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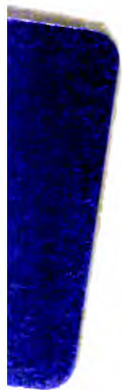
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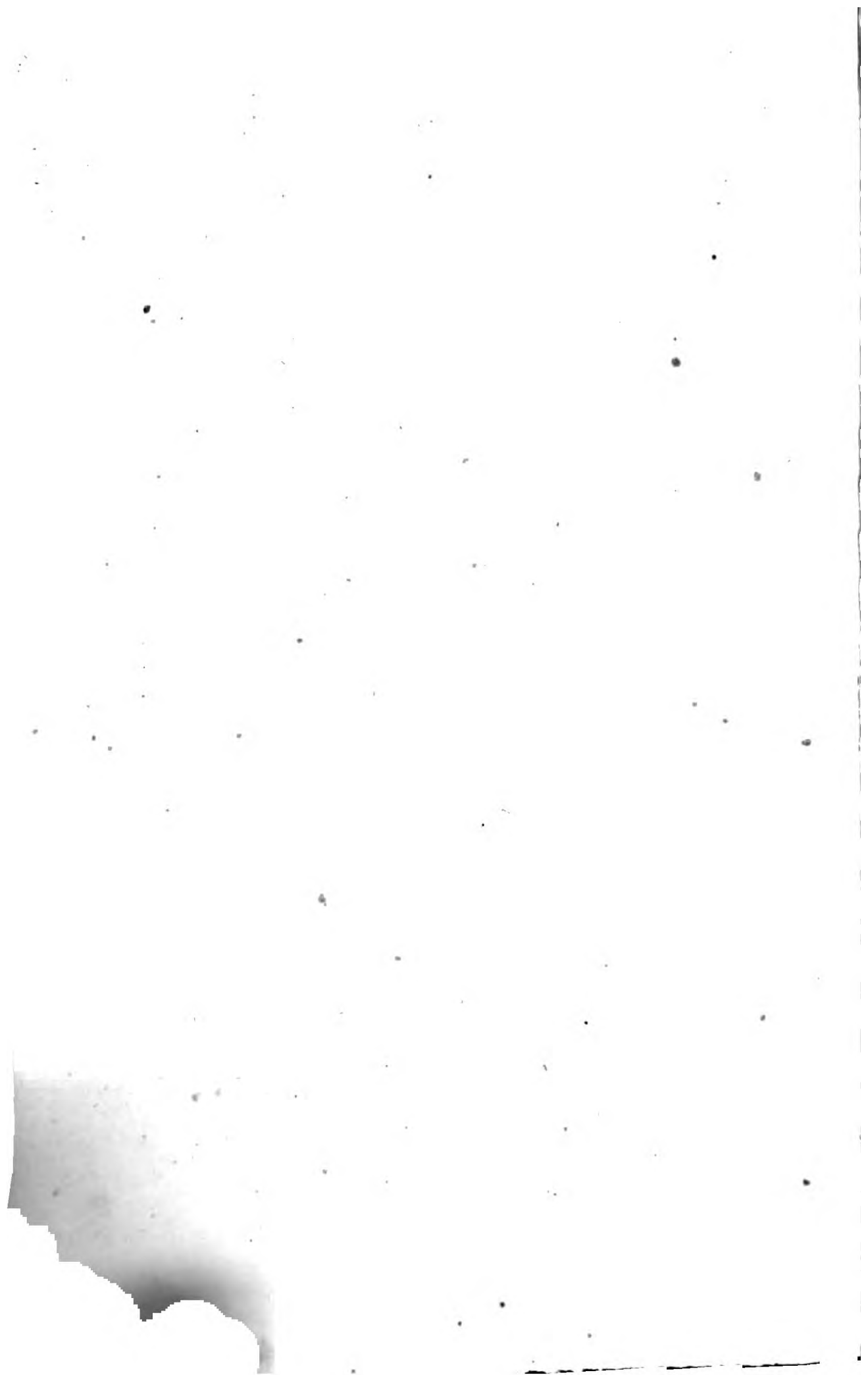


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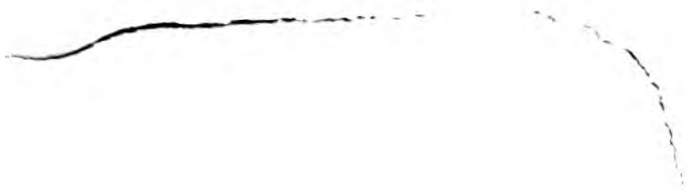
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THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE
EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.
WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.
THE WIDOW.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

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WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

Wit at severall Weapons.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

THE date of this comedy is altogether uncertain; but, if the Epilogue spoken at a revival may be trusted, it was originally "well received." According to the same authority, it was the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Possibly," says Langbaine, "it was the Model on which the Characters of the Elder Pallatine and Sr. Morglay Thwack were built by Sr. William D'Avenant in his Comedy call'd *The Wits*."—*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 216.

An alteration of it by Colley Cibber, entitled *The Rival Fools*, was brought out, unsuccessfully, in 1709.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ^a.

SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT, a knight.	POMPEY DOODLE, servant to SIR GREGORY FOP.
WITTYPATE OLD CRAFT, son to SIR PERFIDIOUS.	Page, Fiddlers' Boy, Servants.
CREDULOUS OLD CRAFT, nephew to SIR PERFIDIOUS.	NIECE to SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT.
SIR GREGORY FOP, a rich knight.	LADY RUINOUS GENTRY, wife to SIR RUINOUS.
SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, a decayed knight.	Guardianess to SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT'S NIECE.
CUNNINGHAM, a gentleman.	MIRABELL, niece to the Guardianess.
PRISCIAN, a poor scholar.	

SCENE, *London.*

^a *Dramatis Personæ*] Found only in the folio 1679, where Sir Perfidious is described as "a great admirer of wit," Pompey Doodle as "a piece of puff-paste, like his master," &c. &c.—descriptions, most probably added by the editor of that folio, not by the authors of the play.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT.*

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT and WITTYPATE.

Witty. Sir, I'm no boy ; I'm deep in one and twenty ;
The second year's approaching.

Sir Perf. A fine time
For a youth to live by his wits, then, I should think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

Witty. Wits, sir !

Sir Perf. Ay, wits, sir ; if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a fool,
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better :
Thou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my wits ;
And yet to see how urgent thou art too !
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means ; I never offer'd it
My parents from a school-boy ; past nineteen once,
(See what these times are grown to !) before twenty
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed much like
The art of swimming, he that will attain to 't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and adventurous ;
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock ;
Well he may make a paddler i' the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,
Borne up by the chin, as I bore up myself

With my strong industry that never fail'd me ;
 For he that lies borne up with patrimonies
 Looks like a long great ass that swims with bladders :
 Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him,
 He sinks, because he never tried to swim,
 When wit plays with the billows that chok'd him.

Witty. Why, is it not a fashion for a father, sir,
 Out of his yearly thousands to allow
 His only son a competent brace of hundreds,
 Or such a toy ?

Sir Perf. Yes ; if he mean to spoil him,
 Or mar his wits, he may ; but never I.
 This is my humour, sir, which you'll find constant ;
 I love wit so well, because I liv'd by 't, that I'll
 Give no man power out of my means to hurt it ;
 And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
 Which great ones oft forget. I admire much
 This age's dulness : when I scarce writ man,
 The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
 I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
 Could give this lord or knight a true certificate
 Of all the maidenheads extant ; how many lay
 'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange-wenches
 (Though never many there, I must confess,
 They have a trick to utter^a ware so fast) ;
 I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
 Which gentlewoman new divorc'd, which tradesman breaking,
 The price of every sinner to a hair,
 And where to raise each price ; which were the termers^b
 That would give velvet petticoats, tissue gowns,
 Which pieces, angels^c suppers, and half-crowns :
 I knew how^d to match, and make my market ;

^a *utter*] i. e. vend, sell.

^b *termers*] i. e. persons resorting to the capital during term-time : the word is generally applied to those who came to London at that season for the sake of carrying on intrigues, &c.

^c *angels*] i. e. gold coins, worth about 10s. each.

^d *I knew how*] Sympson, for the metre, printed, "*I knew too how*,"—a trifling addition when compared with his bold insertions in many other lines of this play.

Could give intelligence where the pox lay lieger^e,—
 And then to see the lechers shift a point,
 'Twas sport and profit too ; how they would shun
 Their ador'd mistress' chambers, and run fearfully,
 Like rats from burning houses : so brought I
 My clients o' the game still safe together,
 And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it:
 Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
 And 's never left a groat ! there's the true gallant.
 When I grew somewhat pursy, I grew then
 In men's opinions too and confidences ;
 They put things call'd executorships upon me,
 The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures,
 Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to felt-makers,
 To make 'em lose and work away their gentry,
 Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
 So wrought 'em out in time : there I riss^f ungently ;
 Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee ;
 I 'm arm'd at all points^g against treachery.
 I hold my humour firm : if I can see thee thrive by
 Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage

^e *lay lieger*] i. e. had taken up its residence,—a *lieger* meaning a resident ambassador.—The Editors of 1778 chose to print "*lay lege*."

^f *riss*] i. e. rose.—The first folio has "*rizze*" ; the second "*rise*,"—and so Sympson. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "*rose*."

^g *I'm arm'd at all points, &c.*] "It would be very easy to restore all this passage to metre, by supplying a sentence of four syllables, which the reasoning almost demands, and by correcting the grammar. Read thus :—

'Arm'd at all points 'gainst treachery, I hold
 My humour firm. If, living, I can see thee
 Thrive by thy wits, I shall have the more courage,
 Dying, to trust thee with my lands. If not,
 The best wit, I can hear of, carries them.
 For since so many in my time and knowledge,
 Rich children of the city, have concluded
 For lack of wit in beggary, I'd rather
 Make a wise stranger my executor,
 Than a fool son my heir, and have my lands call'd
 After my wit than name : and that 's my nature !' "

Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 319.

The text is perhaps corrupted : but in their comic dialogue, Beaumont and Fletcher are frequently very careless writers, and often crowd into the verse more than the legitimate number of syllables.

To trust thee with my lands when I die ; if not,
 The next best wit I can hear of carries 'em ;
 For since in my time and knowledge so many rich children
 Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather
 Make a wise stranger my executor
 Than a foolish son my heir, and to^h have my lands call'd after
 My wit than after my name ; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one: must I still shift, then?—
 I come, brave cheats ! once to my trade again !
 And I'll ply 't harder now than e'er I did for 't.— [Aside.
 You 'll part with nothing, then, sir ?

Sir Perf. Not a jot, sir.

Witty. If I should ask youⁱ blessing ere I go, sir,
 I think you would not give 't me.

Sir Perf. Let me but hear thou livest by thy wits once,
 Thou shalt have any thing : thou 'rt none of mine else ;
 Then why should I take care for thee ?

Witty. Thank your bounty ! [Exit.

Sir Perf. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
 As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
 He comes so near my nature ! I'm grown old now,
 And even arriv'd at my last cheat, I fear me ;
 But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
 And discharge all my legacies, 't is so wealthy,
 And never trouble any interest-money.
 I've yet a niece to wed, over whose steps
 I have plac'd a trusty watchful guardiansess,
 For fear some poor earl steal her ('t has been threaten'd),
 To redeem mortgag'd land, but he shall miss on 't ;
 To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her^j,
 Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himself, (I take it,
 The ancient'st Fop in England,) with whom I've^k privately

^h to] Omitted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

ⁱ you] Altered by Weber to "your,"—rightly perhaps.

^j To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her] "Read,

' Which to prevent I've sought a match out for her.'

Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 319.

A very unnecessary alteration.

^k I've] Weber gave "I'in," because the first folio has "i'me" (a misprint for "i'ue").

Compounded for the third part of her portion,
And she seems pleas'd ; so two parts rest with me.
He's come.

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP and CUNNINGHAM.

Sir Gregory, welcome ! What's he, sir ?

Sir Greg. Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the Fops, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance : he's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him ; nay, 't is certain
Some of our name has gone to law for him.
Now 't is my turn to keep him ; and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are :
But I will give him over when I list ;
I ha' us'd wits so before.

Sir Perf. I hope when you're married, sir,
You'll shake him off.

Sir Greg. Why, what do you take me to be,
Old father-i'-law¹ that shall be ? do you think^m
I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after I am married
once ?

None of my kindred ever had before me.
But where's this niece ? is it a fashion in
London, to marry a woman, and never see her ?

Sir Perf. Excuse the niceness, sir ; that care's your friend ;
Perhaps, had she been seen, you had never seen her :
There's many a spent thing, call'd *An't like your honour*,
That lies in wait for her : at first snap she's a countess,

¹ *father-i'-law*] Was supposed by Sympson to be a mistake of the editor of the first folio for "uncle-in-law." Weber observes that "the different terms of relationship were applied with great uncertainty,"—at least, not so precisely as we now apply them.

^m *do you think, &c.*] "Read it thus :—

' Do you think

That I'll have any of the wits to hang
Upon me after I am married once ?'

and afterwards—

' Is it a fashion in London

To marry a woman, and to never see her ?'

The superfluous 'to' gives it the Sir Andrew Ague-cheek character."

Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 319.

Drawn with six mares through Fleet-street, and a coachman
Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders buttocks.—

This whets him on. [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. Pray, let's clap up the business, sir;
I long to see her. Are you sure you have her?
Is she not there already? hark, oh, hark!

Sir Perf. How now! what's that, sir?

Sir Greg. Every caroch goes by
Goes even to th' heart of me.

Sir Perf. I'll have that doubt eas'd, sir,
Instantly eas'd, Sir Gregory: and, now I think on't,
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there;
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her; I love wit preciously:
You shall not be seen yet; we'll stale your friend first,
If't please but him to stand for th' anti-masque^o.

Sir Greg. Puh, he shall stand for any thing: why, his supper
Lies i' my breeches here; I'll make him fast else.

Sir Perf. Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
The masque itself, a thousand a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.

Sir Greg. For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your niece bring white, and we have three colours.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Perf. I'm given to understand you are a wit, sir.

Cunn. I'm one that fortune shews small favour to, sir.

Sir Perf. Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or
no, sir.

To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.

Cunn. Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so
much!

Sir Perf. A pestilence mazzard^p! a Duke Humphrey spark^q,

^o *anti-masque*] See note, vol. ii. 459.

^p *mazzard*] i. e. head.

^q *a Duke Humphrey spark*] "The phrase of dining with Duke Humphrey, which is still current, originated in the following manner. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St. Alban's, was supposed to have a monument in old St. Paul's, from which one part of the church was termed *Duke Humphrey's Walk*. In this, as the church was then a place of the most

H'ad rather lose his dinner than his jest!— [Aside.
I say, I love a wit the best of all things.

Cunn. Always except yourself.

Sir Perf. H'as gi'n't me twice now,
All with a breath, I thank him! but that I love a wit,
I should be heartily angry. [Aside.

Enter Niece and Guardianess.

Cuds, my niece!

You know the business with her?

Cunn. With a woman?

'Tis even the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

Sir Perf. This is the gentleman I promis'd, niece,
To present to your affection.

Cunn. 'Ware that arrow! [Aside.

Sir Perf. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cunn. I'm spoil'd already: that such poor lean game
Should be found out as I am! [Aside.

Sir Perf. Go, set to her, sir.—Ha, ha, ha! [Aside.

Cunn. How noble is this virtue in you, lady!
Your eye may seem to commit thousand slaughters
On your dull servants, which, truly tasted,
Conclude all in comforts.

Sir Perf. Puh!

Niece. It rather shews what a true worth can make,
Such as yours is.

Sir Perf. And that's not worth a groat.— [Aside.
How like you him, niece?

Niece. It shall appear how well, sir:
I humbly thank you for him.

Sir Perf. Ha, ha! good gullery! he does it well, i' faith;
'Light, as if he meant to purchase lip-land there!— [Aside.
Hold, hold! bear off, I say! 'slid, your part hangs too long.

public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner, frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretence of looking at the monuments." Nares's *Gloss.* in v., where afterwards Stow is quoted, to shew that the monument, vulgarly called Duke Humphrey's, was in reality Sir John Beauchamp's.

Cunn. My joys are mockeries.

[*Aside.*

Niece. You've both express'd a worthy care and love, sir :

Had mine own eye been set at liberty
To make a public choice, (believe my truth, sir,)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.

Sir Perf. You will say so, then :

Alas, sweet niece, all this is but the scabbard!
Now I draw forth the weapon.

Niece. How!

Sir Perf. Sir Gregory!

Approach, thou lad of thousands!

Re-enter SIR GREGORY FOP.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?

Niece. What motion's this? the model of Niniveh?^r

Sir Perf. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.

Sir Greg. I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.

Niece. You were ill advis'd; back, and take better counsel!
You may have good for an angel: the least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, sir,
Trebles ten counsellors' fees; in lady-ware
You're over head and ears, ere you be aware.
Faith, keep a bachelor still, and go to bowls, sir,
Follow your mistress there^s, and prick and save, sir;
For other mistresses will make you a slave, sir.

Sir Greg. So, so! I have my lerrepop already^t.

^r *What motion's this? the model of Nineveh*] The very popular *motion* or puppet-show of Nineveh has been already mentioned: see note, vol. ii. 185.

^s *and go to bowls, sir,*

Follow your mistress there] At the game of bowls, *mistress* meant the small ball, now termed the *jack*, at which the players aim.

^t *So, so! I have my lerrepop already*] *Liripop* meant properly, a part of the old clerical dress; in early times, apparently a tippet; latterly, a scarf: see the *Gloss.* of Nares, who also remarks that the word, variously spelt, was sometimes used without any definite meaning (from its droll and burlesque sound, he presumes), as in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, act ii., sc. 1, where a girl is called a "young *lirry-poop*"; and that Cotgrave (under "*Roulet. Alist, roll, inuentorie, catalogue, scrowle*; also, a set speech") has "Qui sçait bien son roulet. That knowes his *liripoope*, thats throughly prouided to speake."

Sir Perf. Why, how now, niece ! this is the man, I tell you.

Niece. He ? hang him ! sir, I know you do but mock ;

This is the man, you would say.

Sir Perf. The devil rides, I think !

Cunn. I must use cunning here. [*Aside.*

Sir Perf. Make me not mad : use him with all respect ;
This is the man, I swear.

Niece. Would you could persuade me to that !

Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle !

You carry a jest well, I must confess,

For a man of your years ; but——

Sir Perf. I'm wrought beside myself !

Cunn. [*to the Guardianess*] I never beheld comeliness till
this minute.

Guard. Oh, good sweet sir, pray, offer not these words
To an old gentlewoman !

Niece. Sir !

Cunn. Away, fifteen !

Here's fifty-one exceeds thee.

Niece. What's the business ?

Cunn. Give me these motherly creatures ! Come, ne'er
smother it ;

I know you are a teeming woman yet.

Guard. Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think,
sir.

Cunn. Go to, then !

Guard. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

Niece. Can you so soon neglect me ?

Cunn. Hence ! I'm busy. [*Whispers with the Guardianess.*

Sir Perf. This cross point came in luckily [*Aside*].—Impu-
dent baggage,

Hang from the gentleman ! art thou not asham'd

To be a widow's hindrance ?

Cunn. Are you angry, sir ?

Sir Perf. You're welcome ; pray, court on : I shall desire
Your honest wise acquaintance.—Vex me not,

After my care and pains to find a match for thee,

Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,

Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,

Like a consuming light in her own socket,
 And not allow'd a male creature about thee :
 A very monkey thy necessity
 Shall prize at a thousand pound, a chimney-sweeper
 At fifteen hundred.

Niece. But are you serious, uncle ?

Sir Perf. Serious.

Niece. Pray, let me look upon the gentleman
 With more heed ; then I did but hum him over,
 In haste, good faith, as lawyers chancery-sheets.—
 Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,
 Now I distinctly read him !

Sir Greg. Hum, hum, hum !

Niece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch ;
 Well-ankled ; two good confident calves, they look
 As if they would not shrink at the ninth child ;
 The redness i' the face—why, that's in fashion,
 Most of your high bloods have it ; sign ^u of greatness, marry ;
 'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter :
 I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum ! [Hums.]

Niece. He's qualified too, believe me.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum ! [Hums.]

Niece. Where was my judgment ?

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum ! [Hums.]

Niece. Perfection's cover'd mess.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum ! [Hums.]

Niece. It smokes apparently [*Aside*].—Pardon, sweet sir,
 The error of my sex !

Sir Perf. Why, well said, niece !—

Upon submission, you must pardon her now, sir.

Sir Greg. I'll do't by course : do you think I'm an ass,
 knight ?

Here's first my hand ; now 't goes to the seal-office. [*Kisses her.*]

Sir Perf. Formally finish'd !—How goes this suit forward ?

Cunn. I'm taking measure of the widow's mind, sir ;
 I hope to fit her heart.

^u *have it ; sign*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed, "*have it ; 't is a sign.*" Weber gave, "*have it ; [a] sign.*"

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? things come in minutes. [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. Trust him not, widow; he's a younger brother;
He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.

Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that
nothing

Than he that brings his thousands without any thing:
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies.

Sir Perf. Come, come; no language now shall be in fashion
But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, WITTYPATE, and PRISCIAN, disguised.

Witty. Pax^v, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but
this fourth, this lay illiterate share; there's no conscience in't.

Sir Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so where I have practised,
and must be still where I am; nor has it been undeserved at
the year's end, and shuffle the almanack together, vacations
and term-times, one with another: though I say't, my wife
is a woman of a good spirit; then it is no lay share.

Pris. Faith, for this five year, *ego possum probare*, I have
had a hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as
much as I always.

Witty. Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens, aut non residens, per fidem.*

Witty. And what precedent's this for me? because your *hic
et hæc turpis* and *qui mihi discipulus*^w brains (that never got
any thing but by accident and uncertainty) did allow it,
therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, here-
ditary rules from my father, to get by?

^v *Pax*] So the first folio. The second folio has "pox;" and so the modern editors. *Pax*, perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing *pox*, is frequently found in our early dramas: see my notes on Webster's *Works*, iii. 195, and on Middleton's *Works*, ii. 24.

^w *qui mihi discipulus*] The commencement of W. Lily's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*,—

"*Qui mihi discipulus, puer, es, cupis atque doceri,
Huc ades,*" &c.

Sir Ruin. Sir, be compendious; either take or refuse: I will bate no token of my wife's share; make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good resolution *profecto*: let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole^x!

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains; *pol, ædepol*, here's toward a *castor ecastor* for you^y. I will endure it a fortnight longer, but, by these just five ends^z—

Pris. Take heed, five's odd; put both hands together, or severally they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. *Medius fidius*, hold your tongue! I depose you from half a share presently else; I will make you a participle, and decline you^a; now you understand me: be you a quiet conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your Latin ends shall go shift, *solus cum solo*, together else; and then, if ever they get ends of gold and silver^b, enough to serve that gerundine maw of yours, that without *do* will end in *di et dum* instantly—

Sir Ruin. Enough, enough; here comes company; We lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT and SIR GREGORY FOP.

Witty. My father! Put on Priscian^c: he has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not. I'll case my face with a little more hair, and relieve. [Retires, and puts on a false beard.]

