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WORKS

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

BY HENRY WOOD, ESQ.

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THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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THE

# WORKS

OF

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

OF

### BEAUMONT'S THE FOURTEENTH

CONTAINING

THE NIGHT-WALKER  
 THE WIDOW  
 THE CORONATION  
 A MASQUE  
 BEAUMONT'S POEMS

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THE  
NIGHT-WALKER;  
OR,  
THE LITTLE THIEF.

BY  
FLETCHER AND SHIRLEY.

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## THE NIGHT-WALKER.

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THIS Comedy was printed in quarto in the year 1640, with the following title:—"The Night Walker, or, The Little Theife. A Comedy. As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the Private House in Drury-Lane. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Cooke, and William Cooke. 1640." Another quarto appeared in 1661. Eight years after the death of Fletcher it was put into the hands of Shirley, and received some additions from him, as will appear from the following entry among Sir Henry Herbert's memorandums: "For a play of Fletcher's, *corrected by Shirley*, called the Night-Walker, the 11th May, 1633, 2*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* For the queen's players." From the same MS. it appears that it was acted at court, and favourably received the same year. "The Night-Walker was acted on Thursday night, the 30th January, 1633, before the king and queen. Lik't as a merry play, made by Fletcher." After the Restoration, this comedy still continued in favour; and Langbaine informs us, that he had seen it "acted by the king's servants, with great applause, both in the city and country." In later times, it has shared the neglect of most of our author's plays, being entirely laid aside.

The greater portion of the play bears strong and characteristic marks of being Fletcher's production; but part of the third act, in which Prynne's *Histriomastix* is ridiculed, must have been added by Shirley, in 1633, when it was brought on the stage, and when Prynne's virulent attack on the theatres appeared.

The comedy is justly characterized by Sir Henry Herbert as "a merry play." It is full of bustle and amusing incidents; but it bears evident marks, like the *Noble Gentleman*, of not having been very carefully polished by the author. The *dramatis personæ* are not distinguished by minute shades of character; most of them bearing a strong resemblance to others in the earlier comedies of our poets. Algripe naturally brings Morecraft, in the *Scornful Lady*, to our recollection, but his conversion is managed

with infinitely more art; Wildbrain reminds us of Monsieur Thomas; and the amours of Heartlove and Maria bear a considerable resemblance to those of Francisco and Cellidè in the same comedy; finally, Alathe is a striking parallel to Alinda in The Pilgrim.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> In the general introduction to these volumes, the editor has hazarded a supposition, that the present comedy was a revival, with alterations by Shirley, of Fletcher's Devil of Dowgate; or, Usury put to Use, mentioned in Sir Henry Herbert's MSS.

*To the worthily deserving all his ingenuous Attributes, William  
Hudson, Esq.<sup>2</sup>*

WORTHY SIR,

I should derogate from your worth to doubt of your pardon, and I should wrong too much your goodness to present the endeavours of some frothy brain to the trial of your judgment, when the more ignorant world had already condemned it; but, sir, this is one of the coheirs of much admired, much lamented Fletcher, whose matchless fancies are fit only for the perusal of such as you, who have candour and knowledge so united, that there cannot be a reprieve for those poems you condemn. Accept this weak testimony of my service, and, as yours by familiar acquaintance with them, favourably entertain these witty conceits particularly presented unto you, by him who shall glory in nothing more than to be styled the honourer of your virtues,

A. C.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the first quarto.

<sup>2</sup> Andrew Cooke the stationer.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Justice Algripe, *married to Maria.*

Frank Heartlove, *enamoured of Maria.*

Tom Lurcher, *brother to Alathe.*

Jack Wildbrain, *nephew to the lady.*

Toby, *coachman to the lady.*

*Gentlemen.*

*Servants.*

*Sexton.*

*Bell-ringers.*

Lady,<sup>1</sup> *mother to Maria.*

Maria, *in love with Heartlove.*

Alathe, *contracted to Algripe, disguised as a boy.*

*Nurse.*

Mistress Newlove.

*Women.*

Mistress, *a courtesan to Lurcher.*

SCENE,—London.

<sup>1</sup> *Lady.*] In the third act she is called *Mistress Win.*

THE  
NIGHT-WALKER.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before the House of Algripe.*

*Enter LURCHER and WILDBRAIN.*

*Lurc.* Jack!

*Wildb.* What wind brought thee hither?  
In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,  
Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this winter?  
Where hast thou been, man?

*Lurc.* Following the plough.

*Wildb.* What plough? Thou hast no land;  
Stealing's thy only purchase.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Stealing's thy own purchase.*] Mason proposed the variation now inserted in the text, which I have no doubt whatever was the word intended by the author. *Purchase* means evidently *way of livelihood*, and in the next page it is used as a verb, for acquiring property. Having obtained a kind of cant-meaning, it was applied with great latitude by old writers.



*Lurc.* The best inheritance.

*Wildb.* Not in my opinion ;  
Thou hadst five hundred pound a-year.

*Lurc.* 'Tis gone :  
Pr'ythee, no more on't ! Have I not told thee,  
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,  
Her distribution to each child alike ;  
Till Labour came and thrust a new will in,  
Which I allow not ; till men won a privilege  
By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed  
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage,  
An allowed way to cheat ? Why should my neigh-  
bour,

That hath no more soul than his horsekeeper,  
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,  
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four groats ?  
Why should he keep it ?

*Wildb.* Thy old opinion still.

*Lurc.* Why should that scrivener,  
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor any thing  
That time e'er gloried in ; that never knew  
How to keep any courtesy conceal'd,  
But *noverint universi* must proclaim it,  
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal ?  
Consider this ; why should that mouldy cobbler  
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,  
And give five thousand pound ? is this good jus-  
tice ?

Because he has a tougher constitution,  
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,  
Therefore must I go beg ?

*Wildb.* What's this to thee ?

Thou canst not mend it : If thou be'st determin'd  
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed  
A keener justice do not overtake thee,  
And catch you in a noose.

*Lurc.* I am no woodcock ;

He that shall sit down frightened with that foolery  
Is not worth pity ; let me alone to shuffle !  
Thou art for wenching.

*Wildb.* For beauty I, a safe course :

No halter hangs in my way ; I defy it.

*Lurc.* But a worse fate, a wilful poverty ;  
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves  
thee,

A thousand will draw from thee ; 'tis thy destiny !  
One is a kind of weeping cross, Jack,  
A gentle purgatory : Do not fling at all ;  
You'll pay the box so often, till you perish.

*Wildb.* Take you no care for that, sir, 'tis my  
pleasure :

I will employ my wits a great deal faster  
Than you shall do your fingers ; and my loves,  
If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest  
And handsomer, and come within less danger.  
Where's thy young sister ?

*Lurc.* I know not where she is ; she's not worth  
caring for,

She has no wit. Oh, you'd be nibbling with her !  
She's far enough, I hope : I know not where :  
She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,  
She would not take my counsel, Jack ; and so  
I parted from her.

*Wildb.* Leave her to her wants ?

*Lurc.* I gave her a little money, what I could  
spare ;

She had a mind to th' country ; she is turn'd,  
By this, some farmer's dairy-maid ;<sup>2</sup> I may meet  
her

Riding from market one day, 'twixt her dorsers ;<sup>3</sup>  
If I do, by this hand I wo'not spare

<sup>2</sup> *Some farrier's dairy maid.*] Corrected by Sympson.

<sup>3</sup> *Dorsers.*] i. e. *Punners.*—Ed. 1778.

Her butter-pence.

*Wildb.* Thou wilt not rob thy sister?

*Lurc.* She shall account me for her eggs and cheeses.

*Wildb.* A pretty girl. Did not old Algripe love her?

A very pretty girl she was.

*Lurc.* Some such thing;

But he was too wise to fasten. Let her pass.

*Wildb.* Then where's thy mistress?

*Lurc.* Where you sha' not find her,  
Nor know what stuff she is made on; no, indeed,  
sir,

I chose her not for your use.

*Wildb.* Sure she's handsome.

*Lurc.* Yes, indeed is she; she is very handsome;  
But that's all one.

*Wildb.* You'll come to th' marriage?

*Lurc.* Is it  
To-day?

*Wildb.* Now, now, they are come from church  
now.

*Lurc.* Any great preparation?  
Does Justice Algripe shew his power?

*Wildb.* Very glorious,  
And glorious people there.

*Lurc.* I may meet with him  
Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is.

*Wildb.* You may do good, Tom, at the marriage;  
We have plate and dainty things.

*Lurc.* Do you no harm, sir;  
For yet methinks the marriage should be marr'd  
If thou may'st have thy will: Farewell! say no-  
thing! [Exit.



*Enter Gentlemen.*

*Wildb.* You are welcome, noble friends.

*1 Gent.* I thank you, sir.—

Nephew to the old lady ; his name's Wildbrain,  
And wild his best condition.

*2 Gent.* I have heard of him.—

I pray you tell me, sir, is young Maria merry  
After her marriage-rites ? Does she look lively ?  
How does she like her man ?

*Wildb.* Very scurvily ;

And as untowardly she prepares herself :  
But it is mine aunt's will, that this dull metal  
Must be mix'd with her, to allay her handsomeness.

*1 Gent.* Had Heartlove no fast friends ?

*Wildb.* His means are little ;

And where those littles are, as little comforts  
Ever keep company : I know she loves him,  
His memory beyond the hopes of Heaven,<sup>4</sup>  
Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets ;  
But 'tis her unhandsome fate——

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*1 Gent.* I am sorry for't.

Here comes poor Frank.—Nay, we are friends ;  
start not, sir !

We see your willow, and are sorry for't ;  
And, though it be a wedding, we are half mourners.

*Heartl.* Good gentlemen, remember not my  
fortunes ;

They are not to be help'd with words.

<sup>4</sup> —— *beyond the hopes of*—— ] It is evident that this break, which has not been filled up hitherto, was occasioned by the delicacy of the licensers ; certainly not of the printers, as Mason supposes.

*Wildb.* Look up, man!

A proper sensible fellow, and shrink for a wench?  
Are there no more? or is she all the handsome-  
ness?

*Heartl.* Pr'ythee, leave fooling.

*Wildb.* Pr'ythee, leave thou whining!

Have maids forgot to love?

*Heartl.* You are injurious.

*Wildb.* Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.

1 *Gent.* Come, good Frank,

Forget now, since there is no remedy,

And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.

2 *Gent.* Be a free guest, and think not of those  
passages.

*Wildb.* Think how to nick him home; thou  
know'st she dotes on thee;

Graft me a dainty medlar on his crabstock;

Pay me the dreaming puppy.

*Heartl.* Well, make your mirth, the whilst I  
bear my misery:

Honest minds would have better thoughts.

*Wildb.* I am her kinsman,

And love her well, am tender of her youth;

Yet, honest Frank, before I would have that  
stinkard,

That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maiden-  
head—

*Heartl.* Pr'ythee leave mocking!

*Wildb.* Pr'ythee, Frank, believe me;

Go to, consider. Hark, they knock to dinner!

[*Knock within.*

Come, wo't thou go?

2 *Gent.* I pr'ythee, Frank, go with us,  
And laugh and dance as we do.

*Heartl.* You are light, gentlemen,  
Nothing to weigh your hearts; pray give me leave!  
I'll come and see, and take my leave.

*Wildb.* We'll look for you.

Do not despair; I have a trick yet. [*Exit.*

*Heartl.* Yes,

When I am mischievous I'll believe your projects!  
She is gone, for ever gone, (I cannot help it,)  
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her,  
Gone like a pleasing dream! What mirth and  
jollity

Reigns round about this house! how every office  
Sweats with new joys! Can she be merry too?  
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?  
Sure she has a false heart then. Still they grow  
louder.

The old man's god, his gold, has won upon her,  
(Light-hearted, cordial gold!) and all my services,  
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten:  
Yet if she were compell'd—but it cannot be—  
If I could but imagine her will mine,  
Although he had her body——

*Enter* LADY and WILDBRAIN.

*Lady.* He shall come in!

Walk without doors o' this day! Though an enemy,  
It must not be.

*Wildb.* You must compel him, madam.

*Lady.* No, she shall fetch him in, nephew; it  
shall be so.

*Wildb.* It will be fittest. [*Exit with* LADY.

*Heartl.* Can fair Maria look again upon me?

Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?  
Or has she got a strong heart to defy me?

*Enter* MARIA.

She comes herself: How rich she is in jewels!  
Methinks they shew like frozen isicles,



Cold Winter had hung on her. How the roses,  
 That kept continual spring within her cheeks,  
 Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces !  
 She would speak to me.—I can sigh too, lady ;  
 But from a sounder heart : Yes, and can weep too ;  
 But 'tis for you, that ever I believed you,  
 Tears of more pious value than your marriage !  
 You would excuse yourself,<sup>5</sup> and I must credit you,  
 So much my old obedience compels from me.  
 Go, and forget me, and my poverty——  
 I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way :  
 But still remember that I loved Maria,  
 Loved with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from me !  
 I will not ask a tear more, you are bountiful ;  
 Go, and rejoice, and I will wait upon you  
 That little of my life left !

*Maria.* Good sir, hear me !

What has been done, was the act of my obedience  
 And not my will, forced from me by my parents :  
 Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely ;  
 And if there can be more society,  
 Without dishonour to my tie of marriage,  
 Or place for noble love, I shall love you still.  
 You had the first ; the last, had my will prosper'd.  
 You talk of little time of life, dear Frank ;  
 Certain, I am not married for eternity :  
 The joy my marriage brings, tells me I am mortal,  
 And shorter-lived than you, else I were miserable ;  
 Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me  
 Add what I coveted, content. Go with me ;

<sup>5</sup> *You would encase yourself.*] Sympson supposes *encase* a corruption, and would substitute *excuse*. We think *encase* may be genuine, and used in the sense of DEFEND, ARM *yourself with an excuse*.—Ed. 1778.

*Encase*, as explained in this note, bears such a forced and unauthorised meaning, that I have no hesitation in preferring Sympson's variation. The corruption might easily happen.

They seek a day of joy; pr'ythee let's shew it,  
Though it be forced; and, by this kiss believe me,  
However I must live at his command now,  
I'll die at yours.

*Heartl.* I have enough; I'll honour you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter LURCHER.*

*Lurch.* Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage

I mean to visit; I have shifts of all sorts,  
And here are thousand wheels to set 'em working.  
I am very merry, for I know this wedding  
Will yield me lusty pillage: If mad Wildgoose,  
That debosh'd rogue, keep but his ancient revels,  
And breed a hubbub in the house, I am happy.—

*Enter ALATHE, as a Boy.*

Now, what are you?

*Alathe.* A poor distressed boy, sir,  
Friendless and comfortless, that would entreat  
Some charity and kindness from your worship.  
I would fain serve, sir, and as fain endeavour  
With duteous labour to deserve the love  
Of that good gentleman shall entertain me.

*Lurc.* A pretty boy, but of too mild a breeding,  
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour.

What canst thou do?

*Alathe.* I can learn any thing  
That's good and honest, and shall please a master.

*Lurc.* He blushes as he speaks, and that I like  
not;

I love a bold and secure confidence,  
An impudence that one may trust: This boy now,  
Had I instructed him, had been a jewel,  
A treasure for my use.—Thou canst not lie?

*Alathe.* I would not willingly.

*Lurc.* Nor thou hast no wit  
To dissemble neatly?

*Alathe.* Do you love such boys, sir?

*Lurc.* Oh, mainly, mainly; I would have my  
boy impudent,

Out-face all truth, yet do it piously;  
Like Proteus, cast himself into all forms,  
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts;  
Blench at no danger, though it be the gallows,  
Nor make no conscience of a cozenage,  
Though it be i' th' church. Your soft, demure,  
still children

Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,  
And sing songs to dull tunes: I would keep thee,  
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,  
And be a tender master to thy knavery;  
But thou art not for my use.

*Alathe.* Do you speak this seriously?

*Lurc.* Yes, indeed do I.

*Alathe.* Would you have your boy, sir,  
Read in these moral mischiefs?

*Lurc.* Now thou mov'st me.

*Alathe.* And be a well-train'd youth in all ac-  
tivities?

*Lurc.* By any means.

*Alathe.* Or do you this to try me,  
Fearing a proneness?

*Lurc.* I speak this to make thee.

*Alathe.* Then take me, sir, and cherish me, and  
love me;

You have me what you would: Believe me, sir,  
I can do any thing for your advantage.

I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,  
As easily as I can sleep, sir, and securely;  
As naturally I can steal too——

*Lurc.* That I am glad on,  
Right heartily glad on; hold thee there, thou art  
excellent.

*Alathe.* Steal any thing from any body living.

*Lurc.* Not from thy master?

*Alathe.* That is mine own body,  
And must not be.

*Lurc.* The boy mends mightily.

*Alathe.* A rich man, that like snow heaps up his  
monies,

I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;  
A fool, that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,  
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

*Lurc.* Excellent boy, and able to instruct me!  
Of mine own nature just!

*Alathe.* I scorn all hazard,  
And on the edge of danger I do best, sir.  
I have a thousand faces to deceive,  
And, to those, twice so many tongues to flatter;  
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher;  
And for my conscience——

*Lurc.* Peace! I have found a jewel,  
A jewel all the Indies cannot match!  
And thou shalt feel——

*Alathe.* This tittle, and I ha' done, sir:  
I never can confess, I have that spell on me;  
And such rare modesties before a magistrate,



Such innocence to catch a judge, such ignorance—

*Lurc.* I'll learn of thee; thou art mine own.

Come, boy!

I'll give thee action presently.

*Alathe.* Have at you!

*Lurc.* What must I call thee?

*Alathe.* Snap, sir.

*Lurc.* 'Tis most natural;

A name born to thee: Sure thou art a fairy!

Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the House of Algripe.*

*Enter* LADY, Nurse, Mrs NEWLOVE, and TOBY.

*Lady.* Where be these knaves? who serves up  
all the liveries?<sup>6</sup>

Is the bride's bed made?

*Toby.* Yes, madam, and a bell

<sup>6</sup> *Who strues up all the liveries?*] This is not sense as it stands. We should probably read,—“Who sewer up all the liveries?” That is, “Who serve up the portions of victuals to the servants,” which was the business of the sewer.—*Mason.*

The correction of *Mason* is very harsh, and that introduced in the text has the authority of *Spenser*, who, in his *State of Ireland*, furnishes us with an explanation of the text: “In great houses the *livery* is said to be *served up* for all night, that is, their evening allowance of drink.” It is strange that the editors of 1750 and 1778 neither saw the necessity of correcting this nonsensical corruption of the old copies, nor endeavoured to explain it.



Hung under it artificially.

*Lady.* Out, knave, out!

Must we have larums now?

*Toby.* A little warning,

That we may know when to begin our healths, madam.

The justice is a kind of old jade, madam,

That will go merriest with a bell.

*Lady.* All the house drunk?

*Toby.* This is a day of jubilee.

*Lady.* Are the best hangings up? and the plate set out?

Who makes the posset, Nurse?

*Nurse.* The dairy-maid,

And she will put that in will make him caper.—

Well, madam, well, you might ha' chose another, A handsomer, for her years.<sup>7</sup>

*Lady.* Peace! he is rich, nurse;

He's rich, and that is beauty.

*Nurse.* I am sure he's rotten;

'Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her!

*Lady.* Termagant!

What an angry quean is this!—Where \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Who looks to him?<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *A handsomer, for your years.*] The amendment proposed by Sympson.

<sup>8</sup> *'Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her.* Termagant!

*Lady.* *What an angry quean is this, where,*

*Who looks to him?*] So this passage is exhibited in the old quarto, and no doubt two material corruptions have taken place. The first (giving the exclamation *Termagant!* to the Nurse) was rectified by Sympson, who, however, unnecessarily strikes out *angry quean*, supposing the author to have first written so, and then to have crossed it out, and written *Termagant* over it. Both exclamations should certainly be retained.—The second corruption is more material. The question—"Where, who looks to him?" evidently referring to Heartlove, is so very abrupt, that some omission must have happened. Mason wishes to supply it thus,—

*Toby.* He's very merry, madam; Master Wild-brain  
Has him in hand, i' th' bottom o' the cellar;  
He sighs and tipples.

*Nurse.* Alas, good gentleman!  
My heart's sore for thee.

*Lady.* Sorrow must have his course. Sirrah,  
Give him some sack to dry up his remembrance.  
How does the bridegroom? I am afraid of him.

*Nurse.* He's a trim youth to be tender of, hemp  
take him!

Must my sweet new-blown rose find such a winter  
Before her spring be near?

*Lady.* Peace, peace! thou'rt foolish.

*Nurse.* And dances like a town-top,<sup>9</sup> and reels  
and hobbles.

*Lady.* Alas, good gentleman! give him not much  
wine.

*Toby.* He shall ha' none by my consent.

*Lady.* Are the women comforting my daughter?

“Where's Heartlove? Who looks to him?” But, from the manner in which the text is printed, I have no doubt that a whole line was lost,—a corruption much more likely to have happened than the omission of Heartlove's name, which, being distinguished by a capital letter, was not very liable to be overlooked by the compositor. The sense of the omitted line may easily be guessed.

<sup>9</sup> *Nurse.* *And dances like a town-top.*] The putting this line in the *Nurse's* mouth is against all sense and reason, and confounds the discourse: I suspect these words belong to *Toby*, whose speech at *sighs and tipples* being interrupted by the *Lady* and the *Nurse*, is here resumed and finished.—*Sympson.*

This is a most needless and wanton alteration. The speech has no connection with the one referred to by *Sympson* which regards Heartlove, whereas the present one is a continuation of the *Nurse's* answer to her *Lady's* enquiry respecting the bridegroom.—It appears to have been formerly the custom to keep a large top in the towns and villages, probably, as Mr *Steevens* observes, for the exercise of the inhabitants during the winter. The *parish-top* is alluded to in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

*Newl.* Yes, yes, madam,  
And reading to her a pattern of true patience;<sup>1</sup>  
They read, and pray for her too.

*Nurse.* They had need!  
You had better marry her to her grave a great deal;  
There will be peace and rest. Alas, poor gentle-  
woman!

Must she become a nurse, now in her tenderness?  
Well, madam, well! my heart bleeds!

*Lady.* Thou art a fool still——

*Nurse.* Pray Heaven I be!

*Lady.* And an old fool, to be vex'd thus!  
'Tis late; she must to bed. Go, knave; be merry;  
Drink for a boy; Away to all your charges!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN and HEARTLOVE.*

*Wildb.* Do as thou wo't; but, if thou dost re-  
fuse it,  
Thou art the stupid'st ass—There's no long arguing;  
Time is too precious, Frank.

*Heartl.* I am hot with wine,  
And apt now to believe; but if thou dost this  
Out of a villainy, to make me wrong her,

<sup>1</sup> *A pattern of true patience.*] No doubt some manual of mora-  
lity, well known at the time.

As thou art prone enough——

*Wildb.* Does she not love thee?

Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?

Had she not swounded\* if I had not caught her?  
Canst thou have more?

*Heartl.* I must confess all this.

*Wildb.* Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting!

If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;  
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee, going!  
She whom thou lov'st——

*Heartl.* Pray let me think a little.

*Wildb.* There is no leisure; think when thou hast embraced her.

Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her?  
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st  
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her,  
Enjoy her maidenhead? Take but that from her,  
That we may tell posterity a man had it,  
A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,  
To save the honour of our house, the credit!  
'Tis no great matter I desire.

*Heartl.* I hear you.

*Wildb.* Free us both from the fear of breeding fools

And oafs, got by this shadow: We talk too long.

*Heartl.* She is going now to bed, among the women;

What opportunity can I have to meet her?

*Wildb.* Let me alone! Hast thou a will? speak soundly,

Speak discretely, speak home and handsomely;  
Is't not pity, nay misery, nay infamy, to leave

\* *Swounded.*] On account of the metre it is necessary to restore this old way of pronouncing—*swooned.*



So rare a pye to be cut up by a rascal?

*Heartl.* I will go presently.—Now, now, I stay thee.<sup>3</sup>

*Wildb.* Such a dainty doe to be taken  
By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheasant,  
Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Now, now, I stay thee.*] Sympson reads,—“ Now, now, *I say,*” and gives these words to Wildbrain. Mason properly observes, that no alteration of the words, which mean “ I wait for thee,” is requisite; but he approves of transferring the words to Wildbrain, because they suit the impetuosity of his character, and not the irresolution of Heartlove, who had just said that he would go *presently*, that is, *bye and bye*. But the very irresolution of Heartlove is best expressed by his first delaying to go, and then suddenly, after a pause, uttering his consent to go.

<sup>4</sup> *Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia.*] *Braggat*, i. e. mead and ale sweetened with honey. Our authors, in this place, have receded from the common acceptance of *ambrosia*, making that the liquor here, which the general run of the classics call the meat of the gods. But they are not destitute of good authority for so doing. Thus in Athenæus, b. ii. c. 2. Anaxandrides introduces one, saying, that he *eats* nectar and *drinks* ambrosia, &c. And Sappho too to the same purpose, a little lower, says in one of her poems,

*A bowl ambrosial was mixed.*

Apuleius, b. vi. among the Latins, takes the same liberty; when Psyche is to be made immortal, Mercury holds out a cup of *ambrosia* to her, and bids her drink of it, &c.

After I had wrote this, I found the same observation had been made by *Le Clerc* in his notes upon Hesiod's Theogony, ver. 640. Neither are our authors the only English poets who make *ambrosia* the gods' drink. Taylor, the water-poet, has done the same in his Pennyless Pilgrimage:

“ *And I intreat you take these words for no-lies;  
I had good aqua-vitæ, rosa so-lies,  
With sweet ambrosia (the gods own drink)  
Most excellent geere for mortals as I think.*”

But how this person came by the knowledge of such a thing I have neither will nor leisure to examine at present.—*Sympson*.

Probably Fletcher was utterly unacquainted with the classical authorities which Sympson has here furnished.

Is it not conscience?

*Heartl.* Yes, yes; now I feel it.

*Wildb.* A meritorious thing?

*Heartl.* Good father Wildgoose,  
I do confess it.

*Wildb.* Come then, follow me,  
And pluck a man's heart up! I'll lock thee privately,  
Where she alone shall presently pass by,  
None near to interrupt thee: But be sure——

*Heartl.* I shall be sure enough; lead on, and  
crown me.

*Wildb.* No wringings in your mind now, as you  
love me! [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

*A Gallery in the same.*

*Enter* LADY, MARIA, ALGRIPE, *Gentlewomen,*  
*Nurse, and Mrs NEWLOVE.*

*Lady.* 'Tis time you were a-bed.

*Alg.* I prythee, sweetheart,  
Consider my necessity!—Why art sad?  
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon——

*Nurse.* Of Tom Thumb;  
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.

*Newl.* I pity thee, young wench!

1 *Gentlew.* And so do I too.

2 *Gentlew.* Come, old sticks take fire.

1 *Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly.

Give him another cup.

2 *Gentlew.* Those are but flashes;  
A tun of sack wo' not set him high enough.—  
Will you to bed?

*Maria.* I must.

1 *Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,  
And win him like a bowl to lie close to you;<sup>5</sup>  
Make your best use!

*Alg.* Nay, pr'ythee, duck, go instantly:  
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

*Enter WILDBRAIN.*

*Wildb.* 'Tis almost midnight.

*Lady.* Pr'ythee to bed, Maria.

*Wildb.* Go you afore, and let the ladies follow,  
And leave her to her thoughts awhile; there must be  
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries,  
Bewailing o' their maidenheads.<sup>6</sup>

*Lady.* Come then,  
We'll wait in the next room.

*Alg.* Do not tarry;  
For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep,  
Mall.

[*Exeunt all but WILDBRAIN and MARIA.*

*Wildb.* Do, do, and dream of dottrels!—Get  
you to bed quickly,  
And let us ha' no more stir; come, no crying!  
'Tis too late now; carry yourself discretely:

<sup>5</sup> *And win him like a bowl.]* A single letter seems wanting here,  
*And wind him like a bowl.*—Sympson.

The allusion being to a game, proves the propriety of the text,

<sup>6</sup> *Bewailing others maidenheads.]* Corrected in 1750.

The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;  
For the rest, you must make your own play. Nay,  
not that way!

They'll pull you all to pieces for your whim-whams,  
Your garters and your gloves; go modestly,  
And privately steal to bed; 'tis very late, Mall;  
For if you go by them, such a new larum——

*Maria.* I know not which way to avoid 'em.

*Wildb.* This way,

This through the cloisters, and so steal to bed!  
When you are there once, all will separate,  
And give you rest: I came out of my pity  
To shew you this.

*Maria.* I thank you.

*Wildb.* Here's the keys;

Go presently, and lock the doors fast after you,  
That none shall follow.

*Maria.* Good night!

*Wildb.* Good night, sweet cousin!

A good and sweet night—or I'll curse thee, Frank.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*A Dark Cloister.*

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* She stays long: Sure young Wildgoose  
has abused me,  
He has made sport wi' me. I may yet get out again,  
And I may see his face once more: I ha' foul in-  
tentions;



But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

*Enter MARIA.*

Hark, hark! it was the door!  
Something comes this way, wond'rous still and  
stealing!

May be, some walking spirit to affright me.

*Maria.* Oh, Heaven, my fortune!

*Heartl.* 'Tis her voice! stay. [*Seizes her.*

*Maria.* Save me,

Bless me, you better powers!

*Heartl.* I am no devil.

*Maria.* You are little better, to disturb me now.

*Heartl.* My name is Heartlove.

*Maria.* Fy, fy, worthy friend!

Fy, noble sir!

*Heartl.* I must talk further with you:

You know my fair affection——

*Maria.* So preserve it;

You know I am married now. For shame, be ci-  
viler!

Not all the earth shall make me——

*Heartl.* Pray walk this way;

And if you ever loved me——

*Maria.* Take heed, Frank,

How you divert that love to hate: Go home, pr'y-  
thee.

*Heartl.* Shall he enjoy that sweet——

*Maria.* Nay, pray unhand me.

*Heartl.* He that never felt what love was?

*Maria.* Then I charge you

Stand further off!

*Heartl.* I am tame; but let me walk wi' you,  
Talk but a minute.

*Maria.* So your talk be honest,  
And my untainted honour suffer not,

I'll walk a turn or two.

*Heartl.* Give me your hand then. [Exeunt.

## SCENE VII.

*A Bed-room in the same House.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN, ALGRIPE, LADY, Nurse, Gentlewomen, and Mrs NEWLOVE.*

*Alg.* She is not in her chamber.

*Lady.* She is not here.

*Wildb.* And I'll tell you what I dream'd—

*Alg.* Give me a torch!

*1 Gentlew.* Be not too hasty, sir.

*Wildb.* Nay, let him go;

For if my dream be true he must be speedy;

He will be trick'd, and blazed else.<sup>7</sup>

*Nurse.* As I am a woman,

I cannot blame her if she take her liberty!

'Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old  
bully,

A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her!

*Lady.* I'll hang her then.

*Nurse.* I'll bless her then! she does justice:

Is this old stinking dog's-flesh for her diet?

*Wildb.* Pr'ythee, honest Nurse, do not fret too  
much;

<sup>7</sup> Trickt, and blazed.] *Tricking*, is drawing any person's arms with pen and ink; *blazoning* them is to set them forth in their proper colours.—*Sympson*.

For fear I dream you'll hang yourself too.

*Alg.* [*WILDBRAIN whispers ALGRIFE.*] The cloister?

*Wildb.* Such was my fancy; I do not say 'tis true, Nor do I bid you be too confident.

*Alg.* Where are the keys? the keys I say!

*Wildb.* I dream'd she had 'em to lock herself in.

*Nurse.* What a devil do you mean?

*Enter Servant.*

*Wildb.* No harm; good Nurse, be patient!

*Serv.* They are not in the window, where they use to be.

*Wildb.* What foolish dreams are these!

*Alg.* I am mad.

*Wildb.* I hope so; [*Apart.*

If you be not mad, I'll do my best to make you.

1 *Gentlew.* This is some trick.

2 *Gentlew.* I smell the Wildgoose.

*Alg.* Come, gentlemen; come quickly, I beseech you.

Quick as you can! this may be your case, gentlemen.

And bring some lights, some lights! [*Exit.*

*Wildb.* Move faster, faster! you'll come too late else.

I'll stay behind and pray for you. I had rather She were dishonest than thou shouldst have her.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.

*The Cloisters.*

*Enter MARIA and HEARTLOVE.*

*Maria.* You are most unmanly ! Yet I have some  
breath left,  
And this steel to defend me : Come not near me !  
For if you offer but another violence,  
As I have life I'll kill you ! if I miss that,  
Upon my own heart will I execute,  
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.

*Heartl.* Most virtuous maid, I have done : For-  
give my follies ;  
Pardon, oh, pardon ! I now see my wickedness,  
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me.  
On your fair hand I seal—

*Alg.* [*Within.*] Down with the door !

*Maria.* We are betray'd ! Oh, Frank, Frank !

*Heartl.* I'll die for you ;  
Rather than you shall suffer, I'll—

*Enter ALGRIPE, LADY, Nurse, Gentlewomen, Mrs  
NEWLOVE, and Servants.*

*Alg.* Now enter,  
Enter, sweet gentlemen. Mine eyes, mine eyes !  
Oh, how my head aches !

1 *Gentlew.* Is it possible ?



2 *Gentlew.* Hold her; she sinks.

*Maria.* A plot upon my honour!  
To poison my fair name, a studied villainy!  
Farewell! As I have hope of peace, I am honest.

[*Faints.*

*Alg.* My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains!  
they bud sure.

*Nurse.* She is gone, she is gone!

*Alg.* A handsome riddance of her.

'Would I could as easily lose her memory!

*Nurse.* Is this the sweet of marriage? have I  
bred thee

For this reward?

1 *Gentlew.* Hold, hold! He's desperate too.

*Alg.* Be sure you hold him fast! we'll bind him  
over

To the next sessions, and, if I can, I'll hang him.

[*The Servants seize him.*

*Heartl.* Nay then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.—  
Sweet virgin rose, farewell! Heaven has thy beauty,  
That's only fit for Heaven. I'll live a little,  
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,  
And then, most blessed soul, I'll climb up to thee.  
Farewell! I feel myself another creature.

[*He is led out.*

*Lady.* Oh, misery of miseries!

*Nurse.* I told you, madam.

*Lady.* Carry her in.—You will pay back her por-  
tion?

*Alg.* No, not a penny: Pay me back my credit,  
And I'll condition wi' ye.

*Lady.* A sad wedding!

Her grave must be her bridal-bed. Oh, Mall,

'Would I had wed thee to thy own content!

Then I had had thee still.

*Alg.* I am mad! Farewell!

Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [*Exeunt.*



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Behind the same House.*

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE.*

*Lurc.* What hast thou done?

*Alathe.* I have walked through all the lodgings:  
A silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.

*Lurc.* What hast thou seen?

*Alathe.* Nought but a sad confusion;  
Every thing left in such a loose disorder,  
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be  
laden.

*Lurc.* 'Tis very well; I like thy care: But 'tis  
strange

A wedding-night should be so solitary.

*Alathe.* Certainly there's some cause; some death  
or sickness

Is fallen suddenly upon some friend,  
Or some strange news is come.

*Lurc.* Are they all a-bed?

*Alathe.* I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be  
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,  
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

*Lurc.* Where's all the plate?

*Alathe.* Why, lock'd up in that room:  
I saw the old lady, ere she went to bed,  
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings,  
In a small long chest; her chains and rings are  
there too:

It stands close by the table, on a form.

*Lurc.* 'Twas a good notice; didst thou see the men?

*Alathe.* I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves;

But what they said I was too far to hear, sir.

*Lurc.* 'Tis daintily discover'd; we shall certainly have a most prosperous night. Which way?

*Alathe.* A close one,<sup>8</sup>

A back-door that the women have left open,  
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,  
Close on the garden side.

*Lurc.* I love thy diligence:

Wert thou not fearful?

*Alathe.* Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.

*Lurc.* Say they had spied thee?

*Alathe.* I was then determined

To have cried downright too, and have kept 'em company,

As one that had an interest in their sadness;  
Or made an errand to I know not whom, sir.

*Lurc.* My dainty boy! Let us discharge; that plate

Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers  
Till I have fast hold of it.

*Alathe.* Pray be wise, sir; do't handsomely, be not greedy;

Let's handle it with such an excellence

As if we would bring thieving into honour:

We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches—

*Lurc.* Still my blest boy!

*Alathe.* And clear the room of drunken jealousies.  
The chest is of some weight, and we may make  
Such noise i' th' carriage we may be snapp'd.

<sup>8</sup> *A close one.*] That is, a private one.

*Lurc.* Come, open: Here's a devil's face.

*Alathe.* No, no, sir, we'll have no shape so terrible;  
We will not do the devil so much pleasure  
To have him face our plot.

*Lurc.* A winding-sheet then!

*Alathe.* That's too cold a shift,  
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness:  
I wonder you're an old thief, and no cunninger.  
Where's the long cloak?

*Lurc.* Here, here.

*Alathe.* Give me the turbant  
And the false beard. I hear some coming this way!  
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,  
And now as I direct—Stay, let them enter,  
And when I touch move forward; make no noise!  
[*She mounts on LURCHER'S back, and they  
stand apart.*]

*Enter Nurse and TOBY.*

*Nurse.* Oh, 'tis a sad time! All the burnt wine's  
drunk, Nick.

*Toby.* We may thank your dry chaps for't. The  
canary's gone too;  
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon;  
I cannot mourn in beer: If she should walk now,  
As discontented spirits are wont to do——

*Nurse.* And meet us in the cellar?

*Toby.* What fence have we with single beer  
against her?

What heart can we defy the devil with?

*Nurse.* The March beer's open.

*Toby.* A fortification of March beer will do well;  
I must confess 'tis a most mighty armour,  
For I presume I cannot pray.

*Nurse.* Why, Nicholas?

*Toby.* We coachmen have such tumbling faiths,  
no prayers



Can go an even pace.

*Nurse.* Hold up your candle.

*Toby.* Verily, Nurse, I have cried so much  
For my young mistress that is mortified,  
That if I have not more sack to support me,  
I shall even sleep: Heigho, for another flaggon!  
These burials and christnings are the mournful'st  
matters,

And they ask more drink——

*Nurse.* Drink to a sad heart's needful.

*Toby.* Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, Nurse.

*Nurse.* Methinks the light burns blue; I pry-  
thee snuff it!

There's a thief in't, I think.

*Toby.* There may be one near it.

*Nurse.* What's that that moves there, i' th' name  
of—Nicholas?

That thing that walks?

*Toby.* 'Would I had a ladder to behold it!

Mercy upon me, the ghost of one o' th' guard sure;  
'Tis the devil by his claws, he smells of brimstone;  
Sure he farts fire, what an earthquake I have in me!  
Out with thy prayer-book, Nurse!

*Nurse.* It fell i' th' frying-pan, and the cats eat it.

*Toby.* I have no power to pray! It grows still  
longer;

'Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away, Nurse.  
Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,<sup>9</sup>  
And that will daunt the devil. I am blasted;  
My belly's grown to nothing.

*Nurse.* Fly, fly, Toby! [Exit with TOBY.

<sup>9</sup> *He speaks Latin.*] The wonderful effect of speaking *Latin* to ghosts, and other supernatural beings, hath at all times uniformly been the prevailing notion of the common people. In like manner, the honest Butler, in Mr Addison's *Drummer*, recommends that the Steward shall speak *Latin* to the ghost in that play.—*Reed.*

*Alathe.* So let them go! And whilst they are  
astonish'd,

Let's presently upon the rest now, suddenly.

*Lurc.* Off, off, and up again when we're near  
the parlour! [*She descends.*]

Art sure thou know'st the chest?

*Alathe.* Though it were i' th' dark, sir,  
I can go to it.

*Lurc.* On then, and be happy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter TOBY.*

*Toby.* How my haunches quake! Is the thing  
here still?

Now can I out-do any button-maker at his own  
trade;

I have fifteen fits of an ague.—Nurse, 'tis gone, I  
hope:

The hard-hearted woman has left me alone.—Nurse!  
And she knows too I ha' but a lean conscience to  
keep me company. [*Noise within.*]

The devil's among 'em in the parlour sure,  
The ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,  
He's boiling of her bones now; hark, how she  
whistles!

There's gentlewomen within too; how will they do?  
I'll to the cook, for he was drunk last night,  
And now he's valiant; he's a-kin to th' devil too,  
And fears no fire. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE, with a Coffin.*

*Lurc.* No light?

*Alathe.* None left, sir;

They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em.  
Their fright is infinite; let's make good use on't:



We must be quick, sir, quick, or the house will  
rise else.

*Lurc.* Was this the chest?

*Alathe.* Yes, yes.

*Lurc.* There was two of 'em,  
Or I mistake.

*Alathe.* I know the right. No stay, sir,  
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily!  
Put to your strength, and make as little noise—  
Then presently out at the back door.

*Lurc.* Come, boy;  
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence!  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another in the same.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN with a Light.*

*Wildb.* What thousand noises pass through all  
the rooms!

What cries and hurries! Sure the devil's drunk,  
And tumbles through the house. My villainies,  
That never made me apprehend before  
Danger or fear, a little now molest me:  
My cousin's death sits heavy o' my conscience;  
'Would I had been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it!  
I aimed at a living divorce, not at burial,  
That Frank might have had some hope. Hark! still



*Wildb.* I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,  
Hold you as tenderly—I have put the light out ;  
Retire into my chamber, there I'll watch wi' ye,  
I'll keep you from all frights.

*Newl.* And will you keep me ?

*Wildb.* Keep you as secure, lady——

*Newl.* You must not wrong me then ; the devil  
will have us.

*Wildb.* No, no, I'll love you ; then the devil will  
fear us ;

For he fears all that love. Pray come in quickly !  
For this is the malicious hour he walks in,<sup>2</sup>  
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,  
Depraves the senses ; now within this half-hour,  
He will have power to turn all citizens' wives  
Into strange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd mon-  
kies,

Jays, pies, and parrots : Quickly ! I smell his brim-  
stone.

*Newl.* It comes again ! I am gone ; shift for  
yourself, sir ! [Exit.

*Wildb.* Sure this whole night is nothing but il-  
lusion.

Here's nothing comes : all they are mad ! damn'd  
devil,

To drive her back again ! It had been thy policy  
To have let us alone ; we might have done some  
fine thing

To have made thy hell-hound laugh : 'Tis a dainty  
wench ;

<sup>2</sup> *The malicious house.*] I am inclined to think that *house* is a corruption for *hour*, and if the reader considers the passage coolly, I make no doubt but he will be of my opinion.—*Sympson*.

*Sympson* is clearly right, though the last editors endeavour to explain the text, by observing that *house* is used in its astrological sense ; but the devil never had any thing to do with astrology.



If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins,  
Nor all their claws, should scratch her hence. I'll  
stay still;

May be her fright will bring her back again;  
Yet I will hope.

*Enter* TOBY.

*Toby.* I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber;  
Sure they are all i' th' cellar! and I cannot find  
that neither.

I am led up and down like a tame ass; my light's out,  
And I grope up and down like blind-man buff,  
And break my face, and break my pate.

*Wildb.* It comes again sure!  
I see the shadow; I'll have faster hold now.  
Sure she's mad; I long to lie with a mad woman,  
She must needs have rare new tricks.

*Toby.* I hear one whisper:  
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,  
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets——

*Wildb.* I have a glimpse of her guise:<sup>3</sup> 'Tis she,  
would steal by me,  
But I'll stand sure.

*Toby.* I have but a dram of wit left,  
And that's even ready to run: Oh, for my bed now!

*Wildb.* She named a bed; I like that, she re-  
pents sure;  
Where is she now?

*Toby.* Who's that?

*Wildb.* Are you there? In, in,

<sup>3</sup> *I have a glimpse of her: 'Tis she, would steal by me.*] The speaker's name added by Theobald and Sympson. The rest of the line means, "Tis she, *who* would steal by me. The modern editors read silently and unmetrically—" 'Tis she: she would steal by me."

In presently!

*Toby.* I feel his talons through me;

'Tis an old haggard devil; what will he do with me?

*Wildb.* Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick!

*Toby.* A lecherous devil!

*Wildb.* What a hairy whore 'tis; sure she has a muffler.<sup>4</sup>

*Toby.* If I should have a young Satan by him,  
(for I dare not deny him)

In what case were I! Who durst deliver me?

*Wildb.* 'Tis but my fancy; she's the same. In quickly,

Gently, my sweet girl!

*Toby.* Sweet devil, be good to me! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> *Muffler.*] This was originally a piece of linen worn by women, which covered the lower part of the face. Representations of the mode in which they were worn, from ancient wooden cuts, are given in Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare. The word was also applied to a mask, and from Wildbrain's mistaking the beard of Toby for a muffler, it may be presumed that he alludes to the velvet masques fashionable at the time, and generally imported from France.



## SCENE III.

*A Room in the House of Lurcher's Mistress.*

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE.*

*Lurc.* Where's my love, boy?

*Alathe.* She's coming with a candle,  
To see our happy prize.

*Lurc.* I am cruel weary.

*Alathe.* I cannot blame ye; plate is very heavy  
To carry without light or help.

*Lurc.* The fear too  
At every stumble to be discover'd, boy,  
At every cough to raise a constable!  
Well, we'll be merry now.

*Alathe.* We have some reason:  
Things compass'd without fear or imminent danger,  
Are too luxurious,<sup>5</sup> sir, to live upon:  
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,  
And carry in their natures as much merit,

<sup>5</sup> *Are too luxurious to live upon.*] The meaning of *luxurious* seems here to be that of *sweet, cloying, &c.* a sense I never remember to have found it used in: If the line is to be altered, I would do it thus,—

*Are too too luscious, sir, to live upon.*—Simpson.

There is no reason to adopt Simpson's conjectures, as *luxurious* evidently means the same as *luscious* in this and several other places in old plays. The word was used with great latitude of meaning, and occurs in Shakspeare more than once for *lascivious*.

As his that digs 'em out o' th' mine; they taste too,<sup>6</sup>  
 Season'd with doubts and dangers, most deliciously;  
 Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,  
 And dull our appetites.

*Lurc.* Most learned child!

*Enter LURCHER'S Mistress.*

*Mistress.* You are welcome! where have you  
 left it?

*Lurc.* In the next room, hard by.

*Mistress.* Is it plate all?

*Lurc.* All, all, and jewels. I am monstrous weary;  
 Pr'ythee let's go to bed.

*Mistress.* Pr'ythee let's see't first.

*Lurc.* To-morrow's a new day, sweet.

*Mistress.* Yes, to melt it;

But let's agree to-night, how it shall be handled.  
 I'll have a new gown——

*Lurc.* 'Sha't have any thing.

*Mistress.* And such a riding-suit as Mistress  
 Newlove's:

What though I be no gentlewoman born,  
 I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

*Lurc.* Thou say'st right.

*Mistress.* You promised me a horse too, and a  
 lacquey.

*Lurc.* Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion.

*Mistress.* That will be stately, sweetheart; a  
 postilion?

*Lurc.* Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride be-  
 fore us

In winter, with as much dirt would damp a mus-  
 quet;

The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

<sup>6</sup> *They last too.] Corrected by Sympson.*

*Mistress.* That will be dear.

*Lurc.* There is a dye projecting  
Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou shalt  
have any thing.

*Mistress.* Where is this chest? I long, sweet, to  
behold

Our Indies,

*Alathe.* Mistress, let's melt it first, and then 'tis  
fit

You should dispose it; then 'tis safe from danger.

*Mistress.* I'll be a loving mistress to my boy too.  
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.

*Alathe.* Hold your light, mistress, we may see  
to enter.

[*LURCHER and ALATHE drag in the coffin.*

*Mistress.* Ha! what's here? Call you this a chest?

*Alathe.* We ha' miss'd, sir;

Our haste and want of light made us mistake.

*Mistress.* A very coffin!

*Lurc.* How! a coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.

*Alathe.* The devil owed us a shame, and now  
he has paid us.

*Mistress.* Is this your treasure?

*Alathe.* Bury me alive in't.

*Lurc.* It may be there's no room.

*Mistress.* Nay, I will search it:

I'll see what wealth's within.—

[*They open the coffin, in which MARIA appears.*

A woman's face,

And a fair woman's?

*Alathe.* I cannot tell, sir;

Belike this was the sadness that possess'd 'em.

The plate stood next, I am sure.

*Lurc.* I shake, I shake, boy;

What a cold sweat!

*Alathe.* This may work.—What will become  
on's, sir?

*Mistress.* She's cold, dead-cold ; d'ye find your conscience ?

D'ye bring your Gillians hither ?—Nay, she's punish'd,

Your conceal'd love's cased up.

*Lurc.* It is Maria ;

The very same, the bride : New horror !

*Mistress.* These are fine tricks ; you hope she's in a swoon,

But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover.

To bore my nose : Come, take her up and bury her quickly, or I'll cry out ; take her up instantly.

*Lurc.* Be not so hasty, fool ; that may undo us ; We may be in for murder so : Be patient ; Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.

*Mistress.* I am sure she shall not.

*Alathe.* Be not, sir, dejected

Too much : A strange mistake ! this had not been else ;

It makes me almost weep to think upon it.

*Lurc.* What an unlucky thief am I !

*Mistress.* I'll no considering ; either bestir yourself, or——

*Lurc.* Hold !

*Mistress.* Let it not stay to smell then ; I will not

Endure the stink of a rival.

*Lurc.* 'Would 'twere there again !

*Alathe.* We must bury her.

*Lurc.* But where o' th' sudden, or with what providence,

That no eyes watch us ?

*Mistress.* Take a spade and follow me ;

The next fair ground we meet make the church-yard :

As I live I'll see her lodged.

[*Exit.*

*Lurc.* It must be so ;



How heavy my heart is ! I ha' no life left.

*Alathe.* I am past thinking too, no understanding :

That I should miss the right chest !

*Lurc.* The happy chest !

*Alathe.* That which I saw and mark'd too !

*Lurc.* Well, passion wo't not help us.

Had I twenty falls for this——

*Alathe.* 'Twas my fault, sir.<sup>7</sup>

*Lurc.* And twenty thousand fears for this ! Oh,  
the devil !

Now could I curse ! Well, we have her now,  
And must dispose her.

*Enter Mistress.*

*Mistress.* Hang both, for two blind buzzards !  
Here's a spade ?

Quickly, or I'll call the neighbours.

*Lurc.* There's no remedy ;<sup>8</sup>

'Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pasty !  
[*Exeunt, carrying out the coffin.*]

<sup>7</sup> *'Twas my fault, sir.*

*And twenty thousand fears, &c.]* These two speeches were printed as one, till separated by Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

<sup>8</sup> *There's no remedy, &c.]* This speech also, which had always been given to the *Mistress*, Sympson judiciously advises giving to *Lurc.*—Ed. 1778.

The quarto is very incorrect in this particular ; but fortunately the mistakes are so very obvious, that it required no stretch of ingenuity to find them out.



## SCENE IV.

*Near the Church-yard, behind Alathe's House.*

*Enter ALGRIFE, and a Servant with a torch.*

*Serv.* 'Twas a strange mischance, sir.

*Alg.* Mischance, say'st? No, 'twas happiness to me;

There is so much charge saved; I have her portion;  
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.

*Serv.* Did it not trouble you, sir, to see her dead?

*Alg.* Not much, I thank my conscience:  
I was tormented till that happen'd; furies  
Were in my brain, to think myself a cuckold  
At that time of the night.

When I come home, I charge you shut my doors!  
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure  
me.

*Serv.* Why, an it please you?

*Alg.* Fool, to ask that question!  
To keep out women. I expect her mother  
Will visit me with her clamours: Oh, I hate  
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily!  
They are all walking devils, harpies; I will study  
A week together how to rail sufficiently  
Upon 'em all: And, that I may be furnish'd,  
Thou shalt buy all the railing books and ballads  
That malice hath invented against women:  
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,  
Till I grow fat with curses.

*Serv.* If you'll go  
To th' charge, let me alone to find you books!—  
What's that? They come near us.<sup>9</sup>

*Alg.* Where? hold up the torch, knave!

*Serv.* Did you hear nothing? 'tis a——

*Alg.* Why dost make a stand?

*Serv.* What's that?

*Alg.* Where, where? dost see any thing?

We are hard by the church-yard, and I was never  
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;  
They say ghosts walk sometimes.—Hark! d'ye  
hear nothing?

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE, with the Coffin, and  
Mistress.*

*Mistress.* No further; dig here, and lay her in  
quickly.

*Lurc.* What light is that, boy? we shall be dis-  
cover'd!

Set the coffin up an end, and get behind me;  
There's no avoiding.

*Alathe.* Oh!

*Alg.* Where is that groan?

I begin to be afraid.

*Serv.* What shall we do, sir?

*Alg.* We are almost at home now; thou must  
go forward;

Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

*Lurc.* 'Tis he!

*Alathe.* I know him too; let me alone

*Serv.* Oh, sir,

A ghost, the very ghost of mistress bride!  
I have no power to run away.

<sup>9</sup> Just. *They come near us.*

*Serv.* *What's that ?*] So the former editions.—Ed. 1778.

*Alg.* Cursed ghost! bless me! preserve me!  
I do command thee, whatso'er thou art,  
I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me.  
If thou be'st a devil, vex me not so soon!  
If thou be'st—the spirit of my wife——

*Alathe.* Thy wife.

*Alg.* I shall be tormented!

*Alathe.* Thy abused wife,  
That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.  
Thou hast an evil conscience.

*Alg.* I know it.

*Alathe.* Among thy other sins, which black thy  
soul,  
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,  
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satis-  
faction

Now I am dead, thou perjured man! or else  
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,  
Until thou leap into eternal flames;  
Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,  
Melted, the fiends shall pour into thy throat!  
For this time, pass; go home and think upon me!

*Lurc.* Away!

*Serv.* There are more spirits!

*Alg.* Thank you, dear wife!

I'll bestow twenty nobles o' a tomb for thee;  
Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.

[*They go backward into the House.*]

*Lurc.* So, so; they are gone; 'twas my ingeni-  
ous rascal!

But how dost know he made vows to another?

*Alathe.* I overheard the women talk to-night  
on't;

But now let's lose no time, sir! pray let's bury  
This gentlewoman. Where's my mistress?

*Enter Mistress.*

*Mistress.* Here; I durst not tarry.

*Lurc.* We ha' so cozen'd the old forty i' th' hundred,

As the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;  
But come, about our business! set her down again.

*Maria.* Oh!

*Lurc.* She groans! ha!

*Maria.* Oh!

*Lurc.* Again! she stirs!

*Mistress.* Let's fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.

*Lurc.* An you be good at that, bury yourself,  
Or let the sexton take you for his fee.

Away, boy!

[*Exeunt.*

*Maria.* [*Rises from the Coffin.*] I am very cold,  
dead-cold!

Where am I? what's this? a coffin? where have  
I been?

[*Rises.*

Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember

I was betrayed, and swounded.\* My heart aches;  
I am wond'rous hungry too; dead bodies eat not:  
Sure I was meant for burial; I am frozen;  
Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me;  
Darkness spreads o'er the world too. Where?  
what path?

Best Providence, direct me! †

[*Exit.*

\* *Swounded.*] See p. 24.

† *Best.*] Perhaps the original exhibited *blest*.—Ed. 1778.  
The text is perfectly right. See vol. VI. p. 263, and vol. IX.  
p. 460.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Lady's House.*

*Enter Lady, WILDBRAIN, Women, and TOBY.*

*Lady.* Thou art the most unfortunate fellow—

*Wildb.* Why, aunt,

What have I done?

*Lady.* The most malicious varlet—

Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering  
And hatching hellish things, and to no purpose,  
So thou may'st have thy base will.

*Wildb.* Why do you rail thus?

Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,  
But I must be at one end on't?

*Lady.* Thou art at both ends.

*Wildb.* Cannot young sullen wenches play the  
fools;

And marry, and die, but I must be the agent?

All that I did (and if that be an injury,  
Let the world judge it) was but to persuade her,  
(And, as I take it, I was bound to it too,)

To make the reverend coxcomb, her husband,  
cuckold:

What else could I advise her? was there harm i'  
this?

You are of years, and have run through experience;  
Would you be content, if you were young again,  
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?  
A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to,

Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you ?  
Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,  
Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night-caps,  
With twenty several sweats ?

*Toby.* Some Jew, some justice,  
A thousand heathen-smells, to say truth, madam ;  
And would you mellow my young pretty mistress  
In such a mis-ken ?<sup>3</sup>

*Lady.* Sirrah,  
Where is the body of my girl ?

*Wildb.* I know not ;  
I am no conjurer : You may look the body !  
I was like to be stolen away myself ; the spirit  
Had like to ha' surprised me in the shape of a  
woman,  
Of a young woman, and you know those are dan-  
gerous.

*Toby.* So had I, madam, simply though I stand  
here,  
I had been ravish'd too : I had twenty spirits ;  
In every corner of the house a fiend met me.

*Lady.* You lie, like rascals ! Was Mistress New-  
love such  
A spirit, sir, to fright your worship ? Well,  
I discharge you, sir ; you are now at liberty ;  
Live where you please, and do what pranks you  
fancy ;  
You know your substance : Though you are my  
nephew,

<sup>3</sup> *Mis-ken.*] This obscure phrase has not been taken notice of by any of the editors, and I am unable to give any satisfactory explanation of it. As a verb, it is common in the north of England and Scotland, with the sense of—to mistake, not to know, to forbear, to disown ; but none of these meanings seem to be at all applicable to the text. Again, in Skinner's *Etymologicon*, we have " *Miskin fro, vox quæ mihi apud Higginium solum occurrit, et exp. ancilla.*" But this applies no better to the text than the other.

I am no way bound, sir, to protect your mischief :  
So, fare you well !

*Wildb.* Farewell, good aunt ! I thank you !  
Adieu, honest Nick ! The devil, if he have power,  
Will persecute your old bones for this marriage.  
Farewell, Mistress Win ! [*Exit Lady.*

*Toby.* And shall we part with dry lips ?  
Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,  
Flinch for an old woman's fart ?

*Wildb.* 'Tis a fine time o' night too ; but we  
must part, Nick.

*Toby.* Shall we never ring again ? ne'er toss the  
tenor,

And roll the changes in a cup of claret ?  
You shall not want ; whate'er I lay my hands on  
(As I am sure Automedon the coachman)<sup>4</sup>  
Shall be distributed : Bear up, I say, hang sorrow !  
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure.  
Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan ;<sup>5</sup>  
The falkner shall sell his hawks, and swear they  
were rotten ;

There be some wand'ring spoons, that may be met  
with ;

I'll pawn a coach-horse. Peace, utter no sentences !  
The harness shall be used in our wars also ;  
Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now ;  
Say but the word) over some rotten bridge,  
Or by a marl-pit side ? she may slip in daintily ;  
Let me alone for myself !

*Wildb.* No, no ; farewell, Toby !

<sup>4</sup> Automedon.] *Automedon* was the charioteer of Achilles, and is now a name applied to every one of that calling.—*Reed.*

<sup>5</sup> *The cook a reverend Trojan.*] So in *Love's Labour's Lost*—“ Unless you play the *honest Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away.” The epithet *reverend* in the text, and *honest* in the quotation, seem to support Steevens in his guess, that *Trojan* “ was only a more creditable term for a thief.”



Farewell, spiny Nicholas ! no such thing ;  
 There be ways i' the world—If you see me  
 A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,  
 And pull a bell. Commend me to the household !  
 Nay, cry not, Toby ; 'twill make thy head giddy.

*Toby.* Sweet Master Wildbrain !

*Wildb.* No more, Toby ; go,  
 The times may alter.—

But where's the corse of my dead cousin,  
 If she be dead ? I hoped 't had but dissembled :<sup>6</sup>  
 That sits heavy here. Toby, honest Toby,  
 Lend me thy lanthorn ; I forgot 'twas dark ;  
 I had need look to my ways now.

*Toby.* Take a lodging with me to-night in the  
 stable,  
 And ride away to-morrow with one of the horses,  
 Next your heart, pray do !

*Wildb.* No.

Good night, good neighbour Toby ! I will wander ;  
 I scorn to submit myself, ere I have rambled—  
 But whither, or with what ? that's more material ;  
 No matter ; an the worst come, 'tis but stealing,  
 And my aunt wo'not see me hang'd, for her own  
 credit ;

And farewell in a halter costs me nothing.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *I hoped 'thad but dissembled.*] Mason says this is a misprint for *s'had*, i. e. *she had*, I suppose ; but such an abbreviation is not to be found, I believe, in any of the old books, though in Seward's edition it may. The text is perfectly right ; *it* refers to *corse* in the preceding line.



## SCENE II.

*The Church-yard.*

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* The night, and all the evils the night  
covers,  
The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of dark-  
ness,  
Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty !  
For I am weary both of life and light too.  
Keep my wits, Heaven ! They say spirits appear  
To melancholy minds, and the graves open :  
I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow,  
But speak unto her spirit, ere I died,  
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.  
I was a villain ; but her wretched kinsman,  
That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy  
Her injured life and honour.—What light's this ?

*Enter WILDBRAIN with a lanthorn.*

*Wildb.* It is but melancholy walking thus ;  
The tavern-doors are barricadoed too,  
Where I might drink till morn, in expectation ;  
I cannot meet the watch neither ; nothing in  
The likeness of a constable, whom I might,  
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,  
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

*Heartl.* 'Tis his voice ; Fate, I thank thee !

*Wildb.* Ha! who's that? An thou be'st a man,  
 speak :

Frank Heartlove? then I bear my destinies!  
 Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for:  
 My aunt has turned me out a-doors; she has,  
 At this unchristian hour; and I do walk  
 Methinks like Guido Faux, with my dark lanthorn,  
 Stealing to set the town a-fire; i' th' country  
 I should be ta'en for William o' the Wisp,  
 Or Robin Good-fellow. And how dost, Frank?

*Heartl.* The worse for you!

*Wildb.* Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy  
 lodging?

I'll lie with thee to-night; and tell thee stories,  
 How many devils we ha' met withal;  
 Our house is haunted, Frank, whole legions—  
 I saw fifty for my share.

*Heartl.* Didst not fright 'em?

*Wildb.* How! fright 'em? No, they frightened me  
 sufficiently.

*Heartl.* Thou hadst wickedness enough to make  
 them stare,  
 And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil! [*Draws.*  
 And draw thy sword; for, by Maria's soul,  
 I will not let thee 'scape, to do more mischief.

*Wildb.* Thou art mad; what dost mean?

*Heartl.* To kill thee; nothing else will ease my  
 anger:

The injury is fresh I bleed withal;  
 Nor can that word express it, there's no peace in't,  
 Nor must it be forgiven, but in death:  
 Therefore call up thy valour, if thou hast any,  
 And summon up thy spirits to defend thee!  
 Thy heart must suffer for thy damned practices  
 Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.

*Wildb.* Hold! hear a word! did I do any thing  
 But for your good? That you might have her?

That in that desperate time I might redeem her,  
Although with show of loss?

*Heartl.* Out, ugly villain!

Fling on her the most hated name of *whore*  
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy?  
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt  
it?

*Enter MARIA, in her shroud.*

*Maria.* I hear some voices this way.

*Heartl.* No more! if you can pray,  
Do it as you fight.

*Maria.* What new frights oppose me?  
I have heard that tongue.

*Wildb.* 'Tis my fortune;  
You could not take me in a better time, sir;  
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.  
My life my sword protect! [*Draws. They fight.*]

*Maria.* I know 'em both; but, to prevent their  
ruins,  
Must not discover—Stay, men most desperate!  
The mischief you are forward to commit  
Will keep me from my grave; and tie my spirit  
To endless troubles else.

*Wildb.* Ha! 'tis her ghost!

*Heartl.* Maria!

*Maria.* Hear me both! Each wound you make  
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me;  
Each threatening danger will affright my rest.  
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinsman, view  
me!

Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,  
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,  
But you must add, with your most impious angers,  
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?  
Would you teach Time to speak eternally



Of my disgraces? make records to keep 'em,  
Keep them in brass? Fight then, and kill my  
honour!

Fight deadly both; and let your bloody swords,  
Through my revived and reeking infamy,  
(That never shall be purged) find your own ruins!

Heartlove, I loved thee once; and hoped again  
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit:

If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer;  
And murder shall never inherit Heaven.<sup>7</sup>

My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me:  
Farewell, and follow not! your feet are bloody,  
And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are  
melted:

This is my way sure. [Exit.

*Heartl.* Stay, blessed soul!

*Wildb.* 'Would she had

Come sooner, and ha' saved some blood!

*Heartl.* Dost bleed?

*Wildb.* Yes, certainly; I can both see and feel it.

*Heartl.* Now I well hope it is not dangerous.

Give me thy hand; as far as honour guides me,  
I will know thee again. [Exit.

*Wildb.* I thank thee heartily!—

I know not where to get a surgeon.

This vision troubles me; sure she is living,  
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it.

I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy:  
If I go far I faint; I'll knock at this house,

<sup>7</sup> *And murder shall never inherit Heaven.*]

Theobald reads, *And murderers shall ne'er inherit Heaven*;

And Sympton, *And a murderer shall ne'er inherit Heaven.*

For the ease of the verse, we have made a small transposition; though it is not improbable that the old line is genuine.—Ed. 1778.

The present line has many parallels in these plays equally un-musical. The editors invert, *never and shall.*



They may be charitable. 'Would 'twere perfect  
day ! [Knocks at a door.

*Enter Mistress.*

*Mistress.* 'Tis not he.—What would you, sir ?

*Wildb.* I would crave a little rest, lady,  
And for my hurts some surgery ; I am a gentleman,  
That fortune of a fight——

*Mistress.* A handsome gentleman !  
Alas, he bleeds ! a very handsome gentleman !

*Wildb.* A sweet young wench ! beshrew my  
heart, a fair one !  
Fortune has made me some recompense.

*Mistress.* Pray, come in ; the air is hurtful for  
you ;  
Pray let me lead you ; I'll have a bed for you pre-  
sently ;

I'll be your surgeon too. Alas, sweet gentleman !

*Wildb.* I feel no hurts ; the morning comes too  
fast now.

*Mistress.* Softly, I beseech you ! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*The Street before Algripe's House.*

*Enter Lady and TOBY.*

*Toby.* He is not up yet, madam ; what meant you  
To come forth so early ?

*Lady.* You blockhead !

Your eyes are sowed up still ; they cannot see  
When it is day.—Oh, my poor Maria !—  
Where be the women ?

*Toby.* They said they would follow us.

*Lady.* He shall not laugh thus at my misery ;  
And kill my child, and steal away her body,  
And keep her portion too.

*Toby.* Let him be hang'd for't ;  
You have my voice.

*Lady.* These women not come yet ?  
A son-in-law ! I'll keep a conjurer,  
But I'll find out his knavery.

*Toby.* Do, and I'll help him.  
And, if he were here, this whip should conjure him :  
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on's breech,  
I'd make him soon believe the devil were there.

*Lady.* An old usurer !

*Toby.* He married the money ; that is all he  
look'd for ;  
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

*Lady.* I'll swim him !  
This is his house : I wonder they stay thus.  
That we might rail him out on's wits !

*Toby.* They'll come,  
Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with 'em,  
Or some have lost their old wont : I have heard  
(No disparagement to your ladyship) some o' their  
tongues,  
Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off.

*Lady.* Oh fy !  
How tedious are they !

*Toby.* What an we lost no time ?  
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,  
And tune our instruments till the consort come  
To make up the full noise : \* I'll knock.

\* *And tune our instruments till the consort come  
To make up the full noise.*] *Consort* anciently meant a band  
of musicians, and *noise* the concert which they played.

*Alg.* [*At a window.*] Who is that raps so saucily?

*Toby.* 'Tis I;

*Toby:* Come down, or else we'll fetch you down. Alas, this is but the saunce-bell;<sup>9</sup> here's a gentlewoman

Will ring you another peal: Come down, I say!

*Alg.* Some new fortifications! look to my doors!

Put double bars! I will not have her enter, Nor any of her tribe: They come to terrify me. Keep out her tongue too, if you can!

*Lady.* I hear you,

And I will send my tongue up to your worship; The echo of it shall fly o'er the street.

My daughter, that thou kill'dst with kindness, Jew, That thou betray'dst to death, thou double Jew, And after stol'st her body!

*Toby.* Jew's too good for him.

*Alg.* I defy you both!

Thy daughter played the villain, and betrayed me, Betrayed my honour.

*Lady.* Honour, rascal?

And let that bear an action, I'll try it with thee. Honour?

*Toby.* Oh, reprobate!

*Lady.* Thou musty justice, Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyself!

*Toby.* A worshipful rope's end is too good for him.

*Lady.* Get honour that way; thou wot die a dog else.

*Toby.* Come, and be whipt first!

*Lady.* Where's her portion?

*Alg.* Where

<sup>9</sup> Saunce-bell.] *Sanctus* bell, wont to be rung when the priest said, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth.* Coles's English Dictionary, 8vo. 1677.—Ed. 1778.

I'll keep it safely.

*Nurse.* Traitor, thou shalt not keep it!

*Enter Nurse and Women.*

*Alg.* More of the kennel? Put more bolts to  
th' doors there,

And arm yourselves! Hell is broke loose upon us.

*Toby.* I am glad ye are come; we'll blow the  
house down.

*Lady.* Oh, Nurse, I have such cause——

*Women.* Villain, viper!—

Although you had no cause, we are bound to help.

*Nurse.* Yes, and believe; we come not here to  
examine;

And, if you please, we'll fire the house.

*Alg.* Call the constable!

*Toby.* A charitable motion! fire is comfortable.

*Lady.* No, no; we'll only let him know our  
minds;

We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.

*Alg.* Give me my musquet!

*Lady.* Where's my daughter's body,  
That I may bury it?

*Women.* Speak, or we'll bury thee!

*Nurse.* Alive we'll bury thee; speak, old Ini-  
quity!

*Toby.* Bury him alive, by all means, for a testi-  
mony.

*Alg.* Their voices make my house reel; oh, for  
officers!

I am in a dream!—Thy daughter's spirit walks  
A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours: Go  
Hire a conjurer; I'll say no more.

*Lady.* The law shall say more!

*Women.* *Nurse.* We are witnesses;  
And, if thou be'st not hang'd——



*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE, disguised as Pedlars.*

*Lurc.* Buy a Book of good manners,<sup>1</sup>  
A short book of good manners!

*Alathe.* Buy a ballad,  
A ballad of the maid was got with child!

*Toby.* That might ha' been my case last night;  
I'll ha't,  
Whate'er it cost me.

*Alathe.* A ballad of the witches hang'd at Lud-  
low!

*Toby.* I'll have that too;  
There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em;

<sup>1</sup> *A Book of good manners.*] This, and the other books enumerated in this scene, are either real publications of the period, or allusions to others, though the titles are inverted or altered. Most of them being no doubt the fleeting publications of the day, are not to be traced at present. The book of good women alludes to Heywood's History of Women, published in 1624. The book of fools may possibly refer to Barclay's Ship of Fools, which might still retain its popularity in some degree, as an edition was published so late as 1570. The book of good manners may refer to "The Myrrou of Good Manners," also translated by Barclay, and included in the edition just mentioned. Mr Steevens, in a note on As You Like it, (Shakspeare, 1803. VIII. 182,) mentions another work entitled, "The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of Good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children," printed in the reign of Edward VI.; and Mr Reed notices an early translation of the Galateo of Archbishop Della Casa. But from the mention of Barclay's Ship of Fools, I suppose the work of the same author above mentioned to be the one alluded to. The book of walking spirits cannot well be traced to any particular work, as such a number of publications on spirits and witches appeared at the time. The book of wicked women may be "The Araigment of Lewde, Idle, Froward, and Unconstant Women," 1615.4, lately reprinted. The book of evil magistrates probably alludes to the celebrated, and at that time very popular, Mirrour for Magistrates, or some of its numerous imitations. The above are merely offered as conjectures, and more diligent and favoured explorers of the flying publications of the time, may no doubt give the titles of the works alluded to at length.

I would be glad to hear her testament.

*Lurc.* A new book of women!

*Alg.* The thunder's laid; how they stare at him!

*Lurc.* A new book of fools, a strange book,  
Very strange fools!

*Alg.* I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.

*Lurc.* A book of walking spirits!

*Alg.* That I like not.

*Toby.* Nor I; they walk'd me the fools' morris.\*

*Lurc.* A book of wicked women!

*Alg.* That's well thought on.

*Lurc.* Of rude, malicious women, of proud wo-  
men,

Of scolding women!—We shall ne'er get in.

*Alathe.* A ballad of wrong'd maids!

*Lady.* I'll buy that.

*Lurc.* A little, very little book,  
Of good and godly women, a very little one,  
So little you may put it in a nutshell!

*Toby.* With a small print that no body can read it.

*Nurse.* Peace, sirrah, or I'll tear your books.

*Alg.* Open the door and let him in; I love him.

*Lurc.* A book of evil magistrates!

*Lady.* Ay, marry!

D'ye hear that, justice?

*Lurc.* And their eviller wives,  
That wear their places in their petticoats!

*Alg.* D'ye hear that, Lady?

*Alathe.* A book new printed against playing,  
dancing,

Masking, may-poles; a zealous brother's book,  
And full of fables!

*Lurc.* Another book of women, of mad women,  
Women that were born in March!

[*Exit with ALATHE into the house.*

\* *Fools' morris.*] No doubt the same as the madman's morris described in vol. X. p. 315.

*Lady.* Are you got in?  
We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide else!—This  
fellow

Was sent to abuse us; but we shall have time  
To talk more with this justice.

*Alg.* Farewell, madam!  
As you like this, come visit me again,  
You and your treble-strings. Now scold your  
hearts out!

*Wom.* Shall he carry it thus away?

*Nurse.* Go to the judge,  
And what you'll have us swear——

*Lady.* I thank ye heartily;  
I'll keep that for the last. I will go home,  
And leave him to his conscience for a while;  
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*An out-house near the same.*

*Enter Servants.*

1 *Serv.* What book has he given thee?

2 *Serv.* A dainty book; a book of the great navy,  
Of fifteen hundred ships of cannon-proof,  
Built upon whales to keep their keels from sinking,  
And dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile,  
And elephants that carry goodly castles.

1 *Serv.* Dost thou believe it?

2 *Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print?

1 *Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of hempseed  
too,



Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance,  
I reverence.

2 *Serv.* I pr'ythee what are they?

1 *Serv.* They are so pat upon the time, as if  
He studied to answer the late *Histriomastix*;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Histriomastix.*] This mention of Prynne's "*Histriomastix*, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedy," printed in 1633, proves that this portion of the present comedy was written at least eight years after the death of Fletcher, by Shirley, and no doubt in the very year when the play, with the additions of the latter poet, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert. Shirley seems to have been fully determined to expose Prynne to ridicule immediately on the appearance of that work, for in the same year he published his comedy, entitled, *The Bird in a Cage*, with a most cuttingly ironical dedication to that zealous fanatic. His masque, called *The Triumph of Peace*, brought out Feb. 2, the same year, by the four Inns of Court, was also intended, as Whitlocke informs us, "to manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr Prynne's new learning, and to confute his *Histriomastix* against interludes." The

—"book new printed against playing, dancing,  
Masking, may-poles; a zealous brother's book,  
And full of fables,"

which is mentioned in the preceding page of the present comedy, alludes to the same work, which consists chiefly of quotations from the ancient fathers, and in which many ridiculous stories of judgments inflicted upon the performers and auditors of plays are related. Prynne takes frequent occasion to introduce by-blows at the diabolical amusements of dancing, may-poles, health-drinking, &c.

The editor takes this opportunity to acknowledge a mistake, into which he, as well as some others, has fallen, respecting Shirley's verses prefixed to Ford's tragedy, entitled *Love's Sacrifice*, and which Mr Gilchrist has since pointed out. The verses certainly refer to Prynne's *Histriomastix*, and this was the fourth occasion Shirley took in the year that work was published to attack it. In two or three other instances Mr Gilchrist has pointed out some oversights, to which every editor is occasionally liable, and for which I must shelter myself under the same apology as some of the most valuable commentators on old plays, such as Mr Steevens, Mr Malone, and Mr Gifford. Though I cannot think that Mr Gilchrist has by any means succeeded in his well-meant endeavours to exhibit Ben Jonson as a character entirely without failings, he would certainly be entitled to the thanks of Ford's editor, did not his manner of conveying his censure entirely preclude any such



Talking of change and transformations,  
 Thus wittily and learnedly he bangs him;  
 "So may a Puritan's ruff, though starch'd in print,  
 Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't."  
 A play in the Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,  
 And confute Horace with a water-poet.<sup>4</sup>

acknowledgment. It is a strange and lamentable circumstance, that antiquarian controversies, themselves sufficiently dry and abstracted, and, from their very nature, liable to continual mistakes and mutual misconceptions, should have always given rise to the vent of so much angry passion; and these retorts churlish and counterchecks quarrelsome, have very justly exposed the labourers in this arid and rocky soil to the satire and derision of other literary men. Nothing can be more desirable for an editor than to see his researches freely canvassed and fairly investigated; his defective information, on subjects connected with his labours, supplied and extended; and the mistakes to which his comments are so pre-eminently liable, pointed out and corrected: but when such information and correction is conveyed in ludicrously venomous and angry terms; when positions are assumed, which a little enquiry might have proved directly false; and the whole censure is conveyed in an acrimonious style, angry without reason, and abusive without a grain of wit to render such abuse palatable, the controversialist loses the benefit of his enquiries, and, instead of his services being acknowledged with gratitude, exposes himself to pity and contempt. It were to be wished that the person in question would at last himself put forth an edition of old plays, (in which purpose he elsewhere complains of having been forestalled) as he, who expects from others what has hardly been yet exhibited, a faultless work, would, no doubt, prove an incontrovertible and irrefragable editor. Unfortunately, however, he has exhibited in his lucubrations a gross blunder, at the very time when he was triumphantly pointing out a defect to a brother-antiquary. The reference to the Henslowe MSS., for plays which were licensed by Sir Henry Herbert nine years after his death, is an oversight which might be excused in "a careless editor," but in Mr Gilchrist it is utterly unpardonable.

<sup>4</sup> That wittily and learnedly he bangs him,

So may a Puritan's ruff, &c.] Our poets here wrote by memory, without having recourse to Taylor's book, where the lines run thus:—

"Thus may a Brownist's zealous ruff, in print,  
 Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't."

What hast there? a ballad too?

2 *Serv.* This? This is

A piece of poetry indeed.—

[*He sings.* ALGRIFE cries within.

What noise is that?

1 *Serv.* Some cry i' th' streets: Pr'ythee sing on!

[*Sings again.* Another cry.

2 *Serv.* Again! dost not hear? 'Tis i' th' house certainly.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis a strange noise! and has a tang o' th' justice.

2 *Serv.* Let's see!

[*Exeunt.*

But this is not the only fault; the two lines that follow seem to have suffered a change of places, as well as undergone the loss of a speaker; for it is plain, *And confute Horace*, &c. has no connection with the preceding lines of Taylor. To set the place right, I suppose the 2d *Servant's* speech to end full with the *Water-Poet's* lines, which strikes the 1st *Servant* so smartly, that he cries out,

1 *Serv.* *A play in a Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,  
And confute Horace with a Water-Poet.*—Simpson.

