, sir, forgive me !

Alph. I dare not
Do otherwise, for fear thou shouldst still follow me :
Pr'ythee be forgiven, and I pr'ythee forgive me too.
And if any of you will marry her——

Jul. No, I beseech you, sir ; my mistress is my
husband ;
With her I'll dwell still ; And when you play
Any more pranks, you know where to have me.

Pedro. You know him, sir ?

Gov. Know him, and much lament him ;
The king's incensed much, much, sir, I can assure
you.

Pedro. Noble governor——

Gov. But since he is your friend, and now ap-
pears,
In honour of this day, and love to you, sir,
I'll try the power I have ; to the pinch I'll put it.
Here's my hand, Roderigo, I'll set you fair again.

Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of
service.

Gov. Your people too shall have their general
pardons :

mad. The allusion is to the obsolete operation of cutting what is called the *worm* under the tongue of a dog for that reason.

We'll have all peace and love.

Rod. All shall pray for you.

Gov. To my house now, and suit you to your worths ;

Off with these weeds, and appear glorious :

Then to the priest that shall attend us here,

And this be styled Love's new and happy year !

Rod. The king's and queen's ; two noble honours meet

To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.

Alph. Well, well, since wedding will come after wooing,

Give me some rosemary,² and let's be going.

[*Exeunt.*]

² *Rosemary.*] See p. 259 of this volume.

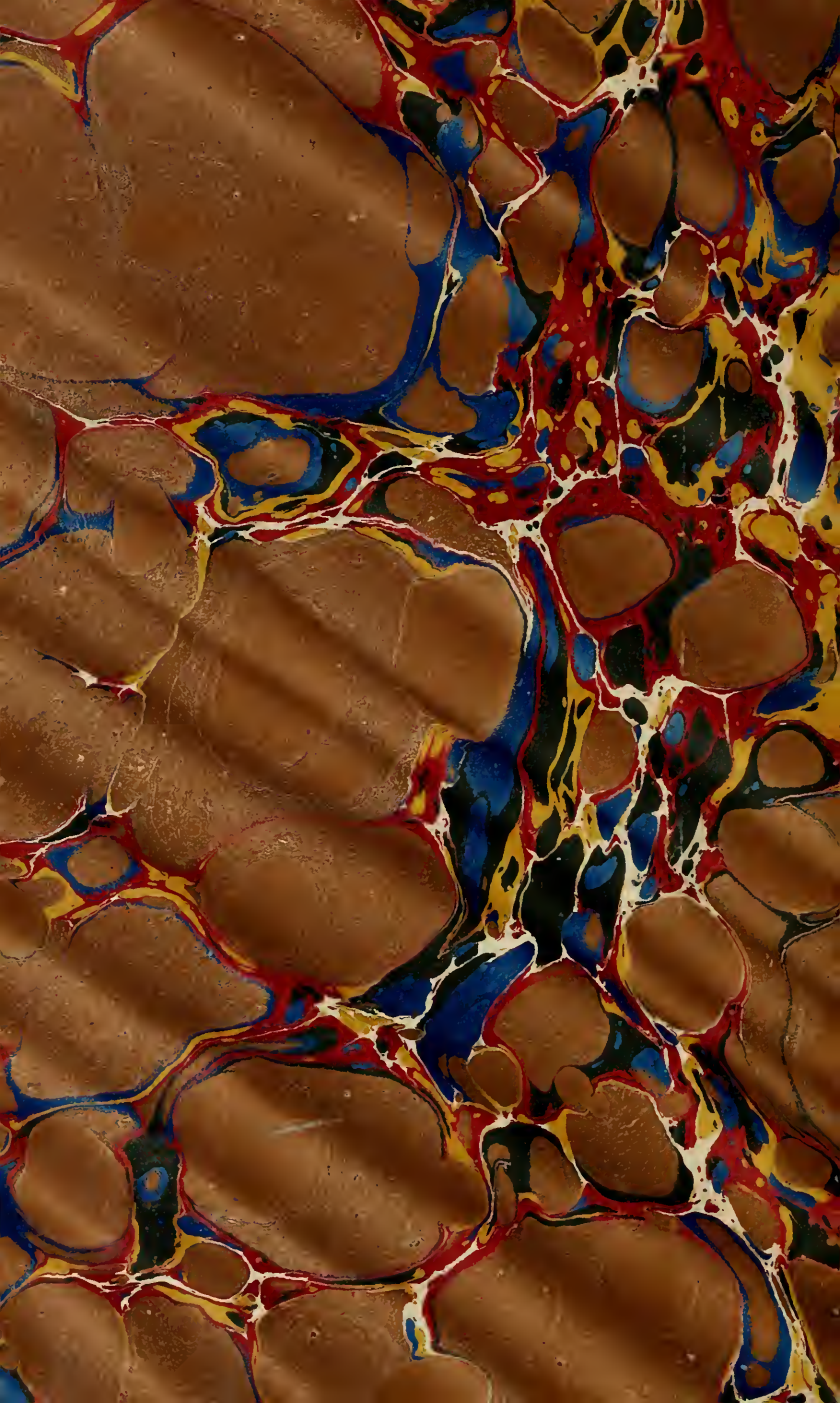
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