^x *happy man be his dole*] "A proverbial expression enumerated in Ray's Collection, and occurring in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and many other old plays." WEBER. Equivalent to—May the title of *happy man* be his share or part!

^y *here's toward a castor ecastor for you*] A friend observes to me, "*castor* (or *caster*,—and so the first folio spells the word) meant, in the canting language of rogues and vagabonds, a cloak; and hence the present pun." I doubt this explanation, though some quibble is evidently intended here.

^z *five ends*] "His fingers." WEBER.

^a *I will make you a participle, and decline you*] "To *decline* means, in a grammatical sense, to modify by various terminations; it also means to degrade. Wittypate uses it in both these senses." MASON.

^b *ends of gold and silver*] i. e. broken pieces of gold and silver: see *The Beggars' Bush*, act iii. sc. 1.

^c *Put on Priscian*] i. e. incite, prompt Priscian,—the words being addressed to Sir Ruinous.—The modern editors, utterly misunderstanding the passage, point it thus, "Put on, Priscian!"

Sir Perf. Tush, nephew;—I'll call you so;—for if there be
No other obstacles than those you speak of,
They are but powder-charges without pellets;
You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own danger.

Sir Greg. No other that I can perceive, i' faith, sir; for I
put her to 't, and felt her as far as I could; and the strongest
repulse was, she said she would have a little soldier in me,
that, if need were, I should defend her reputation.

Sir Perf. And surely, sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal ladies: they require
Valour either in a friend or a husband.

Sir Greg. And I allow their requests, i' faith, as well as any
woman's heart can desire: if I knew where to get valour, I
would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

Sir Perf. Breathes, breathes, sir; that 's the sweeter phrase.

Sir Greg. Blows for a soldier, i' faith, sir; and I 'm in prac-
tice that way.

Sir Perf. For a soldier, I grant it.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round
ones too, but I'll have a little soldier in me.

Sir Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hanged?

[*Aside to PRISCIAN.*

Sir Greg. And some scholar she would have me besides.

Sir Perf.^d Tush, that shall be no bar; 't is a quality in a
gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. [*coming forward*] *Salvete, domini benignissimi, munifi-
centissimi!*

Sir Perf. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere!* nay, sir, we
have Latin, and other metal in us too.—Sir, you shall see me
talk with this fellow now.

Sir Greg. I could find in my heart to talk with him too, if
I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi doctissimique domini, ex abundantia chari-
tatis vestrae estote propitii in me juvenem^e miserum, pauperem, et
omni consolatione exulem!*

Sir Perf. A pretty scholar, by my faith, sir: but I'll to
him again.

^d *Sir Perf.*] The prefix here is wanting in both the folios.

^e *juvenem*] The first folio has "junenem," the second "jejunum."

Sir Greg. Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, sir? he may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er the wiser.

Sir Perf. He begs, he begs, sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen! in ore fames sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor et impudentia^f; in omni parte necessitas et indigentia.*

Sir Perf. *Audi tu, bonus socius; tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo; ego faciam argumentum.*—Mark now, sir, now I fetch him up.

Sir Greg. I have been fetched up a hundred times for this; yet I could never learn half so much.

Sir Perf. *Audi, et responde; hoc est argumentum: nomen est nomen; ergo, quod est tibi nomen? responde nunc, responde argumentum meum.*—Have I not put him to't, sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in; the rascal is put out of his penned speech, and he can go no farther. [Aside to SIR RUINOUS.]

Sir Perf. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *O domine, tanta mea est miseria—*

Witty. So; he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctet egestas, luce quotidie paupertas habitat^g.*

Sir Perf. *Sed quod est tibi nomen? et quis dedit? responde argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem!

Witty. He's dry; he hems: on quickly!

Sir Ruin. [coming forward] Courteous gentlemen, if the brow of a military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.

Sir Perf. How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging!

^f *impudentia*] Mason conjectured "impotentia": but the whole passage seems to be corrupted, and, as the Revd. J. Mitford observes, ought probably to stand thus; "—— in ore fames sitisque ingens; in vultu pudor; in omni parte necessitas et indigentia."

^g *pernoctet . . . habitat*] Both the folios "pernoctat . . . habitat."

Sir Ruin. Such is the post-progress of cold charity now-a-days, who, for heat to her frigid limbs, passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Sir Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you, and be gone. If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them; his iron and steel tongue is as hard as the t'other's^h Latin one.

Sir Perf. Stay, stay, sir; I will talk a little with him first: let me alone with both; I will try whether they live by their wits or no; for such a man I love.—And what, you both beg together, then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus profecto, domine.*

Sir Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution; there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.

Sir Greg. What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows! if a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what a double man were that! if these two fellows might be bought, and sodden, and boiled to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

Sir Perf. Come, sir, join your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

Sir Greg. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty. [*coming forward*] Save you, gentlemen! How now! what, are you encountered here? what fellows are these?

Sir Perf. Faith, sir, here's Mars and Mercury, a pair of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter has turned out to live by their wits; and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle 'em a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you, stay, sir; you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice: so many deceivers walk in these shadows now-a-days, that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserved to so lewd and vicious uses.—Which is he that professes the soldier?

^h as the t'other's] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "as t'other's." See notes, vol. ii. 45, vol. iii. 443.

Sir Ruin. He that professes his own profession, sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it this pair of half-score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, sir?

Sir Ruin. The first that fleshed me a soldier, sir, was that great battle at Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal Sebastianⁱ ended his untimely days.

Witty. Are you sure Sebastian died there?

Sir Ruin. Faith, sir, there was some other rumour hopped^l amongst us, that he, wounded, escaped, and touched on his native shore again; where finding his country at home more distressed by the invasion of the Spaniard than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which where he ended is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith, sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Sir Ruin. Since, sir, I served in France, the Low Countries, lastly at that memorable skirmish at Newport^k, where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life so freely, that from

ⁱ *that great battle at Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal Sebastian, &c.]* "The battle of Alcazar was fought in August, 1578. Don Sebastian, one of the kings who fell in that engagement, being not found after the battle, was for a long time supposed to have escaped, and reported to be living in several different countries.—Of Stukeley, who appears to have been a dissolute Englishman, born in Devonshire, a volunteer in that battle, after having dissipated his property, an account may be seen in an old ballad published in Evans's Collection, 1777, vol. ii. p. 103. See also an old play, entitled *The Battell of Alcazar, with the death of captaine Stukeley*, 4to. 1594." REED. The play just mentioned was written by George Peele, and may be found in his *Works*, ii. 82. ed. 1829, where I have collected notices of Stukeley by various writers.

^l *hopped]* Both the folios "hop't." The modern editors print "hop'd" (and "hoped"),—which is stark nonsense.

^k *that memorable skirmish at Newport, &c.]* "This memorable skirmish at Newport happened on the 22d of July 1600, between Prince Albert and Prince Maurice de Nassau; the former commander of the Spaniards, and the latter of the forces of the States-General. The Spaniards were worsted, and sustained the loss of 200 men killed, besides a great number taken prisoners. This battle is mentioned in several contemporary writers," &c. REED,—who oddly enough supposed that the expression, "the forward and bold Scot," alluded to some individual, while of course (as Weber remarks) it applies to all the Scotch troops employed in the battle.

every single heart that there fell came home from his resolution a double honour to his country.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, sir.

Sir Perf. I do not think he is, sir.

Witty. But, sir, methinks you do not shew the marks of a soldier: could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scars to be your chronicle?

Sir Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good soldier cannot want those badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that; for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best: always at a cock-fencing¹ I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar too.—To ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learned, were no question, at least you can easily answer it; but whether you have learning enough to deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is commonly the meed of learning), is yet to be tried: you have the languages? I mean the chief, as the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.

Pris. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, domine.*

Sir Perf. The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in, and I promise you, sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.—*Tois miois fatherois iste cockscomboy?*

Pris. *Kay yonkeron niggitton oy fouleroi asinisoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous pollous strikerous, angelo to peeso.*

Witty. Certainly, sir, a very excellent scholar in the Greek.

Sir Perf. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege, as 'tis reported, against the Greeks: if Achillespoke but this tongue, I do not think but he might have shaken down the walls in a sevensight, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac.—*Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

¹ *cock-fencing*] Altered by Sympson to "mock-fencing;" and so his successors!

Pris. *Hashagath rabgabash shobos onoriadka.*

Witty. *Colpack rubasca, gnawerthem shigshag.*

Pris. *Napshamothem ribshe bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

Witty. Gentlemen, I have done: any man, that can, go further! I confess myself at a nonplus.

Sir Greg. Faith, not I, sir; I was at my farthest in my natural language; I was never double-tongued, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well, gentlemen, 'tis pity,—walk further off a little, my friends,—I say, 'tis pity such fellows, so endowed, so qualified with the gifts of nature and arts, yet should have such a scarcity of Fortune's benefits: we must blame our iron-hearted age for it.

Sir Perf. 'Tis pity, indeed; and our pity shall speak a little for 'em: come, sir; here's my groat.

Witty. A groat, sir!—oh fie! give nothing rather; 't were better you railed on 'em for begging, and so quit yourself. I am a poor gentleman, that have little but my wits to live on——

Sir Perf. Troth, and I love you the better, sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so.—Here, fellows, there's between you; take purse and all; and I would it were heavier for your sakes! there's a pair of angels^m to guide you to your lodgings, a poor gentleman's good will.

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime domine!*

Sir Perf. This is an ill example for us, sir: I would this bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day!

Sir Greg. Pox, we must not shame ourselves now, sir! I'll give as much as that gentleman, though I never be soldier or scholar while I live.—Here, friends; there's a piece, that, if he were divided, would make a pair of angels for me too, in the love I bear to the sword and the tongues.

Sir Perf. My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you!—This bounty is a little abatement of my wit though, I feel that. [Aside.]

Sir Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities!

^m angels]. See note, p. 6.

Pris. And scholars pray for their increase !

Sir Perf. Fare you well, sir : these fellows may pray for you ; you have made the scholar's commons exceed to-day : and a word with you, sir—you said you lived by your wits ; if you use this bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, sir, I hope to increase 'em by it ; this seed never wants his harvest. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable thief as an unreasonable beggar sometimes : I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again. [*Aside.*].—Can you change my piece, my friends ?

Pris. *Tempora mutanturⁿ, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Sir Greg. My gold is turned into Latin.

Re-enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Look you, good fellows ; here's one round shilling more, that lay concealed.

Sir Perf. Sir, away ! we shall be drawn farther into damage else.

Sir Greg. A pox of the fool ! he live by his wits ! if his wits leave him any money, but what he begs or steals, very shortly, I'll be hanged for him.

[*Exit with SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT.*]

Sir Ruin. This breakfast-parcel was well fetched off, i' faith.

Witty. Tush, a bye-blow for mirth ; we must have better purchase^o : we want a fourth for another project that I have ripened.

Sir Ruin. My wife ; she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine ?

Sir Ruin. 'Tis one of the freest conditions^p : she fears not the crack of a pistol ; she dares say "stand !" to a grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit profecto, domine.*

Witty. Good : then you, sir Bacchus Apollo^q, shall be

ⁿ *Tempora mutantur, &c.*] An often-cited line of modern Latinity, the author of which, I believe, is not known.

^o *purchase*] i. e. booty.

^p *conditions*] i. e. dispositions.

^q *sir Bacchus Apollo*] An allusion to the second line of W. Lily's *Carmen de nominum generibus*.—

"Ut sunt divorum, Mars, *Bacchus, Apollo* ; virorum,
Ut Cato, Virgilius," &c.

despatched with her share and some counters^a, to meet us to-morrow, at a certain place and time appointed, in the masculine gender. My father has a nephew, and I an own cousin, coming up from the university, whom he loves most indulgently,—easy master Credulous Oldcraft (for you know what your mere academic is); your carrier never misses his hour: he must not be robbed, because he has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a device that I have, that shall rob my father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't; for there 's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his professed wit, that has turned me out to live by my wits.

Pris. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratular.

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight, though it be counters (for my alchemy shall turn 'em into gold of my father's); the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down: and, father, you shall know that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by; And, to confirm yourself in me renate, I hope you 'll find my wit 's legitimate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of SIR RUINOUS GENTRY.*

Enter LADY RUINOUS GENTRY and Servant.

Serv. Nay, lady—

L. Ruin. Put me not in mind on't, prithee;
 You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
 For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
 To have that name remember'd; 'tis a title
 That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice:
 Scorn and contempt have ' not wherewith to work
 On humble callings; they are safe, and lie

^a *counters*] Mason's correction: compare Wittypate's next speech.—Both the folios "contents."

^r *have*] Both the folios "has."

Level with pity still, and pale distress
 Is no great stranger to 'em ; but when Fortune
 Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
 We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
 And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,
 Is that we are call'd by, "Lady." [*Exit Servant.*] Oh, my spirit,
 Will nothing make thee humble ? I am well, methinks,
 And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
 Until I look into the world again :
 Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,
 To see how many muckhills plac'd above me ;
 Peasants and droils^s, caroches full of dunghills,
 Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
 Glistering by night like glow-worms through the high-streets,
 Hurried by torch-light in the footmen's^t hands,
 That shew like running fire-drakes through the city ;
 And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
 Nay, sometimes danger too, on foot, on horseback,
 And earn my supper manfully, ere I get it ;
 Many a meal I have purchas'd at that rate,
 Fed with a wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.

Enter PRISCIAN.

Ha ! what are you ?

Pris. [*pulling off his false beard*] Now you may tell yourself,
 Lady.

L. Ruin. Oh, master Priscian ! what 's the project ?
 For you ne'er come without one.

Pris. First, your husband,
 Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with best wishes,
 And here has sent you your full share by me
 In five cheats and two robberies.

L. Ruin. And what comes it to ?

Pris. Near upon thirteen pound.

L. Ruin. A goodly share !

^s *droils*] "i. e. drudges." SYMPSON.

^t *footmen's*] Both the folios "foot-mans."

'Twill put a lady scarce in Philip-and-cheyney^u,
 With three small bugle-laces, like a chambermaid :
 Here's precious lifting !

Pris. 'Las, you must consider, lady,
 'Tis but young term ! attornies ha' small doings yet ;
 Then highway-lawyers, they must needs ha' little.
 We've had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,
 Since your stout ladyship parted from 's at Highgate ;
 But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred :
 Here's man's apparel ; your horse stands at door.

L. Ruin. And what 's the virtuous plot now ?

Pris. Marry, lady,
 You, like a brave young gallant, must be robb'd.

L. Ruin. I robb'd !

Pris. Nay, then —

L. Ruin. Well, well, go on ; let 's hear, sir.

Pris. Here's a seal'd bag of a hundred ; which indeed
 Are counters all, only some sixteen groats
 Of white money^v i' the mouth on't.

L. Ruin. So : what saddle have I ?

Pris. Monsieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.

L. Ruin. That again !

You know so well it is not for my stride ;
 How oft have I complain'd on't !

^u *Philip-and-cheyney*] "Simpson reads [proposed to read] *Philippine cheyney*, which, he says, now goes by the name of *harrateen* ; but the text is right, *Philip-and-cheyney* being mentioned in the following curious list of then fashionable stuffs in Taylor's *Praise of Hempseed* :

'Alasse, what would our silken mercers be ?
 What could they doe, sweet hempseed, but for thee ?
 Rash, taffata, paropa, and nouato,
 Shagge, fillizetta, damaske, and mockado,
 No veluets piles, two piles, pile and halfe pile,
 No plush or grograines could adorne this ile,
 No cloth of siluer, gold, or tisue here ;
Philip and Cheiny neuer would appeare
 Within our bounds.' [p. 64, *Workes*, 1630]." WEBER.

In *The Rates of Marchandizes, &c.*, 1635, we find, "*Philip and Cheneyes* the piece—I. s . . . xvi. s. viii. d." Sig. G 4.

^v *white money*] A cant term for silver specie.

Pris. You may have Jockey's, then, the little Scotch one .
You must despatch.

L. Ruin. I'll soon be ready, sir,
Before you ha' shifted saddles. [*Exit PRISCIAN.*]—Many women
Have their wealth flow to 'em; I was made, I see,
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT'S house.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
Still draws me from my home; yet I follow:
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues;
So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear again,
Piping through this old reed, the guardianess,
With purpose that my harmony shall reach,
And please the lady's ear; she stops below,
And echoes back my love unto my lips,
Persuaded by most violent arguments
Or self-love in herself, I am so self-fool,
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; it were charity;
But for pity's sake I will be a niggard,
And undo her, refusing to take from her.
I'm haunted again: if it take not now,
I'll break the spell.

Enter GUARDIANESS.

Guard. Sweet Cunningham, welcome.
What, a whole day absent! birds that build nests
Have care to keep 'em.

Cunn. That's granted;
But not continually to sit upon 'em,
'Less in the youngling season: else^w they desire

^w *else*] "Means here, at other times." MASON.

To fly abroad, and recreate their labours ;
Then they return with fresher appetite
To work again.

Guard. Well, well, you have built a nest
That will stand all storms ; you need not mistrust
A weather-wreck : and one day it may be
The youngling season too ; then, I hope,
You 'll ne'er fly out of sight.

Cunn. There will be pains,
I see, to shake this bur off. [*Aside*—And, sweetest,
Prithee, how fares thy charge ? has my good friend
Sir Gregory the countenance of a lover ?

Guard. No, by my troth, not in my mind ; methinks,
Setting his worship aside, he looks like a fool.

Cunn. Nay, i' faith, ne'er divide his worship from him
For that small matter ; fool and worship are
No such strangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,
Has he thy lady's countenance of love ?
Looks she like a welcome on him ? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another
As, Cupid bless us, we have ?

Guard. Troth, I know not ;
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge :
But I protest I wish the knight better
For your sake, bird.

Cunn. Why, thanks, sweet bird ! and with my heart I wish
That he had as strong and likely hope of her
As thou hast of me.

Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish : and I'll tell you, bird,
(For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two,)
My charge thinks well of you.

Cunn. Of me ! for what ?

Guard. For my sake ; I mean so : I have heard her
A hundred times [say], since her uncle gave her
The first bob^x about you, that she 'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together :
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and things—

^x bob] To give one the bob means—to pass a jest or trick on one.

Go to ! I'll [not] tell you all ; but you'll find some
Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

Cunn. Faith, be not sparing ; tell me.

Guard. By my lady,
You shall pardon me for that ! it were a shame
If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.

Cunn. You must give me leave yet
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. Nor that neither ;
She must not take a notice of my blabbing.
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks ;
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful :
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

Cunn. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty ?

Guard. Ay, but you must not know it ; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both :
Afar off, you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.

Cunn. Whoop ! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.

Guard. Jealous !
Why, there is no true love without it, bird ;
I must be jealous of thee : but for her,
(Were it within my duty to my master,)
I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage-bed :
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

Cunn. And where's the cause of your fear, then ?

Guard. Well, well ;
When things are past, and the wedding-torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cunn. Come, come, I see further,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

Guard. I protest, I should a little, but not of her :
It is the married woman, (if you mark it,)
And not the maid, that longs ; the appetite

Follows the first taste ; when we have relish'd,
 We wish cloying ; the taste once pleas'd before,
 Then our desire is whetted on to more.
 But I reveal too much to you, i' faith, bird.

Cunn. Not a whit, faith, bird, betwixt you and I ;
 I am beholding^u for bettering of my knowledge.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you 'll be rul'd ;
 But make not things common.

Cunn. Ud' so, your lady !

Guard. Ay, 'tis no matter ; she 'll like well of this ;
 Our familiarity is her content.

Enter NIECE and POMPEY.

Niece. This present from Sir Gregory ?

Pompey. From my master, the worshipful right Sir Gregory
 Fop.

Niece. A ruff ! and what might be his high conceit
 In sending of a ruff ?

Pompey. I think he had two conceits in it, forsooth, to high,
 to low^x ; ruff-high, because as the ruff does embrace your neck
 all day, so does he desire to throw his knightly arms ;—

Niece. But, then, I leave him off a-nights.

Pompey. Why, then he is ruff-low, a ruffian ; a bold adven-
 turous errant to do any rough service for his lady.

Niece. A witty and unhappy^y conceit !—Does he mean
 As he seems to say unto that reverence ?
 He does woo her, sure. [*Aside.*^z

Pompey. To tell you truth, lady, his conceit was far better
 than I have blazed it yet.

Niece. Do you think so, sir ?

Pompey. Nay, I know it, forsooth ; for it was two days ere
 he compassed it, to find a fitting present for your ladyship :
 he was sending once a very fine puppy to you.

^u *beholding*] i. e. beholden,—as frequently before.

^x *to high, to low*] Both the folios “too high, too low” ; and so Sympson,—
 who in a note proposed reading “t'one high, t'one low.” Mason preferred
 “one high, one low.”

^y *unhappy*] i. e. mischievous, waggish.

^z [*Aside*] Here and afterwards, both the folios have a rather unnecessary
 stage-direction, “*Toward Cunning.*”

Niece. And that he would have brought himself.

Pompey. So he would, indeed ; but then he altered his device, and sent this ruff, requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul, you with your own hands would bestow the starching of it.

Niece. Else she woos him : now his eyes shoot^a this way.—

[*Aside.*

And what was the reason for that, sir ?

Pompey. There lies his main conceit, lady ; “ For,” says he, “ in so doing, she cannot choose but in the starching to clap it often between her hands, and so she gives a great liking and applause to my present ; whereas, if I should send a puppy, she ever calls it to her with *hist, hiss, hiss*, which is a fearful disgrace :” he drew the device from a play at the Bull^b, t’ other day.

Niece. Ay, marry, sir, this was a rich conceit, indeed.

Pompey. And far-fetched ; therefore good for you, lady.^c

Guard. How now ! which way look you, bird ?

Cunn. At the fool, bird ; shall I not look at the fool ?

Guard. At the fool, and I here ! what need that ? pray, look this way.

Niece. I’ll fit him aptly^d : either I’ll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)
Without any. [*Aside*].—Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I shall ask you now : was this device

^a *shoot*] Both the folios “ shoots.”

^b *the Bull*] i. e. the Red Bull Theatre : see note, vol. ii., 199.

^c *And far-fetched ; therefore good for you, lady*] An allusion to the proverb,—Far-fetched and dear bought is good for ladies.

^d *I’ll fit him aptly, &c.*] I give here the arrangement of the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber regulate the passage thus :

“ I’ll fit him aptly : either I’ll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear
(As yet I cannot think him) without any.—
Sirrah, tell me one thing true,
That I shall ask you now : was this device
Your master’s own ?” &c.,—

which regulation, if it improves the three first lines, makes the fourth one awkwardly defective. That this play is greatly injured by the dropping out of words, there can be no doubt. In the present speech, Sympson, as usual, tampered with the text.

Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it ;
He's not so ingenious.

Pompey. His own, I assure you, madam.

Niece. Nay, you must not lie.

Pompey. Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you than lie
with my master, by your leave, in such a case as this.

Guard. Yet again your eye?

Cunn. The fool makes mirth, i' faith ;
I would hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Niece. Come hither, friend ; nay, come nearer me : did
Thy master send thee to me? He may be wise ;
But did not shew it much in that : men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on 't :
Was Vulcan ever so unwise to send Mars
To be his spokesman, when he went a-wooing?
Send thee ! heigh-ho ! a pretty rolling eye !