In the first line a slight variation of *Mason's*, which seems absolutely necessary, has been adopted. The same commentator explains *starched in print*, starched with the utmost precision and formality. The lines of Taylor seem to allude to the absurd division of *Prynne's* work into acts and scenes. *Simpson's* transposition of the two lines which follow the quotation from Taylor, was rejected by the last editors; but what would have been their surprise, as well as of *Simpson* and *Mason*, had they looked into the old quarto, and found the lines in their present position! They were corruptly transposed in the second folio.—There is no occasion to vary the speakers, as *Simpson* wishes to do.

## SCENE V.

*A Room in the same House.*

*Re-enter Servants, bringing in their Master bound and gagged.*

1 *Serv.* Untye his feet ; pull out his gag,  
He will choak else ! What desperate rogues were  
these !

2 *Serv.* Give him fresh air.

*Alg.* I'll never study books more !

I am undone ; these villains have undone me !  
Rifled my desk ; they have undone me, learnedly !  
A fire take all their books ! I'll burn my study.—  
Where were you, rascals, when the villains bound  
me,  
You could not hear ?

1 *Serv.* He gave us books, sir, dainty books to  
busy us ;

And we were reading, in that which was the brew-  
house,

A great way off ; we were singing ballads too,  
And could not hear.

*Alg.* This was a precious thief ;

A subtle trick to keep my servants safe !

2 *Serv.* What ha' you lost, sir ?

*Alg.* They ransack'd all before my face, and  
threaten'd

To kill me if I cough'd ; they have a chain,

My rings, my box of casting gold,<sup>5</sup> my purse too.  
They robb'd me miserably; but that which most  
grieves me,

They took away some writings; 'twas a rogue  
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady;  
I will indite hēr for't.

1 *Serv.* Shall we pursue 'em?

*Alg.* Run, run, cursed rascals!

I am out of my wits! Let not a creature in,  
No, not with necessaries!

2 *Serv.* We shall be starved.

*Alg.* I'll buy my meat at window, as they pass by,  
(I wo' not trust my scrivener, he has books too)  
And bread I'll ha' flung up: I charge ye all  
Burn all the books i' th' house!

1 *Serv.* Your little prayer book?

*Alg.* I'll never pray again! I'll have my doors  
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too:  
No sound shall tempt me again! Remember, I  
Have forswore books.

2 *Serv.* If you should be call'd to take your oath?

*Alg.* I will forswear all oaths, rather than see  
A thing but in the likeness of a book;  
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang  
Than read again. Come in, and search all places;  
They may be about the house: Were the doors  
lock'd?

1 *Serv.* But the keys in 'em; and if they be gone,  
They could not want wit to lock us in, sir.

*Alg.* Never was man so miserably undone;  
I would lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter!

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> *My box of casting gold.*] What is *casting gold*? Perhaps *Al-  
gripe* means gold reserved for playing at hazard.—*Mason.*

I suspect the phrase to be some technical term, now obsolete.



## SCENE VI.

*An Apartment in the Lady's House.*

*Enter LADY and Nurse.*

*Lady.* Thy brother's daughter, say'st, and born  
in Wales?

*Nurse.* I have long time desired to see her, and  
I hope  
Your ladyship will not be offended.

*Lady.* No, no.

*Nurse.* I should be happy, if she might be ser-  
viceable

To you, madam.

*Lady.* Beshrew me, but at first she took me much.  
Is she not like Maria? setting aside  
Her language, very like her! and I love her  
The better for't. I pr'ythee call her hither.  
She speaks feat English.

*Nurse.* Why, Guennith, Guennith! du hummah,  
Guennith!—

She is coarse, madam, after her country guise;  
And were she in fine clothes——

*Lady.* I'll have her handsome.

*Enter MARIA as a Servant.*

What part of Wales were you born in?

*Maria.* In Abehundis, madams.

*Nurse.* She speaks that name in Welsh, which  
we call Brecknock.

*Lady.* What can you do?

*Maria.* Her was toe many tings in Walls; know  
not

The fashions in Londons. Her was milk the cows,  
Make seeze and butters, and spin very well

The Welsh freeze; her was cooke to te mountain  
cots,

And sing very fine Prittish tunes; was mage good  
ales

And breds; and her know to dance on Sundays,  
Marge you now, madams!

*Lady.* A pretty innocence!

I do like her infinitely, Nurse; and if I live——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's Master Heartlove, madam, come to  
see you.

*Lady.* Alas, poor gentleman! Pr'ythee admit him.

*Enter HEARTLOVE and Gentlemen.*

*Heartl.* Madam, I am come to take my last leave——

*Lady.* How, sir?

*Heartl.* Of all my homeaffections, and my friends:  
For the interest you had once in Maria,  
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

*Lady.* 'Would there were any thing in my poor  
power

That might divert your will, and make you happy!  
I am sure I have wronged her too; but let your  
pardon

Assure me you are charitable: She is dead,  
Which makes us both sad. What do you look on?

*Heartl.* The likest face——<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *The likest face——*] This, as it here stands, is the end of the

*Maria.* Pless us awle ! why does that sentilman  
make  
Such unders and mazements at her? I know her  
not.

*Heartl.* Be not offended, maid !

*Lady.* How the wench blushes !  
She represents Maria's loss to him.

*Maria.* Will the sentilman hurt her? Pray you  
be her defences !

Was have mad phisnomies ; is her troubled  
With lunaticks in her prain-pans? Pless us awle !

*Heartl.* Where had you this face ?

*Maria.* Her faces be our nowne, I warrant her.

*Heartl.* I wo' not hurt you.—All the lineaments  
That built Maria up, all those springing beauties,  
Dwell on this thing ; change but her tongue, I  
know her.

Let me see your hand !

*Maria.* *Duguin!*<sup>7</sup> Was never thieves and rob-  
beries ;

Here is no sindge in her hands, warrant her.

*Heartl.* Trust me, the self-same white  
And softness ! Pr'ythee speak our English dialect.

*Maria.* Ha leggs? what, does her speage hard  
urds to her,  
To make poor Guennith ridicles? was no mannerly  
Sentilman, to abuse her.

*Heartl.* By the love,

Lady's speech ; but sure it cannot be so, as the least attention will  
make evident. I suspect, with Mr Theobald, that Frank Heart-  
love's name ought to be prefixed here, or else write with the oldest  
quarto, which Mr Theobald overlooked, thus,—

1 Gent. *The likest face.*—Simpson.

The words must belong to Heartlove.

<sup>7</sup> *Du Guin.*] The very ingenious editor of 1750 varies, *tacitly*,  
to GUENNITH *was never*, &c. The reader is requested to consult  
Monsieur Thomas, vol. VI. p. 504.—Ed. 1778.

That everlasting love I bear Maria—

*Maria.* Maria? her name was Guennith; and  
good names;

Was poor else, oman maid; her have no fine kanags,  
To mage her tricsy; yet, in her own cuntries,  
Was held a fine ense, her can tell her, and honest  
Ense too, marg you dat now: Her can keep  
Her little legs close enough, warrant her.

*Lady.* How prettily this anger shews!

*1 Gent.* She gabbles innocently.

*Heartl.* Madam, farewell; and all good fortune  
dwell wi' ye!

With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,  
Fair gentle maid!

*2 Gent.* She sighs.

*Maria.* *Du cat a whee!*<sup>8</sup>

*Heartl.* I cannot go; there's somewhat calls me  
back.

*Maria.* Poor Frank, [*Aside.*  
How gladly would I entertain thy love,  
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids  
me!—

If please her ladyships, dwell here with Guennith,  
And learn to spin and card ull, to mage flannels,  
And linseys-ulseis, sal tawge cood urds  
To her ladyships urships for her.—The tears flow  
from him. [*Aside.*

The tears of true affection! woe is me!

Oh, cursed love, that glories in maids' miseries,  
And true men's broken hearts!

*Lady.* Alas, I pity him!—

\* *Du cat a whee.*] See vol. VI. p. 428.

<sup>9</sup> *The tears flow from him.*] These words have been hitherto given as a stage direction, but they sound more like part of the text; and not only supply this otherwise deficient verse, but also the sense of the ensuing line. In act v. sc. ii. the editors saw the necessity of a similar restoration.



The wench is rude, and knows you not; forgive her.

*Maria.* Wipe your nyes, pray you! though was  
 porn in Walls, [Takes his hand.  
 Mong craggy rocks and mountains, yet heart is  
 soft:

Look you, hur can weep too, when hur see men mage  
 Prinie tears and lamentations.

*Heartl.* How hard she holds me!  
 Just as Maria did; weeps the same drops.  
 Now, as I have a living soul, her sigh too!  
 What shall I think?—Is not your name Maria?  
 If it be not, delude me with so much charity  
 To say it is.

*Maria.* Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love  
 With some podies; your pale seeks and hollow  
 nyes,  
 And pantings upon her posom, know very well.  
 Because, look you, her think her honest sentilman,  
 You sall call her Maria.

*Heartl.* Good madam, think not ill I am thus  
 saucy.

*Lady.* Oh, no, sir; be you not angry with the  
 wench.

*Heartl.* I am most pleased.

1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him; he'll be mad out-  
 right else.

2 *Gent.* Observe a little more.

*Heartl.* 'Would I could in your language beg a  
 kiss!

*Maria.* If her have necessities of a kiss, look you,  
 Dere is one in sarities!\*

*Heartl.* Let me suffer death,  
 If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries  
 Be more akin, than her lips to Maria's:  
 And, if this harsh illusion would but leave her,

\* In sarities.] i. e. In charity.—Simpson.

She were the same.—Good madam, shall I have  
Your consent now——

*Lady.* To what?

*Heartl.* To give this virgin to me.

*Lady.* She is not mine; this is her kinswoman,  
And has more power to dispose.—Alas, I pity him!  
Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go;  
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

*Heartl.* You have been always kind to me; will  
you

Deny me your fair cousin?

*Nurse.* 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own  
consent.

*Heartl.* He is no friend that wishes my departure;  
I do not trouble you!

*1 Gent.* 'Tis not Maria.

*Heartl.* Her shadow is enough; I'll dwell with  
that.

Pursue your own ways!—Shall we live together?

*Maria.* If her will come to-morrow and tauge  
to her,

Her will tell her more of her meanings; and then  
If her be melancholy, her will sing her  
A Welsh song too, to make her merries: But Guen-  
nith

Was very honest; her was never love  
But one sentilman, and he was bear her  
Great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day:  
Saint Davy! her give her five pair of white gloves  
If her will dance at her weddings.

*Heartl.* All I am worth,

And all my hopes, this strange voice would for-  
sake her,

For then she should be——Pr'ythee stay a little!  
Hark in thine ear! dissemble not, but tell me,  
And save my life: I know you are Maria:

Speak but, as I do, ten words to confirm me.  
 You have an English soul; do not disguise it  
 From me with these strange accents!—

[*Exit* MARIA.  
 She pinched hard

Again, and sigh'd.

*Lady.* What ails the wench? [*Exit.*

*Nurse.* Why, Guennith!

*Heartl.* She's gone too!

*2 Gent.* Come, leave this dream.

*Heartl.* A dream? I think so;

But 'twas a pleasing one. Now I'll obey,  
 And forget all these wonders; lead the way!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Street before Algripe's House.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN and TOBY.*

*Wildb.* Honest Toby!

*Toby.* Sweet Master Wildbrain! I am glad  
 I ha' met wi' ye.

*Wildb.* Why? did my aunt send for me?

*Toby.* Your aunt's a mortal; and thinks not on  
you,

For aught I can perceive.

*Wildb.* Is my cousin

Alive again?

*Toby.* Neither; and yet we do not  
Hear that she's buried.

*Wildb.* What should make thee glad then?

*Toby.* What should make me glad? Have I not  
cause?

To see your princely body well, and walk thus,  
Look blithe and bonny, and your wardrobe whole  
still!

*Wildb.* The case is clear; and I ha' found a mine,  
A perfect Indie, since my aunt cashier'd me:  
What think'st of this? [*Thinking money.*]

*Toby.* Oh, delicate bells!

*Wildb.* Thou puttest me in mind,  
We are to ring anon; I meant to send for thee:  
Meet me at the old parish-church.

*Toby.* Say no more.

*Wildb.* When thy Lady is a-bed, we ha' conspired  
A midnight peal, for joy.

*Toby.* If I fail,  
Hang me i' th' bell-ropes!

*Wildb.* And how? and how does my aunt?

*Toby.* She's up to th' ears in law:  
I do so whirl her to the counsellor's chambers,  
And back again, and bounce her for more money,  
And to again—I know not what they do with her,  
But she's the merriest thing among these law-  
drivers,

And in their studies half a day together.  
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears,  
By all the ability of her old body,  
She will so claw the justice—she will sell



The tiles of the house, she vows, and sack out o'  
th' cellar,

(That she worships to idolatry) but she'll hang him.

*Wildb.* I would she could! But hark thee, honest  
Toby!

If a man have a mistress, may we not,  
Without my aunt's leave, borrow now and then  
A coach to tumble in, toward the Exchange,  
And so forth?

*Toby.* A mistress?

*Wildb.* She may be thine when we are married.

*Toby.* Command, I'll carry you both in pomp;  
And let my Lady go a-foot a law-catching,  
And exercise her corns. Where is she, Master  
John?

*Wildb.* 'Sha't see her.

*Toby.* Shall we ring for her?

*Wildb.* And drink her health.

*Toby.* Drink stiffly for five hours?

*Wildb.* We'll drink fifteen.

*Toby.* To-night? We will ha' fifty torches then,  
And through the streets drive on triumphantly,  
Triumphantly we'll drive: By my Lady's door,  
As I'm a Christian coachman, I will rattle you,  
And urine in her porch, and she shall fear me.

If you say more, I shall run mad outright!

I will drink sack, and surfeit instantly;

I know not where I am now!

[*Exit.*

*Enter LURCHER.*

*Wildb.* Hold, for thy buttons' sake! The knave's  
transported.

*Lurc.* Jack Wildbrain?

*Wildb.* Honest Tom, how thrives  
The felonious world with thee now?

*Lurc.* You look and talk as you were much ex-  
alted.

*Wildb.* Thou art i' th' right, Tom. I will tell  
thee: First,

I ha' shook off my aunt, and yet I live still,  
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha'  
spoil'd me.

I keep no hours now, nor need any false key  
To the old woman's cabinets; I ha' money  
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' butler;  
No matrimonial protestations  
For sack-posssets, to the chambermaid: I praise  
My fate, there be more ways to th' wood, Tom.

*Lurc.* Pr'ythee  
Release my wonder.

*Wildb.* I'll increase it: Wipe thine eyes;  
Here is a chain worth money, an some man had it,  
A foolish diamond, and other trifles——

*Lurc.* The very same! Oh, gipsey! infidel!  
All that I sweat, and ventured my neck for,  
He has got already: Who would trust a strumpet!

*Wildb.* This? this is nothing to what I possess  
At home.

*Lurc.* What home?

*Wildb.* A house that shall be nameless.  
The mistress of it mine too; such a piece  
For flesh and blood! added to that, so loving!

*Lurc.* Is she married?

*Wildb.* I know not, nor I care not:  
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious!  
Thou wilt run mad: I'll tell thee more hereafter.

*Lurc.* Nay, pr'ythee a word more.

*Wildb.* I took no pains to find out all this Para-  
dise;

My destiny threw me upon't i' th' dark; I found it,  
Wanting a lodging too.

*Lurc.* No old acquaintance?

*Wildb.* Never, never saw her :  
 But these things happen not in every age.  
 I cannot stay ; if thou wilt meet anon  
 At my own rendezvous, (thou know'st the tavern,)  
 We'll sup together ; after that, a company  
 Of merry lads have made a match to ring.

*Lurc.* You keep your exercise i' th' old church ?

*Wildb.* No other ;  
 There is no music to the bells : We would  
 Have bonfires, if we durst. An thou wouldst come,  
 It shall cost thee nothing, Tom : Hang pilfering,  
 And keep me company ! In time I may  
 Shew thee my wench too.

*Lurc.* I cannot promise ; but you will be there ?

*Wildb.* We'll toss the bells, and make the steeple  
 roar, boy :

But come to supper then !

*Lurc.* My hand ; and expect me.—

[*Exit WILDBRAIN.*

Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose.—  
 Art come, boy ?

*Enter ALATHE, with Gown, Beard, and Constable's Staff.*

Excellent knave ! How didst thou purchase these ?

*Alathe.* The staff I stole last night from a sleeping constable ;

The rest I borrow'd by my acquaintance with  
 The players' boys. You were best to lose no time,  
 sir. [*Puts the Gown on LURCHER.*

*Lurc.* So, so ; help, boy ! 'tis very well ; do  
 not I look

Like one that breaks the king's peace with authority ?

You know your charge ; prepare things handsomely,



My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.

*Alathe.* There wants nothing; <sup>3</sup> all ready: But  
I fly, sir. [Exit.

*Lurc.* Now, Fortune, prove no slut, and I'll  
adore thee! [Knocks.

*Serv.* [At the door.] Who's there?

*Lurc.* A friend would speak with master justice.

*Serv.* Who are you?

*Lurc.* I'm the constable.

*Serv.* My master's not at leisure to hear business.

*Lurc.* How? not at leisure to do the king ser-  
vice?

Take heed what you say, sir! I know his worship,  
If he knew my business, would [make] no excuse.

*Serv.* You must go to another justice; I'll assure  
My master is not well in health.

*Lurc.* I know not;

But if your worshipful be not at leisure

To do himself a benefit—I am gone, sir—

An infinite benefit, and the state shall thank him  
for't;

Thank him, and think on him too. I am an officer,  
And know my place; but I do love the justice;  
I honour any authority above me:

Beside, he is my neighbour, and I worship him.

*Serv.* You have no books, nor ballads, Master  
Constable,

About you?

*Lurc.* What should I do with books? does it  
become

A man of my place to understand such matters?  
Pray call your master; if he please to follow me,  
I shall discover to him such a plot.

<sup>3</sup> *There wants nothing already.*] So the former copies. Sym-  
pson proposes, *ALL'S ready.*—Ed. 1778.



Shall get him everlasting fame: I'll be hang'd for't,  
 An he be not knighted instantly, and for reward  
 Have some of the malefactors' lands I'll bring  
 him to;

But I cannot dally time!

*Alg.* [*At the Window.*] Who's that?

*Serv.* A constable, sir, would speak about some  
 business,

He says will bring you fame, and mighty profit.

*Lurc.* Please your worship come down, I'll make  
 you happy:

The notablest piece of villainy I have in hand, sir,  
 And you shall find it out; I ha' made choice  
 To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and  
 Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.

*Alg.* What is it? treason?

*Lurc.* 'Tis little better, I can tell you; I have  
 lodged

A crew of the most rank and desperate villains—  
 They talk of robberies, and ways they did 'em,  
 And how they left men bound in their studies.

*Alg.* With books and ballads?

*Lurc.* That, sir, that, and murders,  
 And thousand knaveries more; they are very rich,  
 sir,

In money, jewels, chains, and a hundred more  
 Devices.

*Alg.* Happy, happy constable! I'll meet you  
 At the back door.—Get ready, knaves!

*Lurc.* Not a man, I beseech you!

I have privately-appointed strength about me:  
 They cannot start; your men would breed sus-  
 picion:

All my desire is, you would come alone,  
 That you might have the hope o' th' enterprise,  
 That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed,  
 sir.

*Alg.* I come, I come !

*Lurc.* 'Tis very well.

*Alg.* Keep all my doors fast. It is something late.

*Lurc.* So, so ! An't please your worship, I'll direct you. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*A Room in a Hovel.*

*Enter ALATHE.*

*Alathe.* My master stays : I doubt his lime-twigs catch not :

If they do, all's provided. But I all  
This while forget my own state : Fair Maria  
Is certainly alive ; I met her in  
Another habit, with her Nurse ; 'twas she !  
There is some trick in't : But when this is over  
I'll find it out. This project for the usurer  
May have good effect ; however, 'twill be sport  
To mortify him a little.

*Enter LURCHER.*

He's come without him !—

Have you fail'd, sir ?

*Lurc.* Prosper'd, my little engineer : Away !  
He is i' th' next room ; be not you seen, sirrah !  
[Exit.

*Alathe.* The pit-fall's ready ; never justice  
Was caught in such a noose : Ere he get out,

He shall run through a scouring purgatory,  
 Shall purge him to the quick. 'Tis night already.  
 [Retires.]

*Enter* ALGRIPE and LURCHER.

*Lurc.* Come softly; yet, sir, softly! are you not weary?

*Alg.* Thou hast brought me into a melancholy place;

I see no creature.

*Lurc.* This is, sir, their den,  
 Where they suppose themselves secure. I am faint  
 With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,  
 And therefore never go without a cordial;  
 Without this I should die: How it refreshes me  
 [Seems to drink.]

Already! Will't please your worship—I might have had

The manners to ha' let you drink before me.  
 Now am I lusty.

*Alg.* [Drinks.] 'T has a good taste.

*Lurc.* Taste?

How do you find the virtue? Nay, sir, spare it not!  
 My wife has the receipt. Does it not stir  
 Your worship's body? When you come to examine,  
 'Twill make you speak like thunder.

*Alg.* Hoy he!

[He yawns.]

*Lurc.* It works already.

[Aside.]

*Alg.* Is there never a chair? I was wearier than I thought.

But who shall we have to take 'em, Master Constable?

*Lurc.* Let me alone! when I but give the watch-word,

We will have men enough to surprise an army.

*Alg.* I begin to be sleepy: What, hast a chair?



*Enter another with a Chair.*

*Lurc.* They do not dream of us.—'Tis early rising, Care, care, and early rising! commonwealth's men Are ever subjects to the nods: Sit down, sir; A short nap is not much amiss.—So, so! he's fast, Fast as a fish i' th' net; he has winking powder Shall work upon him to our wish. Remove him! Nay, we may cut him into collops now, And he ne'er feel. Have you prepared the vault, sirrah?

*Alathe.* Yes, yes, sir; every thing in's place.

*Lurc.* When we ha' placed him, you and I, boy, must

About another project hard by: His potion Will bind him sure enough till we return.

This villainy weighs mainly; but we'll purge you.

[*Exeunt, carrying ALGRIFE out.*]

### SCENE III.

*Before a Church.*

*Enter SEXTON.* [*Bells ring within.*]

*Sexton.* Now for mine ears! mine ears, be constant to me!

They ring a wager, and I must deal justly;  
Ha, boys!

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE.*

*Lurc.* Dost hear 'em? hark! these be the ringers.



*Alathe.* Are you sure the same?

*Lurc.* Or my directions fail. The coast is clear :  
How the bells go ! how daintily they tumble !  
And methinks they seem to say, " Fine fools, I'll  
fit you !"

*Sexton.* Excellent again, good boys !— Oh, that  
was naught.

*Lurc.* Who's that ?

*Alathe.* Be you conceal'd by any means yet.  
Hark !

They stop : I hope they'll to't again. Close, sir !

*Enter WILDBRAIN, TOBY, and Ringers.*

*Wildb.* A palpable knock !

*Ringer.* 'Twas none !

*Toby.* Be judged by the Sexton then !  
If I have years——

*Sexton.* A knock, a knock, a gross one !

*Toby.* Carman, your gallon of wine ! you ring  
most impiously !

Art thou o' th' worshipful company of the knights  
O' th' West, and handle a bell with no more dex-  
terity ?

You think you are in Thames-street,  
Justling the carts : Oh, a clean hand's a jewel !

*Alathe.* Good speed to your good exercise !

*Toby.* You are welcome !

*Alathe.* I come, sir, from a gentleman, and neigh-  
bour hard by,

One that loves your music well——

*Toby.* He may have more on't.—

Handle a bell as you were haling timber ?

Gross, gross, and base, absurd !

*Ringer.* I'll mend it next peal.

*Alathe.* To entreat a knowledge of you, whether  
it be

By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' eye;  
For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.

*Wildb.* But which way has he laid?

*Alathe.* That your ear guides you,  
And not your eye.

*Toby.* He has won, he has won; the ear's  
Our only instrument.

*Alathe.* But how shall we  
Be sure on't?

*Toby.* Put all the lights out: to what end  
Serve our eyes then?

*Wildb.* A plain case!

*Alathe.* You say true.

'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear, sure!  
And can you ring i' th' dark so?

*Wildb.* All night long, boy.

*Alathe.* 'Tis wonderful! Let this be certain,  
gentlemen,

And half his wager he allows among ye:  
Is't possible you should ring so?

*Toby.* Possible?

Thou art a child! I'll ring when I'm dead-drunk,  
Out with the lights! no twinkling of a candle!  
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,  
And can bang it soundly i' th' dark, I warrant you.

*Wildb.* Come, let's confirm him straight, and  
win the wager! [*Exeunt.*

*Alathe.* Let me hear, to strengthen me: and,  
when ye have rung,  
I'll bring the money to you.

*Lurc.* So, so, follow 'em: [*Exit ALATHE.*  
They shall have a cool reward; one hath gold of  
mine,

Good store in's pocket; [*Ring.*  
But this will be revenged in a short warning.  
They are at it lustily: Hey, how wantonly  
They ring away their clothes! how it delights me!

*Enter ALATHE with Clothes.*

*Alathe.* Here, here, sir!

*Lurc.* Hast Wildbrain's?

*Alathe.* His whole case, sir; I felt it out; and,  
by the guards,<sup>4</sup>

This should be the coachman's; another suit too.

*Lurc.* Away, boy, quickly now to th' usurer!  
His hour to wake approaches.

*Alathe.* That once finish'd,  
You'll give me leave to play, sir. Here they come.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Within the Church.*

WILDBRAIN, TOBY, and Ringers, discovered.

*Wildb.* I am monstrous weary!

*Toby.* Fy, how I sweat! Reach me my cloak to  
cover me.

I run to oil, like a porpoise. 'Twas a brave peal!

*Sexton.* Let me light my candle first, then I'll  
wait on you. [Exit SEXTON.

*Wildb.* A very brave peal!

*Toby.* Carman, you came in close now.

*Wildb.* Sure 'tis past midnight.

<sup>4</sup> — by the guards,

*This should be the coachman's.] A guarded coat was one ornamented with gold lace, or fringe. So in the Merchant of Venice—*

— “Give him a livery  
More guarded than his fellows.”



*Ringer.* No stirring in the streets I hear.

*Toby.* Walk further!

Was that a pillar? 'Tis harder than my nose.

Where's the boy promised us five pounds?

*Wildb.* Room! I sweat still.

Come, come, my cloak! I shall take cold.

*Enter* SEXTON.

*Sexton.* Where lies it?

*Wildb.* Here, here, and all our clothes.

*Sexton.* Where, where?

*Ringer.* I' th' corner.

*Toby.* Is thy candleblind too? Give me the bottle!  
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.

*Sexton.* Here are the corners, but here are no  
clothes;

Yes, here's a cuff.

*Wildb.* A cuff? Give me the candle!

Cuffs wo'not cover me.—I smell a knavery.

*Toby.* Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turn'd  
to a button?

*Wildb.* Now am I as cold again as though 'twere  
Christmas,

Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by the ear more.

*Toby.* My new clothes vanish'd?

*Wildb.* All my clothes, Toby!

*Ringer.* Here's none.

*Toby.* Not one of my dragon's wings left to  
adorn me?

Have I mew'd all my feathers?<sup>5</sup>

*Wildb.* Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put out  
the candle!

I could be mad! my chain, my rings, the gold,  
the gold!

<sup>5</sup> *Have I muted all my feathers.*] Corrected from Theobald's suggestion.



*Toby.* The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry truly;  
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me!

*Wildb.* What miserable fools were we!

*Toby.* We had e'en best, gentlemen,  
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,  
And take a short turn to a better fortune.—  
To be hawds to our miseries, and put our own  
lights out!

*Wildb.* Pr'ythee, Sexton, let's have a fire at thy  
house,

A good fire; we'll pay thee some way for't: I am  
stone-cold.

*Sexton.* Alas, I pity you! Come quickly, gen-  
tlemen.

*Wildb.* Sure I ha' been in a dream! I had no  
mistress,  
Nor gold, nor clothes, but am a ringing rascal.

*Toby.* Fellows in affliction, let us take hands all!  
Now are we fit for tumblers. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

*A Vault, with a Lamp burning.*

*Enter LURCHER and others, bringing in ALGRIPE.*

*Lurch.* So, so! Presently  
His sleep will leave him, and wonder seize upon  
him:

Bid 'em within be ready.

*Alg.* [Waking.] What sound's this?  
What horrid din? What dismal place is this?

I never saw before? and now behold it  
 But by the half-light of a lamp, that burns here?  
 My spirits shake, [and] tremble through my body.

*Enter two disguised as Furies with Black Tapers,  
 bearing a Dagger and a Cup.*

Help, help! Mercy protect me! my soul quakes.  
 What dreadful apparitions! How I shudder!

1 & 2 *Fury.* Algripe!

*Alg.* What are you?

1 *Fury.* We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,  
 That have commission from the prince of darkness,  
 To fetch thy black soul to him.

*Alg.* Am I not alive still?

1 *Fury.* Thou art; but we have brought thee  
 instruments

Will quickly rid thy miserable life.

Stab!

2 *Fury.* Poison!

1 *Fury.* Hang thyself! this choice is offered.

2 *Fury.* Thou canst not hope for Heaven; thy  
 base soul is

Lost to all hope of mercy.

1 *Fury.* Quickly, quickly!

The torments cool.

2 *Fury.* And all the fiends expect thee.

Come with us to that pit of endless horror,  
 Or we will force thee.

*Alg.* Oh, oh, oh!

1 *Fury.* Groans are too late: Sooner the ravisher,  
 Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,  
 Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,  
 To punish the distempers of his blood,  
 Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid  
 The certainty of meeting hell where he is.  
 Shall murderers be there for ever dying,

Their souls shot through with adders, torn on  
engines,

Dying as many deaths for killing one,  
(Could any imagination number them,)

As there be moments in eternity ;  
And shall that justice spare thee, that hast slain,  
Murder'd by thy extortion, so many ?

*Alg.* Oh, oh !

*2 Fury.* Do execution quickly ; or we'll carry  
thee

Alive to hell.

*Alg.* Gently, gentle devils ! do not force me  
To kill myself, nor do not you do't for me !

Oh, let me live ! I'll make amends for all.

*1 Fury.* Tell us of thy repentance ? perjured  
villain !

Pinch off his flesh ! he must be whipt, salted and  
whipt.

*Alg.* Oh, misery of miseries ! [*Recorders.* <sup>6</sup>

*1 & 2 Fury.* Tear his accursed limbs, to hell  
with him !—Ha !

*Enter ALATHE like an Angel.*

A mischief on that innocent face ! away !

[*They creep in.*

*Alathe.* Malicious furies, hence ! choak not the  
seeds

Of holy penitence.

*Alg.* This must be an angel :

How at his presence the fiends crawl away !

Here is some light of mercy.

*Alathe.* Be thou wise,

And entertain it, wretched, wretched man !

<sup>6</sup> *Recorders.*] i. e. flageolets.



What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee!  
What says thy conscience now?

*Alg.* By my good angel, here I promise thee  
To become honest, and renounce all villainy :  
Enjoin me any penance ; I'll build churches,  
A whole city of hospitals.

*Alathe.* Take heed !

There is no dallying ; nor are these imposed.

*Alg.* Name any thing within my power, sweet  
angel ;

And, if I do not faithfully perform it,  
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,  
Whole years together let me freeze to isicles !

*Alathe.* I' th' number of thy foul oppressions,  
Thou hast undone a faithful gentleman,  
By taking forfeit of his land.

*Alg.* Young Lurcher !

I do confess.

*Alathe.* He lives most miserable,  
And in despair may hang or drown himself :  
Prevent his ruin ! or his blood will be  
More sin in thy account. Hast thou forgotten  
He had a sister ?

*Alg.* I do well remember it.

*Alathe.* Couldst thou for Mammon break thy so-  
lemn vow

Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps  
A thousand tears a-day for thy unkindness ?  
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart ?  
And couldst thou marry another ?

*Alg.* But she's dead ;

And I will make true satisfaction.

*Alathe.* What do I instance these, that hast been  
false

To all the world ?

*Alg.* I know it, and will henceforth  
Practise repentance. Do not frown, sweet angel !



I will restore all mortgages, forswear  
 Abominable usury, live chaste ;  
 For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age :  
 And if that poor innocent maid, I so abused,  
 Be living, I will marry her, and spend  
 My days to come religiously.

*Alathe.* I was commanded but a messenger  
 To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those  
 Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to  
 hell :

If thou abuse this mercy, and repent not,  
 Double damnation will expect thee for it ;  
 But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,  
 A blessedness shall reward thy good example.  
 Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses ;  
 Drink of this phial, and renew thy spirits !  
 I ha' done my office ; think on't, and be happy !

*[He drinks, and falls asleep.]*

*Enter LURCHER.*

*Lurc.* So, so ! He gapes already ; now he's fast.  
 Thou hast acted rarely ; but this is not all :  
 First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.

*Alathe.* You will  
 Dispense with me now, as you promised, sir ?

*Lurc.* We will make shift without thee ; thou  
 hast done well.

By our device, this bandog may 'scape hell.

*[Exeunt, bearing him out.]*

## SCENE VI.

*An Apartment in the Lady's House.*

*Enter LADY, Nurse, and MARIA.*

*Lady.* Didst think, Maria, this poor outside, and  
Dissembling of thy voice, could hide thee from  
A mother's searching eye, though too much fear,  
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover,  
That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dear Maria,  
I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee:  
Welcome again to life! We shall find out  
The mystery of thy absence. Conceal  
Thy person still, (for Algripe must not know thee)  
And exercise this pretty dialect:  
If there be any course in law to free thee,  
Thou shalt not be so miserable. Be silent,  
Good Nurse!

*Nurse.* You shall not need to fear me, madam;  
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;  
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

*Lady.* Be not dejected, Mall.

*Maria.* Your care may comfort me;  
But I despair of happiness.—  
Heartlove? I dare not see him.

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Nurse.* We'll withdraw.

*Lady.* I shall but grieve to see his passions too,

Since there's no possibility to relieve him. [*Exeunt.*

*Heartl.* The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men

Walk up and down to find their weariness :  
No sooner have we measured with much toil  
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,  
But it betrays us to a new affliction.

What a strange mockery will man become  
Shortly to all the creatures ! Oh, Maria !  
If thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me ?  
Sure 'tis because I live : Were I but certain  
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust  
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,  
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen !

*Enter ALATHE.*

*Alathe.* Thus far my wishes have success : I'll lose  
No time.—Sir, are you not call'd Master Heartlove ?  
Pardon my rudeness !<sup>7</sup>

*Heartl.* What does that concern thee ?  
Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee ;  
And I am weary on't.

*Alathe.* Had you conceal'd,  
Or I forgot it, sir, so large were my  
Directions, that you could not speak this language,  
But I should know you by your sorrow.

*Heartl.* Thou  
Wert well inform'd, it seems. Well, what's your  
business ?

*Alathe.* I come to bring you comfort.

*Heartl.* Is Maria  
Alive again ? that's somewhat ; and yet not  
Enough to make my expectation rise to

<sup>7</sup> *Thus far, &c.*] This speech is made a continuation of *Heartlove's* in every edition but the first.—Ed. 1773.



Past half a blessing ; since we cannot meet  
To make it up a full one ! Thou'rt mistaken.<sup>8</sup>

*Alathe.* When you have heard me, you'll think  
otherwise :

In vain I should report Maria living ;  
The comfort that I bring you must depend  
Upon her death.

*Heartl.* Thou'rt a dissembling boy !  
Some one has sent thee to mock me ; though my  
anger

Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe  
For malice, did I know what person sent thee  
To tempt my sorrow thus, I should revenge it.

*Alathe.* Indeed, I have no thought so unchari-  
table,

Nor am I sent to grieve you ; let me suffer  
More punishment than ever boy deserved,  
If you do find me false ! I serve a mistress  
Would rather die than play with your misfortunes ;  
Then, good sir, hear me out !

*Heartl.* Who is your mistress ?

*Alathe.* Before I name her, give me some en-  
couragement,

That you receive her message : She is one  
That's full acquainted with your misery,  
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow,  
In every circumstance so like your own,  
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs  
Might marry one another's.

*Heartl.* Thou art wild :

Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature ?  
Her miserable story can, at best,  
But swell my volume, large enough already.

*Alathe.* She was late beloved, as you were ; pro-  
mised faith,

<sup>8</sup> *Thou'rt mistaken.*] That is, if thou think'st to bring me com-  
fort. Mason would give these words to Alathe.



And marriage ; and was worthy of a better  
Than he, that stole Maria's heart.

*Heartl.* How's that ?

*Alathe.* Just as Maria dealt with your affection,  
Did he that married her deal with my mistress ;  
When, careless both of honour and religion,  
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

*Heartl.* Part of this truth I know ; but pr'ythee,  
boy,

Proceed to that thou cam'st for ! thou didst promise  
Something, thy language cannot hitherto  
Encourage me to hope for.

*Alathe.* That I come to ;

My mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,  
You may imagine, wanted no affliction ;  
And had, ere this, wept herself dry as marble,  
Had not your fortune come to her relief,  
And, twin to her own sorrow, brought her comfort.

*Heartl.* Could the condition of my fate so equal,  
Lessen her sufferings ?

*Alathe.* I know not how,  
Companions in grief sometimes diminish  
And make the pressure easy : By degrees  
She threw her troubles off, remembering yours ;  
And, from her pity of your wrongs, there grew  
Affection to your person ; this encreased,  
And, with it, confidence that those whom Nature  
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,  
Could not but love as equally one another,  
Were things but well prepared : This gave her  
boldness

To employ me thus far.

*Heartl.* A strange message, boy !

*Alathe.* If you incline to meet my mistress' love,  
It may beget your comforts : Besides that,  
'Tis some revenge that you, above their scorn  
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury

Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

*Heartl.* Have you done, boy?

*Alathe.* Only this little more;

When you but see, and know my mistress well,  
You will forgive my tediousness; she's fair,  
Fair as Maria was——

*Heartl.* I'll hear no more!

Go, foolish boy, and tell thy fonder mistress  
She has no second faith to give away;  
And mine was given to Maria. Though her death  
Allow me freedom——

*Enter MARIA and Nurse.*

See the picture of her!

I would give ten thousand empires for the substance:

Yet, for Maria's sake, whose divine figure  
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit  
Above all the world; and had thy mistress all  
The grace and blossom of her sex, now she  
Is gone, that was a walking spring of beauty,  
I would not look upon her.

*Alathe.* Sir, your pardon!

I have but done a message, as becomes  
A servant; nor did she, on whose commands  
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love  
To your disquiet; she would chide my diligence  
If I should make you angry.

*Heartl.* Pretty boy!

*Alathe.* Indeed I fear I have offended you;  
Pray, if I have, enjoin me any penance for't:  
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,  
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,  
Plead your cause to another.

*Heartl.* And I'll take thee  
At thy word, boy; thou hast a moving language:

That pretty innocent copy of Maria  
Is all I love; I know not how to speak;  
Win her to think well of me, and I will  
Reward thee to thy wishes.

*Alathe.* I undertake  
Nothing for gain; but since you have resolved  
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you;  
And my prophetic thoughts bid me already  
Say I shall prosper.

*Heartl.* Thou wert sent to bless me!

*Alathe.* Pray give us opportunity.

*Heartl.* Be happy!

[*Exit.*

*Nurse.* He's gone.

*Alathe.* With your fair leave, mistress!

*Maria.* Have you business with her, pray you?

*Alathe.* I have a message from a gentleman;  
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private!

*Nurse.* You

Shall have my absence, niece.

[*Exit.*

*Maria.* Was the gentleman

Afraid to declare his matters openly?

Here was no podies was not very honest:

If her like not her errands the petter, was wis't

To keep her preaths to cool her porridges,

Can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings  
And tawgings.

*Alathe.* You may, if please you, find another  
language;  
And with less pains be understood.

*Maria.* What is her meaning?

*Alathe.* Come, pray speak your own English.

*Maria.* Have poys lost her itts and memories?  
Pless us aule!

*Alathe.* I must be plain then: Come, I know  
you are

*Maria;* this thin veil cannot obscure you:

I'll tell the world you live. I have not lost you,



Since first, with grief and shame to be surprised,  
 A violent trance took away show of life :  
 I could discover by what accident  
 You were conveyed away at midnight, in  
 Your coffin; could declare the place and minute  
 When you revived; and what you have done since,  
 As perfectly——

*Maria.* Alas, I am betray'd to new misfortunes!

*Alathe.* You are not, for my knowledge; I'll be  
 dumb

For ever, rather than be such a traitor.  
 Indeed I pity you; and bring no thoughts,  
 But full of peace. Call home your modest blood!  
 Pale hath too long usurped upon your face:  
 Think upon love again, and the possession  
 Of full-blown joys, now ready to salute you!

*Maria.* These words undo me more than my  
 own griefs.

*Alathe.* I see how fear would play the tyrant  
 with you,

But I'll remove suspicion: Have you in  
 Your heart an entertainment for his love,  
 To whom your virgin faith made the first promise?

*Maria.* If thou mean'st Heartlove, thou dost  
 wound me still!

I have no life without his memory,  
 Nor with it any hope to keep it long.  
 Thou seest I walk in darkness, like a thief,  
 That fears to see the world in his own shape;  
 My very shadow frights me; 'tis a death  
 To live thus, and not look day in the face.  
 Away, I know thee not!

*Alathe.* You shall hereafter know, and thank  
 me, lady:

I'll bring you a discharge at my next visit,  
 Of all your fears: Be content, fair Maria!  
 'Tis worth your wonder.



*Maria.* Impossible!

*Alathe.* Be wise, and silent! Dress yourself:<sup>9</sup>  
You shall be what you wish.

*Maria.* Do this, and be  
My better angel!

*Alathe.* All your cares on me! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street before the House of Lurcher's Mistress.*

*Enter LURCHER and ALATHE.*

*Lurc.* I must applaud thy diligence.

*Alathe.* It had been nothing  
To have left him in the porch. I call'd his servants;  
With wonders they acknowledged him; I pretended  
It was some spice sure of the falling sickness,  
And that 'twas charity to bring him home;  
They rubb'd and chafed him, plied him with strong-  
water;

<sup>9</sup> *Dress yourself;*

*You shall be what you wish.] Dress* here seems to confound the sense greatly, and I propose reading, if the place is wrong, *rest yourself*.—i. e. *rest* and repose yourself, and all your care on me.—*Simpson.*

*Dress* is right; and accordingly she comes in *dressed* as *Maria* in the next act.—Ed. 1778.

*Dress yourself,* means, dress like yourself, in your own appropriate character.

Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him;  
 I wish'd 'em then get him to bed; they did so,  
 And almost smother'd him with rugs and pillows,  
 And, 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,  
 I watch'd him till he waked.\*

*Lurc.* 'Twas excellent!

*Alathe.* When his time came to yawn, and  
 stretch himself,

I bid 'em not be hasty to discover  
 How he was brought home; his eyes fully open,  
 With trembling he began to call his servants,  
 And told 'em he had seen strange visions,  
 That should convert him from his heathen courses;  
 They wonder'd, and were silent; there he preached  
 How sweet the air of a contented conscience  
 Smelt in his nose now, asked 'em all forgiveness  
 For their hard pasture since they lived with him;  
 Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold sirloin,  
 Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours joy  
 in't;

The conceal'd muskadine should now lie open  
 To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor,  
 And mend their wages; that his doors should be  
 Open to every miserable suitor.

*Lurc.* What said his servants then?

*Alathe.* They durst not speak,  
 But bless'd themselves, and the strange means that  
 had

Made him a Christian: In this over-joy  
 I took my leave, and bade 'em say their prayers,  
 And humour him, lest he turn'd Jew again.

*Lurc.* Enough, enough!—Who's this?

\* *I watch'd them till he waked.*] The variation, certainly a proper one, was proposed by Sympson.

*Enter TOBY.*

'Tis one of my ringers, (stand close!) my lady's coachman!

*Toby.* Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—  
'Would I were at rack and manger among my horses!  
We have divided the Sexton's household-stuff  
Among us; one has the rug, and he's turn'd Irish;<sup>2</sup>  
Another has a blanket, and he must beg in't;  
The sheets serve another for a frock,  
And with the bed-cord he may pass for a porter;  
Nothing but the mat would fall to my share, which,  
With the help of a tune, and a hassock out o' th'  
church,

May disguise me till I get home. A pox  
O' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man  
Take me at it again, let him pull mine  
To the pillory. I could wish I had lost  
Mine ears, so I had my clothes again: The weather  
Wo' not allow this fashion; I do look  
For an ague besides.

*Lurc.* How the rascal shakes!

*Toby.* Here are company!  
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!  
A hassock for your feet, or a piss clean and sweet!  
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—  
Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to  
church more.

*Lurc.* You with a mat!

*Toby.* I am called. If any one  
Should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in!

<sup>2</sup> ——— *One has the rug, and he's turn'd Irish.] Rug gowns were the general dress of the wild Irish. They were also worn by watchmen, and accordingly Wildbrain, who had borrowed the Sexton's rug, exclaims on the next page,—*

They'll take me for some watchman of the parish.



Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horse-loaf,  
Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.—  
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

*Lurc.* He's deaf.

*Toby.* I am glad I am: Buy a mat for a bed!

*Lurc.* How the rascal sweats! what a pickle he  
is in!

Every street he goes through will be a new torment.

*Toby.* If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—  
I am cold, and yet I drop.—Buy a mat for a bed,  
buy a mat!

*Lurc.* He has punishment enough. [*Exit TOBY.*]

*Enter WILDBRAIN in a Rug-gown, with a Bill.*

Who's this? my t'other youth? he is turn'd bear.

*Wildb.* I am half afraid of myself: This poor shift  
I got o' th' Sexton, to convey me handsomely  
To some harbour; the wench will hardly know me;  
They'll take me for some watchman of the parish.  
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;  
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,  
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,  
For every thing will scorn me in this habit.  
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers—  
If I get in a-doors, not the power o' th' country,  
Nor all my aunt's curses, shall disembody me.

*Lurc.* Bid her come hither presently. Hum! 'tis  
he. [*Exit ALATHE into the house.*]

*Wildb.* I am betray'd to one that will eternally  
laugh at me!

Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death.

*Lurc.* 'Tis Master Wildbrain sure; and yet, me-  
thinks,

His fashion's strangely alter'd.—Sirrah, watchman!  
You ragamuffin! turn, you lousy bear's skin,  
You with the bed-rid bill!



*Wildb.* He has found me out;  
 There's no avoiding him : I had rather now  
 Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,  
 Than answer to his articles.—Your will, sir?  
 I am in haste.

*Lurc.* Nay, then I will make bold wi' ye.

[*Seizes his bill.*]

A watchman, and ashamed to shew his countenance,  
 His face of authority?—I have seen that physi-  
 ognomy :

Were you never in prison for pilfering ?

*Wildb.* How the rogue worries me !

*Lurc.* Why may not this

Be the villain robb'd my house last night,  
 And walks disguised in this malignant rug,  
 Arm'd with a ton of iron ? I will have you  
 Before a magistrate.

*Wildb.* What will become of me !

*Lurc.* What art thou ? speak !

*Wildb.* I am the Wandering Jew,<sup>3</sup> an't please  
 your worship.

<sup>3</sup> *The Wandering Jew.*] The following very entertaining passage is extracted from Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. II. p. 295, *et seq.* "The story of the *Wandering Jew* is of considerable antiquity : It had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches ; who, being entertained at the monastery of St Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith.' The archbishop answered, 'That the fact was true.' And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well : That he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East : That he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus ; who, when they were

*Lurc.* By your leave, rabbi, I will shew you then  
A synagogue, y-clept Bridewell, where you,

dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person. This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation. Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, vol. II. book iii. let. i."—Ed. 1778.

Amongst other modern appearances of this wonderful personage, Paulus Van Eizen, D.D. and Bishop of Sleswig, relates that in 1547 he had beheld a person in a church, in very tattered garments, and a mantle which reached to his feet, apparently about fifty years of age. On enquiry he proved to be the Wandering Jew, whose original name was Ahasuerus, and his profession a shoemaker. The doctor gravely informs us, that he had been seen by men of rank, and even by some of the nobility in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Muscovy, Livonia, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries. The bishop had been fully convinced of his identity, by examining him strictly on the history of the time. He was very silent and moderate in his meals, and did not remain long in one place. During his stay at Ham-  
burgh and Dantzic he was never seen to smile, and never accepted greater sums than about two-pence, which he shared with the poor. Other persons of high rank bear testimony of having seen him in 1575 at Madrid; in 1599 at Vienna; in 1610 at Lubeck. The latest account we have of his appearance was in 1634, in which year a learned clergyman of Reval published an history of this miraculous personage, to which he added a most disgusting account of the curses laid upon each of the twelve tribes of Israel, and a learned and pious, though not very charitable, exhortation to his Christian readers.

Under correction, may rest yourself.  
 You have brought a bill to guard you ; there be  
     dog-whips  
 To fir<sup>k</sup> such rugged curs, whips without bells  
 Indeed.

*Wildb.* Bells?

*Lurc.* How he sweats!

*Wildb.* I must be known ; as good at first.—Now  
     jeer on,                   *[Throws off his gown.*

But do not anger me too impudently ;  
 The rabbi will be moved then.

*Lurc.* How ! Jack Wildbrain?

What time o' th' moon, man, ha? What strange bells  
 Hast in thy brains?

*Wildb.* No more bells,  
 No more bells ! they ring backwards.<sup>5</sup>

*Lurc.* Why, where's the wench, the blessing  
     that befel thee?

The unexpected happiness ? where's that, Jack ?  
 Where are thy golden days ?

*Wildb.* It was his trick, as sure as I am lousy !  
 But how to be revenged——

*Lurc.* Fy, fy, Jack !

Marry a watchman's widow in thy young days,  
 With a revenue of old iron and a rug ?

<sup>4</sup> *Firk.*] The meaning of this word is self-evident, and supports Steevens's explanation of the following passage in King Henry V.—  
 “ Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and *firk* him, and ferret him ? ”

<sup>5</sup> ——— *What strange bells  
 Hast in thy brains ?*

*Wildb.* *No more bells,  
 No more bells ! they ring backwards.*] Bells are rung back-  
 ward on the alarm of fire. The phrase was very usually applied to  
 dizziness of the head. In the Captain, (vol. IX. p. 238,) Piso, af-  
 ter being drunk, exclaims,—

———“ Certainly my body  
 Is of a wildfire, for my head *rings backward.*”



Is this the paragon, the dainty piece,  
The delicate divine rogue?

*Wildb.* 'Tis enough! I am undone,  
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating.  
Give me my bill.

*Lurc.* You need not ask your tailor's,  
Unless you had better linings. It may be,  
To avoid suspicion, you are going thus  
Disguised to your fair mistress.

*Wildb.* Mock no further,  
Or, as I live, I'll lay my bill o' thy pate;  
I'll take a watchman's fury into my fingers,  
To ha' no judgment to distinguish persons,  
And knock thee down.

*Lurc.* Come, I ha' done; and now  
Will speak some comfort to thee: I will lead thee  
Now to my mistress, hitherto conceal'd.  
She shall take pity on thee too; she loves  
A handsome man; thy misery invites me  
To do thee good; I'll not be jealous, Jack;  
Her beauty shall commend itself: But do not,  
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me!

*Wildb.* Art thou in earnest? by this cold iron—

*Lurc.* No oaths; I am not costive.—Here she  
comes.

*Enter Mistress from the House.*

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,  
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you;  
He's other than he seems. Why do ye stare thus?

*Mistress.* Oh, sir, forgive me! I have done you  
wrong. [Kneels to LURCHER,

*Lurc.* What is the matter? didst ever see her  
afore, Jack?

*Wildb.* Pr'ythee do what thou wot wi' me; if  
thou hast



A mind, hang me up quickly !

*Lurc.* Never despair ; I'll give thee my share  
rather :

Take her ; I hope she loves thee at first sight,  
She has petticoats will patch thee up a suit :  
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles ;  
I took some pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.—  
What think you, pink of beauty ? Come, let me  
Counsel you both to marry ; she has a trade,  
If you have audacity to hook in gamesters :  
Let's ha' a wedding ! You'll be wond'rous rich ;  
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable ;  
'Twill be a rare match.

*Mistress.* As you're a man, forgive me ! I'll re-  
deem all.

*Lurc.* You wo'not to this geer of marriage then ?

*Wildb.* No, no, I thank you, Tom ! I can watch  
for

A groat a-night, and be every gentleman's fellow.

*Lurc.* Rise, and be good ; keep home, and tend  
your business ! [*Exit Mistress.*

*Wildb.* Thou hast done't to purpose. Give me  
thy hand, Tom :

Shall we be friends ? Thou see'st what state I am in ;  
I'll undertake this penance to my aunt,  
Just as I am, and openly I'll go ;  
Where, if I be received again for current,  
And Fortune smile once more——

*Lurc.* Nay, nay, I'm satisfied ;  
So, farewell, honest, lousy Jack !

*Wildb.* I cannot

Help it ; some men meet with strange destinies.  
If things go right, thou may'st be hang'd, and I  
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel :  
So, farewell, Tom ! Commend me to thy polecat !

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Lady's House.*

*Enter LADY, Nurse, and Servant.*

*Lady.* Now, that I have my counsel ready, and  
my cause ripe ;  
The judges all inform'd of the abuses ;  
Now that he should be gone——

*Nurse.* No man knows whither ;  
And yet they talk he went forth with a constable  
That told him of strange business, that would  
bring him  
Money and lands, and Heaven knows what ; but  
they

Have search'd, and cannot find out such an officer ;  
And as a secret, madam, they told your man  
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spy,  
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil  
I' th' likeness of a constable, that has tempted him  
By this time to strange things : There have been  
men,

As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,  
And so forth ; many trees have borne strange  
fruits ;

D'ye think he has not hang'd himself ?

*Lady.* If he  
Be hang'd, who has his goods ?

*Nurse.* They are forfeited,  
They say.

*Lady.* He has hang'd himself for certain then,  
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.

*Nurse.* Very likely!

*Lady.* Or did not the constable carry him to  
some prison?

*Nurse.* They thought on that too, and search'd  
every where.

*Lady.* He may be close for treason, perhaps  
executed.

*Nurse.* Nay, they did look among the quarters  
too,  
And muster'd all the Bridge-house for his night-  
cap.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, here is the gentleman again.

*Lady.* What gentleman?

*Serv.* He that loved my young mistress.

*Lady.* Alas, 'tis Heartlove; 'twill but feed his  
melancholy

To let him see Maria, since we dare not  
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,  
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,  
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.

*Nurse.* Please you entertain him a while, madam,  
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.

*Lady.* Do what thou wo't!—Pray Master Heart-  
love enter.

[*Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally.*]

*Enter HEARTLOVE.*

*Heartl.* Madam, I come to ask your gentle  
pardon.

*Lady.* Pardon? for what? you ne'er offended me.

*Heartl.* Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.

*Lady.* I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,

And buried with her: In that very minute  
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names  
Of mother and of daughter.

*Heartl.* Alas, madam,  
If your relation did consist but in  
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,  
Since love unites more than the tie of blood:  
No matter for the empty voice of mother!  
Your nature still is left, which in her absence  
Must love Maria, and not see her ashes  
And memory polluted.

*Lady.* You amaze me!  
By whom?

*Heartl.* By me; I am the vile profaner.

*Lady.* Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, sir?  
You ever honour'd her.

*Heartl.* I did, alive;  
But, since she died, I ha' been a villain to her.

*Lady.* I do beseech you say not so; all this  
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,  
In forcing her to marry.

*Heartl.* Do not mock me,  
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for;  
For I have done an impious act against her,  
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,  
And through her marble ought to be revenged;  
A wickedness, that, if I should be silent,  
You as a witness must accuse me for't.

*Lady.* Was I a witness?

*Heartl.* Yes; you knew I loved  
Maria once; or, grant you did but think so,  
By what I have profess'd, or she has told you,  
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,



When I should drop my tears upon her grave ;  
Yes, and proof sufficient——

*Lady.* To what ?

*Heartl.* That I, forgetful of my fame and vows  
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce  
Her tender shroud, had changed her for another.  
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel ?  
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,  
Without a name ? Did you not curse my levity,  
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow,  
That she had 'scaped a punishment more killing ?  
Oh, how I shame to think on't !

*Lady.* Sir, in my  
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love  
To your Maria, for whose sake you could  
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

*Heartl.* No more ! you are too charitable : But  
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never  
Change words with that strange maid, whose in-  
nocent face,  
Like your Maria's, won so late upon me :  
My passions are corrected, and I can  
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without  
Love in a thought. 'Tis this I came to tell you :  
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be  
So kind to shew me in what silent grave  
You have disposed your daughter, I will ask  
Forgiveness of her dust, and never leave,  
Till, with a loud confession of my shame,  
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon.  
Will you deny this favour ?—Then, farewell !  
I'll never see you more.—Ha !

*Enter Nurse, and MARIA in her own Apparel; after some shew of wonder, HEARTLOVE goes towards her.*

*Lady.* Be not deluded, sir! Upon my life,  
This is the soul whom you but thought Maria,  
In my daughter's habit.—What did you mean,  
Nurse?—

I knew she would but cozen you: Is she not like  
now?

*Heartl.* One dew unto another is not nearer.\*

*Nurse.* She thinks she is a gentlewoman; and  
that

Imagination has so taken her,  
She scorns to speak. How handsomely she car-  
ries it,

As if she were a well-bred thing, her body!  
And, I warrant you, what looks!

*Lady.* Pray, be not foolish.

*Heartl.* I disturb nobody. Speak but half a word,  
And I am satisfied! But what needs that?  
I'll swear 'tis she.

*Lady.* But do not, I beseech you;  
For, trust me, sir, you know not what I know.

*Heartl.* Peace then,  
And let me pray! She holds up her hands with me.

*Lady.* This will betray all.

*Heartl.* Love, ever honour'd,  
And ever young, thou sovereign of all hearts,

\* ——— is she not like now?

[One dew unto another is not nearer.] Mr Theobald saw, with me, that *Frank Heartlove's* name was dropt here, which I have made no scruple to insert in the text.—*Sympson.*

Of all our sorrows the sweet ease—She weeps  
now!<sup>2</sup>

Does she still cozen me?

*Nurse.* You'll see anon.

'Twas her desire; expect the issue, madam.

*Heartl.* My soul's so big, I cannot pray! 'Tis  
she!

I will go nearer.

*Enter ALGRIPE, LURCHER, and ALATHE.*

*Nurse.* Here is Master Algripe,  
And other strangers, madam.

*Alg.* Here, good lady;

Upon my knees, I ask thy worship's pardon!  
Here's the whole sum I had with thy fair daughter:  
'Would she were living, I might have her peace too,  
And yield her up again to her old liberty!  
I had a wife before, and could not marry:  
My penance shall be, on that man that honour'd her  
To confer some land.

*Lady.* This is incredible!

*Alg.* 'Tis truth.

*Lurc.* Do you know me, sir?

*Alg.* Ha! The gentleman I deceived?

*Lurc.* My name is Lurcher.

*Alg.* Sha't have thy mortgage.

<sup>2</sup> *Of all our sorrows the sweet ease.*

She weeps now.]

Mr Theobald says in his margin, *She weeps now*, which is here only made a stage direction, must be part of the text. However, I have not dared to follow his opinion, as it either might or might not have been, so the reader is left to his own judgment either to admit or reject it.—*Sympson.*

The measure and sense both declaring for it, we have inserted the words in the text.—Ed. 1778.

See above, act iii. scene iv. where a similar and equally necessary restoration was neglected by the editors.



*Lurc.* I ha' that already ; no matter for the deed,  
If you release it.

*Alg.* I'll do't before thy witness.

But where's thy sister ? if she live, I am happy,  
Though I conceal'd our contract,<sup>3</sup> which was stol'n  
from me

With the evidence of this land.

[ALATHE goes to MARIA, and gives her a Paper ; she wonders, and smiles upon HEART-LOVE ; he, amazed, approaches her ; afterwards she shews it her Mother, and then gives it to HEARTLOVE.

*Nurse.* Your daughter smiles.

*Lurc.* I hope she lives ; but where I cannot  
tell, sir.

*Alathe.* Even here, an't please you, sir.

*Alg.* How !

*Alathe.* Nay, 'tis she.

To work thy fair way, I preserved you, brother,  
That would have lost me willingly, and served you  
Thus like a boy : I served you faithfully,  
And cast your plots but to preserve your credit ;  
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses,  
So far as you would hearken to my counsel,  
That all the world may know how much you owe  
me.

*Alg.* Welcome, entirely ! welcome, my dear  
Alathe !

And, when I lose thee again, blessing forsake me !  
Nay, let me kiss thee in these clothes !

*Lurc.* And I too,

And bless the time I had 'so wise a sister !  
Wert thou the Little Thief ?

<sup>6</sup> *Though I conceal our contract.*] So former editions.—Ed.  
1778.



*Alathe.* I stole the contract,  
I must confess, and kept it to myself;  
It most concern'd me.

*Heartl.* Contracted? this destroys  
His after-marriage.

*Maria.* Dare you give this hand  
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with it.

*Alg.* Maria alive? how my heart's exalted!—  
'Tis my duty:  
Take her, Frank Heartlove, take her; and all joys  
With her; besides some land to advance her  
jointure!

*Lady.* What I have is your own; and blessings  
crown ye!

*Heartl.* Give me room,  
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen!  
My hopes are too high.

*Maria.* Be more temperate,  
Or I'll be Welsh again!

*Alg.* A day of wonder!

*Alathe.* Lady, your love!<sup>7</sup> I ha' kept my word;  
there was  
A time, when my much suffering made me hate  
you,  
And to that end I did my best to cross you;  
And hearing you were dead, I stole your coffin,  
That you might never more usurp my office.  
Many more knacks I did, which at the weddings  
Shall be told of as harmless tales. [*Shout within.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Lady, your love, &c.*] This speech has been hitherto given to *Lurcher*; though the circumstances recited in it prove that it belongs to *Alathe*. The fourth line of it, however, requires some amendment. We should either read, *And hearing you were dead*, or *And fearing you weren't dead*. We prefer the former.—Ed. 1778.

The old copies read—*And fearing you were dead.*

*Enter WILDBRAIN.*

*Wildb.* Hollo your throats a-pieces! I'm at home;

If you can roar me out again——

*Lady.* What thing is this?

*Lurc.* A continent of fleas: Room for the page-ant!

Make room afore there! Your kinsman, madam.

*Lady.* My kinsman? let me wonder!

*Wildb.* Do, and I'll wonder too, to see this company

At peace one with another.

*Maria.* 'Tis not worth

Your admiration; I was never dead yet.\*

*Wildb.* You are merry, aunt, I see, and all your company:

If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;

I will do any thing to get your love again:

I'll forswear midnight taverns, and temptations;

Give good example to your grooms; the maids

Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;

None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.

*Lurc.* And, when you'll fool again, you may go ring.

*Wildb.* Madam, have mercy!

*Lady.* Your submission, sir,

I gladly take, (we will

Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards,)

Now you are soundly shamed; well, we restore you.—

\* 'Tis not worth

Your admiration; I was never dead yet.] These words (though so obviously belonging to *Maria*) have hitherto stood as part of *Wildbrain's* speech.—Ed. 1778:

Where's Toby? where's the coachman?

*Nurse.* He's a-bed, madam,  
And has an ague, he says.

*Lurc.* I'll be his physician.

*Lady.* We must a-foot then.

*Lurc.* Ere the priest ha' done,  
Toby shall wait upon you with his coach,  
And make your Flanders mares dance back again  
wi' ye,

I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;  
Your suit shall be granted too.<sup>9</sup>

*Wildb.* Make, make room afore there!

*Lady.* Home forward with glad hearts! home,  
child!

*Maria.* I wait you.

*Heartl.* On joyfully!—The cure of all our grief  
Is owing to this pretty Little Thief. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> *I warrant you, madam, you are mortified;*

*Your suit shall be granted too.]* This pointing was altered silently by the last editors, and the words may certainly refer to Wildbrain, though the reason is not very evident.

<sup>1</sup> *Lady. Home forward with glad hearts! home, child.]* This must be an inadvertency of the poet's, as the present scene is evidently transacted in the Lady's house, as is proved by several circumstances; and particularly by Wildbrain's entering, who had, in the previous scene, declared his resolution to return to her house at all events.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped  
 out of the train was the cold. It was  
 like a giant hand reaching out to grab  
 me. I shivered and pulled my coat  
 tighter around me. The air was  
 thick and heavy, and I could  
 feel it settling in my lungs. I  
 looked up at the sky, which was  
 a pale, overcast grey. The  
 buildings around me were tall and  
 imposing, their windows reflecting  
 the dull light. I felt small and  
 insignificant in this vast, cold  
 world.

## THE GREAT WALL

I had heard so much about the Great Wall  
 of China, but I had never seen it  
 before. It was a legend, a story  
 that had been passed down for  
 centuries. Now I was here, and I  
 was about to see it for the first  
 time. The excitement was building  
 inside me, and I could hardly  
 wait to get started.

The journey was long and tiring, but  
 it was worth it. I had seen some  
 of the most beautiful scenery in  
 the world. The mountains were  
 majestic and grand, and the  
 valleys were lush and green. I  
 had seen the Great Wall from a  
 distance, and it was even more  
 impressive than I had imagined.  
 It was a marvel of engineering,  
 a testament to the strength and  
 determination of the Chinese people.  
 I was in awe of what they had  
 accomplished.

As I walked along the wall, I  
 felt a sense of history and  
 purpose. I was part of something  
 big, something that had lasted for  
 thousands of years. The wall was  
 a symbol of strength and  
 resilience, and it was a reminder  
 of the power of human  
 achievement. I was proud to be  
 here, and I was grateful for the  
 experience.



**THE WIDOW.**

**BY**

**BEN JONSON, JOHN FLETCHER,**

**AND**

**THOMAS MIDDLETON.**



## THE WIDOW.

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THIS Comedy was the joint production of three poets, of whom two enjoyed the greatest reputation among the dramatists of the time, and the third filled a very distinguished place among those of the second rank. At what time it was originally performed cannot be determined with certainty; but, from an allusion in the last act, which will be found explained in a note, it is evident that it was written after the year 1615, and probably some time before 1621. From the title-page, Mr Reed, who republished *The Widow* in his edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, concludes, that it was produced in the reign of Charles I.; but, as Fletcher died shortly after the accession of that monarch, it, no doubt, appeared in the reign of his predecessor. During the civil wars, it was sent to the press by Alexander Gough, a player, who, after his professional means of livelihood had been destroyed by the fanatical rulers of the time, supported himself, at least in part, by publishing such manuscript plays as had fallen into his hands during the wreck of the theatres. The following is the title-page of the quarto, from which it appears to have met with a very favourable reception:—"The Widow, a Comedie. As it was acted at the private house in Black Fryers, with great applause, by his late Majesties Servants. Written by Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, Tho. Middleton, Gents. Printed by the original copy. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Prince's Arms, in St Paul's Church-yard. 1652." 4to. It is mentioned as one of the stock-plays of the Red-Bull actors by Sir Henry Herbert at the time of the Restoration, as well as by Downes; which proves that it long retained a great portion of popularity.

The *Widow* is a very lively and entertaining comedy; but it is evidently a very hasty composition, and was probably produced on the spur of the occasion, This is not only observable in the lan-

guage, but the characters, which are very slightly sketched, indicating haste, and the whole bears somewhat of an unfinished appearance. What share was contributed by Middleton's illustrious allies cannot be now ascertained with certainty. The mountebank-scene bears considerable resemblance to the style and manner of Ben Jonson; and Fletcher's hand is visible in the first scene of the second act, the second in the third, and some passages of the fourth and fifth acts.



## PROLOGUE.

A sport, only for Christmas, is the play  
This hour presents to you; to make you gay<sup>1</sup>  
Is all the ambition 't has; and fullest aim,  
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name:  
And if your edge be not quite taken off,  
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

<sup>1</sup> —to make you merry.] I have ventured to alter this word to make out the rhyme.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Brandino, *an old Justice.*

Martino, *his Clerk.*

Francisco, }  
Attilio, } *two Gentlemen.*

*Two old Men, Suitors to the Widow.*

Ricardo, *a decayed young Gentleman, and Suitor to the Widow.*

Latrocinio, }  
Occulto, }  
Silvio, } *Thieves.*

Stratio,

Fiducio,

Servellio, *Valeria's Servant.*

Valeria, *the Widow.*

Martia, *Daughter to one of the old Suitors, and disguised as Ansaldo.*

Philippa, *Justice Brandino's Wife.*

Violetta, *her Waiting-maid.*

*Officers, Servants.*

SCENE,—Istria and the neighbouring Country.

# THE WIDOW.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Country. An Inner Court of Brandino's House.*

*Enter Signior MARTINO and FRANCISCO.*

*Fran.* Martino!

*Mar.* Signior Francisco! you're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet, but I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

*Fran.* I bring you the same luck still.

*Mar.* What, you do not? I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

*Fran.* Yes, 'faith, for another warrant.

*Mar.* Why there's my dream come out then; I never dream'd of a buttock, but I was sure to have money for a warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me: Let every man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion, that to

dream of the devil is your wealthier dream ; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good, and has all one smatch indeed, for if one be the flesh, the other's the broth : so 'tis in all his members, an we mark it ; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge ; they are both boil'd together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the two-penny chop ! Why, sir, Signior Francisco.

*Fran.* 'Twas her voice sure,  
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,  
And makes a sound like her's.

*Mar.* Sir, I beseech you.

*Fran.* It is the prettiest contrived building, this :  
What poesy's that, I pr'ythee ?

*Mar.* Which, sir ; that  
Under the great brass squirt ?<sup>1</sup>

*Fran.* Ay, that, sir, that.

*Mar.* " From fire, from water, and all things  
amiss,  
Deliver the house of an honest justice."

<sup>1</sup> *What poesy's that, I pr'ythee ?*

*Mar.* Which, sir ; that

*Under the great brass squirt ?*] It was usual at the time to have *posics* inscribed over the chimnies and other parts of the house, consisting of moral admonitions to the inmates and guests. So in *Rowley's Match at Midnight*, *Bloodhound*, the usurer, says,—  
" I'll tell you an old saw for't, over my chimney yonder :

A poor man seem to him that's poor,

And prays thee for to lend ;

But tell the prodigal, not quite spent,

Thou wilt procure a friend.

*Widow.* Trust me, a thrifty saw.

*Blood.* Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers : Give me these witty politic saws, and indeed my house is furnished with no other."

The posy in the text is inscribed on the brass squirt, no doubt a kind of rude fire-engine kept in the house.



*Fran.* There 's like to be a good house kept then, when fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen.

Not yet a sight of her? This hour 's unfortunate.—  
And what's that yonder, pr'ythee?—O love's fa-  
mine,

There's no affliction like thee.—Ay, I hear you, sir.

*Mar.* You're quicker ear'd than I then: you  
hear me

Before I heard myself.

*Fran.* A gift in friendship;  
Some call it an instinct.

*Mar.* It may be,

Th' other's the sweeter phrase though. Look you,  
sir,

Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle;

“A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lan-  
thorn,

Bring many a bawd from coach to cart, and many  
a thief to one turn.”

*Fran.* That one turn help'd you well.

*Mar.* It has helped me to money indeed for  
many a warrant. I am forty dollars the better for  
that one turn; an't would come off quicker 'twere  
ne'er a whit the worse for me. But indeed when  
thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice  
one after another, there's my gains; then go out  
more warrants to fetch 'em again: one fine nimble  
villain may be worth a man ten dollars, in and out  
o' that fashion; I love such a one with my heart.  
Ay, and will help him to 'scape too, an I can; hear  
you me that? I'll have him in at all times at a month's  
warning: Nay, say I let him run like a summer  
nag all the vacation—see you these blanks?—  
I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring  
him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance. Nothing

kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, sir, then there's no hope of more money : I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief ; for he's a gentleman I'm more beholden to.

*Fran.* You betray your mystery too much, sir.—

Yet no comfort? [*Aside.*

'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for ;  
For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict ;  
Yet that I cannot have.

*Mar.* I am ready now, signior. Here are blank warrants of all dispositions ; give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

*Fran.* This only is th' excuse that bears me  
out, [*Aside.*

And keeps off impudence and suspicion  
From my too frequent coming : what name now  
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house ?  
This coxcomb will be prating.—One Attilio,  
His offence wilful murder.

*Mar.* Wilful murder ? Oh I love a' life<sup>2</sup> to have  
such a fellow come under my fingers ; like a beggar  
that's long a taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loth  
to part with him, I must look upon him over and  
over first : Are you wilful ? i' faith I'll be as wilful  
as you then.

[*PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA appear at a window.*

*Phi.* Martino !

*Mar.* Mistress ?

*Phi.* Make haste, your master's going.

*Mar.* I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth ;  
I'll dispatch that presently. [*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> *I love a' life.*] This phrase has already occurred in these plays, and is probably abbreviated from *at life*. So in Beaumont's *Sal-macis and Hermaphroditus*,—"That boy loves ease a' life."

*Phi.* Good-morrow, sir; oh that I durst say more!  
[*Hides herself.*]

*Fran.* 'Tis gone again; since such are all life's pleasures,

No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em  
The length of life, has but a longer dream;  
He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing.

*Phi.* He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better

Before I be too rash: Sweetly composed he is;  
Now as he stands, he's worth a woman's love,  
That loves only for shape, as most of 's do:  
But I must have him wise, as well as proper,  
He comes not in my books else;<sup>3</sup> and indeed  
I have thought upon a course to try his wit.—  
Violetta!

*Vio.* Mistress.

*Phi.* Yonder's the gentleman again.

*Vio.* Oh, sweet mistress,  
Pray give me leave to see him.

*Phi.* Nay, take heed,  
Open not the window, an you love me.

*Vio.* No, I've the view of his whole body here,  
mistress, at this poor little slit; oh, enough, enough:  
in troth 'tis a fine outside.

*Phi.* I see that.

*Vio.* He has curl'd his hair most judiciously well.

*Phi.* Ay, there's thy love now, it begins in barbarism; she buys a goose with feathers, that loves a gentleman for 's hair; she may be cozened to her face, wench. Away! he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither; quick, quick, wench!

<sup>3</sup> *He comes not in my books else.*] See vol. VI. p. 432.



*Re-enter MARTINO, with Warrants.*

*Mar.* Nay, look upon't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see this prick i' th' bottom? It betokens power and speed; it is a privy mark, that runs between the constables and my master. Those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for lechery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

*Fran.* I thank you, sir.

*Mar.* Look you; all these are nihilis; They want the punction.

*Fran.* Yes, I see they do, sir; There's for thy pains.—Mine must go unrewarded: The better love, the worse by fate regarded.

*[Drops a letter, and exit.]*

*Mar.* Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was bless'd withal. Now will he come for another to-morrow again: if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth: No matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

*Phi.* Martino!

*Mar.* Say you, forsooth?

*Phi.* What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

*Mar.* Paper? 'Tis the warrant, I hope: If it be I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again.—No, pox; 'tis not so happy.

*Phi.* What is't, sirrah?

*Mar.* 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

*Phi.* Is that nothing?

*Mar.* Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

*Phi.* A letter? Why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.



*Mar.* So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.

*Phi.* Read but the superscription, and away with't!

Alas! it may concern that gentleman nearly.

*Mar.* Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

*Phi.* At home? how mean you, sir?

*Mar.* You shall hear, mistress. [*Reads.*] *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mistress Philippa Brandino.*

*Phi.* How, sir, to me?

*Mar.* To you, mistress.

*Phi.* Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and my life; Call him again, I'll not endure this injury:

But stay, stay, now I think on't, 'tis my credit:

I'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow!

To leave his loose lines thus! 'tis even as much

As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,

Had I not a grave wise man to my husband:

And thou a vigilant varlet to admit

Thou car'st not whom!

*Mar.* Alas! 'tis my office, mistress. You know you have a kirtle every year, and 'tis within two months of the time now, the velvet's coming over: Pray be milder; a man that has a place must take money of any body; please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you a warrant for him now; that's all I care for him.

*Phi.* Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy

Against mine honour; or your master's love to you,

That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here,

It shall not; trust to't.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* This is strange to me now:

Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?

A man that had his blood as hot as her's now,

Would fit her with French velvet: I'll go near it.

*Enter BRANDINO and PHILIPPA.*

*Phi.* If this be a wrong to modest reputation,  
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master  
Both of your fame and mine.

*Bran* Signior Francisco?  
I'll make him fly the land.

*Mar.* That will be hard, sir;  
I think he be not so well feather'd, master;  
He has spent the best part of his patrimony.

*Phi.* Hark of his bold confederate!

*Bran.* There thou'rt bitter;  
And I must chide thee now.

*Phi.* What should I think, sir?  
He comes to your man for warrants.

*Bran.* There it goes then.—  
Come hither, knave! Comes he to you for warrants?

*Mar.* Why, what of that, sir?  
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds;  
That comes by fortune, and by nature, sir.

*Bran.* True, that comes by fortune, and by na-  
ture, wife.

Why dost thou wrong this man?

*Mar.* He needs no warrant, master, that goes  
about such business; a cuckold-maker carries al-  
ways his warrant about him.

*Bran.* La! has he answer'd well now, to the full?  
What cause hast thou to abuse him?

*Phi.* Hear me out, I pray:  
Through his admittance, he has had an opportu-  
nity

To come into the house, and court me boldly.

*Bran.* Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.

*Mar.* Who I, sir?

*Bran.* You gave this man admittance into th'  
house.

*Mar.* That's true, sir; you never gave me any order yet,

To write my warrants i' th' street.

*Bran.* Why sure thou tak'st delight  
To wrong this fellow, wife; ha? 'cause I love him?

*Phi.* Pray, see the fruits; see what he has left behind here:

Be angry where you should be: There's few wives  
Would do as I do.

*Bran.* Nay, I'll say that for thee,  
I ne'er found thee but honest.

*Phi.* She's a beast  
That ever was found otherways.

*Bran.* Read, Martino:  
Mine eyes are sore already, and such a business  
Would put 'em out quite.

*Mar.* [*Reads.*] "Fair, dear, and incomparable  
mistress——"

*Bran.* Oh! every letter draws a tooth, methinks.

*Mar.* And it leads mine to watering.

*Phi.* Here's no villainy? \*

*Mar.* "My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning——"

*Bran.* Oh plot of villainy!

*Phi.* Am I honest, think you, sir?

*Bran.* Exactly honest, perfectly improved.—  
On, on, Martino.

*Mar.* "I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long-desired op-

\* *Here's no villainy?* ] That is, according to the phraseology of the age, "here is superlative villainy." So in Alexander Brome's *Cunning Lovers*,—"Here's no roguery, here's no knavery, here's no villainy and all confessed too!"



portunity, at the back gate, between nine and ten this night——

*Bran.* I feel this inns-o'-court man in my temples.

*Mar.* "Where, if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfulest that ever vowed service to woman,——FRANCISCO."

*Bran.* I will make Francisco smart for't.

*Phi.* Shew him the letter; let him know you know him;

That will torment him: all your other courses  
Are nothing, sir, to that; that breaks his heart.

*Bran.* The strings shall not hold long then.—  
Come, Martino.

*Phi.* Now if Francisco have any wit at all,  
He comes at night; if not, he never shall. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Istria. A Street.*

*Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, and ATTILIO.*

*Ric.* Nay, mark, mark it, Francisco: it was the naturallest courtesy that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich Widow set him up again. To see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins! your college for your old-standing scholar, your hospital for your lame creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer, your open house for your beggar, and your Widow for your gentleman: Ha, Francisco!