Pompey. I can turn up the white and the black too, an
need be, forsooth.

Niece. Why, here's an amorous nose !

Pompey. You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.

Niece. A cheek !

How I could pat^e it now in dalliance !
A pair of lips ! oh, that we were uney'd !
I could suck sugar from 'em ; what a beard's here !
When will the knight thy master have such a stamp
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.

Pompey. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.

Cunn. Death, she courts the fool !

Guard. Away, away ! 'tis sport ; do not mind it.

Niece. Give me thy hand ; come, be familiar :
Ay, here's a promising palm ; what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here ! here's down compar'd
With flocks and quilted straw ; thy knight's fingers
Are lean matrice-rubbers to these feathers :
I prithee, let me lean my cheek upon 't ;
What a soft pillow's here !

^e *pat*] Sympson's correction. Both the folios "put."

Pompey. Hum, umh, hu, hum !

Niece. Why, there's a courage in that lively passion !
Measure thee all o'er, there is not a limb
But has his full proportion : it is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee ;
The goodlier man by half, at once, now I
See thee all over.

Pompey. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back,
you would have said you had seen : there was two chamber-
maids that saw me, and my legs by chance were tangled in
the flags, and when they saw how I was hanged, they cried
out, " Oh, help the man, for fear he be drowned !"

Niece. They could do no less^c in pity. Come, thine arm ;
We'll walk together.

Cunn. Blindness of love and women ! why, she dotes
Upon the fool.

Guard. What's that to you ? mind her not.

Cunn. Away, you bur !

Guard. How's that ?

Cunn. Hang off, flesh-hook ! fasten thine itchy clasp
On some dry toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh, abominable !
Why, do you not love me ?

Cunn. No ; never did :
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended stomach ; now
Thou'rt up again, I loathe thee filthily.

Guard. Oh, villain !

Cunn. Why, dost thou not see a sight
Would make a man abjure the sight of women ?

Niece. Ha, ha, ha !—he's vex'd ! [*Aside*]—ha, ha, ha !

Pompey. Ha, ha, ha !

Niece. Why dost thou laugh ?

Pompey. Because thou laughest ; nothing else, i' faith.

Cunn. She has but mock'd my folly ; else she finds not
The bosom of my purpose : some other way

^c *do no less*] Weber chose to print "not *do less*."

Must make me know. I'll try her; and may chance quit^f
The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. [*Aside and exit.*]

Niece. Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy master now,
What he would think if he knew this.

Pompey. By my troth, I laugh at him too: faith, sirrah^g,
he's but a fool, to say the truth, though I say't that should
not say't.

Niece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee.
Well, for this time we'll part: you perceive something;
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness;
But, pray, be silent.

Pompey. As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i' faith.

Niece. Look, we are cut off: there's my hand where my
lips would be.

Pompey. I'll wink, and think 'em thy lips. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Niece. Now, guardiansess, I need not ask where you have
been.

Guard. Oh, lady, never was woman so abus'd!

Re-enter POMPEY.

Pompey. Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart? I had forgot to
tell thee,—if you will, I will come back in the evening.

Niece. By no means; come not till I send for you.

Pompey. If there be any need, you may think of things
when I am gone. I may be conveyed into your chamber;
I'll lie under the bed while^h midnight, or so; or you shall
put me up in one of your little boxes; I can creep in at a
small hole.

Niece. These are things I dare not venture: I charge you,
on my love, never come till I send for you.

Pompey. *Verbum insipienti*ⁱ; 'tis enough to the wise: nor I
think it is not fit the knight should know any thing yet.

^f *quit*] i. e. requite.

^g *sirrah*] Instances of this word being applied to women have before occurred; and in act iii. sc. 1., Sir Gregory says "Ah, *sirrah* mistress," &c.

^h *while*] i. e. until.

ⁱ *insipienti*] The modern editors, correcting Pompey's Latinity, print "insipienti."

Niece. By no means : pray you, go now ; we are suspected.

Pompey. For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.

Niece. Now I'll make a firm trial of your love ;

As you love me, not a word more at this time,

Not a syllable ; 'tis the seal of love ; take heed.

Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum !

[*Exit, humming "Loath to depart".*]

Niece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone.—Now, guardiansess ;
What, your eyes easing your heart ! the cause, woman ?

Guard. The cause is false man, madam : oh, lady,
I have been gull'd in a shining carbuncle,
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in 't,
And 'tis as cold as ice.

Niece. And justly serv'd ;
Wouldst thou once think that such an erring^k spring
Would dote upon thine autumn ?

Guard. Oh, had you heard
Him but protest !

Niece. I would not have believ'd him.
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly,
In wanton imitation with the fool.
Go, weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss ; for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull ?
Nay, yet thou 'rt stupid and uncapable :
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey ; the stale^l to catch another bird with.

^j *Pompey.* Hum, hum, hum, hum !

[*Exit, humming "Loath to depart."*] The folios have ;

"*Clow.* Hum, hum, hum, hum—

Hum's [*sec. fol.* He hums] loath to depart. *Exit Clown.*"

Sympson gave to the Niece the words "He hums loath to depart" ; and so the Editors of 1778. Mason was the first to discover (what was obvious enough) that here the stage-direction had been confounded with the text. *Loath to depart* is a tune mentioned by several of our early writers.

^k *erring*] "i. e. wandering, capricious and uncertain." MASON.—So the first folio. The second folio has "early."—Sympson printed (at Seward's suggestion) "earring," i. e. ploughing, tilling !

^l *stale*] i. e. decoy. Sometimes the fowler used to shoot at his game under cover of either a real or an artificial horse, called a *stalking horse* ; hence in the next speech, the expression "stalking jade."

Guard. Indeed, he call'd me bird.

Niece. Yet thou perceiv'st not :

It is your niece he loves ; wouldst thou be made
A stalking jade ? 'tis she, examine it.—

I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path
Over unbeaten grounds^m, go level to the mark,
Butⁿ by circular bouts : rare things are pleasing ;

And rare 's but seldom in the simple sense,

But has her emphasis with eminence. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Guard. My niece ! she the rival of my abuse !
My flesh and blood wrong me ! I'll aunt her for 't.

Enter MIRABELL.

Oh, opportunity, thou blessest me !—

Now, gentlewoman, are you parted so soon ?

Where is your friend, I pray ? your Cunningham ?

Mir. What say you, aunt ?

Guard. Come, come, your Cunningham !

I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not [*Aside.*]—What ail you,
aunt ?

Are you not well ?

Guard. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits ; nor sleeping,
Nor waking ; nor nothing, nor any thing :

I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us ! what do you mean, aunt ?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom ?

Guard. On thee, baggage !

Mir. Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reach'd so far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.

Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me :
The gentle beggar loves you.

^m *grounds*] Altered by Weber to "ground."

ⁿ *But*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "Not,"—the misprint of the latter word for the former being very common. The Editors of 1778 gave, and vainly endeavoured to explain, the original reading.

Mir. Beseech you,
 Let me stay your error ! I begin to hear,
 And shake off my amazement : if you think
 That ever any passage treating love
 Hath been betwixt us yet commencèd ; any
 Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
 So much as brother and sister might meet with ;
 The lip-salute, so much as strangers might
 Take a farewell with ; the commixèd hands ;
 Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,
 In troth, you wrong your bosom : by that truth
 Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me
 If it were offer'd you, I am as free
 As all this protestation.

Guard. May I believe this ?

Mir. If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I thought
 He had spoke love to you ; and if his heart
 Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh, falsest man ! Ixion's plague fell on me :
 Never by woman such a masculine cloud,
 So airy and so subtle, was embrac'd.

Mir. By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt.

Guard. I believe you : then help in^o my revenge,
 And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever ;
 I'll have him quitted^p at his equal weapon.
 Thou art young ; follow him, bait his desires
 With all the engines of a woman's wit,
 Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch ;
 He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty ;
 And when thou hast him by the amorous gills,
 Think on my vengeance, choke up his desires,
 Then let his banquetings be Tantalism :
 Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out.
 Oh, I should climb the^q stars, and sit above,
 To see him burn to ashes in his love !

Mir. This will be a strange task^r, aunt, and an

^o *help in*] Weber printed "*help me in.*"

^p *quitted*] i. e. requited.

^q *the*] Both the folios "*my.*"

^r *task*] Both the folios "*taste.*"

Unwilling labour; yet, in your injunction,
I am a servant to 't.

Guard. Thou 'lt undertake 't?

Mir. Yes; let the success commend itself hereafter.

Guard. Effect it, girl, my substance is thy store:
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Sir GREGORY FOP's lodging.*

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP and POMPEY.

Sir Greg. Why, Pompey, thou art not stark mad, art thou?
Wilt thou not tell me how my lady does?

Pompey. Your lady!

Sir Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly,
or no?

Pompey. The thing that you sent her, knight, by the thing
that you sent, was, for the thing's sake that was sent to carry
the thing that you sent, very kindly received. First, there
is your indenture (now go seek you a servant!); secondly,
you are a knight; thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man;
and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why, Pompey! prithee, let me speak with
thee.—I'll lay my life some hare has crossed him.^s [*Aside.*]

Pompey. Knight, if you be a knight, so keep you: as for
the lady,—who shall say that she is not a fair lady, a sweet
lady, an honest and a^t virtuous lady, I will say he is a base
fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these
fingers' ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey.

Pompey. Whatsoever things have passed between the lady
and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say
she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I
can maintain myself with bread and water.

^s *I'll lay my life some hare has crossed him]* A hare crossing a person's way
was supposed to disorder his senses.

^t *a]* Omitted by Weber.

Sir Greg. Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise.

Pompey. Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom. Shall we say that kindnesses from ladies are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady and the party which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does, by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.^u

Sir Greg. Why, I say she is honest.

Pompey. Is she honest? in what sense do you say she is honest, knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no gentleman!

Pompey. Throw your dagger at me! do not, knight; I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do; for you shall have no other words of me: the lady is an honest lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name. This I give you to understand, that another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stamp'd beard, and be as proper a man, as a knight (I name no parties); a servingman may be as good as a sir, a Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop: so servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected as well with ladies (though I name no parties) as Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live! Either the sight of the lady has gastered^v him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his sleep; or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both; one of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't, she has not used me so kindly as her uncle promised me she should: but that's all one; he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best horse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't. [*Exit.*

^u *with cut and long tail*] i. e. with dogs of all kinds,—with persons of every description.

^v *gastered*] i. e. scared.

SCENE IV.—*The outskirts of London.*

Enter LADY RUINOUS GENTRY *disguised as a man*, WITTYPATE, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, PRISCIAN, and CREDULOUS, *with scarfs over their faces**, *binding and robbing her.* CREDULOUS *finds the bag.*

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own ; 'tis in your pleasure
How you 'll deal with me : yet I would entreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit :
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow (and it weighs a hundred) ;
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue.

L. Ruin. As I am a gentleman, I never will.

Witty. Only we 'll bind you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for bail, and on the other
Side of the hedge leave you : but keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We shall be out of danger ; if we come back,
We come with a mischief.

L. Ruin. You need not fear me.

Pris. Come, we 'll bestow you, then.

[*Exeunt* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, and PRISCIAN, with
LADY RUINOUS.

Witty. Why, la you, sir, is not this a swifter revenue than
Sic probos, ergos, et igiturs, can bring in ? why, is not this one
of your syllogisms in Barbara, *Omne utile est honestum* ?

Cred. Well, sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully : I protest
You have, at first sight, made me conscious
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet
I could almost have wish'd rather you had robb'd
Me of my cloak (for my purse, 'tis a scholar's)

* *with scarfs over their faces*] The *scarfs* were, of course, crape. The old stage-direction has merely "*in scarfs*," which Weber erroneously supposed to mean "in long mantles to disguise themselves."

Than to have made me a robber. I had rather
Have answer'd three difficult questions than this one,
As easy as yet it seems.

Witty. Tush, you shall never come to further answer for 't.
Can you confess your penurious uncle,
In his full face of love, to be so strict
A niggard to your commons, that you are fain
To size your belly out with shoulder-fees,
With rumps and kidneys, and cues ^x of single beer,
And yet make dainty to feed more daintily,
At this easier rate? Fie, master Credulous!
I blush for you.

Cred. This is a truth undeniable.

Witty. Why, go to, then! I hope I know your uncle:
How does he use his son, nearer than you?

Cred. Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it.

Witty. He would have been glad ^y to have shar'd in such a
purchase ^z,
And thank'd his good fortune too. But, mum, no more.

Re-enter SIR RUINOUS GENTRY and PRISCIAN.

Is all safe, bullies?

Sir Ruin. Secure;
The gentleman thinks him most happy in his loss,
With his safe life and limbs ^a, and redoubles
His first vow, as he is a gentleman,
Never to pursue us.

Witty. Well, away, then,
Disperse; you with master Credulous, who still
Shall bear the purchase; Priscian and I
Will take some other course. You know our meeting,

^x cues] "i. e. dregs. The derivation is self-evident." WEBER. What could he be thinking of? "cues" (a University-term) means—small portions: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

^y He would have been glad, &c.] The prefix to this speech is omitted in both the folios; nor did the modern editors insert it!

^z purchase] i. e. booty.

^a With his safe life and limbs] Altered by the modern editors to "With his life and limbs safe."

At the Three Cups in St. Giles' ^a; with this proviso
 (For 'tis a law with us), that nothing be open'd
 Till all be present : the loser says a hundred,
 And it can weigh no less.

Sir Ruin. Come, sir, we'll be your guide.

Cred. My honesty ^b, which till now was never forfeited.
 All shall be close till our meeting.

Witty. Tush, I believe't ; [*Exit CREDULOUS with SIR
 RUINOUS GENTRY.*]

And then all shall out.—Where 's the thief that 's robb'd ?

Re-enter LADY RUINOUS GENTRY.

L. Ruin. Here, Master Oldcraft : all follows now.

Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now to turn that bag
 Of counterfeits to current pieces, *et actum est.*

L. Ruin. You are the chemist ; we'll blow the fire still,
 If you can mingle the ingredients.

Witty. I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram.
 You know the place.

Pris. I have told her that, sir.

Witty. Good : turn Ruinous to be a constable,
 (I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from
 The worshipful magistrate to the under-watchman,)
 Because we must have no danger of life,
 But a cleanly cheat ; attach Credulous :
 The cause is plain, the theft found about him ;
 Then fall I in, [in] his own cousin's shape,
 By mere accident, where, finding him distress'd,
 I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
 With promise that his uncle shall shut up all
 With double restitution : master constable Ruinous

^a *the Three Cups in St. Giles'* "This tavern is enumerated, with many others, in a black-letter ballad, called London's Ordinary, or Every Man in his Humour (Evans's Ballads, 1810, I. 166):—

‘The goldsmiths to the *Three Cups*,
 Their money they count as dross,
 Your puritan to the Pewter-can,
 And your papists to the Cross.’” WEBER.

^b *My honesty*] i. e. By my honesty.

His mouth shall be stopt ; you, mistress Rob-thief, shall
Have your share of what we can gull my father of.
Is 't plain enough ?

L. Ruin. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again ; and again, when this is
Past too, father ; one will beget another ;
I 'd be loath to leave your posterity barren :
You were best to come to composition, father ;
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper, father, than my wit ;
For I will cheat none ^c but you, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT'S house.*

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT and SIR GREGORY FOP.

Sir Perf. Why, now you take the course, Sir Gregory Fop :
I could enforce her, an I list ; but love
That 's gently won is a man 's own for ever.
Have you prepar'd good music ?

Sir Greg. As fine a noise ^d, uncle,
As heart can wish.

Sir Perf. Why, that 's done like a suitor ;
They must be woo'd a hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman :
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,
The serpent has not more ; for sh 'as all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother.

Sir Greg. A fearful portion for a man to venture on !

Sir Perf. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame again.

^c none] Qy. "no one" ?—Simpson gave the line thus (and I cite his alteration as a specimen of the liberties which he took with the text) ;

"For I will cheat, dear father, none but you."

^d noise] i. e. company, band of musicians.

Sir Greg. I promise you, not a house-rabbit, sir.

Sir Perf. No sucker on 'em all^e.

Sir Greg. What a thing 's that !

They 're pretty fools, I warrant, when they 're tame,
As a man can lay his lips to.

Sir Perf. How were you bred, sir ?

Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter ?

Sir Greg. Never, i' faith ; they ha' made some fools^f for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

Sir Perf. They could not shew you the way plainlier, I think,
To make a fool again.

Sir Greg. There 's fools enough, sir,
'Less they were wiser.

Sir Perf. This is wondrous rare !
Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight ?
A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloak-bag ?
Never an hostess by the way to leave it with ?
Nor tapster's sister ? nor head-ostler's wife ?
What, nobody ?

Sir Greg. Well mock'd, old wit-monger !
I keep it for your niece.

Sir Perf. Do not say so, for shame ! she 'll laugh at thee :
A wife ne'er looks for 't ; 'tis a bachelor's penny ;
He may give 't to a beggar-wench, i' the progress-time^g,
And never call'd to account for 't. [Exit.

Sir Greg. Would I 'd known so much !
I could ha' stopt a beggar's mouth by the way,
That rail'd upon me 'cause I 'd give her nothing.

Enter Page and Fiddlers' Boy.

What, are they come ?

Page. And plac'd directly, sir,
Under her window.

^e *No sucker on 'em all*] i. e. No sucking rabbit of them all. (*Rabbit-sucker*, meaning a sucking, or young, rabbit, occurs very frequently in our early writers).

^f *fools*] i. e. gooseberry-fools.

^g *the progress-time*] i. e. the time when the sovereign travels to visit different parts of his dominions.

Sir Greg. What may I call you, gentleman?

Boy. A poor servant to the viol; I'm the voice, sir.

Sir Greg. In good time, master Voice.

Boy. Indeed, good time does get the mastery.

Sir Greg. What countryman, master Voice?

Boy. Sir, born at Ely; we all set up in e-la^h,
But our house commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.

Sir Greg. A shrewd place, by my faith: it may well break
your voice;

It breaks many a man's back. Come, set to your business.

[*Music within.*]

Song by the Boy.

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than music; no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a child;
Your day-delights so well compact,
That what you think turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake,
Part softly from your dreams!
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.

Sir Greg. I hear her up. Here, master Voice,
Pay you the instruments; save what you can,
To keep you when you're crack'd.

[*Exeunt Fiddlers' Boy and Page.*]

NIECE appears at the window.

Niece. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholdingⁱ to for sweetness?
Pray Heaven, it happens right!

Sir Greg. Good morrow, mistress!

Niece. An ill day, and a thousand, come upon thee!

Sir Greg. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any alma-
nack has!

^h e-la] i. e. the highest note in the scale of music.

ⁱ beholding] See note, p. 30.

Niece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest music
That ever woman heard.

Sir Greg. Nay, say not so, lady;
There's not an itch about 'em.

Niece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to 't:
There is no boldness like the impudence
That's lock'd in a fool's blood. How durst you do this?
In conscience, I abus'd you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; insatiate coxcomb,
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee
Would, o' my life, ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends!
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied,
I am persuaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy body's worth, and still a-hungred!
A mischief of that maw! prithee, seek elsewhere;
In troth, I am weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh mistress; thou 't' make work enough:
I do not think there's scorn enough in town
To serve thy turn, take the court-ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

Sir Greg. Is this in earnest, lady?

Niece. Oh, unsatiable!
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me;
Thou 't beggar my derision utterly,
If thou stay'st longer; I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd thou should'st then:
But thou 'st no conscience now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I have rid thee twice? faith, 'tis unreasonable.

] *thou 't*] So the first folio. The second has "thou 'st." Sympsom printed "thou 'dst," and Weber "thou 'lt."—"I cannot guess," says Mason, "what the Editors [of 1778] mean to imply by the contraction '*thou 't*.'" Strange that he should not have known that our early writers very frequently use *thou 't* for *thou 'tt*: see vol. iii. 190.

Sir Greg. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [Exit.

Niece. Now he runs
To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain;
But I have better ware always at hand,
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. I met the music now; yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

Niece. There's somebody set^k already; I must to 't, I see.—
[Aside.

Well, well, Sir Gregory!

Cunn. Ha! Sir Gregory!

Niece. Where'er you come, you may well boast your
conquest.

Cunn. She's lost, i' faith; enough: has Fortune, then,
Remember'd her great boy? she seldom fails 'em. [Aside.

Niece. He was the unlikeliest man at first methought
To have my love; we never met but wrangled.

Cunn. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still!
I never knew it fail yet, where'er 't came;
It never comes, but, like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on 't;
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it;
It fights i' the tongue, but sure^l to agree i' the haunches.
[Aside.

Niece. That man that should ha' told me, when time was,
I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteously:
But see how things will change!

Cunn. Here's a heart feels it:
Oh, the deceitful promises of love!
What trust should a man put i' the lip of woman?
She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh 'ad meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me. [Aside.

Niece. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match
once.

^k set] "i. e. posted, stationed." Ed. 1778.

^l but sure] The modern editors print, unnecessarily, "but's sure."

Cunn. I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear so much:
 Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
 Than younger brothers have? that's a maid with nothing,
 Or some old soap-boiler's widow without teeth:
 There waits my fortune for me; seek no farther.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Re-enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT and SIR GREGORY FOP.

Sir Perf. You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that cannot be:
 She will not, nor she dares^m not.

Sir Greg. Would I were whipt, then!

Niece. I'll make as little show of love, Sir Gregory,
 As ever woman did; you shall not know
 You have my heart a good while.

Sir Perf. Heard you that?

Niece. Man will insult so soon; 'tis his conditionⁿ;
 'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:
 I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
 Will have his course: let maids do what they can,
 They are but frail things till they end in man.

Sir Perf. What say you to this, sir?

Sir Greg. This is somewhat handsome.

Niece. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
 Now I shall try how constant his love is,
 Although't went sore against my heart to chide him.

Sir Greg. Alas, poor gentlewoman!

Sir Perf. Now you're sure of truth;
 You hear her own thoughts speak.

Sir Greg. They speak, indeed.

Sir Perf. Go, you're a brainless cox^o, a toy, a Fop;
 I'll go no farther than your name, Sir Gregory,
 I'll right myself there: were you from this place,
 You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you:
 Offer to sow strife 'twixt my niece and I!—
 Good morrow, niece, good morrow.

^m *dares*] Altered by the modern editors to "dare."

ⁿ *condition*] i. e. quality, disposition, habit.

^o *cox*] i. e. simpleton, easy gull.—The second folio has "coax"; and we frequently find the word written *cokes*.

Niece. Many fair ones to you, sir.

Sir Perf. Go, you're a coxcomb.—How dost, niece, this morning?—

An idle shallow fool.—Slept'st thou well, girl?—
Fortune may very well provide thee lordships,
For honesty has left thee little manners.

Sir Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides!

Sir Perf. Abuse kindness!—

Wilt take the air to-day, niece?

Niece. When you please, sir:

There stands the heir behind you I must take—
Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear. ^p [*Aside.*

Sir Perf. La you, do you hear 't continu'd to your teeth now?
A pox of all such Gregories! what a hand
Have I with you! [*NIECE lets fall her scarf.*

Sir Greg. No more, i' feck; I ha' done, sir.—
Lady, your scarf's faln down.

Niece. 'Tis but your luck, sir,
And does presage the mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, an you please.

Sir Perf. There's a trick for you!
You're parlously ^q belov'd; you should complain!

Sir Greg. Yes, when I complain, sir,
Then do your worst; there I'll deceive you, sir.

Sir Perf. You are a dolt, and so I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. Ah, sirrah mistress, ^r were you caught, i' faith?
We overheard you all; "I must not know
I have your heart;" take heed o' that, I pray:
I knew some scarf would come.

Niece. He's quite gone, sure.— [*Aside.*
Ah, you base coxcomb, couldst thou come again,
And so abus'd as thou wast?

^p *Wilt take the air to-day, niece?*

Niece. *When you please, sir:*

There stands the heir behind you I must take—

Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear] "The Niece quibbles on the words *air* and *heir*, connected with the word *behind*. She means to say, she would prefer the *air* behind him to the *heir* behind him." MASON.

^q *parlously*] i. e. *perilously*, amazingly.

^r *sirrah mistress*] See note, p. 34.

Sir Greg. How!

Niece. 'Twould ha' kill'd

A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber,
And broke his heart, by this time.

Sir Greg. Thank you heartily!

Niece. Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,
Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,
And then, refus'd, upon 't ran up to th' hilts.

Sir Greg. Yes, let him run for me: I was never brought
up to 't,

I never profess'd running i' my life.

Niece. What art thou made on, thou tough villanous vermin?
Will nothing destroy thee?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, assure yourself
Unkind words may do much.

Niece. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee,
I'll see what I can do yet.

Sir Greg. I'm much beholding to you:
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

Niece. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

Sir Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your uncle was here.

Niece. Why, there thou
Betray'st thy house; we of the Oldcrafts were
Born to more wit than so.

Sir Greg. I wear your favour here.

Niece. Would it might rot thy arm off! if thou knew'st
With what contempt thou hast it, what heart's bitterness,
How many cunning curses came along with it,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.

Sir Greg. A pox, take 't again, then!
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?

Niece. No, wear 't still;
But long, I hope, thou shalt not; 'tis but cast
Upon thee purposely to serve another,
That has more right to 't; as in some countries they convey
Their treasure upon asses to their friends:

If mine be but so wise and apprehensive
 As my opinion gives him to my heart,
 It stays not long on thy desertless arm.
 I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear
 Any thing of mine, although I give 't thee freely :
 Kiss it you may, and make what show you can,
 But sure you carry 't to a worthier man :
 And so good morrow to you.

[*Exit above.*]

Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum !
 I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
 Nor the audacity to kill myself :
 But I could cry my heart out ; that 's as good,
 For so 't be out, no matter which way it comes.
 If I can die with a fillip, or depart
 At hot-cockles, what's that to any man,
 If there be so much death that serves my turn there ?
 Every one knows the state of his own body :
 No carrion kills a kite ; but then again
 There 's cheese will choke a daw. Time I were dead, i' faith,
 If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
 I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look
 Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
 Else 'twould go hard with me ; and to complain
 To Sir Perfidious the old knight again,
 Were to be more abus'd : perhaps he would beat me well,
 But ne'er believe me ;
 And few men die o' beating,—that were lost too.

Re-enter CUNNINGHAM.

Oh, here 's my friend ! I'll make my moan to him.

Cunn. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
 That treads mine down : was ever man so fool'd
 That profess'd wit ?

Sir Greg. Oh, Cunningham !

Cunn. Sir Gregory !

The choice, the victor, the town's happy man !

Sir Greg. 'Snigs, what dost mean ? come I to thee for
 comfort,

And dost abuse me too ?

Cunn. Abuse you ! how, sir ?
With justifying your fortune and your joys ?

Sir Greg. Pray, hold your hand, sir ; I've been bobb'd^s
enough :

You come with a new way now, strike me merrily ;
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him.
Wilt ha' the truth ? I'm made the rankest ass
That e'er was born to lordships.

Cunn. What ! no, sir ?

Sir Greg. I had not thought my body could 'a yielded
All those foul scurvy names that she has call'd me ;
I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.

Cunn. Is this credible ?

Sir Greg. She pinn'd^t this scarf upon me, afore her uncle ;
But, his back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on 't,
The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd ever since :
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear 't still,
But hop'd I should not long ; if good luck serve,
I should meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me ; 't was but lent to me,
And sent to him for a token.

Cunn. I conceit it [*Aside*].—I know the man
That lies in wait for 't : part with 't, by all means,
In any case ; you are way-laid about it.

Sir Greg. How, sir ! way-laid ?

Cunn. Pox of a scarf, say I !

I prize my friend's life 'bove a million on^u 'em :
You shall be rul'd, sir ; I know more than you.

Sir Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on 't :
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing ! so she told me.

Cunn. No, no, give me 't ; the knave shall miss his purpose,
And you shall live.

Sir Greg. I would as long as I could, sir.

^s *bobb'd*] i. e. cheated, fooled.

^t *pinn'd*] Is used, as the Editors of 1778 observe, metaphorically for *fastened*. Sympson thought the old reading "a manifest untruth," and proposed "palm'd"!

^u *on*] i. e. of. Altered by the modern editors to "of."

Cunn. No more replies ; you shall : I 'll prevent this ;
Pompey shall march without it.

Sir Greg. What, is 't he ?
My man that was ?

Cunn. Call him your deadly enemy ;
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly ;
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, sir ;
I care not if he heard me.

Sir Greg. But, do you hear, sir ?
Can it sound with reason she should affect him ?

Cunn. Do you talk of reason ? I never thought to have
heard

Such a word come from you ; reason in love ?
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give ?
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid ?
An alderman's widow one that was her turn-broach^v ?
Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable
Into her chamber, lay with her horse-keeper ?

Sir Greg. Did ever love play such jade's tricks, sir ?

Cunn. Oh, thousands, thousands !
Beware a sturdy clown, e'er while you live, sir :
'Tis like a huswifery in most shires about us ;
You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress ;
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs ?
They keep clowns to stop gaps and drive in pegs,
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, sir ;
You 're safest at returning.

Sir Greg. Think you so, sir ?

Cunn. But how came this clown to be call'd Pompey first ?

Sir Greg. Push^w, one goodman Cæsar, a pump-maker,
kersen'd^x him ;

Pompey he writes himself, but his right name 's Pumpey,
And stunk too when I had him ; now he 's crank.^y

Cunn. I 'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, sir.

^v *turn-broach*] i. e. turn-spit.

^w *Push*] See note, vol. i. 363.—Altered by the modern editors to "Pish."

^x *kersen'd*] "A vulgar corruption of *christened*." WEBER.

^y *crank*] i. e. brisk, pert.

Walk you still that way.—I'll make use of this
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On some new mistress, only for a try ;
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir Greg. Is Pompey grown so malapert, so frampel^z?
The only cutter^a about ladies' honours,
And his blade soonest out?

Re-enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT.

Sir Perf. Now, what 's the news, sir!

Sir Greg. I dare not say but good. [*Aside.*]—Oh, excellent good, sir!

Sir Perf. I hope now you're resolv'd^b she loves you, knight?

Sir Greg. Cuds me, what else, sir? that 's not to do now.

Sir Perf. You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,

When you belied her goodness: oh, you vex'd me
Even to a palsey!

Sir Greg. What a thing was that, sir!

Enter NIECE.

Niece. 'Tis, that 'tis;

As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone!

Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning:

We two shall be well match'd; our issue male, sure,

Will be born counsellors: is't possible?

Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;

Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst want, i'faith.—

[*Aside.*]

Oh, my best joy and dearest!

Sir Perf. Well said, niece!

So violent 'fore your uncle! what will you do

In secret, then?

^z *frampel*] A word which our early writers spell in various ways, and employ with various shades of meaning: in the present passage it is equivalent to —saucy.

^a *cutter*] i. e. swaggerer, ruffler.

^b *resolv'd*] "i. e. convinced." WEBER.

Sir Greg. Marry, call me slave and rascal. [*Aside.*

Niece. Your scarf—the scarf I gave you——

Sir Perf. Mass, that 's true, niece ;

I ne'er thought upon that.—The scarf she gave you, sir !
What, dumb ? no answer from you ? the scarf !

Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threaten'd ;
Life 's life, scarf 's but a scarf, and so I parted from 't.

Niece. Unfortunate woman ! my first favour too !

Sir Perf. Will you be still an ass ? no reconcilment
'Twi'x't you and wit ? are you so far faln out,
You 'll never come together ? I tell you true,
I 'm very lousily asham'd on you ;
That 's the worst shame that can be.—

Thus baiting on him, now his heart 's hook'd in,
I 'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing :
I love a man that lives by his wits a'-life^c !— [*Aside.*
Nay, leave, sweet niece ; 'tis but a scarf ; let it go.

Niece. The going of it never grieves me, sir ;
It is the manner, the manner——

Sir Greg. Oh, dissembling marmoset^d !
If I durst speak, or could be believ'd when I speak,
What a tale could I tell, to make hair stand upright now !
[*Aside.*

Niece. Nay, sir, at your request you shall perceive, uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this.—
Here 's a fair diamond, sir ; I 'll try how long
You can keep that.

Sir Greg. Not very long ; you know 't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are. [*Aside.*

Niece. You 're best let him ha' that too.

Sir Greg. So I were, I think ; there were no living else,
I thank you, as you have handled the matter. [*Aside.*

Sir Perf. Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next
Shall tune your instruments ; that 's the day set.

Niece. A match, good uncle !

Sir Perf. Sir, you hear me too ?

Sir Greg. Oh, very well ; I 'm for you.

^c *a'-life*] i. e. as my life, excessively. Altered by Sympson to "as life" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

^d *marmoset*] i. e. ape, monkey.

Niece. Whate'er you hear, you know my mind.

[*Exeunt* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT and NIECE.]

Sir Greg. Ay, a [pox] on 't, too well! If I do not wonder how we two shall come together, I'm a bear-whelp. He talks of Tuesday next as familiarly as if we loved one another; but 'tis as unlikely to me as 't was seven year before I saw her. I shall try his cunning; it may be, he has a way was never yet thought on; and it had need to be such a one, for all that I can think on will never do 't. I look to have this diamond taken from me very speedily; therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for, if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that too.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT'S house.*

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT and WITTYPATE.

Sir Perf. Oh, torture, torture! thou carriest a sting i' thy tail: Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet; And that 's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

Witty. Why, you receive a blessing the wrong way, sir. Call you not this good news, to save at once, sir, Your credit and your kinsman's life together? Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth, T' have one of your name hang'd?

Sir Perf. Peace; no such words, boy!

Witty. Be thankful for the blessing^e of prevention, then.

Sir Perf. Le'^f me see:

There was none hang'd out of our house since Brute;
I ha' search'd both Stow and Hollinshed.

Witty. Oh, sir!

Sir Perf. I'll see what Polychronicon^g says anon too.

^e *blessing*] Weber chose to print "blessings."

^f *Le'*] i. e. Let.—The modern editors print "Let."

^g *Polychronicon*] Written in Latin by Ranulph Higden. The English translation of this work, in seven books, by John de Trevisa, was printed by Caxton, who added an eighth book.

Witty. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on 't.

Sir Perf. I would thou 'dst never heard on 't!

Witty. That 's true too,

So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on 't!
He was even brought to justice Aurum's threshold;
There had flown forth a mittimus straight for Newgate:
And note the fortune too! sessions o' Thursday,
Jury cull'd out o' Friday, judgment o' Saturday,
Dungeon o' Sunday, Tyburn o' Monday:
Misery's quotidian ague, when 't begins once,
Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.

Sir Perf. No more, I say! 'tis an ill theme. Where left
you him?

Witty. He 's i' the constable's hands below i' th' hall, sir,
Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.

Sir Perf. What 's he?

Witty. A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the worse too;
He'll hang his enemy, and 't shall cost him nothing;
That 's a great privilege.

Sir Perf. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir?

Sir Perf. Call up the folks i' th' hall [*Exit Servant*].—I
had such hope on him,

For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for;
Therefore erected all my joys in him,
Got a Welch benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; h' as his grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a hair on 's face, like a French vicar;
And does he bring such fruits to town with him?
A thief at his first lighting?

*Enter CREDULOUS, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY disguised as a constable,
and LADY RUINOUS as a man.*

Oh, good den^h to you!

Witty. Nay, sweetsir, you're so vex'd now, you will grieve him,
And hurt yourself.

^h *good den*] A corruption of *good e'en*, good evening.

Sir Perf. Away! I'll hear no counsel.—
Come you but once in seven year to your uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a constable?

Witty. Oh, speak low, sir;
Remember your own credit! You profess
You love a man o' wit; begin at home, sir;
Express it i' yourself.

L. Ruin. Nay, master constable,
Shew yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

Sir Ruin. Sir, no dish-porridgement, we have brought home
As good men as ye.

Sir Perf. Out! a North-Britain constable! that tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already.—
Are you the gentleman?

L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, sir,
That fell into the power of merciless thieves,
Whereof this fellow (whom I'd call your kinsman
As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years,) was the prime villain.

Sir Perf. A wicked prime!

Witty. Nay, not so loud, sweet father!

L. Ruin. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em;
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it;
And 't was my luck to light upon this first.

Sir Perf. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, sir?
Nine years at university for this fellowship?

Witty. Take your voice lower, dear sir!

Sir Perf. What's your loss, sir?

L. Ruin. That which offends me to repeat; the money's
whole, sir,
'Tis i' the constable's hands there, a seal'd hundred;
But I will not receive it.

Sir Perf. No? not the money, sir,
Having confess'd 'tis all?

L. Ruin. 'Tis all the money, sir,
But 'tis not all I lost; for when they bound me,
They took a diamond hung at my shirt-string,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;

It being the sparkling witness of a contract
 'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.

Witty. I told you what he was. — What does the diamond
 Concern my cousin, sir?

L. Ruin. No more did the money ;
 But he shall answer all now.

Witty. There 's your conscience !
 It shews from whence you sprung.

L. Ruin. Sprung ! I had leapt a thief,
 Had I leapt some of your alliance.

Witty. Slave !

L. Ruin. You prevent¹ me still.

Sir Perf. 'Slid, son, are you mad ?

L. Ruin. Come, come, I 'll take a legal course.

Sir Perf. Will you undo us all?—What 's your demand,
 sir?—

Now we 're in 's danger too.

L. Ruin. A hundred mark, sir ;

I will not bate a doit.

Witty. A hundred rascals !

L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.

Witty. Go, take your course ; follow the law, and spare not.

Sir Perf. Does fury make you drunk ? know you what you
 say ?

Witty. A hundred dogs'-dungs ! do your worst.

Sir Perf. You do, I'm sure : who 's loud now ?

Witty. What, his own asking !

Sir Perf. Not in such a case ?

Witty. You shall have but threescore pound, spite o' your
 teeth ;

I 'll see you hang'd first.

Sir Perf. And what 's seven pound more, man,
 That all this coil 's about ?—Stay.—I say he shall ha 't.

Witty. It is your own, you may do what you please with it ;
 Pardon my zeal ; I would ha' sav'd you money.

Give him all his own asking !

Sir Perf. What 's that to you, sir ?

¹ *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

Be sparing of your own : teach me to pinch
In such a case as this ! go, go ; live by your wits, go.

Witty. I practise all I can.

Sir Perf. Follow you me, sir ;—

And, master constable, come from the knave,
And be a witness of a full recompense.

Witty. Pray, stop the constable's mouth, whate'er you do,
sir.

Sir Perf. Yet again ?

As if I meant not to do that myself,
Without your counsel ?—As for you, precious kinsman,
Your first year's fruits in Wales shall go to rack for this :
You lie not in my house ; I 'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.

[*Exeunt* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY,
and LADY RUINOUS.]

Witty. Oh, fie, cousin !

These are ill courses ; you a scholar too !

Cred. I was drawn into 't most unfortunately
By filthy deboist^j company.

Witty. Ay, ay, ay ;
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England.
What were they ? gentlemen ?

Cred. Faith, so like, some on^k 'em,
They were even the worse again.

Witty. Hum !

Cred. Great tobacco-whiffers ;
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.

Witty. What ! no ?

Cred. Faith, leave it, cousin, because my rascals^l use it.

Witty. So they do meat and drink ; must worthy gentlemen

Refrain their food for that ? an honest man
May eat of the same pig some parson dines with ;

^j *deboist*] i. e. debauched ; as before, vol. ii. 539. Altered by the modern editors to "debosht" and "debosh'd."

^k *on*] i. e. of. The modern editors print "of."

^l *my rascals*] If the right reading, must mean, as Weber explains the words, —the rascals who robbed me. Sympson omitted "my."

A lawyer and a fool feed of one woodcock ^m,
 Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser ;
 'Tis not meat, drink, or smoke, dish, cup, or pipe,
 Co-operates to the making of a knave ;
 'Tis the condition ⁿ makes a slave a slave :
 There 's London philosophy for you ! I tell you, cousin,
 You cannot be too cautelous ^o, nice ^p, or dainty,
 In your society here, especially
 When you come raw from the university,
 Before the world has harden'd you a little ;
 For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
 So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here ;
 I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.

Cred. Why a poach'd scholar ?

Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
 And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance ;
 Never so crafty to be eaten i' the shell,
 But is out-stripp'd of all he has at first,
 And goes down glib ; he 's swallow'd with sharp wit,
 'Stead of wine-vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, cousin,
 O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master Credulous,
 Your uncle wills you to forbear the house ;
 You must with me ; I'm charg'd to see you plac'd
 In some new lodging about Thieving-Lane :
 What the conceit 's I know not ; but commands ^q you
 To be seen here no more, till you hear further.

Cred. Here 's a strange welcome, sir.

Witty. This is the world, cousin,
 When a man's fame 's once poison'd. Fare thee well, lad.

[*Exeunt CREDULOUS and Servant.*]

This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in ;

^m *woodcock*] Was proverbially a silly bird : see note, vol. ii. 421.

ⁿ *condition*] See note, p. 48.

^o *cautelous*] i. e. artfully cautious.

^p *nice*] i. e. scrupulous.

^q *but commands*] The modern editors print "but he commands."

It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that stood between me,
My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in 's hopes.

Re-enter SIR RUINOUS GENTRY *with a purse, and Lady* RUINOUS.

Sir Ruin. It chinks; make haste.

L. Ruin. The Goat at Smithfield-Pens.

Witty. Zo, zo, zufficient.

[*Exeunt* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY *and Lady* RUINOUS.]

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Master Cunningham?

I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.

Cunn. A wit's better to meet than to follow, then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves
Are luckiest to their friends; and so may I be.

Witty. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste
from you,

All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

Cunn. 'Tis but to shew that you can place sometimes
Your modesty a-top of all your virtues. [*Exit* WITTYPATE.
This gentleman may pleasure me yet again.

Enter MIRABELL.

I am so haunted with this broad-brimm'd hat
Of the last progress block, ' with the young hatband,
Made for a sucking devil of two year old,
I know not where to turn myself.

[*Aside.*

Mir. Sir!

Cunn. More torture?

[*Aside.*

Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.

Cunn. O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a knave as ever piss'd, then;
Pray, tell him so from me: I cannot feign
With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

^r *this broad-brimm'd hat*

Of the last progress block] "The *block* of a hat is the form [mould] upon which it is made, and hence the fashion of it in general. From the text it would seem that new fashions were frequently invented and sported at a progress of the monarch through the kingdom." WEBER.

Mir. I heard, though, you dissembled with my aunt, sir ;
And that makes me more confident.

Cunn. There 's no falsehood
But pays us our own some way [*Aside*].—I confess
I feign'd with her ('twas for a weightier purpose),
But not with thee, I swear.

Mir. Nor I with you, then,
Although my aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble,
To right her spleen : I love you faithfully.

Cunn. 'Light, this is worse than 'twas. [*Aside.*]

Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay, I dare not, dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.

Cunn. Here 's fresh trouble :
'This drives me to my conscience ; for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me. [*Aside.*]

Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, sir,
As mine brings you, and that 's proportionable.

Cunn. A good geometrician, 'shrew my heart !— [*Aside.*]
Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately ? 'tis a great happiness
Love has made one on 's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else.
Yet I love gratitude ; I must requite you,
I shall be sick else : but to give you me,—
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For, o' my troth, I hardly can myself,—
No wise physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state is weak ! you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,
An elder brother, in a cullis, ^s whole ;
'T must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new gowns,
French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.

Mir. But where is he, sir ?
One that 's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

Cunn. Then see thy conscience, and thy wit together !
Wouldst thou have me, then, that has ^t nothing neither ?

^s a cullis] "i. e. a restorative broth." WEBER.

^t has] Altered by the modern editors to "have."

What say you to Fop Gregory the First yonder ?
 Will you acknowledge your time amply recompens'd,
 Full satisfaction upon love's record,
 Without any more suit, if I combine you ?

Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.

Cunn. You're a wise client,
 To pay your fee before-hand ; but all do so :
 You know the worst already, that's the best too.

Mir. I know he is a fool.

Cunn. You're shrewdly hurt, then !
 This is your comfort ; your great, wisest women
 Pick their first husband still out of that house,
 And some will have 'em to choose, if they bury twenty.

Mir. I'm of their minds that like him for a first husband ;
 To run youth's race with him, 'tis very pleasant ;
 But when I'm old, I'd always wish a wiser.

Cunn. You may have me by that time. For this first
 business,
 Rest upon my performance.

Mir. With all thankfulness.

Cunn. I have a project you must aid me in too.

Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, sir.

Cunn. Pray, wear this scarf about you.

Mir. I conjecture now——

Cunn. There's a court principle for't, one office must help
 another ;
 As, for example, for your cast o' manchets^u out o' the pantry
 I'll allow you a goose out o' the kitchen.

Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, sir : farewell, Performance^v ;
 I shall be bold to call you so.

Cunn. Do, sweet Confidence. [Exit MIRABELL.]

^u *cast o' manchets*] So in Middleton's *Michaelmas Term* we find, "and not be carried away with a *cast of manchets*, a bottle of wine, or a custard," act ii. sc. 3,—*Works*, i. 444, where I have explained "cast" to mean "couple" ; but (though "cast" is common in that sense, see the present work, vol. iii. 30, 108) I now suspect that "a *cast of manchets*" is equivalent to—a *batch* of manchets,—small loaves, or rolls, of the finest white bread. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.), citing the passage of our text, understands "cast" as "a share or allotment."

^v *farewell, Performance, &c.*] Here Weber cites a long passage from *Every Man out of his Humour* (see Jonson's *Works*, ii. 148, ed. Gifford), where the custom of interchanging such appellations is very happily ridiculed.

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP.

If I can match my two broad-brimm'd hats—
'Tis he ; I know the maggot by his head ;
Now shall I learn news of him [*Aside.*]—My precious chief !

Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you i' the bowling-green,
Inquir'd at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary ;
'T has vex'd me to the heart : look, I've a diamond here,
And it cannot find a master.

Cunn. No ? that's hard, i'faith.

Sir Greg. It does belong to somebody : a [pox] on him,
I would he had it ! does but trouble me ;
And she that sent it is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.

Cunn. Oh, ho ! [*Aside.*]—Ah, sirrah, are you come ?