*Fran.* Ay, sir, you may be merry; you're in hope of a rich Widow.

*Ric.* And why should'st not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee: thou art as likely a fellow as any in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confess truly, i' faith: thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

*Fran.* Marry, I hope so, sir.

*Ric.* A pox on't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with it with all speed, man! I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: Why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourselves: for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich Widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five-and-twenty children, and undone myself.

*Fran.* I protest, sir, I should not have the face though, to come to a rich Widow with nothing.

*Ric.* Why, art thou so simple as thou makest thyself? Dost think, i' faith, I come to a rich Widow with nothing?

*Fran.* I mean with state not answerable to her's.

*Ric.* Why there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on; she knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

*Fran.* Ay? that's strange, sir.

*Ric.* Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace: She has, amongst others, two substantial suitors; One, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to, She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her, Nor dares the unconscionable rascal trouble me; She has told him thus: those that profess love to her

Shall have the liberty to come and go,  
Or else get him gone first; she knows not yet  
Where fortune may bestow her, she's her gift,  
Therefore to all will show a kind respect.

*Fran.* Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck  
in't.

*Ric.* And as at a sheriff's table,—O blest cus-  
tom!—

A poor indebted gentleman may dine,  
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so;  
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

*Fran.* You may well boast, you are much the  
happier man, sir.

*Ric.* So you would be, an you would sell your  
land, sir.

*Fran.* I have heard the circumstance of your  
sweet fortune:

Pr'ythee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

*Ric.* That's an ill hearing; but come, for once,  
sir.

*Fran.* I never yet loved but one woman.

*Ric.* Right, I begun

So too; but I have loved a thousand since.

*Fran.* Pray hear me, sir; but this is a man's wife.

*Ric.* So has five hundred of my thousand been.

*Fran.* Nay, see an you'll regard me!

*Ric.* No? you see I do,

I bring you an example in for every thing.

*Fran.* This man's wife——

*Ric.* So you said.

*Fran.* Seems very strict.

*Ric.* Ha, humph!

*Fran.* Do you laugh at that?

*Ric.* Seems very strict, you said:

I hear you, man; ay, 'faith, you are so jealous still.

*Fran.* But why should that make you laugh?

*Ric.* Because she seems so: You are such ano-  
ther——

*Fran.* Nay, sir, I think she is.

*Ric.* You cannot tell then?

*Fran.* I dare not ask the question, I protest,  
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,  
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

*Ric.* Ha, hum! This 'tis to be a landed man.  
Come, I perceive I must show you a little of my  
fortune, and instruct you: Not ask the question?

*Fran.* Methought still she frown'd, sir.

*Ric.* Why that's the cause, fool, that she look'd  
so scurvily. Come, come, make me your woman,  
you'll ne'er do't else; I'll shew you her condition  
presently. I perceive you must begin like a young  
vaulter, and get up at horse tail, before you get  
into the saddle: Have you the boldness to utter  
your mind to me now, being but in hose and doub-  
let? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou  
would'st never have the heart to do't.

*Fran.* Perhaps I should not then, for laughing  
at you, sir.

*Ric.* In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at  
thee without one.

*Fran.* Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak  
to a woman.

*Ric.* You shall pardon me for that, friend; I  
will not think it, till I see't.

*Fran.* Why you shall then: I shall be glad to  
learn too,

Of one so deep as you are.

*Ric.* So you may, sir.—Now 'tis my best course  
to look mildly, I shall put him out at first else.

[*Aside.*

*Fran.* A word, sweet lady.

*Ric.* With me, sir? say your pleasure.

*Fran.* O Ricardo,

Thou art too good to be a woman long.

*Ric.* Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove  
Too scornful; be content when you're well used.



*Fran.* You say well, sir.—Lady, I have loved you long.

*Ric.* 'Tis a good hearing, sir.—If he be not out now, I'll be hang'd.

*Fran.* You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been used to 'em: Why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a woman gives way to't: One shall seldom meet with a lady so kind, as thou play'dst her.

*Ric.* Not altogether, perhaps: He that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that plays 'em should do't a great deal then.

*Fran.* Come, come, I'll play the woman, that I'm used to;

I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet,  
All your things come on easy.

*Ric.* Say you so, sir?

I'll try your ladyship, 'faith.—Lady, well met.

*Fran.* I do not think so, sir.

*Ric.* A scornful gom!<sup>5</sup> And at the first dash too? My widow never gave me such an answer. I'll to you again, sir.—

Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

*Fran.* There's no body bids you, sir.

*Ric.* Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest cross-est baggage that ever man met withal; but I'll see thee hang'd, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this.—Why, thou art too awkward, sirrah.

<sup>5</sup> *Gom!*] Junius, in his Etymologicon, says, that *gom*, or *gome*, signifies a man—Ricardo therefore means, that Francisco, in his assumed character of a woman, acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but with the scorn and haughtiness of a man.

<sup>6</sup> *Reed.*

The word *gome* for a man, generally a warrior, occurs in several old poems, such as *Amis and Amiloun*, *Libeaux Disconus*, *Pierce Ploughman*, &c.



*Fran.* Hang thee, base fellow!

*Ric.* Now, by this light, he thinks he does't indeed. Nay, then, have at your plumb-tree; 'faith, I'll not be foil'd.—Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.

*Fran.* Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

*Ric.* What a pestilent quean's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that. Tell me, as you're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for, but to stop up all your mouths? [Kisses him.

*Fran.* Hold, hold, Ricardo.

*Ric.* Disgrace me, Widow!

*Fran.* Art mad? I'm Francisco.

*At.* Signior Ricardo, up, up!

*Ric.* Who is't? Francisco?

*Fran.* Francisco, quotha? What, are you mad, sir

*Ric.* A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me; I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now an you can follow it.

*Fran.* 'Tis a strange way, methinks.

*Ric.* Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then,

For I am like the actor that you spoke on,  
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,  
I never like the play else.—Now your friendship,  
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,  
And the rich Widow's mine within these three  
hours.

*At. Fran.* We should be proud of that, sir.

*Ric.* List to me then.

I'll place you two—I can do't handsomely,  
I know the house so well—to hear the conference  
'Twixt her and I: She's a most affable one;  
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em  
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract;  
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,

And take her in the snare.

*Fran.* But do you love her?

And then 'twill prosper.

*Ric.* By this hand I do,  
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.

*Fran.* It shall be done, then.

*Ric.* But stay, stay, Francisco;  
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours  
hence, now?

*Fran.* Why, hark you, sir. [*Whisper.*]

*Ric.* Enough, command my life;  
Get me the Widow, I'll get thee the wife.

[*Exeunt* RICARDO and ATTILIO.]

*Fran.* Oh, that's now with me past hope; yet I  
must love her.

I would I could not do't.

*Enter* BRANDINO and MARTINO.

*Mar.* Yonder's the villain, master.

*Bran.* Francisco? I am happy.

*Mar.* Let's both draw, master, for there's no-  
body with him; stay, stay, master.

Do not you draw till I be ready too,  
Let's draw just both together, and keep even.

*Bran.* What an we kill'd him now, before he  
saw us?

*Mar.* No, then he will hardly see to read the  
letter.

*Bran.* That's true: Good counsel, marry.

*Mar.* Marry thus much, sir; you may kill him  
lawfully, all the while he's a reading on't, as an  
Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife, all the  
while he's asleep.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *As an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife, all the while he's asleep.]* Our poets here attribute to the Anabaptists, tenets which are generally charged upon a strange religious sect, called the Fa-

*Bran.* He turns; he looks.—Come on, sir, you,  
Francisco;  
I loved your father well, but you're a villain.  
He loved me well too: But you love my wife, sir;

mily of Love, founded by David George, of Delph, who died in 1556. So in Middleton's *Game of Chess*,—"Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am gone to th' Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep, for some *Familists of Amsterdam* will tell you that may be done with a safe conscience."—The same poet wrote a play entitled *The Family of Love*, but it seems that he was reprehended for not displaying these sectarians in their true colours. Thus Shirley, in the *Lady of Pleasure*:

"'Tis but the Family of Love translated  
Into more costly sin: There was a play on't;  
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest  
Expression of your antic gambols in't,  
Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too.  
In time he may repent, and make some blush  
To see the second part danced on the stage."

The dramatic poets of the time incessantly attacked these and other fanatics of the age. Davenport, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, puts these words into the mouth of one of the fiends:

"I am a *puritan*: one that will eat no pork,  
Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,  
And open them on Sundays; a *familist*,  
And one of the arch-limbs of Belzebub,  
A Jewish Christian and a Christian Jew."

It has been observed in a former volume (IX. 473,) that Amsterdam was the general place of refuge for these sectarians from England and other countries. Taylor, the water-poet, thus enumerates the reasons of the puritans for leaving their native country:

"The cope and surplice he cannot abide,  
Against the corner-cap he out hath cried,  
And calls them weeds of superstition,  
And liveries of the whore of Babylon.  
The crosses blessing he esteems a curse,  
The ring in marriage, out upon't! 'tis worse;  
And for his kneeling at the sacrament,  
In sooth, he'll rather suffer banishment,  
And goe to *Amsterdam*, there live and dye,  
Ere he'll commit so much idolatry."



After whom take you that? I will not say  
Your mother play'd false.

*Fran.* No, sir, you were not best.

*Bran.* But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's  
honest.

*Mar.* And I, my mistress.

*Fran.* You may, I'll give you leave.

*Bran.* Leave, or leave not, there she defies you,  
sir; [Gives him a letter.]

Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,  
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,  
For fear you want one; many a lecher may,  
That sins in cambrick now.

*Mar.* And in lawn too, master.

*Bran.* Nay, read, and tremble, sir.

*Mar.* Now, shall I do't, master? I see a piece of  
an open seam in his shirt, shall I run him in there?  
for my sword has ne'er a point.

*Bran.* No, let him foam a while.

*Mar.* If your sword be no better than mine,  
we shall not kill him by day-light; we had need  
have a lanthorn.

*Bran.* Talk not of lanthorns, he's a sturdy lecher;  
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

*Fran.* [Aside.] I apprehend thee: Admirable  
woman!

Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty.

*Bran.* Now, sir, have you well view'd your  
bastard there,  
Got of your lustful brain? 'Give you joy on't.

*Fran.* I thank you, sir; although you speak in  
jest,

I must confess, I sent your wife this letter,  
And often courted, tempted, and urged her.

*Bran.* Did you so, sir?

Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my  
house.



*Mar.* And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office; die to-morrow. Next, thou never get'st warrant of me more, for love or money.

*Fran.* Remember but again, from whence I came,  
sir,

And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

*Bran.* How's this?

*Mar.* Pray, hear him; it may grow to a peace: for, master, though we have carried the business nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

*Bran.* Peace, thou say'st true in that.—What is't you'd say, sir?

*Fran.* Was not my father (quietness be with him)

And you sworn brothers?

*Bran.* Why, right; that's it urges me.

*Fran.* And could you have a thought that I could wrong you,

As far as the deed goes?

*Bran.* You took the course, sir.

*Fran.* To make you happy, if you rightly weigh'd it.

*Mar.* Troth, I'll put up at all adventures, master; It comes off very fair yet.

*Fran.* You in years

Married a young maid: What does the world judge, think you?

*Mar.* By'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you;

I should do so myself.

*Fran.* Now, to damp slander,

And all her envious and suspicious brood,  
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,  
Being son to him you loved; that now confirm'd,  
I might advance my sword against the world  
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

*Mar.* Oh, master, let me weep, while you embrace him.

*Bran.* Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee? Lives he here still? What, will he shew himself In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand, Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me: Pr'ythee forgive me.

*Mar.* And me too, pr'ythee.

*Bran.* Come to my house, thy father never miss'd it.

*Mar.* Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,

And welcome too.

*Fran.* To see how soon man's goodness May be abused!

*Bran.* But now I know thy intent, Welcome to all that I have.

*Fran.* Sir, I take it:

A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it!  
[*Exit.*]

*Bran.* Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.

*Mar.* You never have ill fortune when you follow it. Here were things carried now in the true nature of a quiet duello; a great strife ended, without the rough soldier, or the—And now you may take your journey.

*Bran.* Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in Valeria's House.*

*Enter VALERIA and SERVELLIO.*

*Val.* Servellio!

*Serv.* Mistress?

*Val.* If that fellow come again,

Answer him without me: I'll not speak with him.

*Serv.* He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?

*Val.* Ay, that spiced coxcomb, sir: Never may  
I marry again

If his right worshipful idolatrous face  
Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,  
I might perceive it peel in many places,  
And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,  
As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner;  
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,  
That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman,  
Yet, I praise Heaven, I never had the ambition  
To go about to mend a better workman:  
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.  
He that likes me not now, as Heaven made me,  
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure;  
Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste.*] It has been before observed, (vol. X. p. 66,) that almond paste was used by our poets' fair contemporaries to preserve their skin white.

To please some gaudy goose i' th' morning.  
 A wise man likes that best, that is itself,  
 Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.  
 Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy,  
 Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him.  
 Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,  
 I learn that of my suitors, 'tis their own,  
 Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em.

*Enter RICARDO, with FRANCISCO and ATTILIO,  
 who stand apart.*

*Ric.* And so as I said, sweet Widow.

*Val.* Do you begin where you left, sir?

*Ric.* I always desire, when I come to a widow,  
 to begin i' th' middle of a sentence; for I presume  
 she has a bad memory of a woman, that cannot  
 remember what goes before.

*Val.* Stay, stay, sir; let me look upon you well:  
 Are not you painted too?

*Ric.* How, painted, Widow?

*Val.* Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust  
 me, sir.

*Ric.* That makes me love thee.

*Val.* I mean painted gentleman,  
 Or if you please to give him a greater style, sir;  
 Blame me not, sir, it's a dangerous age I tell you,  
 Poor simple-dealing women had need look about  
 'em.

*Ric.* But is there such a fellow in the world,  
 Widow,  
 As you are pleased to talk on?

*Val.* Nay, here lately, sir.

*Ric.* Here? a pox! I think I smell him, 'tis ver-  
 million sure, ha? oil of ben.<sup>8</sup> Do but shew him

<sup>8</sup> Oil of ben.] "Been or beben, in pharmacy, denotes a medici-



me, Widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o' th' stones.

*Val.* Suffices you have express'd me your love and valour, and manly hate against that unmanly pride: But, sir, I'll save you that labour; he never comes within my door again.

*Ric.* I'll love your door the better while I know't, Widow; a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts<sup>9</sup> without door, indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you have the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full of mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

*Val.* True; and that you never use to pay again.

*Ric.* What matter is't? If you be pleased to do't for me, I hold it as good.

*Val.* Oh, soft you, sir, I pray.

*Ric.* Why, i' faith, you may an you will.

*Val.* I know that, sir.

*Ric.* 'Troth, an I would have my will then, if I were as you; there's few women else but have.

nal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, and alexiterial virtues."—Chambers's *Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *Been*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other.—*Reed*.

<sup>9</sup> *Fitter for posts, &c.*] The practice of newly elected magistrates painting their door-posts, is by no means obsolete. It is often alluded to in old plays. For instance, in Dekkar's *Honest Whore*, "I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold, three-and-fifty times double: you know who I mean, coz; *the posts of his gate are a-painting too.*"

*Val.* But since I cannot have it in all, signior,  
I care not to have it in any thing.

*Ric.* Why, you may have it in all, an you will,  
Widow.

*Val.* Pish! I would have one that loves me for  
myself, sir,  
Not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

*Ric.* What say you to him that does the thing  
you wish for?

*Val.* Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but  
him then.

*Ric.* Your hand and faith?

*Val.* My hand and faith.

*Ric.* 'Tis I, then.

*Val.* I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'shrew my  
heart else.

*Ric.* A match.

*FRANCISCO and ATTILIO come forward.*

*Fran.* Give you joy, sweet Widow!

*At.* Joy to you both!

*Val.* How?

*Ric.* Nay, there's no starting now; I have you  
fast, Widow.--

You are witness, gentlemen.

*Fran. and At.* We'll be deposed on it.

*Val.* Am I betray'd to this, then? Then I see  
'Tis for my wealth; a woman's wealth's her traitor.

*Ric.* 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet Widow;  
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

*Val.* Hence!

*Ric.* Why, thou'rt mine.

*Val.* I do renounce it utterly.

*Ric.* Have I not hand and faith?

*Val.* Sir, take your course.

*Ric.* With all my heart; ten courses an you will, Widow.

*Val.* Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me;

I'll stand you out by law.

*Ric.* By law! O cruel, merciless woman, To talk of law, and know I have no money.

*Val.* I will consume myself to the last stamp,<sup>2</sup> Before thou gett'st me.

*Ric.* 'Life, I'll be as wilful, then, too: I will rob all the carriers in Christendom, But I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money: I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*; I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

*Val.* As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you;

You came into my house without my leave; Your practices are cunning and deceitful; I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

*Ric.* It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em:

'Tis not your business to know every man; An honest wife contents herself with one.

*Val.* You know what you shall trust to. Pray depart, sir,

And take your rude confederates along with you, Or I will send for those shall force your absence; I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon. How quickly may poor women be undone!

*Ric.* Lose thee! by this hand I'll fee fifteen counsellors first, though I undo a hundred poor men for 'em; and I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.

*Val.* Me!

*Ric.* Thee.

<sup>2</sup> Stamp.] i. e. Halfpenny.—Reed.



*Val.* Ay, fret thy heart out! [*Exit RICARDO.*]

*Fran.* Were I he now,  
I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

*Val.* Pray counsel him to that, sir, and I'll pay  
you well.

*Fran.* Pay me! pay your next husband.

*Val.* Do not scorn't, gallant; a worse woman  
than I

Has paid a better man than you.

[*Exeunt ATTILIO and FRANCISCO.*]

*Enter two old Suitors.*

*1 Suit.* Why, how now, sweet Widow?

*Val.* Oh, kind gentlemen,  
I'm so abused here.

*Both.* Abused!

[*They put their hands to their swords.*]

*Val.* What will you do, sirs? Put up your wea-  
pons.

*2 Suit.* Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that  
I must tell you; mine has not been out these  
three years; marry, in your cause, Widow, 'twould  
not be long a-drawing. Abused! by whom, Wi-  
dow?

*Val.* Nay, by a beggar.

*2 Suit.* A beggar! I'll have him whipt then,  
and sent to the house of correction.

*Val.* Ricardo, sir.

*2 Suit.* Ricardo! Nay, by the mass, he's a gen-  
tleman beggar; he'll be hang'd before he be  
whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him  
up, I hope?

*Val.* 'Tis too good for him; that's the thing he  
would have.

He would be clapt up whether I would or no,  
methinks;

Placed two of his companions privately,



Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me  
 In my kind answers, and at last stole from me  
 That which I fear will put me to some trouble,  
 A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses  
 And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.

1 *Suit.* O politic villain!

*Val.* But I'm resolved, gentlemen,  
 If the whole power of my estate can cast him,  
 He never shall obtain me.

2 *Suit.* Hold you there, widow;  
 Well fare your heart for that, i'faith.

1 *Suit.* Stay, stay, stay;  
 You broke no gold between you?<sup>2</sup>

*Val.* We broke nothing, sir.

1 *Suit.* Nor drunk to one another?

*Val.* Not a drop, sir.

1 *Suit.* You're sure of this you speak?

*Val.* Most certain, sir.

1 *Suit.* Be of good comfort, wench. I'll un-  
 dertake, then,

At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.

*Val.* O do but that, sir, and you bind me to you;  
 Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman,  
 And, alas, ignorant in law businesses:  
 I'll bear the charge most willingly.

1 *Suit.* Not a penny:  
 Thy love will reward me.

*Val.* And where love must be,  
 It is all but one purse, now I think on't.

1 *Suit.* All comes to one, sweet Widow.

2 *Suit.* Are you so forward?

1 *Suit.* I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco;  
 I'll get out process, and attach 'em all:

<sup>2</sup> *You broke no gold between you?*] To break a coin, generally a sixpence, and divide it between two lovers, is a well-known token of affection in some parts of England.

We'll begin first with them.

*Val.* I like that strangely.

*1 Suit.* I have a daughter run away, I thank her :  
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake ;  
Some of 'em has got her up.

*Val.* Your daughter ! What, sir, Martia ?

*1 Suit.* Ay, a shake wed her !

I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,  
No older than myself ; she was like to be shrewdly  
hurt, Widow.

*Val.* It was too happy for her.

*1 Suit.* I'm of thy mind.

Farewell, sweet Widow, I'll about this strait ;  
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,  
And so save charges.

*Val.* How I love your providence !

[*Exit 1 Suitor.*

*2 Suit.* Is my nose bored ? I'll cross you both  
for this, [Aside.

Although it cost me as much o' th' other side ;  
I have enough, and I will have my humour.  
I may get out of her what may undo her too.—  
Hark you, sweet Widow, you must now take heed  
You be of a sure ground, he'll overthrow you else.

*Val.* Marry, fair hope forbid !

*2 Suit.* That will he : Marry let me see, let me  
see :

Pray how far past it between you and Ricardo ?

*Val.* Farther, sir,

Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet.

*2 Suit.* Pray let me hear't : I've a shrewd guess  
o' th' law.

*Val.* Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith  
To marry none but him.

*2 Suit.* Indeed !

*Val.* Ay, trust me, sir.

2 *Suit.* I'm very glad on't; I'm another witness,  
And he shall have you now.

*Val.* What said you, sir?

1 *Suit.* He shall not want money in an honest  
cause, Widow;

I know I have enough, and I'll have my humour.

*Val.* Are all the world betrayers?

2 *Suit.* Pish, pish, Widow,  
You have borne me in hand<sup>3</sup> this three months,  
and now fobb'd me:

I have known the time when I could please a  
woman.

I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I'm crost, I'm a  
tyger;

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

*Val.* This only shews your malice to me, sir;  
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,  
So much is your debt already.

1 *Suit.* Therefore I do't,  
I have no way but that to help myself;  
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, Widow;  
He marrying you, as I will follow 't for him,  
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

*Val.* I look'd for this from you. [Exit.

2 *Suit.* I ha' not deceived you then:  
Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.  
I'll seek him out, and chear him up against her:  
I ha' no charge at all, no child of my own,  
But two I got once of a scowering woman,

*You have borne me in hand, &c.*] That is, kept me in dependence or expectation. The phrase is very common in old writings, and one instance from Ben Jonson's *Volpone* will suffice—

— “ Still bearing them in hand,  
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,  
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.”



And they're both well provided for, they're i' th'  
hospital :

I have ten thousand pound to bury me,  
And I will have my humour. . . . [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Fran.* A man must have a time to serve his  
pleasure,  
As well as his dear friend. I'm forced to steal  
from 'em,  
To get this night of sport for mine own use.  
What says her amiable witty letter here?  
'Twixt nine and ten—now 'tis 'twixt six and  
seven;—

As fit as can be ; he that follows lechery  
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I methinks :  
Sun sets at eight, it's 'bove an hour high yet ;  
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,  
But I've an excellent horse ; and a good gallop  
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

*Enter 1 Suitor, with Officers.*

*1 Suit.* Here's one of 'em, begin with him first,  
officers.

*Of.* By virtue of this writ we attach your body,  
sir.



*Fran.* My body? 'life, for what?

*1 Suit.* Hold him fast, officers.

*Of.* The least of us can do't, now his sword's  
off, sir;

We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,  
We never lose a man.

*Fran.* O treacherous fortune!

Why what's the cause?

*1 Suit.* The Widow's business, sir;

I hope you know me?

*Fran.* For a busy coxcomb,  
This fifteen year, I take it.

*1 Suit.* Oh you are mad, sir;

Simple though you make me, I stand for the Widow.

*Fran.* She's simply stood for then. What's this  
to me, sir,

Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

*1 Suit.* You are like to find good bail before  
you leave us,

Or lie till the suit's tried.

*Fran.* O my love's misery!

*1 Suit.* I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't  
With all severity; build upon that, sir.

*Enter RICARDO and ATTILIO.*

*Fran.* How I could curse myself!

*Ric.* Look, here's Francisco:

Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

*At.* 'Tis strange to me.

*Ric.* I tell you 'tis his fashion;

He never stole away in's life from me,

But still I found him in such scurvy company.—

A pox on thee, Francisco! wilt never leave

Thy old tricks? are these lousy companions for  
thee?

*Fran.* Pish, pish, pish!

1 *Suit.* Here they be all three now: 'prehend 'em, officers.

1 *Ric.* What's this?

1 *Fran.* I gave you warning enough to make away;

I'm in for the Widow's business, so are you now.

1 *Ric.* What, all three in a noose? this is like a widow's business indeed.

1 *Suit.* She has catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her;

The Widow means now to begin with you, sir.

1 *Ric.* I thank her heartily, she has taught me wit: for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her indeed. By this light, the Widow's a notable housewife, she bestirs herself: I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had: I can not go to prison for one I love better, I protest, that's one good comfort. And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?

1 *Suit.* It seems you know me, by your anger, sir.

1 *Ric.* I've a near guess at you, sir.

1 *Suit.* Guess what you please, sir, I'm he ordained to trounce you; and indeed I am the man must carry her.

1 *Ric.* Ay, to me;

But I'll swear she's a beast, an she carry thee.

1 *Suit.* Come, where's your bail, sir? quickly, or away.

1 *Ric.* Sir, I'm held wrongfully, my bail's taken already.

1 *Suit.* Where is it, sir, where?

*Enter 2 Suitor.*

1 *Ric.* Here they be both. Pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of them. An you be honest

officers, let's bail one another; for, by this hand, I do not know who will else.—'Ods light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then, I shall never find the way out again; my debts, my debts! I'm like to die i' th' hole now.

1 *Suit.* We have him fast, old signior, and his consorts;

Now you may lay action on action on him.

2 *Suit.* That may I, sir, i'faith.

1 *Suit.* And I'll not spare him, sir.

2 *Suit.* Know you me, officers?

*Of.* Your bounteous worship, sir.

*Ric.* I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.

2 *Suit.* Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

*Fran.* Which gentleman?

2 *Suit.* Not you, sir, you are too hasty;

No, nor you neither, sir: Pray stay your time.

*Ric.* There's all but I now, and I dare not think He means me.

2 *Suit.* Deliver me Ricardo.

*Ric.* O sure he lies,

Or else I do not hear well.

*Of.* Signior Ricardo.

*Ric.* Well, what's the matter?

*Of.* You may go, who lets you?<sup>4</sup>

It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.

*Ric.* Bail me?

2 *Suit.* Ay will I, sir. Look in my face, man, Thou'st a good cause; thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?

*Ric.* Ay, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

2 *Suit.* No matter if thou dost not, then I'll make thee,

<sup>4</sup> *Who lets you. i. e.] Who hinders you?*



And that's as good at all times.

1 *Suit.* But I pray, sir,  
You go against the hair there.

2 *Suit.* Against the widow, you mean, sir :  
Why 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too.  
I saw your politic combination ;  
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one  
Shall do as much for you, and he stands rightest,  
His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want  
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her :  
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

1 *Suit.* Hang thee ! I have a purse as good as  
thine.

*Ric.* I think they are much alike, they are rich  
knaves both.— [Aside.

'Heart, an I take you railing at my patron, sir,  
I'll cramp your joints.

2 *Suit.* Let him alone, sweet honey ;  
I thank thee for thy love, though.

*Ric.* This is wonderful.

*Fran.* Oh, Ricardo,

'Tis seven struck in my pocket : I lose time now.

*Ric.* What say'st, Francisco ?

*Fran.* I ha' mighty business,  
That I ne'er thought on : get me bail'd, I am  
spoil'd else.

*Ric.* Why you know, 'tis such a strange mira-  
culous courtesy,

I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,  
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.

*Fran.* Do somewhat, an you love me.

*Ric.* I'll make trial, i' faith.—

May't please you, sir—'life, if I should spoil all  
now !

2 *Suit.* What say'st, Ricardo ?

*Ric.* Only a thing by th' way, sir ;  
Use your own pleasure.



*2 Suit.* That I like well from thee.

*Ric.* 'Twere good, an those two gentlemen were  
bail'd too,

They are both my witnesses.

*2 Suit.* They are well, they are well :

An they were bail'd, we know not wherè to find  
'em.

Let 'em go to prison, they'll be forth-coming the  
better ;

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

*Ric.* I knew there was no more good to be done  
upon him,

'Tis well I have this ; Heaven knows I never look'd  
for't.

*Fran.* What plaguy luck had I to be ensnared  
thus !

*Of.* O, patience !

*Fran.* Pox on your comfortable ignorance !

*Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.*

*Bran.* Martino, we ride slow.

*Mar.* But we ride sure, sir ;

Your hasty riders often come short home, master.

*Bran.* 'Bless this fair company !

*Fran.* Here he's again too ;

I am both ashamed and cross'd.

*Bran.* Seest thou who's yonder, Martino ?

*Mar.* We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.

*Bran.* How now, Francisco, art thou got before  
me ?

*Fran.* Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before  
you.

*Bran.* What now ? in hold ?

*Ric.* Ay, o' my troth, poor gentleman ;

Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him.

*Bran.* Why do not you do't then ?

*Mar.* La you, sir, now ; my master has that honesty,  
He's loth to take a good deed from you, sir.

*Ric.* I'll tell you why ; I cannot, else I would, sir.

*Fran.* Luck, I beseech thee !  
If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to His wife, 'twere happiness beyond expression.

*Bran.* A matter but of controversy ?

*Ric.* That's all, trust me, sir.

*Bran.* Francisco shall ne'er lie for't ; he's my friend,  
And I will bail him.

*Mar.* He's your secret friend, master ;  
Think upon that.

*Bran.* Give him his liberty, officers ;  
Upon my peril, he shall be forth coming.

*Fran.* How I am bound to you !

*1 Suit.* Know you whom you cross, sir ?  
'Tis at your sister's suit ; he well advised, sir.

*Bran.* How, at my sister's suit ? take him again then.

*Fran.* Why, sir, do you refuse me ?

*Bran.* I'll not hear thee.

*Ric.* This is unkindly done, sir.

*1 Suit.* 'Tis wisely done, sir.

*2 Suit.* Well shot, foul malice.

*1 Suit.* Flattery stinks worse, sir.

*Ric.* You'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, sir.

*Fran.* Oh, Martino, have I this for my late kindness ?

*Mar.* Alas, poor gentleman, dost complain to me ?

Thou shalt not fare the worse for't. Hark you, master :

Your sister's suit, said you ?

*Bran.* Ay, sir, my wife's sister.

*Mar.* And shall that daunt you, master? think again.

Why, weren't your mother's suit; your mother's suit, (Mark what I say,) the dearest suit of all suits, You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.

*Bran.* Yea, am I so? how prov'st thou that, Martino?

*Mar.* Have you forgot so soon what he did lately?

Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master, To cut the throat of slander and suspicion, And can you do too much for such a man? Shall it be said, I serve an ungrateful master?

*Bran.* Never, Martino; I will bail him now, An 'twere at my wife's suit.

*Fran.* 'Tis like to be so. [Aside.

*Mar.* And I his friend, to follow your example, master.

*Fran.* Precious Martino!

*1 Suit.* You have done wond'rous well, sir; Your sister shall give you thanks.

*Ric.* This makes him mad, sir.

*2 Suit.* We'll follow 't now to th' proof.

*1 Suit.* Follow your humour out; The Widow shall find friends.

*2 Suit.* And so shall he, sir, Money and means.

*Ric.* Hear you me that, old huddle?

*2 Suit.* Mind him not, follow me, and I'll supply thee;

Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees; I have buried money enough to bury me, And I will have my humour.

[*Exeunt Suitors and Officers.*

*Bran.* Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;

I pr'ythee use my house.

*Fran.* It is my purpose, sir.

*Bran.* Nay, you must do't then; though I'm old, I'm free. [Exit.

*Mar.* And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [Exit.

*Fran.* That will be shortly now, within these few hours.

This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse!  
I shall be 'nighted; but an hour or two  
Never breaks square in love; he comes in time  
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. [Exit.

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### ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Forest.*

*Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, and two or three other Thieves.*

*Oc.* Come, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;

If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

*Sil.* Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.

*Oc.* Have you the blue-coats<sup>5</sup> and the beards?

<sup>5</sup> *Blue-coats.*] These were universall yworn by servants, and



*Sil.* They are here, sir.

*Oc.* Come, come away then : a fine cock-shoot evening.<sup>6</sup> [Exeunt.

*Enter* LATROCINIO, *the chief Thief, and* MARTIA *disguised as* ANSALDO.

*Lat.* [*Sings.*] *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.*

*Ans.* 'Troth, you're the merriest, and delightfull-est company, sir,

That ever traveller was blest withal ;  
I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.

*Lat.* Pish, I've hundred of 'em.

*Ans.* And, believe me, sir,  
I'm infinitely taken with such things.

*Lat.* I see there's music in you ; you keep time, methought,

Pretty handsomely, with your little hand there.

*Ans.* It only shews desire, but, 'troth, no skill, sir.

*Lat.* Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill,

I'll have another for you.

*Ans.* It rids way pleasantly.

*Lat.* Let me see now :—One confounds another, sir ;

You have heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies—*

*Ans.* Oh, that is all the country over, sir ;

the thieves wanted them to disguise themselves. See vol. VI. p. 504.

<sup>6</sup> *Cock-shoot.*] That is, twilight. See the notes on the following lines in Shakspeare's Richard III, (vol. XIV. p. 494) :

“ Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about *cock-shut* time, from troop to troop,  
Went through the army, chearing up the soldiers.”

There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.

*Lut.* Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard, then.

SONG.

*I keep my horse, I keep my whore,  
I take no rents, yet am not poor ;  
I traverse all the land about,  
And yet was born to never a foot :  
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,  
I do at midnight often dine ;  
And if my whore be not in case,  
My hostess' daughter has her place.  
The maids sit up, and watch their turns ;  
If I stay long, the tapster mourns ;  
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,  
Though tempted by the chamberlain ;  
But when I knock, oh how they bustle !  
The hostler yawns, the geldings justle.  
If maid but sleep, oh how they curse her !  
And all this comes of, " Deliver your purse, sir."*  
[Seizes her.]

*Ans.* How, sir ?

*Lat.* Few words : Quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir.

*Ans.* You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,

To sing me out of my money ?

*Lat.* 'Tis most fit

Art should be rewarded : You must pay your music, sir,

Where'er you come.

*Ans.* But not at your own carving.

*Lat.* Nor am I common in it : Come, come, your purse, sir.

*Ans.* Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman?

*Lat.* Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in usurers, young gentleman? you've small reason for that, i' faith.

*Ans.* There 'tis, and all I have; and, so truth comfort me,

All I know where to have.

*Lat.* Sir, that's not written in my belief yet; search, 'tis a fine evening, Your horse can take no harm: I must have more, sir.

*Ans.* May my hopes perish, if you have not all, And more I know than your compassionate charity Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.

*Lat.* Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand, You'll find me rough; methinks men should be ruled, When they're so kindly spoke to; fie upon't!

*Ans.* Good fortune and my wit assist me then! A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't.

[Presents a pistol.

Look, sir, I have search'd; here's all that I can find, And you're so covetous, you will have all, you say, And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.

*Lat.* A pox o' that young devil of a handful long! That has 'frayed many a tall thief from a rich purchase.<sup>7</sup>

*Ans.* This, and my money, sir, keep company; Where one goes, the other must; assure your soul They vowed never to part.

<sup>7</sup> That has 'frayed many a tall thief from a rich purchase.] Frayed, from *affrayed*, means frightened. *Tall* stands, as usual, for stout, and *purchase* for stolen property. These words have occurred several times in these volumes with the same meaning.



*Lat.* Hold, I beseech you, sir.

*Ans.* You rob a prisoner's box, if you rob me, sir.

*Lat.* There 'tis again.

*Ans.* I knew 'twould never prosper with you ;  
Fie, rob a younger brother ! oh, take heed, sir ;  
'Tis against nature that : Perhaps your father  
Was one, sir, or your uncle, it should seem so  
By the small means was left you, and less manners.  
Go, keep you still before me ; and, do you hear me ?  
To pass away the time to the next town,  
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.

*Lat.* Oh horrible punishment !— [A Song.]

*Enter* STRATIO.

*Stra.* Honest gentleman.

*Ans.* How now, what art thou ?

*Stra.* Stand you in need of help ?

I made all haste I could, my master charged me,  
A knight of worship ; he saw you first assaulted  
From top of yonder hill.

*Ans.* Thanks, honest friend.

*Lat.* I taste this trick already.

[Exit.]

*Stra.* Look, he's gone, sir ;

Shall he be stopp'd ? What is he ?

*Ans.* Let him go, sir ;

He can rejoice in nothing ; that's the comfort.

*Stra.* You have your purse still then ?

*Ans.* Ay, thanks fair fortune,  
And this grim handful.

*Stra.* We were all so 'fraid of you :

How my good lady cried, O help the gentleman !  
'Tis a good woman that : But you're too mild, sir ;  
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, 'faith,  
Before he had gone, having so sound a means too.

*Ans.* Why, there's the jest, man ; he had once  
my purse.



*Stra.* Oh, villain! would you let him 'scape un-massacred?

*Ans.* Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight again,

And, so hope bless me, with an uncharged pistol.

*Stra.* 'Troth, I should laugh at that.

*Ans.* It was discharged, sir,  
Before I meddled with it.

*Stra.* I'm glad to hear it. [Seizes her.

*Ans.* Why how now, what's your will?

*Stra.* Ho, Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio!

*Enter* LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO,  
and others.

*Lat.* What, are you caught, sir?

*Stra.* The pistol cannot speak.

*Lat.* He was too young,

I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

*Ans.* You have found out ways too merciless  
to betray

Under the veil of friendship. and of charity.

*Lat.* Away, sirs, bear him in to the next copse,  
and strip him.

*Stra.* Brandino's copse, the justice?

*Lat.* Best of all, sir, a man of law; a spider  
lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag,  
man.

*Ans.* What seek you, sirs? Take all, and use no  
cruelty.

*Lat.* You shall have songs enough.

### SONG.

*How round the world goes,  
And every thing that's in it!  
The tides of gold and silver  
Ebb and flow in a minute:*

*From the usurer to his sons,  
 There a current swiftly runs ;  
 From the sons to queans in chief,  
 From the gallant to the thief ;  
 From the thief unto his host,  
 From the host to husbandmen ;  
 From the country to the court,  
 And so it comes to us again.  
 How round the world goes,  
 And every thing that's in it !  
 The tides of gold and silver  
 Ebb and flow in a minute.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Before Brandino's House.*

*PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA appear at the Window  
 above.*

*Phi.* What time of night is't ?

*Vio.* Time of night do you call't ?

It is so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.

*Phi.* Fie on him ! there's no looking for him then :  
 Why sure this gentleman apprehends me not.

*Vio.* 'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool,  
 mistress.

*Phi.* Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not in this,  
 Which were a beaten path to any wise man,  
 I'll never trust him with my reputation.  
 Therefore I made this trial of his wit ;  
 If he cannot conceive what's good for himself,

He will worse understand what's good for me.

*Vio* But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,  
He never saw your letter?

*Phi.* How thou plyest me  
With suppositions! Why, I tell thee, wench,  
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband  
To keep it from him, as to be young again,  
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brag'd on,  
For bearing children by him.

*Vio.* There's no remedy then;  
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.

*Phi.* I would my letter, wench, were here again,  
I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one;  
And travel some five years first.

*Vio.* So he had need, methinks,  
To understand the words; methinks the words  
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the  
perseverance

Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,<sup>o</sup>  
And cannot write nor read, poor fool! this coxcomb  
He can do both, and your name's but Philippa,  
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd!

*Phi.* He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.  
Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song,  
wench;

We'll not sit up for nothing.

*Vio.* That's poor comfort, though.

*Phi.* Better than any's brought, for aught I see,  
yet.

So set to your lute.

\* *Philip.*] A sparrow is called *Philip*. See the notes on King John; ed. 1803, vol. X. p. 364.—*Reed.*

## SONG.

Phi. *If in this question I propound to thee,  
Be any, any choice,  
Let me have thy voice.*

Vio. *You shall most free.*

Phi. *Which hadst thou rather be,  
If thou might choose thy life,  
A fool's, a fool's mistress,  
Or an old man's wife?*

Vio. *The choice is hard, I know not which is best,  
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's least.*

Phi. *But being not bound, my dearest sweet,  
I could shake off the other.*

Vio. *Then as you lose your sport by one,  
You lose your name by t'other.*

Phi. *You counsel well, but love refuses  
What good counsel often chooses.* [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter MARTIA as ANSALDO in a Shirt.*

*Ans.* I ha' got myself unbound yet: Merciless  
villains!

I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me;  
'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,  
That was my only comfort in the woods,  
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,



Has brought me thus far ; yet I cannot hope  
For succour in this plight, the world's so pitiless,  
And every one will fear or doubt me now :  
To knock will be too bold ; I'll to the gate,  
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Fran.* Was ever man so cross'd ? No, 'tis but  
sweat, sure,  
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me ;  
I thought 't had bled again. These wenching  
businesses

Are strange unlucky things, and fatal fooleries ;  
No mar'l so many gallants die ere thirty ;  
'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,  
The crosses that belong to't : First arrested,  
That set me back two mangy hours at least ;  
Yet that's a thing my heat could have forgotten,  
Because arresting, in what kind soever,  
Is a most gentleman-like affliction :  
But here, within a mile o' th' town, forsooth,  
And two mile off this place, when a man's oath  
Might ha' been taken for his own security,  
And his thoughts brisk, and set upon the business,  
To light upon a roguy flight of thieves !  
Pox on 'em, here's the length of one of their  
whistles.

But one of my dear rascals I pursued so,  
The gaol has him, and he shall bring out's fellows.  
Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune ?  
I'm glad I am so near yet ; the surgeon bade me to  
Have a great care ; I shall never think of that now.

*Ans.* One of the thieves come back again ? I'll  
stand close ;

He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,  
And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer it.

*Fran.* 'Life, what should that be? a prodigious thing

Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too  
Which always appears terrible.

Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me  
By my ill purpose: For 'tis man's own sins  
That put on armour upon all his evils,  
And give them strength to strike him. Were it  
less

Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve;  
A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.

Were this a business now to save an honour,  
As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then  
Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee: Now I dare not.

Why may't not be the spirit of my father,  
That loved this man so well, whom I make haste  
Now to abuse? and I have been cross'd about it  
Most fearfully hitherto, if I think well on't;  
'Scaped death but lately too, nay most miraculously.

And what does fond man venture all these ills for,  
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace,  
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was

To his own sense, but removed nearer still

To death eternal? What delight has man

Now at this present, for his pleasant sin  
Of yesterday's committing? Alas, 'tis vanish'd,  
And nothing but the sting remains within him.

The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now  
An 'twere but only that. How blest were man,  
Might he but have his end appear still to him,  
That he might read his actions i' th' event!

'Twould make him write true, though he never  
meant.

Whose check so'er thou art, father's, or friend's,  
Or enemy's, I thank thee; peace requite thee.—

Light, and thy lighter mistress, both farewell!  
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell.

[*Exit.*

*Ans.* He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed;

I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,  
For no compassion can be less than theirs.

*Phi.* [*Above.*] He's come, he's come:—Oh, are you come at last, sir?

Make little noise.—Away, he'll knock again else.

*Ans.* I should have been at Istria by day-break too,

Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy Widow's;

There waits one purposely to do me good.

What will become of me?

*Enter VIOLETTA.*

*Vio.* Oh, you are a sweet gallant! this your hour?

Give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me,

I'll bring you to light presently; softly, softly,

sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in the same House.*

*Enter PHILIPPA below.*

*Phi.* I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts

The dullest young man, if he had not found it;

So short of apprehension, and so worthless,

He were not fit for woman's fellowship.

I have been at cost too for a banquet for him.



Why, 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially  
 To think that man should ha' no more conceit ;  
 I should ha' thought the worse on's wit for ever,  
 And blamed mine own for too much forwardness.

*Enter VIOLETTA.*

*Vio.* Oh mistress, mistress !

*Phi.* How now, what's the news ?

*Vio.* Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and  
 a half.

*Phi.* Ha ?

*Vio.* They are scarce settled yet, mistress.

*Phi.* What's the matter ?

*Vio.* Do you ask me that question seriously ?  
 Did you not hear me squeak ?

*Phi.* How ? sure thou art  
 Out of thy wits indeed.

*Vio.* Oh, I'm well now,  
 To what I was, mistress.

*Phi.* Why, where's the gentleman ?

*Vio.* The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely  
 one,  
 But not Francisco.

*Phi.* What say'st ? not Francisco ?

*Vio.* Pish, he's a coxcomb ; think not on him,  
 mistress.

*Phi.* What's all this ?

*Vio.* I have often heard you say, you had rather  
 have

A wise man in his shirt, than a fool feather'd ;  
 And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young  
 gentleman,

Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought  
 with him :

The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mis-  
 tress ;



I think it was a shirt; I know not well,  
For gallants wear both now-a-days.

*Phi.* This is strange.

*Vio.* But for a face, a hand, and as much skin  
As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one;  
Francisco is a child of Egypt to him:  
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,  
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

*Phi.* 'Twas charitably done.

*Vio.* You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as  
I did. Sweet youth, I'll be sworn, mistress, he's  
the loveliest, proper'st young gentleman, and so  
you'll say yourself, if my master's clothes do not  
spoil him, that's all the fear now; I would 't had  
been your luck to have seen him without 'em, but  
for scaring of you.

*Phi.* Go, pr'ythee fetch him in, whom thou  
commend'st so. [Exit VIOLETTA.  
Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much  
of him;

And better he deserves our love and welcome,  
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepared for;  
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,  
I will have trial of his wit, and faith,  
Before I make him partner with my honour.  
'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceived me;  
I'll take more heed o' th' next for't: perhaps now,  
To furnish his distress, he will appear  
Full of fair promising courtship; but I'll prove  
him then

For a next meeting, when he needs me not,  
And see what he performs then when the storm  
Of his so rude misfortune is blown over,  
And he himself again: A distrest man's flatteries  
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;  
There's poor assurance in 'em: When he's from me,  
And in's own power, then I shall see his love.

*Enter MARTIA as ANSALDO, and VIOLETTA.*

'Mass, here he comes.

*Ans.* Never was star-cross'd gentleman  
More happy in a courteous virgin's love,  
Than I in yours.

*Vio.* I am sorry they're no better for you ;  
I wish'd them handsomer, and more in fashion,  
But truly, sir, our house affords it not :  
There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret ;  
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge  
With modesty of men's matters.

*Ans.* I deserve not  
This, dear, kind gentlewoman. Is yond your mis-  
tress ?

*Phi.* Why trust me, here's my husband young  
again !—

It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.

*Ans.* I am so much indebted, courteous lady,  
To the unmatched charity of your house,  
My thanks are such poor things, they would but  
shame me.

*Phi.* Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him : I  
fear me

I have found wit enough already in him.

If I could truly but resolve myself,

My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,

'Troth I should think the better of him at four-  
score now.

*Vio.* Nay, mistress, what would he be were he  
in fashion ?

A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,  
That now appears so handsome and so comely in  
clothes

Able to make a man an unbeliever,  
And good for nothing but for shift, or so,

If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better !  
 This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em ;  
 A man may make him ready ' in such clothes  
 Without a candle.

*Phi.* Ay, for shame of himself, wench.

*Vio.* My master does it oft in winter mornings,  
 And never sees himself till he be ready.

*Phi.* No, nor then neither, as he should do,  
 wench.—

I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you  
 A courtesy, in all points answerable  
 To your undoubted worth. Your name, I crave,  
 sir.

*Ans.* Ansaldo, lady.

*Phi.* 'Tis a noble name, sir.

*Ans.* The most unfortunate now.

*Vio.* So do I think, truly,  
 As long as that suit's on.

*Phi.* The most unfitting,  
 And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,  
 I do presume, is that you have past already ;  
 Your pardon but for that, and we're encouraged.

*Ans.* My faithful service, lady.

*Phi.* Please you, sir,  
 To taste the next, a poor slight banquet ;  
 For sure I think you were unluckily  
 Prevented of your supper, sir.

*Ans.* My fortune makes me more than amends,  
 lady,  
 In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn me,  
 It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you ;  
 I am this morning, that with clearness now  
 So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend

<sup>1</sup> *A man may make him ready.*] That is, dress himself. To make unready was used for undressing. See vol. VI. p. 203.



Upon my state's establishing, and the place  
Ten miles from hence: Oh, I am forced unwill-  
ingly

To crave your leave for't; which done, I return  
In service plentiful.

*Phi.* Is't so important?

*Ans.* If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

*Phi.* I think too well of you, to undo you, sir,  
Upon this small acquaintance.

*Ans.* My great happiness.

*Phi.* But when should I be sure of you here  
again, sir?

*Ans.* As fast as speed can possibly return me.

*Phi.* You will not fail?

*Ans.* May never wish go well with me then!

*Phi.* There's to bear charges, sir.

*Ans.* Courtesy dwells in you.

I brought my horse up with me from the woods,  
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills  
too.

May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,  
But still supplied, as liberally as you give!

*Phi.* Farewell, sir, and be faithful.

*Ans.* Time shall prove me. [*Exit* ANSALDO.]

*Phi.* In my opinion now, this young man's  
likeliest

To keep his word; he's modest, wise, and cour-  
teous;

He has the language of an honest soul in him:  
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,  
I am much deceived else; he has a faithful eye,  
If it be well observed.

*Vio.* Good speed be with thee, sir!—  
He puts him to't, i'faith.

*Phi.* Violetta!

*Vio.* Mistress.



*Phi.* Alas, what have we done, wench?

*Vio.* What's the matter, mistress?

*Phi.* Run, run, call him again; he must stay,  
tell him,

Though it be upon's undoing, we're undone else;  
Your master's clothes, they are known the coun-  
try over.

*Vio.* Now by this light that's true, and well re-  
member'd;

But there's no calling of him; he's out of sight  
now.

*Phi.* Oh, what will people think?

*Vio.* What can they think, mistress?

The gentleman has the worse on't: Were I he  
now,

I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,  
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.

*Phi.* Will he be careful, think'st?

*Vio.* My life for yours, mistress.

*Phi.* I shall long mightily to see him again.

*Vio.* And so shall I; I shall never laugh till then.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Istria.—A Street.*

*Enter RICARDO and 2d Suitor at one side of the Stage, and VALERIA and 1st Suitor at the other.*

*Ric.* It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.

*2 Suit.* Ay, and shall still to th' end, my honey :  
Wherefore

Have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?—

*1 Suit.* My whole state on't, thou overthrow'st  
him, Widow.

*Val.* I hope well still, sir.

*1 Suit.* Hope? be certain, wench :

I make no question now, but thou art mine,  
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.

*Val.* By'r lady, that I doubt, sir.

*1 Suit.* Oh, 'tis clear, wench,

By one thing that I mark'd.

*Val.* What's that, good sweet sir?

*1 Suit.* A thing that never fail'd me.

*Val.* Good sir, what?

*1 Suit.* I heard our counsellor speak a word of  
comfort,

*Invita voluntate* ; ha, that's he, wench,  
The word of words, the precious chief, i'faith.

*Val.* *Invita voluntate*, what's the meaning, sir?

*1 Suit.* Nay there I leave you, but assure you  
thus much,

I never heard him speak that word i' my life,

But the cause went on's side, that I mark'd ever.—

*2 Suit.* Do, do, and spare not: Thou would'st talk with her.

*Ric.* Yes, with your leave and liking.

*2 Suit.* Do, my adoption,  
My chosen child; an thou hold'st so obedient,  
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.

*Ric.* A child's part in your love, that's my ambition, sir.

*2 Suit.* Go, and deserve it then: Please me  
— well now;

I love a wrangling life, boy; there's my delight;  
I have no other ventry but vexation,  
That's all my honey now: Smartly now to her;  
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

*Ric.* This need not ha' been, Widow.

*Val.* You say right, sir.

No, not your treachery, your close conspiracy  
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been  
neither.

*Ric.* I had you fairly; I scorn treachery  
To your woman that I never meant to marry,  
Much more to you whom I reserved for wife.

*Val.* How! wife?

*Ric.* Ay, wife, wife, Widow, be not ashamed  
on't;

It's the best calling ever woman came to,  
And all your grace, indeed, brag as you list.

*2 Suit.* Ha, ha!

*Val.* I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.

*1 Suit.* Oh, oh!

*Ric.* Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain  
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall  
again,

When my head's laid: But that's not yet this  
threescore year.

Let's talk of nearer matters.

*Val.* You're as near, sir,  
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.

*Ric.* Now, before conscience, you're a wilful  
housewife.

*Val.* How?

*Ric.* Ay, and I fear you spend my goods la-  
vishly.

*Val.* Your goods?

*Ric.* I shall miss much, I doubt me,  
When I come to look over the inventory.

*Val.* I'll give you my word you shall, sir.

*Ric.* Look to't, Widow,  
A night may come will call you to account for't.

*Val.* Oh if you had me now, sir, in this heat,  
I do but think how you'd be revenged on me.

*Ric.* Ay, may I perish else, if I would not get  
Three children at a birth, an I could, of thee.

1 *Suit.* Take off your youngster there.

2 *Suit.* Take off your widow first,  
He shall have the last word, I pay for't dearly.—  
To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker.  
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

*Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.*

*Val.* Oh, brother! see I'm up to th' ears in law  
here;

Look, copy upon copy.

*Bran.* 'Twere grief enough, if a man did but  
hear on't,

But I'm in pain to see't.

*Val.* What, sore eyes still, brother?

*Bran.* Worse and worse, sister; the old wo-  
man's water

Does me no good.

*Val.* Why, it has help'd many, sir.

*Bran.* It helps not me, I'm sure.

*Mar.* Oh, oh.



*Val.* What ails Martino too?

*Mar.* Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach!

*Bran.* Ah, poor worm, this he endures for me now.

There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion  
In a kind husband, when his wife breeds child,  
Than in Martino; I have mark'd it ever;  
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still; and to  
quit me,<sup>2</sup>

It is his eye-tooth too.

*Mar.* Ay, ay, ay, ay.

*Val.* Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,  
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, sir;  
His flag hangs out in town here, i' th' Cross-inn,  
With admirable cures of all conditions;  
It shews him a great travelling and learn'd em-  
pirick.

*Bran.* We'll both to him, Martino.

*Val.* Hark you, brother.

Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.

*Suit.* Ay, about that, sweet Widow.

*Val.* True; speak low, sir.

*Bran.* Well, what's the business? say, say.

*Val.* Marry this, brother:

Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,  
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,  
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,  
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.

*Suit.* Say me those words, good sir, I'll make  
'em worth

A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.

*Bran.* I shall do much for that.

<sup>2</sup> *To quit me.] i. e. Quite, or requite.*

*Enter VIOLETTA.*

*Val.* Welcome, sweetheart,  
Thou com'st most happily; I'm bold to send for  
thee  
To make a purpose good.

*Vio.* I take delight, forsooth,  
In any such employment.

*1 Suit.* Good wench, trust me.

*Ric.* How, sir, let fall the suit? 'Life, I'll go  
naked first.

*Bran.* A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.

*Ric.* Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when  
they're thought on.

*Bran.* A good round sum.

*Ric.* A good round widow's better;  
There's meat and money too. I have been bought  
Out of my lands, and yielded; but, sir, scorn  
To be bought out of my affection.

*Bran.* Why, here's even just my university  
spirit;

I prized a piece of red deer above gold then.

*Ric.* My patron would be mad, an he should  
hear on't.

*Mar.* I pray what's good, sir, for a wicked  
tooth?

*Ric.* Hang'd, drawn, and quartering; is't a hol-  
low one?

*Mar.* Ay, 'tis a hollow one.

*Ric.* Then take the powder  
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.

*Mar.* Why sure you mock me.

*Ric.* 'Troth, I think I do, sir.

*2 Suit.* Come hither, honey; what's the news  
in whispers?

*Bran.* He will not be bought out.

*Val.* No? That's strange, brother.

Pray take a little pains about this project then,  
And try what that effects.

*Bran.* I like this better.—

Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here,  
For amity's sake, and peace, to end all contro-  
versy ;

This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,  
Whom for her person and her portion  
I could bestow most richly, but in pity  
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,  
I am content to yield to her desire.

*Ric.* At me?

*Bran.* But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.  
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,  
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks,  
sir :

Nay, one that has rid fifteen miles this morning  
For your love only.

*2 Suit.* Honey, hearken after her.

Being rich, I can have all my money there ;  
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further ;  
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.

*Ric.* Do you love me, forsooth?

*Vio.* Oh, infinitely.

*Ric.* I do not ask thee, that I meant to have  
thee ;

But only to know what came in thy head to love  
me.

*Vio.* My time was come, sir ; that's all I can say.

*Ric.* Alas, poor soul ! where didst thou love me,  
pr'ythee?

*Vio.* In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window,  
sir.

*Ric.* A window ! pr'ythee clap it to, and call it  
in again ;

What was I doing then, should make thee love me?

*Vio.* Twirling your band-string, which, methought, became you so generously well.

*Ric.* 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for: That love was likely to be tied in matrimony, that began in a band-string: Yet I ha' known as much come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare you well, sister; I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

*2 Suit.* Art thou come home again? stick'st thou there still?

I will defend thee still then.

*1 Suit.* Sir, your malice

Will have enough on't.

*2 Suit.* I will have my humour.

*1 Suit.* Beggary will prove the sponge.

*2 Suit.* Sponge i' thy gascoyns,  
Thy gally-gascoyns there!<sup>3</sup>

*Ric.* Ha! brave protector!

*Bran.* I thought 'twould come to open wars  
again.

Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops!

I'll have a care of mine eyes.

*Mar.* I of my chops.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Gally-gascoyns*]—"or wide hose or slops, q. d. Caligæ Gallovasconicæ, sic dictæ quia Vascones istiusmodi caligis utuntur."—*Skinner's Etymologicon.* So, in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 8:—"— of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coates, others strait trusses and divells breeches: some *gally gascoynes*, or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists," &c.—*Reed.*

See vol. II. p. 148, and vol. V. p. 458.



## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Cross-Inn. A Banner of Cures  
and Diseases hung out.*

*Enter LATROCINIO and OCCULTO, disguised as  
Mountebanks.*

*Lat.* Away! Out with the banner! send's good  
luck to-day!

*Oc.* I warrant you; your name's spread, sir, for  
an empirick.

There's an old mason, troubled with the stone,  
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel;  
He would have ease fain.

*Lat.* Marry, I cannot blame him, sir.

But how he will come by't, there lies the question.

*Oc.* You must do somewhat, sir, for he's swol'n  
most piteously;

He has urine in him now was brew'd last March.

*Lat.* 'Twill be rich geer for dyers.

*Oc.* I would 'twere come to that, sir.

*Lat.* Let me see;

I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gun-  
powder.

*Oc.* Gunpowder! What, sir, to break the stone?

*Lat.* Ay, by my faith, sir.

It is the likeliest thing I know to do it;

I am sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down,  
I see no reason but 't should break the stone.

*Oc.* Nay, use your pleasure, sir.

*Lat.* 'Troth, if that do not,  
I ha' nothing else that will.

*Oc.* I know that too.

*Lat.* Why then thou art a coxcomb to make  
question on't.

Go call in all the rest, I have employment for  
them. [*Exit OCCULTO.*

When the highways grow thin with travellers,  
And few portmanteaus stirring, (as all trades  
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor ta-  
kings,

And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still,  
Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons  
Whose purses I can never get abroad,

I take 'em at more ease here i'my chamber,  
And make 'em come to me; it's more state-like too.

Hang him that has but one way to his trade;

He's like a mouth that eats but on one side,

And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine  
among shavers,

And both-handed feeders.—Stratio, Silvio, and  
Fiducio!

*Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, and FIDUCIO.*

I will have none left out; there's parts for you.

*Sil.* For us? Pray let us have 'em.

*Lat.* Change yourselves

With all speed possible into several shapes,<sup>4</sup>

Far from your own; as you a farmer, sir;

A grazier you; and you may be a miller.

*Fid.* Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief;  
That may spoil all again.

*Lat.* Some country tailor then.

<sup>4</sup> *Shape.*] *i. e.* Disguises. See vol. VII. p. 109.

*Fid.* That's near enough, by'r lady, yet I'll venture that ;

The miller's a white devil; he wears his theft  
Like innocence in badges most apparently  
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips ;  
The tailor modestly between his legs.

*Lat.* Why, pray, do you present that modest thief, then ;

And, hark you, for the purpose.

*Sil.* 'Twill improve you, sir.

*Lat.* 'Twill get believers; believe that, my masters ;

Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer ;

When you see any come, repair you to me,  
As samples of my skill. There are few arts  
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off ;  
Then, where the art itself is but a shadow,  
What need is there, my friends! Make haste,  
away, sirs.

*Enter OCCULTO.*

*Oc.* Where are you, sir ?

*Lat.* Not far, man : What's the news ?

*Oc.* The old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once  
by moonlight,

And bound his man and him, in haycock time,  
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity  
Left their mares by 'em, which I think, ere mid-  
night,

Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty—

*Lat.* 'Life, what of him, man ?

*Oc.* He's inquiring earnestly

For the great man of art; indeed for you, sir :  
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir: Make yourself  
dainty now,

And that's three parts of any profession.

*Lat.* I have enough on't.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter MARTIA as ANSALDO, in BRANDINO'S clothes.*

*Oc.* How now, what thing's this?

Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice  
Newly revived, with ne'er a hair on's face.

It should be the first rather by his smoothness,  
But I ha' known the first part written last:

'Tis he, or, let me perish, the young gentleman  
We robb'd and stript; but I am far from know-  
ledge now.

*Ans.* One word, I pray, sir.

*Oc.* With me, gentle sir?

*Ans.* Was there not lately seen about these  
parts, sir,

A knot of fellows, whose conditions  
Are privily suspected?

*Oc.* Why do you ask, sir?

*Ans.* There was a poor young gentleman robb'd  
last night.

*Oc.* Robb'd?

*Ans.* Stript of all, 'ifaith.

*Oc.* Oh, beastly rascals!

Alas, what was he?

*Ans.* Look o' me, and know him, sir.

*Oc.* Hard-hearted villains! strip? 'Troth when  
I saw you,

Methought those clothes were never made for  
you, sir.

*Ans.* Want made me glad of 'em.

*Oc.* 'Send you better fortune, sir;—

That we may have a bout with you once again.

[*Aside.*]

*Ans.* I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.



*Oc.* 'Tis with my heart, i'faith; now store of  
coin

And better clothes be with you.

*Ans.* There's some honest yet,  
And charitably minded.—How, what's here to do?  
[Sees the banner.

*Here within this place is cured* [Reads.  
*All the griefs that were ever endured.*

Nay there thou liest: I endured one last night  
Thou canst not cure this morning; a strange  
promiser!

*Palsy, gout, hydropic humour,  
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,  
Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,  
Or what disease so'er beleaguer 'em,  
Stone, rupture, squinancy, imposthume;  
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.*

That's conscionably said, i'faith.

*In brief, you cannot, I assure you,  
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.*

By'r lady, you shall pardon me, I'll not try't, sir.

*Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.*

*Bran.* Martino, is not yond my hinder-parts?

*Mar.* Yes, and your fore-parts too, sir.

*Bran.* I trow so;

I never saw my hind-parts in my life else,  
No, nor my fore-ones neither.—What are you, sir?  
Are you a justice, pray?

*Ans.* A justice? No, truly.

*Bran.* How came this suit to you, then?

*Ans.* How? this suit?

Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?

*Bran.* You'll find it so; 'twas made for nobody else;

I paid for't.

*Ans.* Oh strange fortune! I have undone  
The charitable woman.

*Bran.* He'll be gone.

Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid.

*Ans.* Hold me? Oh curse of fate!

[*Strikes* MARTINO.]

*Mar.* Oh, master, master!

*Bran.* What ails Martino?

*Mar.* In my conscience

He has beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now,  
Three degrees off.

*Bran.* Oh slave, spoil'd a fine penman!

*Ans.* He lack'd good manners though; lay hands  
o' me!

I scorn all the deserts that belong to't.

*Enter* LATROCINIO.

*Lat.* Why, how now? What's the broil?

*Bran.* The man of art,

I take you, sir, to be.

*Lat.* I'm the professor

Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.

*Bran.* Our business was to you, most skilful sir;  
But in the way to you, right worshipful,  
I met a thief.

*Lat.* A thief?

*Bran.* With my clothes on, sir;

Let but the coat be search'd, I'll pawn my life  
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' th' pockets;  
And a white thimble, that I found i' th' moon-  
light;

Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.

*Mar.* Ay, ay.

*Bran.* Oh, he has spoil'd the worthiest clerk,  
that e'er

Drew warrant here!

*Lat.* Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal  
plain with you,

That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.

*Ans.* I dare not say which way, that's my affliction.

*Lat.* Is not your worship's name Signior Brandino, sir?

*Bran.* It has been so, these threescore years  
and upwards.

*Lat.* I heard there was a robbery done last night,  
Near to your house.

*Ans.* You heard a truth then, sir,  
And I the man was robb'd.

*Lat.* Ah, that's too gross!  
Send him away for fear of farther mischief;  
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.

*Bran.* I want but aid.

*Lat.* Within there!

*Enter two or three Servants.*

*Bran.* Seize upon that impudent thief.

*Ans.* Then hear me speak.

*Bran.* Away;

I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes  
again.

To prison with the varlet!

*Ans.* How am I punish'd!

*Bran.* I'll make thee bring out all, before I  
leave thee.

*[Exeunt Servants with ANSALDO.]*

*Lat.* You have took an excellent course with  
this bold villain, sir.

*Bran.* I am sworn for service to the common-  
wealth, sir.—

*Enter* STRATIO, SILVIO, and FIDUCIO, *disguised.*

What are these, learned sir?

*Lat.* Oh, they're my patients.—

Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.

*Stra.* 'Tis farewell gout, almost, I thank your  
worship.

*Lat.* What now? you cannot part so soon, I hope?  
You came but lately to me.

*Stra.* But most happily;  
I can go near to leap, sir.

[*Leaps.*

*Lat.* What! you cannot?

Away, I say: Take heed, be not too venturous  
though;

I have had you but three days, remember that.

*Stra.* Those three are better than three hun-  
dred, sir.

[*Leaps again.*

*Lat.* Yet again!

*Stra.* Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.

*Lat.* You with the rupture there, *hernia in  
scrotum,*

Pray let me see your pace this morning; walk, sir;  
I'll take your distance strait; 'twas *F. O.* yester-  
day:<sup>3</sup>

Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration,

*Secundo gradu*; you're *F. U.* already;

Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort,  
sir,

<sup>3</sup> 'Twas *F. O. yesterday . . . You're F. U. already.*] This, I suppose, alludes to certain marks on the rule by which he pretended to measure Stratio's strides.



Your knees are come within three inches now  
Of one another ; by to-morrow noon  
I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.

*Sil.* Bless your worship.

*Bran.* You have a hundred prayers in a morning,  
sir.

*Lat.* 'Faith, we have a few to pass away the  
day with.—

Tailor, you had a stitch.

*Fid.* Oh good your worship,  
I have had none since Easter : Were I rid  
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy ;  
I cannot thread my needle.

*Lat.* No ! that's hard,  
I never mark'd so much.

*Fid.* It comes by fits, sir.

*Lat.* Alas, poor man !—What would your wor-  
ship say now

To see me help this fellow at an instant ?

*Bran.* And make him firm from shaking ?

*Lat.* As a steeple,  
From the disease on't.

*Bran.* 'Tis to me miraculous.

*Lat.* You, with your whoremaster disease, come  
hither ;

Here, take me this round glass, and hold it sted-  
fast,

Yet more, sir, yet, I say ; so.

*Bran.* Admirable !

*Lat.* Go, live, and thread thy needle.

*Bran.* Here, Martino :—

Alas, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,  
And cannot utter 'em.

*Lat.* No ? what's the malady ?

*Bran.* The fury of a tooth.

*Lat.* A tooth ? ha, ha ;

I thought 'thad been some gangrene, fistula,

Canker, or ramex.

*Bran.* No, it's enough as 'tis, sir.

*Lat.* My man shall ease that straight :—Sit you  
down there, sir ;—

Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly.—

But what's your worship's malady, that's for me,  
sir ?

*Bran.* Marry, pray look you, sir : Your wor-  
ship's counsel

About mine eyes.

*Lat.* Sore eyes ! that's nothing too, sir.

*Bran.* By'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.

*Lat.* Have you no convulsions ? pricking aches,  
sir,

Ruptures, or apostemates ?

*Bran.* No, by my faith, sir,

Nor do I desire to have 'em.

*Lat.* Those are cures ;

There do I win my fame, sir.—Quickly, sirrah,

Reach me the eye-cup hither.—Do you make wa-  
ter well, sir ?

*Bran.* I'm all well there.

*Lat.* You feel no grief i' th' kidney ?

*Bran.* Sound, sound, sound, sir.

*Lat.* Oh, here's a breath, sir, I must talk withal,  
One of these mornings.

*Bran.* There I think, i' faith,  
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words  
Are come to pass, sir.

[LATROCINIO applies the eye-glass, and picks his  
pocket, while OCCULTO picks MARTINO'S.

*Mar.* Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that ;  
It is the next beyond it ; there, there !

*Oc.* The best have their mistakings : Now I'll  
fit you, sir.

*Bran.* What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with  
his coolness ?

*Lat.* Oh, sovereign geer ! Wink hard and keep it in, sir.

*Mar.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Oc.* Nay, here he goes ; one twitch more, and he comes, sir.

*Mar.* Auh, ho.

*Oc.* Spit out : I told you he was gone, sir.

*Bran.* How chears Martino ?

*Mar.* Oh, I can answer you now, master ;  
I feel great ease, sir.

*Bran.* So do I, Martino.

*Mar.* I am rid of a sore burden, for my part,  
master,  
Of a scal'd little one.

*Lat.* Please but your worship, now,  
To take three drops of the rich water with you ;  
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,  
At twice i' your own chamber.

*Bran.* Shall he so, sir ?

*Lat.* I will uphold him in't.

*Mar.* Then will I do't, sir.

*Lat.* How lively your man's now !

*Mar.* Oh, I'm so light, methinks,  
As e'er I was.\*

*Bran.* What is't contents your worship ?

*Lat.* Even what your worship please. I am not mercenary.

*Bran.* My purse is gone, Martino !

*Lat.* How, your purse, sir ?

*Bran.* 'Tis gone, i'faith : I have been among some rascals.

*Mar.* And that's a thing  
I ever gave you warning of, master ; you care not  
What company you run into.

\* Over *I was.*] So the former copies.

*Bran.* Lend me some money : Chide me anon,  
I pry'thee.

A pox on 'em for vipers ! they ha' suck'd blood  
o' me.

*Mar.* Oh, master !

*Bran.* How now, man ?

*Mar.* My purse is gone too.

*Bran.* How ?

I'll ne'er take warning more of thee while I live  
then ;

Thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit  
To give good counsel to thy master, that  
Canst not keep from ill company thyself.

*Lat.* This is most strange, sir : Both your purses  
gone !

*Mar.* Sir, I'd my hand on mine, when I came in.

*Lat.* Are you but sure of that ? Oh, 'would you  
were !

*Mar.* As I'm of ease.

*Lat.* Then, they're both gone one way ; be that  
your comfort.

*Bran.* Ay, but what way ? that, sir !

*Lat.* That close knave in your clothes has got  
'em both,

'Tis well you have clapt him fast.

*Bran.* Why, that's impossible.

*Lat.* Oh, tell me, sir ! I ha' known purses gone,  
And the thief stand, and look one full i' th' face,  
As I may do your worship, and your man, now.

*Mar.* Nay, that's most certain, master.

*Bran.* I will make

That rascal in my clothes answer all this then,  
And all the robberies that have been done  
Since the moon changed. Get you home first,  
Martino,

And know if any of my wife's things are missing,  
Or any more of mine : Tell her he's taken,



And by that token he has took both our purses.

*Mar.* That's an ill token, master.

*Bran.* That's all one, sir,  
She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure  
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.  
Begone, make haste again;  
And meet me part o' th' way.

*Mar.* I'll hang the villain,  
An 'twere for nothing but the sowse he gave me.

[*Exit.*

*Bran.* Sir, I depart ashamed of my requital,  
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge  
Of further thankfulness.

*Lat.* No, I beseech you, sir.

*Bran.* Indeed you shall, sir.

*Lat.* Oh, your worship's word, sir,—

*Bran.* You shall have my word too, for a rare  
gentleman

As e'er I met withal.

[*Exit.*

*Lat.* Clear sight be with you, sir;  
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,  
That comes with the ninth child now, may af-  
ford it.

'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous tooth-  
drawer.

*Oc.* There was no fear of me; I have often told  
you

I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,  
But ran away i' th' second year.

*Lat.* Ay, marry,  
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,  
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs?

*Oc.* Some threescore dollars i' the master's  
purse,  
And sixteen in the clerk's; a silver seal,  
Two or three amber beads, and four blank war-  
rants.

*Lat.* Warrants! where be they? The best news came yet.

Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal: I thank him;

This comes most luckily: One of our fellows Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty, And other good boys after him: And if he In the old justice's suit, whom we robb'd lately, Will come off roundly,<sup>5</sup> we'll set him free too.

*Oe.* That were a good deed; 'faith, we may in pity.

*Lat.* There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days;

Money or ware must help too.

### SONG.

[IN PARTS, BY THE THIEVES.]

*Give me fortune, give me health,  
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth.  
Who complains his fate's amiss,  
When he has the wide world his?  
He that has the devil in fee,  
Can have but all, and so have we.  
Give us fortune, give us health,  
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.  
In every hamlet, town, and city,  
He has lands that was born witty.*

[Exeunt.]

<sup>5</sup> *Come off roundly.*] A proverbial phrase, signifying—to pay well. So in *The Wits* by Davenant—

“Where shall we dine to-day?—  
At Lucy's aunt's; we'll make her costive beldameship  
*Come off*; when she beholds a goodly jointure,  
And our fair hopes.”

In the line before this, the former copies read—Whom *he* robb'd lately.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Country. A Room in Brandino's House.*

*Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA.*

*Phi.* How well this gentleman keeps his promise too!

Sure there's no trust in man.

*Vio.* They are all Franciscos,  
That's my opinion, mistress; fools, or false ones.  
He might have had the honesty yet, i'faith,  
To send my master's clothes home.

*Phi.* Ay, those clothes.

*Vio.* Colliers come by the door every day, mistress;

Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers;  
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,  
And kept veal from the wind.

*Phi.* Those clothes much trouble me.

*Vio.* 'Faith, an he were a gentleman, as he seem'd  
To be, they would trouble him too, I think;  
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.

*Phi.* 'Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should  
think, wench,  
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony  
For after-times, to shew what misery  
He past in his young days, and then wept over 'em.

*Vio.* Weep, mistress?

Nay sure, methinks, he should not weep for laughing.

*Enter MARTINO.*

*Phi.* Martino? Oh, we are spoil'd, wench. Are they come then?

*Mar.* Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you;  
Comfort your heart. What have you to breakfast, mistress?

You shall have all again, I warrant you.

*Phi.* What says he, wench?

*Vio.* I'm loth to understand him.

*Mar.* Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;

You shall not lose a hair, take 't o' my word;  
We have him safe enough.

*Phi.* Alas, sweet wench,  
This man talks fearfully.

*Vio.* And I know not what yet;  
That's the worst, mistress.

*Mar.* Can you tell me, pray,  
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no?  
There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons  
Would have served me this seven year. Oh, and  
my fig-cheese!

The fig of everlasting obloquy  
Go with him, if he have eat it! I'll make haste,  
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,  
Grossly and beastly; how do you think, i'faith?

*Phi.* I know not, sir.

*Mar.* Troth, in my master's clothes:  
Would any thief but a beast, been taken so?

*Phi.* Wench, wench! [*Apart to VIOLETTA:*

*Vio.* I have grief enough of mine own to tend,  
mistress.



*Phi.* Did he confess the robbery ?

*Mar.* O, no, no, mistress ;

He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing ;  
While we were examining on him, he took away  
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing  
still.

*Phi.* That's but some slanderous injury raised  
against him.—

Came not your master with you ?

*Mar.* No, sweet mistress ;

I must make haste and meet him : Pray, dispatch  
me then.

*Phi.* I have look'd over all with special heed-  
fulness ;

There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,  
But that suit of your master's.

*Mar.* I'm right glad on't.

That suit would hang him, yet I would not have  
Him hang'd in that suit though ; it will disgrace  
My master's fashion for ever, and make it as  
hateful

As yellow bands.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Phi.* O, what shall's do, wench ?

<sup>6</sup> *Yellow bands.*] It has been observed in a former volume, that bands, dyed with yellow starch, invented by the celebrated Mrs Turner, were very fashionable. After her execution, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, they were, at least for a time, discontinued, and to this the text evidently alludes. In Sir Simon D'Ewes' Life, quoted from the MS. by Mr Reed, he says, that the hangman, on that occasion, wore bands and cuffs of the same colour, "which made many of either sex to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till, at last, it grew generallie to be detested and disused." In the year 1621 and 1622, the fashion became prevalent again as ever, and from this it seems evident that this comedy was produced between 1615 and 1621, probably soon after the first of these years, in which Beaumont's death happened, which might induce Fletcher to join Jonson and Middleton in the composition of this play.

*Vio.* 'Tis no marvel, mistress,  
The poor young gentleman could not keep his  
promise.

*Phi.* Alas, sweet man! he's confess'd nothing  
yet, wench.

*Vio.* That shews his constancy and love to you,  
mistress;  
But you must do't of force, there is no help for't.  
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much,  
Let 'em make what they can on't. 'Twere sin and  
pity, i'faith,

To cast away so sweet a gentleman,  
For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet;  
I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe  
on 'em.

*Phi.* Thou say'st true, wench.

*Enter MARTIA as ANSALDO.*

*Vio.* Oh, oh, they're come again, mistress.

*Phi.* Signior Ansaldo?

*Ans.* The same; mightily cross'd, lady,  
But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,  
A man of art: I know not justly what indeed,  
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,  
Wrought my release between 'em.

*Phi.* Met you not  
My husband's man?

*Ans.* I took such strange ways, lady,  
I hardly met a creature.

*Phi.* Oh, most welcome!

*Vio.* But how shall we bestow him, now we have  
him, mistress?

*Phi.* Alas, that's true.

*Vio.* Martino may come back again.

*Phi.* Step you into that little chamber speedily,  
sir;

And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires ;

His youth will well endure it.

*Vio.* That will be admirable.

*Phi.* Nay do't, do't quickly then ; and cut that suit

Into an hundred pieces, that it may ne'er be known again.

*Vio.* A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress ;

For if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail,

The deed will come out ; 'tis worse than a murder, I fear 'twill ne'er be hid.

*Phi.* Away ! do your endeavour, and dispatch, wench.

[*Exeunt VIOLETTA and ANSALDO.*

I have thought upon a way of certain safety, And I may keep him while I have him, too, Without suspicion now : I have heard o' th' like : A gentleman, that for a lady's love

Was thought six months her woman, tended on her In her own garments, and, she being a widow, Lay night by night with her in way of comfort ; Marry, in conclusion, match they did together. 'Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion !

*Enter BRANDINO with a Writing.*

He's come himself now ; if thou be'st a happy wench,

Be fortunate in thy speed ; I'll delay time With all the means I can.—Oh, welcome, sir.

*Bran.* I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly,

I am very busy yet. [*Reads.*] “ Cocksey-down, Memberry,



Her manor-house at Well-dun."

*Phi.* What's that, good sir?