Sir Greg. What's that, friend ?

Cunn. Do you note that corner sparkle ?

Sir Greg. Which ? which ? which, sir ?

Cunn. At the west end o' the collet.*

Sir Greg. Oh, I see 't now.

Cunn. 'Tis an apparent mark : this is the stone, sir,
That so much blood is threaten'd to be shed for.

Sir Greg. I pray——

Cunn. A tun at least.

Sir Greg. They must not find it
I' me, then ; they must go where 'tis to be had.

Cunn. 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir Gregory ;
I know where this must go.

Sir Greg. Am I discharg'd on 't ?

Cunn. My life for yours now !

[*Draws.*

Sir Greg. What now ?

Cunn. 'Tis discretion, sir ;

I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.

Sir Greg. Troth, thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,
To preserve me alive.

Cunn. 'Tis a friend's duty, sir :

* *collet*] i. e. the setting which surrounds the stone of a ring.—Simpson's correction. Both the folios "coller."

Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.

Sir Greg. Thou wilt not, wilt ?

Cunn. Contract her by a trick, sir,
When she least thinks on't.

Sir Greg. There 's the right way to 't ;
For, if she think on 't once, she 'll never do 't.

Cunn. She does abuse you still, then ?

Sir Greg. A [pox !] damnably,
Every time worse than other ; yet her uncle
Thinks the day holds o' Tuesday : say it did, sir,
She 's so familiarly us'd to call me *rascal*,
She 'll quite forget to wed me by my own name ;
And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.

Cunn. Will you leave all to me ?

Sir Greg. Who should I leave it to ?

Cunn. 'Tis our luck to love nieces ; I love a niece too.

Sir Greg. I would you did, i' faith !

Cunn. But mine 's a kind wretch.

Sir Greg. Ay, marry, sir ; I would mine were so too !

Cunn. No *rascal* comes in her mouth.

Sir Greg. Troth, and mine
Has little else in hers.

Cunn. Mine sends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.

Sir Greg. Mine gives me tokens too,
Very fine tokens ; but I dare not wear 'em.

Cunn. Mine 's kind in secret.

Sir Greg. And there mine 's a hell-cat.

Cunn. We have a day set too.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, so have we, man ;
But there 's no sign of ever coming together.

Cunn. I'll tell thee who 'tis ; the old woman's niece.

Sir Greg. Is 't she ?

Cunn. I would your luck had been no worse for mildness !
But, mum ; no more words on 't to your lady.

Sir Greg. Foh !

Cunn. No blabbing, as you love me.

Sir Greg. None of our blood
Were ever babblers.

Cunn. [*giving letter*] Prithee, convey this letter to her ;
But at any hand let not your mistress see 't.

Sir Greg. Yet again, sir ?

Cunn. There is a jewel in 't ;
The very art would make her dote upon 't.

Sir Greg. Say you so ?
And she shall see it for that trick only. [*Aside.*]

Cunn. Remember but your mistress, and all 's well.

Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me !

Cunn. I believe you. [*Exit SIR GREGORY.*]

This is the only way to return a token ;
I know he will do 't now, 'cause he 's charg'd to the contrary :
He 's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without substance, that a man can find again.
Some petticoat begot him, I 'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of pan'd hose ^x,
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen ;
Very steam bred him ;
He never grew where *rem in re e'er came* ^y :
The generation of a hundred such
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
For 'tis no act in law ; nor can a constable
Pick out a bawdy business for Bridewell in 't,—
A lamentable case !
He 's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.

Enter POMPEY, dressed as a gallant.

How now ! ha ! what prodigious bravery 's^z this ?
A most preposterous gallant ! the doublet sits
As if it mock'd the breeches. [*Aside.*]

Pompey. Save you, sir !

Cunn. H'as put his tongue in the fine suit of words too.
[*Aside.*]

Pompey. How does the party ?

^x *pan'd hose*] See note, vol. i. 15.—The first folio has "pawnde hose" ; the second, "paund hose."

^y *He never grew where rem in re e'er came*] Both the folios have ;
"He never came where *rem in re e'er grew.*"

bravery 's] i. e. finery 's.

Cunn. Takes me for a scrivener.—

[*Aside.*

Which of the parties ?

Pompey. Hum ! Simplicity betide thee !—

I would fain hear of the party ; I would be loath to go
Further with her ; honour is not a thing
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,
No, nor fame, I take it ; I must not have her wrong'd
When I 'm abroad ; my party is not to be compell'd
With any party in an oblique way ;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women ;
May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless ;
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.

Cunn. Upon my life, I know her.

Pompey. Not by me ;

Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
You 're ne'er the wiser ; she comes not from these lips.

Cunn. The old knight's niece.

Pompey. 'Slid, he has got her ! pox of his heart that told
him !

Can nothing be kept secret ? [*Aside.*]—Let me entreat you
To use her name as little as you can, though.

Cunn. 'Twill be small pleasure, sir, to use her name.

Pompey. I had intelligence, in my solemn walks
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf
Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd ;
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any :
Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, sir,
Upon my reputation, I receiv'd none.

Cunn. What, neither scarf nor jewel ?

Pompey. 'Twould be seen

Somewhere about me, you may well think that ;
I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,
An ear to hang a jewel^a too, and that 's more
Than some men have, my betters a great deal.
I must have restitution, where'er it lights.

Cunn. And reason good.

^a *An ear to hang a jewel too*] So the sec. folio. The first folio has "And dare to hang," &c.—See note, vol. ii. 251.

Pompey. For all these tokens, sir,
Pass i' my name.

Cunn. It cannot otherwise be.

Pompey. Sent to a worthy friend.

Cunn. Ay, that's to thee.

Pompey. I'm wrong'd under that title.

Cunn. I dare swear thou art :

'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention,
His envious spite ; when thou 'rt at Paddington,
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.

Pompey. Ah, false knight,
False both to honour and the law of arms !

Cunn. What wilt thou say, if I be reveng'd for thee,
Thou sit as witness ?

Pompey. I should laugh in state, then.

Cunn. I 'll fob him ; here 's my hand.

Pompey. I should be as glad as any man alive to see him
well fobbed, sir. But, now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the
lady sends not for me according to promise : I ha' kept out
o' town these two days, o' purpose to be sent for ; I am
almost starved with walking.

Cunn. Walking gets men a stomach.

Pompey. 'Tis most true, sir ; I may speak it by experience,
for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it again, as often
as a traveller from Chelsea shall lose the sight of Paul's, and
get it again.

Cunn. Go to her, man.

Pompey. Not for a million : infringe my oath ! there 's a toy
called a vow has passed between us, a poor trifle, sir. Pray,
do me the part and office of a gentleman : if you chance to
meet a footman by the way, in orange-tawny ribbands, running
before an empty coach, with a buzzard i' the poop on 't, direct
him and his horses toward the New-River by Islington ; there
they shall have me looking upon the pipes and whistling.

Cunn. A very good note. [Exit POMPEY.]

This love makes us all monkeys.

But to my work : scarf first ! and now a diamond !

These should be sure signs of her affection's truth ;

Yet I 'll go forward with my surer proof.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.**Enter Niece and SIR GREGORY FOP.**Niece.* Is't possible?*Sir Greg.* Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.*Niece.* You tedious mongrel! is it not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?*Sir Greg.* I ha' done.*Niece.* Fall back;
Yet backer, backer yet: you unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?*Sir Greg.* Nay, these are golden days, now I stay by't^a;
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all;
The world mends, I see that. [Aside.]*Niece.* What an ambiguous superscription's here,—
*To the best of nieces!*Why, that title may be mine, and more than her's:
Sure, I much wrong the neatness of his art;
'Tis certain sent to me; and, to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Us'd the same fop for his. [Aside.]*Sir Greg.* She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.

[Aside.]

Niece. What's here? an entire ruby, cut into a heart,
And this the word^b, *Istud amoris opus?**Sir Greg.* Yes, yes;
I have heard him say, that love is the best stone-cutter.*Niece.* Why, thou saucy issue of some travelling sow-gelder,
What makes love in thy mouth? is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't: hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same room where lovers are,
And scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?^a *by't*] Qy. "by'r" (by her)?^b *word*] i. e. motto.

Sir Greg. Love-tricks break out, I see [*Aside.*—An you talk of slippers once,

'T is not far off to bed-time.

Niece. Is it possible
Thou canst laugh yet? I would ha' undertook
To ha' kill'd a spider with less venom far
Than I have spit at thee.

Sir Greg. You must conceive
A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.

Niece. Back, owl's face!

Sir Perf. [*within*] Do, do.

Niece. 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.— [*Aside.*
Why keep you so far off, Sir Gregory?
Are you afraid, sir, to come near your mistress?

Sir Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this
still. [*Aside.*

Niece. He comes not this way yet. [*Aside.*—Away, you
dog-whelp!

Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my mind in time:
You're running greedily^c, like a hound to his breakfast,
That chops in head and all, to beguile his fellows;
I'm to be eaten, sir, with grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse^d, things that ne'er trouble you:
After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I trow you will learn more manners.

Sir Greg. I'm wondering still
When we two shall come together. Tuesday's at hand,
But I'm as far off as I was at first, I swear. [*Aside.*

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Now, Cunningham, I'll be reveng'd at large.— [*Aside.*
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your scarf.

Niece. Ha!

^c *You're running greedily*] The first folio has "Your running greedily"; the second reads "You run in greedily." Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed "*You're running in greedily.*"

^d *discourse*] See note, vol. i. 213.

Guard. Do but follow me ; I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by Cunningham.

Niece. I go with greediness : we long for things
That break our hearts sometimes ; there's pleasure's misery.
[*Exeunt* Guardianess and Niece.]

Sir Greg. Where are those gad-flies going ? to some junket
now :

That same^e old bumble-bee^f toles the young one forth
To sweetmeats after kind. Let 'em look to 't,
The thing you wot on be not miss'd or gone :
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM, *seemingly in discourse with a masked Gentlewoman, which is a puppet, in a broad hat, and wearing the Niece's scarf ; enter* Niece *behind, who conceals herself.*

Cunn. Yes, yes.

Niece. Too manifest now ; the scarf and all ! [Aside.]

Cunn. It cannot be ; you're such a fearful soul.

Niece. I'll give her cause of fear ere I part from her. [Aside.]

Cunn. Will you say so ? is't not your aunt's desire too ?

Niece. What a dissembling crone's that ! she'll forswear 't
now. [Aside.]

Cunn. I see my project takes ; yonder's the grace on 't.
[Aside.]

Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again ?
I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire
A wise man for a husband : and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint ;
We are allow'd but one dish, and that's woodcock :^g
It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of ;
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands.

^e *same*] Both the folios "some."

^f *bumble-bee*] So the second folio.—The first folio "humble-bee" ; and so the modern editors.

^g *woodcock*] i. e. simpleton, fool : see note, p. 61.

Oh, that whore's hat o' thine, o' the riding block,^h
A shade for lecherous kisses!

[*Aside.*

Cunn. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?

Niece. [*coming forward*] Yes; me it forces
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from thy embraces.

Cunn. Lady!

Niece. Oh, thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest love—

Cunn. What mean you, lady?

Niece. Mine; you'll answer for't.

Cunn. Alas, what seek you?

Niece. Sir, mine own, with loss.

Cunn. You shall.

Niece. I never made so hard a bargain.

Cunn. Sweet lady!

Niece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe virtue duty! [*CUNNINGHAM falls on purpose.*ⁱ]

Your cause trips you.—

Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage is,
Before you taste the pleasure.—Smile you, false sir?

Cunn. How can I choose, to see what pains you take
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?

Niece. How!

Cunn. See what things you women be, lady,
When clothes are taken for the best part of you!
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,
How you're deceiv'd still; there the moral lies:
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine clothes:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well resolv'd^j in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always ushers it.

Niece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine!
And I've^k an excellent fortune coming in thee:
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.

^h *block*] See note, p. 62.

ⁱ *Cunningham falls on purpose*] So the second folio.—The first folio has no stage-direction here.

^j *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

^k *I've*] The first folio "I'me" (a misprint for "I'ue"); the second folio "I have."

Cunn. Not a groat, I warrant you.

Niece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for 't;
Next opportunity shall make us [one¹].

Cunn. The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.

Niece. 'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so well
yonder!

Always when women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.

Cunn. Thou art a precious she-wit. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in a tavern.*

*Enter on one side CUNNINGHAM, on the other WITTYPATE, SIR
RUINOUS GENTRY, LADY RUINOUS, and PRISCIAN.*

Cunn. Friend, met in the harvest of our designs!
Not a thought but 's busy.

Witty. I knew it, man;
And that made me provide these needful reapers,
Hooks, rakers, gleaners: we will sing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond;
That, as we further in your great affair,
You 'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs^m,
And, if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
You will not look a churl on 's.

Cunn. Friend, we 'll share
The sheaves of gold; only the love-acre
Shall be peculiar.

Witty. Much good do you, sir!
Away! you know your way and your stay: get you
The music ready, while we prepare the dancers.

¹ [one] Was added by Sympson at the suggestion of Seward, and is absolutely necessary for the sense: had the verse only been defective, I should not have inserted it, because the play abounds with halting lines.—The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave the imperfect reading of the folios.

^m for crumbs] Altered by Sympson to "few corns"!—Qy. "few crumbs" ?

Sir Ruin. We are a consort^u of ourselves.

Pris. And can strike up lustily.

Witty. You must bring Sir Fop.

Cunn. That 's perfect enough.

Sir Ruin. Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare ;

So the proverb runs backwards^o.

[*Exeunt* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY and PRISCIAN.

L. Ruin. I 'll bring the ladies.

Witty. Do so first, and then the fops will follow.

[*Exit* LADY RUINOUS.

I must to my father : he must make one.

Cunn. While I despatch a business with the knight,

And I go with you.

[*Exit* WITTYPATE.

Enter two Servants, with a banquet^p.

Well said^q ! I thank you :

This small banquet will furnish our few guests

With taste and state enough. One reach my gown ;

The action craves it, rather than the weather.

[*Exit Second Servant.*

First Serv. There 's one stays to speak with you, sir.

Cunn. What is he ?

First Serv. Faith, I know not what, sir ; a fool, I think,
That some broker's shop has made half a gentleman :
H'as the name of a worthy too.

Cunn. Pompey ? is 't not ?

First Serv. That 's he, sir.

Cunn. Alas, poor fellow ! prithee, enter him :

[*Exit First Servant.*

He will need^r too ; he shall serve for a witness.

^u *consort*] i. e. company, band of musicians.

^o *So the proverb runs backwards*] "The proverb alluded to is—The more the merrier, the fewer the better fare." MASON.

^p *banquet*] i. e. dessert : see note, vol. iii. 437. Pompey, soon after his entrance, says, "I 'll make a little bold with your *sweetmeats*."

^q *Well said*] Equivalent to—Well done ! see note, vol. i. 328.

^r *He will need*] i. e. He will be necessary. Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*He will sted*."

Re-enter Second Servant with a gown.

Oh, gramercy ! If my friend Sir Gregory comes,
(You know him,) entertain him kindly. [*Exit Second Servant.*]

Enter POMPEY.

Oh, master Pompey ! how is 't, man ?

Pompey. 'Snails^s, I'm almost starved with love, and cold,
and one thing or other. Has not my lady sent for me yet ?

Cunn. Not that I hear : sure, some unfriendly messenger is
employed betwixt you.

Pompey. I was ne'er so cold in my life : in my conscience, I
have been seven mile^t in length along the New-River ; I have
seen a hundred stickle-bags^u ; I do not think but there's
gudgeons too : 't will ne'er be a true water.

Cunn. Why think you so ?

Pompey. I warrant you, I told^v a thousand miller's-thumbs
in it. I'll make a little bold with your sweetmeats.

Cunn. And welcome, Pompey.

Pompey. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cunn. Oh, that's love ; that distastes any thing but itself.

Pompey. 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May not
a man break his word with a lady ? I could find in my heart
and my hose^w too.

Cunn. By no means, sir ; that breaks all the laws of love.

Pompey. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word, without my deed,
to lady, while I live, again. I would fain recover my taste.

Cunn. Well, I have news to tell you.

Pompey. Good news, sir ?

Cunn. Happy news : I help you away with a rival ; your
master ['s] bestowed——

^s 'Snails] "An oath, abbreviated from—*by God's nails.*" WEBER. It is a contraction of *His nails*,—the nails by which our Saviour was fastened to the cross.

^t *mile*] Altered by the modern editors to "miles."

^u *stickle-bags*] Properly—stickle-backs. "There is also a little fish called a *Sticklebag*, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles," &c. Walton's *Compleat Angler*, P. i. c. 18. p. 246. ed. 1676.

^v *told*] i. e. counted.

^w *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Pompey. Where, for this plum's sake?

Cunn. Nay, listen me.

Pompey. I warrant you, sir; I have two ears to one mouth, I hear more than I eat; I'd ne'er row by Queen-Hive^x while I lived else.

Cunn. I have a wife for him, and thou shalt witness the contract.

Pompey. The old one, I hope^y; 'tis not the lady?

Cunn. Choke him first! 'Tis one which thou shalt see; see him, see him deceived, see the deceit, only the injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

Pompey. I'll simper i' faith, as cold as I am yet. The old one, I hope.

Re-enter Second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory. [Exit.

Cunn. Udso, shelter, shelter! if you be seen, all's ravelled out again: stand there private, and you'll find the very opportunity to call you forth, and place you at the table.

[POMPEY retires.

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP.

You are welcome, sir: this banquet will serve, when it is crowned with such a dainty as you expect, and must have.

Sir Greg. Tush, these sweetmeats are but sauce to that. Well, if there be any honesty or true word in a dream, she's mine own, nay, and changed extremely, not the same woman.

Cunn. Who? not the lady?

Sir Greg. No, not to me; the edge of her tongue is taken off, gives me very good words; turned upside down to me; and we live as quietly as two tortoises, if she hold on as she began in my dream.

Cunn. Nay, if love send forth such predictions, you are bound to believe 'em. [Soft music.] There's the watch-word of her coming. To your practised part now! if you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

^x *Queen-Hive*] A not uncommon corruption of the name, which the modern editors alter to "*Queen-Hithe.*"

^y *The old one, I hope*] "By this expression here and a little below, the Clown hopes that the old Guardianess was the wife intended by Cunningham for Sir Gregory." SYMPSON.

Sir Greg. I will warrant you, sir, I will give arms to your gentry. Look you forward to your business, I am an eye behind you; place her in that chair, and let me alone to grope her out.

[*They both sit down, and cover themselves with the gown.*

POMPEY comes forward, and seats himself at the table.

Cunn. Silence!

Enter MIRABELL.

Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment;
But where affections are both host and guest,
They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit:
Your something long stay made me unmannerly
To place before you (you know him²) this friend here,
(He is my guest,) and more especially
That this our meeting might not be too single,
Without a witness to 't.

Mir. I came not unresolv'd, sir:
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith
Which I expect from you, fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on it. Oh, you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, friend! [*SIR GREGORY grasps her.*

Cunn. That's love's eager will;
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kisses her hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
'Less it be doubly recompens'd in me. [*Kisses his hand.*

Pompey. Puh! I must stop my mouth; I shall be chok'd
else. [*Aside.*

Cunn. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays;
We met to join these hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it till^a confirmation.

Mir. One word first: how does your friend, kind Sir
Gregory?

Cunn. Why do you mention him? you love him not?

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, sir;

² *him*] This word is wanting in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber give the line thus:—

“To place before you (know him!) this friend here.”

^a *till*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 print “until.”

In troth, I love him : but 'tis you deceive him ;
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him ; and I know
I shall have hate for it, his hate extremely.

Cunn. Why, I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd ;
Upon my life, the knight will love you for 't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you 'll persuade me so.

Cunn. Why, he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him ;
I know and dare speak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this hand
Betrays him ! You might remember him in some
Courtesy yet at least.

Cunn. I thank your help in 't :
Here 's to his health, where'er he be ! [*Drinks.*

Mir. I 'll pledge it,
Were it against my health. [*Drinks.*

Pompey. Oh, oh, my heart hops after twelve mile a-day,
upon a good return ^b ! now could I walk three hundred mile
a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards. [*Aside.*

Mir. You 'll take the knight's health, sir ?

Pompey. Yes, yes, forsooth [*drinks*].—Oh, my sides ! such a
banquet once a-week would make me grow fat in a fortnight.
[*Aside.*

Cunn. Well ; now to close our meeting with the close
[*SIR GREGORY puts forth his hand.*

Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin :
Here, in Heaven's eye and all Love's sacred powers,
(Which in my prayers stand propitious,)
I knit this holy handfast,^c and with this hand
The heart that owes^d this hand, ever binding

^b *my heart hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return* "That is, it hops, as if hopping twelve miles a-day upon a wager. Our forefathers, as well as we, dealt in extravagant feats upon odds given, which was called doing them upon return," &c. WEBER.

^c *handfast*] i. e. betrothment, contract (the word has occurred before, vol. i. 40). Both the folios, here as well as in the next speech but one of Mirabell, have "*hand fast*"; and so the modern editors. ^d *owes*] i. e. owns.

By force of this initiating contract
 Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
 Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
 The dues, rights, and honours of a faithful husband ;
 And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
 Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand !

Mir. Which thus I second : but, oh, Sir Gregory !

Cunn. Again ? this interposition 's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heaven's eye and all Love's sacred powers,
 I knit this holy handfast, and with this hand
 The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
 Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
 Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
 The dues, rights, and duties of a true faithful wife ;
 And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
 Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand !

Sir Greg. A full agreement on both parts.

Cunn. Ay, here 's witness of that.

Sir Greg. [*discovering himself*] Nay, I have over-reached
 you, lady : and that's much, for any knight in England to
 over-reach a lady.

Mir. I rejoice in my deceit ; I am a lady now,
 I thank you, sir.

Pompey. Good morrow, Lady Fop !

Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gulled ! made a worshipful ass ! this
 is not my lady.

Cunn. But it is, sir ; and true as your dream told you,
 That your lady was become another woman.

Sir Greg. I'll have another lady, sir, if there were no more
 ladies in London ; blindman-buff is an unlawful game.

Cunn. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your
 stars.

Sir Greg. A fire of my stars ! I may thank you, I think.

Cunn. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
 That have preserv'd you from a lasting torment,
 For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend ?—

Sir Greg. I pray, pardon me for that ; I did miscall you, I
 confess.

Cunn. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,

Abuse it in the act? should I see my friend
 Baffled, disgraced, without any reverence
 To your title, to be call'd *slave, rascal*? nay,
 Curs'd to your face, fool'd, scornèd, beaten down
 With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should stand
 And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
 I would have seen you buried quick^c first,
 Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels,
 And to be hack'd^f from your heels: *slave, rascal*?
 Hear this tongue.

Mir. My dearest love, sweet knight, my lord, my husband!

Cunn. So: this is not *slave* and *rascal*, then.

Mir. What shall your eye command, but shall be done
 In all the duties of a loyal wife?

Cunn. Good, good:

Are not curses fitter for you? were 't not better
 Your head were broke with the handle of a fan^g,
 Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your lady.

Cunn. Pox, but you shall not!—she's too good for you—
 This contract shall be a nullity; I'll break 't off,
 And see you better bestow'd.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, sir! she's mine own, and
 I am hers, and we are one another's lawfully, and let me see
 him that will take her away by the civil law! If you be my
 friend, keep you so; if you have done me a good turn, do not
 hit me i' the teeth with 't; that's not the part of a friend.

Cunn. If you be content——

Sir Greg. Content! I was never in better contention in my
 life: I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the
 Old.—Come, kiss me boldly.

^c *quick*] i. e. alive.

^f *hack'd*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "kickt."

^g *the handle of a fan*] "In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff speaks of Mistress Bridget having lost *the handle of her fan*; upon which Steevens says, 'It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were stuck into handles, the richer sort of which were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship,' &c."—REED.

Pompey. Give you joy, sir!

Sir Greg. Oh, sir, I thank you as much as though I did! you are beloved of ladies; you see we are glad of under-women.

Pompey. Ladies! let not ladies be disgraced. You are, as it were, a married man, and have a family; and for the party's sake that was unnamed before, being peas-cod time, I am appeased; yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue.

Cunn. Nay, no dissension here! I must bar that.

And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd;
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the lady; mark how it avails you,
And quits^h all her scorns: her uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Herself to you, which when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her;
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Sir Greg. Good, i' faith; I'll continue it: I'd fain laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abused me as scurvily as his niece.—My knighthood's upon the spur: we'll go to bed, and then to church as fast as we can. [Exit with MIRABELL.]

Pompey. I do wonder I do not hear of the lady yet.

Cunn. The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of; I do not think but 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis.

Pompey. Well, I will go walk by the New-River in that meditation; I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry bank. This gullery of my master will keep me company this two hours too: if love were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough. You know my walk, sir; if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake; I will fish fair for 't.

Oh, knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so, ha, ha! it does me good at heart!

But, oh, lady, thou tak'st down my merry part! [Exit.]

^h quits] i. e. requites.

Enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Friend !

Cunn. Here, friend.

Witty. All is a-foot, and will go smooth awayⁱ :
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone ;
Which I have already complain'd to my father,
Suggesting that Sir Gregory is faln off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow),
And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cunn. 'Foot, all this is wrong !
This wings his pursuit, and will^j be before me :
I am lost for ever !

Witty. No ; stay ; you shall not go
But with my father : on my wit let it lie ;
You shall appear a friendly assistant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help yourself only.

Cunn. Would my belief were strong
In this assurance !

Witty. You shall credit it,
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you :—

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT.

My father !

Sir Perf. Oh, sir, you are well met ! where's the knight,
your friend ?

Cunn. Sir, I think your son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again ? I tell you he loves,
But not my kinswoman ; her base usage, and
Your slack performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upside down.

ⁱ *All is a-foot, and will go smooth away, &c.*] The text of this play, corrupted throughout, becomes still worse towards the close : in not a few speeches of the present and the next scene the metre is so incurably injured, that I should have reduced them to prose, had they not been evidently intended for verse by the writers, and distinctly printed as such in both the folios.

^j *will*] Mason would read "he'll" : but here (as in other passages) *he* is understood.

Sir Perf. I'll curb her for 't : can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.

Witty. With that condition, sir,
I dare recal him, were he enter'd the church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.

Sir Perf. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. Ay, but these are words still ; will not the deeds be
wanting
At the recovery, if it should be again ?

Sir Perf. Why, here, fool, I am provided ; five hundred in
earnest
Of the thousands in her^j dower ; but were they married once,
I'd cut him short enough : that's my agreement.

Witty. Ay, now I perceive some purpose in you, father.

Sir Perf. But wherefore is she then stoln out of doors
To him ?

Witty. To him ! oh, fie upon your error !
She has another object, believe it, sir.

Sir Perf. I never could perceive it.

Cunn. I did, sir ; and to her shame I should speak it,
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.

Sir Perf. Wit and wantonness^k ; nothing else, nothing else :
She love a fool ? she'll sooner make a fool
Of a wise man.

Cunn. Ay, my friend complains so ;
Sir Gregory says flatly she makes a fool of him,
And these bold circumstances are approv'd :
Favours have been sent by him, yet he, ignorant
Whither to carry 'em, they have been understood,
And taken from him : certain, sir, there is
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,
What or where'er he is ; these slight neglects
Could not be of a knight else.

Sir Perf. Well, sir, you
Have promis'd (if we recover him unmarried)
To salve all these old bruises ?

^j *her*] Weber chose to print "the."

^k *wantonness*] Both the folios "wantons."

Cunn. I'll do my best, sir.

Sir Perf. I shall thank you costly, sir, and kindly too.

Witty. Will you talk away the time here, sir, and come
Behind all your purposes?

Sir Perf. Away, good sir!

Witty. Then stay a little, good sir, for my advice.
Why, father, are you broke? your wit beggar'd?
Or are you at your wit's end? or out of¹
Love with wit? no trick of wit to surprise
Those designs, but with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? This is strange:
You were not wont to slubber a project so.

Sir Perf. Can you help at a pinch now? shew yourself
My son? go to! I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus, then:
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Buxom as Bacchus' froes^m, revelling, dancing,
Telling the music's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premonish'd friends,
That's questionless, little dreading you;
Now, sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient, were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the abstract of a masque;
What though few persons? if best for our purpose,
That commends the project.

Sir Perf. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all; I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.

Sir Perf. Why, what wants, then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of music;
That must be paid, you know.

¹ *Or are you at your wit's end? or out of, &c.*] So this passage (evidently somewhat corrupted,—see note, p. 83) is arranged in both the folios. Weber tried to improve the metre by the following regulation:—

“Or are you at your wits' end? or out of love with wit?
No trick of wit to surprise those designs,
But with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? this is strange,” &c.

^m *froes*] Or *frows*,—i. e. women, wenches.

Sir Perf. That shall be my charges ; I'llⁿ pay the music,
Whate'er it cost.

Witty. And that shall be all your charge.
Now, on ! I like it ; there will be wit in 't, father.

[*Exeunt* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT and WITTYPATE.]

Cunn. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship ;
Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown,
My resolution now shall seize mine own. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY.

Enter Niece, LADY RUINOUS GENTRY, Guardianess, SIR RUINOUS,
and PRISCIAN, *with instruments, and masked.*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have music ; let that sweet breath at
least

Give us her airy welcome : 'twill be the best,
I fear, this ruin'd receptacle will yield ;
But that most freely.

Niece. My welcome follows me,
Else I am ill come hither : you assure me still
Master Cunningham will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my sex,
That all belief may fly 'em.

Niece. Continue still
The knight's name unto my guardianess ;
She expects no other.

L. Ruin. He will, he will ; assure you,
Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly ;
This music fore-ran him ; is't not so, consorts ?

Sir Ruin. Yes, lady ; he stays on some device to bring
along ; such a labour he was busy in, some witty device.

Niece. 'Twill be long ere he comes, then, for wit's a great
labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one day.

Niece. Scarce two, I think.

ⁿ *charges ; I'll*] Altered by the modern editors to "charge ; I will."

Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of clothes as led me
Into the fool's pair of dice, with deuce ace°,
He that would make me mistress Cun, Cun, Cunnie,—
He's quite out of my mind ; but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my head ;
Such a one I think would please you better, though
He did abuse you.

Sir Ruin. Fie ! speak well of him now,
Your niece has quitted^p him.

Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever. But, for Sir Gregory,
Would he were come ! I shall ill answer this
Unto your uncle else.

Niece. You know 'tis his pleasure
I should keep him company.

Guard. Ay, and should be your own,
If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder
At the niceness of you[r] ladies now-a-days,
They must have husbands with so much wit, forsooth !
Worship and wealth were both wont to be in
Better request, I'm sure : I cannot tell ;
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.

L. Ruin. La, la, la, la, sol ! this music breathes in vain :
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone ;
Let's have a female motion ; 'tis in private,
And we'll grace 't ourselves, however it deserves.

Niece. What say you, guardianess ?

Guard. 'Las, I'm weary with the walk !
My jaunting days are done.

L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the music.

Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money, then.

[*They dance. A cornet is winded within*

L. Ruin. Hark ! upon my life, the knight ! 'tis your friend ;
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

° *Into the fool's pair of dice, with deuce ace*] It may be necessary to observe that here the Guardianess is making a wretched quibble—"pair of dice,"—paradise.

^p *quitted*] i. e. required.

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLD CRAFT, WITTYPATE, and CUNNINGHAM, masked : they join the dance.

Ha ! no words but mum ? well, then, we shall need
No counsel-keeping.

Niece. Cunningham ?

Cunn. Yes ; fear nothing.

Niece. Fear ! why do you tell me of it ?

Cunn. Your uncle 's here.

Niece. Aye me !

Cunn. Peace.

Sir Perf. We have caught 'em.

Witty. Thank my wit, father.

Guard. Which is the knight, think you ?

Niece. I know not ; he will be found when he speaks ;
No mask can disguise his tongue.

Witty. Are you charg'd ?

Sir Perf. Are you awake ?

Witty. I 'm answer'd in a question.

Cunn. Next change we meet, we loose our hands no more.

Niece. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em ?

Cunn. Yes.—You must go with me.

Guard. Whither, sir ? not from my charge, believe me.

Cunn. She goes along.

Niece. Will you venture, and my uncle here ?

Cunn. His stay 's prepar'd for.

Guard. 'Tis the knight, sure ; I 'll follow.

[*Exeunt CUNNINGHAM, Niece, and Guardianess.*]

Sir Perf. How now ! the music tir'd before us ?

Sir Ruin. Yes, sir ; we must be paid now.

Witty. Oh, that 's my charge, father.

Sir Perf. But stay : where are our wanton ladies gone ?
Son, where are they ?

Witty. Only chang'd the room in a change ; that 's all, sure.

Sir Perf. I 'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to
you.

Sir Ruin. You must pay for your music first, sir.

Sir Perf. Must !

Are there musty fiddlers ? are beggars choosers now ?

Ha ! why, Wittypate ! son ! where am I ?

Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, sir :
Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, sir?

Sir Perf. 'Death, I may be gull'd to my face! Where 's
my niece?

What are you?

L. Ruin. None of your niece, sir.

Sir Perf. Hownow! have you loud instruments too? I'll hear
No more, I thank you. What have I done, trow,
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?

Witty. Not where you should be, sir; you should be paying
For your music, and you are in a maze.

Sir Perf. Oh, is't so? Put up, put up, I pray you;
Here's a crown for you.

L. Ruin. Pish, a crown!

Sir Ruin., Pris. Ha, ha, ha! a crown!

Sir Perf. Which way^a do you laugh? I have seen a crown
Has made a consort^r laugh heartily.

Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians; they expect a bounty above
Their punctual desert.

Sir Perf. A [pox] on your punks, and their deserts too!
Am I not cheated all this while, think you?
Is not your pate in this?

Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own goods :
Here you trifle time, to market your bounty,
And make it base, when it must needs be free,
For aught I can perceive.

Sir Perf. Will you know the lowest price, sir?

Witty. That I will, sir. with all my heart.

[*Talks apart to them.*]

Sir Perf. Unless
I was discover'd, and they now fled home
Again for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd ;
That 's the best can be hop'd for.

[*Aside.*]

Witty. Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.

^a *Which way*] "i. e. Whether in jest or earnest." SYMPSON.

^r *consort*] See note, p. 75.

Sir Ruin. There's not a denier to be bated, sir.

Sir Perf. Now, sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the t'other^s ten pound.

Pris. Not a baubee^t, sir.

Sir Perf. How! bate ten pound! what is the whole sum, then?

Witty. Faith, sir, a hundred pound; with much ado, I got fifty bated; and, faith, father, to say truth, 'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.

Sir Perf. La, la, la, down! a hundred pound! la, la, la! You are a consort of thieves, are you not?

Witty. No; musicians, sir; I told you before.

Sir Perf. Fiddle faddle!

Is it not a robbery? a plain robbery?

Witty. No;

No, no, by no means, father; you have receiv'd For your money, nay, and that you cannot give back: 'Tis somewhat dear, I confess; but who can help it? If they had been agreed with beforehand— 'Twas ill forgotten.

Sir Perf. And how many shares have you in this? I see My force: case up your instruments: I yield; Here, as robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it. [*Gives money.*]

Witty. No, sir, you have perform'd your promise now, Which was to pay the charge of music, that's all.

Sir Perf. I have heard no music, I have receiv'd none, sir, There's none to be found in me nor about me.

Witty. Why, sir, here's witness against you; you have danced, and he that dances acknowledges a receipt of music.

Sir Perf. I deny that, sir. Look you; I can dance without music; do you see, sir? and I can sing without it too. You are a consort of thieves! do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray you, take heed, sir^u; if you do move the music again, it may cost you as much more.

^s *the t'other*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*the other*:" see note, p. 19.

^t *baubee*] i. e. half-penny.

^u *Pray you, take heed, sir*] The modern editors print "*Pray, take you heed, sir.*"

Sir Perf. Hold, hold ! I'll depart quietly. I need not bid you farewell, I think, now, so long as that hundred pound lasts with you.—Ha, ha ! am I snapt, i' faith ? [*Aside.*

As he is going out, re-enter Guardianess.

Guard. Oh, Sir Perfidious——

Sir Perf. Ay, ay ; some howling another while ; music's too damnable dear.

Guard. Oh, sir, my heart-strings are broke ! if I can but live to tell you the tale, I care not : your niece, my charge, is——

Sir Perf. What ? is she sick ?

Guard. No, no, sir ; she 's lustily well married.

Sir Perf. To whom ?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning dissembler, Cunningham !

Sir Perf. I'll hang the priest first : what was he ?

Guard. Your kinsman, sir, that has the Welch benefice.

Sir Perf. I sav'd him from the gallows to that end !
Good : is there any more ?

Guard. And Sir Gregory is married too.

Sir Perf. To my niece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No, sir ; to my niece, thank Cupid ! and that 's all that 's likely to recover me ; she 's Lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts, I thank my promotion.

Enter CREDULOUS, with CUNNINGHAM, Niece, SIR GREGORY FOP, and MIRABELL.

Cred. I have perform'd your behest, sir.

Sir Perf. What have you perform'd, sir ?

Witty. Faith, sir, I must excuse my cousin in this act,
If you can excuse yourself for making him
A priest ; there 's the most difficult answer.
I put this practice ^x on him, as from your desire :
A truth, a truth, father.

Cred. I protest, sir, he tells you truth ;
He mov'd me to 't in your name.

^x *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

Sir Perf. I protest, sir,
He told you a lie in my name; and were you
So easy, master Credulous, to believe him?

Cred. If a man should not believe his cousin, sir,
Whom should he believe?

Sir Perf. Good e'en to you, good master cousin Cunningham!
And your fair bride, my cousin Cunningham too!
And how do you, Sir Gregory, with your fair lady?

Sir Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I
thank you, sir: the days of *puppy* and *slave* and *rascal* are
pretty well blown over now; I know crabs from verjuice, I
have tried both: an thou 'dst give me thy niece for nothing,
I'd not have her.

Cunn. I think so, Sir Gregory; for my sake you would not.

Sir Greg. I would thou hadst scaped her too! and then
she had died of the green-sickness. Know this, that I did
marry in spite, and I will kiss my lady in spite, and love her
in spite, and beget children of her in spite, and when I die,
they shall have my lands in spite: this was my resolution,
and now 'tis out.

Niece. How spiteful are you now, Sir Gregory!
Why, look you, I can love my dearest husband,
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

Sir Greg. [Pox], this is afore your uncle's face; but behind
his back, in private, you'll shew him another tale.

Cunn. You see, sir, now, the irrecoverable state of all
these things before you. Come out of your muse: they
have been but wit-weapons; you were wont to love the play.

Sir Perf. Let me alone in my muse a little, sir; I will
wake to you anon.

Enter POMPEY.

Cunn. Udso, your friend Pompey! how will you answer
him?

Niece. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Pompey. I do hear strange stories: are ladies things
obnoxious?

Niece. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come!

Cunn. How now, lady !

Niece. Let me come to him ; and instead of love
Let me have revenge !

Witty. Pray you now, will you first examine whether
He be guilty or no ?

Niece. He cannot be excus'd.—
How many messengers, thou perjur'd man,
Hast thou return'd with vows and oaths that thou
Wouldst follow, and never till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye
Drew my heart to it ? Oh, I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft embraces !—Pray, give me leave——

Witty. Faith, this was ill done of you, sir, if you promis'd
otherwise.

Pompey. By this hand, never any messenger came at me,
since the first time I came into her company. That a man
should be wronged thus !

Niece. Did not I send thee scarfs and diamonds ?
And thou return'dst me letters, one with a false heart in 't.

Witty. Oh, fie ! to receive favours, return falsehoods,
And hold a lady in hand^y !

Pompey. Will you believe me, sir ? if ever I received
diamonds or scarf[s], or sent any letter to her, would this
sword might ne'er go through me !

Witty. Some bad messengers have gone between you, then.

Niece. Take him from my sight, if I shall see to-
morrow !

Witty. Pray you, forbear the place ; this discontent
May impair her health much.

Pompey. 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er
have grieved him : sir, if you 'll believe—

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more ; I do believe you :
But you see how the lady is wrong'd by 't ;
She has cast away herself, it is to be fear'd,
Against her uncle's will, nay, any consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spite to herself,
Married suddenly without any advice.

^y hold a lady in hand] i. e. keep a lady in expectation, flatter her hopes.

Pompey. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank herself: she might have gone further and fared worse. I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me that I should not come till I was sent for; I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

Witty. Truly, I believe you.

Pompey. Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I: yet I protest, she's as honest a lady for my part; that I'd say, if she would see me hanged. If she be cast away, I cannot help it; she might have stayed to have spoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.

Pompey. So 'twas; I was within one of her, for all this cross luck; I was sure I was between the knight and home.

Niece. Not gone yet? Oh, my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good sir, forbear her sight a while; you hear How ill she brooks it.

Pompey. Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so! I shall think the worse of a lady's wit, while I live, for 't: [pox,] I could almost cry for anger. If she should miscarry now, 't would touch my conscience a little; and who knows what love and conceit may do? what would people say as I go along? 'There goes he that the lady died for love on!' I am sure to hear on't i' the streets; I shall weep beforehand. Foolish woman! I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before. Well, go thy ways: wouldst thou spare thy husband's head, and break thine own heart, if thou hadst any wit? I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing! I shall be twitted i' the teeth with 't, I'm sure of that: foolish lady! [Exit.

Niece. So, so, this trouble's well shook off.—

Uncle, how d' ye? there is a dowry due, sir.

Cunn. We have agreed it, sweetest, and find your uncle Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Sir Perf. Never to thee,—nor thee, easy cousin Credulous: Was your wit so raw?

Cred. Faith, yours, sir, so long season'd,
Has been faulty too and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.

Sir Greg. Yes, faith, sir, you have paid as dear for your
time as any man here.

Witty. Ay, sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, the
first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces to the beggars; you
remember that; I was the example to your bounty there, I
spake Greek and Syriac, sir; you understand me now. Next,
the robbery put upon your indulgent cousin; which indeed
was no robbery, no constable, no justice, no thief, but all
cheaters; there was a hundred mark, mark you that. Lastly,
this memorable hundred pounds' worth of music; this was
both cheat² and wit too. And for the assistance of this gen-
tleman to my cousin (for which I am to have a fee), that was
a little practice of my wit too, father. Will you come to
composition yet, father?

Cunn. Yes, faith, sir, do: two hundred a-year will be easier
than so much weekly: I do not think he's barren, if he should
be put to't again.

Sir Perf. Why, this was the day I look'd for: thou shalt
have't;

And the next cheat makes it up three hundred.—
Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage;
Thou get'st not a penny more; here's thy full hire now.

Cred. I thank you, sir.

Witty. Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father,
To shove him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Sir Perf. Most certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, sir.

Sir Perf. Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em; I'll
repay it.

Wealth love me as I love wit, when I die,
I'll build an almshouse for decayèd wits!

² *both cheat*] The first folio has "but cheats"; the second "*both cheats*"; which the modern editors give.

Sir Greg. I'll entertain one in my lifetime.—Scholar, you shall be my chaplain; I have the gift of twenty benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks, my great patron.

Cunn. Sir, your gentry and your name shall both be raised as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake.

Witty. Something will be in my present power, the future more; you shall share with me.

Sir Ruin. and *L. Ruin.* Thanks, worthy gentlemen.

Niece. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

Sir Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh, sir, if she begs, there's your power over her.

Sir Greg. She has begged me for a fool already^a; but 'tis no matter: I have begged her for a lady, that she might have been; that's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg——

Sir Greg. Let her beg again, then.

Niece. That your man Pompey's coat may come over his ears back again; I would not he should be lost for my sake.

Sir Greg. Well, 'tis granted for mine own sake.

Mir. I'll entreat it, sir.

Sir Greg. Why, then, 'tis granted for your sake.

Sir Perf. Come, come,

Down with all weapons now! 'tis music time,

So it be purchas'd at an easy rate:

Some have receiv'd the knocks, some given the hits,

And all concludes in love; there's happy wits! [Exeunt.]

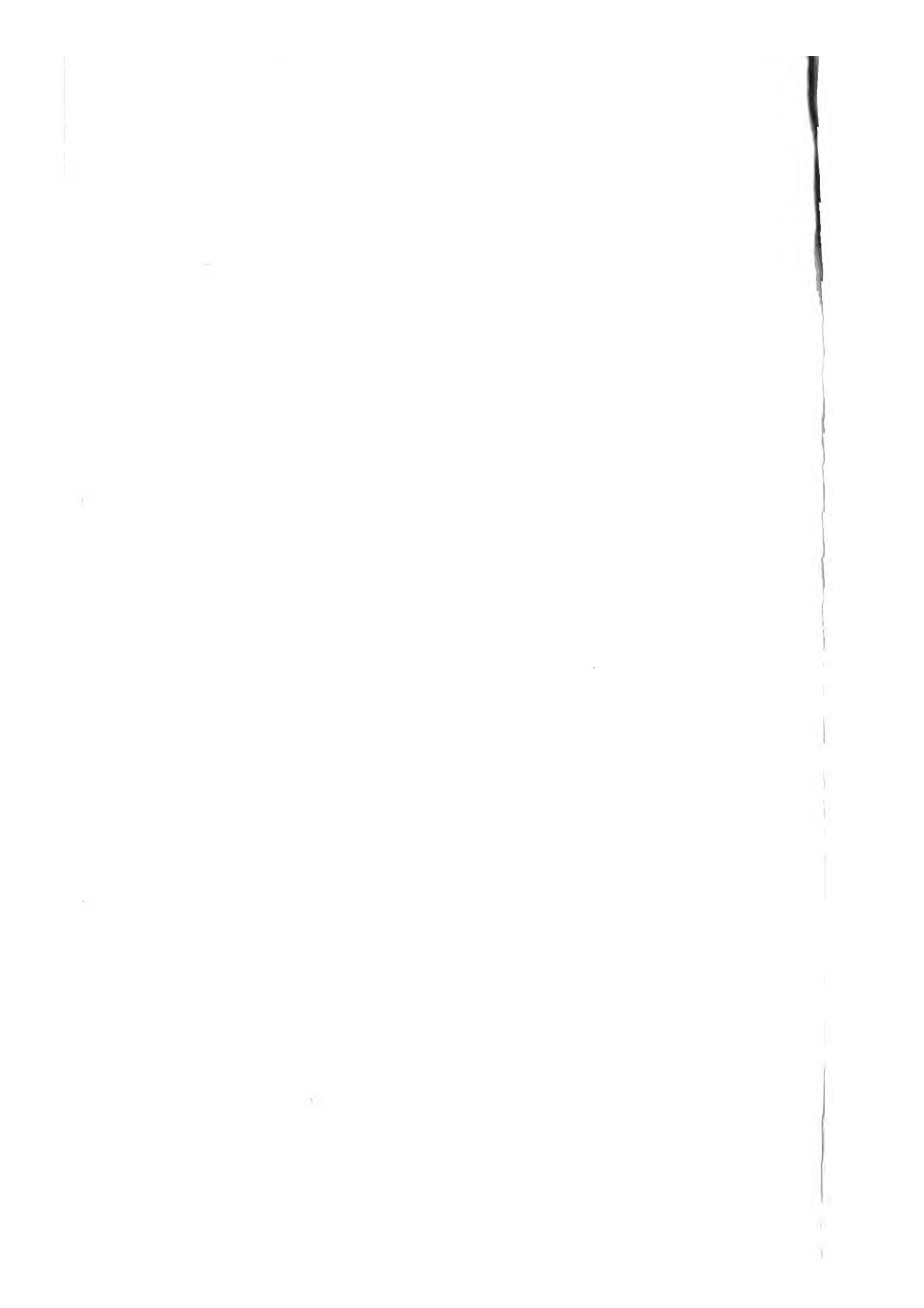
^a *She has begged me for a fool already*] An allusion to the applications made for the guardianship of fools: under a writ in the old common law, if a man is proved *purus idiota*, the custody of his person and the profits of his lands may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them. These wardships were sometimes sold.