*Bran.* The Widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift;

She's made all her estate over to me, wench :  
She'll be too hard for 'em all : And now come  
buss me ;

Good luck after thieves' handsel.

*Phi.* Oh, 'tis happy, sir ;  
You have him fast ?

*Bran.* I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

*Phi.* I was so lost in joy at the report on't,  
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

*Bran.* What's that, sweet blood ?

*Phi.* He, and his villains, sir,  
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

*Bran.* A gentlewoman ?

*Phi.* Nay, most uncivilly, and basely stript her,  
sir.

*Bran.* Oh, barbarous slaves !

*Phi.* I was even fain for woman-hood's sake,  
Alas, and charity's, to receive her in,  
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.

*Bran.* 'Twas most religiously done : I long for  
her.

Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou,  
woman ?

*Phi.* Nay, sir, I know not.

*Bran.* Guess, I pr'ythee, heartily :  
An enemy of thine.

*Phi.* That I hope you have not, sir.

*Bran.* But all was done in jest : he cries thee  
mercy ;—

Francisco, sirrah !

*Phi.* Oh, I think not on him.

*Bran.* That letter was but writ to try thy con-  
stancy :



He confess'd all to me.

*Phi.* Joy on him, sir!

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

So far am I from malice, look you, sir——

Welcome, sweet signior; but I'll never trust you,  
sir.

*Bran.* 'Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.

*Fran.* Methinks, I enter now this house with  
joy, [*Apart.*

Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;

I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek,

For a sin stamp'd last midnight: I can talk now

With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly,

With any scornful thought made of his shame.

What a sweet being is an honest mind!

It speaks peace to itself, and all mankind.

*Enter MARTINO.*

*Bran.* Martino!

*Mar.* Master?

*Bran.* There's another robbery done, sirrah,  
By the same party.

*Mar.* What? your worship mocks,  
Under correction.

*Phi.* I forgot to tell thee;  
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.

*Mar.* O pagan!<sup>s</sup>  
This fellow will be stoned to death with pipkins;  
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him  
With broken cruses, and pitchers without ears,  
He'll never die alive, that's my opinion.

*Oh, pagan.]* See vol. IX. p. 215.

*Enter MARTIA in Lady's Clothes, and VIOLETTA.*

*Phi.* Look you ; your judgments, gentlemen,  
yours especially,  
Signior Francisco, whose mere object now  
Is woman at these years ; that's the eye saint, I  
know,

Amongst young gallants : Husband, you have a  
glimpse too ;

You offer half an eye, as old as you are.

*Bran.* By'r lady, better, wench : An eye and a  
half, I trow,

I should be sorry else.

*Phi.* What think you now, sirs ?

Is't not a goodly manly gentlewoman ?

*Bran.* Beshrew my heart else, wife ;—

Pray, soft a little, signior, you're but my guest ;  
remember

I'm master of the house, I'll have the first buss.

*Phi.* But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places  
To give a stranger ever the first bit.

*Bran.* In woodcock or so : but there's no heed  
to be taken in mutton : We commonly fall so  
roundly to that, we forget ourselves.—

I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome,  
lady. [Kisses her.]

*Mar.* My master kisses, as I've heard a hack-  
ney-coachman

Chear up his mare ; chap, chap.

*Bran.* I have him fast, lady, and he shall lie  
by't close.

*Martia.* You cannot do me a greater pleasure,  
sir.

*Bran.* I am happily glad on't.

*Fran.* Methinks, there's somewhat whispers in  
my soul, [Aside.]

This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance  
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts ;  
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye  
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.

*Phi.* Wench, wench !

*Vio.* Pish, hold in your breath, mistress ;  
If you be seen to laugh, you'll spoil all presently ;  
I keep it in with all the might I have——puh !

*Martia.* Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir ?

*Bran.* An honest boy, i'faith,  
And came of a good kind : Dost like him, lady ?  
I would thou hadst him an thou beest not pro-  
mised ;  
He's worth ten thousand dollars.

*Vio.* By this light, mistress,  
My master will go near to make a match anon ;  
Methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress.

*Phi.* Peace ; thou'rt a drab.

*Bran.* Come hither now, Francisco :  
I have known the time I have had a better sto-  
mach ; .

Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

*Fran.* That face deserved a better fortune, lady,  
Than last night's rudeness shewed.

*Martia.* We cannot be  
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.

*Fran.* I return better pleased, than when I went.

*Mar.* And could that beastly imp rob you, for-  
sooth ?

*Martia.* Most true, forsooth.  
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,  
Because you look half like a gentleman.

*Mar.* And that's the mother's half.

*Martia.* There's my hand for you.

*Mar.* I swear you could not give me any thing  
I love better ; a hand gets me my living.  
Oh, sweet lemon-peel !



*Fran.* May I request a modest word or two, lady,  
In private with you?

*Martia.* With me, sir?

*Fran.* To make it sure from all suspect of in-  
jury,

Or unbeseeing privacy, which Heaven knows  
Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman  
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.

*Martia.* Why, so I am content, sir.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO and MARTIA.*]

*Bran.* So am I, lady.

*Mar.* Oh, master, here's a rare bedfellow  
For my mistress to-night; for you know we must  
Both out of town again.

*Bran.* That's true, Martino.

*Mar.* I do but think how they'll lie telling of  
tales together,

The prettiest!

*Bran.* The prettiest, indeed.

*Mar.* Their tongues will never  
Lin<sup>2</sup> wagging, master.

*Bran.* Never, Martino, never.

[*Exeunt BRANDINO and MARTINO.*]

*Phi.* Take heed you be not heard.

*Vio.* I fear you most, mistress.

*Phi.* Me, fool? ha, ha.

*Vio.* Why look you, mistress: 'faith, you're fault-  
ty, ha, ha.

<sup>a</sup> *Lin.*] *i. e.* Cease, stop, or leave off. So in Grim, the Collier of Croydon—

“What, miller, are you up again?  
Nay then my flail shall never *lin*,  
Until I force one of us twain  
Betake him to his heels again.”

In a note on this passage in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, (ed. 1780, XL 241,) Mr Reed has collected many passages in which the same word occurs.



*Phi.* Well said, i'faith: where lies the fault  
now, gossip?

*Vio.* Oh, for a husband! I shall burst with  
laughing else:

This house is able to spoil any maid.

*Phi.* I'll be revenged now soundly of Francisco,  
For failing me when time was.

*Vio.* Are you there, mistress? I thought you  
would not forget that; however, a good turn dis-  
appointed is ever the last thing that a woman for-  
gives; she'll scarce do't when she's speechless;  
nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all  
other injuries, she'll forgive that but with one  
finger.

*Phi.* I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd  
mine.

*Vio.* But that may marr your hopes too, if our  
gentlewoman

Be known to be a man.

*Phi.* Not as I'll work it;

I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,  
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,  
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.

*Enter MARTIA.*

Why how now, sir, what course take you for  
laughing?

We are undone for one.

*Martia.* 'Faith, with great pain

Stifle it, and keep it in: I ha' no receipt for it.

But, pray, in sadness, say, what is the gen-  
tleman?

I never knew his like for tedious urgings;

He will receive no answer.

*Phi.* 'Would he would not, sir.

*Martia.* Says I'm ordain'd for him; merely for him;

And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him;  
Will force on me a jointure speedily  
Of some seven thousand dollars.

*Phi.* 'Would thou had'st 'em, sir:  
I know he can if he will.

*Martia.* For wond'rous pity,  
What is this gentleman?

*Phi.* 'Faith, shall I tell you, sir?  
One that would make an excellent honest husband  
For her that's a just maid at one-and-twenty;  
For on my conscience he has his maidenhead yet.

*Martia.* Fie, out upon him, beast!

*Phi.* Sir, if you love me,  
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.

*Martia.* Your courtesies, you know, may lay  
commands on me.

*Phi.* Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent  
Seem to come from you; 'twill make noble sport,  
sir:

We'll get jointure and all; but you must bear  
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.

*Martia.* I can do that.

*Phi.* Ay, and take heed of laughing.

*Martia.* I have 'bode the worst of that already,  
lady.

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Phi.* Peace, set your countenance then; for  
here he comes.

*Fran.* There is no middle continent in this  
passion;

I feel it here, it must be love or death;  
It was ordain'd for one.

*Phi.* Signior Francisco,

I'm sorry 'twas your fortune, in my house, sir,  
To have so violent a stroke come to you :  
The gentlewoman's a stranger ; pray be coun-  
sell'd, sir,

Till you hear further of her friends and portion.

*Fran.* 'Tis only but her love that I desire ;  
She comes most rich in that.

*Phi.* But be advised though ;  
I think she's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,  
Before you make her such a generous jointure.

*Fran.* 'Tis mine, and I will do't.

*Phi.* She shall be your's too,  
If I may rule her, then.

*Fran.* You speak all sweetness.

*Phi.* She likes your person well ; I tell you so  
much,

But take no note I said so.

*Fran.* Not a word.

*Phi.* Come, lady, come ; the gentleman's de-  
sertful,

And, o' my conscience, honest.

*Martia.* Blame me not ;

I am a maid, and fearful.

*Fran.* Never truth

Came perfecter from man.

*Phi.* Give her a lip-taste,

That she herself may praise it.

*Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO, severally.*

*Bran.* Yea, a match, i'faith ;

My house is lucky for 'em.—Now, Martino.

*Mar.* Master, the Widow has the day.

*Bran.* The day !

*Mar.* She's overthrown my youngster.

*Bran.* Precious tidings !

Clap down four woodcocks more.

*Mar.* They're all at hand, sir.



*Bran.* What! both her adversaries too?

*Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, and the two Suitors.*

*Mar.* They are come, sir.

*Bran.* Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.

*Mar.* I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance.

*Bran.* Welcome, sweet sister; which is the man must have you?

I'd welcome no body else.

*1 Suit.* Come to me then, sir.

*Bran.* Are you he, i'faith? my chain of gold! I'm glad on't.

*Val.* I wonder you can have the face to follow me, That have so prosecuted things against me.

But I ha' resolved<sup>3</sup> myself, 'tis done to spite me.

*Ric.* O dearth of truth!

*2 Suit.* Nay, do not spoil thy hair:

Hold, hold I say, I'll get thee a widow somewhere.

*Ric.* If hand and faith be nothing for a contract, What shall man hope?

*2 Suit.* 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,  
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;  
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd,  
A contract without gifts to bind it fast;  
Every thing now must have a selling first:  
Do I come near you, Widow?

*Val.* No, indeed, sir,  
Nor ever shall, I hope: And, for your comfort, sir,  
That sought all means to entrap me for my wealth,  
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,  
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes,  
sir:

<sup>3</sup> *Resolved.*] See above, vol. XII. p. 293.



Here stands the honest gentleman my brother,  
To whom I have made a deed of gift of all.

*Bran.* Ay, that she has, i'faith, I thank her,  
gentlemen;

Look you here, sirs.

*Val.* I must not look for pleasures,  
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,  
Than ever they gave joy.

1 *Suit.* Have you served me so, Widow?

2 *Suit.* I am glad thou hast her not: laugh at  
him, honey; ha, ha!

*Val.* I must take one that loves me for myself:  
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,  
But virtue, manners, and conditions.

1 *Suit.* Yes, by my faith, I must have lord-  
ships too, Widow.

*Val.* How, sir?

1 *Suit.* Your manners, virtue, and conditions,  
Widow,

Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em:  
But I must have somewhat without, lying, or being  
In the tenure or occupation of Master such-a-one:  
ha!

Those are fine things indeed.

*Val.* Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.

1 *Suit.* True; but there's two words to a bar-  
gain, ever,

All the world over; and if love be one,  
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else;  
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, Widow.

*Val.* 'Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir;  
It was this ancient gentleman indeed,  
Whom I crave pardon on.

2 *Suit.* What of me, Widow?

*Val.* Alas, I have wronged you, sir: 'twas you  
that swore

You loved me for myself!

*2 Suit.* By my troth, but I did not :  
Come, father not your lies upon me, Widow :  
I love you for yourself ! spit at me, gentlemen,  
If e'er I'd such a thought : Fetch me in, Widow !  
You'll find your reach too short.

*Val.* Why, you have enough, you say.

*2 Suit.* Ay, but I will have my humour too :  
You never think of that ; they are coach-horses,  
They go together still.

*Val.* Whom should a widow trust ? I'll swear  
'twas one of you  
That made me believe so :—'Mass, 'think 'twas  
you, sir,

Now I remember me.

*Ric.* I swore too much,  
To be believed so little.

*Val.* Was it you then ?  
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you.

*Ric.* Welcome blessing !  
Are you mine faithfully now ?

*Val.* As love can make me.

*1 Suit.* Why, this fills the commonwealth so  
full of beggars,  
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.

*Val.* But, now I think on't, we must part again,  
sir.

*Ric.* Again ?

*Val.* You are in debt, and I, in doubt of all,  
Left myself nothing too ; we must not hold ;  
Want on both sides makes all affection cold ;  
I shall not keep you from that gentleman ;  
You'll be his more than mine ; and, when he list,  
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison.  
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir ;  
For he that's mine, shall be all mine, or nothing.

*Ric.* I never felt the evil of my debts,  
Till this afflicting minute.

2 *Suit.* I'll be mad once in my days :  
I have enough to cure me, and I'll have my  
humour ;

They are now but desperate debts again, I never  
look for 'em.

And ever since I knew what malice was,  
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief,  
Than to receive money ; 'tis the finer pleasure.  
I'll give him in his bonds as 'twere in pity  
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary :  
Then will they ne'er agree ; that's a sure point.  
He'll give her a black eye within these three days,  
Beat half her teeth out by Alhallow-tide,  
And break the little household-stuff they have,  
With throwing at one another : O, sweet sport !—  
Come, Widow, come, I'll try your honesty,  
Here to my honey you have made many proffers,  
I fear they're all but tricks : Here are his debts,  
gentlemen : *[Produces the bonds.]*

How I came by 'em I know best myself.  
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,  
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, Widow.

*Val.* Else may all faith refuse me !

2 *Suit.* Tear 'em, honey,  
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given :  
What, with thy teeth ? thou'lt shortly tear her so,  
That's all my hope, thou'dst never had 'em else.  
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

*Ric.* I'm now at liberty, Widow.

*Val.* I'll be so too,  
And then I come to thee :—Give me this from you,  
brother.

*Bran.* Hold, sister : sister,—

*Val.* Look you, the deed of gift, sir ; I'm as free :  
He that has me, has all, and thou art he.

*Both Suit.* How's that ?

*Val.* You're bobb'd, 'twas but a deed in trust,



And all to prove thee, whom I have found most  
just.

*Bran.* I'm bobb'd among the rest too: I'd have  
sworn

'Thad been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;  
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,  
It had been past redemption.

1 *Suit.* How am I cheated!

2 *Suit.* I hope you'll have the conscience now  
to pay me, sir.

*Ric.* Oh, wicked man, sower of strife and envy,  
Open not thy lips.

2 *Suit.* How, how is this?

*Ric.* Thou hast no charge at all, no child of  
thine own,

But two thou got'st once of a scouring-woman,  
And they are both well provided for, they're i' th'  
hospital:

Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee;  
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee!

2 *Suit.* I'm gone, my goodness comes all out  
together.

I have enough, but I have not my humour.

*Enter VIOLETTA.*

*Vio.* O master! gentlemen! And you, sweet  
Widow,

I think you are no forwarder, yet I know not.

If ever you be sure to laugh again,

Now is the time.

*Val.* Why, what's the matter, wench?

*Vio.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bran.* Speak, speak.

*Vio.* Ha! a marriage, a marriage; I cannot tell't  
for laughing: Ha, he!



*Bran.* A marriage! do you make that a laughing matter?

*Vio.* Ha! Ay, and you'll make it so when you know all.

*Enter FRANCISCO and MARTIA.*

Here they come, here they come, one man married to another.

*Val.* How! man to man?

*Vio.* Ay, man to man, i'faith.

There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed;

Do you see 'em now? ha, ha, ha!

*1 Suit.* My daughter Martia!

*Martia.* Oh, my father!

Your love and pardon, sir.

*Val.* 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

*Martia.* I have been disobedient, I confess,  
Unto your mind, and Heaven has punish'd me  
With much affliction since I fled your sight;  
But finding reconcilment from above  
In peace of heart, the next I hope's your love.

*1 Suit.* I cannot but forgive thee, now I see thee.  
Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man;  
But Francisco's of a noble family,  
Though he be somewhat spent.

*Fran.* I loved her not, sir,  
As she was your's, for I protest I knew it not;  
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,  
Which, had you been as foul as you've been  
spiteful,  
I should have loved in her.

*1 Suit.* Well, hold your prating, sir;  
You are not like to lose by't.

*Phi.* Oh, Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?

*Vio.* The child unborn, mistress.

*Martia.* Be good.

*Fran.* Be honest.

*Martia.* Heaven will not let you sin, an you'd be careful.

*Fran.* What means it sends to help you ! think and mend,

You're as much bound as we to praise that friend.

*Phi.* I am so, and I will so.

*Martia.* Marry you speedily,  
Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else.

*Vio.* Ay, by my troth, should I. I've much ado  
To forbear laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

*Enter MARTINO.*

*Mar.* O, master, mistress, and you gentles all ;  
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do  
Your country any service !

*Bran.* Art not ashamed, Martino, to talk of  
horsing

So openly before young married couples thus ?

*Mar.* It does concern the commonwealth and me,  
And you, master, and all : The thieves are taken.

*Martia.* What say'st, Martino ?

*Mar.* La, here's commonwealth's men !  
The man of art, master, that cupt your eyes,  
Is proved an arrant rascal ; and his man  
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer ;  
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly.  
Such notable villanies are confest !

*Bran.* Stop there, sir ;

We will have time for them : Come, gentle-folks,  
Take a slight meal with us : But the best cheer  
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here——

*Ric.* Stay, stay, sir ; I'm as hungry of my Widow,  
As you can be upon your maid, believe it ;  
But we must come to our desires in order,

There's duties to be paid, ere we go further.—  
He that without your likings leaves this place,  
[To the Audience.

Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace;  
And that's not handsome, trust me, no :

Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,  
My Widow, and my meat, then does me good.—

I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true.  
For my report, pray let her hear't from you.

[*Exeunt.*

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery to the present time. It is divided into three volumes, the first of which contains the history of the discovery and settlement of the continent, the second the history of the colonies, and the third the history of the United States from its independence to the present time.

### THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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**THE CORONATION.**

**BY**

**JAMES SHIRLEY.**



## THE CORONATION.

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As this Tragi-comedy was ascribed to Fletcher in the title-page of the original quarto,<sup>1</sup> and has been always included in the editions of these plays, it has not been thought proper to reject it in the present; but it is certain that Fletcher had no hand in the composition. The real author, James Shirley, claimed it in a list subjoined to a volume containing five of his till then unpublished plays, which was printed in 1652; and from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript, it appears that it was licensed for the stage Feb. 6, 1634-5, about ten years after the death of Fletcher.

The play, indeed, which has never been revived, bears not the least resemblance to Fletcher's dramatic performances; and its portion of merit is but slender. The plot is sufficiently regular, but possesses very little interest; the poetry never rises above mediocrity; and nothing is particularly worthy of commendation in the delineation of the characters. When compared with the other productions of Shirley, which are of very unequal merit, it may certainly be classed above those of the lowest order, such as *Andromana*; but must yield infinitely to *The Gamester*, *Hyde-Park*, *The Constant Maid*, and *the Lady of Pleasure*.

<sup>1</sup> "The Coronation, a Comedy. As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private house in Drury-lane. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London: Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke and William Cooke, and are to be sold at the Sign of the Green Dragon, in Paul's Church-yard, 1640."

## PROLOGUE,

PRESENTED IN THE PERSON OF A LADY.

SINCE 'tis become the title of our play,  
A woman once in a Coronation may  
With pardon speak the prologue, give as free  
A welcome to the theatre, as he  
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,<sup>1</sup>  
With a starch'd face and supple leg, hath spoke  
Before the plays the twelve-month ; let me then  
Present a welcome to these gentlemen !  
If you be kind, and noble, you will not  
Think the worse of me for my petticoat.—  
But to the play ; the poet bade me tell  
His fears first in the title, lest it swell  
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,  
That but once could be seen in a king's reign.  
This Coronation he hopes you may  
See often ; while the genius of his play  
Doth prophesy, the conduits may run wine,  
When the day's triumph's ended, and divine  
Brisk nectar swell his temples to a rage,  
With something of more price to invest the stage.  
There rests but to prepare you, that although  
It be a Coronation, there doth flow  
No under-mirth, such as doth lard the scene  
For coarse delight ; the language here is clean ;  
And confident, our poet bade me say,  
He'll bate you but the folly of a play :  
For which, although dull souls his pen despise,<sup>2</sup>  
Who think it yet too early to be wise,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A long black cloak.*] This was the appropriate dress of the person who spoke the prologue. See vol. X. p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> This, and the five following lines, are not in the copy of this prologue in Shirley's poems.

<sup>3</sup> *Who thinks it yet too early.*—] Corrected in 1750.



The nobler will thank his muse, at least  
 Excuse him, 'cause his thought aim'd at the best.  
 But we conclude not ; it does rest in you  
 To censure poet, play, and prologue, too.  
 But, what have I omitted ? is there not  
 A blush upon my cheeks, that I forgot  
 The ladies ? and a female prologue too !  
 Your pardon, noble gentlewomen ! you  
 Were first within my thoughts ; I know you sit  
 As free, and high commissioners of wit,  
 Have clear and active souls ; nay, though the men  
 Were lost, in your eyes they'll be found again :  
 You are the bright intelligences move,  
 And make a harmony this sphere of love :  
 Be you propitious then ! our poet says,  
 One wreath from you,<sup>4</sup> is worth their grove of bays.

\* Our wreath from you.] Mr Seward conjectured with me, that *one*,  
 not *our*, must be the word, and so I have altered the text.—*Simpson.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Seleucus, *supposed son to Eubulus ; but, in reality, Leonatus, the right king of Epirus.*

Arcadius, *supposed nephew to Macarius ; but, in reality, Demetrius, second son to the dead king.*

Eubulus, } *noblemen, guardians to the late king's*  
Macarius, } *sons.*

Cassander, *lord-protector.*

Lysimachus, *his son, a worthy gentleman.*

Nestorius, *father to Polidora.*

Philocles, } *courtiers.*  
Lysander, }

Polianus, *captain of the castle.*

A Bishop, *and trustee of the dead king's will.*

Antigonus, *a gentleman in waiting.*

Servant to Polidora.

Sophia, *queen of Epirus.*

Polidora, *courted by Arcadius, and his noble and constant mistress.*

Charilla, *an attendant on Sophia.*

Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Servants, Attendants, &c.

*Fortune, Youth, Pleasure, Fame, Love, and Honour, Masquers.*

SCENE,—Epirus.

# THE CORONATION.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter PHILOCLES and LYSANDER.*

*Phil.* Make way for my lord-protector!

*Enter CASSANDER and LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lysim.* Your grace's servants!

*Cass.* I like your diligent waiting. Where's Lysimachus?

\* *The Coronation.*] It were to be wished that the publisher of our authors' works, in 1679, had given his reasons in the preface, or elsewhere, why he took this play into that edition. There seems to be no just grounds upon which he could go for so bold a practice, seeing the editor of the first folio in 1647, Mr Shirley, has left it out; a person who must be better acquainted with what was our authors', as living nearer to their time, than the editor of the second folio in 1679. It is true, there are several fine strokes

*Lysim.* I wait upon you, sir.

*Cass.* The queen looks pleasant  
This morning; does she not?

*Lysim.* I ever found  
Her gracious smiles on me.

*Cass.* She does consult  
Her safety in't; for I must tell thee, boy,  
But in the assurance of her love to thee,  
I should advance thy hopes another way,  
And use the power I have in Epire, to  
Settle our own, and uncontroled greatness:  
But since she carrieth herself so fairly,  
I am content to expect, and by her marriage  
Secure, thy fortune; that's all my ambition  
Now: Be still careful in thy applications  
To her; I must attend other affairs.  
Return, and use what art thou canst to lay  
More charms of love upon her.

*Lysim.* I presume  
She always speaks the language of her heart,  
And I can be ambitious for no more

in it, which might possibly be Fletcher's; but those will no more entitle him to claim it for his own, than it will Shakspeare to assert the play of *The Noble Kinsmen*, in which we know he was partially concerned: To Mr Shirley, therefore, as he had claim to it, let us give this performance; nor rob him of the glory which *The Coronation* may do his memory.—*Sympson.*

This note betrays a wonderful inattention in *Sympson*; since *The Coronation* was one of the plays printed in *QUARTO*, and Shirley professed to insert none in the *FOLIO* that had ever appeared in *QUARTO*.—Ed. 1778.

Though *Sympson's* reason for giving this play to Shirley may possibly be controverted, I have no doubt but he is right. The style of this play is totally different from that of Beaumont and Fletcher: it is written in an unnatural hobbling kind of metre, such as we do not find in any of their other productions. Their errors generally arise rather from licentiousness than dull precision: they are rather careless in their metre than languidly correct.—*Mason.*



Happiness on earth, than she encourages  
Me to expect.

*Cass.* It was an act becoming  
The wisdom of her father, to engage  
A tie between our families, and she  
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it.  
But we lose time in conference; wait on her,  
And be what thou wert born for, King of Epire!  
I must away. [*Exit.*

*Lysim.* Success ever attend you.  
Is not the queen yet coming forth?<sup>a</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lysan.* Your servant!  
You may command our duties.

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

This is the court-star, Philocles.

*Phil.* The star that we must sail by.

*Lysan.* All must borrow  
A light from him; the young queen directs all  
Her favours that way.

*Phil.* He's a noble gentleman,  
And worthy of his expectations:  
Too good to be the son of such a father.

*Lysan.* Peace! remember he is lord-protector.

*Phil.* We have more need of Heaven's protec-  
tion:

In the mean time, I wonder the old king  
Did in his life design him for the office.

*Lysan.* He might suspect his faith; I have heard  
when

<sup>a</sup> *Is not the queen yet coming forth?*

*Lysan.* *Your servant.*] *Lysander's* asking this question supposes, that the gentlemen interrogated were capable of giving him an answer; but that, the reader sees, is no where to be found; therefore I have thought proper to mark an *hiatus* in the present text.—*Sympson.*

*Sympson*, we suppose, meant *Lysimachus*, instead of *Lysander*, who asks no question, but is the next speaker.—Ed. 1778.

The king, who was no Epirote, advanced  
 His claim, Cassander, our protector now,  
 Young then, opposed him toughly with his faction;  
 But, forced to yield, had fair conditions,  
 And was declared, by the whole state, next heir,  
 If the king wanted issue : Our hopes only  
 Thrived in this daughter.

*Phil.* Whom, but for her smiles,  
 And hope of marriage with Lysimachus,  
 His father, by some cunning, had removed  
 Ere this.

*Lysan.* Take heed ! the arras may have ears.  
 I should not weep much if his grace would hence  
 Remove to Heaven.

*Phil.* I pr'ythee what should he do there ?

*Lysan.* Some offices will fall.

*Phil.* And the sky too, ere I get one stair higher  
 While he's in place.

*Enter* ANTIGONUS.

*Ant.* Lysander, Philocles,  
 How looks the day upon us ? Where's the queen ?

*Phil.* In her bed-chamber.

*Ant.* Who was with her ?

*Lysan.* None but  
 The young lord Lysimachus.

*Ant.* It is no treason,  
 If a man wish himself a courtier  
 Of such a possibility : He has  
 The mounting fate.

*Phil.* I would his father were  
 Mounted to th' gallows !

*Ant.* He has a path fair enough  
 If he survive, by title of his father.

*Lysan.* The queen will hasten his ascent.

*Phil.* 'Would I were queen !

*Ant.* Thou wouldst become rarely the petticoat!  
What wouldst thou do?

*Phil.* Why, I would marry my  
Gentleman-usher, and trust all the strength  
And burden of my state upon his legs,  
Rather than be called wife by any son  
Of such a father.

*Lysan.* Come, let's leave this subject!  
We may find more secure discourse. When saw  
You young Arcadius, Lord Macarius' nephew?

*Ant.* There's a spark, a youth moulded for a  
favourite!  
The queen might do him honour.

*Phil.* Favourite?  
It is too cheap a name; there were a match  
Now for her virgin blood!

*Lysan.* Must every man,  
That has a handsome face or leg, feed such  
Ambition? I confess I honour him;  
He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope  
To be no woman-hater; dances handsomely,  
Can court a lady powerfully; but more  
Goes to the making of a prince. He's here,  
And's uncle.

*Enter* ARCADIUS, MACARIUS, *and* SELEUCUS.

*Sel.* Save you, gentlemen! Who can direct me  
To find my lord-protector?

*Lysan.* He was here  
Within this half-hour; Young Lysimachus  
His son is with the queen.

*Sel.* There let him compliment;  
I have other business.—Ha, Arcadius! [*Exit.*

*Phil.* Observed you with what eyes Arcadius  
And he saluted? their two families  
Will hardly reconcile.



*Ant.* Seleucus carries  
Himself too roughly : With what pride and scorn  
He pass'd by 'em !

*Lysan.* The other, with less show  
Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul :  
I wish 'em all at peace ! Macarius' looks  
Are without civil war, a good old man,  
The old king loved him well ; Seleucus' father  
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character  
Of an honest lord through Epire : That two men,  
So loved of others, should be so unwelcome  
To one another !

*Arc.* The queen was not wont  
To send for me.

*Mac.* The reason's to herself ;  
It will become your duty to attend her.

*Arc.* Save you, gentlemen ! What novelty  
Does the court breathe to-day ?

*Lysan.* None, sir ; the news  
That took the last impression is, that you  
Purpose to leave the kingdom, and those men  
That honour you take no delight to hear it.

*Arc.* I have ambition to see the difference  
Of courts, and this may spare [me] ;<sup>3</sup> the delights  
At home do surfeit ; and the mistress, whom  
We all do serve, is fix'd upon one object ;  
Her beams are too much pointed. But no country  
Shall make me lose your memories.

*Enter SOPHIA, LYSIMACHUS, and CHARILLA.*

*Sophia.* Arcadius !

*Mac.* Your lordship honour'd me ;  
I have no blessing in his absence.

<sup>3</sup> — and this may spare.] The word in brackets was silently inserted by Sympson.



*Lysim.* 'Tis  
Done like a pious uncle.

*Sophia.* We must not  
Give any licence.

*Ant.* If your majesty  
Would please——

*Sophia.* We are not pleased! It had become  
your duty  
To have first acquainted us, ere you declared  
Your resolution public. Is our court  
Not worth your stay?

*Arc.* I humbly beg your pardon!

*Sophia.* Where's Lysimachus?

*Lysim.* Your humble servant, madam.

*Sophia.* We shall find  
Employment at home for you; do not lose us.

*Arc.* Madam, I then write myself bless'd on  
earth

When I may do you service. [Exit.]

*Sophia.* We would be  
Private, Macarius.

*Mac.* Madam, you have bless'd me! Nothing  
But your command could interpose to stay him.

[Exit.]

*Sophia.* Lysimachus, you must not leave us.

*Lysan.* Nothing but  
Lysimachus? Has she not ta'en a philter?

[Exeunt all but SOPHIA and LYSIMACHUS.]

*Sophia.* Nay, pray be cover'd; ceremony from you  
Must be excused.

*Lysim.* It will become my duty.

*Sophia.* Not your love.  
I know you would not have me look upon  
Your person as a courtier,<sup>4</sup> not as favourite;

<sup>4</sup> I know you would have me look upon

Your person as a courtier, not a favourite.] This unmusical,  
nonsensical place is differently read in the quarto of 1640:—

That title were too narrow to express  
How we esteem you.

*Lysim.* The least of all

These names from you, madam, is grace enough.

*Sophia.* Yet here you would not rest?

*Lysim.* Not if you please

To say there is a happiness beyond,  
And teach my ambition how to make it mine :  
Although the honours you already have  
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all  
My merit, I have a heart is studious  
To reach it with desert, and make if possible  
Your favours mine by justice, with your pardon.

*Sophia.* We are confident this needs no pardon,  
sir,

But a reward to cherish your opinion :

*I know you would not have me look upon  
Your person as a courtier, not as favourite ;*

That of 1679,

*I know, &c.*

— as a courtier, but a favourite ;

but yet the place is sad stuff still. I would suppose it once originally run thus :

*I know you would not—*

*Your person as a courtier, but a (or as) favourite ;*

(Though) *that title were too narrow, &c.—Simpson.*

The oldest reading, as is generally the case, is decidedly the best ; the queen meaning to say,—You would not have me look upon you as a courtier, “not even,” Mason says, “as a favourite, for that title were too narrow to express my esteem for you.” The same idea occurs in page 237, where Antigonus, speaking of Arcadius, says—

There's a spark ! a youth moulded for a favourite !

The queen might do him honour.

To which Philocles replies—

— Favourite ?

It is too cheap a name.

And that you may keep warm your passion,  
 Know we resolve for marriage ; and if  
 I had another gift, besides myself,  
 Greater, in that you should discern how much  
 My heart is fix'd.

*Lysim.* Let me digest my blessing !

*Sophia.* But I cannot resolve when this shall be.

*Lysim.* How, madam ? Do not make me dream  
 of Heaven,

And wake me into misery, if your purpose  
 Be, to immortalise your humble servant !  
 Your power on earth's divine ; princes are here  
 The copies of eternity, and create,  
 When they but will, our happiness.

*Sophia.* I shall

Believe you mock me in this argument ;  
 I have no power.

*Lysim.* How ! no power ?

*Sophia.* Not as a queen.

*Lysim.* I understand you not.

*Sophia.* I must obey ; your father's my protector.

*Lysim.* How !

*Sophia.* When I am absolute, Lysimachus,  
 Our power and titles meet ; before, we are but  
 A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

*Lysim.* Excellent queen, my love took no ori-  
 ginal

From state, or the desire of other greatness,  
 'Bove what my birth may challenge modestly.  
 I love your virtues ; mercenary souls  
 Are taken with advancement : You've an empire  
 Within you, better than the world's ; to that  
 Looks my ambition.

*Sophia.* The other is not, sir,  
 To be despised ; cosmography allows  
 Epire a place i' th' map ; and know, till I  
 Possess what I was born to, and alone



Do grasp the kingdom's sceptre, I account  
 Myself divided; he that marries me  
 Shall take an absolute queen to his warm bosom;  
 My temples yet are naked; until then  
 Our loves can be but compliments and wishes,  
 Yet very hearty ones.

*Lysim.* I apprehend.

*Sophia.* Your father!

*Enter CASSANDER and SELEUCUS.*

*Cass.* Madam, a gentleman has an humble suit.

*Sophia.* 'Tis in your power to grant; you are  
 protector;

I am not yet a queen.

*Cass.* How's this?

*Lysim.* I shall expound her meaning.

*Sophia.* Why kneel you, sir?

*Sel.* Madam, to reconcile two families  
 That may unite both counsels and their blood  
 To serve your crown.

*Sophia.* Macarius', and Eubulus',  
 That bear inveterate malice to each other.  
 It grew, as I have heard, upon the question  
 (Which some of either family had made)  
 Which of their fathers was the best commander:  
 If we believe our stories, they have both  
 Deserved well of our state; and yet this quarrel  
 Has cost too many lives; a severe faction!

*Sel.* But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet  
 And peace in both our houses, which are torn  
 With their dissensions, and lose the glory  
 Of their great names: my blood speaks my relation  
 To Eubulus; and I wish my veins were emptied  
 To appease their war.

*Sophia.* Thou hast a noble soul!  
 This is a charity above thy youth,



And it flows bravely from thee. Name the way.

*Sel.* In such a desperate cause, a little stream  
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts:  
If you'll prevent a deluge——

*Sophia.* Be particular!

*Sel.* Let but your majesty consent that two  
May, with their personal valour, undertake  
The honour of their family, and determine  
Their difference.

*Sophia.* This rather will enlarge  
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood  
Into the stream.

*Sel.* Not if both families  
Agree, and swear——

*Sophia.* And who shall be the champions?

*Sel.* I beg the honour, for Eubulus' cause  
To be engaged, if any for Macarius  
(Worthy to wager heart with mine) accept it:  
I am confident, Arcadius

(For honour would direct me to his sword)  
Will not deny to stake against my life  
His own, if you vouchsafe us privilege.

*Sophia.* You are the expectation and top boughs  
Of both your houses; it would seem injustice  
To allow a civil war to cut you off,  
And yourselves the instruments. Besides,  
You appear a soldier; Arcadius  
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,  
More fit to drill a lady than expose  
His body to such dangers; a small wound  
I' th' head may spoil the method of his hair,  
Whose curiosity exacts more time  
Than his devotion; and who knows but he  
May lose his ribbon by it in his lock,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *May lose his ribbon by it in his lock.*] Alluding to the ridiculous fashion, in our authors' time, of wearing *love-locks*. This

Dear as his saint, with whom he would exchange  
 His head for her gay colours ; then his band  
 May be disordered and transformed from lace  
 To cutwork ; his rich clothes be discomplexioned  
 With blood, beside the infashionable slashes ;  
 And he at the next festival take physic,  
 Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches ;  
 His hands, cased up in gloves all night, and sweet  
 Pomatum, the next day may be endangered  
 To blisters with a sword ; how can he stand  
 Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,  
 To which his feet must ever be a-dancing ?  
 Besides, a falsify<sup>6</sup> may spoil his cringe  
 Or making of a leg, in which consists  
 Much of his court-perfection.

*Sel.* Is this character  
 Bestow'd on him ?

*Sophia.* It something may concern  
 The gentleman ; whom if you please to challenge  
 To dance, play on the lute, or sing——

*Sel.* Some catch ?

*Sophia.* He shall not want those will maintain  
 him

For any sum.

*Sel.* You are my sovereign ;  
 I dare not think—yet I must speak somewhat ;<sup>7</sup>

custom is also satirised in *Cupid's Revenge* ; which see (vol. XI. p. 424.)—Ed. 1778.

This fashion was violently resented by the puritans, particularly by Prynne, who wrote an express treatise against it, entitled, *The Unloveliness of Love-locks* ; and, in his *Histriomastix*, (p. 210,) he laments that they are “ growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthes, and lewd effeminate ruffianly persons.”

<sup>6</sup> *A falsify.*] A term in fencing ; what is now called a feint.

<sup>7</sup> *I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat.*] Why then 'tis plain he would speak without thinking ; and is not this heroically said ? However, though he durst not think, yet he was obliged to

I shall burst else :—I have no skill in jigs,  
Nor tumbling—

*Sophia.* How, sir!

*Sel.* Nor was I born a minstrel; and in this  
You have so infinitely disgraced Arcadius,  
But that I have heard another character,  
And with your royal licence do believe it,  
I should not think him worth my killing.

*Sophia.* Your killing?

*Sel.* Does she not jeer me? [Aside.

I shall talk treason presently; I find it  
At my tongue's end already: This is an  
Affront! I'll leave her.

*Sophia.* Come back! Do you know Arcadius?

*Sel.* I ha' changed but little breath with him;  
our persons

Admit no familiarity; we were  
Born to live both at distance yet I ha' seen him  
Fight, and fight bravely.

*Sophia.* When the spirit of wine  
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.

*Sel.* Although he be my enemy, should any  
Of the gay flies that buz about the court,

*Speak to keep himself from bursting.* How nonsense, like fame,  
*vires acquirit eundo!* Surely, if we suppose the words could ever  
be sense, we must imagine they run once thus:

*I dare not speak—and yet I must speak something,  
I shall burst else;—*

*i. e.* He was afraid of speaking lest he should utter an affront to  
his queen; and yet if he did not speak, his anger unvented might  
do him a mischief.—*Sympson.*

We think the text good and genuine, and *Sympson's* raillery  
pointless and ill founded.—*Ed.* 1778.

*Sympson's* raillery is indeed ill founded. *Seleucus* does not  
mean to say that he dare not think at all, but that he dare not in-  
dulge a particular thought, which suggested itself to him; proba-  
bly a suspicion of the queen's passion for *Arcadius.*—*Mason.*



Sit to catch trouts i' th' summer,\* tell me so,  
I durst in any presence but your own——

*Sophia.* What?

*Sel.* Tell him he were not honest.

*Sophia.* I see, Seleucus, thou art resolute,  
And I but wrong'd Arcadius : Your first  
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he  
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm  
First place and honour to his family :  
Is it not this you plead for ?

*Sel.* You are gracious.

*Sophia.* Lysimachus !

*Lysim.* Madam.

*Cass.* She has granted then ?

*Sel.* With much ado.

*Cass.* I wish thy sword may open  
His wanton veins ! Macarius is too popular,  
And has taught him to insinuate.

*Sophia.* It shall

But haste the confirmation of our loves,  
And ripen the delights of marriage.—

Seleucus !

[*Exit with SELEUCUS.*]

*Lysim.* As I guess'd !

It cannot be too soon.

*Cass.* To-morrow then we crown her, and invest  
My son with majesty ; 'tis to my wishes.  
Beget a race of princes, my Lysimachus !

*Lysim.* First, let us marry, sir.

*Cass.* Thy brow was made  
To wear a golden circle ; I'm transported !  
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

*Lysim.* Although you be my father, that will not  
Concern my obedience, as I take it. [*Aside.*]

\* *Sit to catch trouts.*] The editors of 1750 substitute *fit* for *sit* ; we think improperly : Seleucus seems to mean, “ Courtiers that buz about the court, AND *sit to catch,*” &c.—Ed. 1778.



*Enter* PHILOCLES, LYSANDER, and ANTIGONUS.

*Cass.* Gentlemen,<sup>9</sup>  
Prepare yourselves for a solemnity  
Will turn the kingdom into triumph: Epire,  
Look fresh to-morrow!—'Twill become your du-  
ties,

In all your glory, to attend the queen at  
Her Coronation; she is pleased to make  
The next day happy in our calendar:  
My office doth expire, and my old blood  
Renews with thought on't.—

*Phil.* How's this?

[*Apart to* ANTIGONUS and PHILOCLES.

*Ant.* Crown'd to-morrow?

*Lysan.* And he so joyful to resign his regency?  
There's some trick in't: I do not like these hasty  
Proceedings,<sup>1</sup> and whirls of state; they have com-  
monly

<sup>9</sup> *Gentlemen,*

*Prepare yourselves.*] Mr Seward has happily restored the speaker, *Cassander*, which is dropt negligently through all the copies.—*Sympson.*

<sup>1</sup> ——— *these hasty*

*Proceedings, and whirls of state.*] Every judge of poetry must see, that *proceedings* is very unpoetical, both in sense and measure: I take the true word to have been blotted in the manuscript, and this to have been either the player or printer's insertion. I conjectured *turnings, and whirls of state*, which I afterwards found a strong confirmation of in this very play, act iii. scene iii.—

*Phil.* 'Tis a strange turn.

*Lysan.* *The whirligigs of women.*—Seward.

The old reading should not have been changed, as there can be no objection to it. Why Seward introduces the word *turnings* into this passage, merely because he finds the word *turns* in another, I am at a loss to know.—*Mason.*

As strange and violent effects. Well, Heaven save  
The queen!

*Phil.* Heaven save the queen, say I, and send her  
A sprightly bedfellow! For the protector,  
Let him pray for himself; he's like to have  
No benefit of my devotion.

*Cass.* But this doth quicken my old heart!—Ly-  
simachus,

There is not any step into her throne,  
But is the same degree of thy own state.—

Come, gentlemen!

*Lysan.* We attend your grace.

*Cass.* Lysimachus!

*Lysim.* What heretofore could happen to man-  
kind

Was with much pain to climb to Heaven; but in  
Sophia's marriage, of all queens the best,  
Heaven will come down to earth, to make me blest.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Castle of Nestorius.*

*Enter ARCADIVS and POLIDORA.*

*Polid.* Indeed you shall not go.

*Arc.* Whither?

*Polid.* To travel.

I know you see me but to take your leave ;  
But I must never yield to such an absence.

*Arc.* I pr'ythee leave thy fears ! I am com-  
manded

To th' contrary ; I wo' not leave thee now.

*Polid.* Commanded ? by whom ?

*Arc.* The queen.

*Polid.* I am very glad ; for, trust me, I could  
think

Of thy departure with no comfort ! Thou  
Art all the joy I have, half of my soul ;  
But I must thank the queen now for thy company.  
I pr'ythee, what could make thee so desirous  
To be abroad ?

*Arc.* Only to get an appetite  
To thee, Polidora.

*Polid.* Then you must provoke it ?

*Arc.* Nay, pr'ythee, do not so mistake thy ser-  
vant.

*Polid.* Perhaps you surfeit with my love.

*Arc.* Thy love ?

*Polid.* Although I have no beauty to compare  
With the best faces, I have a heart above  
All competition.

*Arc.* Thou art jealous now :  
Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last !  
I am so confident of thee, no lip  
Has ravish'd it from thine. I pr'ythee come  
To court !

*Polid.* For what ?

*Arc.* There is the throne for beauty.

*Polid.* 'Tis safer dwelling here.

*Arc.* There's none will hurt,  
Or dare but think an ill to Polidora ;  
The greatest will be proud to honour thee :



Thy lustre wants the admiration here ;<sup>2</sup>  
 There thou wo't shine indeed, and strike a reverence  
 Into the gazer.

*Polid.* You can flatter too.

*Arc.* No praise of thee can be thought so ; thy  
 virtue

Will deserve all. I must confess, we courtiers  
 Do oftentimes commend, to shew our art :  
 There is necessity sometimes to say  
 This madam breathes Arabian gums,  
 Amber, and cassia ; though, while we are praising,  
 We wish we had no nostrils to take in  
 The offensive steam of her corrupted lungs.  
 Nay, some will swear they love their mistress,  
 Would hazard lives and fortunes to preserve  
 One of her hairs brighter than Berenice's,  
 Or young Apollo's ; and yet, after this,  
 A favour from another toy would tempt him  
 To laugh, while the officious hangman whips  
 Her head off.

*Polid.* Fine men !

*Arc.* I am none of these :

Nay, there are women, Polidora, too,  
 That can do pretty well at flatteries ;  
 Make men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,  
 Can kiss a jewel out of one, and dally  
 A carcanet<sup>3</sup> of diamonds from another,

<sup>2</sup> *Thy lustre wants the admiration here.*] We must either read,

—— that admiration ;

or, —— admiration there.—*Sympson.*

There needs no variation at all ; the meaning is simply, “ Thy lustre wants [*i. e.* is without] its due admiration HERE ; THERE you would be noticed.”—Ed. 1778.

<sup>3</sup> *A carcanet.*] A necklace, from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. It is used in Shakspeare.—*Reed.*



Weep into th' bosom of a third, and make  
 Him drop as many pearls ; they count it nothing  
 To talk a reasonable heir within ten days  
 Out of his whole estate, and make him mad  
 He has no more wealth to consume.

*Polid.* You'll teach me  
 To think I may be flatter'd in your promises,  
 Since you live where this art is most profess'd.

*Arc.* I dare not be so wicked, Polidora.  
 The infant errors of the court I may  
 Be guilty of, but never to abuse  
 So rare a goodness ; nor indeed did ever  
 Converse with any of those shames of court,  
 To practise for base ends. Be confident  
 My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply  
 Carry the figure of my Polidora,  
 It is not in the power of time, or distance,  
 To cancel it. By all that's blest, I love thee,  
 Love thee above all women, dare invoke  
 A curse when I forsake thee.

*Polid.* Let it be  
 Some gentle one.

*Arc.* Teach me an oath I pr'ythee,  
 One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find  
 Any suspicion of my faith ; or else  
 Direct me in some horrid imprecation !  
 When I forsake thee for the love of other  
 Women, may Heaven reward my apostacy,  
 To blast my greatest happiness on earth,\*

\* ——— of other

*Women, may Heaven reward my apostacy  
 To blast, &c.]* Mr Seward supposes the words misplaced here,  
 and that the natural order is thus :

——— may to reward my apostacy  
 Heaven blast my greatest happiness.—Simpson.

The old reading gives good sense, and more strongly expresses,

And make all joys abortive !

*Polid.* Revoke these hasty syllables ! they carry  
Too great a penalty for breach of love  
To me ; I am not worth thy suffering ;  
You do not know what beauty may invite  
Your change, what happiness may tempt your eye  
And heart together.

*Arc.* Should all the graces of your sex conspire  
In one, and she should court me with a dower  
Able to buy a kingdom, when I give  
My heart from Polidora——

*Polid.* I suspect not ;  
And to requite thy constancy, I swear——

*Arc.* It were a sin to let thee waste thy breath ;  
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your uncle hath been every  
where

I' th' court enquiring for you ; his looks speak  
Some earnest cause. [*Exit.*

*Arc.* I am more acquainted with  
Thy virtue, than to imagine thou wilt not  
Excuse me now : One kiss dismisses him  
Whose heart shall wait on Polidora.

*Polid.* Pr'ythee<sup>5</sup>  
Let me not wish for thy return too often !—

[*Exit* ARCADIVS.]

My father ?

that “ blasting his happiness would be the proper reward of his falsehood.”—Ed. 1778.

<sup>5</sup> *Whose heart shall wait on Polidora, pr'ythee*

*Let me not wish——*] The least attention to this passage will convince the reader, that the insertion of *Polidora's* name before *pr'ythee let me not*, which Mr Seward too communicated to me, is entirely requisite to the sense of this place.—*Sympson.*

*Enter NESTORIUS and a Servant.*

*Nest.* I met Arcadius in strange haste ; he told  
me

He had been with thee.

*Polid.* Some affair too soon

Ravish'd him hence ; his uncle sent for him.

You came now from [the] court : How looks the  
queen

This golden morning ?

*Nest.* Like a bride : Her soul

Is all on mirth ; her eyes have quick'ning fires,  
Able to strike a spring into the earth

In winter.

*Polid.* Then Lysimachus can have

No frost in's blood, that lives so near her beams.

*Nest.* His politic father, the protector, smiles too.

Resolve to see the ceremony of the queen ;

'Twill be a day of state.

*Polid.* I am not well.

*Nest.* How ! not well ? retire then. I must re-  
turn ;

My attendance is expected. Polidora,

Be careful of thy health !

*Polid.* It will concern me.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Palace.*

*Enter* ARCADIOUS *and* MACARIUS.

*Arc.* You amaze me, sir.

*Mac.* Dear nephew, if thou respect thy safety,  
My honour, or my age, remove thyself;  
Thy life's in danger.

*Arc.* Mine? Who is my enemy?

*Mac.* Take horse, and instantly forsake the city,  
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling  
Obscure thyself; stay not to know the reason.

*Arc.* Sir, I beseech your pardon! Which, i' th'  
number

Of my offences unto any, should  
Provoke this [most] dishonourable flight?

*Mac.* I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,  
I had pleaded for thy banishment; thou know'st  
not

What threatens thee.

*Arc.* I would desire to know it:

I am in no conspiracy of treason,  
Have ravish'd no man's mistress, not so much  
As given the lie to any: What should mean  
Your strange and violent fears? I will not stir  
Until you make me sensible I have lost  
My innocence.

*Mac.* I must not live to see  
Thy body full of wounds; it were less sin



To rip thy father's marble, and fetch from  
 The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them  
 By some rude winds, where none should ever find  
 The sacred dust : It was his legacy,  
 The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven,  
 I should preserve Arcadius, whose fate  
 He prophesied in death would need protection :  
 Thou wo't disturb his ghost, and call it to  
 Affright my dreams, if thou refuse to obey me.

*Arc.* You more inflame me, to enquire the cause  
 Of your distraction ; and you'll arm me better  
 Than any coward flight, by acquainting me  
 Whose malice aims to kill me : Good sir, tell me !

*Mac.* Then, prayers and tears assist me !

*Arc.* Sir ?

*Mac.* Arcadius,  
 Thou art a rash young man, witness the spirit  
 Of him that trusted me so much ! I bleed,  
 Till I prevent this mischief. [*Exit.*

*Enter PHILOCLES and LYSANDER.*

*Arc.* Ha ! keep off. [*Draws.*

*Phil.* What mean you, sir ?

*Lysan.* We are your friends.

*Arc.* I know your faces, but  
 Am not secure : I would not be betray'd.

*Lysan.* You wrong our hearts, who truly honour  
 you.

*Arc.* They say I must be kill'd.

*Phil.* By whom ?

*Arc.* I know not,  
 Nor would I part with life so tamely.

*Phil.* We dare  
 Engage ours in your quarrel ; hide your sword,  
 It may beget suspicion ; it is

Enough to question you.<sup>6</sup>

*Arc.* I am confident; [Puts up.

Pray pardon me! come, I despise all danger;  
Yet a dear friend of mine, my uncle, told me  
He would not see my body full of wounds.

*Lysan.* Your uncle? this is strange.

*Arc.* Yes, my honest uncle.

If my unlucky stars have pointed me  
So dire a fate——

*Phil.* There is some strange mistake in't.

*Enter* ANTIGONUS.

*Ant.* Arcadius, the queen would speak with you;  
You must make haste.

*Arc.* Though to my death, I fly  
Upon her summons; I give up my breath  
Then willingly, if she command it from me.

[Exit.

*Phil.* This does a little trouble me.

*Lysan.* I know not

What to imagine; something is the ground  
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not  
Any such danger as he apprehends.

*Enter* SOPHIA, LYSIMACHUS, MACARIUS, EUBU-  
LUS, SELEUCUS, ARCADIUS, Ladies, Attendants,  
and Gentlemen.

*Sophia.* We have already granted to Seleucus,  
And they shall try their valour, if Arcadius  
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge;  
Our royal word is passed.

<sup>6</sup> — It is  
Enough to question you.] That is, to have you called in ques-  
tion.—Mason.

*Phil.* This is strange.

*Eub.* Madam, my son knew not what he ask'd,  
And you were cruel to consent so soon.

*Mac.* Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd  
At once of all the wealth I have? Arcadius  
Is part of me.

*Eub.* Seleucus' life and mine  
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall  
Together. Hath the service for my country  
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping  
To my eternal home? Was't not enough,  
When I was young, to lose my blood in wars,  
But the poor remnant that is scarcely warm,  
And faintly creeping through my wither'd veins,  
Must be let out to make you sport?

*Mac.* How can  
We, that shall this morn see the sacred oil  
Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any  
Protection hereafter, when this day  
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you?—  
Arcadius, I pr'ythee speak thyself;  
It is for thee I plead.

*Eub.* Seleucus, kneel,  
And say thou hast repented thy rash suit!  
If ere I see thee fight I be thus wounded,  
How will the least drop forced from thy veins  
Afflict my heart!

*Mac.* Why, that's good!  
Arcadius, speak to her; hear him, madam.

*Arc.* If you call back this honour you have  
done me,  
I shall repent I live.—Do not persuade me!—  
Seleucus, thou'rt a noble enemy;  
And I will love thy soul, though I despair  
Our bodies' friendly conversation:  
I would we were to tug upon some cliff,  
Or, like two prodigies i' th' air, our conflict



Might generally be gazed at, and our blood  
Appease our grandsires' ashes !

*Mac.* I'm undone !

*Sel.* Madam, my father says I have offended ;  
If so, I beg your pardon, but beseech you,  
For your own glory, call not back your word !

*Eub.* They are both mad.

*Sophia.* No more ! we have resolved :  
And since their courage is so nobly flamed,  
This morning we'll behold the champions  
Within the list. Be not afraid their strife  
Will stretch so far as death.—So soon as we  
Are crown'd, prepare yourselves. Seleucus !

[SELEUCUS kisses her hand.]

*Sel.* I have received another life in this  
High favour, and may lose what nature gave me.

*Sophia.* Arcadius, to encourage thy young valour,  
We give thee our father's sword ;  
Command it from our armory.—Lysimachus,  
To our coronation.

[*Exeunt all but EUBULUS, MACARIUS,  
PHILOCLEES, and LYSANDER.*]

*Eub.* I will forfeit [sooner]  
My head for a rebellion, than suffer it. <sup>7</sup> [Exit.]

*Mac.* I am circled with confusions ! I'll do  
somewhat :

My brains and friends assist me !

<sup>7</sup> *Sel.* I'll forfeit, &c.

*Arc.* I am circled—] Mr Theobald and Mr Seward agree with me here are two false names put into these two places ; and that *Eubulus* should supply *Seleucus*, and *Macarius Arcadius* ; and it is plain, for *Seleucus* and *Arcadius* are not now upon the stage, but went off with the queen, *Lysimachus*, &c. I have likewise ventured to add a word to

*Eub.* I'll forfeit

*My head, &c.*

which was not sense, as it stood in all the copies.—*Simpson.*



*Phil.* But do you think they'll fight indeed?

*Lysan.* Perhaps

Her majesty will see a bout or two :  
And yet 'tis wond'rous strange ! such spectacles  
Are rare i' th' court. An they were to skirmish  
naked

Before her, then there might be some excuse.  
There is some gimcracks in't ; the queen is wise  
Above her years.

*Enter EUBULUS.*

*Phil.* Macarius is perplex'd.

*Lysan.* I cannot blame him.—But my lord  
Eubulus

Returns ; they are both troubled : 'Las, good men !  
But our duties are expected ; we forget.

[*Exeunt PHILOCLES and LYSANDER.*

*Eub.* I must resolve ; and yet things are not ripe :  
My brain's upon the torture !—

*Mac.* This may quit

The hazard of his person, whose least drop  
Of blood is worth more than our families.—  
My lord Eubulus, I have thought a way  
To stay the young men's desperate proceedings :  
It is our cause they fight ; let us beseech  
The queen, to grant us two the privilege  
Of duel, rather than expose their lives  
To either's fury : It were pity they  
Should run upon so black a destiny :  
We are both old, and may be spared ; a pair  
Of fruitless trees, mossy and wither'd trunks,  
That fill up too much room.

*Eub.* Most willingly ;

And I will praise her charity to allow it :  
I have not yet forgot to use a sword.  
Let's lose no time ! By this act, she will licence

Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,  
 Perhaps an hour, the sooner; they may live  
 To do her better service, and be friends  
 When we are dead. And yet I have no hope  
 This will be granted; curse upon our faction!

*Mac.* If she deny us—

*Eub.* What?

*Mac.* I would do somewhat—

*Eub.* There's something o' the sudden struck  
 upon

My imagination, that may secure us.

*Mac.* Name it; if no dishonour wait upon't,  
 To preserve them, I'll accept any danger.

*Eub.* There is no other way—and yet my heart  
 Would be excused—but 'tis to save his life.

*Mac.* Speak it, Eubulus.

*Eub.* In your ear I shall;

It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it. [*Whispers.*]

*Mac.* Hum! though it stir my blood, I'll meet.

Arcadius,

If this preserve thee not, I must unseal  
 Another mystery. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SOPHIA crowned, LYSIMACHUS, CASSANDER,  
 CHARILLA, LYSANDER, PHILOCLES, and ANTI-  
 GONUS.*

*Sophia.* We owe to all your loves, and will de-  
 serve,

At least by our endeavours, that none may  
 This day repent their prayers.—My lord-protector!

*Cass.* Madam, I have no such title now,  
 And am blest to lose that name so happily:  
 I was but trusted with a glorious burden.

*Sophia.* You have proved  
 Yourself our faithful counsellor, and must still  
 Protect our growing state: A kingdom's sceptre

Weighs down a woman's arm; this crown sits  
heavy

Upon my brow already; and we know  
There's something more than metal in this wreath  
Of shining glory; but your faith and counsel,  
That are familiar with mysteries,  
And depths of state, have power to make us fit  
For such a bearing, in which both you shall  
Do loyal service, and reward your duties.

*Cass.* Heaven preserve your highness!

*Sophia.* But yet, my lords and gentlemen, let none  
Mistake me, that, because I urge your wisdoms,  
I shall grow careless, and impose on you  
The managing of this great province! No,  
We will be active too; and as we are  
In dignity above your persons, so  
The greatest portion of the difficulties  
We call to us, you in your several places  
Relieving us with your experience,  
Observing in your best directions  
All modesty, and distance; for although  
We are but young, no action shall forfeit  
Our royal privilege, or encourage any  
To unreverent boldness. As it will become  
Our honour to consult, ere we determine,  
Of the most necessary thing of state;  
So we are sensible of any check,<sup>a</sup>  
But in a brow, that saucily controuls  
Our action, presuming on our years  
As few, or frailty of our sex; that head

<sup>a</sup> *So we are sensible of a check.*] Seward would read,

*So were not sensible of any check.*

*But in a brow, &c.*

We have adopted Sympson's reading, which he thus explains:  
"Even the least seeming dislike to our judgment expressed by a  
wrinkled brow, we are sensible of," &c.—Ed. 1778.



Is not secure, that dares our power or justice.

*Phil.* She has a brave spirit! Look, how the protector  
Grows pale already!

*Sophia.* But I speak to you.  
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare  
This theme; yet 'twas no immaterial  
Part of our character, since I desire  
All should take notice I have studied  
The knowledge of myself; by which I shall  
Better distinguish of your worth and persons  
In your relations to us.

*Lysan.* This language  
Is but a threatening to somebody.

*Sophia.* But we miss some, that use not to absent  
Their duties from us: Where's Macarius?

*Cass.* Retired to grieve, your majesty hath given  
Consent Arcadius should enter list  
To-day, with young Seleucus.

*Sophia.* We purpose  
They shall proceed.—

*Enter Gentleman.*

What's he?

*Phil.* A gentleman  
Belonging to Seleucus, that gives notice  
He is prepared, and waits your royal pleasure.

*Sophia.* He was composed for action. Give notice  
To Arcadius, and admit the challenger!  
Let other princes boast their gaudy tilting,  
And mockery of battles! but our triumph  
Is celebrated with true noble valour.



*Enter SELEUCUS and ARCADIUS at several Doors, their Pages before them, bearing their Targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have  
Two kingdoms staked upon their swords! Lysimachus,  
Do not they excellently become their arms?  
'Twere pity but they should do something more  
Than wave their plumes. [*A shout within.*] What  
noise is that?

*Enter MACARIUS and EUBULUS.*

*Mac.* The people's joy, to know us reconciled,  
Is added to the jubilee of the day:  
We have no more a faction, but one heart.  
Peace flow in every bosom!

*Eub.* Throw away  
These instruments of death, and, like two friends,  
Embrace by our example.

*Sophia.* This unfeign'd?

*Mac.* By our duties to yourself! Dear madam,  
Command them not advance: Our houses from  
This minute are incorporated; happy day!  
Our eyes, at which before revenge look'd forth,  
May clear suspicion.—Oh, my Arcadius!

*Eub.* We have found a nearer way to friendship,  
madam,  
Than by exposing them to fight for us.

*Sophia.* If this be faithful, our desires are bless'd.  
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile  
Your blood this way, and we did prophesy<sup>9</sup>  
This happy chance: Spring into either's bosom,  
Arcadius and Seleucus!—What can now

<sup>9</sup> *And we did prophesy.] i. e. Foresec.—Simpson.*

Be added to this day's felicity ?

Yes, there is something, is there not, my lord,  
While we are virgin-queen ?

*Cass.* Ha ! that string  
Doth promise music.

*Sophia.* I am yet, my lords ;  
Your single joy ; and when I look upon  
What I have took to manage, the great care  
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline  
To think I shall do justice to myself  
If I chuse one, whose strength and virtue may  
Assist my undertaking : Think you, lords,  
A husband would not help ?

*Lysan.* No question, madam ;  
And he that you purpose to make so bless'd,  
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty :  
It is the general vote.

*Sophia.* We will not then  
Trouble ambassadors to treat with any  
Princes abroad ; within our own dominion,  
Fruitful in honour, we shall make our choice ;  
And, that we may not keep you over long  
In the imagination, from this circle  
We have purpose to elect one, whom I shall  
Salute a king and husband.

*Lysan.* Now, my lord Lysimachus !

*Sophia.* Nor shall we in this action be accused  
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare  
Deserving our affection hath been early  
In our opinion, (which had reason first  
To guide it, and his known nobility,)  
Long married to our thoughts, will justify  
Our fair election.

*Phil.* Lysimachus blushes.

*Cass.* Direct our duties, madam, to pray for him !

[*She comes from the state.*]

<sup>1</sup> *She comes from the state.*] That is, the throne, in which sense

*Sophia.* Arcadius, you see from whence we come;  
Pray lead us back: You may ascend.

*Cass.* How's this? o'er-reached?

*Arc.* Madam, be charitable to your humblest  
creature!

Do not reward the heart, that falls in duty  
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden  
Of the court-mirth, a mockery for pages!  
'Twere treason in me but to think you mean thus.

*Sophia.* Arcadius, you must refuse my love,  
Or share this kingdom.<sup>2</sup>

*Phil.* Is the wind in that corner?

*Cass.* I shall run mad, Lysimachus!

*Lysim.* Sir, contain yourself.

*Sel.* Is this to be believed?

*Mac.* What dream is this?

*Phil.* He kisses her! now, by this day, I am  
glad on't.

*Lysan.* Mark the protector

*Ant.* Let him fret his heart-strings!

*Sophia.* Is the day cloudy on the sudden?

*Arc.* Gentlemen,

It was not my ambition; (I durst never  
Aspire so high in thought) but since her majesty  
Hath pleased to call me to this honour, I  
Will study to be worthy of her grace,  
By whom I live.

the word was very generally used, though it might originally refer to the platform upon which the throne was erected.

<sup>2</sup> *Arcadius, you must refuse my love,*

*Or share this kingdom.*] This is absolute nonsense, though unnoticed by the editors. We must undoubtedly read—

— You must refuse my love,

*Or share this kingdom*

meaning, that he must either refuse her love, or share the kingdom with her. She could not mean that his not accepting her love would *shame the kingdom*.—Mason.



*Sophia.* The church to-morrow shall  
Confirm our marriage. Noble Lysimachus,  
We'll find out other ways to recompense  
Your love to us. Set forward! Come, Arcadius!

[*Exeunt SOPHIA, ARCADIUS, and PHILOCLÉS.*

*Mac.* It must be so; and yet let me consider!

*Cass.* He insults already! Policy, assist me  
To break his neck!

*Lysim.* Who would trust woman?  
Lost, in a pair of minutes lost! How bright  
A morning rose but now, and now 'tis night.

[*Exeunt.*

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### ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Castle of Nestorius.*

*Enter POLIDORA and Servant.*

*Polid.* Oh, where shall virgins look for faith  
hereafter,  
If he prove false, after so many vows?  
And yet, if I consider, he was tempted  
Above the strength of a young lover: Two  
Such glories courting<sup>3</sup> his acceptance, were  
Able to make disloyalty no sin,

<sup>3</sup> *Such glorious courting.*] Corrected in 1650.



At least not seem a fault : A lady first,  
Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen  
Than the Alps, quicken a soul more dead than  
winter ;

Add to her beauty and perfection,  
That she's a queen, and brings with her a kingdom  
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.

What could the frailty of Arcadius  
Suggest, to unspirit him so much, as not  
To fly to her embraces ?—You were present  
When she declared herself ?

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*Polid.* Tell me,  
Did he not make a pause, when the fair queen  
A full temptation stood him ?

*Serv.* Very little  
My judgment could distinguish : She did no sooner  
Propound, but he accepted.

*Polid.* That was ill.  
He might with honour stand one or two minutes ;  
Methinks it should have startled him a little  
To have remember'd me ; I have deserved  
At least a cold thought. Well, pray give it him.

*Serv.* I shall. [POLIDORA gives him a letter.

*Polid.* When ?

*Serv.* Instantly.

*Polid.* Not so ;  
But take a time when his joy swells him most,  
When his delights are high and ravishing,  
When you perceive his soul dance in his eyes,  
When she, that must be his, hath dress'd her beauty  
With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids  
To call him to the tasting of her lip ;  
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,  
I'll pray for him.

*Serv.* I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter CASSANDER and LYSIMACHUS.*

*Cass.* There is no way but death.

*Lysim.* That's black and horrid!

Consider, sir, it was her sin, not his;

I cannot accuse him; what man could carry

A heart so frozen, not to melt at such

A glorious flame? Who could not fly to such

A happiness?

*Cass.* Have you ambition

To be a tame fool? See so vast an injury,

And not revenge it? Make me not suspect

Thy mother for this sufferance, my son.

*Lysim.* Pray hear me, sir.

*Cass.* Hear a patient gull,

A property? Thou hast no blood of mine,

If this affront provoke thee not: How canst

Be charitable to thyself, and let him live

To glory in thy shame? Nor is he innocent;

He had before crept slyly into her bosom,

And practised thy dishonour.

*Lysim.* You begin

To stir me, sir.

*Cass.* How else could she be guilty

Of such contempt of thee, and in the eye

Of all the kingdom? they conspired this stain,

When they had cunning meetings. Shall thy love  
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and Lysimachus

Stand idle gazer?

*Lysim.* What, sir, will his death  
Advantage us, if she be false to me?  
So irreligious? and to touch her person—  
Pause, we may be observed.

*Enter PHILOCLES and LYSANDER.*

*Lysan.* 'Tis the protector  
And his son.

*Phil.* Alas, poor gentleman! I pity his  
Neglect, but am not sorry for his father.  
'Tis a strange turn.\*

*Lysan.* The whirligigs of women!

*Phil.* Your grace's servant.

*Cass.* I am yours, gentlemen;  
And should be happy to deserve your loves.

*Phil.* Now he can flatter.

*Lysan.* Not, sir, to enlarge  
Your sufferings, I have a heart doth wish  
The queen had known better to reward  
Your love and merit.

*Lysim.* If you would express  
Your love to me, pray do not mention it.  
I must obey my fate.

*Phil.* She will be married  
To t'other gentleman for certain then?

\* *Phil.* 'Tis a strange turn.

*Phil.* The whirligigs of women!

*Lysan.* Your grace's servant.] So the quarto, which is remarkably incorrect in the distribution of the speakers' names. The two last mistakes were corrected in the folio. Lower down, both the quarto and folio read—"In't, sir, to enlarge," &c. which was silently rectified in 1750.



*Cass.* I hope you'll wish 'em joy.

*Phil.* Indeed I will, sir.

*Lysan.* Your grace's servant! [Exeunt.

*Cass.* We are grown  
Ridiculous, the pastime of the court!—  
Here comes another.

*Enter SELEUCUS.*

*Sel.* Where's your son, my lord?

*Cass.* Like a neglected servant of his mistress—

*Sel.* I would ask him a question.

*Cass.* What?

*Sel.* Whether the queen,  
As 'tis reported, loved him: He can tell  
Whether she promised what they talk of, marriage.

*Cass.* I can resolve you that, sir.

*Sel.* She did promise?

*Cass.* Yes.

*Sel.* Then she's a woman; and your son—

*Cass.* What?

*Sel.* Not

Worthy his blood, and expectation,  
If he be calm.

*Cass.* There's no opposing destiny.

*Sel.* I would cut the throat—

*Cass.* Whose throat?

*Sel.* The destiny's; that's all. Your pardon, sir!  
I am Seleucus still; a poor shadow  
O' th' world, a walking picture! it concerns  
Not me; I am forgotten by my stars.

*Cass.* The queen, with more discretion, might  
ha' chosen thee.

*Sel.* Whom?

*Cass.* Thee, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Me?

I cannot dance, and frisk with due activity!



My body's lead, I have too much phlegm; what  
should I

Do with a kingdom? No, Arcadius  
Becomes the cushion, and can please. Yet, setting  
Aside the trick that ladies of blood look at,  
Another man might make a shift to wear  
Rich clothes, sit in the chair of state, and nod,  
Dare venture on discourse that does not trench  
On compliment, and think the study of arms  
And arts more commendable in a gentleman,  
Than any galliard.<sup>5</sup>

*Cass.* Arcadius

And you were reconciled?

*Sel.* We? yes; oh, yes.

But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends;  
At our equality there had been reason,  
But now *subjection* is the word.

*Cass.* They are not yet married?

*Sel.* I'll make no oath upon't.—My lord Lysimachus,

A word! You'll not be angry if I love you?  
May not a bachelor be made a cuckold?

*Lysim.* How, sir!

*Cass.* Lysimachus, this gentleman  
Is worthy our embrace; he's spirited,  
And may be useful.

*Sel.* Hark you; can you tell

Where's the best dancing-master? An you mean  
To rise at court, practise to caper: Farewell,  
The noble science that makes work for cutlers!  
It will be out of fashion to wear swords  
Masques and devices, welcome! I salute you.

<sup>5</sup> *Galliard.*] "The *galliard* is a lively air in triple time; Brosard intimates that it is the same with the *romanesca*, a favourite dance with the Italians."—*Sir John Hawkins, Hist. Music*, vol. iv. p. 387.—Ed. 1778.

Is it not pity any division  
 Should be heard out of music? <sup>6</sup> Oh, 'twill be  
 An excellent age of crotchets, and of canters! <sup>7</sup>  
 B'y<sup>8</sup>, captains, <sup>8</sup> that like fools will spend your blood  
 Out of your country! you will be of less  
 Use than your feathers; if you return unmain'd,  
 You shall be beaten soon to a new march,  
 When you shall think it a discretion  
 To sell your glorious buffs to buy fine pumps,  
 And pantables; <sup>9</sup> this is, I hope, no treason.

<sup>6</sup> *Is it not pity any division*

*Should be heard out of music?*] *Division* was a technical term, probably, as Steevens observes, "for the pauses, or parts, of a musical composition." So in *The Lover's Melancholy* by Ford:

"He could not run *division* with more art,  
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
 The nightingale, did with her various notes  
 Reply to."

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Oh, 'twill be*

*An excellent age of crotchets, and of canters.*] This word occurs in Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, where Tapwell the host says—

"Humbled myself to marriage with my troth here,  
 Gave entertainment"—

And Wellborn rejoins—

"Yes, to whores and *canters*,  
 Clubbers by night."

Mr Gifford explains the term—rogues, sturdy beggars. Possibly Shirley may have aimed at something like a pun, between *canters* and *chanters*, in the text.

<sup>8</sup> Buy *captains, that like fools*—*if you return unmann'd.*] Both errors corrected by Seward.—Ed. 1778.

B'y is a common abbreviation of, God be with you! not of *be ye*, that is, *If ye be*, as Mason supposes.

<sup>9</sup> *Pantables.*] The same as pantofles, or slippers.

*Enter* ARCADIUS, *leading* SOPHIA, CHARILLA, EUBULUS, LYSANDER, PHILOCLES, *and* POLIDORA'S *Servant.*<sup>1</sup>

*Cass.* Wo't stay, Lysimachus?

*Lysim.* Yes, sir, and shew  
A patience above her injury.

*Arc.* This honour is too much, madam! Assume  
Your place, and let Arcadius wait still;  
'Tis happiness enough to be your servant.

*Cass.* Now he dissembles.

*Sophia.* Sir, you must sit.

*Arc.* I am obedient.

[*Music heard.*

*Sophia.* This is not music  
Sprightly enough; it feeds the soul with melan-  
choly.

How says Arcadius?

*Arc.* Give me leave to think,  
There is no harmony but in your voice,  
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue,  
But strikes me unto rapture: I incline  
To think the tale of Orpheus no fable;  
'Tis possible he might enchant the rocks,  
And charm the forest, soften Hell itself,  
With his commanding lute; it is no miracle  
To what you work, whose every breath conveys  
The hearer into Heaven: How at your lips  
Winds<sup>2</sup> gather perfumes, proudly glide away,  
To disperse sweetness round about the world!

*Sel.* Fine stuff!

*Sophia.* You cannot flatter.

<sup>1</sup> *Polidora, servant.*] Corrected by Sympson.

<sup>2</sup> *Day-winds.*] The first of these words has no very determinate meaning. It was omitted silently in the editions of 1750 and 1778.



*Arc.* Not, if I should say  
 Nature had placed you here the creatures' wonder,  
 And her own spring, from which all excellence  
 On earth's derived, and copied forth; and when  
 The character of fair and good in others  
 Is quite worn out, and lost, looking on you  
 It is supplied, and you alone made mortal,  
 To feed and keep alive all beauty.

*Sel.* Ha! ha! Can you endure it, gentlemen?

*Lysan.* What do you mean?

*Sel.* Nay, ask him what he means;  
 Mine is a down-right laugh.

*Sophia.* Well, sir, proceed.

*Arc.* At such bright eyes the stars do light  
 themselves,  
 At such a forehead swans renew their white,  
 From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

*Sel.* The morning is more modest than thy praises:  
 What a thing does he make her?

*Arc.* And when you fly to Heaven, and leave  
 this world  
 No longer maintenance of goodness from you,  
 Then poetry shall lose all use with us,  
 And be no more, since nothing in your absence  
 Is left, that can be worthy of a verse.

*Sel.* Ha, ha!

*Sophia.* Who's that?

*Sel.* 'Twas I, madam.

*Arc.* Seleucus?

*Cass.* Ha!

*Sel.* Yes, sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

*Arc.* At what?

*Sel.* At nothing.

*Lysan.* Contain yourself, Seleucus.

*Eub.* Are you mad?

*Sophia.* Have you ambition to be punish'd, sir?



*Sel.* I need not; 'twas punishment enough to hear

Him make an idol of you; he left out  
The commendation of your patience.

I was a little moved in my nature,  
To hear his rodomontados, and make  
A monster of his mistress; which I pitied first;  
But seeing him proceed, I guess'd he brought  
You mirth with his inventions, and so made  
Bold to laugh at it.

*Sophia.* You are saucy!

We'll place you where you shall not be so merry.—  
Take him away!

*Lysan.* Submit yourself.

*Arc.* Let me plead for his pardon.

*Sel.* I would not owe

My life so poorly! Beg thy own: When you  
Are king, you cannot bribe your destiny.

*Eub.* Good madam, hear me! I fear he is dis-  
tracted.

*Cass.* Brave boy!—Thou shouldst be master of  
a soul

Like his; thy honour's more concern'd.<sup>3</sup>

*Sel.* 'Tis charity;

Away wi' me! B'y', madam!<sup>4</sup>

*Cass.* He has a daring spirit.

[*Exeunt* SELEUCUS guarded, EUBULUS, and  
CASSANDER.

*Arc.* These, and a thousand more affronts, I  
must

Expect; your favours draw them all upon me:  
In my first state I had no enemies;  
I was secure, while I did grow beneath

<sup>3</sup> *Brave boy, &c.*] This speech was joined to that of Eubulus, till Mr Seward discovered the error.—Ed. 1778.

<sup>4</sup> ——— 'boy, madam?'] Corrected by Sympson.

This expectation ; humble vallies thrive with  
 Their bosoms full of flowers, when the hills melt  
 With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds.  
 Let me retire.

*Sophia.* And can Arcadius  
 At such a breath be moved ? I had opinion  
 Your courage durst have stood a tempest for  
 Our love : Can you for this incline to leave  
 What other princès should in vain have sued for ?  
 How many lovers are in Epire now  
 Would throw themselves on danger, not expect  
 One enemy, but empty their own veins,  
 And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,  
 To have one smile of us when they are dying !  
 And shall this murmur shake you ?

*Arc.* Not, dear madam ;  
 My life is such a poor despised thing,  
 In value your least graces, that to lose  
 It were to make myself a victory.  
 It is not for myself I fear : The envy  
 Of others cannot fasten wound in me  
 Greater, than that your goodness should be check'd  
 So daringly.

*Sophia.* Let not those thoughts afflict thee,  
 While we have power to correct the offences.  
 Arcadius, be mine ! This shall confirm it.

[*Kisses him.*

*Arc.* I shall forget,  
 And lose my way to Heaven : That touch had  
 been  
 Enough to have restored me, and infused  
 A spirit of a more celestial nature,  
 After the tedious absence of my soul.  
 Oh, bless me not too much ! one smile a-day  
 Would stretch my life to immortality.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> To mortality.] Corrected in 1750.

Poets, that wrap divinity in tales,  
Look here, and give your copies forth of angels!  
What blessing can remain?

*Sophia.* Our marriage.

*Arc.* Place then some horrors in the way  
For me, not you, to pass; the journey's end  
Holds out such glories to me, I should think  
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it.—

[*Servant delivers him a paper.*

What's that? some petition? a letter to me?

[*Reads.*

“You had a Polidora.” Ha! that's all!  
I' th' minute when my vessel's new launch'd forth,  
With all my pride, and silken wings about me,  
I strike upon a rock: What power can save me?  
“You had a Polidora!” There's a name!  
Killed with grief, I can so soon forget her.

*Serv.* She did impose on me this service, sir;  
And while she lives, she says, she'll pray for you.

*Arc.* She lives!

That's well; and yet 'twere better for my fame  
And honour, she were dead. What fate hath  
placed me

Upon this fearful precipice!

*Serv.* He's troubled.

*Arc.* I must resolve: My faith is violated  
Already; yet, poor loving Polidora  
Will pray for me, she says; to think she can,  
Renders me hated to myself, and every  
Thought's a tormentor; let me then be just.

*Sophia.* Arcadius!

*Arc.* That voice prevails again. Oh, Polidora,  
Thou must forgive Arcadius: I dare not  
Turn rebel to a princess! I shall love  
Thy virtue, but a kingdom has a charm  
To excuse our frailty.—Dearest madam!

*Sophia.* Now set forward.



*Arc.* To perfect all our joys !

*Enter MACARIUS and a Bishop.*

*Mac.* I'll fright their glories.

*Cass.* By what means ?

*Mac.* Observe.

*Arc.* Our good uncle, welcome !

*Sophia.* My lord Macarius, we did want your person ;

There's something in our joys wherein you share.

*Mac.* This you intend your highness' wedding-day ?

*Sophia.* We are going——

*Mac.* Save your labour ;

I have brought a priest to meet you.

*Arc.* Reverend father !

*Sophia.* Meet us ? Why ?

*Mac.* To tell you that you must not marry.

*Cass.* Didst thou hear that, Lysimachus ?

*Lysim.* And wonder what will follow.

*Sophia.* We must not marry ?

*Bishop.* Madam, 'tis a rule

First made in Heaven ; and I must needs declare  
You and Arcadius must tie no knot  
Of man and wife.

*Arc.* Is my uncle mad ?

*Sophia.* Joy has transported him,  
Or age has made him dote : Macarius,  
Provoke us not too much ; you will presume  
Above our mercy.

*Mac.* I'll discharge my duty,  
Could your frown strike me dead.—My lord, you  
know

Whose character this is ?

*Cass.* 'Tis Theodosius',  
Your grace's father.



*Bishop.* I am subscribed a witness.

*Phil.* Upon my life, 'tis his.

*Mac.* Fear not; I'll cross this match.

[*Aside to CASSANDER.*

*Cass.* I'll bless thee for't.

*Arc.* Uncle, do ye know what you do, or what  
We are going to finish? You will not break the  
neck of

My glorious fortune, now my foot's i' th' stirrup,  
And, mounting, throw me o'er the saddle?

I hope you'll let one be a king.—Madam,  
'Tis as you say, my uncle's something crazed;

There is a worm in's brain, but I beseech you  
pardon him:

He's not the first of your council, that has talk'd  
idly.

Do you hear, my lord-bishop, I hope you have more  
Religion than to join with him to undo me.

*Bishop.* Not I, sir; but I am commanded by  
oath

And conscience, to speak truth.

*Arc.* If your truth

Should do me any harm, I shall never be  
In charity with a crozier-staff;<sup>6</sup> look to't!

*Sophia.* My youngest brother?

*Cass.* Worse and worse! my brains! [Exit

*Mac.* Deliver'd to me an infant with this writing  
To which this reverend father is a witness.

*Lysan.* This he whom we so long thought dead,  
a child?

*Sophia.* But what should make my father to  
trust him

To your concealment? give abroad his death,  
And bury an empty coffin?

<sup>6</sup> *With a crozier's staff.*] Corrected according to a proposition  
of Mason.

*Mac.* A jealousy he had  
Upon Cassander, whose ambitious brain  
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose  
His son, to make Lysimachus king of Epire.

*Sophia.* He made no scruple to expose me then  
To any danger?

*Mac.* He secured you, madam,  
By an early engagement of your affection  
To Lysimachus; (exempt this testimony)  
Had he been Arcadius,<sup>7</sup> and my nephew,  
I needed not obtrude him on the state;  
Your love and marriage had made him king  
Without my trouble, and saved that ambition.  
There was necessity to open now  
His birth and title.

*Phil.* Demetrius alive?

*Arc.* What riddles are these? Whom do they  
talk of?

*All.* [We] congratulate<sup>8</sup> your return to life and  
honour,  
And, as becomes us, with one voice salute you,  
Demetrius, king of Epire.

*Mac.* I am no uncle, sir: This is your sister;  
I should have suffered incest, to have kept you  
Longer i' th' dark: Love, and be happy both!  
My trust is now discharged.

*Lysan.* And we rejoice.

*Arc.* But do not mock me, gentlemen;

<sup>7</sup> *He secured you, madam,*

*By an early engagement of your affection*

*To Lysimachus, exempt this testimony,*

*Had he been Arcadius, &c.]* The editors erroneously place a colon after the last line but one: The present pointing is Mason's, who observes, that "exempt this testimony," means without this testimony.

<sup>8</sup> *Congratulate.]* The word in brackets was silently added in 1750.

May I be bold upon your words to say  
I am prince Theodosius' son?

*Mac.* The king.

*Arc.* You'll justify it?—

Sister, I am very glad to see you.

*Sophia.* I am

To find a brother, and resign my glory.

My triumph is my shame.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* CASSANDER.

*Cass.* Thine ear, Lysimachus.

*Arc.* Gentlemen, I owe

Unto your loves as large acknowledgment

As to my birth, for this great honour; and

My study shall be equal to be thought

Worthy of both.

*Cass.* Thou art turn'd marble.

*Lysim.* There will be the less charge for my  
monument.

*Cass.* This must not be: Sit fast, young king!

[*Exit.*

*Lysan.* Your sister, sir, is gone.

*Arc.* My sister should have been my bride.

That name

Puts me in mind of Polidora; ha!

Lysander! Philocles! gentlemen!

If you will have me think your hearts allow me

Theodosius' son, oh, quickly snatch some wings,

Express it in your haste to Polidora;

Tell her, what title is new dropt from Heaven

To make her rich, only created for me;

Give her the ceremony of my queen;

With all the state that may become our bride,

Attend her to this throne. Are you not there?

Yet stay! 'tis too much pride to send for her;

We'll go ourself; no honour is enough.



For Polidora, to redeem our fault ;  
 Salute her gently from me, and, upon  
 Your knee, present her with this diadem !  
 'Tis our first gift ; tell her Demetrius follows  
 To be her guest, and give himself a servant  
 To her chaste bosom ; bid her stretch her heart  
 To meet me ! I am lost in joy and wonder !

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Rampart of the Royal Castle.*

*Enter CASSANDER, EUBULUS, and Soldier.*

*Cass.* Where's the captain of the castle ?

*Sold.* He'll attend

Your honours presently.

*Cass.* Give him knowledge we expect him.

*Sold.* I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Cass.* He is my creature, (fear not !)

And shall run any course that we propound.

*Eub.* My lord, I like the substance of your plot,  
 'Tis promising ; but matters of this consequence  
 Are not so easily perfect ; and it does  
 Concern our heads to build upon secure  
 Principles : Though Seleucus, I confess,  
 Carry a high and daring spirit in him,



'Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled  
 Any impostor; and we know not yet  
 Whether he'll undertake to play the prince;  
 Or, if he should accept it, with what cunning  
 He can behave himself.

*Cass.* My lord, affairs  
 Of such a glorious nature are half finish'd,  
 When they begin with confidence.

*Eub.* Admit  
 He want no art, nor courage, it must rest  
 Upon the people to receive his title;  
 And with what danger their uncertain breath  
 May flatter ours, Demetrius scarcely warm  
 In the king's seat, I may suspect.

*Cass.* That reason  
 Makes for our part; for if it be so probable  
 That young Demetrius should be living, why  
 May not we work them to believe Leonatus,  
 The eldest son, was by some trick preserved,  
 And now would claim his own? There were two  
                   sons,  
 Who in their father's life we supposed dead;  
 May not we find a circumstance to make  
 This seem as clear as t'other? Let the vulgar  
 Be once possess'd,<sup>9</sup> we'll carry Epire from  
 Demetrius, and the world.

*Eub.* I could be pleased  
 To see my son a king.

<sup>9</sup> *Possess'd.*] That is, informed of, made acquainted with. See  
 in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, (vol. IX. p. 451:)—

“ Deliver those aggrievances, which lately  
 Your importunity *possessed* our counsel  
 Were fit for audience.”

*Enter POLEANUS.*

The captain's here.

*Poleanus.* I wait your lordship's pleasure.

*Cass.* We come to visit your late prisoner.<sup>1</sup>  
I will not doubt, but you entreat him fairly ;  
He will deserve it for himself, and you  
Be fortunate in any occasion  
To have expressed your service.

*Poleanus.* Sir, the knowledge  
Of my honourable lord his father will  
Instruct me to behave myself with all  
Respects becoming me, to such a son.

*Cass.* These things will least  
Oblige you ; but how bears he his restraint ?

*Poleanus.* As one whose soul's above it.

*Eub.* Patiently ?

*Poleanus.* With contempt rather of the great  
command

Which made him prisoner : He will talk sometimes  
So strangely to himself !

*Eub.* He's here.

*Enter SELEUCUS.*

*Sel.* Why was I born to be a subject ? 'Tis  
Soon answered sure ; my father was no prince,  
That's all : The same ingredients use to make  
A man, as active, though not royal blood,  
Went to my composition, and I

<sup>1</sup> *We come to visit your late prisoner.*] That is, the prisoner lately committed. So in Henry V, the king says—

“ Who are the *late* commissioners ?  
that is, the commissioners lately appointed.—*Mason.*

Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,  
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow,  
As I had been born an emperor.

*Cass.* While I look  
Upon him, something in his face presents  
A king indeed.

*Eub.* He does resemble much  
Theodosius too.

*Cass.* Whose son we would pretend him :  
This will advance our plot.

*Sel.* 'Tis but a name,  
And mere opinion, that prefers one man  
Above another : I'll imagine then  
I am a prince, or some brave thing on earth,  
And see what follows. But it must not be  
My single voice will carry it ;<sup>2</sup> the name  
Of king must be attended with a troop  
Of acclamations, on whose airy wings  
He mounts, and, once exalted, threatens Heaven,  
And all the stars. How to acquire this noise,  
And be the thing I talk of—Men have risen  
From a more cheap nobility to empires,  
From dark originals, and sordid blood ;  
Nay, some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,  
And flying people, have aspired to kingdoms,  
Made nations tremble,<sup>3</sup> nay, have practised frowns  
To awe the world : Their memory is glorious,  
And I would hug them in their shades. But what's  
All this to me, that am I know not what,  
And less in expectation ?

*Poleanus.* Are you serious ?

*Cass.* Will you assist, and run a fate with us ?

<sup>2</sup> — But it must not be

*My single voice will carry it.] i. e. It must not be my single voice that will carry it.—Simpson.*

<sup>3</sup> *Tremble, any have practised frowns.] Amended by Simpson.*



*Poleanus.* Command my life; I owe it to your favour.

*Sel.* Arcadius was once as far from king<sup>4</sup> As I; and had we not so cunningly Been reconciled, or one, or both, had gone To seek our fortunes in another world.— What's the device now? If my death be next, The summons shall not make me once look pale.

*Cass.* Chide your too vain suspicions; we bring A life, and liberty, with what else can make Thy ambition happy: Thou hast a glorious flame! We come to advance it.

*Sel.* How?

*Cass.* Have but a will,  
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to,

A king!

*Sel.* You do not mock me, gentlemen? You are my father, sir.

*Eub.* This minute shall  
Declare it, my Seleucus: Our hearts swelled  
With joy, with duty rather—Oh, my boy!

*Sel.* What is the mystery?

*Poleanus.* You must be a king.

*Cass.* Seleucus, stay! thou'rt too incredulous:  
Let not our faith and study to exalt thee  
Be so rewarded!

*Eub.* I pronounce thee king;  
Unless thy spirit be turned coward, and  
Thou faint to accept it.

*Sel.* King of what?

<sup>4</sup> *As far from being*

*As I.]* This is true indeed, yet no mighty discovery, nor what the poets designed him to say: But the true lection, and what the place requires absolutely, is this:

— *was as far from king.*—*Sympson.*



*Cass.* Of Epire.

*Sel.* Although the queen, since she sent me  
Hither, were gone to Heaven, I know not how  
That title could devolve on me.

*Cass.* We have

No queen, since he that should have married her  
Is proved her youngest brother, and now king  
In his own title.

*Sel.* Thank you, gentlemen!

There's hope for me.

*Cass.* Why, you dare fight with him,  
An need be, for the kingdom?

*Sel.* With Arcadius?

If you'll make stakes; my life against his crown,  
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine son,  
And all the courtiers one after another.

*Cass.* 'Two'not come to that.

*Sel.* I am of your lordship's mind:

So fare you well!

*Cass.* Yet stay and hear.

*Sel.* What, that you have betray'd me?

Do, tell your king! my life is grown a burden;  
And I'll confess; and make your souls look pale,  
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement  
Of flesh, and, dying, laugh at your poor malice.

*All.* No more; long live Leonatus, king of  
Epire!

*Sel.* Leonatus? Who's that?

*Cass.* Be bold, and be a king! Our brains have  
been

Working to raise you to this height. Here  
Are none but friends: Dare you but call yourself  
Leonatus, and but justify with confidence  
What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring  
The crown to your head, we will forfeit ours.

*Eub.* The state is in distraction—Arcadius

Is proved a king—there was an elder brother—  
If you dare but pronounce you are the same,  
Forget you are my son——

*Poleanus.* These are no trifles, sir: All's plotted  
To assure your greatness, if you will be wise,  
And take the fair occasion that's presented.

*Sel.* Arcadius, you say, is lawful king;  
And now, to depose him, you would make me  
An elder brother; is't not so?

*Cass.* Most right.

*Sel.* Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true  
meaning——

*All.* Upon our lives!

*Sel.* I'll venture mine. But, with your pardon,  
Whose brain was this? from whom took this plot  
life?

*Eub.* My lord Cassander.

*Sel.* And you are of his mind? and you? and  
think

This may be done?

*Eub.* The destinies shall not cross us, if you have  
Spirit to undertake it.

*Sel.* Undertake it?

I am not used to compliment: I'll owe  
My life to you, my fortunes to your lordship.  
Compose me as you please; and when you have  
made

Me what you promise, you shall both divide  
Me equally.—One word, my lord! I had rather

[*Apart to EUBULUS.*

Live in the prison still, than be a property  
To advance his politic ends.

*Eub.* Have no suspicion!

*Cass.* So, so! I see Demetrius' heels already

[*Aside.*

Tripp'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o' th' way;  
Which gone, I can depose this at my leisure,

Being an impostor ; then my son stands fair,  
 And may piece with the princess.—We lose time :  
 What think you ? If we first surprise the court,  
 While you command the castle, we shall curb  
 All opposition.

*Eub.* Let's proclaim him first.

I have some faction ; the people love me ;  
 They gained to us, we'll fall upon the court.

*Cass.* Unless Demetrius yield himself, he bleeds.

*Sel.* Who dares call treason sin, when it suc-  
 ceeds ? [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter SOPHIA and CHARILLA.*

*Char.* Madam, you are too passionate, and lose  
 The greatness of your soul, with the expence  
 Of too much grief, for that which providence  
 Hath eased you of, the burden of a state  
 Above your tender bearing.

*Sophia.* Thou'rt a fool,  
 And canst not reach the spirit of a lady  
 Born great as I was, and made only less  
 By a too-cruel destiny ! “ Above  
 Our tender bearing ? ” What goes richer to  
 The composition of man than ours ?  
 Our soul's as free, and spacious, our heart's



As great, our will as large, each thought as active,  
 And in this only man more proud than we,  
 That would have us less capable of empire :  
 But search the stories, and the name of queen  
 Shines bright with glory, and some precedents  
 Above man's imitation.

*Char.* I grant it,  
 For the honour of our sex ; nor have you, madam,  
 By any weakness, forfeited command :  
 He, that succeeds, in justice was before you,  
 And you have gained more, in a royal brother,  
 Than you could lose by your resign of Epire.

*Sophia.* This I allow, Charilla, I ha' done ;  
 'Tis not the thought I am deposed afflicts me  
 (At the same time I feel a joy to know  
 My brother living ;) no, there is another  
 Wound in me above cure.

*Char.* Virtue forbid !

*Sophia.* Canst find me out a surgeon for that ?

*Char.* For what ?

*Sophia.* My bleeding fame.

*Char.* Oh, do not injure  
 Your own clear innocence.

*Sophia.* Do not flatter me :  
 I have been guilty of an act will make  
 All love in women questioned ; is not that  
 A blot upon a virgin's name ? my birth  
 Cannot extenuate my shame ; I am  
 Become the stain of Epire !

*Char.* It is but  
 Your own opinion, madam, which presents  
 Something to fright yourself, which cannot be  
 In the same shape so horrid to our sense.

*Sophia.* Thou wouldst, but canst not, appear ig-  
 norant :  
 Did not the court, nay, the whole kingdom, take



Notice I loved Lysimachus ?

*Char.* True, madam.

*Sophia.* No, I was false !

Though counselled by my father to affect him,  
I had my politic ends upon Cassander,  
To be absolute queen, flattering his son with hopes  
Of love and marriage, when that very day  
(I blush to think) I wronged Lysimachus,  
That noble gentleman : But Heaven punish'd me !  
For though to know Demetrius was a blessing,  
Yet who will not impute it my dishonour ?

*Char.* Madam, you yet may recompense Lysimachus ;

If you affect him now, you were not false  
To him, whom then you loved not ; if you can  
Find any gentle passion in your soul  
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,  
Though sad, retains a noble will to meet it :  
His love was firm to you, and cannot be  
Unrooted with one storm.

*Sophia.* He will not, sure,  
Trust any language from her tongue that mocked  
him,  
Although my soul doth weep for't, and is punished  
To love him above the world.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Char.* He's here,  
As Fate would have him reconciled : Be free,  
And speak your thoughts.

*Lysim.* If, madam, I appear  
Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon :  
I heard you were not well, which made me haste  
To pay the duty of an humble visit.

*Sophia.* You do not mock me, sir ?

*Lysim.* I am confident  
 You think me not so lost to manners, in  
 The knowledge of your person, to bring with me  
 Such rudeness; I have nothing to present,  
 But an heart full of wishes for your health,  
 And what else may be added to your happiness.

*Sophia.* I thought you had been sensible——

*Lysim.* How, madam?

*Sophia.* A man of understanding: Can you spend  
 One prayer for me, rememb'ring the dishonour  
 I have done Lysimachus?

*Lysim.* Nothing can deface  
 That part of my religion in me,  
 Not to pray for you.

*Sophia.* It is not then impossible you may  
 Forgive me too: Indeed I have a soul  
 Is full of penitence, and something else,  
 If blushing would allow to give't a name. [*Weeps.*]

*Lysim.* What, madam?

*Sophia.* Love; a love that should redeem  
 My past offence, and make me white again.

*Lysim.* I hope no sadness can possess your  
 thoughts

For me; I am not worthy of this sorrow:  
 But if you mean it any satisfaction  
 For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis  
 But a strange overflow of charity,  
 To keep me still alive. Be yourself, madam,  
 And let no cause of mine be guilty of  
 This rape upon your eyes; my name's not worth  
 The least of all your tears.

*Sophia.* You think 'em counterfeit?

*Lysim.* Although I may  
 Suspect a woman's smile hereafter, yet  
 I would believe their wet eyes; and if this  
 Be what you promise, for my sake, I have  
 But one reply.

*Sophia.* I wait it.

*Lysim.* I have now

Another mistress——

*Sophia.* Stay!

*Lysim.* To whom I have made,

Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,

Which not the second malice of my fate

Shall violate: And she deserves it, madam,

Even for that wherein you are excellent,

Beauty, in which she shines equal to you;

Her virtue, if she but maintain what now

She is mistress of, beyond all competition,

So rich it cannot know to be improved,

At least in my esteem: I may offend,

But truth shall justify I have not flattered her.

I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty

Upon your hand. All that is good flow in you!

[*Exit.*

*Sophia.* Did he not say, Charilla, that he had  
Another mistress?

*Char.* Such a sound, methought,  
Came from him.

*Sophia.* Let's remove! here's too much air;  
The sad note multiplies.

*Char.* Take courage, madam,  
And my advice. He has another mistress?  
If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him  
With entertaining twice as many servants;  
And when he sees your humour, he'll return  
And sue for any livery.<sup>5</sup> Grieve for this?

*Sophia.* It must be she; 'tis Polidora has  
Taken his heart; she live my rival?

<sup>5</sup> —— *Be you wise, and cross him*

*With entertaining twice as many servants;*

*And when he sees your humour, he'll return*

*And sue for any livery.]* That is, to be entertained as one of  
your servants, or lovers, in any degree, or rank, in which you may  
choose to place him, with respect to your other lovers.



How does the thought inflame me !

*Char.* Polidora ?

*Sophia.* And yet she does but justly, and he too ;  
I would have robb'd her of Arcadius' heart,  
And they will both have this revenge on me.  
But something will rebel. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the House of Nestorius.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, PHILOCLES, *and* LYSANDER.

*Dem.* The house is desolate ; none comes forth  
to meet us ;

She's slow to entertain us. Philocles,  
I pr'ythee tell me, did she wear no cloud  
Upon her brow ? was't freely that she said  
We should be welcome ?

*Phil.* To my apprehension ;  
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.

*Lysan.* She,  
Nor any other. Sure there's some conceit<sup>6</sup>  
To excuse it.

*Enter* FORTUNE *crowned, attended with* YOUTH,  
HEALTH, *and* PLEASURE.

*Dem.* Stay ! who's this ? Observe what follows.

<sup>6</sup> *Sure there's some conceit*

*To excuse it.] Conceit means here fanciful conception, in allusion to the masque which is presented immediately after.*



*Phil.* Fortune? some masque to entertain you,  
sir.

*Fort.* Not yet? What silence doth inhabit here?  
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome?  
Fortune, the genius of the world? Have we  
Descended from our pride and state, to come  
So far, attended with our darlings, Youth,  
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?  
Sure this is not the place. Call hither Fame!

*Enter FAME.*

*Fame.* What would great Fortune?

*Fort.* Know  
Who dwells here.

*Fame.* Once more I report, great queen,  
This is the house of Love.

*Fort.* It cannot be;  
This place has too much shade, and looks as if  
It had been quite forgotten of the spring  
And sun-beams: Love affects society  
And heat; here all is cold as the hairs of winter;<sup>7</sup>  
No harmony to catch the busy ear  
Of passengers; no object of delight,  
To take the wand'ring eyes; no song, no groan  
Of lovers, no complaint of willow garlands;  
Love has a beacon upon his palace-top,  
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrim  
To rest, and dwell with him; I see no fire  
To threaten, or to warm: Can Love dwell here?

<sup>7</sup> *Here all is cold as the hairs of winter.*] This is Theobald's reading, adopted by the editors [of 1778] as an amendment; the only effect is to destroy a poetical beauty. The old reading is—

Cold as the *hairs* of winter,

alluding to the icicles on the beard of Hyems; it must therefore be restored.—*Mason.*

*Fame.* If there be noble Love upon the world,  
Trust Fame, and find it here.

*Fort.* Make good your boast,  
And bring him to us."

*Dem.* What does mean all this?

*Lysan.* I told you, sir, we should have some  
device.

*Enter LOVE.*

There's Cupid now! that little gentleman  
Has troubled every masque at court this seven year.

*Dem.* No more.

*Love.* Welcome to Love! how much you ho-  
nour me!

It had become me, that, upon your summons,  
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune;  
But since you have vouchsafed to visit me,  
All the delights Love can invent shall flow  
To entertain you. Music, through the air  
Shoot your enticing harmony! [*Music plays.*

*Fort.* We came  
To dance and revel with you.

*Love.* I am poor  
In my ambition, and want thought to reach  
How much you honour Love. [*Dance.*

*Enter HONOUR.*

*Hon.* What intrusion's this?  
Whom do you seek here?

*Love.* 'Tis Honour.

*Fort.* He's my servant.

*Love.* Fortune is come to visit us.

*Hon.* And has  
Corrupted Love! Is this thy faith to her,  
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus

To Fortune's triumph? Take her giddy wheel,  
 And be no more companion to Honour:  
 I blush to know thee! Who'll believe there can  
 Be truth in Love hereafter?

*Love.* I have found

My eyes, and see my shame, and with it this  
 Proud sorceress, from whom, and all her charms,  
 I fly again to Honour: Be my guard!

Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast

The merit of a name.

[*Exit* HONOUR.]

*Fort.* Despised? I shall  
 Remember this affront."

*Dem.* What moral's this?

[*Exeunt* Masquers.]

*Re-enter* HONOUR, with the crown upon a mourning  
 cushion.

What melancholy object strikes a sudden  
 Chillness through all my veins, and turns me ice?  
 It is the same I sent, the very same,  
 As the first pledge of her ensuing greatness:  
 Why in this mourning livery, if she live  
 To whom I sent it? Ha! what shape of sorrow?

[*Exit* HONOUR.]

*Enter* POLIDORA, in mourning.

It is not Polidora! she was fair  
 Enough, and wanted not the setting off  
 With such a black: If thou be'st Polidora,  
 Why mourns my love? It neither does become  
 Thy fortune, nor my joys.

*Polid.* But it becomes

My griefs; this habit fits a funeral,  
 And it were sin, my lord, not to lament  
 A friend new dead.

*Dem.* And I yet living? Can



A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,  
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I  
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,  
Weighed with thy living comforts, but a piece  
Of all this ceremony? Give him a name.

*Polid.* He was Arcadius.

*Dem.* Arcadius?

*Polid.* A gentleman that loved me dearly once,  
And does compel these poor and fruitless drops,  
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,  
To embalm him twice.

*Dem.* And are you sure he's dead?

*Polid.* As sure as you are living, sir; and yet  
I did not close his eyes; but he is dead,  
And I shall never see the same Arcadius.  
He was a man so rich in all that's good,  
(At least I thought him so) so perfect in  
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate  
Were glory in a prince: Nature herself,  
Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,  
As she had made but trial of the rest,  
To mould him excellent.\*

*Dem.* And is he dead?

Come, shame him not with praises; recollect  
Thy scattered hopes, and let me tell my best  
And dearest Polidora, that he lives,  
Still lives to honour thee!

\* *He was a man, &c.*] Dryden has a passage similar to this in  
All for Love:

“So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd  
At their own skill, and cried, ‘A lucky hit  
Hath mended our design!’ Their envy hinder'd,  
Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,  
When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,  
To copy out again.”—*Reed.*

The thought is a very common one, perhaps too much so. The  
passage from Dryden has been very fairly parodied by Fielding.



*Polid.* Lives? where?

*Dem.* Look here;

Am not I worth your knowledge?

*Polid.* And my duty;

You are Demetrius, king of Epire, sir,

I could not easily mistake him so

To whom I gave my heart.

*Dem.* Mine is not changed,

But still hath fed upon thy memory:

These honours and additions of state

Are lent me for thy sake. Be not so strange!

Let me not lose my entertainment, now

I am improved, and raised unto the height

Beneath which I did blush to ask thy love!

*Polid.* Give me your pardon, sir! Arcadius,  
At our last meeting, without argument

To move him, more than his affection to me,

Vowed he did love me, love me above all women,

And, to confirm his heart was truly mine,

He wished—I tremble to remember it—

When he forsook his Polidora's love,

That Heaven might kill his happiness on earth:

Was not this nobly said? Did not this promise

A truth to shame the turtle's?

*Dem.* And his heart

Is still the same, and I thy constant lover.

*Polid.* Give me your leave, I pray! I would not  
say

Arcadius was perjured; but the same day,

Forgetting all his promises and oaths,

While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me,

(D'ye not remember this too?) gave his faith

From me, transported with the noise of greatness,

And would be married to a kingdom.

*Dem.* But

Heaven permitted not I should dispose

What was ordained for thee.

*Polid.* It was not virtue

In him ; for sure he found no check, no sting,  
In his own bosom, but gave freely all  
The reins to blind ambition.

*Dem.* I am wounded !

The thought of thee, i' th' throng of all my joys,  
Like poison poured in nectar, turns me frantic :  
Dear, if Arcadius have made a fault,  
Let not Demetrius be punished for't !  
He pleads, that ever will be constant to thee.

*Polid.* Shall I believe man's flatteries again,  
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought again ?  
Be drawn by you from the straight paths of virtue  
Into the maze of love ?

*Dem.* I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me :  
If I have either soul, but what's contained  
Within these words, or if one syllable  
Of their full force be not made good by me,  
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,  
And thy disdain be doubled ! From thy pardon,  
I'll count my Coronation ; and that hour  
Fix with a rubric in my calendar,<sup>9</sup>  
As an auspicious time to entertain  
Affairs of weight with princes. Think who now  
Entreats thy mercy ! Come, thou shalt be kind,  
And divide titles with me.

*Polid.* Hear me, sir :

I loved you once for virtue, and have not  
A thought so much unguarded, as to be  
Won from my truth and innocence, with any  
Motives of state to affect you.  
Your bright temptation mourns while it stays here,  
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you  
Forget me so, court my opinion back.  
Were you no king, I should be sooner drawn  
Again to love you ; but 'tis now too late ;

<sup>9</sup> Fix with a rubric in my calendar.] i. e. Consider it as a red-letter day.—Ed. 1778.

A low obedience shall become me best.  
 May all the joys I want  
 Still wait on you ! If time hereafter tell you,  
 That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead,  
 May one soft tear, dropt from your eye in pity,  
 Bedew my hearse, and I shall sleep securely !  
 I have but one word more : For goodness' sake  
 For your own honour, sir, correct your passion,  
 To her you shall love next, and I forgive you.

[*Exit.*

*Dem.* Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm  
 prayers  
 Thaw it to any softness.

*Phil.* I'll fetch her, sir, again.

*Dem.* Persuade her not.

*Phil.* You give your passion too much leave to  
 triumph.

Seek in another what she denies.

*Enter MACARIUS.*

*Mac.* Where is the king ?—Oh, sir, you are un-  
 done ;

A dangerous treason is afoot.

*Dem.* What treason ?

*Mac.* Cassander and Eubulus have proclaim'd  
 Another king, whom they pretend to be  
 Leonatus your elder brother, he that was  
 But this morning prisoner in the castle.

*Dem.* Ha !

*Mac.* The easy Epirotes  
 Gather in multitudes to advance his title ;  
 They have seized upon the court. Secure your  
 person,  
 Whilst we raise power to curb this insurrection.

*Ant.* Lose no time then.

*Dem.* We will not arm one man.  
 Speak it again ! have I a brother living,



And must be no king?

*Mac.* What means your grace?

*Dem.* This news doth speak me happy; it exalts  
My heart, and makes me capable of more  
Than twenty kingdoms!

*Phil.* Will you not, sir, stand  
Upon your guard?

*Dem.* I'll stand upon my honour:  
Mercy relieves me.

*Lysan.* Will you lose the kingdom?

*Dem.* The world's too poor to bribe me. Leave  
me all,  
Lest you extenuate my fame, and I  
Be thought to have redeemed it by your counsel!  
You shall not share one scruple in the honour.  
Titles may set a gloss upon our name,  
But virtue only is the soul of fame.

*Mac.* He's strangely possessed, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Presence-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter PHILOCLEES and LYSANDER.*

*Phil.* Here's a strange turn, Lysander.

*Lysan.* 'Tis a kingdom  
Easily purchased: Who will trust the faith  
Of multitudes?

*Phil.* It was his fault, that would



So tamely give his title to their mercy.  
The new king has possession.

*Lysan.* And is like  
To keep it. We are alone; what dost think of  
This innovation? Is't not a fine jig?  
A precious cunning in the late protector  
To shuffle a new prince into the state?

*Phil.* I know not how they have shuffled, but,  
my head on't,  
A false card's turn'd up trump: But, fates look to't!

*Enter CASSANDER and EUBULUS.*

*Eub.* Does he not carry it bravely  
*Cass.* Excellently.—

Philocles! Lysander!

*Phil. Lysan.* Your lordship's servants!

*Cass.* Are we not bound to Heaven for multi-  
plying  
These blessings on the kingdom?<sup>1</sup>

*Phil.* Heaven alone  
Works miracles, my lord.

*Lysan.* I think your lordship had  
As little hope once to see these princes revive.

*Cass.* Here we  
Must place our thanks, next Providence, for pre-  
serving  
So dear a pledge.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Are we not bound to Heaven.*] The retorting of these very words by Philocles in the next scene upon *Cassander*, led Mr Seward, Mr Theobald, and myself, to the assurance of their belonging to *Cassander* here, and accordingly I have placed his name before them.—*Sympson.*

<sup>2</sup> *Phil. Here we must place.*] I once imagined that this was a speech with action, and might easily be understood, by supposing *Philocles* to point to *Eubulus*; but I believe Mr Seward has more happily conjectured it ought to belong to *Cassander*.—*Sympson.*

*Enter LEONATUS, attended.*

*Eub.* The king!

*Leo.* It is our pleasure

The number of our guard be doubled. Give  
A largess to the soldiers; but dismiss not  
The troops till we command.

*Cass.* May it please——

*Leo.* It will not please us otherwise, my lord:  
We have tried your faith!

*Eub.* Does he not speak with confidence?

*Leo.* My lords and gentlemen, to whose faith  
we must

Owe (next to Heaven) our fortune and our safety,  
After a tedious eclipse, the day  
Is bright, and we invested in those honours  
Our blood and birth did challenge.

*Cass.* May no time

Be register'd in our annals, that shall mention  
One that had life to oppose your sacred person!

*Leo.* Let them, whose title's forged and flawed,  
suspect

Their state's security! Our right to Epire  
Heaven is obliged to prosper: Treason has  
No face so black to fright it. All my cares  
Level to this, that I may worthily  
Manage the province, and advance the honour  
Of our dear country:<sup>3</sup> And, be confident,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Worthily*

*Manage the province, and advance the honour*

*Of our dear country.*] To manage the province of our dear  
country, and advance the honour of our dear country, seems a little  
inaccurate: Perhaps we should read,

————— *Worthily*

*Manage this province; or, my province,*

i. e. *The charge I have undertook, &c.*—*Sympson.*

If an expence of blood may give addition  
Of any happiness to you, I shall  
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoice  
To make myself a ghost, to have inscribed  
Upon my marble but whose cause I died for.

*Eub.* May Heaven avert such danger!

*Cass.* Excellent prince,  
In whom we see the copy of his father!  
None but the son of Theodosius  
Could have spoke thus.

*Leo.* You are pleased to interpret well.  
Yet, give me leave to say in my own justice,  
I have but express'd the promptness of my soul  
To serve you all; but 'tis not empty wishes  
Can satisfy our mighty charge, a weight  
Would make an Atlas double. A king's name  
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance;  
And those, who cannot penetrate beyond  
The bark and out-skin of a commonwealth  
Or state, have eyes but ravished with the ceremony  
That must attend a prince, and understand not  
What cares allay the glories of a crown:  
But good kings find and feel the contrary.  
You have tried, my lord, the burden; and can tell  
It would require a pilot of more years  
To steer this kingdom, now imposed on me  
By justice of my birth.

*Cass.* I wish not life  
But to partake those happy days which must  
Succeed these fair proceedings: We are blest!  
But, sir, be sparing to yourself! we shall  
Hazard our joys in you too soon; the burden  
Of state-affairs impose upon your council.  
'Tis fitter that we waste our lives, than you

No amendment is necessary. *Manage the province* means, discharge my duty properly as a king.—*Mason.*



Call age too soon upon you with the trouble  
And cares that threaten such an undertaking:  
Preserve your youth!

*Leo.* And chuse you our protector?  
Is't that you would conclude, my lord? We will  
Deserve our subjects' faith for our own sake,  
Not sit an idle gazer at the helm.

*Enter Messenger, and speaks to CASSANDER.*

*Phil.* How! observed you that? Mark how Cas-  
sander's planet-struck.

*Eub.* He might have look'd more calmly for all  
that.

I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled.<sup>5</sup>

*Leo.* With what news travels his haste? I must  
secure

Myself betimes; not be a king in jest,  
And wear my crown a tenant to their breath.

*Cass.* Demetrius, sir, your brother,  
With other traitors that oppose your claims,  
Are fled to the castle of Nestorius,  
And fortify—

*Mess.* I said not so, my lord.

*Cass.* I'll have it thought so; hence!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

*Leo.* Plant force to batter  
The walls; and in their ruin bring us word  
They live not.

<sup>5</sup> *Eub.* *He might have look'd.*] If the reader will consider this answer, he will find that *Lysander*, and not *Eubulus*, should be prefix'd before it.—*Sympson.*

“If the reader will consider this answer, he will find,” that *Lysander* could not speak it, nor any but a partisan in the plot for elevating Seleucus. *Eubulus* means by it to continue the deceit on Cassander, till he procures his dismissal to the castle of Nestorius.—Ed. 1778.



*Eub.* Good sir, hear me !

*Cass.* Let it work.

[*Apart.*

Were Demetrius dead, we easily might uncrown  
This swoln impostor, and my son be fair  
To piece with young Sophia, who, I hear,  
Repents her late affront.

*Eub.* Their lives may do

You service ; let not blood stain your beginnings !  
The people, not yet warm in their allegiance,  
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it,  
With hazard of yourself.

*Leo.* Who dares but think it ?

Yet, offer first our mercy : If they yield,  
Demetrius must not live—My lord, your counsel :  
What if he were in Heaven ?

*Cass.* You have my

Consent.—You shall not stay long after him.

[*Aside.*

*Leo.* Sophia's not my sister : To prevent all  
That may endanger us, we'll marry her ;  
That done, no matter though we stand discovered ;  
For in her title then we're king of Epire,  
Without dispute.

*Cass.* Hum !—In my judgment, sir,  
That wo'not do so well.

*Leo.* What's your opinion ?

*Cass.* He countermines my plot : Are you so  
cunning ?

[*Aside.*

*Leo.* What's that you mutter, sir ?

*Cass.* I mutter, sir ?

*Leo.* Best say I am no king, but some impostor  
Raised up to gull the state.

*Cass.* Very fine ! To have said within  
Few hours you'd been no king, nor like to be,  
Was not i' th' compass of high-treason, I take it.

*Eub.* Restrain your anger ! the king's moved ;  
speak not.

*Cass.* I will speak louder: Do not I know him?  
That self-same hand that raised him to the throne  
Shall pluck him from it! Is this my reward?

*Leo.* Our guard! To prison with him!

*Cass.* Me to prison?

*Leo.* Off with his head!

*Cass.* My head?

*Eub.* Vouchsafe to hear me,  
Great sir!

*Cass.* How dares he be so insolent?<sup>6</sup>  
I ha' wrought myself into a fine condition!  
Do ye know me, gentlemen?

*Phil.* Very well, my lord:

“How are we bound to Heaven for multiplying  
These blessings on the kingdom!”

*Leo.* We allow it.

*Eub.* Counsel did never blast a prince's ear.

*Leo.* Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,  
Nestorius' house, where our proud brother has  
Ensconced himself! they'll entertain him lovingly;  
He'll be a good addition to the traitors.  
Obey me, or you die for't!—What are kings,  
When subjects dare affront 'em?

*Cass.* I shall vex  
Thy soul for this.

*Leo.* Away with him! When kings  
Frown, let offenders tremble!—This flows not  
From any cruelty in my nature, but  
The fate of an usurper: He that will  
Be confirm'd great, without just title to't,  
Must lose compassion; know what's good, not do't.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *Cass.* *How dares he be so insolent?*] Sympson gives this line to Leonatus; but it suits Cassander much better. He may very appropriately exclaim on the insolence of one whom he had raised to the throne, and whom he supposed to be of low birth.

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Castle of Nestorius.*

*Enter POLIDORA and her Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the princess Sophia!

*Polid.* I attend her highness.—

*Enter SOPHIA.*

How much your grace honours your humble servant!

*Sophia.* I hope my brother's well.

*Polid.* I hope so too, madam.

*Sophia.* Do you but hope? He came to be your guest.

*Polid.* We are all his, whilst he is pleased to honour

This poor roof with his royal presence, madam.

*Sophia.* I came to ask your pardon, Polidora.

*Polid.* You never, madam, trespass'd upon me;

Wrong not your goodness.

*Sophia.* I can be but penitent,

Unless you point me out some other way

To satisfy.

*Polid.* Dear madam, do not mock me!

*Sophia.* There is no injury, like that to love;

I find it now in my own sufferings:

But though I would have robb'd thee of Arcadius,

Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,  
 And punish'd me in those joys you have found.  
 I read the story of my loss of honour,  
 Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you  
 Have met your own again.

*Polid.* Whom do you mean?

*Sophia.* My brother.

*Polid.* He's found to himself and honour:  
 He is my king; and though I must acknowledge  
 He was the glory of my thoughts, and I  
 Loved him, as you did, madam, with desire  
 To be made his, reason and duty since  
 Formed me to other knowledge, and I now  
 Look on him without any wish of more  
 Than to be call'd his subject.

*Sophia.* Has he made  
 Himself less capable, by being king?

*Polid.* Of what?

*Soph.* Of your affection.

*Polid.* With your pardon, madam,  
 Love, in that sense you mean, left Polidora  
 When he forsook Arcadius: I disclaim  
 All ties between us, more than what the name  
 Of king must challenge from my obedience.

*Sophia.* [*Aside.*] This does confirm my jealousy:  
 My heart!—

For my sake, madam, has he lost his value?

*Polid.* Let me beseech your grace, I may have  
 leave

To answer in some other cause, or person!  
 This argument but opens a sad wound  
 To make it bleed afresh; we may change this  
 Discourse: I would elect some subject, whose  
 Praises may more delight your ear than this  
 Can mine. Let's talk of young Lysimachus!

*Sophia.* Ha! my presaging fears! [*Aside.*]

*Polid.* How does your grace?



*Sophia.* Well.—You were talking of Lysimachus;  
Pray give me your opinion of him.

*Polid.* Mine?

It will be much short of his worth : I think him  
A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,  
That if there be one in the world deserves  
The best of women, Heaven created him  
To make her happy.

*Sophia.* You have in a little, madam,  
Expressed a volume of mankind, a miracle.  
But all have not the same degree of faith :  
He is but young——

*Polid.* What mistress would desire  
Her servant old? He has both spring to please  
Her eye, and summer to return a harvest.

*Sophia.* He is black——

*Polid.* He sets a beauty off more rich,  
And she that's fair will love him: Faint com-  
plexions

Betray effeminate minds, and love of change ;  
Two beauties in a bed compound few men ;  
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,  
Nor yet so black but blushes may betray  
His modesty.

*Sophia.* His proportion exceeds not——

*Polid.* That praises him : And a well-compacted  
frame

Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements ;  
Vast buildings are more oft for show than use :  
I would not have my eyes put to the travel  
Of many acres, ere I could examine  
A man from head to foot ; he has no great,  
But he may boast an elegant, composition.

*Sophia.* I'll hear no more ! You have so far out-  
done

My injuries to you, that I call back  
My penitence ; and must tell Polidora,

This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought  
 So lost in soul to hear, and forgive this?  
 In what shade do I live? or shall I think  
 I have not, at the lowest, enough merit,  
 Setting aside my birth, to poise with yours?  
 Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up in  
 My own defence, and tell this unjust lady,  
 So great a winter hath not frozen yet  
 My cheek, but there is something Nature planted  
 That carries as much bloom, and spring upon't,  
 As yours! What flame is in your eye, but may  
 Find competition here? (forgive again,  
 My virgin honour!) what is in your lip  
 To 'tice the enamour'd soul to dwell with more  
 Ambition, than the yet-unwithered blush  
 That speaks the innocence of mine?—Oh, brother!

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* I'll talk with you anon.—My Polidora!  
 Allow thy patience till my breath recover,  
 Which now comes laden with the richest news  
 Thy ear was ever blest with.

*Sophia.* Both your looks  
 And voice express some welcome accident.

*Dem.* Guess what in wish would make me for-  
 tunate,

And Heaven hath dropt that on Demetrius.

*Sophia.* What means this extasy?

*Dem.* 'Twere sin to busy  
 Thy thoughts upon't; I'll tell thee.—That I could  
 Retain some part! it is too wide a joy  
 To be expressed so soon; and yet it falls  
 In a few syllables—thou wo't scarce believe me!  
 I am no king.

*Sophia.* How's that?

*Polid.* Good Heaven forbid!

*Dem.* Forbid? Heaven has relieved me with a  
mercy

I knew not how to ask: I have, they say,  
An elder brother living, crown'd already:  
I only keep my name Demetrius,  
Without desire of more addition  
Than to return thy servant.

*Polid.* You amaze me!

Can you rejoice to be deposed?

*Dem.* It but

Translates me to a fairer and better kingdom  
In Polidora.

*Polid.* Me?

*Dem.* Did you not say,

Were I no king, you could be drawn to love me  
Again? That was consented to in Heaven.  
A kingdom first betrayed my ambitious soul  
To forget thee: That, and the flattering glories,  
How willingly Demetrius does resign,  
The angels know! Thus naked, without titles,  
I throw me on thy charity; and shall  
Boast greater empire to be thine again, than  
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

*Enter MACARIUS.*

*Mac.* Be not so careless of yourself! the people  
Gather in multitudes to your protection,  
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may  
But see you, sir, and hear you speak to 'em:  
Accept their duties, and in time prevent  
Your ruin.

*Sophia.* Be not desperate; 'tis counsel——

*Dem.* You trouble me with noise!—Speak, Po-  
lidora!

*Polid.* For your own sake, preserve yourself!  
My fears

Distract my reason.



*Enter* ANTIGONUS.

*Ant.* Lord Lysimachus,  
With something that concerns your safety, is  
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

*Mac.* His soul is honest.—Be not, sir, a mad-  
man,  
And for a lady give up all our freedoms! [*Exit.*

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Polid.* I will say any thing, hear Lysimachus.

*Sophia.* Dear brother, hear him!

*Lysim.* Sir, I come to yield  
Myself your prisoner: If my father have  
Raised an impostor to supplant your title,  
(Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for)  
I shall not only, by the tender of  
Myself, declare my innocence, but either,  
By my unworthy life, secure your person,  
Or by what death you shall impose, reward  
The unexpected treason.

*Sophia.* Brave young man!—  
Did you not hear him, brother?

*Lysim.* I am not minded!

*Polid.* Be witness, madam, I resign my heart!  
It never was another's.—You declare  
Too great a satisfaction.—I hope [*To SOPHIA.*  
This will destroy your jealousy.—  
Remember now your danger!

*Dem.* I despise it.  
What fate dares injure me?

*Lysim.* Yet hear me, sir!

*Sophia.* Forgive me, Polidora! you are happy.  
My hopes are removed further: I had thought  
Lysimachus had meant you for his mistress.



'Tis misery to feed, and not know where  
To place my jealousy.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter MACARIUS.*

*Mac.* Now 'tis too late!  
You may be deaf, until the cannon make  
You find your sense; we are shut up now by  
A troop of horse: Thank yourself!

*Polid.* They will  
Admit conditions——

*Sophia.* And allow us quarter? [*A shout within.*]

*Polid.* We are all lost!

*Dem.* Be comforted!

*Enter ANTIGONUS.*

*Ant.* News!

My lord Cassander's sent by the new king  
To bear us company.

*Dem.* Not as prisoner?

*Ant.* It does appear no otherwise. The soldiers  
Declare how much they love him, by their noise  
Of scorn and joy to see him so rewarded.

*Dem.* It cannot be!

*Ant.* You'll find it presently:

He curses the new king, talks treason 'gainst him  
As nimble as he were in's shirt.<sup>8</sup> He's here. [*Exit.*]

<sup>7</sup> 'Tis misery to feed, and not know where

To place my jealousy.] That is, It is misery to feed, or increase, my jealousy, (of Lysimachus, whom she still suspected,) and not know upon whom to charge it. Mason says we should read—

'Tis misery to feel, and not know where  
To place my jealousy.

<sup>8</sup> As nimble as he were in's shirt.] This may allude to Hieroni-

*Enter CASSANDER.*

*Cass.* Oh, let me beg until my knees take root  
I' th' earth! Sir, can you pardon me? [*Kneels.*

*Dem.* For what?

*Cass.* For treason, desperate, most malicious  
treason :

I have undone you, sir!

*Dem.* It does appear

You had a will.

*Cass.* I'll make you all the recompense I can ;  
But, ere you kill me, hear me! Know, the man  
Whom I, to serve my unjust ends, advanced  
To your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,  
Eubulus' son.

*Dem.* It is not then our brother?

*Cass.* An insolent usurper, proud and bloody  
Seleucus. Is no leprosy upon me?  
There is not punishment enough in nature  
To quit my horrid act ; I have not in  
My stock of blood, to satisfy with weeping ;  
Nor could my soul, though melted to a flood  
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.

*Dem.* How! an impostor? What will become  
on's now?

We are at his mercy.

*Cass.* Sir, the people's hearts  
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see  
I dare accuse myself, and suffer for it.  
Have courage then, young king! thy fate cannot  
Be long compell'd.

*Dem.* Rise, our misfortune  
Carries this good; although it lose our hopes,

mo's appearing *in his shirt* on the stage, in *The Spanish Tragedy*,  
and inveighing against the murderer of his son.—*Reed.*

It makes you friend with Virtue : We'll expect  
What Providence will do.

*Cass.* You are too merciful.

*Lysim.* Our duties shall beg Heaven still to pre-  
serve you.

*Enter ANTIGONUS.*

*Ant.* Our enemy desires some parley, sir.

*Lysim.* 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.

*Polid.* I'll wait upon you.

*Dem.* Thou art my angel, and canst best instruct  
me!—

Boldly present ourselves! You'll with's, Cassan-  
der?

*Cass.* And in death be blest  
To find your charity. [*Exit.*

*Sophia.* Lysimachus!

*Lysim.* Madam?

*Sophia.* They will not miss your presence, the  
small time

Is spent in asking of a question.

*Lysim.* I wait your pleasure.

*Sophia.* Sir, I have a suit to you.

*Lysim.* To me? it must be granted.

*Sophia.* If you have

Cancelled your kind opinion of me,

Deny me not to know who hath succeeded

*Sophia* in your heart! I beg the name

Of your new mistress.

*Lysim.* You shall know her, madam,  
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us  
To see the court again. I hope you'll bring  
No mutiny against her. But this is  
No time to talk of love: Let me attend you!

*Sophia.* I must expect, till you are pleased to sa-  
tisfy

My poor request. Conduct me at your pleasure.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Palace.*

*Enter* LEONATUS, *with a Paper*, EUBULUS, *Bishop*,  
LYSANDER, *and* PHILOCLES.

*Leo.* They are too slow! dispatch new messen-  
gers,  
To entreat 'em fairly hither. I am extasied!  
Were you witness for me too? Is't possible  
I am what this affirms, true Leonatus?  
And were you not my father? was I given  
In trust to you an infant?

*Eub.* 'Tis a truth  
Our soul's bound to acknowledge: You supplied  
The absence and opinion of my son,  
Who died but to make you my greater care.  
I knew not of Demetrius; but supposed  
Him dead indeed, as Epire thought you were.  
Your father's character doth want no testimony,  
Which, but compared with what concerns Deme-  
trius,  
Will prove itself king Theodosius' act,  
Your royal father.

*Bishop.* I am subscribed to both his legacies,  
By oath obliged to secrecy, until  
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.



*Eub.* Cassander had no thought you would prove thus,

To whose policy I gave this aim, although  
He wrought you up to serve but as his engine  
To batter young Demetrius: For it was  
Your father's prudent jealousy that made him  
Give out your early deaths, as if his soul  
Prophesied his own first, and feared to leave  
Either of you to the unsafe protection  
Of one, whose study would be to supplant  
Your right, and make himself the king of Epire.

*Bishop.* Your sister, fair Sophia, in your father's  
Life, was designed to marry with Lysimachus;  
That guarded her; although she used some art  
To quit her pupillage, and, being absolute,  
Declared love to Demetrius, which enforced  
Macarius to discover first your brother.

*Leo.* No more! lest you destroy again Leonatus,  
With wonder of his fate! Are they not come yet?—  
Something it was I felt within me envy  
Of young Demetrius' fortune; there were seeds  
Scatter'd upon my heart, that made it swell  
With thought of empire: Princes, I see, cannot  
Be totally eclipsed. But wherefore stays  
Demetrius and Sophia, at whose names  
A gentle spirit walked upon my blood?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — at whose names.

*A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood?*] This would imply, that before he knew his relation to his brother and sister, he had often had, by secret instinct, a love for them: But as no hint of this appears in any thing he before says or does, I prefer the present tense:

— walks upon my blood?

This expression is noble, and seems taken from Genesis: "*The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*"—Seward.

I conceive, that the poet designed here to express, how dormant that affection which ought to be toward brethren, though strangers

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, POLIDORA, SOPHIA, MACARIUS, CASSANDER, and LYSIMACHUS.

*Eub.* They are here.

*Leo.* Then thus I fly into their bosoms!—  
Nature has rectified in me, Demetrius,  
The wand'rings of ambition. Our dear sister,  
You are amazed; I did expect it: Read  
Assurance there! the day is big with wonder.

*Mac.* What means all this?

*Leo.* Lysimachus, be dear to us!  
Cassander, you are welcome too.

*Cass.* Not I;  
I do not look for't; all this sha' not bribe  
My conscience to your faction, and make  
Me false again.—Seleucus is no son  
Of Theodosius: My dear countrymen,  
Correct your erring duties, and to that,  
Your lawful king, prostrate yourselves! Deme-  
trius

Doth challenge all your knees.

*Dem.* All love and duty  
Flow from me to my royal king, and brother!  
I am confirmed.

*Cass.* You are too credulous!  
What can betray your faith so much?

*Leo.* Sophia, you appear sad, as if your will  
Gave no consent to this day's happiness.

to each other, had lain in Seleucus; and upon this account I would suppose, that a word of a stronger import may yet bid fairer for the true one: I read thus,

*A gentle spirit wakes upon my blood?—Simpson.*

We have retained the old reading, as thinking it far preferable to either of the variations.—Ed. 1778.

The present reading is not reprehensible; but Simpson's amendment is much more poetical.—*Mason.*

*Sophia.* No joy exceeds *Sophia's* for yourself.

*Lysim.* With your pardon, sir, I apprehend  
A cause that makes her troubled : She desires  
To know what other mistress, since her late  
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct  
My faith and service.

*Leo.* Another mistress?

*Lysim.* Yes, sir.

*Leo.* And does our sister love *Lysimachus*?

*Sophia.* Here's something would confess.

*Leo.* He must not dare  
To affront *Sophia*.

*Cass.* How my shame confounds me !  
I beg your justice, without pity, on  
My age.

*Leo.* Your penance shall be, to be faithful  
To our state hereafter.

*All.* May you live long  
And happy, *Leonatus*, king of *Epire* !

*Leo.* But where's your other mistress ?

*Lysim.* Even here, sir.

*Leo.* Our sister ? is this another mistress, sir ?

*Lysim.* It holds  
To prove my thoughts were so : When she began  
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness  
Deserved I should esteem her another mistress  
Than when she cruelly forsook *Lysimachus*.—  
Your pardon, madam ! and receive a heart  
Proud with my first devotions to serve you !

*Sophia.* In this I am crowned again ! now mine  
for ever !

*Leo.* You have deceived her happily.  
Joy to you both !

*Dem.* We are ripe for the same wishes ;  
*Polidora's* part of me.

*Polid.* He all my blessing.

*Leo.* Heaven pour full joys upon you!

*Mac.* We are all blest:

There wants but one to fill your arms.

*Leo.* My mistress

And wife shall be my country, to which I

Was in my birth contracted: Your love since

Hath played the priest to perfect what was ceremony.

Though kingdoms by just titles prove our own,

The subjects' hearts do best secure a crown.

[*Exeunt.*]



## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY SOPHIA.

THERE is no Coronation to-day,  
 Unless your gentle votes do crown our play.  
 If smiles appear within each lady's eye,  
 Which are the leading stars in this fair sky,  
 Our solemn day sets glorious; for then  
 We hope, by their soft influence, the men  
 Will grace what they first shined on: Make't appear,  
 (Both) how we please, and bless our covetous ear  
 With your applause; more welcome than the bells  
 Upon a triumph, bonfires, or what else,  
 Can speak a Coronation! And though I  
 Were late deposed, and spoiled of majesty,  
 By the kind aid of your hands, gentlemen,  
 I quickly may be crowned a queen again.

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THE  
MASQUE

OF THE

INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,  
GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE;

PRESENTED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,  
THE PRINCE, COUNT PALATINE AND THE LADY ELIZABETH  
THEIR HIGHNESSES, IN THE BANQUETING-HOUSE  
AT WHITEHALL, ON SATURDAY THE 20TH DAY OF FEBRUARY,  
1612.

BY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.





THE  
MASQUE  
OF THE  
INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

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THE occasion on which this Masque was written is expressed in the title-page, and some further particulars will be found in the first note, p. 329, 330. It was the sole production of Beaumont, and was printed in quarto without date; but probably soon after the representation. The subsequent copies in the folio of 1647 and 1679, in Beaumont's Poems, and in the octavo editions of 1715 and 1750, are very incorrect, and the descriptive parts, which are absolutely requisite to understand the poetry, were entirely omitted. In the last edition, the Masque was printed in its original state as it appears in the quarto.

As this and similar compositions were chiefly calculated for show and magnificence, the poetry was generally of little consequence, and of course the present composition adds little to the fame of Beaumont. Ben Jonson, who was, for many years, employed to provide this fashionable amusement for King James I. and his successor, took a wider range, which gives, to some of his masques, a much greater degree of interest, and a few of them are really very beautiful. The finest of these compositions, however, with the exception of Comus, is certainly Browne's Inner-Temple Masque.

## DEDICATION.

*To the worthy Sir Francis Bacon, his Majesty's Solicitor-general, and the grave and learned Bench of the anciently-allied Houses of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple, the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn.*

You that spared no time nor travel, in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour, in this kind, which these two societies have offered to his majesty,) will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work: For that, whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: And you, Sir Francis Bacon, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before,<sup>1</sup> at which time, the masquers, with their attend-

<sup>1</sup> *This Masque was appointed, &c.*] The marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I., was celebrated on Valentine's Day, in the year 1615. The Masque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much splendour and magnificence, and at a great expence to both these societies. In Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this representation, extracted from the records of each society: "*Gray's Inn*. In the 10th of King James, the gentlemen of this house were (together with those of the other inns of court) actors in that great Masque at Whitehall, at the marriage of the king's eldest daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine; the charge in apparel for the actors in which Masque was supported by the society: The readers being each man assessed at 4*l.*; the ancients, and such as at that time were to be called ancients, at 2*l.* 10*s.* a-piece; the barristers at 2*l.* a man; and the students at 20*s.*; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

"Which being performed, there was an order made, 18 Maii then next following, that the gentlemen who were actors in that Masque should bring in all their masqueing apparel, so provided at the charge of the house."

Ibid, p. 346. "*Lincoln's Inn*. The third upon a Masque in 11 Jac. presented by this society before the king, at the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, to the prince Elector Palatine of the Rhine, which cost no less than mxxxvii. 8*s.* 11*d.*"—*Reed*.

The last of these extracts does not refer to the present Masque, which the society of Lincoln's Inn had no concern with; but another, written by Chapman, the machinery furnished by Inigo Jones, which was presented in honour of the same marriage, by that society. It was printed in 1614.

In Winwood's *Memorials*, (vol. III. p. 435,) Mr John Chamberlaine, after giving an account of the successful representation of the masque provided by the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's Inn, proceeds in the following words respecting that of Beaumont:—"But the next day our Gray's Inn men and the Inner-Temple had not the same fortune, though they deserved no less; for, striving to vary from their competitors, (and their device being the marrying of the Thames to the Rhine,) they made choice to go by water from Winchester-house in Southwark, with their



ants, and divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night:

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: the gentlemen masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights, placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a multitude of barges and gallies, with all variety of loud music, and several peals of ordnance; and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take view, with the prince, the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord-chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies, and other noble persons, were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scant as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the Right Honourable the Earl of Northampton, Lord-Privy Seal.

boats and barges exceedingly trimmed, and furnished with store of lights that made a glorious shew, and three peale of ordinance at their taking water, at their passing by the Temple, and at their landing; which passage by water cost them better then 300*l*. But when they were landed at the court, by what mischance I know not, they were feign to return, as they went without doing any thing; the reason whereof some say was, because the hall was so full that it could not be avoided, nor room made for them, and most of the principall ladyes that were in the galleries to see them land excluded. But the most probable is, that the king was so satiated and overwearied with watching, that he could hold out no longer, and so was driven to put it off till Saturday; when it was very well performed in the new banqueting-house, which, for a kind of amends, was granted to them, though with much repining and contradiction of their emulators. The next day the king made them all a solemn supper in the new marriage-room, and used them so well and graciously, that he sent both parties away well pleased with this great solemnity.



THE  
MASQUE

OF  
THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,  
GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

THE DEVICE OR ARGUMENT.

JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers, Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: Then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque all of spirits, or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore) but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: And preserving the propriety of the device; for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath, or showers from above, he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds to dance. Hereupon, Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: But Mercury, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four statues of gold and silver to dance with the nymphs and stars: In which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the statues having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and paces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying device, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate (for that the months of flowers are likewise the months of sweet showers and rainbows) to bring in a May dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vying one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating, that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses.

At the entrance of the king, the first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscsages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill, four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with sedges and water flowers.

Iris first appeared; and presently after Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris apparelled in a robe of discoloured taffeta,<sup>2</sup> figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth:—

*Merc.* Stay, stay!

Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou striv'st in vain;  
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

*Iris.* Away,  
Dissembling Mercury! my messages  
Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones

<sup>2</sup> *Discoloured taffeta.*] *i. e.* variegated with a diversity of colours.—*Mason.*

Your thund'ring father sends.

*Merc.* Stay, foolish maid!

Or I will take my rise upon a bill,  
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,  
In all the painted glory that thou hast,  
And never cease to clap my willing wings,  
Till I catch hold of thy discoloured bow,  
And shiver it, beyond the angry power  
Of your curst<sup>a</sup> mistress to make up again.

*Iris.* Hermes, forbear! Juno will chide and strike.  
Is great Jove jealous that I am employed  
On her love-errands? She did never yet  
Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,  
As he hath often done: I only come  
To celebrate the long-wished nuptials  
Here in Olympia, which are now performed  
Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mixed  
Their gentle rising waves, and are to grow  
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.  
I need not name them, for the sound is loud  
In heaven and earth; and I am sent from her,  
The queen of marriage, that was present here,  
And smiled to see them join, and hath not chid  
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go!

*Merc.* Nay, you must stay; Jove's message is  
the same,

Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is  
thunder,

Whose breath is any wind he will; who knows  
How to be first on Earth, as well as Heaven.

*Iris.* But what hath he to do with nuptial rites?  
Let him keep state upon his starry throne,  
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,

<sup>a</sup> *Curst.*] i. e. *Cross, peevish.* The word occurs in *Philaster*, and several other places.—Ed. 1778.



Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes  
*Merc.* Alas, when ever offer'd he to abridge  
 Your lady's power, but only now, in these,  
 Whose match concerns his general government?  
 Hath not each god a part in these high joys?  
 And shall not he, the king of gods, presume  
 Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,  
 That when enamour'd Jove first gave her power  
 To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,  
 He then foresaw, and to himself reserved,  
 The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand  
 Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,  
 Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,  
 The nymphs of fountains, from whose watry locks  
 (Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)  
 The greedy rivers take their nourishment.—  
 Ye nymphs, who, bathing in your loved springs,  
 Beheld these rivers in their infancy,  
 And joyed to see them, when their circled heads  
 Refreshed the air; and spread the ground with  
 flowers;  
 Rise from your wells, and with your nimble feet  
 Perform that office to this happy pair,  
 Which in these plains you to Alphæus did,  
 When passing hence, through many seas unmixed,  
 He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

*Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise  
 gently out of their several fountains, and present  
 themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits  
 of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal inter-  
 mixt with powdering of silver resembling drops of  
 water, blueish tresses on their heads, garlands of  
 water-lilies. They fall into a measure, dance a lit-  
 tle, then make a stand.*

*Iris.* Is Hermes grown a lover? By what power,



Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades ?

*Merc.* Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,

Till thou forgott'st thy lady's messages,  
And rann'st back crying to her ! Thou shalt know  
My power is more ; only my breath, and this,  
Shall move fixed stars, and force the firmament  
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers,  
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops  
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow.—

Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times  
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,  
Descend, and pour your blessing on these streams,  
Which rolling down from heaven-aspiring hills,  
And now united in the fruitful vales,  
Bear all before them, ravished with their joy,  
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds !

*Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, apparelled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head ; from thence descend to the stage, at whose sight the Naiades, seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.*

*Iris.* Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive  
A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists !

*Merc.* Alas, poor Iris ! Venus hath in store  
A secret ambush of her winged boys ;  
Who, lurking long within these pleasant groves,  
First struck these lovers with their equal darts ;  
Those Cupids shall come forth, and join with these,  
To honour that which they themselves began.

*Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscaige, attired in flame-coloured tuffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold; chaplets of flowers on their heads, hood-winked with tiffiny scarfs, who join with the Nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, MERCURY speaks.*

*Merc.* Behold the statues which wise Vulcan placed<sup>3</sup>

Under the altar of Olympian Joy,  
And gave to them an artificial life,  
Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials.<sup>4</sup>  
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,  
Like the wild trees, which followed Orpheus' harp!

*The Statues enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call.*

*These Statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal: At their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c. and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft*

<sup>3</sup> *Iris.* Behold, &c.] The argument, as well as what follows, proves beyond contradiction that this speech belongs to Mercury, though hitherto erroneously allotted to *Iris*.—Ed. 1778.

<sup>4</sup> *Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials: And gave to them an artificial life.*] The transposition of these lines seems indispensably necessary.—Ed. 1778.

The first of them is omitted in the second folio, and in the copy in Beaumont's Poems.

*time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the statues placed in such several postures, sometimes all together in the center of the dance, and sometimes in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first Anti-masque.*

*Merc.* And what will Juno's Iris do for her?

*Iris.* Just match this show, or my invention fails:  
Had it been worthier, I would have invoked  
The blazing comets, clouds, and falling stars,  
And all my kindred meteors of the air,  
To have excelled it; but I now must strive  
To imitate confusion: Therefore thou,  
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st  
Encrease of sweetness in those blooming plants  
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,  
Send hither all the rural company  
Which deck the May-games with their country  
sports!  
Juno will have it so.

*The second Anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of, a Pedant,<sup>5</sup> May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in. All these persons, appavelled to the life, the Men issuing out of one side of the boscage, and the Wo-*

<sup>5</sup> *A Pedant, May Lord, May Lady, &c.]* The persons enumerated here as characters in the May-games, were no doubt selected by the imagination of the poet, as most of them do not appear to have been usual at these country-festivities. The Pedant evidently appears in the same character as Gerrold in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.



men from the other. The music was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity, as can hardly be imagined ; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music.

The dance likewise was of the same strain ; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then past on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his Majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first Anti-masque ; but one of the Statues by that time was undressed.

*Merc.* Iris, we strive,  
Like winds at liberty, who should do most<sup>6</sup>  
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen  
Of marriages, let her give happy way  
To what is done, in honour of the state  
She governs !

*Iris.* Hermes, so it may be done  
Merely in honour of the state, and these  
That now have proved it ; not to satisfy  
The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks  
More than his Juno ; if thy snaky rod  
Have power to search the Heavens, or sound the  
sea,

Or call together all the ends of earth,  
To bring in any thing that may do grace  
To us, and these ; do it, we shall be pleased.

*Merc.* Then know, that from the mouth of Jove  
himself,  
Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne,

<sup>6</sup> *Who should do worst.*] The sense seems to require us to read *most for worst* ; unless it means, which should *worst* the other.—Ed. 1778.

As the text cannot possibly bear this meaning, and hardly bears any at all, the amendment has been adopted.



I took a message, and I bare it through  
 A thousand yielding clouds, and never stayed  
 Till his high will was done : The Olympian games,  
 Which long have slept, at these wished nuptials  
 He pleased to have renewed, and all his knights  
 Are gathered hither, who within their tents  
 Rest on this hill; upon whose rising head  
 Behold Jove's altar, and his blessed priests  
 Moving about it!—Come, you holy men,  
 And with your voices draw these youths along,  
 That till Jove's music call them to their games,  
 Their active sports may give a blest content  
 To those, for whom they are again begun.

*The main Masque.—The second traverse is drawn, and the higher ascent to the mountain is discovered; wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill, were placed two pavillions: open in the front of them, the pavillions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were represented, in prospective, the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavillions were placed fifteen Olympian Knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a crescent, and the Knights appeared first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffiny, gathered, and falling a large compass about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four Statues, two*

of gold, and two of silver, as supporters, and Jupiter's Priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the King, the veils of the Knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

*The Knights' attire.*—Arming doublets of carnation sattin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses suitable; pumps of carnation sattin embroidered, as the doublets; hats of the same stuff, and embroidery cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops, answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives, white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff, and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.

*The Priests' habits.*—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the High-Priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramid, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every Priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

*The Priests descend, and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.*

### SONG.

Shake off your heavy trance,  
And leap into a dance,

Such as no mortals use to tread,  
 Fit only for Apollo  
 To play to, for the Moon to lead,  
 And all the Stars to follow!

*The Knights by this time are all descended, and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.*

## SONG.

On, blessed youths! for Jove doth pause,  
 Laying aside his graver laws  
 For this device:  
 And at the wedding such a pair,  
 Each dance is taken for a prayer,  
 Each song a sacrifice.

*The Knights dance their second measure.*

## SONG.

[Solo.] More pleasing were these sweet delights,  
 If ladies moved as well as knights;  
 Run every one of you, and catch  
 A nymph, in honour of this match;  
 And whisper boldly in her ear,  
 Jove will but laugh, if you forswear!

[Chorus.] And this day's sins, he doth resolve,  
 That we his priests should all absolve.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *And this day's sins he doth resolve,*

*That we his priests should all absolve.]* From the debaucheries committed at court-masques, which have been mentioned elsewhere, (vol. VIII. p. 173, and XI. p. 10,) the necessity of such an absolution of sins may be inferred.



*The Knights take their Ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantoes,<sup>8</sup> &c. and lead them to their places; then loud music sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.*

SONG.

Ye should stay longer if we durst :  
 Away ! Alas, that he that first  
 Gave Time wild wings to fly away,  
 Hath now no power to make him stay !  
 But though these games must needs be play'd,  
 I would this pair, when they are laid,  
     And not a creature nigh 'em,  
 Could catch his scythe as he doth pass,  
 And cut his wings, and break his glass,  
     And keep him ever by 'em.

*The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend, put on their swords and belts; during which time, the Priests sing the fifth and last song.*

<sup>8</sup> *Galliards, durets, corantoes.*] The first of these dances has been explained in vol. III. p. 468. Of the second, I have not met with any description. Corantoes are thus characterized by Sir John Davies in *The Orchestra* :—

“ What shall I name those current traverses,  
 That on a triple dactyl foot do run  
 Close by the ground with sliding passages,  
 Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won,  
 Which with best order can all orders shun :  
 For every where he wantonly must range,  
 And turn and wind with unexpected change ?”



## SONG.

Peace and silence be the guide  
To the man, and to the bride!  
If there be a joy yet new  
In marriage, let it fall on you,  
That all the world may wonder!  
If we should stay, we should do worse,  
And turn our blessing to a curse,  
By keeping you asunder.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> This Masque is here printed from the quarto edition. All the other copies of it are extremely erroneous and imperfect: None of the descriptive parts are inserted in them; and to point out the blunders and other omissions would require almost as many notes as the masque contains lines.—Ed. 1778.

SECTION I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It is divided into three main sections: the first dealing with the history of the subject, the second with its present state, and the third with its future prospects. The author has endeavored to present a clear and concise account of the progress of the science, and to point out the directions in which it is most likely to advance in the future.

The second part of the book is devoted to a more detailed examination of the subject. It is divided into several chapters, each of which deals with a particular aspect of the subject. The chapters are: the first, on the history of the subject; the second, on the present state of the subject; the third, on the future prospects of the subject; the fourth, on the methods of research; the fifth, on the results of research; the sixth, on the applications of the subject; and the seventh, on the conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing.

The third part of the book is devoted to a summary of the foregoing. It is divided into two chapters: the first, on the history of the subject; and the second, on the present state and future prospects of the subject. The author has endeavored to present a clear and concise summary of the progress of the science, and to point out the directions in which it is most likely to advance in the future.

SECTION II

The first part of this section is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It is divided into three main sections: the first dealing with the history of the subject, the second with its present state, and the third with its future prospects. The author has endeavored to present a clear and concise account of the progress of the science, and to point out the directions in which it is most likely to advance in the future.

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**THE POEMS**

**OF**

**FRANCIS BEAUMONT.**

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE

REIGN OF

THE

THE



## RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

---

*To the right worshipful, the worthily honoured Robert Park-  
hurst, Esq.*

WERE these but worthless poems or light rhymes,  
Writ by some common scribbler of the times,  
Without your leave I durst not then engage  
You to ennoble 'em by your patronage ;  
But these, though orphans, and left fatherless,  
Their rich endowments shew they do possess  
A father's blessing, whom the fates thought fit  
To make a master of a mine of wit :  
Whose ravishing conceits do tower so high,  
As if his quill had dropt from Mercury :  
But when his fancy chanced of love to sing,  
You'd swear his pen were plum'd from Cupid's wing.  
He doth an amorous passion so discover,  
As if, save Beaumont, none had e'er been lover ;  
Some praise a manly bounty, some incline  
More to applaud the virtues feminine ;  
Some several graces in both sexes hid,  
But only Beaumont's, he alone that did  
By a rare stratagem of wit connex  
What's choice and excellent in either sex.  
Then cherish, sir, these saplings, whose each strain  
Speaks them the issue of brave Beaumont's brain ;  
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,  
Which will, if ought can, add unto their fame.

I am, sir,

Your most humble and devoted servant,  
L. B.\*

\* Lawrence Blacklock, the bookseller.

*In laudem Authoris.*

LIKE to the weak estate of a poor friend,  
 To whom sweet fortune hath been ever slow,  
 Which daily doth that happy hour attend,  
 When his poor state may his affection show,  
 So fares my love, not able as the rest,  
 To chant thy praises in a lofty vein ;  
 Yet my poor muse doth vow to do her best,  
 And, wanting wings, she'll tread an humble strain ;  
 I thought at first her homely steps to raise,  
 And for some blazing epithets to look :  
 But then I feared that by such wond'rous praise,  
 Some men would grow suspicious of thy book :  
 For he that doth thy due deserts rehearse,  
 Derives that glory from thy worthy verse.

W. B.

*To the Author.*

EITHER the goddess draws her troops of loves  
 From Paphos, where she erst was held divine,  
 And doth unyoke her tender-necked doves,  
 Placing her seat in this small pap'ry shrine ;  
 Or the sweet graces through th' Idalian grove,  
 Led the best author<sup>2</sup> in their danced rings ;  
 Or wanton nymphs in watry bow'rs have wove,  
 With fair Mylesian threads, the verse he sings ;  
 Or curious Pallas once again doth strive  
 With proud Arachne, for illustrious glory,  
 And once again doth loves of Gods revive,  
 Spinning in silver twists a lasting story :  
 If none of these, then Venus chose his sight,  
 To lead the steps of her blind son aright.

J. B.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Led the best author.*] If it was not for the authorities which occur in these volumes (vol. VI. 263, IX. 460, &c.) for the phrase *best*, we might be inclined to read *blest*.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Beaumont, elder brother of our poet, was no doubt the author of these verses. His poems were published in 1629, and the principal one, entitled *Bosworth-Field*, is highly distinguished for the beauty of the versification and the spirit of the poetry.

*To the Author.*

THE matchless lust of a fair poesy,  
 Which was erst buried in old Rome's decays,  
 Now 'gins with heat of rising majesty,  
 Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raise,  
 And with fresh splendour gilds her fearless crest,  
 Rearing her palace in our poet's breast.

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rhymes  
 Have with attractive wonder forced attention,  
 No more shall be admired at; for these times  
 Produce a poet, whose more rare invention  
 Will tear the love-sick myrtle from his brows,  
 To adorn his temples with deserved boughs.

The strongest marble fears the smallest rain;  
 The rusting canker eats the purest gold;  
 Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain;  
 The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:  
 But this fair issue of thy fruitful brain,  
 Nor dreads age, envy, cank'ring rust, or rain.

J. F.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The J. F. here is undoubtedly John Fletcher, and the ode, though not immediately relating to the plays, is inserted here, first, for its intrinsic merit: and, secondly, as it will be pleasing to find that Fletcher's muse was animated with friendship as well as Beaumont's; a circumstance which, till I saw this ode, seemed to be wanting to complete the amiable union which reigned between them. In the second stanza, the reader will see an authority for Milton's use of the word *rime* for verse in general,

“ Things unattempted yet in prose or *rime*,”

which Dr Bentley so injudiciously altered to *prose and verse*. That Beaumont wrote something in the Ovidian *manner* seems evident from these lines; but the Hermaphrodite, which is printed as his, and supposed to be the thing referred to in this ode, is claimed by Cleaveland as a conjunct performance between himself and Randolph.—*Seward*.

These stanzas, which Seward inserted among the commendatory verses in the first volume, are now restored to their original place. Seward makes a strange mistake respecting the Hermaphrodite, which was never claimed by any other. Two copies of verses were inserted in Blaiklock's edition of these poems, viz. “ The Hermaphrodite, made after Beaumont's death by Thomas Randolph, M. A.” and “ Upon The Hermaphrodite, written since by Mr J. Cleaveland;” but these are quite distinct from Beaumont's Hermaphrodite, to which these stanzas of Fletcher were originally prefixed.





## BEAUMONT'S POEMS.

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THE only poem in this collection, which was published in the life-time of the author, is the Ovidian fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, which appeared in 1602. Beaumont was then only sixteen years of age, and it must be confessed that it bears all the marks of a very juvenile production. The versification is generally harmonious, but there is great confusion of imagery, and a too great display of school-acquirement, and of amorous conceit. It is rather a paraphrase than a translation of Ovid's tale. Among Sir Edward Sherburne's poems is a translation of another poem on the same foundation, from the Italian of Girolamo Preti, one of the most extravagant imitators of Marino. In what year this was written, I am unable to say; but as Preti died very young, in 1626, it is impossible that Beaumont could have made use of his composition.