EPILOGUE.

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

WE need not tell you, gallants, that this night
The wits have jump'd, or that the scenes hit right :
'T would be but labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in ; his brisk Muse
Was so mercurial, that, if he but writ
An act or two, the whole play riss^b up wit.
We'll not appeal unto those gentlemen
Judge by their clothes, if they sit right, nor when
The ladies smile, and with their fans delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right :
'T was well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

^b *riss*] i. e. rose (see p. 7 and note).—The first folio has “rise.” The second folio reads “rose ;” and so the modern editors.



WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

Wit without Money. A Comedie, As it hath beene Presented with good Applause at the private house in Drurie Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by { Francis Beaumont,
and
John Flecher. } Gent.

London Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke. 1639. 4to.

Wit without Money, &c. (as above). The second Impression Corrected. London, Printed for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's-Church-Yard, 1661. 4to.

In the folio of 1679.

THIS comedy was certainly produced after August 1614 (see note on act ii. sc. 4. p. 128). Whether Beaumont had any share in its composition, is very doubtful. The following memorandum by Sir Henry Herbert is, perhaps, hardly worth quoting: "*Wit without Money* acted by the B. boyes [i. e. Beeston's company of boys] the 14 Feb. [1636-7]." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 239.

Langbaine mentions it as "a Comedy which I have seen acted at the Old House in little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with very great Applause; the part of Valentine being play'd by that compleat Actor Major Mohun deceas'd. This was the first Play that was acted after the Burning the King's House in Drury-lane^a: a New Prologue being writ for them by Mr. Dryden."—*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 216.

"About the year 1708, it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with alterations, and, as the title-page modestly asserts, *amendments*, by some Persons of Quality^b. It hath been since frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre." *Ed.* 1778. Many years have now elapsed since the last representation of *Wit without Money*.

^a It was entirely destroyed by fire in January 1671-2.

^b Printed in 4to., n. d. Weber cites the prologue, in which Fletcher is mentioned as the sole author of the play; but assuredly the "Person of Quality," who wrote that prologue, assigned the comedy to Fletcher on conjecture alone.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE }
FRANCISCO } brothers.

LOVEGOOD, their uncle.

A Merchant.

FOUNTAIN.

BELLAMORE.

HAREBRAIN.

LANCE, a falconer, and tenant
on the estate mortgaged by
VALENTINE.

SHORTHOSE }
ROGER } Servants to LADY
HUMPHRY } HEARTWELL.
RALPH }

Tenants, Musicians, Servants.

LADY HEARTWELL, a widow.

ISABELLA, her sister.

LUCE, waiting-woman to LADY
HEARTWELL.

SCENE, *London.*

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter LOVEGOOD and Merchant.

Mer. When saw you Valentine?

Love. Not since the horse-race;

He's taken up with those that woo the widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.

Love. Alas, he's sunk!

His means are gone; he wants, and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Love. Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states^a:
He cannot be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs;—

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Love. No gentleman that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers; for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites^b and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,—

^a *states*] i. e. estates,—as repeatedly afterwards in this play.

^b *kites*] “i. e. sharpers.” WEBER.

God bless the founders^c ! These he would have vented
 Into more manly uses, wit and carriage,
 And never thinks of state or means, the groundworks ;
 Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
 And starve their understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

Love. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why, let him marry,
 And that way rise again.

Love. It's most impossible ;
 He will not look with any handsomeness
 Upon a woman.

Mer. Is he so strange to women ?

Love. I know not what it is ; a foolish glory
 He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits :
 And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
 Make 'em or fair or foul^d, rugged or smooth,
 As his impression serves ; for he affirms,
 They are only lumps and undigested pieces,
 Lick'd over to a form by our affections,
 And then they shew.—The lovers ! let 'em pass.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.

Mer. He might be one ; he carries as much promise.
 They are wondrous merry.

Love. Oh, their hopes are high, sir.

Fount. Is Valentine come to town ?

Bel. Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions ;
 For this widow is as stately and as crafty,
 And stands, I warrant you—

Hare. Let her stand sure ;
 She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine.

[*Exit with* FOUNTAIN and BELLAMORE.]

Mer. This widow seems a gallant.

Love. A goodly woman ;
 And to her handsomeness she bears her state,

^c *God bless the founders*] See note, vol. iii. 107.

^d *foul*] i. e. ugly.

Reserv'd and great ; Fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

Mer. I would Valentine had her !

Love. There 's no hope of that, sir.

Mer. O' that condition, he had his mortgage in again.

Love. I would he had !

Mer. Seek means, and see what I 'll do
(However, let the money be paid in) :
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations :
The mortgage shall be render'd back ; take time for 't.
You told me of another brother.

Love. Yes, sir ;
More miserable than he, for he has eat him
And drunk^c him up ; a handsome gentleman,
And a fine scholar.

Enter LANCE and two Tenants^f.

Mer. What are these ?

Love. The tenants ;
They 'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepar'd.—
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him ;
He is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an 't please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home ;
And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,
When we meet next——

Love. Do but persuade him fairly ;
And for your money, mine and these men's thanks too,
And what we can be able——

Mer. You 're most honest ;
You shall find me no less ; and so I leave you.
Prosper your business, my^g friends !

^c *drunk*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "drank" !

^f *Enter Lance and two Tenants*] The old eds. have "*Enter three Tenants.*" Weber gave "*Enter Lance and three Tenants*" : but Lance is evidently one of the three tenants of the old eds.

^g *my*] Omitted by the modern editors.

Love. Pray Heaven it may, sir! [Exit Merchant.]

Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that—I'll not spare him —
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,
Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his state still. Must we turn tenants now
(After we have liv'd under the race of gentry,
And maintain'd good yeomanry) to some of the city,
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard,
And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gardens?
Must it be so?

Love. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Love. Entreat him lovingly,
And make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.

Val. [within] And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him
presently :
Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.

Lance. You'll want clothes, I hope.

Val. [within] Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Love. He comes: be diligent, but not too rugged;
Start him, but affright him not^h.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Phew! are you there?

Love. We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?
Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,
Nor master of these troubles.

Tenants. We beseech you,
For our poor children's sake!

Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but children
Must be bang'd out o' the sheaf too? other men,

^h *but affright him not*] Altered by the modern editors to "*but not affright him.*"

With all their delicates and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs : you, with a clove of garlic,
A piece of cheese would break a saw, and sour milk,
Can mount like stallions ; and I must maintain
These tumblers !

Lance. You ought to maintain us ; we
Have maintain'd you, and, when you slept, provided for you.
Who bought the silk you wear ? I think, our labours ;
Reckon, you 'll find it so : who found your horses
Perpetual pots of aleⁱ, maintain'd your taverns,
And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes^j,
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties ?
We had no hand in these ; no, we are all puppies !
Your tenants base vexations !

Val. Very well, sir.

Lance. Had you land, sir,
And honest men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourself and your poor tribe to misery ;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks ? Where will you hunt
next ?

You had a thousand acres, fair and open :
The King's Bench is enclos'd, there 's no good riding ;
The Counter is full of thorns and brakes (take heed, sir)
And bogs ; you 'll quickly find what broth they 're made of^k.

Val. You 're short and pithy.

Lance. They say you 're a fine gentleman,

ⁱ *who found your horses*
Perpetual pots of ale] "Ale is frequently given to horses, particularly when they have been urged to more than usual exertions. This was unknown to the modern editors, and a number of sage conjectures are the consequence of this ignorance. Mr. Sympson would read—'perpetual oats and hay'! Mr. Seward [printed] 'Who found you horses'; and the last editors content themselves with placing a comma after 'horses.'" WEBER.

^j *half-crown boxes*] This high price for a seat at the theatre is also mentioned by Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*: see Mr. J. P. Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 342.

^k *what broth they 're made of*] "i. e. what stuff they 're made of; but as Lance is speaking of bogs, he uses the word *broth*, as a more ludicrous expression." MASON. Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "*what both they 're made of.*"

And of excellent judgment ; they report you have a wit^k :
 Keep yourself out o' the rain^l, and take your cloak with you,
 Which by interpretation is your state, sir,
 Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have money,
 And may have means.

Val. I prithee, leave prating :
 Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
 Or my undoing in thy pity ? Go ;
 Go, get you home ; there whistle to your horses,
 And let them edify ! away, sow hemp,
 And^m hang yourselves withal ! What am I to you,
 Or you to me ? am I your landlord, puppies ?

Love. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you,
 To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings ;
 They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.

Tenants. Your father's worship would have us'd us better.

Val. My father's worship was a fool.

Lance. Hey, hey, boys !
 Old Valentine, i'faith ; the old boy still.

Love. Fie, cousin !

Val. I mean besotted to his state ; he had never
 Left me the misery of so much means else,
 Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.
 If you will talk, turn out these tenementsⁿ :
 They are as killing to my nature, uncle,
 As water to a fever.

Lance. We will go ;
 But it is like rams, to come again the stronger :
 And you shall keep your state.

^k *And of excellent judgment ; they report you have a wit*] So the folio. Both the 4tos omit "of."—Seward retained "of," but printed "you've wit." The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave the line thus,

" *And excellent judgment they report you-have ; a wit.*"

^l *Keep yourself out o' the rain*] Compare the proverbial expression cited in note, vol. iii. 64.

^m *And*] So the first 4to.—Other eds. "To" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

ⁿ *tenements*] So the first 4to.—Other eds. "tenants" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778,—Seward adding "for" to the line.

Val. Thou liest ; I will not.

Lance. Sweet sir, thou liest ; thou shalt ; and so, good
morrow. [*Exeunt LANCE and Tenants.*]

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding.
Now to your business, uncle.

Love. To your state, then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on 't ; name it no more ;
'T is that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me :
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean of thinking of more lands or livings,)
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon 't !
Caveat emptor ; let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on 't.

Love. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.

Val. I am mad, then,
And so I mean to be ; will that content you ?
How bravely now I live, how jocund ° !
How near the first inheritance, without fears !
How free from title-troubles !

Love. And from means too.

Val. Means ! why, all good men 's my means, my wit 's my
plough,
The town 's my stock, taverns^p my standing-house,
And all the world knows there 's no want ; all gentlemen
That love society love me ; all purses
That wit and pleasure open^q are my tenants ;
Every man's clothes fit me ; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove ; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither. What need state here ?

Love. But, say these means were honest, will they last, sir ?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Should I take aught of you ? 'tis true, I begg'd now,

° *jocund*] Seward printed "jocundly" ; and so perhaps the author wrote.

^p *taverns*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "tavern's,"—wrongly, as
Mason first observed.

^q *open*] Old eds. "opens."

Or, which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
 And, which is worst of all, I lost my way in 't.
 Your mind 's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly ;
 Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing
 But daily sweat and trouble : were my way
 So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I 'd shift it^q.
 Are my acquaintance graziers ? But, sir, know,
 No man that I am allied to, in my living,
 But makes it equal, whether his own use
 Or my necessity pull first ; nor is this forc'd,
 But the mere quality and poisure^r of goodness :
 And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

Love. You pose me, cousin.

Val. What 's my knowledge, uncle ?

Is 't not worth money ? what 's my understanding,
 My travel, reading, wit, all these digested ;
 My daily making men, some to speak^s,
 That too much phlegm had frozen up ; some other
 That spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put
 Their tongues to pensions ; some to wear their clothes,
 And some to keep 'em ? These are nothing, uncle !
 Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
 A manly love, community to all
 That are deservers—not examining
 How much or what 's done for them—it is wicked^t,

^q *were my way*
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I'd shift it] So the folio.—The 4tos have
 “ *were my way so full of dirt as this, 'tis true I shifted* ” ; and so the Editors of
 1778, pointing the passage thus,

“ *Were my way*
So full of dirt as this ? 'Tis true, I shifted.”

(but with that punctuation, the reading ought to be “ *Was my way,*” &c.) In
 the next line Mason would read “ *Were my acquaintance graziers,*” without an
 interrogation-point, and connecting it with what precedes.

^r *poisure*] i. e. weight. Weber says that he has not found this word else-
 where. I suspect that the author wrote “ *poise* ” (which occurs towards the
 end of this act).

^s *to speak*] Seward printed “ *to speak well.*”

^t *not examining*
How much or what 's done for them—it is wicked] “ I believe Valentine means
 to say, that it is wickedness to examine how far you extend your bounty to those
 who are worthy of it.” MASON.

And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants, one carrying a cloak and a hat, the other a purse.

First Serv. This cloak and hat, sir, and my master's love.

Val. Commend us to thy master, and take that,
And leave 'em at my lodging.

First Serv. I shall do it, sir.

[*Exit.*

Val. I do not think of these things.

Sec. Serv. Please you, sir,
I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me. Drink that,
And commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Sec. Servant.*

Look you, uncle,

Do I beg these?

Love. No, sure; 'tis your worth, sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray, satisfy me,
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starv'd inheritance with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces^u?
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds and their issues
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And, if it were possible, to spend it then too,
For all your beans in Rumnillo^v. Now you know me.

^u *Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces*] "This alludes to the practice of burning odoriferous woods, which was one of the most expensive luxuries in the houses of the great," &c. WEBER.

^v *For all your beans in Rumnillo*] So all the old eds.—Seward printed "*For all your beasts in Rumney*"!! observing, "The uncle is before described as a great grazier; his beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned as the chief of his wealth than his beans. Rumney Marsh in Kent is remarkably famous for fattening cattle; I think therefore my conjecture was *probably the true reading*." The Editors of 1778 adopted Seward's alteration. Weber left the old text

Love. I would you knew yourself! but, since you are grown
Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.

Val. How?

Love. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover ;
I'll find the means.

Val. Pray, save your labour, sir ;
My brother and myself will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe for him ; I love him better :
He has wit at will, the world has means ; he shall live
Without this trick of state ; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.

Love. My last offer,
And then I am gone.

Val. What is 't ? and then I'll answer.

Love. What think you of a wife, yet to restore you ?
And tell me seriously, without these trifles.

Val. An you can find one that can please my fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn.

Love. Speak your woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is, self-commendations
(For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome) ;
One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For she that hears herself commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked) ;
One without substance of herself, that ['s^w] woman ;
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton ;
Though she be young, forgetting it ; though fair,

undisturbed, remarking, "*Rumnillo* might, however, have been a cant *termination* for the same name [Rumney], or perhaps an arbitrary denomination for the uncle's estate."

Qy. is the true reading, "*For all your benes in Rome-vile*" ? i. e. for all your goods in London : in canting language *bene* is 'good' and *Rome-vile* 'London ;' see *The Canter's Dictionary*, at the end of Dekker's *English Villanies*, &c. ed. 1632. But this is mere conjecture.

* *that['s]*] I have here adopted the reading (*that's*) and the punctuation proposed by Coleridge, who observes that in the next line, "*that's wanton*" means—that is to say, wantonness. *Remains* ii. 301. I ought to mention that Heath (*M.S. Notes*) had anticipated Coleridge in the correction of this passage.

Making her glass the eyes of honest men,
Not her own admiration ; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new blessings ; if
There may be such a woman.

Love. Yes, there may be.

Val. And without state too ?

Love. You are dispos'd to trifle.

Well, fare you well, sir : when you want me next,
You'll seek me out a better sense.

Val. Farewell, uncle,

And, as you love your state ^x, let not me hear on 't.

Love. It shall not trouble you. [*Exit VALENTINE.*] I'll
watch him still ;

And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now ;
Your sister has engross'd all the brave lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her ! Prithee,
Speak softly ; we are open to men's ears.

Luce. Fear not, we are safe ; we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their language,
And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy ;
You are as fair as she.

Isab. Who, I ? I thank you ;
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd :
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a presence ; she spreads satin,
As the king's ships do canvas, every where.
She may spare me her mizen and her bonnets^y,
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me :
I am a carvel^z to her.

Luce. But a tight one.

Isab. She is excellent well-built too.

^x *state*] Here all the old eds. have "estate" ; but see before.

^y *bonnets*] i. e. small sails attached to the larger sails.

^z *carvel*] See note, vol. i. 184.

Luce. And yet she's old.

Isab. She never saw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will serve again, and a right^a good merchant.
She plays and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philosophy,
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract
The spirit of men's estates; she has the light
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.

Luce. You are so bashful!

Isab. 'Tis not, at first word, "up and ride;" thou art cozen'd;
That would shew mad, i' faith: besides, we lose
The main part of our politic government,
If we become provokers. Then we are fair,
And fit for men's embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried;
Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too
Without the loss of honour, and march off
With our fair wedding-colours flying.—Who are these?

Enter FRANCISCO and LANCE.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prithee, peace, then.

A well-built gentleman!

Luce. But poorly thatch'd^b.

Lance. Has he devour'd you too?

Fran. H' as gulp'd me down, Lance.

Lance. Left you no means to study?

Fran. Not a farthing;

Despatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him:
Here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

Lance. You are fit for great men's services.

Fran. I am fit;

But who'll take me thus? men's miseries are now

^a *and a right*] So the first 4to.—The other eds. omit "*and.*"—Qy. "*and prove a right*"? ("*merchant*," of course, means—ship of trade.)

^b *But poorly thatch'd*] Here Weber placed a stage-direction, "*They retire*": but see the third speech of this scene.

Accounted stains in their natures. I have travell'd,
 And I have studied long, observ'd all kingdoms,
 Know all the promises of art and manners :
 Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
 I shall not thrive ; all these are but vain studies.
 Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, Lance ?

Lance. I'll sell the tiles of my house else^c, my horse, my hawk ;
 Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife ! Oh, master Francis,
 That I should see your father's house fall thus !

Isab. An honest fellow !

Lance. Your father's house, that fed me,
 That bred up all my name !

Isab. A grateful fellow !

Lance. And fall by——

Fran. Peace ; I know you are angry, Lance,
 But I must not hear with whom ; he is my brother,
 And, though you hold him slight, my most dear brother ;
 A gentleman, excepting some few rubs^d
 (He were too excellent to live here else),
 Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
 The issues of a noble and manly spirit,
 As any he alive. I must not hear you :
 Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
 Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,
 And to that tie of blood link my affections.

Isab. A noble nature ! dost thou know him, Luce ?

Luce. No, mistress.

Isab. Thou shouldst ever know such good men.
 What a fair body and a mind are married there^e !
 Did he not say he wanted ?

Luce. What 's that to you ?

^c *I'll sell the tiles of my house else*] An expression which, as Seward observes, occurs in another of these plays. All the old eds. have "*I'll sell the tiles,*" &c.

^d *rubs*] "*Rub* seems here to signify *spot* ; perhaps from the term 'a rub at bowls,' when a bowl touches the jack." WEBER. *Rub* is sometimes used to signify any unevenness of surface (see the third example in Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*) ; and in the present passage "*rubs*" are equivalent to—imperfections.

^e *and a mind are married there*] The first 4to has "*and a mind are married there together*" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. The second 4to and the folio read "*and mind are married*" ; and so Seward, except that he printed "*a mind.*"

Isab. 'Tis true ; but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes !—

[*Aside.*

Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too—

Isab. 'Tis like enough ; but, as I live, this gentleman,
Among ten thousand thousand—is there no knowing him ? —
Why should he want ? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are or poise^e,
Let them complain !

Luce. Her colour changes strangely.

[*Aside.*

Isab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us^f ;
Alas, poor gentleman ! but will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold ? Believe me^g, he is well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble lineage :
Mark him, and mark him well.

Luce. He 's a handsome man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off ;
Oh, Luce—but whither go I ?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I would he had what I can spare !

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come, sir, I 'll see you lodg'd ; you have tied my
tongue fast.

I 'll steal before you want ; 'tis but a hanging.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO and LANCE.*

Isab. That 's a good fellow too, an honest fellow.
Why, this would move a stone : I must needs know—
But that some other time.

Luce. Is the wind there ?

That makes for me.

[*Aside.*

Isab. Come, I forgot a business.

[*Exeunt.*

^e or poise] “i. e. or of what weight they are.” WEBER.

^f This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would point,

“ This man was made to mark, his wants to waken us.”

^g but will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold ? Believe me, &c.] So the first 4to.—The second 4to and the folio have “ but will that keep him from cold and hunger, beleeve me,” &c.—The right reading is probably,

“ but will that fledge him,
Keep him from hunger ? Believe me, he 's well-bred,” &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL and LUCE.

L. Heart. My sister, and a woman of so base a pity!
What was the fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.

L. Heart. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from whence
neither.

L. Heart. What could she see?

Luce. Only his misery;
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

L. Heart. Did she change much?

Luce. Extremely, when he spoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear, her love,) fram'd such a commendation,
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.

L. Heart. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,
That she must dote upon afflictions?
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?
Did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not;
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

L. Heart. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

L. Heart. And look'd he like a gentleman?

Luce. Like such
A gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

L. Heart. My sister, and sink basely! this must not be.
Does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd
Shorthose.

L. Heart. Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this private;
 But still be near her lodging. Luce, what you can gather
 By any means, let me understand.—I'll stop her heat,
 And turn her charity another way,
 To bless herself first.—Be still close to her counsels.—
 A beggar and a stranger! there's a blessedness!
 I'll none of that: I have a toy yet, sister,
 Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.—
 And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.—
 This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* VALENTINE.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!

This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
 And stands so much upon her excellencies!

Bel. She has put us off this month now for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her,
 Not say^f "good morrow" nor "good even," till that's past.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you.

Are you good at nothing, but these after-games?
 I have told you often enough what things they are,
 What precious things, these widows.