Of all the editors of posthumous poems, the one who collected those of Beaumont was perhaps the least fitted for the task. Lawrence Blaiklock, who undertook to revive them, is described by Anthony Wood as a "presbyterian bookbinder near Temple-Bar, afterwards an informer to the committee of Sequestration at Haberdashers' and Goldsmiths' Hall, and a beggar defunct in prison." The first edition of these poems appeared in 1640, and the second in 1653. He most probably proposed to fill a certain number of sheets, as he has intermingled the poems of his author with those of several others. A few of them are acknowledged to be the work of other authors; and many are found also in the works of other poets of the seventeenth century, such as our author's brother Sir John Beaumont, Bishop King, Dr Donne, Shirley, Randolph, and Cleveland. Blaiklock also inserted a vast number of prologues, epilogues, and songs; the greater number of them belonging to plays written by Fletcher, after the death of his friend and associate. Such carelessness not only renders it more than probable that those compositions, which are found in the works of other writers, belong to them, and not to our poet; but even

makes it doubtful whether he actually wrote several of the others which are not claimed by the authors above enumerated. In the present edition many are entirely expunged on this account; but those whose origin is in any degree doubtful are retained, and the poets in whose works they occur are referred to.

Beaumont has been admitted into the late enlarged edition of the English Poets; and the ingenious editor, Mr Alexander Chalmers, has given the following general character of his compositions:—  
 “ His original poems give him very superior claims to a place in this collection. Although we find some of the metaphysical conceits so common in his day, particularly in the *Elegy on Lady Markham*, he is in general more free from them than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined, and his versification is unusually harmonious. Where have we more lively imagery, or in such profusion, as in the sonnet, “ Like a Ring without a Finger ? ” His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the impassioned spirit of Shakspeare and Milton. Mr Brydges is of opinion that the third song in the play of *Nice Valour* afforded the first hint of the *Il Penseroso*.”  
 With respect to the last sentence it may be observed, that Milton certainly took more than the hint of his poem from that song, as was long ago noticed by Seward;<sup>1</sup> but it has been rendered more than probable, in the introduction to that play,<sup>2</sup> that the song, as well as the whole play, was the composition of Fletcher, after the death of Beaumont.

<sup>1</sup> See on this subject, vol. IV. pp. 266, 319.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 265.

## POEMS.

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*To the true Patroness of all Poetry,*

### CALLIOPE.

It is a statute in deep wisdom's lore,  
That for his lines none should a patron chuse  
By wealth and poverty, by less or more,  
But who the same is able to peruse:  
Nor ought a man his labour dedicate,  
Without a true and sensible desert,  
To any power of such a mighty state;  
But such a wise defendress as thou art:  
Thou great and powerful Muse, then pardon me  
That I presume thy maiden cheek to stain  
In dedicating such a work to thee,  
Sprung from the issue of an idle brain:  
I use thee as a woman ought to be,  
I consecrate my idle hours to thee.

F. B.

*The Author to the Reader.*

I SING the fortune of a luckless pair,  
 Whose spotless souls now in one body be ;  
 For beauty still is Prodrumus to care,  
 Crost by the sad stars of nativity :  
 And of the strange enchantment of a well,  
 Given by the Gods, my sportive muse doth write,  
 Which sweet-lipp'd Ovid long ago did tell,  
 Wherein who bathes, straight turns Hermaphro-  
 dite :

I hope my poem is so lively writ,  
 That thou wilt turn half-mad with reading it.

---

 SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS :

OR,

## THE HERMAPHRODITE.

FROM OVID.

My wanton lines do treat of amorous love,  
 Such as would bow the hearts of gods above.  
 Thou Venus, our great Cytherean queen,  
 That hourly trip'st on the Idalian green ;  
 Thou laughing Erycina, deign to see  
 These verses wholly consecrate to thee :  
 Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,  
 That every lover's eye may melt a line ;  
 Command the god of love, that little king,  
 To give each verse a slight touch with his wing ;



That, as I write, one line may draw the other,  
And every word skip nimbly o'er another.

There was a lovely boy the nymphs had kept,  
That on th' Idalian mountains oft had slept,  
Begot and born by pow'rs that dwelt above,  
By learned Mercury on the queen of love.  
A face he had that show'd his parents' fame,  
And from them both conjoined he drew his name.  
So wondrous fair he was, that (as they say)  
Diana being hunting on a day,  
She saw the boy upon a green bank lay him,  
And there the virgin huntress meant to slay him;  
Because no nymphs would now pursue the chace,  
For all were struck blind with the wanton's face.  
But when that beauteous face Diana saw,  
Her arms were nummed, and she could not draw,  
Yet did she strive to shoot, but all in vain,  
She bent her bow, but loosed it straight again:  
Then she began to chide her wanton eye,  
And fain would shoot, but durst not see him die.  
She turn'd and shot, but did of purpose miss him,  
She turn'd again, but could not choose but kiss  
him.

Then the boy ran: for some say had he staid,  
Diana had no longer been a maid.  
Phœbus so doated on this roseate face,  
That he hath oft stol'n closely from his place,  
When he did lie by fair Leucothoë's side,  
To dally with him in the vales of Ide;  
And ever since this lovely boy did die,  
Phœbus each day about the world doth fly,  
And on the earth he seeks him all the day,  
And every night he seeks him in the sea.  
His cheeks were sanguine, and his lips were red,  
As are the blushing leaves of the rose spread;  
And I have heard that till this boy was born,  
Roses grew white upon the virgin thorn;

Till one day walking to a pleasant spring,  
 To hear how cunningly the birds could sing,  
 Laying him down upon a flow'ry bed,  
 The roses blushed and turn'd themselves to red :  
 The rose that blushed not for his great offence,  
 The gods did punish, and for 's impudence  
 They gave this doom, and 'twas agreed by all,  
 The smell of the white rose should be but small.  
 His hair was bushy, but it was not long ;  
 The nymphs had done his tresses mighty wrong,  
 For as it grew they pull'd away his hair,  
 And made habiliments of gold to wear.  
 His eyes were Cupid's, for until his birth  
 Cupid had eyes, and lived upon the earth ;  
 Till on a day, when the great queen of love  
 Was by her white doves drawn from heav'n above,  
 Unto the top of the Idalian hill,  
 To see how well the nymphs her charge fulfil,  
 And whether they had done the goddess right  
 In nursing of her sweet Hermaphrodite ;  
 Whom when she saw, although compleat and full,  
 Yet she complained his eyes were somewhat dull ;  
 And therefore, more the wanton boy to grace,  
 She pull'd the sparkling eyes from Cupid's face,  
 Feigning a cause to take away his sight,  
 Because the ape would sometimes shoot for spite :  
 But Venus set those eyes in such a place,  
 As graced those clear eyes with a clearer face.  
 For his white hand each goddess did him woo,  
 For it was whiter than the driven snow ;  
 His leg was straighter than the thigh of Jove,  
 And he far fairer than the god of love.

When first this well-shaped boy, beauty's chief  
 king,  
 Had seen the labour of the fifteenth spring,  
 How curiously it painted all the earth,  
 He 'gan to travel from his place of birth,

Leaving the stately hills where he was nurst,  
 And where the nymphs had brought him up at  
 first.

He loved to travel unto coasts unknown,  
 To see the regions far beyond his own,  
 Seeking clear ivory springs to bathe him in,  
 For he did love to wash his ivory skin.  
 The lovely nymphs have oft times seen him swim,  
 And closely stol'n his clothes from off the brim,  
 Because the wanton wenches would so fain  
 See him come nak'd to ask his clothes again.  
 He loved besides to see the Lycian grounds,  
 And know the wealthy Carians' utmost bounds.

Using to travel thus, one day he found  
 A crystal brook that trill'd along the ground ;  
 A brook that in reflection did surpass  
 The clear reflection of the clearest glass.  
 About the side there grew no foggy reeds,  
 Nor was the front compass'd with barren weeds,  
 But living turf grew all along the side,  
 And grass that ever flourish'd in his pride.  
 Within this brook a beauteous nymph did dwell,  
 Who for her comely feature did excel :  
 So fair she was, of such a pleasing grace,  
 So straight a body, and so sweet a face,  
 So soft a belly, such a lusty thigh,  
 So large a forehead, such a crystal eye,  
 So soft and moist a hand, so smooth a breast,  
 So fair a cheek, so well in all the rest,  
 That Jupiter would revel in her bower  
 Were he to spend again his golden shower.  
 Her teeth were whiter than the morning milk,  
 Her lips were softer than the softest silk ;  
 Her hair as far surpass'd the burnished gold,  
 As silver doth excel the basest mold.  
 Jove courted her for her translucent eye,  
 And told her he would place her in the sky ;



Promising her, if she would be his love,  
 He would engrave her in the heavens above :  
 Telling this lovely nymph, that if she would,  
 He could deceive her in a shower of gold ;  
 Or, like a swan, come naked to her bed,  
 And so deceive her of her maidenhead.  
 But yet, because he thought that pleasure best  
 Where each consenting joins each loving breast,  
 He would put off that all-commanding crown,  
 Whose terror struck the aspiring giants down ;  
 That glittering crown, whose radiant sight did toss  
 Great Pelion from the top of mighty Osse,  
 He would depose from his world-swaying head,  
 To taste the amorous pleasure of her bed ;  
 This added ; he besides, the more to grace her,  
 Like a bright star he would in heaven's vault place  
 her.

By this the proud lascivious nymph was moved,  
 Perceiving that by great Jove she was loved :  
 And hoping as a star she should ere long  
 Be stern or gracious to the seaman's song,  
 (For mortals still are subject to the eye,  
 And what it sees they strive to get as high)  
 She was contented that almighty Jove  
 Should have the first and best fruits of her love ;  
 For women may be likened to the year,  
 Whose first fruits still do make the daintiest cheer ;  
 But yet Astræa first should plight her troth,  
 For the performance of Jove's sacred oath ;  
 Just times decline, and all good days are dead,  
 When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.

This heard great Jupiter, and liked it well,  
 And hastily he seeks Astræa's cell,  
 About the massy earth searching her tower ;  
 But she had long since left this earthly bower,  
 And flew to Heaven above, loathing to see  
 The sinful actions of humanity :



Which when Jove did perceive he left the earth,  
 And flew up to the place of his own birth,  
 The burning heavenly throne, where he did spy  
 Astræa's palace in the glittering sky.  
 This stately tower was builded up on high,  
 Far from the reach of any mortal eye ;  
 And from the palace' side there did distil  
 A little water through a little quill,  
 The dew of justice, which did seldom fall,  
 And when it dropt the drops were very small.  
 Glad was great Jove, when he beheld her tower,  
 Meaning a while to rest him in her bower,  
 And therefore sought to enter at her door :  
 But there was such a busy rout before,  
 (Some serving-men, and some promoters' be)  
 That he could pass no foot without a fee.  
 But as he goes he reaches out his hands,  
 And pays each one in order as he stands,  
 And still as he was paying those before,  
 Some slipp'd again betwixt him and the door.

At length, with much ado, he passed them all,  
 And entering straight into a spacious hall,  
 Full of dark angles and of hidden ways,  
 Crooked meanders, infinite delays,  
 All which delays and entries he must pass  
 Ere he could come where just Astræa was ;  
 All these being past by his immortal wit,  
 Without her door he saw a porter sit,  
 An aged man that long time there had been,  
 Who used to search all those that entered in ;  
 And still to every one he gave this curse,  
 " None must see Justice but with empty purse."  
 This man search'd Jove for his own private gain,  
 To seek the money which did yet remain,

\* *Promoters.*] This seems to be a law phrase, probably derived from *moot*, a point or case in dispute.

Which was but small, for much was spent before  
 On the tumultuous rout that kept the door;  
 When he had done, he brought him to the place,  
 Where he might see divine Astræa's face.

There the great king of gods and men in went,  
 And saw his daughter Venus there lament,  
 And crying loud for justice, whom Jove found  
 Kneeling before Astræa on the ground;  
 And still she cried and begg'd for a just doom  
 Against black Vulcan, that unseemly groom,  
 Whom she had chosen for her only love,  
 Though she was daughter to great thund'ring  
                   Jove;

And though the fairest goddess, yet content  
 To marry him, though weak and impotent.  
 But for all this they always were at strife:  
 For ever more he rail'd at her his wife,  
 Telling her still, "Thou art no wife of mine,  
 Another's strumpet, Mars his concubine."  
 By this Astræa spied almighty Jove,  
 And bowed her finger to the queen of love  
 To cease her suit, which she would hear anon,  
 When the great king of all the world was gone.  
 Then she descended from her stately throne,  
 Which seat was builded all of jasper stone,  
 And o'er the seat was painted all above  
 The wanton, unseen stealths of amorous Jove.  
 There might a man behold the naked pride  
 Of lovely Venus in the vale of Ide,  
 When Pallas, and Jove's beauteous wife, and she,  
 Strove for the prize of beauty's rarity:  
 And there lame Vulcan and his Cyclops strove  
 To make the thunderbolt for mighty Jove.  
 From this same stately throne she down descended,  
 And said the griefs of Jove should be amended,  
 Asking the king of gods what luckless cause,  
 What great contempt of state, what breach of laws,

(For sure she thought some uncouth cause befell,  
 That made him visit poor Astræa's cell,  
 Troubled his thoughts; and, if she might decide it,  
 Who vext great Jove full dearly should abide it:  
 Jove only thank'd her, and began to shew  
 His cause of coming, (for each one doth know  
 The longing words of lovers are not many,  
 If they desire to be enjoyed of any,  
 Telling Astræa, it would now befall  
 That she might make him blest that blesseth all:  
 For as he walk'd upon the flow'ry earth,  
 To which his own hands whilome gave a birth,  
 To see how straight he held it, and how just  
 He ruled this massy ponderous heap of dust;  
 He laid him down by a cool river's side,  
 Whose pleasant water did so gently slide,  
 With such soft whispering, for the brook was deep,  
 That it had lull'd him in a heavenly sleep.  
 When first he laid him down there was none near  
 him,

(For he did call before, but none could hear him)  
 But a fair nymph was bathing when he waked,—  
 (Here sigh'd great Jove, and after brought forth)  
 —naked.

He seeing, loved the nymph, yet here did rest  
 Where just Astræa might make Jove be blest,  
 If she would pass her faithful word so far  
 As that great Jove should make the nymph a star.  
 Astræa yielded, at which Jove was pleased,  
 And all his longing hopes and fears were eased;  
 Jove took his leave, and parted from her sight,  
 Whose thoughts were full of lovers' sweet de-  
 light;

And she ascended to the throne above,  
 To hear the griefs of the great queen of love:  
 But she was satisfied, and would no more  
 Rail at her husband as she did before;



But forth she tripp'd apace, because she strove  
 With her swift feet to overtake great Jove.  
 She skipt so nimbly as she went to look him,  
 That at the palace-door she overtook him.  
 The way was plain and broad as they went out,  
 And now they could see no tumultuous rout.  
 Here Venus, fearing lest the love of Jove  
 Should make this maid be placed in heaven above,  
 Because she thought this nymph so wond'rous  
 bright

That she would dazzle her accustomed light,  
 And fearing now she should not first be seen  
 Of all the glittering stars as she had been,  
 But that the wanton nymph would every night  
 Be first that should salute each mortal sight,  
 Began to tell great Jove she grieved to see  
 The heaven so full of his iniquity :  
 Complaining that each strumpet now was graced,  
 And with immortal goddesses was placed,  
 Intreating him to place in heaven no more  
 Each wanton strumpet and lascivious whore.

Jove, mad with love, minded not what she said,  
 His thoughts were so entangled with the maid ;  
 But furiously he to his palace leapt,  
 Being minded there till morning to have slept ;  
 For the next morn, so soon as Phœbus' rays  
 Should yet shine cool by reason of the seas,  
 And ere the parting tears of Thetis' bed  
 Should be quite shaken from off his glittering head,  
 Astræa promised to attend great Jove  
 At his own palace in the heavens above,  
 And at that palace she would set her hand  
 To what the love-sick god should her command :  
 But to descend to earth she did deny ;  
 She loath'd the sight of any mortal eye,  
 And for the compass of the earthly round  
 She would not set one foot upon the ground :



Therefore Jove meant to rise but with the sun,  
Yet thought it long until the night was done.

In the mean space Venus was drawn along,  
By her white doves, unto the sweating throng  
Of hammering blacksmiths, at the lofty hill  
Of stately Etna, whose top burneth still;  
For at that [lofty] mountain's glittering top<sup>a</sup>  
Her cripple husband Vulcan kept his shop.  
To him she went, and so colloques that night<sup>b</sup>  
With the best strains of pleasure's sweet delight,  
That ere they parted she made Vulcan swear  
By dreadful Styx, (an oath that gods do fear)  
If Jove would make the mortal maid a star,  
Himself should frame his thunderbolts of war:  
He then took oath by black Cocytus' lake  
He never more a thunderbolt would make;  
For Venus so this night his senses pleased,  
That now he thought his former griefs were  
eased;

She with her hands the blacksmith's body bound,  
And with her ivory arms she twin'd him round;  
And still the fair queen with a pretty grace  
Dispersed her sweet breath o'er his swarthy face;  
Her snowy arms so well she did display,  
That Vulcan thought they melted as they lay.  
Until the morn in this delight they lay,  
Then up they got, and hasted fast away,  
In the white chariot of the queen of love,  
Towards the palace of great thund'ring Jove;  
Where they did see divine Astræa stand  
To pass her word for what Jove should command.

<sup>a</sup> *For at that mountain's glittering top.*] This line wants a foot, which I have ventured to supply.

<sup>b</sup> ——— *and so colloques that night.*] To colloque is to wheedle or flatter. The word is now confined to the vulgar.

In limp'd the blacksmith ; after stept his queen,  
Whose light arrayment was of lovely green.  
When they were in, Vulcan began to swear  
By oaths that Jupiter himself doth fear,  
If any whore in heaven's bright vault were seen  
To dim the shining of his beauteous queen,  
Each mortal man should the great god disgrace,  
And mock almighty Jove unto his face ;  
And giants should enforce bright heaven to fall  
Ere he would frame one thunderbolt at all.  
Jove did entreat him that he would forbear ;  
The more he spake the more did Vulcan swear.  
Jove heard the words, and 'gan to make his moan,  
That mortal men would pluck him from his throne,  
Or else he must incur the plague, he said,  
Quite to forego the pleasure of the maid ;  
And once he thought, rather than lose these blisses,  
Her heavenly sweets, her most delicious kisses,  
Her soft embraces and the amorous nights,  
That he should often spend in her delights,  
He would be quite thrown down by mortal hands,  
From the best place where his bright palace stands ;  
But afterwards he saw with better sight,  
He should be scorn'd by every mortal wight,  
If he should want his thunderbolts to beat  
Aspiring mortals from his glittering seat ;  
Therefore the god no more did woo or move her,  
But left to seek her love, though not to love her :  
Yet he forgot not that he wooed the lass,  
But made her twice as beauteous as she was,  
Because his wonted love he needs would shew.  
This have I heard, but yet not thought it true ;  
And whether her clear beauty was so bright,  
That it could dazzle the immortal sight  
Of gods, and make them for her love despair,  
I do not know, but sure the maid was fair.

Yet the fair nymph was never seen resort  
Unto the savage and the bloody sport  
Of chaste Diana, nor was ever wont  
To bend a bow, nor never used to hunt;  
Nor did she ever strive with pretty cunning  
To overgo her fellow nymphs in running:  
For she was the fair water-nymph alone  
That unto chaste Diana was unknown.  
It is reported that her fellows used  
To bid her (though the beauteous nymph refused)  
To take a painted quiver or a dart,  
And put her lazy idleness apart.  
But she would none; but in the fountains swims,  
Where oft she washeth o'er her snowy limbs:  
Sometimes she comb'd her soft dishevell'd hair,  
Which with a fillet tied she oft did wear;  
But sometimes loose she let it hang behind,  
When she was pleased to grace the eastern wind,  
For up and down it would her tresses hurl,  
And as she went it made her loose hair curl:  
Oft in the water did she see her face,  
And oft she used to practise what quaint grace  
Might well become her, and what comely feature  
Might be best fitting so divine a creature.  
Her skin was with a thin veil overthrown,  
Through which her naked beauty clearly shone;  
She used in this light raiment as she was  
To spread her body on the dewy grass:  
Sometimes by her own fountain as she walks  
She nipt the flowers from off the fertile stalks,  
And with a garland of the sweating vine  
Sometimes she doth her beauteous front entwine.  
But she was gathering flowers with her white hand,  
When she beheld Hermaphroditus stand  
By her clear fountain, wond'ring at the sight,  
That there was any brook could be so bright;



For this was the bright river where the boy  
 Did die himself, that he could not enjoy  
 Himself in pleasure, nor could taste the blisses  
 Of his own melting and delicious kisses.  
 Here did she see him, and by Venus' law  
 She did desire to have him as she saw :  
 But the fair nymph had never seen the place  
 Where the boy was, nor his enchanting face,  
 But by an uncouth accident of love  
 Betwixt great Phœbus and the son of Jove,  
 Light-headed Bacchus : for upon a day  
 As the boy-god was keeping on his way,  
 Bearing his vine-leaves and his ivy-bands  
 To Naxos, where his house and temple stands,  
 He saw the nymph, and seeing he did stay,  
 And threw his leaves and ivy-bands away,  
 Thinking at first she was of heavenly birth,  
 Some goddess that did live upon the earth ;  
 Virgin Diana that so lovely shone  
 When she did court her sweet Endymion ;  
 But he, a god, at last did plainly see  
 She had no mark of immortality :  
 Unto the nymph went the young god of wine,  
 Whose head was chafed so with the bleeding vine  
 That now or fear or terror he had none,  
 But 'gan to court her as she sat alone.  
 " Fairer than fairest ! " (thus began his speech)  
 " Would but your radiant eye please to enrich  
 My eye with looking, or one glance to give  
 Whereby my other parts may feed and live,  
 Or with one sight my senses to inspire  
 Far livelier than the stol'n Promethean fire ;  
 Then might I live ; then by the sunny light  
 That should proceed from thy chief radiant sight,  
 I might survive to ages ; but that missing,"—  
 (At that same word he would have fain been kiss-  
 ing)—



“ I pine, fair nymph ; oh, never let me die  
For one poor glance from thy translucent eye,  
Far more transparent than the clearest brook.”  
The nymph was taken with his golden hook ;  
Yet she turn'd back and would have tripp'd away,  
But Bacchus forced the lovely maid to stay,  
Asking her why she struggled to be gone,  
Why such a nymph should wish to live alone ?  
Heaven never made her fair that she should vaunt  
She kept all beauty, yet would never grant  
She should be born so beauteous from her mo-  
ther,

But to reflect her beauty on another :  
“ Then with a sweet kiss cast thy beams on me,  
And I'll reflect them back again on thee.  
At Naxos stands my temple and my shrine,  
Where I do press the lusty swelling vine ;  
There with green ivy shall thy head be bound,  
And with the red grape be encircled round ;  
There shall Silenus sing unto thy praise  
His drunken reeling songs and tippling lays.  
Come hither, gentle nymph.”—Here blushed the  
maid,

And fain she would have gone, but yet she stayed.  
Bacchus perceived he had o'ercome the lass,  
And down he throws her in the dewy grass,  
And kissed the helpless nymph upon the ground,  
And would have strayed beyond that lawful bound.

This saw bright Phœbus, for his glittering eye  
Sees all that lies below the stárry sky ;  
And for an old affection that he bore  
Unto this lovely nymph long time before,  
(For he would oft times in his circle stand,  
And sport himself upon her snowy hand ;)  
He kept her from the sweets of Bacchus' bed,  
And 'gainst her will he saved her maidenhead.

Bacchus perceiving this, apace did hie  
 Unto the palace of swift Mercury;  
 But he did find him far below his birth,  
 Drinking with thieves and catchpoles on the earth,  
 And they were parting what they stole to-day,  
 In consultation for to-morrow's prey.  
 To him went youthful Bacchus, and began  
 To shew his cause of grief against the Sun;  
 How he bereft him of the heavenly blisses,  
 His sweet delight, his nectar-flowing kisses,  
 And other sweeter sweets that he had won  
 But for the malice of the bright-faced Sun;  
 Intreating Mercury by all the love  
 That had him borne amongst the sons of Jove,<sup>4</sup>  
 (Of which they two were part) to stand his friend  
 Against the God that did him so offend.  
 The quaint-tongued issue of great Atlas' race,  
 Swift Mercury, that with delightful grace,  
 And pleasing accents of his feigned tongue,  
 Had oft reform'd a rude uncivil throng  
 Of mortals, that great messenger of Jove,  
 And all the meaner gods that dwell above,  
 He whose acute wit was so quick and sharp  
 In the invention of the crooked harp;  
 He that's so cunning with his jesting sleights  
 To steal from heavenly Gods, or earthly wights,  
 Bearing a great hate in his griev'd breast  
 Against that great commander of the West,  
 Bright-faced Apollo; for upon a day  
 Young Mercury did steal his beasts away;  
 Which the great God perceiving, straight did show  
 The piercing arrows and the fearful bow

<sup>4</sup> *That had him born amongst the sons of Jove.*] If this is not corrupt, it must mean, that was borne to him by the sons of Jove, or else the love that was borne to him above all the sons of Jove. Perhaps we should read—"He had him borne amongst the sons of Jove;" he referring to Bacchus,

That kill'd great Pithon, and with that did threat  
him,

To bring his beasts again, or he would beat him ;  
Which Mercury perceiving, unespied,  
Did closely steal his arrows from his side :  
For this old grudge he was the easier won  
To help young Bacchus 'gainst the fiery Sun.

And now the Sun was in the middle way,  
And had o'ercome the one half of the day ;  
Scorching so hot upon the reeking sand  
That lies upon the mere<sup>s</sup> Egyptian land,  
That the hot people, burnt even from their birth,  
Do creep again into their mother Earth :  
When Mercury did take his powerful wand,  
His charming caduceus in his hand,  
And the thick beaver which he used to wear,  
When aught from Jove he to the Sun did bear,  
That did protect him from the piercing light  
Which did proceed from Phœbus' glittering sight ;  
Clad in these powerful ornaments he flies  
With out-stretcht wings up to the azure skies,  
Where, seeing Phœbus in his orient shrine,  
He did so well revenge the god of wine,  
That, whilst the Sun wonders his chariot reels,  
The crafty god had stol'n away his wheels.  
Which when he did perceive he down did slide,  
(Laying his golden coronet aside)  
From the bright spangled firmament above,  
To seek the nymph that Bacchus so did love,  
And found her looking in the wat'ry glass,  
To see how clear her radiant beauty was :

<sup>s</sup> *That lies upon the mere Egyptian land.] Mere, I should suppose, means in this place whole, entire. So in All's Well that Ends Well :—*

“ Think you it is so ?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, *mere* the truth ;”

that is, as Malone explains it, “ the exact, the *entire* truth.”



And (for he had but little time to stay,  
 Because he meant to finish out his day)  
 At the first sight he 'gan to make his moan,  
 Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone ;  
 Promising her if she would but obtain  
 The wheels that Mercury had stol'n again,  
 That he might end his day, she should enjoy  
 The heavenly sight of the most beauteous boy  
 That ever was. The nymph was pleased with this,  
 Hoping to reap some unaccustom'd bliss,  
 By the sweet pleasure that she should enjoy  
 In the blest sight of such a melting boy.  
 Therefore at his request she did obtain  
 The burning wheels that he had lost again ;  
 Which when he had received, he left the land,  
 And brought them thither where his coach did stand,  
 And there he set them on, for all this space  
 The horses had not stir'd from out their place ;  
 Which when he saw he wept, and 'gan to say,  
 " 'Would Mercury had stol'n my wheels away  
 When Phaëton, my hair-brain'd issue, tried  
 What a laborious thing it was to guide  
 My burning chariot ! then he might have pleased  
 me,  
 And of a father's grief he might have eased me :  
 For then the steeds would have obey'd his will,  
 Or else at least they would have rested still."  
 When he had done he took his whip of steel,  
 Whose bitter smart he made his horses feel ;  
 For he did lash so hard to end the day,  
 That he was quickly at the western sea.  
 And there with Thetis did he rest a space,  
 For he did never rest in any place  
 Before that time ; but ever since his wheels  
 Were stol'n away, his burning chariot reels  
 Tow'rd's the declining of the parting day ;  
 Therefore he lights and mends them in the sea.



And though the poets feign that Jove did make  
A treble night for fair Alcmena's sake,  
That he might sleep securely with his love,  
Yet sure the long night was unknown to Jove :  
But the Sun's wheels one day disorder'd more,  
Were thrice as long a-mending as before.  
Now was the Sun environ'd with the sea,  
Cooling his wat'ry tresses as he lay,  
And in dread Neptune's kingdom while he sleeps,  
Fair Thetis clips him in the wat'ry deeps ;  
There mermaids and the Tritons of the west,  
Straining their voices to make Titan rest ;  
The while the black Night, with her pithy hand,  
Took just possession of the swarthy land,  
He spent the darksome hours in this delight,  
Giving his power up to the gladsome Night ;  
For ne'er before he was so truly blest  
To take an hour or one poor minute's rest.  
But now the burning God this pleasure feels  
By reason of his newly-crazed wheels ;  
There must he stay until lame Vulcan send  
The fiery wheels which he had took to mend.

Now all the night the smith so hard had wrought,  
That ere the Sun could wake his wheels were  
brought ;

Titan being pleased with rest and not to rise,  
And loth to open yet his slumbering eyes,  
And yet perceiving how the longing sight  
Of mortals waited for his glittering flight,  
He sent Aurora from him to the sky  
To give a glimpsing to each mortal eye.  
Aurora, much ashamed of that same place  
That great Apollo's light was wont to grace,  
Finding no place to hide her shameful head,  
Painted her chaste cheeks with a blushing red ;  
Which ever since remain'd upon her face  
In token of her new-received disgrace :

Therefore she not so white as she had been,  
 Loathing of every mortal to be seen,  
 No sooner 'gan the rosy-fingered Morn  
 Kiss every flower that by her dew is born,  
 But from the golden window she doth peep  
 When the most part of earthly creatures sleep.  
 By this bright Titan opened had his eyes,  
 And 'gan to jerk his horses through the skies,  
 And taking in his hand his fiery whip,  
 He made Æous and swift Æthon skip  
 So fast, that straight he dazzled had the sight,  
 Of fair Aurora, glad to see his light.

And now the Sun in all his fiery haste  
 Did call to mind his promise lately past,  
 And all the vows and oaths that he did pass  
 Unto fair Salmacis, the beauteous lass :  
 For he had promised her she should enjoy  
 So lovely, fair, and such a well-shaped boy,  
 As ne'er before his own all-seeing eye  
 Saw from his bright seat in the starry sky.  
 Remembering this; he sent the boy that way  
 Where the clear fountain of the fair nymph lay;  
 There was he come to seek some pleasing brook.  
 No sooner came he but the nymph was struck,  
 And though she longed to embrace the boy,  
 Yet did the nymph a while defer her joy,  
 Till she had bound up her loose flagging hair,  
 And well ordered the garments she did wear,  
 Feigning her count'nance with a lover's care,  
 And did deserve to be accounted fair;  
 When thus much spake she while the boy abode,  
 " O boy, more worthy to be thought a god!  
 Thou may'st inhabit in the glorious place  
 Of gods, or may'st proceed from human race;  
 Thou may'st be Cupid, or the god of wine  
 That lately wooed me with the swelling vine:  
 But whosoe'er thou art, O happy he  
 That was so blest to be a sire to thee!

Thy happy mother is most blest of many,  
 Blessed thy sisters, if her womb bare any;  
 Both fortunate, Oh! and thrice happy she  
 Whose too much blessed breast gave suck to thee!  
 If any's wish with thy sweet bed be blest,  
 Oh, she is far more happy than the rest!  
 If thou hast any, let her name be known,  
 Or else let me be she, if thou hast none."

Here did she pause a while, and then she said,  
 " Be not obdurate to a silly maid;  
 A flinty heart within a snowy breast  
 Is like base mold lock'd in a golden chest;  
 They say the eye's the index of the heart,  
 And shews th' affection of each inward part:  
 Then love plays lively there, the little god  
 Hath a clear crystal palace of abode;  
 Oh! bar him not from playing in thy heart,  
 That sports himself upon each outward part."  
 Thus much she spake, and then her tongue was  
 hush'd.

At her loose speech<sup>6</sup> Hermaphroditus blush'd;  
 He knew not what love was, yet love did shame  
 him,

Making him blush, and yet his blush became him.  
 Then might a man his lively colour see  
 Like the ripe apple on a sunny tree,  
 Or ivory dyed o'er with a pleasing red,  
 Or like the pale morn being shadowed.  
 By this the nymph recovered had her tongue,  
 That to her thinking lay in silence long,  
 And said, " Thy cheek is mild: Oh, be thou so!  
 Thy cheek saith, aye, then do not answer, no;  
 Thy cheek doth shame, then do thou shame," she  
 said,

" It is a man's shame to deny a maid:

<sup>6</sup> *Speeches.*] So the old copies.



Thou look'st to sport with Venus in her bower,  
 And be beloved of every heavenly power ;  
 Men are but mortals, so are women too,  
 Why should your thoughts aspire more than ours do ?  
 For sure they do aspire ; else could a youth,  
 Whose countenance is full of spotless truth,  
 Be so relentless to a virgin's tongue ?  
 Let me be wooed by thee but half so long ;  
 With half those terms do but my love require,  
 And I will easily grant thee thy desire :  
 Ages are bad when men become so slow,  
 That poor unskilful maids are forced to woo."

Her radiant beauty and her subtle art  
 So deeply struck Hermaphroditus' heart,  
 That she had won his love, but that the light  
 Of her translucent eye did shine too bright ;  
 For long he looked upon the lovely maid,  
 And at the last Hermaphroditus said :  
 " How should I love thee, when I do espy  
 A far more beauteous nymph hid in thy eye ?  
 When thou dost love let not that nymph be nigh  
 thee,  
 Nor, when thou woo'st, let that same nymph be  
 by thee ;  
 Or quite obscure her from thy lover's face,  
 Or hide her beauty in a darker place."  
 By this the nymph perceived he did espy  
 None but himself reflected in her eye ;  
 And, for himself no more she meant to shew him,  
 She shut her eyes, and blindfold thus did woee him :  
 " Fair boy, think not thy beauty can dispense  
 With any pain due to a bad offence ;  
 Remember how the gods punish'd that boy,  
 That scorn'd to let a beauteous nymph enjoy  
 Her long-wished pleasure ; for the peevish elf,  
 Loved of all others, needs would love himself :  
 So may'st thou love perhaps : thou may'st be blest  
 By granting to a luckless nymph's request ;



Then rest awhile with me amidst these weeds,  
 The Sun, that sees all, winks at lovers' deeds.  
 Phœbus is blind when love-sports are begun,  
 And never sees until their sports be done.  
 Believe me, boy, thy blood is very staid,  
 Thou art so loth to kiss a youthful maid :  
 Wert thou a maid and I a man, I'll shew thee  
 With what a manly boldness I would woo thee :  
 ' Fairer than Love's queen' (thus I would begin)  
 ' Might not my over-boldness be a sin,  
 I would entreat this favour, if I could,  
 Thy roseate cheeks a little to behold !'  
 Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiss,  
 And then a lower yet a higher bliss ;  
 Then would I ask what Jove and Leda did,  
 When like a swan the crafty god was hid.  
 What came he for ? Why did he there abide ?  
 Surely I think he did not come to chide ;  
 He came to see her face, to talk and chat,  
 To touch, to kiss : came he for nought but that ?  
 Yes, something else : what was it he would have ?  
 That which all men of maidens ought to crave."

This said, her eyelids wide she did display,  
 But in this space the boy was run away ;  
 The wanton speeches of the lovely lass  
 Forced him for shame to hide him in the grass.  
 When she perceived she could not see him near her,  
 When she had called, and yet he would not hear  
 her ;

Look, how, when autumn comes, a little space  
 Paleth the red blush of the Summer's face,  
 Tearing the leaves, the Summer's covering,  
 Three months in weaving by the curious Spring,  
 Making the grass, his green locks, go to wrack,  
 Tearing each ornament from off his back ;  
 So did she spoil the garments she did wear,  
 Tearing whole ounces of her golden hair.

She, thus deluded of her longed bliss,  
 With much ado at last she uttered this :  
 " Why wert so bashful, boy ? Thou hast no part  
 Shews thee to be of such a female heart !  
 His eye is grey, so is the Morning's eye,  
 That blusheth always when the day is nigh.  
 Then is grey eyes the cause ? that cannot be,  
 The grey-eyed Morn is far more bold than he ;  
 For with a gentle dew from Heaven's bright tower,  
 It gets the maidenhead of every flower :  
 I would to God he were the roseate Morn,  
 And I a flower from out the earth new-born.  
 His face was smooth ; Narcissus' face was so,  
 And he was careless of a sad nymph's woe :  
 Then that's the cause ; and yet that cannot be,  
 Youthful Narcissus was more bold than he,  
 Because he died for love, though of his shade ;  
 This boy nor loves himself, nor yet a maid.  
 Besides, his glorious eye is wond'rous bright ;  
 So is the fiery and all-seeing light  
 Of Phœbus, who at every morning's birth  
 Blusheth for shame upon the sullen earth :  
 Then that's the cause : and yet that cannot be,  
 The fiery Sun is far more bold than he ;  
 He nightly kisseth Thetis in the sea ;  
 All know the story of Leucothoë.  
 His cheek is red, so is the fragrant rose,  
 Whose ruddy cheek with over-blushing glows ;  
 Then that's the cause : and yet that cannot be,  
 Each blushing rose is far more bold than he ;  
 Whose boldness may be plainly seen in this,  
 The ruddy rose is not ashamed to kiss ;  
 For always, when the day is new begun,  
 The spreading rose will kiss the morning sun."

This said, hid in the grass she did espy him,  
 And stumbling with her will, she fell down by him,

And with her wanton talk, because he woo'd not,  
Begg'd that which he, poor novice, understood not.  
And (for she could not get a greater bliss)  
She did entreat at least a sister's kiss;  
But still the more she did the boy beseech,  
The more he pouted at her wanton speech.  
At last the nymph began to touch his skin,  
Whiter than mountain-snow hath ever been;  
And did in pureness that clear spring surpass  
Wherein Acteon saw the Arcadian lass.  
Thus did she dally long, till at the last  
In her white palm she lock'd his white hand fast;  
Then in her hands his wrist she 'gan to close,  
When through his pulses straight his warm blood  
glows,  
Whose youthful music, fanning Cupid's fire,  
In her warm breast kindled a fresh desire;  
Then did she lift her hand unto his breast,  
A part as white and youthful as the rest,  
Where, as his flow'ry breath still comes and goes,  
She felt his gentle heart pant through his clothes.  
At last she took her hand from off that part,  
And said it panted like another heart:  
"Why should it be more feeble and less bold?  
Why should the blood about it be more cold?  
Nay, sure that yields, only thy tongue denies,  
And the true fancy of thy heart belies."  
Then did she lift her hand unto his chin,  
And praised the pretty dimpling of his skin.  
But straight his skin she 'gan to overslip,  
When she beheld the redness of his lip,  
And said: "Thy lips are soft, press them to mine,  
And thou shalt see they are as soft as thine."  
Then would she fain have gone unto his eye,  
But still his ruddy lip standing so nigh,  
Drew her hand back, therefore his eye she miss'd,  
'Ginning to clasp his neck, and would have kiss'd:



But then the boy did struggle to be gone,  
 Vowing to leave her in that place alone :  
 But the bright Salmacis began to fear,  
 And said : " Fair stranger, I will leave thee here,  
 Amid these<sup>7</sup> pleasant places all alone."  
 So turning back, she feigned to be gone :  
 But from his sight she had no power to pass,  
 Therefore she turned and hid her in the grass ;  
 When to the ground bending her snow-white knee,  
 The glad earth gave new coats to every tree.

He then supposing he was all alone,  
 Like a young boy that is espied of none,  
 Runs here and there, then on the banks doth look,  
 Then on the crystal current of the brook ;  
 Then with his feet he touch'd the silver streams,  
 Whose drowsy waves made music in their dreams,  
 And, for he was not wholly in, did weep,  
 Talking aloud and babbling in their sleep ;  
 Whose pleasant coolness when the boy did feel,  
 He thrust his foot down lower to the heel.  
 O'ercome with whose sweet noise he did begin  
 To strip his soft clothes from his tender skin.  
 When straight the scorching Sun wept tears of  
 brine,

Because he durst not touch him with his shine,  
 For fear of spoiling that same ivory skin  
 Whose whiteness he so much delighted in ;  
 And then the Moon, mother of mortal ease,  
 Would fain have come from the Antipodes  
 To have beheld him naked as he stood,  
 Ready to leap into the silver flood ;  
 But might not, for the laws of Heaven deny  
 To shew men's secrets to a woman's eye :  
 And therefore was her sad and gloomy light  
 Confined unto the secret-keeping night.

<sup>7</sup> And *these*.] So the former copy.



When beauteous Salmacis a while had gazed  
Upon his naked corpse, she stood amazed,  
And both her sparkling eyes burnt in her face,  
Like the bright sun reflected in a glass :  
Scarce can she stay from running to the boy,  
Scarce can she now defer her hoped joy :  
So fast her youthful blood plays in her veins,  
That, almost mad, she scarce herself contains ;  
When young Hermaphroditus, as he stands  
Clapping his white sides with his hollow hands,  
Leapt lively from the land whereon he stood  
Into the main part of the crystal flood ;  
Like ivory then his snowy body was,  
Or a white lily in a crystal glass.  
Then rose the water-nymph from where she lay,  
As having won the glory of the day,  
And her light garments cast from off her skin,  
“ He’s mine,” she cried, and so leapt sprightly in.  
The flattering ivy who did ever see  
Inclasp the huge trunk of an aged tree,  
Let him behold the young boy as he stands  
Inclaspt in wanton Salmacis’ pure hands ;  
Betwixt those ivory arms she lockt him fast,  
Striving to get away ; till at the last,  
Fondling she said, “ Why striv’st thou to be gone ?  
Why should’st thou so desire to be alone ?  
Thy cheek is never fair when none is by,  
For what is red and white but to the eye ?  
And for that cause the heavens are dark at night,  
Because all creatures close their weary sight ;  
For there’s no mortal can so early rise  
But still the morning waits upon his eyes.  
The early-rising and soon-singing lark  
Can never chant her sweet notes in the dark ;  
For sleep she ne’er so little or so long,  
Yet still the morning will attend her song.

All creatures that beneath bright Cyathia be  
 Have appetite unto society ;  
 The overflowing waves would have a bound  
 Within the confines of the spacious ground,  
 And all their shady currents would be placed  
 In hollow of the solitary waste,  
 But that they loath to let her soft streams sing  
 Where none can hear their gentle murmuring."  
 Yet still the boy, regardless what she said,  
 Struggled apace to overswim the maid ;  
 Which when the nymph perceived she 'gan to say,  
 " Struggle thou may'st, but never get away :  
 So grant, just gods, that never day may see  
 The separation 'twixt this boy and me !"

The gods did hear her prayer, and feel her woe,  
 And in one body they began to grow.  
 She felt his youthful blood in every vein,  
 And he felt her's warm his cold breast again ;  
 And ever since was woman's love so blest,  
 That it will draw blood from the strongest breast.  
 Nor man nor maid now could they be esteem'd,  
 Neither and either might they well be deem'd.  
 When the young boy, Hermaphroditus, said,  
 With the set voice of neither man nor maid :  
 " Swift Mercury, thou author of my life,  
 And thou my mother, Vulcan's lovely wife,  
 Let your poor offspring's latest breath be blest  
 In but obtaining this his last request :  
 Grant that whoe'er, heated by Phœbus' beams,  
 Shall come to cool him in these silver streams,  
 May never more a manly shape retain,  
 But half a virgin may return again."  
 His parents hearken'd to his last request,  
 And with that great pow'r they the fountain blest ;  
 And since that time who in that fountain swims,  
 A maiden's smoothness seizeth half his limbs.

THE  
REMEDY OF LOVE.

FROM OVID.

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WHEN Cupid read this title, straight he said,  
" Wars, I perceive, against me will be made."  
But spare, oh Love! to tax thy poet so,  
Who oft hath borne thy ensign 'gainst thy foe;  
I am not he by whom thy mother bled,  
When she to heaven on Mars his horses fled.  
I oft, like other youths, thy flame did prove,  
And if thou ask, what I do still? I love.  
Nay, I have taught by art to keep Love's course,  
And made that reason which before was force.  
I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,  
Nor what I once have written to destroy.  
If any love, and find his mistress kind,  
Let him go on, and sail with his own wind;  
But he that by his love is discontented,  
To save his life my verses were invented.  
Why should a lover kill himself? or why  
Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?



Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee still,  
 Thy reign is soft ; play then, and do not kill ;  
 Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,  
 Make lovers meet by stealth, and steal a kiss :  
 Make them to fear lest any overwatch them,  
 And tremble when they think some come to catch  
 them ;

And with those tears that lovers shed all night,  
 Be thou content, but do not kill outright.—  
 Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,  
 And said, " Write on ; I freely give thee leave."

Come then, all ye despised, that love endure,  
 I, that have felt the wounds, your love will cure ;  
 But come at first, for if you make delay,  
 Your sickness will grow mortal by your stay :  
 The tree, which by delay is grown so big,  
 In the beginning was a tender twig ;  
 That which at first was but a span in length,  
 Will, by delay, be rooted past men's strength.  
 Resist beginnings, medicines bring no curing  
 Where sickness is grown strong by long enduring.  
 When first thou seest a lass that likes thine eye,  
 Bend all thy present powers to descry  
 Whether her eye or carriage first would shew  
 If she be fit for love's delights or no :  
 Some will be easy, such an one elect ;  
 But she that bears too grave and stern aspect,  
 Take heed of her, and make her not thy jewel,  
 Either she cannot love, or will be cruel.  
 If love assail thee there, betime take heed,  
 Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed ;  
 He that to-day cannot shake off love's sorrow,  
 Will certainly be more unapt to-morrow.  
 Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue,  
 That he will lead thee all thy life along,  
 And on a sudden clasp thee in a yoke,  
 Where thou must either draw, or striving choke.



Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand  
 May stop a water-drill that wears the sand;  
 But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood,  
 Mountains will hardly make the passage good.  
 But I am out, for now I do begin  
 To keep them off, not heal those that are in.

First, therefore, lovers, I intend to shew  
 How love came to you, then how he may go.  
 You that would not know what love's passions be,  
 Never be idle, learn that rule of me.

Ease makes you love, as that o'ercomes your wills,  
 Ease is the food and cause of all your ills.

Turn ease and idleness but out of door,  
 Love's darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.  
 As reeds and willows love the water's side,  
 So love loves with the idle to abide.

If then at liberty you fain would be,  
 Love yields to labour, labour and be free.

Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feed-  
 ing,

Nothing to do, and pleasure of exceeding,  
 Dulls all our senses, makes our virtue stupid,  
 And then creeps in that crafty villain Cupid.

That boy loves ease a' life,<sup>s</sup> hates such a stir,  
 Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.

Behold thy country's enemies in arms,  
 At home love gripes the heart in his sly charms;  
 Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloth,  
 Thy labour may at once o'ercome them both!

If this seem hard and too unpleasant, then  
 Behold the law set forth by God and men;

<sup>s</sup> *That boy loves ease a' life.*] This is a common phrase in old poetry, being probably a contraction of *at life*. So in Kirke's *Seven Champions of Christendom*:—"Oh, I do love those things *a' life*—Have you any squibs in your country? Any green men in your shows, and whizers upon lines, Jack Pudding upon rope, or Sis in fire-works?"

Sit down and study that, that thou may'st know  
 The way to guide thyself, and others shew.  
 Or if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,  
 Learn to assail the deer with trusty bow,  
 That through the woods thy well-mouth'd hounds  
                   may ring,

Whose echo better joys than love will sing:  
 There may'st thou chance to bring thy love to end;  
 Diana unto Venus is no friend.

The country will afford thee means enow,  
 Sometimes disdain not to direct the plough;  
 To follow through the fields the bleating lamb,  
 That mourns to miss the comfort of his dam.  
 Assist the harvest, help to prune the trees,  
 Graft, plant, and sow, no kind of labour leese.<sup>9</sup>  
 Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,  
 Which will employ thy mind and fill thy dish;  
 That, being weary with these pains, at night  
 Sound sleep may put the thoughts of love to flight.  
 With such delights, or labours as are these,  
 Forget to love, and learn thyself to please.  
 But chiefly learn this lesson, for my sake,  
 Fly from her far, some journey undertake:  
 I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told,  
 Will be enough thy journey to withhold;  
 But when thou find'st thyself most bent to stay,  
 Compel thy feet to run with thee away.  
 Nor do thou wish that rain or stormy weather  
 May stay your steps, and bring you back together;  
 Count not the miles you pass, nor doubt the way,  
 Lest those respects should turn you back to stay.  
 Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind,  
 But fly like lightning, or the northern wind;  
 For where we are too much o'ermatch'd in might,  
 There is no way for safe-guard but by flight.

<sup>9</sup> *Leese.*] An obsolete word for *loose*, evidently used here *rhythmi gratia*.

But some will count my lines too hard and bitter :  
 I must confess them hard ; but yet 'tis better  
 To fast a while, that health may be provoked,  
 Than feed at plenteous tables and be choked.  
 To cure the wretched body, I am sure  
 Both fire and steel thou gladly wilt endure :  
 Wilt thou not then take pains by any art  
 To cure thy mind, which is thy better part ?  
 The hardness is at first, and that once past,  
 Pleasant and easy ways will come at last.  
 I do not bid thee strive with witches' charms,  
 Or such unholy acts, to cure thy harms ;  
 Ceres herself, who all these things did know,  
 Had never power to cure her own love so :  
 No, take this medicine, (which of all is sure)  
 Labour and absence is the only cure.

But if the fates compel thee in such fashion,  
 That thou must needs live near her habitation,  
 And canst not fly her sight, learn here of me,  
 Thou that' would'st fain, and canst not yet be free :  
 Set all thy mistress' faults before thine eyes,  
 And all thy own disgraces well advise ;  
 Say to thyself, that " she is covetous,  
 Hath ta'en my gifts, and used me thus and thus ;  
 Thus hath she sworn to me, and thus deceived ;  
 Thus have I hoped, and thus have been bereaved.  
 With love she feeds my rival, while I starve,  
 And pours on him kisses which I deserve :  
 She follows him with smiles, and gives to me  
 Sad looks ; no lover's, but a stranger's fee.  
 All those embraces I so oft desired,  
 To him she offers daily unrequired ;  
 Whose whole desert, and half mine weighed to-  
 gether,  
 Would make mine lead, and his seem cork and  
 feather ;

\* That thou *wouldst fain.*] So the old copy.



Then let her go; and, since she proves so hard,  
 Regard thyself, and give her no regard."  
 Thus must thou school thyself, and I could wish  
 Thee to thyself most eloquent in this.  
 But put on grief enough; and do not fear,  
 Grief will enforce thy eloquence t' appear.  
 Thus I myself the love did once expel  
 Of one whose coyness vex'd my soul like hell.  
 I must confess she touch'd me to the quick,  
 And I, that am physician, then was sick;  
 But this I found to profit: I did still  
 Ruminatè what I thought in her was ill;  
 And, for to cure myself, I found a way,  
 Some honest slanders on her for to lay:  
 Quoth I, "How lamely doth my mistress go!"  
 (Although I must confess it was not so;)  
 I said her arms were crooked, fingers bent,  
 Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consumed and  
 spent;  
 Her colour sad, her neck as dark as night,  
 When Venus might in all have ta'en delight.  
 But yet, because I would no more come nigh her,  
 Myself unto myself did thus bely her.  
 Do thou the like, and, though she fair appear,  
 Think vice to virtue often comes too near;  
 And in that error (though it be an error)  
 Preserve thyself from any further terror.  
 If she be round and plump, say she's too fat;  
 If brown, say black, and thick, who cares for  
 that?  
 If she be slender, swear she is too lean;  
 That such a wench will wear a man out clean.  
 If she be red, say she's too full of blood;  
 If pale, her body nor her mind is good;  
 If wanton, say, she seeks thee to devour;  
 If grave, neglect her, say, she looks too sour.



Nay, if she have a fault, and thou dost know it,  
 Praise it, that in thy presence she may show it;  
 As, if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,  
 Never give over till thou make her sing;  
 If she have any blemish in her foot,  
 Commend her dancing still, and put her to't;  
 If she be rude of speech, incite her talk;  
 If halting lame, provoke her much to walk;  
 Or if on instruments she have small skill,  
 Reach down a viol, urge her to that still:  
 Take any way to ease thy own distress,  
 And think those faults be which are nothing less.  
 Then meditate besides what thing it is  
 That makes thee still in love to go amiss.  
 Advise thee well, for as the world now goes,  
 Men are not caught with substance but with shows.  
 Women are in their bodies turn'd to French,  
 That face and body's least part of a wench.  
 I know a woman hath in love been troubled  
 For that which tailors make, a fine neat doublet;  
 And men are even as mad in their desiring,  
 That oftentimes love women for their tiring:<sup>2</sup>  
 He that doth so, let him take this advice:  
 Let him rise early, and, not being nice,  
 Up to his mistress' chamber let him hie  
 Ere she arise, and there he shall espy  
 Such a confusion of disordered things,  
 In boddice, jewels, tires, wires, lawns, and rings,  
 That sure it cannot choose but much abhor him,  
 To see her lie in pieces thus before him;  
 And find those things shut in a painted box,  
 For which he loves her and endures her mocks.  
 Once I myself had a great mind to see  
 What kind of things women undressed be;

<sup>2</sup> *Tiring.*] i. e. Dressing, attiring. Thus *tires*, a few lines lower down, means dresses.

And found my sweetheart, just when I came at her,  
 Screwing her teeth, and dipping rags in water.  
 She missed her perriwig, and durst not stay,  
 But put it on in haste the backward way;  
 That, had I not o' th' sudden changed my mind,  
 I had mistook and kiss'd my love behind:  
 So, if thou wish her faults should rid thy cares,  
 Watch out thy time, and take her unawares;  
 Or rather put the better way in proof,  
 Come thou not near, but keep thyself aloof.  
 If all this serve not, use one medicine more,  
 Seek out another love, and her adore;  
 But choose out one in whom thou well may'st see  
 A heart inclined to love and cherish thee:  
 For, as a river parted slower goes,  
 So love, thus parted, still more evenly flows.  
 One anchor will not serve a vessel tall,  
 Nor is one hook enough to fish withall;  
 He that can solace him and sport with two,  
 May in the end triumph as others do.  
 Thou, that to one hast shewed thyself too kind,  
 May'st in a second much more comfort find;  
 If one love entertain thee with despite,  
 The other will embrace thee with delight;  
 When by the former thou art made accurst,  
 The second will contend to excel the first,  
 And strive with love to drive her from thy breast:  
 That first to second yields, women know best.  
 Or if to yield to either thou art loth,  
 This may perhaps acquit thee of them both:<sup>3</sup>  
 For what one love makes odd, two shall make  
     even;  
 Thus blows with blows, and fire with fire's out-  
     driven.

<sup>3</sup> *This may perhaps acquit them of them both.*] So the former copies.

Perchance this course will turn thy first love's  
heart,

And when thine is at ease, cause her's to smart.  
If thy love's rival stick so near thy side,  
Think, women can copartners worse abide ;  
For though thy mistress never means to love thee,  
Yet from the other's love she'll strive to move thee :  
But let her strive, she oft hath vex'd thy heart,  
Suffer her now to bear herself a part ;  
And though thy bowels burn like Ætna's fire,  
Seem colder far than ice, or her desire ;  
Feign thyself free, and sigh not overmuch,  
But laugh aloud when grief thy heart doth touch.  
I do not bid thee break through fire and flame,  
Such violence in love is much to blame ;  
But I advise that thou dissemble deep,  
And all thy passions in thine own breast keep.  
Feign thyself well, and thou at last shall see  
Thyself as well as thou didst feign to be :  
So have I often, when I would not drink,  
Sat down as one asleep, and feign'd to wink ;  
Till, as I nodding sat, and took no heed,  
I have at last fall'n fast asleep indeed ;  
So have I oft been angry, feigning spite,  
And, counterfeiting smiles, have laughed outright ;  
So love by use doth come, by use doth go,  
And he that feigns well shall at length be so.  
If e'er thy mistress promised to receive thee  
Into her bosom, and did then deceive thee,  
Locking thy rival in, thee out of door,  
Be not dejected, seem not to deplore,  
Nor when thou seest her next take notice of it,  
But pass it over, it shall turn to profit :  
For if she sees such tricks as these perplex thee,  
She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee.  
But if she prove thee constant in this kind,  
She will begin at length some sleights to find,



How she may draw thee back, and keep thee still  
 A servile captive to her fickle will.  
 But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,  
 Be thou as constant as thou seemest then :  
 Receive no messages, regard no lines,  
 They are but snares to catch thee in her twines ;  
 Receive no gifts, think all that praise her flatter ;  
 Whate'er she writes believe not half the matter.  
 Converse not with her servant, nor her maid,  
 Scarce bid good-morrow, lest thou be betray'd.  
 When thou goest by her door never look back,  
 And though she call do not thy journey slack.  
 If she should send her friends to talk with thee,  
 Suffer them not too long to walk with thee ;  
 Do not believe one word they say is sooth,  
 Nor do not ask so much as how she doth ;  
 Yea, though thy very heart should burn to know,  
 Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show :  
 Thy careless silence shall perplex her more  
 Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o'er and o'er.  
 By saying, thou lovest not, thy loving prove not,  
 For he's far gone in love, that says, " I love not :"  
 Then hold thy peace, and shortly love will die,  
 That wound heals best that cures not by and by :  
 But some will say, " Alas, this rule is hard !  
 Must we not love where we may find reward ?  
 How should a tender woman bear this scorn,  
 That cannot, without art, by men be borne ?"  
 Mistake me not ; I do not wish you show  
 Such a contempt to them whose love you know :  
 But where a scornful lass makes you endure  
 Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure.  
 Nor think in leaving love you wrong your lass,  
 Who one to her content already has ;  
 While she doth joy in him, joy thou in any,  
 Thou hast, as well as she, the choice of many :



Then, for thy own contempt, defer not long,  
But cure thyself, and she shall have no wrong.

Among all cures I chiefly do commend  
Absence in this to be the only friend;  
And so it is, but I would have ye learn  
The perfect use of absence to discern.  
First then, when thou art absent to her sight,  
In solitariness do not delight:  
Be seldom left alone, for then I know  
A thousand vexing thoughts will come and go.  
Fly lonely<sup>4</sup> walks, and uncouth places sad,  
They are the nurse of thoughts that make men  
mad.

Walk not too much where thy fond eye may see  
The place where she did give love's rights to thee:  
For even the place will tell thee of those joys,  
And turn thy kisses into sad annoys.  
Frequent not woods and groves, nor sit and muse  
With arms across, as foolish lovers use  
For as thou sitt'st alone thou soon shalt find  
Thy mistress' face presented to thy mind,  
As plainly to thy troubled phantasy,  
As if she were in presence, and stood by.  
This to eschew open thy doors all day,  
Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way;  
Admit all companies, and when there's none,  
Then walk thou forth thyself, and seek out one;  
When he is found, seek more, laugh, drink, and  
sing;

Rather than be alone do any thing.  
Or if thou be constrained to be alone,  
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:  
For that's the way, when thou art eased of pain,  
To wound anew and make thee sick again;

<sup>4</sup> *Lovely.*] So the original reads.

Or if thou hast it, think the painter's skill  
 Flattered her face, and that she looks more ill ;  
 And think, as thou dost musing on it sit,  
 That she herself is counterfeit like it :  
 Or rather fly all things that are inclined  
 To bring one thought of her into thy mind ;  
 View not her tokens, nor think on her words,  
 But take some book, whose learned womb affords  
 Physic for souls, there search for some relief  
 To 'guile the time, and rid away thy grief.

But if thy thoughts on her must needs be bent,  
 Think what a deal of precious time was spent  
 In quest of her ; and that thy best of youth  
 Languish'd and died while she was void of truth ;  
 Think but how ill she did deserve affection,  
 And yet how long she held thee in subjection ;  
 Think how she changed, how ill it did become her,  
 And thinking so, leave love, and fly far from her.  
 He that from all infection would be free,  
 Must fly the place where the infected be :  
 And he that would from love's affection fly,  
 Must leave his mistress' walks, and not come nigh.  
 Sore eyes are got by looking on sore eyes,  
 And wounds do soon from new-heal'd scars arise ;  
 As embers touch'd with sulphur do renew,  
 So will her sight kindle fresh flames in you.  
 If then thou meet'st her, suffer her go by thee,  
 And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee :  
 For her aspect will cause desire in thee,  
 And hungry men scarce hold from meat they see.  
 If e'er she sent thee letters, that lie by,  
 Peruse them not, they'll captivate thy eye,  
 But lap them up, and cast them in the fire,  
 And wish, as they waste, so may thy desire.  
 If e'er thou sent'st her token, gift, or letter,  
 Go not to fetch them back ; for it is better

That she detain a little paltry pelf,  
Than thou should'st seek for them and lose thy-  
self:

For why? her sight will so enchant thy heart  
That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.  
But if, by chance, there fortune such a case,  
Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,  
Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,  
For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force.  
Against thou goest curl not thy head and hair,  
Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;  
Nor be not in so neat and spruce array  
As if thou mean'st to make it holiday;  
Neglect thyself for once, that she may see  
Her love hath now no power to work on thee;  
And if thy rival be in presence too,  
Seem not to mark, but do as others do;  
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,  
Return all courtesies that he affords:  
Drink to him, carve him, give him compliment;  
This shall thy mistress more than thee torment:  
For she will think, by this thy careless show,  
Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.  
But if thou canst persuade thyself indeed  
She hath no lover, but of thee hath need,  
That no man loves her but thyself alone,  
And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;  
Thus sooth thyself, and thou shalt seem to be  
In far more happy taking than is she.  
For if thou think'st she's loved and loves again,  
Hell-fire will seem more easy than thy pain.  
But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spy  
The man she most affecteth standing by,  
And see him grasp her by the tender hand,  
And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;  
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,  
Or whether on some meeting they agree;



If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,  
And canst perform more than thy teacher can;  
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,  
I will give o'er to teach, and learn of thee.  
But this way I would take: among them all,  
I would pick out some lass to talk withall,  
Whose quick inventions and whose nimble wit  
Should busy mine and keep me from my fit:  
My eye with all my heart should be a-wooing,  
No matter what I said so I were doing;  
For all that while my love should think at least  
That I, as well as she, on love did feast;  
And though my heart were thinking of her face,  
Of her unkindness and my own disgrace,  
Of all my present pains by her neglect,  
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.  
Perchance, in envy thou should'st sport with any,  
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:  
But, if thou canst, of all that present are,  
Her conference alone thou should'st forbear;  
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,  
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.  
If she begin once to confer with thee,  
Then do as I would do, be ruled by me:  
When she begins to talk, imagine straight,  
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait:  
Then call to mind some business or affair,  
Whose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;  
That while such talk thy troubled fancies stirs,  
Thy mind may work, and give no heed to her's.  
Alas! I know men's hearts, and that full soon,  
By women's gentle words we are undone;  
If women sigh or weep, our souls are grieved,  
Or if they swear they love, they are believed.  
But trust not thou to oaths if she should swear,  
Nor hearty sighs, believe they dwell not there.



If she should grieve in earnest or in jest,  
Or force her arguments with sad protest,  
As if true sorrow in her eyelid sate,  
Nay, if she come to weeping, trust not that ;  
For know that women can both weep and smile,  
With much more danger than the crocodile.  
Think all she doth is but to breed thy pain,  
And get the power to tyrannize again ;  
And she will beat thy heart with trouble more  
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the shore.  
Do not complain to her then of thy wrong,  
But lock thy thoughts within thy silent tongue.  
Tell her not why thou leav'st her, nor declare  
(Although she ask thee) what thy torments are.  
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye ;  
From thence a thousand snares and arrows fly :  
No, let her not perceive, by sighs and signs,  
How at her deeds thy inward soul repines.  
Seem careless of her speech, and do not hark,  
Answer by chance as though thou didst not mark ;  
And if she bid thee home, straight promise not,  
Or break thy word as if thou hadst forgot ;  
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,  
And if she be not earnest do not go ;  
Feign thou hast business, and defer the meeting,  
As one that greatly cared not for her greeting :  
And as she talks cast thou thine eyes elsewhere,  
And look among the lasses that are there ;  
Compare their several beauties to her face,  
Some one or other will her form disgrace ;  
On both their faces carry still thy view,  
Balance them equally in judgment true :  
And when thou find'st the other doth excel  
(Yet that thou canst not love it half so well)  
Blush that thy passions make thee dote on her  
More than on those thy judgment doth prefer.

When thou hast let her speak all that she would,  
 Seem as thou hast not one word understood :  
 And when to part with thee thou see'st her bent,  
 Give her some ordinary compliment,  
 Such as may seem of courtesy, not love,  
 And so to other company remove.

This carelessness, in which thou seem'st to be,  
 (Howe'er in her) will work this change in thee,  
 That thou shalt think, for using her so slight,  
 She cannot choose but turn her love to spite :  
 And if thou art persuaded once she hates,  
 Thou wilt beware, and not come near her baits.

But though I wish thee constantly believe  
 She hates thy sight, thy passions to deceive ;  
 Yet be not thou so base to hate her too,  
 That which seems ill in her do not thou do ;  
 'Twill indiscretion seem, and want of wit,  
 Where thou didst love to hate instead of it ;  
 And thou may'st shame ever to be so mated,  
 And joined in love with one that should be hated :  
 Such kind of love is fit for clowns and hinds,  
 And not for debonair and gentle minds ;  
 For can there be in man a madness more  
 Than hate those lips he wish'd to kiss before,  
 Or loath to see those eyes, or hear that voice  
 Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoice ?  
 Such acts as these much indiscretion shews,  
 When men from kissing turn to wish for blows :  
 And this their own example shews so naught,  
 That when they should direct they must be taught.  
 But thou wilt say, " For all the love I bear her,  
 And all the service, I am ne'er the nearer ;"  
 And, which thee most of all doth vex like hell,  
 " She loves a man ne'er loved her half so well :  
 Him she adores, but I must not come at her,  
 Have I not then good reason for to hate her ?"

I answer, no; for make the cause thine own,  
 And in thy glass her actions shall be shown:  
 When thou thyself in love wert so far gone,  
 Say, couldst thou love any but her alone?  
 I know thou could'st not, though with tears and  
     cries  
 These had made deaf thine ears, and dim thine  
     eyes:  
 Would'st thou for this that they hate thee again?  
 If so thou would'st, then hate thy love again:  
 Your faults are both alike; thou lovest her,  
 And she in love thy rival doth prefer:  
 If then her love to him thy hate procure,  
 Thou should'st for loving her like hate endure:  
 Then do not hate; for all the lines I write  
 Are not address'd to turn thy love to spite,  
 But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,  
 That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move;  
 In which, when once thou find'st thyself at quiet,  
 Learn to preserve thyself with this good diet:

#### THE CONCLUSION.

Sleep not too much; nor longer than asleep  
 Within thy bed thy lazy body keep;  
 For when thou, warm awake, shalt feel it soft,  
 Fond cogitations will assail thee oft:  
 Then start up early, study, work, or write,  
 Let labour, others' toil, be thy delight.  
 Eat not too much, or if<sup>s</sup> thou much dost eat,  
 Let it not be dainty or stirring meat:  
 Abstain from wine, although thou think it good,  
 It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood;

<sup>s</sup> For *if*.] So the former copies.



Use thyself much to bathe thy wanton limbs,  
In coolest streams, which o'er the gravel swims :  
Be still in gravest company, and fly  
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,  
Whose lustful tricks will lead thee to delight  
To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite ;  
Come not at all where many women are,  
But, like a bird that lately 'scaped the snare,  
Avoid their garish beauty, fly with speed,  
And learn by her that lately made thee bleed ;  
Be not too much alone, but if alone,  
Get thee some modest book to look upon ;  
But do not read the lines of wanton men,  
Poetry sets thy mind on fire again :  
Abstain from songs and verses, and take heed  
That not a line of love thou ever read.



## AN ELEGY

ON

## THE LADY MARKHAM.

This Elegy is written in the style of Marino, which had been introduced into England by Donne, and was brought to its pitch of absurdity by Cleaveland, Crashaw, and Cowley. Fortunately for Beaumont, this poem and a few others were only essays in this metaphysical style, which he had sufficient good sense not to pursue to the prejudice of his fame. Some of the metaphors bear some similarity to the sublime canzone of Andrea de Basso, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century, commencing—

*“ Risorga da la tomba avara e lorda.”*

As unthrifths groan in straw for their pawn'd beds,  
As women weep for their lost maidenheads,  
When both are without hope or remedy,  
Such an untimely grief I have for thee.

I never saw thy face, nor did my heart  
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilst thou wert;  
But being lifted hence, that, which to thee  
Was death's sad dart, proved Cupid's shaft to me.

Whoever thinks me foolish that the force  
Of a report can make me love a corse,  
Know he that when with this I do compare  
The love I do a living woman bear,  
I find myself most happy: now I know  
Where I can find my mistress, and can go

Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away  
 Her grass-green mantle, and her sheet display;  
 And touch her naked; and though th' envious  
 mold

In which she lies uncover'd, moist, and cold,  
 Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide  
 With any art her blemishes to hide,  
 As many living do, and know their need;  
 Yet cannot they in sweetness her exceed,  
 But make a stink with all their art and skill,  
 Which their physicians warrant with a bill;  
 Nor at her door doth heaps of coaches stay,  
 Footmen and midwives to bar up my way;  
 Nor needs she any maid or page to keep,  
 To knock me early from my golden sleep,  
 With letters that her honour all is gone,  
 If I not right her cause on such a one.  
 Her heart is not so hard to make me pay  
 For every kiss a supper, and a play:  
 Nor will she ever open her pure lips  
 To utter oaths, enough to drown our ships,  
 To bring a plague, a famine, or the sword,  
 Upon the land, though she should keep her word;  
 Yet, ere an hour be past, in some new vein  
 Break them, and swear them double o'er again.  
 Pardon me, that with thy blest memory  
 I mingle mine own former misery:  
 Yet dare I not excuse the fate that brought  
 These crosses on me, for then every thought  
 That tended to thy love was black and foul,  
 Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd soul:  
 For I protest, for all that I can see,  
 I would not lie one night in bed with thee;  
 Nor am I jealous, but could well abide  
 My foe to lie in quiet by thy side.

You worms, my rivals, whilst she was alive,  
 How many thousands were there that did strive

To have your freedom? for their sake forbear  
Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear:  
But if you must (as what worms can abstain  
To taste her tender body?) yet refrain  
With your disordered eatings to deface her,  
But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.  
First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair  
Of holes, which, as the moist inclosed air  
Turns into water, may the clean drops take,  
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.  
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,  
The touch whereof, in times past, would have been  
Enough to have ransom'd many a thousand soul  
Captive to love? If not, then upward roll  
Your little bodies, where I would you have  
This Epitaph upon her forehead grave:

“ Living, she was young, fair, and full of wit;  
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.”

A CHARM.<sup>6</sup>

SLEEP, old man, let silence charm thee,  
 Dreaming slumbers overtake thee,  
 Quiet thoughts and darkness arm thee,  
 That no creaking do awake thee.

Phœbe hath put out her light,  
 All her shadows closing ;  
 Phœbe lend her horns to-night  
 To thy head's disposing.

Let no fatal bell nor clock  
 Pierce the hollow of thy ear :  
 Tongueless be the early cock,  
 Or what else may add a fear.

Let no rat nor silly mouse  
 Move the senseless rushes,  
 Nor a cough disturb this house  
 Till Aurora blushes.

Come, my sweet Corinna, come,  
 Laugh, and leave thy late deploring :  
 Sable Midnight makes all dumb,  
 But thy jealous husband's snoring.

And with thy sweet perfum'd kisses  
 Entertain a stranger :  
 Love's delight, and sweetest bliss is  
 Got with greatest danger.

<sup>6</sup> In the editions of Beaumont's Poems, an elegy occurs before these lively stanzas, which has been omitted, as it is nothing more than the first part of Sir John Beaumont's Elegy on the Marchioness of Winchester, inserted among the poems of his brother, by the ignorance of the bookseller.



ON

THE MARRIAGE OF A BEAUTEOUS YOUNG GENTLE-  
WOMAN WITH AN ANCIENT MAN.

FONDLY, too curious Nature, to adorn  
Aurora with the blushes of the morn:  
Why do her rosy lips breathe gums and spice,  
Unto the East, and sweet to Paradise?  
Why do her eyes open the day? her hand  
And voice intrance the panther, and command  
Incensed winds; her breasts, the tents of love,  
Smooth as the godded swan, or Venus' dove;  
Soft as the balmy dew, whose every touch  
Is pregnant; but why those rich spoils, when such  
Wonder and perfection must be led  
A bridal captive unto Tithon's bed?  
Ag'd, and deformed Tithon! must thy twine  
Circle and blast at once what care and time  
Had made for wonder? must pure beauty have  
No other foil but ruin and a grave?  
So have I seen the pride of Nature's store,  
The orient pearl, chained to the sooty Moor;  
So hath the diamond's bright ray been set  
In night, and wedded to the negro jet.  
See, see, how thick those showers<sup>7</sup> of pearl do fall  
To weep her ransom, or her funeral,  
Whose every treasured drop, congealed, might bring  
Freedom and ransom to a fettered king,  
While tyrant Wealth stands by, and laughs to see  
How he can wed love and antipathy.  
Hymen, thy pine burns with adulterate fire;  
Thou and thy quivered boy did once conspire

<sup>7</sup> Flowers.] So the old copies.

To mingle equal flames, and then no shine  
 Of gold, but beauty, dressed the Paphian shrine;  
 Roses and lilies kiss'd; the amorous vine  
 Did with the fair and straight-limb'd elm entwine.

---

### THE GLANCE.

COLD Virtue guard me, or I shall endure  
 From the next glance a double calenture  
 Of fire and lust! Two flames, two Semeles,  
 Dwell in those eyes, whose looser glowing rays  
 Would thaw the frozen Russian into lust,  
 And parch the negro's hotter blood to dust.

Dart not your balls of wild-fire here; go throw  
 Those flakes upon the eunuch's colder snow,  
 Till he in active blood do boil as high  
 As he that made him so in jealousy.

When that loose queen of love did dress her eyes  
 In the most taking flame to win the prize  
 At Ida; that faint glare to this desire  
 Burnt like a taper to the zone of fire:  
 And could she then the lustful youth have crowned  
 With thee his Helen, Troy had never found  
 Her fate in Simon's fire; thy hotter eyes  
 Had made it burn a quicker sacrifice  
 To lust, whilst every glance in subtle wiles  
 Had shot itself like lightning through the piles.

Go blow upon some equal blood, and let  
 Earth's hotter ray engender and beget  
 New flames to dress the aged Paphians' quire,  
 And lend the world new Cupids borne on fire.  
 Dart no more here those flames, nor strive to throw  
 Your fire on him who is immured in snow!

Those glances work on me like the weak shine  
 The frosty sun throws on the Appenine,  
 When the hill's active coldness doth go near  
 To freeze the glimmering taper to his sphere:  
 Each ray is lost on me, like the faint light  
 The glow-worm shoots at the cold breast of night.  
 Thus virtue can secure; but for that name  
 I had been now sin's martyr, and your flame.

---

### A SONNET.

FLATTERING Hope, away and leave me,  
 She'll not come, thou dost deceive me;  
 Hark the cock crows, th' envious light  
 Chides away the silent night;  
 Yet she comes not, oh! how I tire  
 Betwixt cold fear and hot desire.

Here alone enforced to tarry  
 While the tedious minutes marry,  
 And get hours, those days and years,  
 Which I count with sighs and fears:  
 Yet she comes not, oh! how I tire  
 Betwixt cold fear and hot desire.

Restless thoughts a while remove  
 Unto the bosom of my love,  
 Let her languish in my pain,  
 Fear and hope, and fear again;  
 Then let her tell me, in love's fire,  
 What torment's like unto desire?



Endless wishing, tedious longing,  
 Hopes and fears together thronging;  
 Rich in dreams, yet poor in waking,  
 Let her be in such a taking:  
 Then let her tell me, in love's fire,  
 What torment's like unto desire?

Come then, Love, prevent day's eyeing,  
 My desire would fain be dying:  
 Smother me with breathless kisses,  
 Let me dream no more of blisses;  
 But tell me, which is in Love's fire  
 Best, to enjoy, or to desire?

---

### TRUE BEAUTY.

MAY I find a woman fair,  
 And her mind as clear as air,  
 If her beauty go alone,  
 'Tis to me as if't were none.

May I find a woman rich,  
 And not of too high a pitch;  
 If that pride should cause disdain,  
 Tell me, lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,  
 And her falsehood not disguise;  
 Hath she wit as she hath will,  
 Double arm'd she is to ill.



May I find a woman kind,  
 And not wavering like the wind :  
 How should I call that love mine,  
 When 'tis his, and his, and thine ?

May I find a woman true,  
 There is Beauty's fairest hue,  
 There is Beauty, Love, and Wit ;  
 Happy he can compass it.

---

### THE INDIFFERENT.

NEVER more will I protest,  
 To love a woman but in jest :  
 For as they cannot be true,  
 So, to give each man his due,  
 When the wooing fit is past  
 Their affection cannot last.

Therefore, if I chance to meet  
 With a mistress fair and sweet,  
 She my service shall obtain,  
 Loving her for love again :  
 Thus much liberty I crave,  
 Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have tried each other,  
 If she better like another,  
 Let her quickly change for me,  
 Then to change am I as free.

He or she that loves too long  
 Sell their freedom for a song.

## LOVE'S FREEDOM.

WHY should man be only tied  
 To a foolish female thing,  
 When all creatures else beside,  
 Birds and beasts, change every spring?  
 Who would then to one be bound,  
 When so many may be found?

Why should I myself confine  
 To the limits of one place,  
 When I have all Europe mine,  
 Where I list to run my race.  
 Who would then to one be bound,  
 When so many may be found?

Would you think him wise that now  
 Still one sort of meat doth eat,  
 When both sea and land allow  
 Sundry sorts of other meat?  
 Who would then to one be bound,  
 When so many may be found?

Ere old Satan changed his throne,  
 Freedom reigned and banish'd strife,  
 Where was he that knew his own,  
 Or who called a woman, wife?  
 Who would then to one be bound,  
 When so many may be found?

Ten times happier are those men  
 That enjoyed those golden days:  
 Until time redress't again  
 I will never Hymen praise.

Who would then to one be bound,  
When so many may be found?

---

### ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

---

These lines occur, as Mr Ellis observes, in Bishop King's Poems, printed in 1667, and he is probably the real proprietor. They bear a striking resemblance to some beautiful verses in Burns's Tam o' Shanter, but no imitation can be reasonably supposed.

---

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind which chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood :  
Even such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight call'd in and paid to night :  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring intomb'd in Autumn lies,  
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past, and man forgot.

## AN EPITAPH.

HERE she lies, whose spotless fame  
Invites a stone to learn her name.  
The rigid Spartan, that denied  
An epitaph to all that died,  
Unless for war, in charity  
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.  
She died a wife, but yet her mind,  
Beyond virginity refined,  
From lawless fire remain'd as free,  
As now from heat her ashes be.  
Her husband, yet without a sin,  
Was not a stranger, but her kin;  
That her chaste love might seem no other  
To her husband than a brother.  
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,  
Till it be call'd for let it rest;  
For while this jewel here is set,  
The grave is like a cabinet.



## A SONNET.

LIKE a ring without a finger,  
Or a bell without a ringer;  
Like a horse was never ridden,  
Or a feast and no guest bidden;  
Like a well without a bucket,  
Like a rose if no man pluck it:  
Just such as these may she be said  
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The ring, if worn, the finger decks,  
The bell pulled by the ringer speaks;  
The horse doth ease if he be ridden,  
The feast doth please if guest be bidden;  
The bucket draws the water forth,  
The rose when pluck'd is still most worth:  
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,  
Or like a lute not played upon;  
Like a jack without a weight,  
Or a bark without a freight;  
Like a lock without a key,  
Or a candle in the day:  
Just such as these may she be said  
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted stock doth bear best fruit,  
There's music in the finger'd lute:  
The weight doth make the jack go ready,  
The freight doth make the bark go steady;

The key the lock doth open right,  
 The candle's useful in the night :  
     Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a call without, " Anon, sir !"  
 Or a question and no answer ;  
 Like a ship was never rigg'd,  
 Or a mine was never digg'd ;  
 Like a wound without a tent,  
 Or civet-box without a scent :  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

Th' Anon, sir ! doth obey the call,  
 The question answered pleaseth all ;  
 Who rigs a ship sails with the wind,  
 Who digs a mine doth treasure find ;  
 The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,  
 The box perfumed the senses please :  
     Such is the virgin in my eyes  
     That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like marrow-bone was never broken,  
 Or commendations and no token ;  
 Like a fort and none to win it,  
 Or like the moon and no man in it ;  
 Like a school without a teacher,  
 Or like a pulpit and no preacher :  
     Just such as these may she be said  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrow-bone is sweet,  
 The token doth adorn the greet ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Greet.] i. e. Greeting.

There's triumph in the fort being won,  
The man rides glorious in the moon ;  
The school is by the teacher still'd,  
The pulpit by the preacher fill'd :  
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,  
Or a thing too long deferr'd ;  
Like the gold was never tried,  
Or the ground unoccupied ;  
Like a house that's not possess'd,  
Or the book was never press'd :  
Just such as these may she be said  
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,  
Due season prefers every thing ;  
The gold that's tried from dross is pured,  
There's profit in the ground manured ;  
The house is by possession graced,  
The book when press'd is then embraced :  
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

## A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

---

These stanzas also occur in Sir John Beaumont's Poems, and as they are edited with far more care than those of his brother, they were probably produced by him. In the former copies they are followed by six lines, entitled *The Shepherdess*, which are now omitted, being no other than the commencement of a long poem by Sir John Beaumont.

---

LOVE is a region full of fires,  
 And burning with extreme desires,  
 An object seeks, of which possess'd  
 The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest,  
 The flames in ashes lie oppress'd ;  
 This meteor striving high to rise,  
 The fuel spent, falls down and dies.

Much sweeter and more pure delights  
 Are drawn from fair alluring sights,  
 When ravished minds attempt to praise  
 Commanding eyes like heavenly rays,  
 Whose force the gentle heart obeys :  
 Than where the end of this pretence  
 Descends to base inferior sense.

“ Why then should lovers,” most will say,  
 “ Expect so much th' enjoying day ?”  
 Love is like youth, he thirsts for age,  
 He scorns to be his mother's page ;  
 But when proceeding times assuage



The former heat, he will complain,  
And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins,  
Hope gone, Fruition now begins;  
But what is this? Unconstant, frail,  
In nothing sure, but sure to fail;  
Which if we lose it we bewail,  
And when we have it, still we bear  
The worst of passions, daily fear.

When Love thus in his centre ends,  
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,  
Are shaken off, while Doubt and Grief,  
The weakest givers of relief,  
Stand in his counsel as the chief;  
And now he to his period brought,  
From Love becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove  
United souls from serious love;  
The best attempts by mortals made  
Reflect on things which quickly fade;  
Yet never will I men persuade  
To leave affections where may shine  
Impressions of the love divine.

## A FUNERAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

## THE LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON.

---

This lady, whose death was also the subject of an elegy by our poet's elder brother, was the daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and the first of the seven wives of Sir Gervase Clifton, Baronet. She died 26th Oct. 1613.

---

SINCE thou art dead, CLIFTON, the world may see  
 A certain end of flesh and blood in thee;  
 Till then a way was left for man to cry,  
 Flesh may be made so pure it cannot die;  
 But now thy unexpected death doth strike  
 With grief the better and the worse alike;  
 The good are sad they are not with thee there,  
 The bad have found they must not tarry here.  
 Death, I confess, 'tis just in thee to try  
 Thy pow'r on us, for thou thyself must die;  
 Thou pay'st but wages, Death, yet I would know  
 What strange delight thou tak'st to pay them so;  
 When thou com'st face to face thou strik'st us  
 mute,  
 And all our liberty is to dispute  
 With thee behind thy back, which I will use;  
 If thou hadst bravery in thee, thou wouldst choose  
 (Since thou art absolute, and canst controul  
 All things beneath a reasonable soul)

Some look'd for way of killing; if her day  
Had ended in a fire, a sword, or sea,  
Or hadst thou come hid in a hundred years  
To make an end of all her hopes and fears,  
Or any other way direct to thee  
Which Nature might esteem an enemy,  
Who would have chid thee? now it shews thy hand  
Desires to cozen where it might command:  
Thou art not prone to kill, but where th' intent  
Of those that suffer is their nourishment;  
If thou canst steal into a dish, and creep  
When all is still as though into a sleep,  
And cover thy dry body with a draught,  
Whereby some innocent lady may be caught,  
And cheated of her life, then thou wilt come  
And stretch thyself upon her early tomb,  
And laugh as pleased, to shew thou canst devour  
Mortality as well by wit as pow'r.  
I would thou hadst had eyes, or not a dart,  
That yet at least, the clothing of that heart  
Thou struck'st so spitefully might have appear'd  
To thee, and with a reverence have been fear'd;  
But since thou art so blind, receive from me  
Who 'twas on whom thou wrought'st this tragedy;  
She was a lady, who for public fame,  
Never (since she in thy protection came,  
Who sett'st all living tongues at large) received  
A blemish; with her beauty she deceived  
No man; when taken with it, they agree  
'Twas Nature's fault, when from 'em 'twas in thee.  
And such her virtue was, that although she  
Received as much joy, having pass'd through thee,  
As ever any did; yet hath thy hate  
Made her as little better in her state,  
As ever it did any being here;  
She lived with us as if she had been there.



Such ladies thou canst kill no more, but so  
 I give thee warning here to kill no more;  
 For if thou dost, my pen shall make the rest  
 Of those that live, especially the best,  
 Whom thou most thirstest for, to abandon all  
 Those fruitless things, which thou wouldst have  
 us call

Preservatives, keeping their diet so,  
 As the long-living poor their neighbours do:  
 Then shall we have them long, and they at last  
 Shall pass from thee to her, but not so fast.

F. B.

---

## THE EXAMINATION

OF HIS  
 MISTRESS'S PERFECTIONS.

STAND still my happiness, and swelling heart  
 No more, till I consider what thou art.  
 Desire of knowledge was man's fatal vice,  
 For when our parents were in paradise,  
 Though they themselves, and all they saw was  
 good,  
 They thought it nothing if not understood;  
 And I (part of their seed struck with their sin)  
 Though by their bounteous favour I be in  
 A paradise where I may freely taste  
 Of all the virtuous pleasures which thou hast,



Wanting that knowledge, must in all my bliss  
Err with my parents, and ask what it is.

My faith saith 'tis not Heaven, and I dare swear  
If it be Hell no sense of pain<sup>8</sup> is there ;  
Sure 'tis some pleasant place, where I may stay,  
As I to Heaven go in the middle way.

Wert thou but fair and no whit virtuous,  
Thou wert no more to me but a fair house  
Haunted with spirits, from which men do them  
bless,

And no man will half furnish to possess :  
Or hadst thou worth wrapt in a rivell'd skin,  
'Twere inaccessible ; who durst go in  
To find it out ? far sooner would I go  
To find a pearl covered with hills of snow ;  
'Twere buried virtue, and thou mightst me move  
To reverence the tomb, but not to love,  
No more than dotingly to cast mine eye  
Upon the urn where Lucrece' ashes lie.

But thou art fair and sweet, and every good  
That ever yet durst mix with flesh and blood :  
The devil ne'er saw in his fallen state  
An object whereupon to ground his hate  
So fit as thee ; all living things but he  
Love thee ; how happy then must that man be  
Whom<sup>9</sup> from amongst all creatures thou dost take ?  
Is there a hope beyond it ? Can he make  
A wish to change thee for ? This is my bliss,  
Let it run on now, I know what it is.

FRAN. BEAUMONT.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *No pain of sense.*] So the old copies.

<sup>9</sup> *When.*] So the former copies read.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is succeeded in Blaiklock's edition, by "The Hermaphrodite, made after M. Beaumont's Death by Thomas Randolph, M. A." and "Upon the Hermaphrodite, since written by Mr T. Cleaveland." As they have nothing to do with Beaumont's Poems, into which they were probably admitted on account of the simila-

## TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Celia, for thy sake I part  
 With all that grew so near my heart ;  
 The passion that I had for thee,  
 The faith, the love, the constancy ;  
 And that I may successful prove,  
 Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was, so much to prize  
 Those simple virtues you despise !  
 Fool, that with such dull arrows strove,  
 Or hoped to reach a flying dove !  
 For you that are in motion still  
 Decline our force and mock our skill ;  
 Who, like Don Quixote, do advance  
 Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,  
 Mount, make a stoop at every fair,  
 And with a fancy unconfined  
 (As lawless as the sea, or wind)  
 Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,  
 And with your various thoughts comply.  
 The formal stars do travel so  
 As we their names and courses know ;  
 And he that on their changes looks,  
 Would think them govern'd by our books ;  
 But never were the clouds reduced  
 To any art the motion used,

rity of the subject to the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, and as they are not over delicate, they have been expunged, as well as a poem which succeeds to the ensuing one, entitled, "Of Loving at First Sight," and subscribed, *Tho. Batt.*

By those free vapours are so light,  
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight  
Despairs to find the rules that guide  
Those gilded shadows as they slide;  
And therefore of the spacious air  
Jove's royal consort had the care,  
And by that power did once escape  
Declining bold Ixion's rape;  
She with her own resemblance graced  
A shining cloud, which he embraced.

Such was that image, so it smiled  
With seeming kindness, which beguiled  
Your Thirsis lately, when he thought  
He had his fleeting Celia caught;  
'Twas shaped like her, but for the fair  
He fill'd his arms with yielding air,  
A fate for which he grieves the less,  
Because the gods had like success:  
For in their story one, we see,  
Pursues a nymph and takes a tree;  
A second with a lover's haste  
Soon overtakes what he had chased;  
But she that did a virgin seem,  
Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream.  
For his supposed love a third  
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;  
And stands amazed to see his dear  
A wild inhabitant of the air.

To such old tales such nymphs as you  
Give credit, and still make them new;  
The amorous now like wonders find  
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Celia, if you apprehend  
The muse of your incensed friend,  
Nor would that he record your blame,  
And make it live, repeat the same;



Again deceive him, and again,  
 And then he swears, he'll not complain;  
 For still to be deluded so  
 Is all the pleasures lovers know,  
 Who, like good falc'ners, take delight  
 Not in the quarry<sup>a</sup> but the flight.

---

THE  
 ANTIPLATONICK.

---

These lines are inserted in Cleaveland's Poems, and were probably written by him, as they abound in his metaphysical conceits.

---

For shame, thou everlasting wooer,  
 Still saying grace, and never falling to her!  
 Love, that's in contemplation placed,  
 Is Venus drawn but to the waist;  
 Unless your flame confess its gender,  
 And your parley cause surrender,  
 You're salamanders of a cold desire,  
 That live untouch'd amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a dame of stone,  
 The widow of Pigmalion;

<sup>a</sup> *The quarry.*] In the language of falconry, the prey which is pursued is called the quarry.



As hard and unrelenting she  
 As the new crusted Niobe ;  
 Or what doth more of statue carry,  
 A nun of the Platonic quarry ;  
 Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,  
 A flint will break upon a feather-bed.

For shame, you pretty female elves,  
 Cease for to candy up yourselves :  
 No more, you sectaries of the game,  
 No more of your calcining flame.  
 Women commence by Cupid's dart,  
 As a king hunting dubs a heart ;  
 Love's votaries inthral each other's soul,  
 Till both of them live but upon parole.

Virtue's no more in womenkind,  
 But the green sickness of the mind :  
 Philosophy, their new delight,  
 A kind of charcoal appetite.  
 There is no sophistry prevails  
 Where all-convincing Love assails,  
 But the disputing petticoat will warp,  
 As skilful gamesters are to seek at sharp.<sup>3</sup>

The soldier, that man of iron,  
 Whom ribs of horror all environ ;  
 That's strung with wire, instead of veins,  
 In whose embraces you're in chains ;

<sup>3</sup> *As skilful gamesters are to seek at sharp.*] This is a phrase from fencing, and means fighting with swords, not with foils. So in Henry Shirley's *Martyred Soldier*—

“ I would fain play with half-a-dozen fencers,  
 But it should be *at sharp*.

*Damianus*. But they're for foils.

*Hubert*. Foiled let 'em be then.”

Let a magnetic girl appear,  
 Straight he turns Cupid's cuirassier;  
 Love storms his lips; and takes the fortress in,  
 For all the bristled turnpikes of his chin.

Since Love's artillery then checks  
 The breastworks of the firmest sex,  
 Come let us in affections riot,  
 They're sickly pleasures keep a diet.  
 Give me a lover bold and free,  
 Nöt eunuch'd with formality;  
 Like an ambassador that beds a queen,  
 With the nice caution of a sword between.\*

---

## AN ELEGY.

---

This Elegy also occurs among Randolph's Poems, edition 1652,  
 p. 78.

---

HEAVEN knows my love to thee, fed on desires  
 So hallow'd and unmix'd with vulgar fires,  
 As are the purest beams shot from the sun  
 At his full height, and the devotion

\* This poem is followed in the old editions by two songs of Waller on Sacharissa, the first beginning—

“Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find,” &c.  
 and the second—

“Behold the brand of beauty tossed.”

Of dying martyrs could not burn more clear,  
Nor innocence in her first robes appear  
Whiter than our affections; they did show  
Like frost forced out of flames, and fire from snow;  
So pure, the Phœnix, when she did refine  
Her age to youth, borrow'd no flames but mine.  
But now my day's o'ercast, for I have now  
Drawn anger like a tempest, o'er the brow  
Of my fair mistress; those your glorious eyes  
Whence I was wont to see my day-star rise,  
Threat, like revengeful meteors; and I feel  
My torment and my guilt double my hell:  
'Twas a mistake, and might have venial been,  
Done to another, but it was made sin,  
And justly mortal too, by troubling thee;  
Slight wrongs are treason done to majesty.  
Oh, all ye blest ghosts of deceased loves,  
That now live sainted in the Elysian groves  
Mediate for mercy for me; at her shrine  
Meet with full choir, and join your prayers with  
mine:

Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,  
By your past sufferings and your present blisses,  
Conjure her by your mutual hopes and fears,  
By all your intermixed sighs and tears,  
To plead my pardon: go to her, and tell  
That you will walk the guardian-centinel,  
My soul's safe genii; that she need not fear  
A mutinous thought, or one close rebel there:  
But what needs that, when she alone sits there  
Sole angel of that orb? In her own sphere  
Alone she sits, and can secure it free  
From all irregular motions; only she  
Can give the balsam that must cure this sore,  
And the sweet-antidote to sin no more.



## UPON MR CHARLES BEAUMONT,

WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION.

---

These verses upon our poet's nephew are inserted in the Poems of James Shirley, p. 65, and, as he published the collection himself, he is fairly entitled to be considered as their author.

---

WHILE others drop their tears upon thy hearse,  
Sweet Charles! and sigh t' increase the wind, my  
verse,

Pious in naming thee, cannot complain  
Of death or fate, for they were lately slain  
By thy own conflict; and since good men know  
What Heaven to such a virgin-saint doth owe,  
Though some will say they saw thee dead, yet I  
Congratulate thy life and victory :

Thy flesh, an upper garment, that it might  
Aid thy eternal progress, first grew light;  
Nothing but angel now, which thou wert near,  
Almost reduced to thy first spirit here :

But fly, fair soul, while our complaints are just,  
That cannot follow for our chains of dust.



## FIE ON LOVE.

Now, fie on foolish Love! it not befits  
 Or man or woman know it.  
 Love was not meant for people in their wits,  
 And they that fondly shew it  
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,  
 And shall have Bedlam for their pain :  
 If single love be such a curse,  
 To marry is to make it ten times worse.

---

## A SONG.

This Song also occurs in Dr Donne's Poems with a third stanza,  
 and internal evidence strongly supports his claims to the com-  
 position.

---

Go and catch a falling star,  
 Get with child a mandrake root,  
 Tell me where all past years are,  
 Or who cleft the devil's foot ;  
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,

And find  
 What wind  
 Serves to advance an honest mind.  
 If thou be'st born to strange sights,  
 Things invisible to see,  
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
 Till age snow white hairs on thee ;  
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me  
 All strange wonders that befel thee,  
 And swear  
 No where  
 Lives a woman true and fair.

---

### SECRECY. PROTESTED.

FEAR not, dear love, that I'll reveal  
 Those hours of pleasure we two steal ;  
 No eye shall see, nor yet the sun  
 Descry, what thou and I have done ;  
 No ear shall hear our love, but we  
 Silent as the night will be ;  
 The god of love himself, whose dart  
 Did first wound mine and then thy heart,  
 Shall never know that we can tell  
 What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell :  
 This only means may find it out,  
 If when I die physicians doubt  
 What caused my death, and there to view  
 Of all their judgments which was true,  
 Rip up my heart ; O ! then I fear  
 The world will see thy picture there.

### ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,  
 Whose pale weak flame  
 Cannot retain  
 His heat in spite of absence or disdain ;  
 But doth at once, like paper set on fire,  
 Burn and expire.

True love can never change his seat,  
 Nor did he ever love that could retreat ;  
 That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,  
 Shall still survive  
 When my soul's fled ;  
 Nor shall my love die when my body's dead,  
 That shall wait on me to the lower shade,  
 And never fade.

My very ashes in their urn  
 Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn.

### THE

### WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRESS.

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,  
 Loving their own wild freedom better,  
 Whilst proud of my triumphant chain  
 I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,  
 And her bewitching smiles, so please me,  
 As he brings ruin that repairs  
 The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow  
 With envious veils from my beholding;  
 Unlock those lips, their pearly row  
 In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels  
 The restless fate of every lover,  
 Survey the pains my sick heart feels,  
 And wounds themselves have made discover.

---

ON

### THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.<sup>5</sup>

MORTALITY, behold, and fear,  
 What a change of flesh is here!  
 Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within this heap of stones;

<sup>5</sup> Four epitaphs, which occur before these lines, are now omitted, as they are by other authors, and were most absurdly inserted by Blaiklock. The first is an Epitaph on Shakspeare, which is ascribed to Donne, and in which Beaumont's grave is mentioned. Then follow two others on Ben Jonson, who died two and twenty years after our poet. Another on Michael Drayton is claimed by Quarles, though inserted among Ben Jonson's poems. Another poem on Spenser is quite unlikely to have been Beaumont's, who was only twelve years old when that poet died, and he is mentioned as living in those lines.



Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;  
 Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,  
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust!"  
 Here's an acre sown indeed  
 With the richest, royal'st seed,  
 That the earth did e'er suck in  
 Since the first man died for sin:  
 Here the bones of birth have cried,  
 "Though gods they were, as men they died:"  
 Here are sands, ignoble things  
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.  
 Here's a world of pomp and state  
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

## MR FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S LETTER

TO

BEN JONSON,

*Written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent Comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry Meetings at the Mermaid.*

---

This poem is inserted in the first folio edition of the plays, at the end of *The Nice Valour*. What the two "precedent comedies" were, cannot possibly be now ascertained. Seward's supposition, in the concluding note on this poem, has been proved to be completely erroneous, in a note signed J. N., which will be found in the first volume. This letter has a very considerable portion of merit, and becomes doubly interesting by the allusions which it contains to the friendly intercourse between our poets and Ben Jonson, and to their social meetings at the Mermaid tavern, which was situated in Cornhill. It was entered on the Stationers' Books among "an addition of some excellent Poems to Shakspeare's Poems by other gentlemen."

---

THE sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring  
 To absent friends, because the self-same thing  
 They know they see, however absent) is  
 Here our best hay-maker, (forgive me this !  
 It is our country's style.) In this warm shine  
 I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.  
 Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,  
 Drink apt to bring in drier heresies  
 Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,  
 With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain ;  
 So mix'd, that, given to the thirstiest one,  
 'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone :

I think with one draught man's invention fades,  
 Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's liades.  
 'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,  
 Lie where he will,<sup>4</sup> and make him write worse yet.  
 Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,  
 Did Robert Wisdom<sup>5</sup> write his singing psalms ;  
 And so must I do this : And yet I think  
 It is a potion sent us down to drink,  
 By special Providence, keeps us from fights,  
 Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.  
 'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,  
 A medicine to obey our magistrates :  
 For we do live more free than you ; no hate,  
 No envy at one another's happy state,  
 Moves us ; we are all equal ; every whit<sup>6</sup>  
 Of land that God gives men here is their wit,

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,*

*Lie where he will.*] If we keep to the old reading, it must reflect upon Sutcliff's hiding himself for debt. I have not the Lives of the Poets now by me, but don't remember any thing of the poverty of this minor poet of our author's age : by reading *it for he*, the archness is smarter as well as more good-humoured, "let his wit lie in what part of his body it will."—*Seward*.

We see no great archness in this alteration, nor think the old reading implies Sutcliff's hiding for debt.—*Ed.* 1778.

"Lie where he will" means nothing more than, in whatever place he lodges. *Seward* would have searched in vain for Sutcliff in the Lives of the Poets. I have not been so fortunate as to meet with any account of him.

<sup>5</sup> *Robert Wisdom.*] He contributed to Hopkins and Sternhold's Psalms the 25th psalm, and the hymn—

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,  
 From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord," &c.

He died in 1568. The quaintness of his name, as well as the poverty of his poetry, caused him frequently to be ridiculed.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *'e are all equal every whit.*

*Of land that God gives men here is their wit :*

*If we consider fully.*] This dark sentence has been cleared up



If we consider fully ; for our best  
 And gravest man will with his main house-jest,  
 Scarce please you ; we want subtilty to do  
 The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too :  
 Here are none that can bear a painted show,  
 Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,  
 Can make their gains alike with every wind :  
 Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate  
 Amongst us, may perchance equivocate  
 At selling of a horse, and that's the most.  
 Methinks the little wit I had is lost  
 Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest  
 Held up at tennis,<sup>8</sup> which men do the best

by Mr Sympson, who, by pointing differently, gives this sentiment :  
 Men's wit is here in exact proportion to their land ; and then the  
 next sentence,—

———— for our best  
 And gravest man will with his main-house jest,  
 Scarce please you ;—

has a just connection with the former: *Main-house jest* I read with a hyphen, and understand by it the *jest* that receives its merit from the grandeur, riches, and antiquity of his family who utters it, as the hearers admire it upon these accounts.—*Seward*.

*Main-house* is a strange expression ; if there needs a hyphen, *house-jest* would be better.—Ed. 1778.

<sup>7</sup> *Strike when you winch, and then lament the blow.*] This does not appear sense : The poet speaks of courtiers wearing a painted outside (and perhaps *wear* in the former line would be a better reading than *bear*) and after they themselves have struck you secretly when you did not see them, will pretend to lament the blow. But what has *winch* to do with this sense ? I doubt not but that the true reading is,

*Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow.*—*Seward*.

<sup>8</sup> *Wit is like a rest held up at tennis.*] This, we think, tends to explain the expression that so often occurs of *setting up a rest*, which commonly includes an allusion to some *game*, and which game here appears to be *tennis*.—Ed. 1778.

The phrase was not confined to any particular game, but used indiscriminately for money staked at any one.



With the best gamesters : What things have we  
seen

Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown  
Wit able enough to justify the town  
For three days past; wit that might warrant be  
For the whole city to talk foolishly  
Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,  
We left an air behind us, which alone  
Was able to make the two next companies  
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere  
wise.<sup>9</sup>

When I remember this, and see that now  
The country gentlemen begin to allow  
My wit for dry-bobs, then I needs must cry,  
I see my days of ballading grow nigh;  
I can already riddle, and can sing  
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring  
Myself to speak the hardest words I find,<sup>1</sup>  
Over as oft as any, with one wind,

<sup>9</sup> *Though but downright fools, more wise.*] *More wise* is an anticlimax after *right witty*; but I believe the true reading is *mere wise*, i. e. nothing but mere wisdom itself. It seems an expression perfectly in the style of the context.—*Seward*.

<sup>1</sup> — *To speak the hardest words I find,  
Over as oft as any, with one wind,*

*That takes no medicines.*] This relates to the play of repeating hard words (such as, Chichester church stands in Chichester church-yard) several times in a breath, and generally they are such as betray the speaker into indecencies. But are we to understand *That takes no medicines* only for the sake of strengthening the wind? Or a secret fling at the physicians and apothecaries for affecting hard words, and so one effect of their medicines may jocularly be

That takes no medicines: But one thought of thee  
 Makes me remember all these things to be  
 The wit of our young men, fellows that shew  
 No part of good, yet utter all they know;  
 Who, like trees of the garden, have growing souls.<sup>2</sup>  
 Only strong Destiny, which all controuls,  
 I hope hath left a better fate in store  
 For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,  
 Banish'd unto this home! Fate once again  
 Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and  
                   plain  
 The way of knowledge for me, and then I,  
 Who have no good but in thy company,  
 Protest it will my greatest comfort be  
 To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.<sup>3</sup>

supposed to enable a man to talk hard words more fluently?—  
*Seward.*

The first of these interpretations is, we think, the true.—Ed.  
 1778.

<sup>2</sup> *Who, like trees of the guard, have growing souls.*] What, says  
 Mr Sympson, can *trees of the guard* possibly mean? I believe it  
 corrupt for *garden*, which the old poets would without scruple con-  
 tract into one syllable *gard'n*, and how easily might a transcriber,  
 not knowing what word it was, change it to *guard*.—*Seward.*

It is probable *garden* is right; but how could our poets, or any  
 poets, or mortals, contract *garden* into one syllable? The editors  
 of 1750 have presented to our eyes many contractions and apos-  
 trophes which no tongue can express, or human organs articulate.  
 —Ed. 1778.

<sup>3</sup> *To flow from thee.*] I had observed upon the *Woman-Hater*,  
 before I knew of these verses of Beaumont's having any relation to  
 that play, how much more it was wrote in Ben Jonson's manner  
 than any other of our author's foregoing plays: The same is true  
 of *The Nice Valour*, which consists chiefly of *passions personated*,  
 not of characters from real life; and which allows those passions  
 to be carried to the highest pitch of extravagance. Here is a con-  
 firmation of Jonson being the writer they imitated. In the great-  
 est part of their works they seem to follow Shakspeare. I find  
 from these verses, (see the *Woman-Hater*, vol. X. p. 64,) I was  
 mistaken in supposing Fletcher was the sole author of that play,

Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste  
 wine;  
 I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

from the first edition having his name only prefixed: It being printed after both their deaths, it was very easy to make the mistake, which was corrected by the second edition. The character of Lapet in this play has so much of that inimitable humour, which was displayed before in the character of Bessus, in the *King and No King*, that it was probably the work of the same hand, *viz.* Beaumont's, for to him Mr Earle (in the most authentic copy of verses prefixed to these plays, as being writ immediately after the death of Beaumont, and near ten years before that of Fletcher) ascribes Bessus, together with *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*. How wrong therefore is the prevailing opinion, that Beaumont's genius was only turned for tragedy, that he possessed great correctness of judgment, but that the liveliness of imagination, vivacity of wit, and comic humour which so much abound in these plays, were all to be ascribed to Fletcher only? See Berkenhead's poem on this subject prefixed to this edition.—*Seward*.

See the note signed J. N. in *Seward's Preface*, in the first volume, where this note of *Seward's* is proved to be entirely erroneous.

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Blaklock inserted, at the end of his edition, the following poems,—*The Ex-ale-tation of Ale*; *The Good Fellow*; *The Virtue of Sack*; *Canto in the Praise of Sack*; *The Answer of Ale to the Challenge of Sack*; *The Triumph of Tobacco over Sack and Ales*; and *The Praises of a Country Life*. The latter of these poems is no other than Ben Jonson's translation of the second Epode of Horace. The editor had always suspected Beaumont's title to the others, particularly as Ben Jonson's death is mentioned in *The Virtue of Sack*. He found his suspicions confirmed just as these sheets were going to the press, by obtaining a copy of Beaumont's Poems under a new title, dated 1660, which is given at length on page cxx. of the Introduction, vol. I. That edition is said to be the second, "with the Addition of other Drolleries, by several Wits of these present Times." These bacchantic poems have been accordingly omitted, as they were undoubtedly written long after the death of Beaumont.



## AD COMITISSAM RUTLANDIÆ.

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This epistle and the elegy next following were published separately. Elizabeth, widow of Roger fifth Earl of Rutland, daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, died in August 1612. These poems were afterwards prefixed to Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters.

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MADAM, so may my verses pleasing be,  
 So may you laugh at them and not at me,  
 'Tis something to you gladly I would say;  
 But how to do't I cannot find the way.  
 I would avoid the common beaten ways  
 To women used, which are love or praise:  
 As for the first, the little wit I have  
 Is not yet grown so near unto the grave,  
 But that I can, by that dim fading light,  
 Perceive of what, or unto whom I write.  
 Let such as in a hopeless, witless rage,  
 Can sigh a quire, and read it to a page;  
 Such as do backs of books and windows fill,  
 With their too furious diamond or quill;  
 Such as were well resolved to end their days  
 With a loud laughter blown beyond the seas;  
 Who are so mortified that they can live  
 Contemned of all the world, and yet forgive,  
 Write love to you: I would not willingly  
 Be pointed at in every company;  
 As was that little tailor, who till death  
 Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth:



And, for the last, in all my idle days  
I never yet did living woman praise  
In prose or verse : and when I do begin  
I'll pick some woman out as full of sin  
As you are full of virtue ; with a soul  
As black as you are white ; a face as foul  
As you are beautiful : for it shall be  
Out of the rules of physiognomy.  
So far, that I do fear I must displace  
The art a little, to let in her face.  
It shall at least four faces be below  
The devil's ; and her parched corpse shall show  
In her loose skin as if some sprite she were  
Kept in a bag by some great conjurer.  
Her breath shall be as horrible and wild  
As every word you speak is sweet and mild ;  
It shall be such a one as will not be  
Covered with any art or policy :  
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drink,  
She shall make nothing but a dearer stink ;  
She shall have such a foot and such a nose,  
She shall not stand in any thing but prose :  
If I bestow my praises upon such,  
'Tis charity, and I shall merit much.  
My praise will come to her like a full bowl,  
Bestowed at most need on a thirsty soul ;  
Where, if I sing your praises in my rhyme,  
I lose my ink, my paper, and my time ;  
And nothing add to your o'erflowing store,  
And tell you nought but what you knew before.  
Nor do the virtuous-minded (which I swear,  
Madam, I think you are) endure to hear  
Their own perfections into questions brought,  
But stop their ears at them ; for if I thought  
You took a pride to have your virtues known,  
Pardon me, madam, I should think them none.

To what a length is this strange letter grown,  
In seeking of a subject, yet finds none !  
But your brave thoughts which I so much respect  
Above your glorious titles, shall accept  
These harsh disordered lines. I shall ere long  
Dress up your virtues new, in a new song ;  
Yet far from all base praise and flattery,  
Although I know whate'er my verses be,  
They will like the most servile flattery show,  
If I write truth, and make the subject you.

AN  
ELEGYON THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS LADY ELIZABETH,  
COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

I MAY forget to drink, to eat, to sleep,  
Remembering thee; but when I do, to weep  
In well-weighed lines, that men shall at thy hearse  
Envy the sorrow which brought forth my verse;  
May my dull understanding have the might  
Only to know her last was yesternight!  
Rutland, the fair, is dead! and if to hear  
The name of Sidney will more force a tear,  
'Tis she that is so dead! and yet there be  
Some more alive profess not poetry;  
The statesmen and the lawyers of our time  
Have business still, yet do it not in rhyme.  
Can she be dead, and can there be of those  
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose?  
It is three days since she did feel Death's hand;  
And yet this isle not feel the poet's land?  
Hath this no new ones made? and are the old  
At such a needful time as this grown cold?  
They all say they would fain; but yet they plead  
They cannot write, because their muse is dead.  
Hear me then speak, which will take no excuse;  
Sorrow can make a verse without a muse.  
Why didst thou die so soon? O, pardon me,  
I know it was the longest life to thee,

That e'er with modesty was called a span,  
 Since the Almighty left to strive with man ;  
 Mankind is sent to sorrow ; and thou hast  
 More of the business which thou cam'st for past,  
 Than all those aged women, which, yet quick,  
 Have quite outlived their own arithmetic.  
 As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,  
 There were enough to meet thee ; and the chief  
 Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee  
 Nought but a sacrament of misery ;  
 For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,  
 Could nothing change about thee but thy name :  
 A name which who (that were again to do't)  
 Would change without a thousand joys to boot ?  
 In all things else thou rather led'st a life  
 Like a betrothed virgin than a wife.  
 But yet I would have called thy fortune kind,  
 If it had only tried the settled mind  
 With present crosses : not the loathed thought  
 Of worse to come, or past, then might have  
 wrought

Thy best remembrance to have cast an eye  
 Back with delight upon thine infancy.  
 But thou hadst, ere thou knew'st the use of tears,  
 Sorrow laid up against thou cam'st to years ;  
 Ere thou wert able who thou wert to tell,  
 By a sad war thy noble father fell,  
 In a dull clime, which did not understand  
 What 'twas to venture him to save a land.  
 He left two children, who for virtue, wit,  
 Beauty, were loved of all ; thee and his wit :  
 Two was too few ; yet death hath from us took  
 Thee, a more faultless issue than his book,  
 Which now the only living thing we have  
 From him, we'll see, shall never find a grave  
 As thou hast done. Alas ! 'would it might be  
 That books their sexes had, as well as we,



That we might see this married to the worth,  
And many poems like itself bring forth !  
But this vain wish divinity controuls ;  
For neither to the angels, nor to souls,  
Nor any thing he meant should ever live,  
Did the wise God of nature sexes give.

Then with his everlasting work alone  
We must content ourselves; since she is gone ;  
Gone, like the day thou diedst upon ; and we  
May call that back again as soon as thee.  
Who should have looked to this? Where were  
you all,

That do yourselves the help of nature call,  
Physicians? I acknowledge you were there  
To sell such words as one in health would hear :  
So died she. Curst be he who shall defend  
Your art of hastening nature to its end !

In this you shewed that physic can but be  
At best an art to cure your poverty.  
Ye're many of you impostors, and do give  
To sick men potions that yourselves may live.  
He that hath surfeited, and cannot eat,  
Must have a medicine to procure you meat ;  
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,  
Unless it be some knowledge how to kill.

Sorrow and madness make my verses flow  
Cross to my understanding ; for I know  
You can do wonders : Every day I meet  
The looser sort of people in the street  
From desperate diseases freed ; and why  
Restore you them, and suffer her to die?  
Why should the state allow you colleges,  
Pensions for lectures, and anatomies,  
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,  
Can only cure the bad, and not the good,  
Which only they can do? and I will show  
The hidden reason, why you did not know

The way to cure her : You believed her blood  
Ran on such courses as you understood ;  
By lectures you believed her arteries  
Grew as they do in your anatomies ;  
Forgetting that the state allows you none  
But only whores and thieves to practise on :  
And every passage 'bout them I am sure  
You understood, and only them can cure ;  
Which is the cause that both —  
Are noted for enjoying so long lives.  
But noble blood treads in too strange a path  
For your ill-got experience, and hath  
Another way of cure. If you had seen  
Penelope dissected, or the Queen  
Of Sheba ; then you might have found a way  
To have preserved her from that fatal day.  
As 'tis, you have but made her sooner blest,  
By sending her to Heaven, where let her rest.  
I will not hurt the peace which she would have,  
By longer looking in her quiet grave.

TO  
MY DEAR FRIEND M. BEN JONSON,

UPON HIS FOX. 1605.

---

These commendatory verses are far above the general tenor of such compositions. The first, written when Beaumont was but nineteen years old, gives a favourable idea of his acquirements at that early age. It is not, however, to be lamented that he contented himself with approving and admiring his severer friend's judgment, and did not cramp his own genius by subjecting himself to an implicit obedience to the same rules.

---

IF it might stand with *justice* to allow  
The swift conversion of all follies; now,  
Such is my *mercy*, that I could admit  
All sorts should equally approve the wit  
Of this thy even work, whose growing fame  
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.  
And did not manners and my love command  
Me to forbear to make those understand,  
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom  
Long since firmly resolved, shall never come  
To know more than they do; I would have shewn  
To all the world, the art, which thou alone  
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,  
And other rites, delivered, with the grace

Of comic style, which only, is far more  
 Than any English stage hath known before.  
 But, since our subtle gallants think it good  
 To like of nought, that may be understood,  
 Lest they should be disproved; or have, at best,  
 Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest  
 But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire  
 They may continue, simply, to admire  
 Fine clothes, and strange words; and may live, in  
 age,  
 To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,  
 And like it: whilst thy bold and knowing muse  
 Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst  
 choose.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

---

UPON

THE SILENT WOMAN. 1609.

HEAR, you bad writers, and though you not see,  
 I will inform you where you happy be:  
 Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,  
 And bend them all against some private man,  
 To bring him, not his vices, on the stage;  
 Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,  
 And your expressing of him shall be such,  
 That he himself shall think he hath no touch.  
 Where he that strongly writes, although he mean  
 To scourge but vices in a laboured scene,



Yet private faults shall be so well express'd  
As men do get 'em, that each private breast,  
That finds these errors in itself, shall say,  
"He meant me, not my vices, in the play."

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

---

TO

MY FRIEND M. BEN JONSON,

UPON HIS CATILINE. 1611.

IF thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause  
Of common people, and hadst made thy laws  
In writing such as catch'd at present voice,  
I should commend the thing, but not thy choice,  
But thou hast squared thy rules by what is good,  
And art three ages yet from understood :  
And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit  
Lost, till the reader can grow up to it ;  
Which they can ne'er outgrow, to find it ill,  
But must fall back again, or like it still.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

Received of the Treasurer of the  
County of ... the sum of ...  
for ...

RECEIPTS

For ...

By ...

To ...

Balance forward ...

Total ...

...

...

## ADDENDA, &c.

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Vol. I. p. lxi.] The following passages in one of Shadwell's comedies convey some information respecting Fletcher's private life, which, there is every reason to suppose, was derived from traditional anecdote, or, perhaps, from the communication of some antiquated wit, who survived the Restoration long enough to have served as the prototype of Oldwit, the character, who, in the following speeches, boasts acquaintance with the principal poets of King Charles I.'s reign :

" I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age : I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan : Well, I shall never forget him ; I have supped with him at his house on the Bankside : He loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world ; and Joan, his maid, had her beer-glass of sack ; and we all kissed her, i'faith, and were as merry as passed.

" *Wildish*. This was enough to make any man a wit.

" *Oldwit*. Puh ! This was nothing. I was a critic at Blackfriars ; but at Cambridge, none so great as I, with Jack Cleaveland : but Tom Randal and I were hand and glove : Tom was a brave fellow ; the most natural poet !"—*Bury Fair, Lond.* 1689. 4to, p. 6.

And again in the second act :

" *Lady Fantast*. If ever you had wit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and buried in the grave of oblivion.

" *Oldwit*. No wit ! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was Jack Fletcher's friend, Ben Jonson's son, and afterward an intimate crony of Jack Cleaveland and Tom Randal, have kept com-

pany with wits, and been accounted a wit these fifty years, live to be deposed by you ?

“ *Lady Fantast.* Ha, ha, ha !

“ *Oldwit.* Ha, ha, ha ? I that was a judge at Blackfriars, writ before Fletcher’s works and Cartwright’s, taught even Taylor and the best of them to speak ! I cannot go to London yet, but the wits get me amongst them, and the players will get me to rehearsal to teach them, even the best of them.”—*Ibid*, p. 16.

If it is allowed that Shadwell had the authority of traditionary information, at least, which is not at all unlikely to have reached his time, the first of these extracts seems to corroborate the supposition, that Fletcher lived and died a bachelor. See vol. I. p. lix.

Vol. II. p. 117. *Runts.*] I believe this explanation is wrong; and that *runts*, in this place, signifies small horned cattle, a meaning which the word still bears in Scotland and the northern counties of England.

*Ib.* p. 275. The principal actors in *The Custom of the Country*, as enumerated in the second folio, were,

Joseph Taylor.

Robert Benfield.

John Lowin.

William Eglestone.

Nicholas Toolie.

Richard Sharpe.

John Underwood.

Thomas Holcombe.

Vol. III. p. 168. *Sunder.*] This is not a term for one wild boar, but twelve together : “ Twelve,” says Dame Juliana Berners, “ make a *sunder* of the wild swyne.” Hubert, in the text, seems to say, that he could *single* out from the herd the wild boar which was the proper object of the chase, and then strike him down.

*Ib.* p. 191. *Clapper.*] Churchyard furnishes Jane Shore in her misfortunes with one of these attributes of beggary :

“ When I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,  
A payre of beades about my necke was wound,  
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare,  
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,  
A *dish that clapt*, and gave a heavy sound,  
A staying staffe, and wallët there withal,  
I beare about as witsesse of my fal.”

Vol. V. p. 144. The extravagancies of fashion in the sixteenth century are ridiculed in the following satirical verses, entitled “ Whence certaine Things came first :”

“ Whens come great breeches ? from little wittam.  
Whens come great ruffles ? from small brain forth they cam.  
Whens come these round verdingales ? from square thrift.  
Whens come these deepe copped hattes ? from shallow shift.



Whens come broudered gardes ? from the towne of ouell.  
 Whens come vncombe staryng heades ? from the deuill.  
 Whens come these vntrimed scarfes ? from folly, John.  
 Whens come these glitteryne spanges ? from much wanton.  
 Whens come perfumde gloves ? from curiositee.  
 Whens come fine trapt moyles ? from superfluitee.  
 Whens come corne crooked toes ? from short shapen shoone.  
 Whens come wylde hie lookers ? from midsomer moone.  
 Whens come sayre painted faces ? from painters tooles.  
 Whens come all these ? from the vicar of saint fooles."

Vol. VII. p. 62. *Clary*.] The use for which this herb was applied may be learnt from the following passage in Brome's *Sparagus Garden* :

"All your best (especially your modern) herbalists conclude, that your asparagus is the only sweet stirrer that the earth sends forth ; beyond your wild carrots, corn-flag, or gladiall. Your roots of standergrass, or of satyrion, boiled in goat's milk, are held good ; your *clary*, or horminum, in divers ways good, and dill (especially boiled in oil) is also good : but none of these, nor saffron, boiled in wine, your nuts of artichokes, rocket, or seeds of ash-tree, (which we call the kite keys,) nor thousand such, though all are good, may stand up for perfection with asparagus."

*Ib.* p. 103. *Hollock*.] This is no corruption of the old text, but the name of a wine, enumerated with others then in repute in Taylor's *Praise of Hempseed* :

"And, brave wine-merchants, little were your gain  
 By Mallegoes, Canaries' Sacke from Spaine,  
 Sweet Allegant and the concocted cute ;  
*Hollock* and Tent would be of small repute ;  
 Your Bastards their owne fathers would forget,  
 Nor they our gossips lips no more would wet.  
 The wind no Muscadine could hither bandy,  
 Or sprightful Malmesey out of fruitful Candy.  
 Liatica, or Corsica, could not  
 From their owne bearing breeding bounds begot ;  
*Peter-se-mea* <sup>2</sup> or headstrong Charnico,  
 Sherry, nor Rob-o-Davy, here could flow ;  
 The French Frontiniacke, Claret red nor white,  
 Graves, nor High-Country, would our hearts delight.  
 No Gaskoygne, Orleans, or the crystal Sherrant,  
 Nor Rhenish from the Rhine would be apparent :  
 Thus Hempseed with these wines cur land doth spread,  
 Which if we want, wine-merehants trade were dead."

*Peter-se-mea*, mentioned in the eleventh line, is probably the liquor mentioned by the name of *Peeter*, p. 105 of the same play, which therefore was probably a kind of wine.

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## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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### A

abiliments, x. 332  
a-bobbing, vii. 23  
about, xii. 14  
above, xiii. 386  
—— him, vi. 466  
Abram-cove, iii. 119  
abroad, ii. 308  
absurd, xii. 414  
accepted of, v. 16  
accommodate, x. 460  
accusation, ii. 350  
are less, ii. 281  
*a chi ha*, viii. 435  
acquire, xi. 18  
adamant, ix. 429  
addressed, i. 47  
——— ii. 165  
adelantado, viii. 404  
adore, xii. 458  
advance, iv. 155  
æquinoctium, iv. 273  
affable, x. 287  
affairs, vii. 173  
affect, iv. 29, 436  
—— v. 368  
—— vi. 513  
—— xii, 234, 294

affection, ii. 344  
——— xiii. 29, 30  
affects, vi. 140  
—— vii. 173  
affront, v. 48  
affronts, ii. 59  
a-fire, xiii. 211, 212  
after-consequence, vii. 142  
after that, xi. 150  
age, iv. 113  
ages, xii. 92  
aglets, xiii. 74  
agues, iv. 167  
ai, xi. 319  
aid, xiii, 19  
air, xi. 485  
alarums, ii. 293  
Alberto, ix. 398  
Alcazar, xi. 282  
alchoroden, vii. 211  
ale for horses, ii. 12  
Alexander, x. 147  
alferez, ii. 417  
alguazier, viii. 406  
a' life, i. 50  
——, vi. 455  
——, xi. 328  
——, xiv. 132, 383

- Alligant, vii. 26  
 ———, ix. 479  
 all of a man, iii. 108  
 allow, ii. 69  
 ———, x. 267  
 ——— me, vi. 230  
 almond-gloves, x. 66  
 ———, xiv. 149  
 almucanturies, vii. 207  
 almuten, vii. 210  
 alpine, iv. 51  
 amber, x. 273  
 ——— xi. 204  
 ambered, ii. 328  
 amble, x. 357  
 Amboyna, ix. 481  
 Ambree, Mary, ii. 260  
 ambrosia, xiv. 23  
 ambs-ace, x. 463  
 among, x. 24  
 Amsterdam, ix. 473  
 ——— xiv. 144, 145  
 an, xii. 140  
 Anabaptists, xiv. 144  
 anatomies, ii. 60  
 anatomy, viii. 409  
 ——— xiii. 125  
 ancient, vi. 264  
 and, i. 76  
 ——— iv. 26, 318  
 ——— xii. 191  
 Andate, vi. 61  
 angel, xiii. 8  
 angels, v. 417  
 ——— xii. 302  
 another truth, xii. 257  
 onslaught, vi. 450  
 antimasque, xi. 269  
 antipathy, ii. 290  
 apoplectic fit, xi. 25  
 apothecaries', v. 322  
 apostle-spoon, vii. 538  
 ——— xiii. 208  
 appointment, xiii. 64  
 apprehended, iv. 181  
 apprehension, ix. 72  
 apprehensive, x. 245  
 apted, iii. 424  
 Apulejus, xi. 193  
 aquavitæ, iv. 335  
 arbour, iii. 214  
 Arches, i. 235  
 ———, ii. 232  
 ardour, ix. 401  
 argosy, x. 233  
 argot, ix. 68  
 Ariadne, xii. 53  
 Aries, vii. 65  
 Arion-like, ii. 55  
 ———, vii. 151  
 arise still, vi. 169  
 arm, xiii. 141  
 armed, xiii. 112  
 ——— at the strongest, v. 80  
 armies in the air, ii. 41  
 ———, v. 293  
 armipotent, xiii. 122  
 armolets, xii. 458  
 arms, viii. 190  
 arraignment, xiii. 28  
 arroûe, xiii. 147  
 arrowsheads shoot out sinners,  
 iv. 318  
 art, ii. 406  
 ———, iii. 142  
 ———, v. 79  
 ———, vi. 468  
 ———, vii. 129  
 ———, x. 303  
 ———, xiii. 274  
 artificial sores, iii. 121  
 arts, xii. 291  
 as sent, xii. 79  
 as to others, xii. 423  
 aspect, iv. 369  
 aspects, vi. 68  
 Aspurge, ii. 42  
 assay, iii. 214  
 ass's hoof, ii. 170  
 assigns, vii. 536  
 assinego, ii. 258  
 assoil, x. 440



Aston, Sir Walter, iv. 11  
 astrology, vii. 211  
 asylums for debtors, vii. 204  
 ath' wars, xii. 141  
 atomies, i. 110  
 atonement, vii. 140  
 a true-hearted, iv. 398  
 attachment, vii. 489  
 attained, ix. 301  
 auberge, viii. 276  
 Aulis, xiii. 18  
 autem-mort, iii. 127  
 Automedon, xiv. 53  
 away, v. 113  
 — with, ii. 427

## B

back-cheat, iii. 127  
 Backrack, iii. 217  
 bair, x. 340  
 bait, ix. 350  
 baited, xi. 111  
 baldcoots, viii. 266  
 bald gentlewoman, viii. 180  
 balderdash, v. 371  
 baldrick, iii. 191  
 —, xiii. 112  
 ball, xii. 150  
 ballads, v. 161, 162, 279, 483  
 —, vi. 114  
 —, x. 91  
 baloo, i. 202  
 band, vii. 444  
 band of bird-pots, x. 340  
 bandog, xiii. 359  
 bandy, iii. 18  
 —, ix. 503  
 Banks, ix. 497  
 banks, xiii. 18  
 banquet, i. 75  
 —, ii. 327,  
 baratto, vi. 138  
 barbarous, vi. 388  
 barbed horse, vii. 310  
 barber's chain of teeth, i. 218  
 barber surgeons, i. 223

bare, xi. 13  
 bareheaded, xi. 200  
 barley-break, ii. 265  
 —, ix. 256  
 —, xiii. 116  
 barm, iii. 398  
 barnacles, iv. 394,  
 bartered, ii. 92  
 basta, ii. 439  
 —, iii. 327  
 —, iv. 201  
 —, v. 203  
 bastard, v. 297  
 —, xi. 472  
 battened, ix. 319  
 battled, v. 337  
 baubles, ii. 122  
 Bavian, xiii. 77  
 bay and straights, vii. 204  
 beadsman, iii. 178  
 bear, viii. 224  
 beard cut off, viii. 123  
 —, red, viii. 410  
 —, to twist the, viii. 413  
 —, fashion of, x. 426, 456  
 bearing cloth, vii. 72  
 bears hither, vi. 289  
 bear six, iii. 266  
 bear-ward, iii. 194  
 beats, iv. 401  
 Beauchamps, xi. 270  
 beautefeu, x. 383  
 beaver, xii. 395  
 beavy, xiii. 103  
 beck, xiii. 69  
 become example, xii. 440  
 beg a fool, xi. 380  
 beggarly planet, ii. 96  
 beholding, iii. 74, 76, 483  
 behoveful, ii. 112  
 being, xii. 287  
 be-lee, iv. 249  
 bell, ii. 187  
 —, iii. 194  
 Bell and Dragon, viii. 419  
 Bellarmine, ii. 216

- Bellerophon, xi. 194  
 bell, book, and candle, iii. 340  
 Bellides, xiii. 251  
 bells at the toe, v. 354  
 bells ringing backwards, ix: 238  
 —————, xiv. 109  
 bellowing of deer, i. 256  
 belly-cheat, iii. 127  
 beloved, iv. 71  
 benbouse, iii. 171  
 bend, viii. 121  
 — him, iii. 463  
 bene-venew, vi. 452  
 bene-whids, iii. 128  
 benfeakers of jarks, iii. 118  
 Bermudas, ix. 285  
 bisogno, xi. 27  
 bisognios, viii. 407  
 best, ii. 512  
 —, vi. 263  
 —, ix. 460  
 —, xiv. 50, 350  
 better cheap, xiii. 355  
 beuffe, vii. 480  
 —, ix. 169  
 bever, x. 25  
 bevy, xii. 249  
 beyond action, iv. 284  
 bickering, iii. 493  
 biggen, vi. 477  
 bike, ii. 55  
 bilboes, viii. 41  
 —, x. 275  
 bilbo-master, v. 522  
 billet, ix. 166  
 — dealers, vii. 482  
 bind, iii. 102  
 birding-pills, vii. 72  
 birds, vii. 275  
 birds pinned, iv. 223  
 bits, iv. 126  
 black, iii. 484  
 blacks, vi. 464  
 —, ix. 177  
 blacks, xiii. 257  
 black beauty, viii. 359  
 black cloak, x. 7, 48  
 —————, xiv. 230  
 black guard, x. 25  
 —————, xii. 476  
 — horse without a white spot,  
 xiii. 145  
 — jacks, ii. 172  
 ————— xii. 358, 391  
 — patches, xii. 446  
 — santis, iv. 221  
 —————, x. 349  
 — swan, xii. 389  
 black's your eye, viii. 424  
 blank, ii. 497  
 —, v. 282, 389  
 blanks, xii. 144  
 blatant beast, x. 349  
 blazoned, xiv. 28  
 bleating cheat, iii. 125  
 blench, v. 92  
 —, vi. 308  
 —, x. 294  
 blenchers, xiii. 340  
 bless, ii. 118, 479  
 — the founders, vi. 52  
 — you, ii. 262  
 block, i. 8  
 —, viii. 408  
 —, xi. 338, 351  
 blood, xi. 392  
 — of elephants, xii. 314  
 blown stuff, iii. 395  
 blow till thou rive, v. 495  
 blue bottle, v. 367  
 blue-coat, vi. 504  
 —, viii. 112  
 —, x. 20  
 —, xiv. 166  
 blurtd, x. 303  
 bob, ii. 445  
 —, have the, v. 332  
 Bobadilla, viii. 384  
 bobbed, iii. 337  
 —, v. 151  
 —, vi. 328  
 bobbing, vii. 23

- bobs, ii. 110  
 —, v. 351  
 bodkin, i. 64  
 —, ii. 317  
 bodkins, v. 320  
 bold, iii. 28  
 Bold Beauchamps, i. 149  
 boldly, x. 141  
 bolt, iv. 54  
 —, v. 463  
 bombast, v. 158  
 bonaroba, iii. 239  
 —, iv. 338  
 bonds, xi. 34  
 bonito, viii. 28  
 Bonny Robin, x. 105  
 book, v. 388  
 —, viii. 289  
 —, xii. 435  
 book and mattock, xi. 121  
 Book of Fools, xiv. 63  
 — of evil Magistrates, *ib.*  
 — of good Manners, *ib.*  
 — of good women, *ib.*  
 books, vi. 432  
 boot, xi. 26  
 —, xiii. 449  
 boot-haling, xiii. 220  
 boot-halers, vii. 19  
 boot-hoses, ii. 70  
 boots like a player, vi. 522  
 — perfumed, x. 85  
 bord, i. 214  
 Borde, Andrew, ix. 476  
 bored, iii. 317  
 borne in hand, xiv. 157  
 both, xii. 457  
 both the Indian mines, iii. 348  
 bots, iii. 469  
 —, v. 476  
 —, vi. 113, 185  
 bottles, xiii. 131  
 boudge, iii. 401  
 bounce, iv. 155  
 bounty, x. 85  
 bouthammer, i. 118  
 bouze, iii. 120  
 bouzing-ken, iii. 125  
 Bow-bell, ii. 117  
 bow-hand, vii. 25, 502  
 —, ix. 20  
 bow the body, xii. 127  
 bowze, ix. 43  
 boy dances between the acts, i.  
 175  
 —, iv. 8  
 bracelets, v. 185  
 brache, ii. 141  
 —, viii. 359  
 braches, iii. 147  
 brack, iv. 500  
 —, viii. 148  
 Bradamante, vii. 392  
 braggart, v. 331  
 —, xiv. 23  
 brake, xiii. 69  
 brandwine, iii. 152  
 brass squirt, xiv. 130  
 brave, ii. 396, 463  
 —, iii. 89, 482  
 —, v. 60  
 —, ix. 45  
 —, xiii. 227  
 bravery, iv. 331  
 —, vi. 329  
 —, viii. 48  
 —, xi. 112  
 —, xiii. 114  
 Brazennose College, ii. 10  
 bread of God, xii. 356  
 break gold, xiv. 103  
 break thy brains out, v. 67  
 break upon, iv. 37  
 breast, v. 468  
 bred in the bay, x. 156  
 breeched, iii. 472  
 breese, vi. 519, 541  
 Breton, Nicholas, ii. 70, 167  
 brewis, iii. 310, 339  
 —, iv. 180

- brewis, vi. 22  
 ———, vii. 251  
 brideling cast, ii. 177  
 ———, ix. 311  
 brine, iv. 486  
 Britanie, vi. 109  
 Briton, v. 313  
 brogs, ix. 481  
 broken, iii. 160  
 ——— miller, v. 285  
 Brome, Richard, vi. 419  
 brooch, i. 180  
 broods, v. 264  
 ———, vi. 88  
 Broom, xiii. 104  
 brooms, iv. 127  
 broth, ii. 13  
 brought doctor home, x. 66  
 brown baker, iv. 317  
 ——— ix. 342, 350  
 brown bills, xi. 203  
 ——— cast away, x. 301  
 Browne, William, iv. 80, 81  
 Brownists, ix. 342, 350  
 bruise, xiii. 380  
 brush, x. 428  
 brusled, viii. 180  
 brustles, iii. 323  
 Brute, iii. 219  
 buckled, ii. 85  
 buckler, xi. 156  
 Bucolicks, xii. 397  
 bud, vi. 504  
 budge, iii. 314  
 buff, ii. 31  
 buff-jerkins, xii. 476  
 bugs-words, v. 283  
 buhar's nab, iii. 118  
 bulk, iv. 321  
 bulks, ii. 60  
 bullets carried in the mouth, v.  
 280  
 bullions, ii. 194  
 ———, vii. 98  
 bulls of brass, x. 187  
 bung, iii. 125  
 bung, ix. 47  
 burgonet, ix. 366  
 Burmothes, ix. 285  
 burn their mentions, vi. 15  
 burning bull, xii. 193  
 ——— pestle, i. 166  
 ——— spices, ii. 18  
 burnt sack, ix. 21  
 bursten, ii. 252  
 bush before a tavern, ii. 35, 336,  
 496  
 business, iv. 304  
 ———, v. 31  
 bustles, vi. 191  
 but, i. 106  
 —, ii. 284  
 —, iii. 346, 383  
 —, vi. 230  
 —, xii. 150, 322  
 butted, iii. 430  
 butter, i. 241  
 butter-print, ii. 123  
 ———, iii. 250  
 ———, vii. 21  
 Buttoned, xi. 156  
 butts, iii. 365  
 buy chastity, vi. 372  
 — the stock, iii. 444  
 buzzard, vi. 483  
 b' y', xiv. 272  
 bye and main, x. 317  
 by'r lakin, iv. 306
- C
- cacafogoes, ix. 439  
 cacamerda, xii. 431  
 cackling-cheats, iii. 206  
 Cæsar, vii. 580  
 cakes, vii. 349  
 Calais sand, xi. 239  
 called, ii. 190  
 calkins, xiii. 145  
 call, iii. 123  
 calls him fool, v. 187  
 Callidon, vi. 549  
 caltraps, xiii. 304



- camphire, x. 164  
 canaries, vii. 150.  
 candles' ends, v. 384  
 ———, vi. 446  
 canters, xiv. 272  
 cantle, x. 430  
 canvast, vi. 322  
 capcase, vii. 526.  
 capper, iii. 182  
 capping, i. 211  
 captain, ix. 473, 497  
 Caranza, v. 211  
 ———, xiii. 416  
 carbine, ii. 109  
 carcanet, xiv. 251  
 card, v. 331.  
 ———, vii. 35, 90  
 cardecu, vii. 203, 451.  
 ———, xi. 197  
 ———, xii. 296, 493  
 carded v. 371  
 carding, iii. 444.  
 care, ix. 469.  
 ———, xii. 291  
 careful, xii. 329  
 care of honour, ii. 504  
 cark and care, i. 170  
 carle, xiii. 223  
 carrack, v. 364.  
 ———, ix. 20  
 ———, x. 369  
 ———, xii. 391  
 ———, xiii. 75.  
 caroched, v. 130  
 carpet friend, iv. 455  
 ——— knights, ix. 406  
 carriage, ii. 303  
 ———, v. 187  
 carry, xiii. 334, 424  
 ——— blank, v. 389  
 ——— coals, vi. 236  
 ——— out, xi. 225  
 carter, vi. 307  
 carvel, ii. 22  
 ———, vii. 43.  
 cases, ii. 60  
 casque, viii. 308  
 ———, ix. 366  
 cast, xiii. 240  
 casting bottle, v. 335  
 ——— gold, xiv. 70  
 castle custards, viii. 137  
 ———, ix. 330  
 castor, iii. 118  
 castrel, v. 409  
 cast water, ii. 46  
 cat, ix. 482  
 Cataya, iii. 254  
 ———, v. 378  
 cater, iv. 179  
 ———, viii. 242  
 ———, ix. 283, 330  
 Catholic medicine, ix. 479  
 cat's luck, viii. 355  
 ——— meat, ix. 402  
 caudles, vii. 22  
 cause, xi. 311  
 ———, xiii. 209  
 cautelous, i. 124.  
 cavalry, ix. 439  
 caveare, xii. 430  
 C cliff, vii. 86  
 cease, ii. 347  
 ———, xi. 468  
 cent. xi. 97  
 cestron, xiii. 121  
 chain, viii. 394  
 challengers' bills, iv. 8  
 ———, v. 128.  
 chambering, ii. 50  
 ———, v. 320  
 change, xii. 71  
 chape, viii. 35  
 chaplets, iv. 40  
 Chapman, George, iv. 10  
 character, iii. 13  
 ———, viii. 341  
 ———, xii. 332  
 characters, x. 62  
 chared, xiii. 70  
 charger, x. 25  
 charmed, vii. 23

- charmed, xii. 478  
 charmors, xiii. 448  
 charneco, ii. 36  
 chary, i. 69  
 chase, viii. 35, 36.  
 chastity, viii. 74  
 ———, xiii. 126  
 chawdrons, iv. 315  
 cheats, iii. 171  
 checked, vi. 14  
 chequin, iii. 268  
 cherrally, ix. 429  
 chewres chewred, viii. 430  
 chibbals, vi. 22  
 Child Rowland, v. 297  
 chimney-sweepers, French, ix.  
 363  
 China, vii. 111  
 chined, ii. 339  
 chink, xiii. 309  
 chirurgoon, iv. 345  
 chive, i. 172  
 chopines, iv. 294  
 chough hoar, xiii. 8  
 Christmas, v. 429  
 cinque pace, v. 332  
 cithern, ii. 215  
 citizens at masques, viii. 173  
 ———, xi. 10  
 ———, xii. 21  
 cittern-head, viii. 416  
 city prentices, i. 149  
 civil, v. 335  
 clapper, iii. 191  
 ———, xiv. 450  
 clapperdorgeon, iii. 118, 191  
 clapt, vii. 451.  
 clary, vii. 62  
 ———, xiv. 451  
 clay, ix. 198  
 Cleopatra, v. 59  
 cleped, x. 86  
 Cleve wars, ii. 255, 258  
 clicketting, iii. 407  
 clinquant, xiii. 278  
 cloak half compass, vii. 523  
 close, xi. 469  
 ——— xiv. 33,  
 closely, ix. 329, 409  
 clote, iv. 46  
 clouted, iii. 436  
 clowes, iii. 171  
 clown, xiii. 78  
 cloyed, v. 111  
 coach, xii. 386  
 coals, vii. 105, 106  
 coals heaped on his head, vi.  
 324  
 coast, vi. 402.  
 ———, xiii. 182  
 cock-a-two, v. 163  
 cock-shoot, xiv. 167  
 cocoloch, xi. 27  
 'cod, vi. 342  
 codes, xii. 20  
 codsheads, v. 312  
 codpiece, vii. 450  
 ———, x. 456  
 cofe, iii. 128  
 cog, iv. 289  
 —, x. 342  
 cogging, ii. 216  
 ———, vi. 438  
 coil, i. 25  
 —, iv. 248  
 —, xiii. 56  
 coins, iii. 466  
 cold pie, v. 159  
 ———, vi. 488  
 colestaves, v. 262  
 collar, x. 110  
 collections, i. 52  
 collet, xi. 342  
 colloques, xiv. 363  
 collars, ii. 399  
 colt, ii. 67, 484  
 colted, v. 153  
 ———, vi. 328.  
 come aloft, i. 232  
 — from Tripoly, vi. 503  
 — in sorrow, vi. 283  
 come off roundly, xiii. 204

- come to my window, love, v. 271  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vi. 491  
 comets, x. 407  
 coming, ii. 128  
 commence, xii. 394  
 commend, xii. 82  
 commission, iii. 119  
 commodities, iii. 315  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xi. 167  
 commodity, i. 23  
 common, iv. 374  
 commons seldom fight at sharp,  
 iv. 351  
 community, i. 44  
 companion, iii. 141  
 \_\_\_\_\_, v. 359  
 \_\_\_\_\_; vii. 473,  
 companions, ii. 190  
 \_\_\_\_\_, iv. 460  
 comparison but itself, v. 408  
 compassion, ix. 164  
 con, iv. 308  
 concealed lands, xiii. 382  
 concealment, iii. 386  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xi. 250  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xiii. 125  
 conceit, xiv. 294  
 conceited, i. 65  
 conceits, v. 26  
 concern assurance, ix. 63  
 condition, xiii. 431  
 conduit, ix. 282  
 confidence, xi. 340  
 confirmed, iii. 102, 246  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vi. 314  
 conformed, iv. 326  
 Congreve, vi. 437  
 conjurors, vii. 100  
 conned, ix. 322  
 conning, iii. 325  
 consort, iv. 181  
 \_\_\_\_\_, v. 86  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vii. 151  
 \_\_\_\_\_, ix. 149  
 \_\_\_\_\_, x. 430  
 consort, xi. 232, 354, 371  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xii. 243  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xiv. 60  
 contain him, v. 45  
 contemned, xi. 391  
 content, v. 359  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vi. 467  
 contents, x. 127  
 contest, vi. 263  
 continent, viii. 378  
 conveyance, iii. 327  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xiii. 322  
 convince, v. 176  
 cooling-card, i. 46  
 coral and bells, xii. 302  
 corals, ii. 105  
 corantoës, xiv. 342  
 cordevan, iv. 18  
 cornets, xi. 489  
 coronals, iv. 18  
 corses, v. 195  
 cortall, ix. 46  
 Cortugogli, ix. 508  
 Coryate, Thomas, x. 438, 456  
 cose, ix. 241  
 costard, v. 346  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vi. 319  
 costermonger, ii. 227  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vii. 25  
 cote, vi. 402  
 cottage, iv. 484  
 cotton, vi. 525  
 Cotton, Charles, vi. 418  
 couch, viii. 223  
 council, ix. 479  
 countenance, vi. 182  
 counter, iv. 159  
 counters, xi. 286  
 countess, ii. 201  
 country, iv. 400  
 \_\_\_\_\_ gentleman's dress, vii.  
 469  
 course, xii. 15  
 courser, ix. 240  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xii. 280



- Court of Wards, ix. 496  
 courtier, xi. 88  
 courtship, v. 132  
 ———, xii. 163  
 cousin, viii. 431  
 cousins, ix. 274, 291  
 cove, iii. 125  
 cover, vii. 488  
 cowed, iii. 405  
 cower, vi. 318  
 cow's udder, xi. 30  
 cox, xi. 319  
 coxcomb, iv. 185  
 ———, ix. 9  
 coyed, xiii. 240  
 crab, vi. 319  
 cracked i' th' ring, ix. 160  
 cracknels, iv. 100  
 cram the mouth of death with  
   executions, iii. 381  
 crank, vii. 410  
 ———, xi. 325  
 cranks, iii. 118, 121  
 crave, ix. 141  
 crave, xiii. 44  
 craven, iv. 332  
 ———, x. 211  
 credulous, i. 99  
 crewel, ii. 168  
 ———, vii. 523  
 creyance, ii. 260  
 crocheteur, xi. 196  
 cross, i. 28.  
 ———, ix. 243  
 cross gartered, x. 16  
 crow-trodden, ii. 373  
 crown, vii. 452  
 ———, xiii. 112  
 crown-ordinaries, vii. 205  
 cruddles, xii. 141  
 crueller, iii. 65  
 crumbs, xi. 353  
 cry aim, v. 114  
 ———, viii. 452  
 ———, ix. 506,  
 cry cats' meat, ix. 402  
 cry him, iii. 370  
 ——— roast meat, v. 247  
 cuckow spits, iv. 71  
 cuckstool, v. 299  
 cues of beer, xi. 309  
 culled, x. 344  
 cullis, xi. 339  
 cullises, iii. 391  
 ———, ix. 150  
 ———, xii. 301  
 cunning, ii. 359  
 ———, viii. 146, 394  
 ———, ix. 367  
 curious iv. 298, 327  
 ———, vi. 27  
 ———, vii. 265  
 curiosity in blood, iv. 328  
 curled millers' heads, vi. 333  
 curse me, v. 103  
 ——— on our sight, viii. 222  
 curst, vi. 347  
 ———, x. 169  
 curstened, ix. 43, 88  
 curtailed queans, viii. 180  
 cuspes, vii. 210  
 Custom of the Country, vi. 319  
 cut, iii. 128  
 ———, xiii. 76  
 cut and long tail, xi. 306  
 ———, xiii. 130  
 cut first, ii. 455  
 ——— for summer, iv. 158  
 cut-purse, ix. 47  
 cutter, xi. 326  
 cutting, ii. 262  
 cut works, v. 210
- D
- dag, viii. 417  
 dagger, vii. 112  
 ———, devil's, iv. 172  
 dainty, xi. 309  
 damned, iv. 477  
 damsel of the lake, v. 461  
 dance between the acts, i. 175  
 ———, iv. 8



- Dane, viii. 362  
 —, ix. 185  
 danger, i. 57  
 —, v. 442  
 —, vii. 76  
 dare, xii. 90  
 dares, v. 409  
 Darnex carpet, vii. 527  
 dash, xi. 29  
 Davies, Sir John, iv. 78  
 day-beds, ii. 433, 453  
 dazzled, xiii. 187  
 dead-cold, xii. 51  
 dead-sure, iv. 434  
 dearly, xiii. 144  
 debate, iv. 118  
 deboshed, iv. 432  
 —, v. 165, 359  
 —, vi. 445  
 —, viii. 310  
 —, ix. 361  
 declined, ii. 446  
 —, iv. 422  
 —, v. 40  
 —, xi. 174, 277  
 declines, vi. 138  
 declining, v. 86  
 dedicated, iv. 199  
 dedication, x. 77  
 defame, vii. 243  
 degambos, vii. 86  
 dell, iv. 18  
 dells, iii. 121  
 depart, viii. 464  
 —, xiii. 37  
 dependancies, xii. 484  
 —, xiii. 421  
 descriptions of morning, iv. 101  
 deserve, iii. 303  
 —, x. 389  
 design, viii. 279  
 desire, ii. 361  
 —, xii. 301  
 desires, i. 156  
 deu gain, vi. 504  
 —, xiv. 78  
 Develing, ix. 481  
 device, iii. 447  
 devil take the hindmost, x. 229  
 devil's form, v. 230  
 devotion, viii. 103  
 didle, didle, die, v. 343  
 Dido, queen, tune of, vi. 32  
 —, ix. 139  
 dies, ii. 354  
 diet, ii. 206  
 difference, xiii. 185  
 diffusedly, iv. 317  
 dill, viii. 426  
 dine with Duke Humphrey, xi.  
 270  
 dinner hour, i. 171  
 —, x. 16, 43  
 —, xii. 386  
 dinners at court, x. 20  
 Dioclesianus, vii. 272  
 dirty, vii. 475  
 disabled, vi. 226  
 discoloured, xiv. 333  
 discourse, xii. 169  
 — and judgment, v. 134  
 — and reason, ix. 100  
 disgraced, vii. 529  
 dishonest, vi. 533  
 disposed, ii. 125, 278  
 —, iv. 406  
 disputation, xii. 394  
 dissolution, ii. 172  
 dissolve, x. 397  
 dissolved, ii. 123  
 ditcher, v. 280  
 Dives and Lazarus, vi. 489  
 dividual, xiii. 31  
 divine, iv. 290  
 division, ix. 483  
 —, xiv. 272  
 — of acts, v. 145  
 doer, v. 46, 336  
 —, viii. 87  
 dog-bolt, ii. 52  
 —, iii. 265  
 —, ix. 42

- dog-leach, iv. 198  
 dog-scab, v. 61  
 Dog's-ditch, v. 303  
 dog's sire, i. 200  
 dogstar, iv. 29  
 doing, iii. 321  
 —, iv. 89  
 dole, xiii. 36  
 dommerar, iii. 119, 131  
 Don John, vi. 447  
 donzel, x. 235  
 dor, viii. 227  
 —, ix. 327  
 —, xiii. 366, 433  
 dorsers, xiv. 9  
 Dorus, iv. 128  
 Dory, John, i. 181  
 —, vii. 67  
 dossers, vii. 527  
 doted, xii. 154  
 dottrels, ii. 226  
 —, vi. 84  
 —, vii. 388  
 doublets, xi. 426  
 — stuffed, x. 16  
 doubts, vi. 275  
 — me, vi. 31  
 down-calling, iv. 44  
 dowsets, ix. 53  
 doxy, iii. 121  
 —, v. 334  
 dozen, xi. 415  
 dragons in Sussex, ii. 41  
 dragons' water, i. 166  
 draw in the spurs, ix. 429  
 Drayton, Michael, ii. 167  
 dread, vi. 506  
 dress yourself, xii. 103  
 dried Jack, v. 302  
 — tongue, ix. 24  
 drinking blood, iii. 471  
 — healths, ii. 37  
 —, ix. 25  
 —, in England, ix. 185  
 drink tobacco, xi. 335  
 — with meat, ix. 84  
 drolleries, iv. 394  
 —, x. 272  
 drop-scene, i. 202  
 drop shot, iv. 216  
 dross, xii. 282  
 drossers, ix. 53, 56  
 droyls, xi. 188  
 Druides, vi. 62  
 drum's dubb's done, iv. 156  
 Dryad, xi. 29  
 dry-fat, xii. 402  
 du cat a whee, ii. 300  
 —, xiv. 74  
 dudgeon, ix. 162  
 dudgeon dagger, ix. 104  
 duds, iii. 125, 207  
 Duello, iv. 351  
 duels, v. 130, 144, 152, 209,  
 211  
 —, vi. 225  
 —, vii. 128  
 —, x. 361  
 —, xi. 225  
 —, xiii. 90, 99, 467  
 du gata whee, vi. 428  
 Duke of Norfolk, v. 489  
 — Northumberland, v. 492  
 dull, viii. 371  
 dumb saints, iv. 188  
 dump, v. 518  
 Dunkirk, xi. 247  
 —, xii. 454  
 Dun's i' th' mire, x. 92  
 dure, xiii. 26  
 durets, xiv. 342  
 Durindana, i. 64  
 —, xiii. 486  
 dust-point, ix. 192  
 Dutchman, i. 215  
 —, viii. 345  
 Dutchy lopeman, vii. 494  
 dwarfs, xi. 422  
  
 E  
 ear, ix. 409  
 ears, xi. 214

earth, xij. 314  
 ease their stories, viii. 75  
 eat a' God's name, xi. 234  
 eat coals with a cat, v. 261  
 —————, vi. 106  
 eat fish, x. 95  
 eclipse, xi. 22  
 edict, ix. 275  
 ———, xiii. 92  
 Edinburgh, x. 89  
 effects, iv. 193  
 egg shells, ix. 285  
 Egyptian, ii. 345  
 eking on, v. 355  
 Ela, iii. 472  
 ellipses, vi. 214  
 else, xiii. 138  
 ember-week, ii. 181  
 emblems, v. 487  
 employment, vii. 144  
 encase, xiv. 14  
 emulate, i. 10, 30, 87  
 endless, iv. 10  
 ———, xiii. 357  
 ends, vi. 16, 17  
 endue, iii. 339  
 ———, xiii. 347  
 endued, i. 89  
 endured, xiii. 10  
 English beer, iii. 145  
 ——— fashions, ix. 476  
 ensuing flames, v. 102  
 entertain, i. 16, 81  
 ———, ix. 484  
 ———, xi. 193  
 entertains, vi. 435  
 entreat, i. 16  
 ———, vii. 311  
 ———, viii. 371  
 ———, xi. 136  
 entreated, ii. 468  
 ———, x. 95  
 envious, iii. 300  
 envy, v. 426  
 ———, vii. 24  
 ———, xiii. 135

VOL. XIV.

envying, vi. 40  
 Ephemerides, ii. 157  
 Epicœne, xi. 251  
 equal, ii. 393  
 ———, iv. 31, 260  
 ———, vii. 169  
 ———, viii. 308  
 ———, ix. 411  
 ———, xi. 71  
 eringoes, vii. 389  
 Eros, v. 64  
 errant, xiii. 70  
 Errapater, xii. 392  
 erring, xi. 301  
 Esquiline, vii. 278  
 esteem of you, v. 209  
 estridge, xiii. 348  
 Eteocles and Polinices, xii. 288  
 ettins, i. 165  
 Euphues, xi. 238  
 Evadne, xii. 42  
 even, vi. 426  
 ———, xiii. 33  
 ever, iv. 97  
 every age, xii. 341  
 execution, iv. 146  
 exempt, xi. 40  
 ———, xiv. 280  
 exhales, vii. 169  
 exhibition, iv. 321  
 expectation, x. 294  
 eye of pheasants, iii. 120  
 eyes, ii. 98

## F

fable, viii. 74  
 ———, x. 287  
 facers, xii. 99  
 faces about, ii. 101, 262  
 ———, vi. 52  
 fadding, v. 392  
 fadge, ii. 76  
 ———, viii. 414, 443  
 fading, i. 233  
 fairies' well, iv. 28  
 ——— money, xi. 231

2 G



- faith, vi. 301  
 —, x. 339  
 falas, vi. 505  
 falconers, lie beyond, vii. 27  
 fall in numbers, iv. 45  
 falsify, xiv. 244  
 fambler, iii. 119  
 fables, iii. 125  
 familiar, ii. 103  
 faming, vi. 88  
 Familists, xiv. 144, 145  
 fan, xi. 362  
 fancy, vi. 29  
 —, xiii. 109, 148  
 far, xiii. 111  
 farce, xiii. 115  
 fare of a hare, iv. 85  
 farewell, iv. 465  
 far-fet; xi. 201  
 fashions, v. 144  
 —, xiii. 306  
 —, xiv. 450  
 fast and loose, vi. 300  
 fat Drake, i. 147  
 father-in-law, xi. 267  
 favour, v. 179, 298, 522  
 —, vi. 90  
 —, xiii. 80  
 fear, iii. 87  
 —, v. 442, 445  
 —, xi. 486  
 fear us, vii. 412  
 feared, v. 462  
 —, ix. 236  
 fearful, ii. 461  
 —, vii. 364  
 fearfully, iii. 413  
 fears, iv. 449  
 —, ix. 155  
 feat, ix. 77  
 —, xiii. 65  
 feather, ii. 171  
 —, viii. 425  
 feathered, ii. 70  
 feed, iv. 315  
 seeze, vii. 37  
 felicity of whores, iv. 293  
 fending, iii. 500  
 ferkt, iii. 154  
 ferm, iii. 125  
 ferret, iii. 99  
 ferreted, v. 425  
 fescue, xiii. 51  
 fewerer, v. 303  
 fichocks, vi. 24  
 Field, Nathaniel, iv. 7  
 fiery, iv. 249  
 figent, v. 186  
 —, ix. 89  
 fight by the book, xii. 486  
 — with sand bags, iv. 351  
 fights, iv. 394  
 —, v. 315  
 filch, iii. 119, 125  
 filchman, iii. 117  
 filed, ii. 69  
 —, x. 20  
 find myself, iii. 122  
 — you, iv. 209  
 firecug, ii. 29  
 fire-drake, iii. 203  
 fire ill, xiii. 81  
 fir, i. 26  
 —, iv. 185  
 —, v. 316, 325  
 —, viii. 242  
 —, x. 201  
 fir of law, v. 179  
 first house, v. 356  
 —, ix. 286  
 — in the field, v. 150  
 fish, x. 95  
 fish days, iv. 180  
 fetters, ii. 338  
 —, v. 408  
 five ends, xi. 277  
 fix, ii. 383  
 flame, xiii. 188  
 flapdragon, iii. 179  
 flat-caps, viii. 315  
 flatter, iii. 79  
 flaws, ix. 336



- fledge, ii. 25  
 fletenface, x. 443  
 flesh and bones, vi. 22  
 fleshed, ii. 356  
 flight, vi. 12  
 fling an old shoe, x. 289  
 ———, xi. 237  
 flops, iv. 338  
 florentines, x. 105  
 flirt Gillian, vii. 59  
 fluttered, v. 480  
 fly, ii. 423  
 ———, xii. 191  
 fly about you, x. 295  
 foile, iv. 35  
 foin, ii. 192  
 foining, v. 157  
 ———, vi. 288  
 foist, v. 315  
 ———, x. 233  
 foisted, vii. 356  
 foisting, xi. 134  
 fond, i. 45  
 ———, ix. 145  
 ———, xii. 22  
 fool, ii. 399  
 ———, xiii. 78  
 fooled, ii. 484  
 fool begged, ix. 496  
 ——— of the first head, vi. 21  
 ——— tell ten, xiii. 82  
 ——— up, iv. 251  
 fool's morris, xiv. 64  
 ——— paradise, iii. 240  
 foot cloth, vii. 306, 465  
 ———, ix. 103, 347  
 ———, xx. 16  
 ———, xi. 197  
 ———, xii. 367  
 for, ii. 15  
 ———, iii. 336  
 ———, vii. 196  
 ———, ix. 38, 164  
 ———, x. 31, 194  
 ———, xii. 146, 360  
 ———, cooling, v. 96  
 for discovery, v. 463  
 ——— why, iii. 82  
 ——— Valetta, viii. 271  
 ——— your spurs, iv. 147  
 force, iii. 16, 85  
 ——— life out backward, v. 173  
 forced, iv. 208  
 ———, xii. 225  
 ——— eyes and teeth, iii. 121  
 forefend, iv. 353  
 forehorses, vi. 484  
 foreign fashions, xiii. 306  
 fore-flap, x. 102  
 fore-right, viii. 295  
 forfeiter, x. 442  
 forget, forgive, vi. 292  
 forks, vi. 20  
 ———, x. 456  
 fortification of rye-paste, vii. 151  
 fortune, xiii. 51  
 Fortunatus, xi. 220  
 Fortune's my foe, i. 270  
 ———, ii. 279  
 ——— visage, iv. 296  
 foster child, ix. 491  
 foul-mouth, ix. 116  
 found, ix. 322  
 ———, xii. 261  
 founded, ii. 487  
 founders, ii. 8, 95, 259  
 ———, iii. 264  
 founds, vi. 215  
 four a piece, iii. 432  
 Four Prentices of London, i. 236,  
 238  
 fox, viii. 442  
 ———, ix. 205  
 ———, xi. 471  
 ———, xii. 228  
 foxed, ix. 432  
 foxes, iv. 156  
 foyzon, xiii. 122  
 frails, x. 430  
 frampal, xiii. 81  
 frampel, xi. 325  
 Frankfort mart, ix. 485

frater, iii. 119  
 fraught, iv. 139  
 frayed, xiv. 167  
 fretted, x. 92  
 fried, ii. 111  
 frightened, iv. 145  
 fripperies, xii. 485  
 frippery, ii. 50  
 ———, v. 326  
 froes, xi. 367  
 from, ii. 193  
 — me, viii. 260  
 fucus, iii. 31  
 fucuses, x. 66  
 fumers, xi. 112  
 funeral banquets, i. 73  
 fumble with the sheets, iii. 312  
 furbish, ii. 343  
 furies, vi. 429  
 —, xii. 425  
 furnity, vi. 24  
 ———, ix. 107  
 furred gowns, viii. 315  
 fury more than madness, iv. 91  
 fy, v. 206  
 fychock, ii. 24

## G

gage, iii. 171  
 gain the spurs, iv. 147  
 gainful, v. 501  
 Galileo, xii. 420  
 galingale, vii. 158  
 gallants dress, xi. 406  
 Gallen Gallinaceus, viii. 236  
 galleries in theatres, viii. 30  
 ———, xiii. 40  
 galleyfoist, i. 266  
 ———, ii. 157  
 ———, viii. 236  
 gally gaskins, v. 458  
 galliard, iii. 468  
 ———, v. 355  
 ———, x. 302  
 ———, xiv. 271, 342  
 gallimaufry, ix. 439

galoshio, iv. 337  
 gambril'd, iv. 331  
 Game of Chess, ii. 415  
 gardage, xii. 356  
 Gargantua's caldron, ix. 479  
 gaskins, i. 180  
 gastered, xi. 307  
 gathered, viii. 273  
 gaudes, v. 293  
 gauntlet, xii. 169, 170  
 geer, vii. 58  
 — will cotton, vi. 525  
 Geneva, xii. 467, 468  
 general, iv. 142  
 gent., xi. 30  
 gentle, v. 419  
 ———, xii. 413  
 ———, xiii. 58, 337  
 gentleman-like humour, iv. 222  
 ——— of the first house, v. 350  
 ———, ix. 286  
 Gerard, Balthazar, v. 302  
 German, i. 215  
 ——— health, i. 8  
 gewgaudes, v. 293  
 gibship, ii. 239  
 gilded, v. 92  
 Gillian, vii. 59  
 gime, i. 49  
 gin, ii. 285  
 —, x. 445  
 —, xiii. 183  
 gingle-boy, xii. 404  
 girdle, iv. 254  
 girdle-stead, i. 72  
 give a head for the washing, xi.  
 472  
 — them line, iii. 236  
 — up, x. 401  
 glad, ii. 362  
 gladder, ii. 47  
 glave, x. 369  
 —, iv. 244  
 gleek, iii. 444  
 glorious, iv. 113  
 ———, v. 236, 482

- glorious, viii. 47  
 ———, xi. 223  
 gloriously, iv. 145  
 glote, iv. 182  
 gloves, i. 160  
 ———, perfumed, x. 84  
 glowing, vii. 383  
 glow-worms, xii. 451  
 go, ii. 155  
 — away yourself, iii. 27  
 — by, Jeronimo, ix. 207  
 — from my window, i. 229  
 ———, v. 279  
 ———, vi. 491  
 go less, v. 319  
 ———, viii. 33  
 ———, xi. 19  
 ———, xii. 483  
 goblins, vi. 330  
 God bless the mark, i. 514  
 Gods, viii. 119  
 God yield you, iii. 319  
 goes less, vii. 17, 63  
 ———, v. 368  
 gog's-bores, vi. 473  
 going less, v. 181  
 golden-thumb, xiii. 201, 285  
 gold nightcap, viii. 394  
 Goletta, ii. 483  
 golls, ix. 31  
 ———, x. 124, 237  
 gom, xiv. 142  
 gone, x. 281  
 good-den, iii. 154  
 ———, xi. 331  
 good fellow, iii. 309  
 — man, iii. 110  
 — woman, xiii. 328  
 go on and get, vi. 29  
 gords, ii. 228  
 Gothic Latin, x. 230  
 grain, nose in, vi. 517  
 grand-guard, xiii. 88  
 grass, xiii. 382  
 gratifies, viii. 420  
 gratuling, iii. 124  
 Grave Maurice, viii. 391  
 grease their gums, iii. 336  
 greased, iv. 247  
 ——— for chewing, iv. 165  
 Great Cham, vii. 111  
 Great Duke, vi. 272  
 great horse, v. 335  
 Greeks, v. 301  
 green eye, xiii. 127  
 Greenland, ix. 481  
 Greenleaves, v. 348  
 ———, vi. 330  
 greet, iv. 412  
 Gresham, Sir Thomas, xi. 271  
 grief of her, v. 391  
 grind with all gusts, iv. 155  
 grindle-tails, vi. 247  
 groat, iv. 276  
 groutnold, i. 194  
 grunter, iii. 125  
 grunting cheat, iii. 206  
 guarded, ix. 511  
 ———, xii. 367  
 guarded coat, vii. 525  
 guards, ii. 148  
 ———, xiv. 89  
 guesses now, v. 455  
 guide, v. 488  
 guilty, x. 195  
 ——— rage xiii. 500  
 Guinever, ii. 239  
 gules, vi. 81  
 gummed, x. 92, 237  
 surgeons, xiii. 236  
 Gustavus Adolphus, iv. 274  
 Guy of Warwick, i. 201  
 ———, v. 162  
 gybes, iii. 117  
 gymmal, iii. 181  
 gyves, iii. 174, 481

## H

- habit, xiii. 370  
 hacked, xi. 361  
 had, ii. 9  
 haggard, ii. 259  
 hail, viii. 36  
 hair, ix. 96



- hair-powder, vi. 333  
 hairs of winter, xiv. 295  
 halfpenny gallery, x. 7  
 hall, i. 118  
 halo, vi. 72  
 haltersack, i. 169  
 ———, xi. 28  
 ———, xii. 183  
 hand, x. 163  
 handle of a fan, xi. 362  
 hands, xii. 89  
 handsel, v. 298  
 hang cleanly, iv. 493  
 hangbies, xi. 226  
 hang her fights out, iv. 394  
 ———, v. 315  
 hang up my picture, viii. 157  
 hangers, ii. 72  
 ———, v. 40  
 hangings, vii. 519  
 haply, iii. 135, 143  
 ———, iv. 83  
 happiness, xiii. 55  
 happy man be his dole, xi. 277  
 hare crossed him, xi. 305  
 harmanbeck, iii. 171  
 harness, i. 233  
 harsers, iv. 164  
 harquebuss, xii. 483  
 Harrow, v. 384  
 Harry-groat, ii. 158  
 ———, v. 332, 361  
 harrying, vi. 45  
 has, iii. 190  
 ha' sense, iv. 343  
 hatched, ii. 400  
 ———, iii. 370  
 ———, iv. 393, 401  
 ———, vi. 81  
 ——— sword, vii. 356  
 hatchments, ii. 171  
 ———, iv. 463  
 ———, vi. 112  
 hate for the bell, v. 328  
 hated, iv. 175  
 bath, iii. 26  
 have the bob, v. 332  
 hawks slipt, ix. 294  
 hazard, v. 490  
 he, vi. 196  
 head-bound, viii. 272  
 ——— for the washing, xi. 472  
 ——— rebuked, xii. 229  
 heads broken at masques, xii.  
 12  
 ——— of maids, ii. 285  
 heap coals upon his head, vi. 324  
 heart's ease, v. 523  
 heat, ii. 375  
 ———, xii. 54  
 heavenliest, iv. 497  
 hedge, iii. 296  
 heir, xi. 319  
 Helicon, vii. 154  
 help, iii. 490  
 ——— me off, iv. 178  
 helped forth, iii. 209  
 her, xiii. 11. 480  
 — age, xi. 419  
 — praises, iv. 373  
 — vice, iv. 6  
 hermaphrodite, i. 216  
 Heroical Epistles, ii. 167  
 herring, iv. 350  
 herself, ix. 59  
 hey for our town, i. 257  
 Hey nonny nonny, iii. 468  
 ———, xiii. 76  
 hey-pass, repass, iii. 470  
 hidden, xiii. 521  
 High and Mighty, vii. 493  
 high-rocked, xiii. 339  
 higher strain, viii. 300  
 hilding, v. 417  
 ———, ix. 99  
 ———, xiii. 80  
 hinder me, xiii. 401  
 hinds, ii. 16  
 hippocras, ii. 146  
 his expression, xi. 448  
 — sister, vii. 75  
 historical shirt, ii. 313



Histriomastix, xiv. 66  
 hit the white, xi. 51  
 Hob, ix. 345  
 hobby-headed rascal, ix. 55  
 hobby-horse, i. 255  
 ———, ix. 346, 348  
 hobs, vi. 520  
 Hock, vii. 103  
 hole in's ear, xi. 424  
 Holinshed, xii. 410  
 Hollock, vii. 103  
 holt, iv. 54  
 holy, vii. 254  
 honest man, xi. 479  
 ———- tongued, viii. 477  
 honesty, iii. 403  
 ———, iv. 316  
 honorificabilitudinitatibus, iv.  
 156  
 honour, vii. 100, 250  
 ——— of ill women, xi. 101  
 honourable, vi. 227  
 hook or crook, ix. 286  
 Hope-on-high Bomby, ix. 347  
 hoped, xi. 282  
 horse-flesh, ix. 324  
 hosts' familiarity, ix. 214  
 ———, xiii. 490  
 hound, ii. 90  
 ———, vi. 509  
 ——— wolf, xii. 91  
 house, xiv. 39  
 housel, ii. 55  
 huffing, iii. 165  
 hug his mind, v. 83  
 huishers, xi. 12  
 hull, x. 233  
 hum, iii. 120  
 ———, xii. 306  
 humanity, xii. 409  
 humoured, vi. 270  
 Humphrey, Duke, xi. 270  
 Hundred Novels, iv. 350  
 hunger, xi. 163  
 huntsup, v. 87, 333  
 ———, vi. 57, 484

hyleg, vii. 211  
 Hymen, x. 226

## J

I, iv. 171  
 I as you, xiii. 405  
 Jack i' th' box, viii. 425  
 ——— clockhouse, ix. 23  
 jack-merlin, xi. 229  
 ——— of beer, ii. 172  
 ———, vii. 149  
 ———, x. 116  
 ——— of straw, x. 314  
 Jack a' Lent, v. 302, 368  
 ———, ix. 56  
 jacks, i. 146  
 Jacob's staff, xii. 409  
 Jane Shore, i. 149  
 jarkman, iii. 117  
 jarks, iii. 117, 118  
 jave, xiii. 78  
 idiocy, trial of, ix. 39  
 jennets, ii. 492  
 ———, v. 311  
 ———, vii. 71  
 jerker, ii. 84  
 Jeronimo, i. 152, 272  
 ———, vii. 107  
 ———, xiv. 315  
 jewel, ix. 366  
 i'feck, xi. 320  
 i'fex, iv. 335  
 jibcrack, v. 350  
 jig, i. 233  
 jigs, ix. 397  
 Jillian of Berry, i. 252  
 ill-bearing, iv. 153  
 ill-mewed, ii. 340  
 imboast, vi. 502  
 imitations, xi. 497  
 immortal squadrons, vii. 309  
 imp, ii. 401, 436  
 ———, v. 198  
 ———, xii. 369  
 impeded, v. 408  
 ———, viii. 39

importance, xi. 210  
 important, i. 57—viii. 145  
 ———, xi. 210  
 importment, xiii. 31  
 imposition, xiii. 35  
 impossible, viii. 433  
 impudent, viii. 90  
 in, ii. 212  
 incision, iii. 471  
 ———, vi. 490  
 inclose, ii. 179  
 in course, xii. 15  
 in cuerpo, xiii. 304  
 indignation, iv. 322  
 inductions, x. 7  
 indued, xi. 62  
 inevitable, xii. 72  
 inform, vii. 173  
 informers, iv. 386  
 in my books, vi. 432  
 ingrant, i. 230  
 ingram, ii. 107  
 inhabited, xii. 318  
 inmew, viii. 293  
 innocent, ii. 28, 453  
 ———, v. 478  
 inquire, ix. 65  
 inspired, v. 68  
 instinct a great matter, xiii. 331  
 intend, iii. 297, 343  
 intended, iii. 322  
 invect, i. 84  
 invincible pies, viii. 137  
 inward, vi. 142  
 ———, xiii. 226  
 inwheel, v. 419  
 join, iv. 440  
 Jove, xiii. 108  
 jovy, x. 336  
 joyful one, v. 449  
 Ireland, no poisonous vermin  
 there, x. 195  
 Irish, ii. 259  
 ———, xi. 230  
 ———, xiv. 105  
 ——— their drinking, ix. 55

Irish rebellion, ix. 68  
 ——— timber, xi. 187  
 iron ages, iv. 393  
 is, ii. 245  
 Isgrim, iii. 168  
 island, viii. 236  
 Island curs, x. 458  
 it, xii. 196  
 Judas' beard, vii. 372  
 ———, viii. 410  
 judge us, iv. 441  
 judgment, v. 134  
 jump, vii. 252  
 ———, xiii. 21  
 Jumping Joan, v. 430  
 Juno's mantle, xiii. 11  
 juries, vi. 429  
 justice, vi. 179  
 juvenem, xi. 279

## K

keep off half a day, ix. 82  
 keeping counsel, xiii. 499  
 keeps, iv. 102  
 keiser, iv. 169  
 kell, x. 234  
 Kelly, Edward, ix. 469  
 kembed, iii. 126  
 ken, iii. 125, 206  
 kept, viii. 210  
 kersened, xi. 325  
 kexes, xii. 245, 439  
 Kilkenny rung, ix. 53  
 kill-cow, vi. 47  
 ———, xiii. 485  
 kill him i' the eye, iii. 414  
 ———, x. 201  
 kimmel, ix. 98  
 kind, x. 48  
 kingdom, xii. 343  
 King Street, iii. 471  
 king's takers, ii. 127  
 kirsome, ix. 97  
 kit, ix. 440  
 kits, v. 327  
 kites, viii. 70

kix, ix. 17  
 knife, vi. 228  
 — in a scabbard, xii. 202  
 knight errant's vows, i. 213  
 knight of the Sun, ii. 192  
 —————, v. 164  
 knight's oath, vii. 534  
 knot-grass, i. 181  
 know, vii. 446, 448  
 known, x. 272  
 knuckle, v. 294

## L

labour in vain, viii. 271  
 Lachrymæ, i. 202  
 —————, vii. 151  
 —————, ix. 219, 480  
 ladies in taverns, ix. 212  
 ladies' favours, iii. 389  
 —————, iv. 261  
 lady of my hair, iv. 282  
 lag, iii. 207  
 laid away, xii. 26  
 lain, x. 37  
 —, xiv. 284  
 Lais, iii. 443  
 lamb-pies, ii. 287  
 lambed, iii. 162  
 Lambstones, Doctor, ix. 494  
 lamming, xi. 236  
 —————, xii. 246  
 lampoon song, v. 14  
 Lancashire, v. 285  
 lance-prisadoe, i. 117  
 lans-prisadoes, vii. 125  
 —————, viii. 314  
 —————, xii. 306  
 Landing of the Spaniards at  
 Mile-end, vi. 489  
 lansket, v. 316  
 lape, ii. 215  
 lare, x. 318  
 larums, v. 195  
 last couple in hell, ii. 265  
 lastly, xii. 42  
 lasts, ii. 397  
 late, x. 37, 197  
 late-land, xi. 249  
 Latin spoken to ghosts, xiv. 35  
 lavolta, i. 231  
 —————, x. 357  
 —————, xi. 441  
 lavoltetere, ix. 440  
 laughing-mother, xii. 186  
 laughing-stake, i. 32  
 lawful, xi. 398  
 lay, xiii. 383  
 laying out, vii. 527  
 lazy, viii. 168  
 leach, vi. 350  
 leaden daggers, v. 159  
 leap a whiting, ii. 9  
 learn to fight, v. 179  
 leaves, i. 208  
 le' be, x. 441  
 leer, viii. 240  
 leers and leerings, vi. 500  
 leese, iv. 82  
 —————, xiv. 384  
 left, xii. 48  
 — naked, ix. 303  
 Legend, ii. 38  
 legers, xi. 265  
 legitimate, xi. 51  
 legs, xi. 46  
 lend me, vi. 271  
 lentensuit, xi. 209  
 l' envoy, ii. 187  
 lerrepoop, xi. 273  
 less, iii. 212  
 let, ii. 451  
 —, iv. 178  
 —, xiv. 330  
 — her, v. 318  
 — him, viii. 423  
 lets, i. 156  
 —, iii. 333  
 —, xiv. 161  
 letters, xiii. 464  
 — of mart, iii. 113  
 —————, xi. 202  
 lettuce-cap, vi. 463  
 levet, viii. 29  
 lewd, vi. 341



- lewd, vii. 188  
 lewdest, v. 361  
 lewdness, xiv. 38  
 licenses, x. 199  
 lie at ladies feet, x. 398  
 lieger, viii. 418  
 light, xii. 14  
 lighted, iii. 336  
 light o' love, vii. 19, 501  
 ———, x. 333  
 ———, xiii. 131, 263  
 light on you, v. 490  
 ——— to heaven, xi. 255  
 like, vi. 140  
 —, viii. 280  
 likes me, x. 23  
 Lilly, xii. 393  
 limbs, xii. 66  
 lin, xiv. 214  
 lined, ix. 254  
 lines, iii. 504  
 lingell, i. 272  
 ———, ix. 349  
 lion, viii. 224  
 lions and princes, iv. 234  
 ———, vii. 539  
 lirripoop, v. 430  
 little breeches, x. 426  
 Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, vi. 502  
 lie, viii. 71  
 liver, iv. 292  
 ———, x. 52  
 liveries, xiv. 18  
 livery, v. 296  
 ———, x. 399  
 ———, xiv. 393  
 lives, xii. 126  
 living, iv. 177  
 ———, iv. 431  
 loads it with, v. 107  
 Lob-lie-by-the-fire, i. 224  
 lock opening with Amen, vii. 526  
 lockram, iii. 314  
 Lombard Jew, iii. 73  
 long sword, ix. 108  
 look, ii. 102  
 —, x. 285  
 look babies in the eyes, v. 382  
 ———, vi. 335,  
 354  
 ———, x. 54  
 looking, iv. 192  
 looking-glass, iii. 143  
 ———, xi. 425  
 ———, at the girdle, ix. 435  
 looseness, iii. 485  
 lop, iv. 46  
 lopeman, vii. 494  
 Lord have mercy, vi. 190  
 Lord of Lorne, vii. 525  
 lose, ix. 194  
 —, x. 296  
 losses, v. 358  
 lost, xii. 283  
 loth to depart, xi. 300, 301  
 lour, iii. 120, 125  
 love and hay, vi. 531  
 love for love, xii. 445  
 lovelock, xi. 424  
 ———, xiv. 243  
 love-philtres, iii. 459  
 loves me better, iv. 454  
 love's safety, viii. 199  
 loving, i. 209  
 low-bell, v. 286  
 lower mess, x. 19  
 lowly worth, iv. 279  
 Lowin, John, x. 248  
 lozenges, xii. 446  
 lucern, iii. 167  
 lucky, iv. 345  
 Lucrece, iv. 370  
 lungies, i. 192  
 lungs, xiii. 379  
 lure, ii. 260  
 —, iv. 376  
 lusty, ii. 331  
 ———, iv. 88



lusty Lawrence, v. 277  
 ———, ix. 221  
 luxuries, xiv. 42  
 Lybean, iii. 460

## M

mad as May butter, vii. 452,  
 454

madcap, ix. 91  
 mad-morris, x. 315.

———, xiii. 379

made, iii. 486

—— 'em, xiii. 362

Madrill, ix. 477

maggot-pate, iii. 318

magic, viii. 470

——- herbs gathered by moon-  
 light, iv. 45

magistrates' posts, xiv. 151

Mahound, ii. 497, 518

mail, x. 237

mailed, xiii. 240

mainhouse jest, xiv. 434

make, xi. 228

—— danger, iii. 457

———, vi. 347

———, vii. 307

———, x. 274

make legs, x. 436

—— stories, x. 467

makers, iii. 339

maker's good, xii. 254

making, v. 326

Mallego, ii. 113

man, iii. 141

——, iv. 405

man-huckster, ii. 405

man in the moon, ii. 256, 496

———, iv. 212

———, x. 358

man whores, ii. 147

manage, x. 163

—— the province, xiv. 304

manchet, ix. 477

man'd, iii. 368

mandrake, ii. 117

mankind, ii. 458

———, vi. 521

———, viii, 456

———, x. 58.

manned, iii. 326

manner, ii. 509

———, ix. 64

march-mad, iv. 149

———, vii. 454

marchpane, i. 79

———, ii. 116, 456

———, iv. 153

———, vi. 24

———, viii. 284

———, ix. 85

Margareta, ii. 424

margery-prates, iii. 206

Mars, xii. 110

martern, iii. 167

martial law, x. 89

Martine, xiii. 179

martines, vi. 172

Mary Ambree, ii. 260

marygold jewel, v. 423

masks at the play, iv. 9

masques, ix. 14

———, x. 398

——— practices there, viii.

173

———, xi. 10

———, xii. 21

———, xiv. 241

Massinger, Philip, x. 29

master, viii. 149

——— of dependancies, xii.

484

mate, xiii. 370

mated, i. 44

———, ii. 458

mattachin, xii. 486

matter, ii. 487

maud, iv. 274

maudlin, vi. 489

maukin, vii. 59

maumet, vi. 233.

maund, iii. 123, 127

- maunder, ii. 455  
 ———, iii. 125  
 ———, xii. 359  
 May, xiii. 60  
 ——— and January, v. 352  
 ——— of blood, iii. 244  
 ——— games, ii. 110  
 ——— lady, xiii. 78  
 ——— lord, i. 254  
 ———, ix. 344  
 ———, xiii. 78  
 ——— pole, i. 150  
 ———, v. 312  
 mazard, ii. 36  
 ———, ix. 307  
 ———, xi. 270  
 mazer, v. 496  
 meach, xi. 234  
 meacock, ii. 29  
 ———, x. 357  
 mean, x. 303  
 ———, xiii. 493  
 means to desire, viii. 473  
 measure, i. 39  
 ———, x. 398  
 ———, xii. 30  
 measures, iv. 144  
 ———, viii. 415  
 meats stolen lawfully, ix. 330  
 meecher, vi. 19  
 meeching, ii. 236  
 meeter, iv. 42  
 Meg, ii. 245  
 ———, iii. 135  
 melancholy fashion, x. 465  
 melting envy, vi. 98  
 memories, ii. 421  
 ———, iii. 439, 475  
 ———, iv. 257  
 men without noses, ix. 88  
 Mephistophilus, viii. 236  
 Mercurius Gallo-belgicus, ix.  
 473, 497  
 mere, iv. 205, 306  
 ———, v. 387  
 ———, vi. 240  
 mere, xiii. 21, 43, 352  
 ———, xiv. 369, 435  
 merely, vii. 450  
 merest, xi. 467  
 merit, x. 118  
 ———, xii. 342  
 merlin, xi. 229  
 mermaid, ii. 143  
 merry Greeks, v. 301  
 Messahalab, vii. 210  
 metheglin, vii. 105  
 Methredatam, i. 166  
 mettle, v. 155  
 ———, xiii. 451  
 metre, xiii. 263  
 mew, iv. 387  
 ———, vii. 112  
 mewed, i. 256  
 ———, iii. 259, 455  
 ———, v. 359  
 ———, x. 267  
 ———, xiii. 373  
 mews, xii. 301  
 michers, ii. 171  
 miching, vii. 452  
 Midsummer night's eve, i. 150,  
 159  
 Mile-end fights, i. 179  
 ———, vi. 489  
 ———, viii. 255  
 Mile-end-green, i. 150, 261  
 mill, iii. 125  
 milling, iii. 207  
 mill-money, ix. 149  
 minche, iii. 131  
 minion, x. 149  
 miniken-breeches, ii. 156  
 minister, vi. 474  
 Mirroure of Knighthood, i. 164  
 misereres, v. 324  
 mis-ken, xiv. 52  
 mister-thing, v. 161  
 mistress, v. 201  
 mitching, x. 201  
 Mithridates, iv. 476  
 ———, vi. 97

- Mithridates, vii. 421  
 moans, ix. 490  
 modern, ii. 203  
 Mogul's breeches, ix. 483  
 Moldavia, i. 239  
 Moll Cutpurse, i. 216  
 Mona, vi. 26  
 money put out on it, x. 89  
 montez, vii. 528  
 mop'd, iii. 479  
 mops, x. 311  
 — and mows, v. 482  
 more the better fare, xi. 354  
 — weaker, iv. 229  
 Morglay, xi. 149  
 Moriscoes, x. 356  
 —, xi. 423  
 Morocco, ix. 497  
 morris, iii. 192  
 —, v. 312  
 —, ix. 346  
 —, x. 315  
 —, xiv. 64  
 morris-dancers, v. 354  
 —————, ix. 239  
 —————, xiii. 77, 78  
 —————, xiv. 337  
 mort, iii. 127  
 mortal, ii. 237  
 mortar, ix. 498  
 most, i. 56  
 —, iv. 97  
 —, vii. 296  
 —, xiii. 336  
 most wicked'st, ix. 334  
 moth i' th' sun, v. 505  
 mother, vii. 42  
 —, xiii. 108, 230  
 motion, ii. 438  
 —, x. 53, 403  
 —, xi. 272  
 —, xii. 247  
 motion-maker, xii. 417  
 motions, ii. 480  
 —, v. 451  
 motley, ii. 71  
 motley, v. 305  
 —, vi. 40  
 —, ix. 41  
 moved, ii. 74  
 moyle, ii. 166  
 muckender, ix. 208  
 muffler, vi. 318  
 —, xiv. 41  
 Mulcaster, i. 157  
 mummy, iv. 304  
 murderer, v. 279  
 —, xi. 237  
 — like the murdered  
 person, x. 243  
 murdering-piece, viii. 87  
 murrain, ii. 218  
 murrains, viii. 180  
 —, xi. 203, 475  
 muscadel, v. 263, 429  
 muse, xiii. 67  
 Musidorus, i. 151  
 must, xii. 227  
 mustard, vii. 365  
 — pot, ix. 312, 363  
 my hazard, v. 25  
 — pardon, iv. 469  
 — rascals, xi. 335
- N
- nab, iii. 125, 171  
 nab cheats, iii. 119, 125  
 names of the Puritans, ix. 347,  
 348  
 napes, ii. 60  
 napkins, iv. 186  
 —, ix. 340  
 naps, viii. 174  
 near, xiii. 350  
 neat, ix. 176  
 neck verse, iv. 240  
 need, xi. 355  
 negative omitted, vii. 50  
 neglect, v. 512  
 neither go to church, nor tarry  
 at home, iii. 404  
 Nelson, ii. 113



- nephews, ix. 503  
 nesh, vi. 83  
 Netherlands, ix. 474  
 nets baited, xi. 111  
 never, viii. 275  
 new leach, vi. 351  
 Newport, battle of, xi. 282  
 nice, xiii. 253  
 nicely, iv. 346  
 niece, ix. 274, 291  
 —, xi. 268  
 nigled, iii. 132  
 nightingale; iv. 115  
 ——— pricking her breast,  
 xiii. 76  
 night-mare, charm against, vi.  
 520  
 night-shade, ix. 44  
 night-snaps, vii. 38  
 nine days in the week, ix. 474  
 Niniveh, xi. 272  
 nipitato, i. 240  
 no flattering rogue, viii. 21  
 no idolatry, i. 107  
 no swords worn by gallants, xii.  
 488  
 no venture is in no hand, vi. 494  
 no villainy, iv. 214  
 ———, xiv. 137  
 noble, ix. 150  
 ———, x. 39  
 noble science, i. 178  
 noise, vi. 177  
 ———, xi. 313  
 ———, xiv. 60  
 ——— of trumpets, xi. 45  
 nonce, vi. 490  
 ———, vii. 49  
 nor ne'er, iii. 454  
 Northern fellow, iv. 274, 275  
 ——— toy, vi. 440  
 not fit his traffick, iii. 411
- O
- O admirantis, v. 183  
 oaths, iv. 477  
 •bservance, viii. 20  
 observed, iii. 17  
 observers, vi. 16  
 occasions, xi. 12  
 o'rdone, xii. 397  
 o'erflown, vii. 71  
 of, xiii. 202  
 of all sides, xi. 112  
 of our side, iii. 400  
 offence, xiii. 137  
 officious, xi. 437  
 often stands, iii. 201  
 oil, v. 136  
 — of Ben, xiv. 150  
 — of devil, iii. 420  
 old, v. 470  
 —, vii. 149  
 on, ii. 149  
 only wicked, xi. 464  
 onslought, vi. 450  
 open, ii. 147  
 — yourself, x. 408  
 opillation, iv. 311  
 opinion, ii. 389  
 ———, iv. 434  
 ———, ix. 379, 452  
 ———, x. 66, 304  
 ———, xii. 287, 324, 375  
 ———, xiii. 95  
 opinions, iii. 259  
 ———, x. 87  
 or, iii. 63  
 Orange, prince of, i. 233  
 ———, v. 302  
 ordeal by fire, iv. 111  
 order, ix. 401  
 ordinaries, vii. 205  
 ———, x. 264  
 ordinary eaters, x. 24  
 orisons, xi. 12  
 Orontes, vi. 27  
 Ostend, v. 281  
 ———, ix. 49  
 ostlers' tricks, i. 194  
 ———, xiii. 319  
 ouches, v. 353  
 ought, viii. 78  
 ourselves, iii. 367



out-breasted, xiii. 141  
 outcry, xiii. 268  
 out-dure, v. 38  
 out-look, viii. 166  
 outsides, viii. 434  
 overdo dangers, vi. 43  
 over-hied, x. 266  
 over-shoot, iv. 224  
 ———, xiii. 340  
 owe, iii. 126  
 ———, iv. 468  
 ———, vi. 247  
 ———, xi. 429  
 ———, xii. 332  
 owed, ii. 166  
 Owl, ii. 167  
 owl a baker's daughter, iv. 317  
 own love, i. 269  
 ow'st, xiii. 14

## P

pace, xii. 392  
 packed, iii. 317  
 pads, iii. 27, 171  
 pagan, xiv. 211  
 pagans, ix. 215  
 paid down, xiii. 165  
 pained hose, x. 16, 73  
 ———, xi. 344  
 painful, xi. 392  
 painters, iv. 167  
 pair of cards, vii. 351  
 palate's down, iv. 189  
 palliard, iii. 118  
 ———, vi. 450  
 palling, vii. 147  
 palm tree, v. 107  
 Palmerin, ii. 485  
 ——— of England, i. 163,  
 165  
 ——— d'Oliva, i. 163, 164,  
 215  
 palter, xii. 406  
 pampered jades of Asia, ix. 16,  
 348  
 Pan, iv. 22  
 Pandarus, xi. 98  
 panes, xii. 468  
 pantables, i. 72  
 ———, xi. 207  
 ———, iv. 272  
 pantofles, iii. 301  
 parallel, v. 112  
 paramentos, xiii. 305  
 parcel, xii. 462  
 ———, xiii. 120  
 ——— bawd, ix. 138  
 ——— drunk, vii. 89  
 ——— lawyer, x. 29  
 ——— prayer-book, x. 307  
 ——— salt, ix. 86  
 ——— valiant, iv. 330  
 parcels, v. 153, 284  
 ———, x. 230  
 Paris garden, xiii. 213  
 paritor, iii. 341  
 parlous, ix. 274  
 part, ix. 323  
 partage, ix. 452  
 partaking, i. 41  
 parted, iii. 368  
 partizan, vi. 28  
 partlets, viii. 266  
 party, vii. 531  
 Pasquil, iv. 445  
 Pasquil's Madcap, iv. 350  
 passion, vi. 548  
 ———, xiii. 216  
 passionate, ii. 44  
 ———, iii. 8, 28  
 ———, iv. 267  
 paste, xiv. 149  
 pasterns, vii. 26  
 patch, x. 346  
 patches, ix. 254  
 ———, xii. 446  
 patrico, iii. 118  
 patron, v. 126  
 ——— of true patience, xiv. 21  
 paven, iv. 186  
 pay, vii. 73  
 ——— of soldiers, vi. 309

- pay of soldiers, ix. 474  
 payed, xii. 278  
 peace, xiii. 83.  
 pead on, xii. 357  
 pea-goose, v. 163  
 ———, vii. 307  
 pearl of Spain, iii. 465  
 peas, xii. 185  
 peat, viii. 149  
 pedigree, ix. 176  
 pedlar's French, i. 22  
 pee, viii. 408  
 Peeter, vii. 105  
 ———, xiv. 451  
 Pelion, x. 227  
 pelting, iii. 179  
 ———, v. 424  
 ———, vi. 190  
 ———, xiii. 51  
 Pembroke, earl of, xii. 21  
 Penelope, v. 309  
 penner, xiii. 84  
 penny-posies, ii. 170  
 perdie, ii. 205  
 perdue, v. 161, 290  
 ———, vi. 268  
 perdues, xii. 146  
 perfect, iv. 164  
 ——— object, vi. 466  
 performance, xi. 340  
 perfumed gloves, x. 84  
 ——— steeple, xiii. 207  
 peril, vi. 30  
 perished, xi. 152  
 perjured, iv. 65  
 perk, iii. 149  
 persever, vii. 321  
 ———, xiii. 522  
 perspicil, i. 123  
 persuade, i. 16  
 pestle of a portague, vii. 364  
 petar, viii. 66  
 ———, ix. 422  
 petronel, viii. 387  
 Petruccio, v. 258  
 Phalaris, xii. 193  
 pheers, xiii. 125  
 Philip, xiv. 173  
 Philip and cheyney, xi. 289  
 philomels, xiii. 140  
 physicians' footcloths, xii. 367  
 pickadel, v. 439  
 picking, ix. 69  
 picks, vi. 431  
 piece, iii. 500  
 pieces, iii. 184  
 pies filled with moss and stones,  
 x. 19  
 pig, iii. 152  
 pike in't, ix. 177  
 pilchers, ii. 69  
 ———, iii. 179  
 ———, vi. 48  
 pink, iv. 154  
 ———, v. 315  
 ———, x. 429  
 ———, xii. 463  
 pinked, iv. 225  
 pinned, xi. 323  
 Pisa beard, x. 426, 428  
 pissing conduit, ix. 282  
 pistol, iii. 463  
 pit, ii. 127  
 pitfall, iii. 426  
 pity, vi. 461  
 ———, ix. 45, 164  
 plackets, iii. 467  
 ———, v. 321  
 plague, v. 129, 345  
 plane, xiii. 61  
 plantain, xiii. 22  
 plates, ii. 440  
 platform on the stage, v. 70  
 platique aspect, vii. 211  
 play at sharp, xiv. 423  
 played his prize, iii. 493  
 players and puritans, v. 330  
 ———, xi. 47  
 play-pheers, xiii. 118  
 pleasing age, iv. 37  
 pliant, ix. 246  
 plot, vii. 483

- pluck down a side, xii. 36  
 plumb, v. 497  
 plumb-porridge, ix. 324  
 plumed, iv. 464  
 plump, viii. 66  
 Plumpton-Park, ix. 190  
 plurisy, ii. 307  
 ———, xiii. 123  
 poesies for chimnies, x. 87  
 poesy, i. 273  
 point, v. 375  
 ———, vii. 20  
 ———, xi. 414, 426  
 points, i. 233  
 ———, v. 369  
 poise, ii. 25  
 poison, x. 195  
 poisoning scenes, iv. 475  
 ———, viii. 223  
 poisure, ii. 17  
 poking sticks, vi. 484  
 pollard, x. 236  
 polled, xiii. 124  
 pomander, v. 387  
 ———, viii. 266  
 ———, xi. 238  
 ———, xii. 409  
 pompillion, xii. 336  
 Poor-John, viii. 416  
 ———, xiii. 432  
 port, v. 418  
 ———, xiii. 120  
 Port Esquiline, vii. 278  
 portague, vii. 364  
 porter's lodge, xii. 480  
 ———, xiii. 287  
 portigues, ii. 512  
 pose, vii. 105  
 possessed, i. 99  
 ———, ix. 95, 451  
 ———, xi. 166  
 ———, xiv. 283  
 possession, v. 374  
 post, xi. 216  
 pot, vi. 457  
 pot-vertigo, ii. 168  
 potargo, vii. 412  
 potatoe, vi. 351  
 ———, vii. 389  
 ———, pie, viii. 394  
 pot-birds, v. 514  
 potgun, ii. 241  
 ———, viii. 359  
 pottage, ix. 186  
 poultier, x. 233  
 pouncings, ii. 60  
 ———, viii. 288  
 powdered, ii. 160  
 ———, vi. 384  
 ———, viii. 273, 288  
 powder in the hair, vi. 333  
 powdering tub, x. 25  
 power, vi. 267  
 pox, ii. 345  
 practice, iii. 105  
 ———, iv. 442  
 ———, vii. 84, 137, 23  
 ———, viii. 68, 306  
 practices, i. 128  
 Pragmatical Corantos, ix. 473  
 prancers, iii. 219  
 prancer's nab, iii. 118  
 prayers backward, v. 304, 363  
 prease, iv. 10  
 precipitance, xiii. 14  
 prefer, xiii. 532  
 pregnancy, xi. 168  
 presence, ii. 442  
 ———, vii. 291, 447  
 ———, x. 23, 368, 404  
 present, vii. 323  
 presently, xiv. 263  
 preserve, vi. 170  
 press, i. 28  
 ———, xiii. 470  
 prest, i. 189  
 ———, x. 364  
 Prester John, vii. 539  
 preuns, iv. 233  
 prevent, v. 261, 508  
 ———, xiii. 322  
 prevented, vii. 170, 481



prices at theatres, iv. 9  
 \_\_\_\_\_, x. 7  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xii. 104, 223  
 prick, iv. 134  
 pricked, xiv. 168  
 pricket, i. 256  
 prickant, i. 189  
 pricking, i. 167  
 \_\_\_\_\_, iii. 391  
 prick-song, xiii. 76  
 prig, iii. 99  
 priggers of prancers, iii. 219  
 prime, ix. 83  
 primero, ii. 185  
 \_\_\_\_\_, iv. 273  
 prince, vi. 153  
 private, viii. 168  
 \_\_\_\_\_ benefits, vi. 189  
 \_\_\_\_\_ house, iv. 338  
 proceed to incision, vi. 490  
 proceedings, xiv. 247  
 procreant, xii. 344  
 Procrustes, xii. 193  
 prodigious, i. 34  
 \_\_\_\_\_, iv. 479  
 prognostications, ii. 42  
 progress, xiii. 432  
 \_\_\_\_\_ block, xi. 338  
 prologues, iii. 360  
 proof, vii. 35  
 \_\_\_\_\_ arms, iii. 398  
 prop, iii. 127  
 proper, x. 344  
 properties, viii. 24  
 \_\_\_\_\_, x. 340  
 property, xiii. 436  
 prophecy, xiv. 263  
 proscription, iv. 487  
 Prosutagus, vi. 7  
 proud Erotas, iii. 7  
 provant, vii. 26  
 \_\_\_\_\_, viii. 404  
 \_\_\_\_\_ swords, xii. 476  
 province, xii. 276  
 proving, iii. 500  
 prunes, ix. 170

puck-fist, ii. 297  
 puck-foist, xiii. 322  
 puke, xii. 152  
 pullen, ii. 248  
 pump and pantofle, x. 16  
 pumphose, v. 458  
 puppets, ii. 32  
 purchase, i. 20  
 \_\_\_\_\_, v. 65, 432  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vi. 122  
 \_\_\_\_\_, vii. 21  
 \_\_\_\_\_, viii. 456  
 \_\_\_\_\_, ix. 44  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xi. 310  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xii. 336, 363  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xiv. 7, 8, 169  
 pure, ii. 318  
 purple, v. 335  
 Puritans, v. 312, 330  
 \_\_\_\_\_, ix. 324, 346  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xi. 47  
 purled, vii. 356  
 purpose, vi. 179  
 purse, ii. 147  
 purveyors, iii. 127  
 put off, iii. 177  
 put on, iii. 132  
 Pythagoreans, xiii. 524

## Q

quailed, iii. 16  
 qualities, xi. 449  
 quality, iii. 170  
 \_\_\_\_\_, viii. 404  
 qualmish, ix. 199  
 quarrel, iv. 304  
 quarrels for dress, iv. 307  
 quarried, vii. 229  
 quarries, viii. 389  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xi. 103  
 quarrons, iii. 119, 125  
 quarry, vii. 71  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xiii. 361  
 \_\_\_\_\_, xiv. 422  
 quarters, ii. 167  
 \_\_\_\_\_, iv. 322



- quarters, v. 195  
 quartile aspect, vii. 211  
 Queen Dido, vi. 32  
 ———, ix. 189  
 Queen Elcanor, i. 147  
 Queenhithe cold, vi. 501  
 queercuffin, iii. 171  
 querpo, viii. 402  
 querry, vii. 528  
 question you, xiv. 256  
 questioned, xi. 319  
 quick, iv. 303  
 ———, x. 213  
 quiddit, iii. 246, 313  
 quillets, v. 351  
 quit, iii. 86  
 ———, iv. 190, 243  
 ——— vii. 400  
 ———, viii. 280, 378  
 quite, xiii. 144  
 quitted, xi. 304  
 quorum, ii. 160  
 quote, v. 352  
 ———, x. 62  
 quotquean, viii. 412
- R
- rabbet-sucker, xi. 313  
 race, iv. 123  
 ———, viii. 11  
 rack, iii. 156  
 ———, iv. 131  
 ———, v. 169  
 ———, vi. 12  
 ———, ix. 353  
 ———, xi. 47  
 rag, ix. 215  
 rails, iv. 342  
 rake, vii. 62  
 rakers, viii. 36  
 rampallions, xi. 173  
 ramson, iv. 46  
 rands, x. 359  
 rank, v. 438  
 rap, vi. 186  
 rascal, i. 256  
 rascal, iii. 214  
 ———, x. 201  
 rash repentance, iv. 276  
 rat, xi. 352  
 Ravenscroft, ix. 313  
 ravin, xiii. 288  
 reach, ii. 507  
 ———, xii. 111  
 reaching, x. 101  
 ready, x. 175  
 rearily, xiii. 105  
 rebecks, i. 174  
 rebel tongue, ix. 52  
 received, x. 88  
 ———, xi. 66  
 reclaimed, xii. 367  
 reconciliation, xiii. 189  
 record, iv. 392  
 ———, v. 514  
 ———, vi. 487  
 ———, xiii. 126  
 recorder, xi. 402  
 ———, xii. 362  
 recorders, v. 193  
 ———, vi. 63  
 ———, xiv. 93  
 recreant, v. 319  
 recreate, x. 148  
 red beard, vii. 372  
 ———, viii. 410  
 red breeches, v. 130  
 ———, x. 38  
 Red Bull, i. 235  
 ———, xi. 297  
 red-haired, viii. 426  
 red lattice, x. 419  
 red-rogue, iv. 250  
 red-shank, iii. 125  
 red-tops, ii. 188  
 redeem, vi. 64  
 redounded, iv. 332  
 regiment, xiii. 119  
 reign, v. 357  
 reject, viii. 261  
 relations, terms for, ix. 274, 291  
 religion, v. 377

- religion, x. 74  
 remember, ii. 249  
 remorse, vii. 284  
 repent, xii. 108  
 reputation, iv. 183  
 resolve, i. 57, 99  
 ———, ii. 314  
 ———, xii. 49, 158  
 resolved, iii. 66  
 ———, viii. 267, 317  
 ———, x. 175  
 ———, xii. 293, 349  
 resolute, xii. 68  
 respectively, v. 163  
 respects, x. 90  
 rest, ii. 185  
 ———, vii. 17, 32  
 ———, xiv. 434  
 rest is up, ii. 185  
 ———, v. 274  
 ———, vi. 283, 527  
 ———, vii. 17  
 ———, ix. 372  
 ———, xii. 483  
 resty, xii. 54  
 retire, iii. 9  
 return, xi. 359  
 reverence, x. 88  
 rheumatic, iv. 286  
 rhyme, xiv. 351  
 ribbands in the hair, ii. 223  
 Rice-ap-Thomas, iv. 180  
 ride the wild mare, i. 175  
 ———, v. 309  
 rigel, ix. 309  
 right, viii. 428  
 rights, iii. 214  
 ring, iv. 249  
 ——— a peal, xii. 404  
 ——— backwards, ix. 238  
 ———, xiv. 109  
 ringing, iii. 478  
 ring'st, vii. 194  
 ring-tail, x. 234  
 ripper, iii. 206  
 ———, vii. 527  
 roads, iii. 369  
 roast-meat, vi. 483  
 rocked, xii. 221, 320  
 rogers, iii. 206  
 rogue, ii. 252  
 ———, xi. 487  
 Rome, xi. 39  
 rome-pad, iii. 125  
 ropery, vii. 61  
 rosa-solis, ii. 224  
 rosemary, i. 258  
 ———, v. 259, 526  
 ———, xii. 434  
 rose-nobles, x. 233  
 Rose of England, vi. 489  
 roses, v. 326  
 ———, xi. 406  
 ——— on the shoes, i. 72  
 Rosiclear, i. 48, 164, 214  
 ———, v. 164  
 ———, x. 235  
 rounds, iv. 37  
 rouse, v. 377, 378, 433  
 ———, viii. 178, 331  
 Rowe, Nicholas, x. 409  
 rowelled, ii. 208  
 Rowland, v. 297  
 royal hire, xiii. 243  
 ——— piece, vi. 144  
 rubrick, xiv. 300  
 rubs, ii. 24  
 ——— on, xii. 475  
 ruffin, iii. 171  
 ruffle, ii. 119  
 ruffled, v. 106  
 ruffmans; iii. 171  
 ruff-peck, iii. 119  
 rug, xiv. 105  
 ——— gowns, viii. 457  
 Rumnillo, ii. 18  
 rumour, iv. 435  
 rumours, ix. 136  
 run at a ring, v. 264  
 ——— division, ix. 483  
 ——— i' th' wheel, vii. 250  
 ——— with their rages, xi. 453

rundlets, v. 357  
 rung, ix. 53  
 running, iii. 417  
 ——— footman, i. 194  
 runs, ii. 117  
 ———, xiv. 450  
 rush-ring, iv. 37  
 rushes, iv. 410  
 ———, ix. 86  
 ———; xiii. 38  
 Russian lieger, viii. 419  
 rutter, ii. 297, 339  
 ———, v. 293  
 rybabalde, vi. 452

## S

sack, ii. 502  
 ———, vi. 474, 475  
 ——— burnt, ix. 21  
 ——— and sugar, vi. 477  
 ———, x. 364  
 sad, iv. 225  
 ———, v. 13  
 ———, viii. 434  
 ———, x. 298  
 ———, xiii. 229  
 sadly, ix. 462  
 ———, x. 241  
 sadness, xiv. 215  
 safe, vi. 266  
 safeguard, vii. 465  
 safety, iii. 72  
 ———, v. 300  
 ———, xii. 91  
 saffron, v. 412  
 ——— porridge, ix. 321  
 sailing cedar, iv. 413  
 ———, xiii. 442  
 sail-stretched wings, vii. 269  
 Saint Albans, ii. 75  
 ——— Bel Swagger, ii. 56  
 ——— Dennis, vii. 388  
 ——— Dunstan, v. 286  
 ——— Dunstan's, vi. 477  
 ——— Faith, i. 260  
 ——— George, vi. 520

Saint George at Kingston, v. 278  
 ——— Nicholas, vi. 345  
 ——— Paul's, ii. 35  
 saliant, vii. 93  
 sallads, vii. 66  
 salmon, iii. 171  
 salt, ix. 86  
 ———, to sit below the, x. 19  
 salute, ii. 517  
 salvage, viii. 432  
 same, i. 90  
 San Elmo, iii. 156  
 sance-bells, iv. 155  
 Sardinia, xiii. 309  
 satisfied, ii. 145  
 saucer, iv. 251  
 sauce-bell, xiv. 61  
 saving, ii. 497  
 ——— antidote, vii. 315  
 say, i. 247  
 ———, x. 200  
 ——— up, iii. 120  
 scale, xiii. 247  
 scaled, vii. 128  
 scallion-faced, viii. 404  
 scarabs, xiii. 296, 478  
 scarf, iv. 261  
 ———, vi. 294  
 scarfs, xi. 308  
 sceme, x. 248  
 Sceva, v. 50  
 scenes in theatres, i. 202  
 school of virtue, xii. 467  
 sconce, ii. 252  
 ———, vi. 501  
 scorned recompence, iv. 91  
 Scotch tailors, ix. 475  
 scotched, i. 222  
 scue, iii. 119  
 scuse, iii. 132  
 sea-breach, v. 390  
 sea-card, vii. 35  
 sea-coal, vii. 106  
 ———, ix. 510  
 seal, viii. 292  
 ——— it with my service, vi. 399



- sear, ii. 58  
 seared, v. 133  
 searches, vii. 66  
 seat me, iii. 174  
 Sebastian, king, xi. 282  
 seconds fight in duels, v. 152  
 —————, vi. 225  
 —————, xi. 222  
 —————, xiii. 466  
 secretary, vii. 199  
 Sedgely curse, v. 392  
 see man, xi. 463  
 seeds, v. 40  
 seek, ii. 348  
 seeled, x. 234  
 seer, vi. 461  
 seers, iv. 10  
 send, ii. 313  
 serjeant of the bears, vii. 524  
 serious working plots, x. 12  
 servant, ii. 263, 454  
 —————, iii. 5, 93  
 —————, v. 196, 405  
 —————, vi. 274, 277, 435  
 —————, vii. 452, 469  
 —————, ix. 152, 255  
 —————, xiv. 293  
 servants, vi. 355  
 serve up the liveries, xiv. 18  
 ——— sure, v. 311  
 service, ii. 193  
 servulating, xii. 396  
 set, xi. 317  
 —, xii. 33, 91  
 — people, viii. 174  
 — up a rest, ii. 185  
 —————, vi. 189  
 —————, vii. 17, 24  
 —————, xiv. 434  
 Seven Sleepers, iii. 130  
 sexes, ii. 308  
 sextile aspect, vii. 214  
 shadows, iii. 129  
 shaker, iv. 249  
 shaking, vii. 147  
 shaking the sheets, vi. 46  
 shame, ii. 420  
 shape, i. 115  
 ———, xiii. 371  
 shapes, vii. 109  
 sharp, xiv. 423  
 ——— beards, x. 426  
 shaums, i. 152  
 she-Dunkirk, xii. 454  
 sheerly, iv. 257  
 shells grow to walls, iv. 378  
 shent, ix. 115  
 sherry-sack, ix. 186  
 shift herself, iv. 302  
 shirt, xiv. 315  
 ———, historical, ii. 313  
 ———, v. 20  
 shogg off, ix. 43  
 shop-keepers' signs, ix. 429  
 short-cloaked, x. 16  
 short pained hose, x. 16  
 shotten, ix. 298  
 ——— souled, ii. 69  
 Shrove Tuesday bird, iv. 323  
 sibbe, xiii. 23  
 Sickman's salve, x. 198  
 sigh, x. 332  
 siking, xii. 357  
 silk-stockings, v. 320, 353  
 ———, x. 85  
 silver slumbers, vi. 397  
 ——— sound, iv. 185  
 ———, vi. 114  
 ———, x. 235  
 simming, ix. 95  
 simper, xiii. 476  
 sing his pain, iv. 474  
 Sinis, ii. 286  
 Sinon, v. 301  
 sinque-apace, viii. 195  
 sipt, xiii. 70  
 sir, ii. 151  
 —, v. 486  
 —, vi. 535  
 Sir Dagonet, i. 236  
 Sir Guy, i. 201  
 ———, v. 162



- Sir Huon, iv. 156  
 sirrah, iii. 416  
 —, viii. 268  
 —, xi. 299  
 sirs, ix. 87  
 —, x. 209  
 sixpence, a price at shows, iv. 279  
 sizes, ii. 71  
 skew'd at, vi. 306  
 skills, ii. 311  
 — not, v. 123  
 —, viii. 423  
 —, xiii. 422  
 skink, viii. 314  
 skir, viii. 417  
 skull, iii. 461  
 slade, iii. 119  
 slates, iii. 171  
 sleeve, xiii. 79  
 sledge, ii. 248  
 sleep'st, vii. 195  
 slipt like hawks, ix. 294  
 slops, ii. 148  
 —, iv. 159, 203  
 —, v. 458  
 —, ix. 483  
 slow, iv. 227  
 slubberdegullion, ii. 297  
 smocks with cutworks, ii. 133  
 —, xi. 113  
 snails, xi. 355  
 snap, v. 481  
 —, vii. 38  
 snap-haunces, ix. 323  
 sneered, xiii. 319  
 snickup, i. 179, 211  
 snigled, xii. 300  
 snow, eternal, vi. 67  
 snuff, v. 467  
 snuffed at, x. 320  
 snuffing, ii. 374  
 so, vii. 439  
 —, ix. 224  
 soberness, v. 261  
 soldiers' paid by the long month, viii. 162  
 —, ix. 474  
 somersault, v. 331  
 something worthy' deed, v. 437  
 songs, vii. 44  
 sops, xii. 450  
 sorrel sops, vi. 476  
 sorry yet, iii. 469  
 sort, i. 265  
 —, iii. 123  
 —, iv. 71  
 —, vi. 404  
 —, vii. 511  
 sought it, iv. 90  
 sought to, iv. 372  
 soul, v. 377  
 souls, vi. 320  
 —, xii. 358  
 sounder, iii. 168  
 —, xiv. 450  
 souse, iv. 338  
 —, v. 292  
 —, vii. 513  
 sow of lead, v. 351  
 sowter, iv. 168  
 —, vii. 248  
 —, ix. 349  
 spade, ix. 206  
 Spanish jennets, ii. 492  
 —, iv. 444, 492  
 —, v. 311  
 —, vii. 71  
 —, xii. 279  
 Spanish Tragedy, vii. 107  
 span-new, v. 61  
 sparkle, iii. 374  
 sparkled, vi. 290  
 sparkling, vi. 68  
 sparrow-hawk, ii. 40  
 spectators on the stage, i. 146  
 —, x. 23  
 spells, ii. 375  
 — of pity, xi. 117

- spiced, iv. 193  
 —, vii. 51  
 Spinola, v. 280  
 spittle, v. 182  
 spleen, i. 37  
 —, ix. 284  
 —, xii. 326  
 —, xiii. 75  
 spotted with copper, x. 232  
 springal, iii. 52  
 —, x. 430  
 springald, i. 191  
 Spring-garden, xi. 16  
 springs, vii. 325  
 — of pork, vii. 248  
 spur-ryals, ii. 142  
 —, v. 294  
 spurs and rapiers, ix. 429  
 square, vi. 50  
 squelched, iv. 344  
 Squire of Dames, vi. 424  
 — Damsels, i. 188  
 — low degree, i. 49  
 —, v. 165  
 squirrels' teeth brown, iv. 21  
 stabbing the arms, iii. 471  
 staff, v. 277  
 stage directions, ii. 294, 296,  
 315, 323  
 —, iii. 289, 311,  
 459  
 —, ix. 42  
 —, xi. 301  
 stage, gallants sitting on, i. 145  
 —, x. 232  
 stagge, x. 176  
 staggers, iv. 149  
 staid, vi. 473  
 staining, vii. 40  
 stale, ii. 337, 351  
 —, x. 380  
 —, xiii. 347  
 stales, iii. 413  
 —, v. 199  
 stall, iii. 171  
 stall-fish, ii. 462  
 stammel, v. 129  
 —, x. 83  
 stamp, xiv. 153  
 stampers, iii. 118  
 stand fair, viii. 448  
 stander-grass, iv. 47  
 standing creatures, xi. 208  
 stands, iii. 201  
 staple, ii. 116  
 star chambers, vii. 365  
 starched in print, xiv. 68  
 stark, iii. 145  
 stars of Rome, vi. 12  
 start me, iii. 193  
 startups, iv. 58  
 state, ii. 7, 397  
 —, iii. 363, 372  
 —, v. 167, 347, 431  
 —, vii. 244, 298, 514, 533  
 —, viii. 157  
 —, ix. 280  
 —, xii. 322  
 —, xiv. 262  
 stated, vii. 485  
 state it, iv. 202, 232  
 state-ward, vii. 193  
 states, iii. 116, 318  
 —, vi. 376  
 —, vii. 473  
 statist, iii. 32  
 statute, vii. 445  
 staved, viii. 354  
 staving, v. 434  
 stay, vii. 185  
 — him, iv. 202  
 — thee, xiv. 254  
 steal'st, iii. 342  
 steeple-top, iii. 402  
 steward's chain, viii. 394  
 —, xiii. 432  
 stews licensed, x. 199  
 — subject to martial law,  
 89  
 stick, v. 316  
 sticke, iv. 422

- stickle-bags, xi. 356  
 stickler, ix. 424  
 stiletto in the codpiece, x. 456  
 ----- beards, xi. 456  
 stillatory, i. 108  
*stilo novo*, v. 379  
 stinger, ii. 77  
 stitch, ix. 171  
 stitches, vi. 448  
 stiver, ii. 173  
 stock, viii. 442  
 stock, long, x. 16  
 stockings embroidered, v. 353  
 -----, emblems of secrecy,  
     v. 320  
 stood breaches, i. 37  
 stoop, i. 266  
 -----, iii. 375  
 -----, vi. 273  
 -----, xiii. 366, 369, 495  
 stoops, ii. 99  
 -----, iii. 455  
 storm, xi. 217  
 story, iv. 166  
 -----, xii. 432  
 stow, iii. 128  
 stowed, viii. 31  
 strach, ii. 287  
 strake, xii. 140  
 strange, ii. 417  
 ----- passion, i. 159  
 strappado, ii. 356  
 strike, iii. 171  
 ----- a piece of wine, vi. 547  
 striker, v. 331  
 stringer, i. 158  
 stript, xi. 145  
 strommel, iii. 171  
 strong, ii. 418  
 -----, iv. 169  
 structures, vi. 543  
 studies, xi. 23  
 study, viii. 248  
 Stukely, xi. 282  
 stupe, xiii. 449  
 sty, iv. 249  
 sty, xiii. 420  
 style, vii. 231  
 -----, viii. 12  
 subscription, ix. 116  
 subtlest, ii. 419  
 suburban, i. 57  
 suburb ladies, xi. 208  
 suburbs, v. 372  
 -----, vi. 446  
 -----, viii. 164  
 -----, x. 309  
 successary, iii. 12  
 succession, x. 147  
 suckets, v. 135  
 -----, vii. 421  
 sued out his livery, v. 296  
 suffering ballads, iv. 333  
 suffers, xii. 278  
 sufficient, vii. 99  
 summed, ii. 74  
 summer, iv. 395  
 sumpters, vii. 527  
 -----, xi. 488  
 suns of light, iv. 417  
 surcingle, x. 237  
 surdiny, viii. 403  
 sure, iii. 140  
 surely, iii. 107  
 surfeits, ii. 207  
 surquedry, vi. 513  
 -----, x. 317  
 swabber, v. 326  
 swaddle, ix. 170  
 swap, iv. 311  
 swarth, xiii. 108  
 swarty, vi. 61  
 swash buckler, i. 19  
 -----, vii. 231  
 sweat, v. 415  
 Sweating Sickness, xi. 179  
 sweating tub, i. 224  
 -----, vi. 21  
 -----, viii. 63  
 sweep your mouth, v. 354  
 sweet-breasted, viii. 425  
 Sweet Islands, ii. 460



swinge, xii. 369  
 Switzers, vii. 480  
 swoop, iii. 174, 205  
 swordmen, xii. 223  
 swounded, xiv. 24, 50  
 synnet, viii. 367  
 syringe, ii. 339

## T

table, ii. 355  
 —, iv. 308  
 —, viii. 422  
 tables, ii. 81, 163  
 table-books, vi. 25  
 —, x. 7, 67  
 —, xii. 481  
 —, xiii. 462  
 taintures, xii. 273  
 take me with you, i. 162  
 —, v. 212  
 take up, xiii. 422  
 taken in the manner, ii. 509  
 taking, v. 89  
 tale, i. 45  
 tales, iv. 426  
 tall, iii. 382, 399  
 —, v. 58, 131  
 —, vii. 351, 391  
 —, ix. 31, 151  
 —, xi. 188, 474  
 —, xii. 228  
 tally, ix. 173  
 talons, ix. 30  
 tame, xii. 213  
 tang, iii. 366  
 —, ix. 440  
 Taranes, vi. 59  
 Tarmont, vii. 71  
 Tartarian, i. 203  
 task, v. 37  
 —, vi. 209  
 —, vii. 218  
 —, xiii. 369  
 tassel, vi. 277  
 Tasso, vii. 367  
 taudry-lace, iv. 84

taught'st, xi. 16  
 tautologies, iii. 487  
 taverns, x. 419  
 taxes, i. 153  
 Taylor, Joseph, x. 248  
 —, John, xiv. 68  
 T. beard, x. 426, 456  
 teachers, xii. 53  
 teer, ii. 187  
 teeth, viii. 157  
 teeth hung up at a barber's, ix.  
 74  
 tell ten, ix. 39  
 —, xiii. 82  
 temperate, xii. 315  
 ten bones, v. 290  
 —, vi. 505  
 —, ix. 44  
 ten crown ordinary, x. 264  
 tenements, ii. 14  
 tenter, v. 137  
 Terence, ii. 165  
 Termagant, ii. 518  
 —, xii. 220  
 —, xiv. 19  
 termers, xi. 265  
 Ternata, vi. 138  
 tester, ii. 152  
 tettish, ii. 114  
 text, xii. 295  
 tew, iii. 158  
 tewed, ii. 57  
 tewgh, vi. 441  
 't had, xiv. 54  
 that, vii. 14, 297  
 —, xii. 354  
 thatched head, ix. 55  
 thereafter, ii. 39  
 the rest here, iii. 74  
 thicks, iv. 132  
 thieves, ix. 46  
 thine, xii. 293  
 things, iii. 457  
 think, xii. 164  
 thirds, xiii. 24  
 thirteenth of September, iv. 273  
 this, viii. 118



- though, xii. 155  
 thral, i. 61  
 Three Cups, xi. 310  
 three men, x. 437  
 three merry boys, i. 197  
 —————, vii. 189  
 three parts of the earth, v. 99  
 three-piled, ii. 41, 191, 456  
 —————, iv. 13  
 —————, v. 318  
 —————, x. 232  
 through, iii. 487  
 thrumming of caps, x. 305  
 tial, x. 291  
 tib of the buttery, iii. 125, 206  
 tickle-footed, ii. 260  
 tidiest, ix. 41  
 tight breeches, x. 426, 427  
 tightly, iii. 400  
 tiles of my house, ii. 23  
 till, ii. 254  
 tiller, i. 159  
 —————, ii. 239  
 —————, x. 164  
 time, v. 27  
 Time and Truth, x. 471  
 Timonist, viii. 372  
 tinder, v. 262  
 tine, iv. 41  
 tipvaes, vi. 484  
 tire, xi. 181  
 tired, xiii. 369  
 tiring, xiv. 387  
 tirlerie-whiskin, i. 268  
 tit of tenpence, v. 362  
 tithe, v. 349  
 —————, vi. 344, 441, 454  
 title-piece, ii. 88  
 tithe 'em, vi. 36  
 tither, iv. 204  
 tithly, vi. 138  
 —————, ix. 363  
 Tityrus, iv. 114  
 to boot, iv. 327  
 to-day, iii. 68  
 to friend, v. 217  
 to high, to low, xi. 294  
 to me, iii. 208  
 to ourselves, vi. 30  
 to point, vii. 21  
 toadstone, v. 385  
 —————, vi. 478  
 tobacco, xi. 335  
 ————— smoked on the stage, i.  
 163  
 —————, x. 437  
 ————— man, ii. 158  
 tod, ii. 81, 494  
 — of hay, v. 462  
 — of ivy, vi. 13  
 toe-piecers, ix. 349  
 togmans, iii. 118  
 toils, ix. 449  
 told them, iv. 443  
 tole, iv. 24  
 toled, v. 501  
 —————, vi. 381  
 Toledo, viii. 443  
 —————, xii. 477  
 tongue, xii. 374  
 tooth-drawer's chain, i. 218  
 tooth-picks, vi. 431  
 —————, x. 426, 427  
 —————, xi. 244  
 ————— in a ribband, x. 101  
 topless, vi. 60  
 torn, xii. 166  
 tossing irons, v. 312  
 touch, x. 309  
 tower of marchpane, i. 79  
 town, ii. 392  
 town-top, xiv. 20  
 Towsabel, x. 167  
 trace, ix. 157  
 traduced, iii. 48  
 train bands, i. 261, 265  
 tralaunc't, ix. 431  
 transgressed, vi. 86  
 —————, ix. 317  
 —————, x. 442  
 translated, v. 385  
 trapt, iv. 183  
 trasht, vi. 14  
 tra-trip, ii. 163

- traunce, ix. 494  
 treacher, vii. 171  
 treacle, ix. 251  
 trenced, vii. 421  
 trencher, xii. 141  
 trenchmore, v. 494  
 ———, vi. 247  
 tricked, xiv. 28  
 trickments, iv. 258  
 ———, viii. 345  
 tried, iii. 374  
 trim, vi. 41  
 trimmed, ix. 373  
 trims, ix. 326  
 trindle-tail, viii. 434  
 ———, xi. 238  
 trine, iii. 171  
 trine aspect, vii. 211  
 trining, iii. 119  
 trinket, viii. 99  
 Tripoly, vi. 503  
 Tristrem, x. 201  
 triumph-day, vii. 465  
 Trojan, xiv. 53  
 trossers, ix. 53, 56  
 trot, ii. 375  
 trouble, v. 374  
 ———, x. 229  
 true man, i. 168  
 ———, vii. 15  
 true-penny, vi. 287  
 trump, xiii. 477  
 trumpets, ii. 139  
 ———, xi. 467  
 trunk-hose, xi. 426  
 trutch-sword, x. 26  
 tub, viii. 63  
 tub-diet, i. 224  
 tubs, iii. 316  
 ———, vi. 21  
 tuft, x. 201  
 tumble, ii. 513  
 tumbrel, v. 331, 349  
 tune, iii. 248  
 Turk, ii. 306  
 Turkey-tombs, iii. 195  
 Turkish and Toledos, xii. 477  
 turn the end I aim at, iv. 200  
 Turnbull-street, i. 226  
 ———, ii. 209  
 Turner, Mrs. xiv. 207  
 turning into a halter, xii. 276  
 turnspits, iv. 200  
 twang, iii. 171  
 twelve-pences, iv. 139  
 ——— score blank, v. 282  
 twin, iv. 151  
 twined, xiii. 467  
 twine-pipe, vi. 474  
 two-hand Irish, xi. 230  
 two-penny gallery, x. 7  
 tyrannies, vii. 140  
 tyrant, v. 316  
 tyre, iii. 374  
 Tyrone, v. 287
- U
- Ulysean traveller, x. 429  
 umbrana, x. 13  
 unaffected, xii. 301  
 uncertainty, iv. 35  
 understanding, viii. 18  
 unequal, viii. 169  
 unflamed, vi. 457  
 unfollowed, iii. 9  
 unfurnished, xiii. 458  
 ungrazed, vi. 333  
 unhappily, xii. 441  
 unhappy, i. 189  
 ———, vi. 312  
 ———, xi. 295  
 ———, xiii. 182  
 unhatched, viii. 306  
 unmanned, xiii. 240  
 unmorrised, ix. 340  
 un-napt, viii. 260  
 unready, vi. 203  
 ———, viii. 194  
 ———, ix. 33  
 ———, xiii. 264  
 unresolved, xii. 349, 351  
 untagged points, v. 369  
 unto, ix. 163

unwappered, xiii. 142  
 unworried, iv. 300  
 unwormed dog, ix. 355  
 upon my word, ii. 249  
 upright lord, iii. 117  
 upsey-Dutch, iii. 146  
 upsey-English, iii. 193  
 upsey-freeze, iii. 147  
 ———, xi. 354  
 upsetting, x. 46  
 urged of, xiii. 414  
 use, ii. 469  
 —, iii. 237  
 —, vi. 506  
 —, vii. 163, 444  
 —, xii. 344  
 used, vi. 485  
 uses, vi. 29  
 uttered, ix. 163

## V

vail, x. 23  
 vails, i. 242  
 valetote, vi. 429  
 velleur, vii. 523  
 velvet costard, v. 346  
 — head, vii. 93  
 ———, ix. 27  
 ——— pee, viii. 408  
 venies, x. 211  
 vent, xiii. 307  
 Veramour, xi. 134  
 Verdea wine, xii. 407  
 verdugo, ii. 168  
 versification, iv. 99  
 ———, xii. 274  
 very here, xiii. 147  
 vex, x. 311  
 via, vi. 452  
 Vice, iv. 172  
 vice, vii. 112  
 vie, vi. 410  
 vild, v. 197  
 —, viii. 157  
 vile, xii. 65  
 vilify, ix. 511

viol degambo, vii. 86  
 virginals, iii. 365  
 ———, ix. 480  
 ———, xiii. 73  
 Virginia, vi. 332  
 ———, vi. 442  
 virtuous, viii. 205  
 visible, ii. 163  
 visited houses, i. 166  
 voider, x. 26  
 votes, xiii. 504  
 voyage, viii. 433

## W

wafer woman, x. 41  
 ———, xiii. 192  
 wagers, xi. 359  
 ———, xiii. 405  
 waistcoat, iii. 397  
 ———, v. 295  
 ———, vii. 62  
 ———, viii. 424  
 ———, x. 71  
 ——— coater, x. 49  
 waistcoateers, ii. 97  
 ———, iii. 366  
 waiters, xi. 159  
 waiting-women, v. 64  
 waits on you, ix. 414  
 wale, xi. 20  
 walk freely, vii. 142  
 walked, xiv. 319  
 walking mort, iii. 127  
 Walsingham, xi. 239, 240  
 Wandering Jew, xiv. 107  
 wannion, i. 183  
 want, vi. 320  
 ———, xiii. 18  
 wants, ix. 159  
 Wapping, ix. 499  
 war, xiii. 16  
 ward, ii. 454, 464  
 ———, iii. 415  
 ———, xiii. 137  
 warden, xi. 422  
 warm and wise, ii. 208



- warmed in the bosom, xii. 421  
 wash, ii. 456  
 —, vi. 83  
 washing beetle, v. 314  
 wasp, xii. 228  
 wassail, ii. 192  
 —, v. 429  
 —, x. 55  
 wassel, iii. 192  
 wassel-bowl, iv. 108  
 wasters, x. 211  
 watch during the plague, v. 345  
 — his water, v. 464  
 watching a hawk, x. 238  
 water, casting of, viii. 163  
 water-cowered, xi. 245  
 water-work, v. 262  
 wave, vii. 531  
 waxed, viii. 405  
 way, iii. 387  
 —, xi. 253  
 —, xiii. 13  
 — of justice, x. 417  
 — of your offences, iv. 433  
 weaker, ii. 335  
 wealth, iv. 500  
 weathers, xi. 395  
 weight, vi. 40  
 Welsh bills, iv. 337  
 wemb, xii. 357  
 were decorum, iii. 330  
 wet come ashore, vii. 354  
 wet weather washes, xi. 242  
 what, xi. 79  
 what ye lack, x. 208, 232  
 when, vii. 70  
 whe'r, iii. 205  
 where, ii. 283  
 —, vi. 461  
 —, viii. 29, 461  
 —, x. 491  
 —, xii. 10, 321, 386  
 —, xiii. 412  
 whether, xiii. 97  
 which, vi. 85  
 whids, iii. 128  
 whiffers, iv. 9  
 whilst, xi. 429  
 whipstock, xii. 24  
 white, xi. 14  
 — boy, i. 179  
 — meat, xi. 51  
 — powder, xi. 173  
 whitening-mops, viii. 415  
 —, xiii. 199  
 Whittington, i. 146  
 who, xiii. 23  
 whobub, vi. 500  
 —, ix. 343  
 wholesome burial prayers, x. 26  
 whooped, xiii. 232  
 whores, xi. 395  
 wickedly, vi. 343  
 wide, ii. 469  
 —, xiii. 73  
 widows to our woes, xiii. 16  
 wife, ix. 10  
 wigher, i. 78  
 wild, iv. 100  
 —, v. 197  
 —, viii. 65  
 wilderness, xii. 123  
 wild-goose-chase, x. 264  
 wild Irish, viii. 457  
 wild mare, i. 175  
 —, v. 309  
 will, xi. 410  
 William and Margaret, i. 233  
 willow, xiii. 103  
 win, xii. 288  
 —, xiv. 25  
 wind-commanding, xii. 28  
 wine at weddings, v. 263  
 — and saffron, v. 412  
 wink, xiv. 434  
 — and die, vii. 346  
 wide their lips, v. 512  
 Wisdom, Robert, xiv. 433  
 Wise Master, iv. 349  
 wishes, xi. 32  
 wit, ii. 13  
 with, vi. 170



wits, viii. 110  
 wittol, viii. 174, 325  
 —, ix. 41  
 witty, viii. 366  
 —, x. 274  
 wives of priests, v. 486  
 woful, iii. 299  
 won, xii. 343  
 wont, ii. 213  
 wood, iv. 46, 102, 104  
 woodcock, ii. 82  
 —, iv. 320  
 —, vi. 377  
 wooden dagger, vii. 525  
 —, ix. 34  
 —, x. 26  
 word, ix. 177  
 words, affected, vi. 356  
 —, divided, x. 35  
 world sea, x. 337  
 world's earth, v. 38  
 worm, v. 476  
 — in dogs, iv. 158  
 wormed, v. 524  
 worships, vi. 176  
 worst, xiv. 338  
 worthiness, iv. 382  
 worths, xii. 155, 344  
 worthy profitable, xi. 166  
 woven worthy, viii. 97

wrack, v. 169  
 wrap, vi. 186  
 wreak, i. 61  
 —, ii. 381  
 —, xiii. 502  
 wries, v. 327  
 writ in wine, v. 45  
 wrongs well maintained, viii.  
 469  
 wyth, ix. 69

## Y

yare, iv. 204  
 ye, iv. 480  
 yea and nay, vi. 517  
 yellow bands, xiv. 207  
 — starch, x. 460  
 yet, viii. 393  
 —, ix. 156  
 —, x. 418  
 —, xi. 159  
 —, xii. 145  
 yoke, viii. 35  
 younker, xii. 442  
 you're, xii. 35

## Z

zany, x. 398  
 —, xi. 431  
 —, xiii. 440

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