Hare. If we had 'em.

Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.
 There be three kinds of fools—mark this note, gentlemen,
 Mark it, and understand it.

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An innocent^g, a knave-fool, a fool politic;
 The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.

^f *Not say*] So the first 4to.—The second 4to and the folio have "No, *not say*"; and so the Editors of 1778. Seward printed "No, *not to say*."

^g *An innocent*] "i. e. a natural fool." WEBER.

Bel. Will you allow no fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you reasons why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons ;
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to wed^h a widow ?
Answer me cooly now, and understandingly.

Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why, there you are fools still ; crafty to catch your-
selves,
Pure politic fools ; I look'd for such an answer.

Once more hear me : it is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the stateⁱ you have be yours or no,
Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me ; widows
Are long extents in law^j upon men's livings^k,
Upon their bodies winding-sheets ; they that enjoy 'em
Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now ?

Bel. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain truth : but, if you 'll needs
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves
(Not any part concerns your understandings,
For then you are meacocks^l, fools, and miserable) ;
March off amain, within an inch of a furcug^m,
Turn me o' the toe like a weathercock,
Kill every day a sergeant for a twelvemonth,

^h *wed*] Mason's correction, which is confirmed by the next two speeches. All the old eds. "wooe" ; and so the modern editors.

ⁱ *state*] i. e. estate,—as repeatedly in the preceding act.

^j *extents in law*] An *extent* means—seizure (from the writ of *extensi facias*, by which the goods seized are to be taken at their *extended* value).

^k *upon men's livings*] Theobald's correction.—The 4tos have "upon newes, livings ;" the folio, with only a change of spelling, has "upon news, livings."—In the next line Seward omitted "upon."

^l *meacocks*] i. e. dastardly fellows : the word is more particularly applied to submissive husbands.

^m *furcug*] So the first 4to.—The second 4to and the folio read "Firecug" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.—Theobald proposed "firelock" ; and Weber printed "firecock,"—a term, he says, "by which the cock of a gun *may have been* denominated" : but the right reading remains yet to be ascertained.

Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the rolls ;
And these will make a show.

Hare. And these are trifles ?

Val. Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings ;
For here you venture but your persons, there
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made : methinks a man,
An understanding man, is more wifeⁿ to me,
And of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.
What do we get by women, but our senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied ?
And, when that 's done, what are we ? crest-faln cowards.
What benefit can children be, but charges
And disobedience ? what 's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years ? " I pray, die, father !"
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness ; and, come to years once,
There drops a son by the sword in 's mistress' quarrel,—
A great joy to his parents ! a daughter ripe too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away with a supple-hamm'd serving-man ;
His twenty nobles^o spent, takes to a trade,
And learns to spin men's hair off ; there 's another :
And most are of this nature. Will you marry ?

Fount. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same widow ?

Fount. If I may, and, methinks,
However you are pleas'd to dispute these dangers,
Such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half so killing as for you. For me,
She cannot, with all the art she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate : I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there 's the antidote against a widow ;
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away ;

ⁿ *wife*] Old eds. " wise."

^o *nobles*] i. e. gold coins worth 6s. 8d. each.

To that, but little flesh, it were too much else ;
 And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else ;
 And to all this, contempt of what she does ;
 I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
 Hear her without a faith, so pity her
 As if she were a traitor ; moan her person,
 But deadly hate her pride : if you could do these,
 And had but this discretion and like fortune,
 It were but an equal venture.

Fount. This is malice.

Val. When she lies with your land and not with you,
 Grows great with jointures, and is brought to bed
 With all the state you have, you 'll find this certain.
 But is it come to pass^p you must marry ?
 Is there no buff^q will hold you ?

Bel. Grant it be so ?

Val. Then choose the tamer evil ; take a maid,
 A maid not worth a penny ; make her yours,
 Knead her, and mould her yours ; a maid worth nothing ;
 There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing* :
 A maid makes conscience^r
 Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets ;
 A maid 's content^s with one coach and two horses,
 Not falling out because they are not matches ;

^p to pass] *Qy.* "to this pass" ?

^q buff] According to Weber, "the durability of the stuff affords the allusion": but buff was the common dress of sergeants ; and perhaps, as a friend suggests to me, Valentine means to say—that the bondage consequent on marrying a widow is greater than that which follows an arrest.

^r *A maid makes conscience, &c.*] Seward printed,

*"A maid makes conscience of half a crown
 A week for pins and puppet-shows."*

Sympson (*Add.* to vol. ii. ed. 1750) would read,

" — for pins and pin-puppets,"

observing, "the fashionable pin-cases in our authors' days were made in the shape of little puppets or poppets ; and though that custom is discontinued, we still retain the word *pin-poppets* to this very day, in the north of England."

^s *A maid's content*] The first 4to has "*a maide content.*" The sec. 4to and the folio have "*a maid will be content*" ; and so Seward (who, as he had foisted "shows" into the preceding line, found this reading suit his arrangement of the verse).

With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,
 With one faith, one content, one bed agreed †,
 She makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue :
 A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my friends,
 And all my loving friends ; I spend your money,
 Yet I deserve it too ; you are my friends still ;
 I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em ;
 I eat your meat, help to wear your^u linen ;
 Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal^v ;
 For which I'll do you this commodity^w,—
 Be rul'd, and let me try her ; I will discover her ;
 The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
 Till I see through her ; then, if I find her worthy—

Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.

Val. 'Tis done, then.

I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousy ; for, when I marry,
 The devil must be wiser than I take him,
 And the flesh foolisher. Come, let 's to dinner ;
 And when I am well whetted^x with wine, have at her !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in Lady HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.

Isab. But art thou sure ?

Luce. No surer than I heard.

† *one bed agreed*] All the old eds. have “one bed, aged” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber, putting a semicolon after “bed,” and making “aged” the commencement of the next line. Mason proposes changing “aged” to “Egad” ! The reading which I have given, and which is obviously the right one, occurred not only to myself, but also to the Reverend J. Mitford ; see *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1840, p. 275.

^u *your*] Old eds. “her.”

^v *seal*] Must mean, as Weber explains it, “seal bonds for money.”

^w *commodity*] i. e. benefit. The Editors of 1778 and Weber, misunderstanding the passage, put a full point after this word.

^x *well whetted*] Silently altered by the modern editors to “whetted well.”

Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's brother ?

Luce. Yes ; Shorthose told me so.

Isab. He did search out the truth ?

Luce. It seems he did.

Isab. Prithee, Luce, call him hither.

[*Exit* LUCE.]

If he be no worse, I never repent my pity.

Re-enter LUCE *with* SHORTHOSE.

Now, sirrah, what was he we sent you after,—
The gentleman i' the black ?

Short. I' the torn black ?

Isab. Yes, the same, sir.

Short. What would your worship with him ?

Isab. Why, my worship

Would know his name, and what he is.

Short. He's nothing ;

He is a man, and yet he is no man.

Isab. You must needs play the fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isab. How is he a man, and no man ?

Short. He's a beggar ;

Only the sign of a man ; the bush^y pull'd down,
Which shews the house stands empty.

Isab. What's his calling ?

Short. They call him beggar.

Isab. What's his kindred ?

Short. Beggars.

Isab. His worth ?

Short. A learned beggar, a poor scholar.

Isab. How does he live ?

Short. Like worms ; he eats old books.

Isab. Is Valentine his brother ?

Short. His begging brother.

Isab. What may his name be ?

Short. Orson^z.

^y *the bush*] "A bush [of ivy] was formerly placed over the door of a tavern ; whence the proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush.'" WEBER.

^z *Orson*] An allusion, as Weber observes, to the story of Valentine and Orson, with a quibble upon the similarity of sound between *Orson* and *whore-son*.

Isab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isab. Once more,

Tell me his name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first,

Unless I heard him christen'd ; but I can tell

What foolish people call him.

Isab. What ?

Short. Francisco.

Isab. Where lies this learning, sir ?

Short. In Paul's Church-yard^a, forsooth.

Isab. I mean that gentleman, fool.

Short. Oh, that fool ?

He lies in loose sheets every where, that 's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to London : in the
country, Shorthose,

You were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb ;

Here every tavern teaches you ; the pint-pot

Has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave acquaintance,

That gives you ale, so fortified your mazzard^b,

That now there's no talking to you.

Isab. He's much improv'd ;

A fellow, a fine discourser !

Short. I hope so :

I have not waited at the tail of wit

So long, to be an ass.

Luce. But say now, Shorthose,

My lady should remove into the country ?

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to heaven,

And as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old charnico^c is, nor no anchovies,

^a *In Paul's Church-yard*] " In our authors' time, the booksellers dwelt, for the most part, round about St. Paul's cathedral, and sheltered their books in a subterranean church under it, called St. Faith's. At the fire of London, the loss to persons in that profession, and in that place only, was estimated at an immense sum." REED.

^b *mazzard*] i. e. head.

^c *charnico*] Or *charneco*. " According to Mr. Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood, which take the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a

Nor master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,
And bring my lady such-a-one's chief chambermaid ?

Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthose,
Nor down o' the knees to that illustrious lady^d ?

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of "Drawer,
Carry this pottle^e to my father Shorthose" ?

Isab. No plays nor galley-foists^f ; no strange ambassadors
To run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil,
And then come home again, and lie by the legend^g ?

Luce. Say she should go ?

Short. If I say so, I'll be hang'd first ;
Or, if I thought she would go——

Luce. What ?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But, Shorthose, where thy heart is——

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise^h, a loud one too,
And from her own mouth ; presently to be gone too ;
But why, or to what end——

Short. May not a man die first ?
She'll give him so much time.

Isab. Gone o' the sudden !

Thou dost but jest : she must not mock the gentlemen.

league and a half above the town of Lisbon, the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-mentioned territory." Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 306.

^d *down o' the knees to that illustrious lady*] The custom of gallants drinking the healths of their mistresses on their knees is very frequently alluded to by our early writers.

^e *Carry this pottle, &c.*] "In our authors' time, it was customary to send wine as a present from one room in a tavern to another, even to strangers." WEBER,—who cites here, from Reed's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, a long passage of B. Rich's *Irish Hubbub*,—a passage which in no way illustrates the text.

^f *galley-foists*] Mean here—Lord Mayors' barges ; see note, vol. iii. 20. The *galley-foist* (city barge) was used when the Lord Mayor went in state to Westminster to be sworn into his office.

^g *lie by the legend*] "A frequent and almost proverbial expression, which took its rise from the Golden Legend, containing the lives of saints," &c. WEBER.

^h *noise*] "i. e. report." WEBER.

Luce. She has put them off a month, they dare not see her :
Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, wench ? gone on so short a warning !
What trick is this ? she never told me of it :
It must not be.—Sirrah, attend me presently,
(You know I have been a careful friend unto you,)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not ; we shall not go.

Short. Her coach may crack !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, and LANCE.

Val. Which way to live ! how dar'st thou come to town,
To ask such an idle question ?

Fran. Methinks, 'tis necessary,
Unless you could restore that annuity
You have tipped up in taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been,
And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st
Thus out of frameⁱ ? Thou wert a pretty fellow,
And of a handsome knowledge : who has spoil'd thee ?

Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make himself sport,
And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him :
Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who.

Val. Well said, old Copyhold.

Lance. My heart's good freehold, sir, and so you'll find it.
This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother
(For there is no hope of you) ; use him thereafter^j.

Val. E'en as well as I use myself.—What wouldst thou
have, Frank ?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound ?

Lance. Hark what he says to you :

ⁱ *frame*] All the old eds. "France" (the eye of the original compositor having caught "*Francisco*" in the preceding line) ; and so the modern editors !

^j *thereafter*] "i. e. accordingly." WEBER.

Oh, try your wits ! they say you are excellent at it ;
For your land has lain long bed-rid and unsensible.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me ;
But what it may be by this benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

Val. A hundred pound ! dost thou know what thou hast
said, boy ?

Fran. I said, a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more
Than any man can justify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds ! I say to thee,
There's no such sum in nature ; forty shillings
There may be now i' the Mint, and that's a treasure :
I have seen five pound ; but let me tell it, and
It is as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,
And a good crop too ; take it, and pay thy first-fruits ;
I'll come down, and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis patience
Must meet with you, sir, not love.

Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle-faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating :
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,
Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk^k, two of the reverent.

Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do ?

Val. How ?

Lance. To get money first, that's to live ;
You have shew'd him how to want.

Val. 'Slife, how do I live ?
Why, what dull fool would ask that question ?
Three hundred three-pil'ds^l more, ay, and live bravely ;

^k *sparrow-hawk*] The reader must remember that Lance was a falconer.

^l *three-pil'ds*] i. e. persons who wear the finest velvet ; see note, vol. i. 296.
So in our authors' *Scornful Lady* we have already had mention of "three-pil'd people," vol. iii. 49.

The better half o' the town, and live most gloriously ;
 Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,
 Or when they pray for seasonable harvests.—
 Thou hast a handsome wit ; stir into the world, Frank,
 Stir, stir for shame ; thou art a pretty scholar :
 Ask how to live ! write, write, write any thing ;
 The world 's a fine believing world ; write news.

Lance. Dragons in Sussex, sir^m, or fiery battles
 Seen in the air at Aspurgⁿ.

Val. There 's the way, Frank :
 And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom
 With a sharp prognostication^o, that shall scour them
 (Dearth upon dearth) like Leven taffaties^p ;

^m *Dragons in Sussex, sir*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to omit "sir."—In Jonson's masque, entitled *News from the New World discovered in the Moon*, (*Works*, vii. 352, ed. Gifford,) we find ; "And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, whither all shall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of *the serpent in Sussex*, or the witches bidding the devil to dinner at Derby" ; on which passage Whalley has the following note :—"In 1614, there was a discourse published of a strange monstrous *Serpent* in St. Leonard's Forest, and two miles from Horsham in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the place. But from the description we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as the poet styles it, was couched under the account : 'This serpent, or *dragon*, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart ; a quantity of thickness in the midst, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red ; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. - - - - - There are likewise, on either side of him, discovered two great bunches, so big as a large foot-ball, and, as some think, will, in time, grow to wings,' &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account itself, which is reprinted in the third volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*."

ⁿ *Aspurg*] i. e., perhaps, Asperg in Wirtemberg.—Weber conjectured that it might be a corruption of *Augsburg* or *Habsburg*.

^o *prognostication*] On the word "prognostication" in *The Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3, Malone observes, "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title ; 'An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God 1595.'

^p *Leven taffaties*] Altered by the modern editors to "Levant *taffaties*" ; but the former term is evidently a familiar corruption of the latter. "Taffata

Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

Lance. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham
steeple,

And clap it on Paul's ^q; and, after these,
A l'envoy ^r to the city for their sins.

Val. *Probatum est*; thou canst not want a pension.
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,—
There's twenty nobles and two loads of coals:
Are not these ready ways? *Cosmography*
Thou art deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid ^s,
I mean a midnight map, to scape the watches
And such long senseless examinations;

called Leuant Taffata the yarde xx. d." *The Rates of the Custome house,*
&c., 1582, Sig. E. 7. "Leuant Taffaties, the yeard xvi. d." *The Rates of*
Marchandizes, &c. n. d. (in the 8th year of James the First) Sig. F. 2.

^q *on Paul's*] *Qy.* "upon *Paul's*," or (as Seward printed) "*on St. Paul's*"?

^r *A l'envoy*] See note, vol. iii. 45.

^s *draw me a map from the Mermaid*] Seward printed "*a map o' the Mer-*
maid." The Editors of 1778 explain the old text to mean, "instructions how
to escape the watch at departing from the tavern", &c.; and Weber observes
that "a map of the circumjacent streets would be more likely to favour such an
escape *from the Mermaid* [than a plan of the house itself]."—"The famous
tavern so called," continues Weber, "was the resort of the wits in those days.
- - - Its situation - - - we learn from - - - an old poem, entitled *Newes*
from Bartholomew Fayre, printed in 4to B. L., and quoted by Mr. Reed in a
note on *Mayne's City-Match*;

'*The Mermaid in Cornhill, Red Lion in the Strand,*' &c.

See also Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson." But, in supposing that the Mer-
maid in Cornhill was the Mermaid frequented by Jonson, Beaumont, &c.,
Weber was (like myself, note on Middleton's *Works*, ii. 240) mistaken. For the
following remarks I am indebted to Mr. Peter Cunningham. "The Mermaid
of Jonson and Beaumont was in Bread-street, Cheapside: Jonson thus settles
the locality;

'At *Bread-street's Mermaid* having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry.'

Works, viii. 242. ed. Gifford.

The earliest notice of this tavern occurs in The Expenses of Sir John Howard,
the first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard family; '[1463-4] Payd for wyn at
the Mermaid in Bredstret, for my mastyr and Syre Nycholas Latemer, x. d. ob.'
Manners and Household Expenses of England, &c., p. 251, ed. Roxb. The
lines cited by Reed shew that there was a *Mermaid in Cornhill*; but every-
body's *Mermaid* was in *Bread-street*."

And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentlemen.
I cannot stay long.

Lance. You have read learnedly :
And would you have him follow these vagaries † ?
Did you begin with ballads ?

Fran. Well, I will leave you :
I see my wants are grown ridiculous ;
Yours may be so : I will not curse you neither.
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to yourself, sir ;
A providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate † ;
Hast thou been brought up with girls ?

Enter SHORTHOSE, with a bag.

Short. Rest you merry, gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

Short. Pray, stay a while, and let me take a view of you ;
I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us ?

Short. No, you are not he ; you are a thought too handsome.

Lance. Who wouldst thou speak withal ? why dost thou
peep so ?

Short. I am looking birds' nests † : I can find none in
Your bush-beard.—I would speak with you, black gentleman.

Fran. With me, my friend ?

Short. Yes, sure ; and the best friend, sir,
It seems, you spake withal this twelvemonth : gentleman,
There's money for you.

† *vagaries*] Mason's correction (which had occurred to Heath long before, *MS. Notes*).—All the old eds. have "megeiras." Seward and his successors print "chimeras."

‡ *passionate*] "*Passionate* signifies here, in the old sense, *tender-hearted* ; not, in the modern sense, *disposed to anger*." *Ed.* 1778.—"It occurs in the same sense in *King John* :

'She is sad and *passionate* at your highness' tent.'" WEBER.

In the line just cited from Shakespeare "*passionate*" means—given up to sorrow : in our text it is used ironically and is equivalent to—pathetic.

† *looking birds' nests*] i. e. looking for birds' nests.

Val. How!

Short. There's none for you, sir;
Be not so brief; not a penny.—La, how he itches at it!—
Stand off; you stir my choler.

Lance. Take it; 'tis money.

Short. You are too quick too; first be sure you have it;
You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too;
'Tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on 't.

Fran. [*taking the bag*] I thank you, sir; I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, sir;

Then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd,
And your laundress to wash your boots white.

Fran. Pray, stay, sir:

May you not be mistaken?

Short. I think I am:

Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!

Fran. I would be loath to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear; is not your name Francisco?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet, then: it may thunder a hundred times,
Before such stones fall. Do not you need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast; it is not fly-blown: you
May pay for the poundage. You forget yourself:
I have not seen a gentleman so backward,
A wanting gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy, sir!

Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy:
Be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain,
If it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me:
Tell over your money, and be not mad, boy.

Val. You have no more such bags ?

Short. More such there are, sir ;

But few, I fear, for you : I have cast your water ;

You have wit, you need no money.

[*Exit.*

Lance. Be not amaz'd, sir ;

'Tis good gold, good old gold ; this is restorative ^w,

And in good time it comes to do you good.

Keep it and use it ; let honest fingers feel it.—

Yours be too quick, sir.

[*To VALENTINE.*

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me ; but from whom ?

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it :

This can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a stranger,

Of whom can I deserve this ?

Lance. Sir, of any man

That has but eyes and manly understanding,

To find men's wants : good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, Frank, there are more ways than certainties ;

Now you believe. What plough brought you this harvest,

What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities ?

These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation

Of quarter-days ; you see it showers in to you.

You are an ass ; lie plodding, and lie fooling,

About this blazing star and that bo-peep,

Whining and fasting, to find the natural reason

Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down !

What use of these, or what joy in annuities,

Where every man's thy study and thy tenant ?

I am asham'd on thee.

Lance. Yes, I have seen

This fellow : there's a wealthy widow hard by—

Val. Yes, marry, is there.

Lance. I think he's her servant ;

I am cozen'd, if not after her ^x ; I am sure on't.

^w *restorative*] An allusion to the supposed medicinal property of gold : see note, vol. iii. 237.

^x *I am cozen'd, if not after her*] The first 4to has "*I am cosend if after her*", the word "not" being evidently omitted by mistake : "Lance," observes

Fran. I am glad on 't.

Lance. She 's a good woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lance. And young enough, believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all^y, sir.

Val. Frank, you shall lie with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money.

Lance. His money shall lie with me ; three in a bed, sir,
Will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou shalt see what things——

Lance. Trust to yourself, sir. [*Exeunt FRAN. and LANCE.*]

Enter FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, and BELLAMORE.

Fount. Oh, Valentine !

Val. How now ! why do you look so ?

Bel. The widow 's going, man.

Val. Why, let her go, man.

Hare. She 's going out o' the town.

Val. The town 's the happier ;

I would they were all gone !

Fount. We cannot come

To speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her ?

Bel. She will

Be gone within this hour : either now, Valentine^z——

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good Valentine !

Val. I had rather

March i' the mouth o' the cannon : but, adieu ;

Mason, "is endeavouring to recollect the servant. He says, that he has seen the fellow ; that there is a wealthy widow hard by, that he is cozened if he has not seen him after her,—that is, follow her as her servant ; and, on further recollection, declares he is sure of it."—The second 4to and the folio (the error of the first edition not having been understood) read "or *I am couzned* else" ; and so Seward.—The Editors of 1778 gave the line thus,

"*I am cozen'd, if —— After her ! I am sure on't*".—

an absurdity, which Weber adopted.

¹ *gladder of all*] Seward printed "*gladdest of all*", which Mason also would read : but, as Weber remarks, the text is right according to old phraseology.

² *either now, Valentine*—] Bellamore, as Mason observes, means to say—*Either now or never*, but is interrupted by the impatience of his companions.

If she be above ground—go, away to your prayers ;
 Away, I say, away !—she shall be spoken withal.

[*Exeunt, on one side, FOUNT., HARE., and BEL., on the other, VAL.*]

SCENE V.—*A room*^a *in LADY HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter SHORTHOSE with one boot on, ROGER, and HUMPHRY.

Rog. She will go, Shorthose.

Short. Who can help it, Roger ?

Ralph. [*within*] Roger, help down with the hangings !

Rog. By and by, Ralph :

I am making up o' the trunks here.

Ralph. [*within*] Shorthose !

Short. Well.

Ralph. [*within*] Who looks to my lady's wardrobe ?—Hum-
 phry !

Hum. Here.

Ralph. [*within*] Down with the boxes in the gallery,
 And bring away the coach-cushions !

Short. Will it not rain ?

No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
 To stop this journey ?

Rog. Why go now ? why now ?

Why o' the sudden now ? what preparation,
 What horses have we ready ? what provision
 Laid in i' the country ?

Hum. Not an egg, I hope.

Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys ; there 's the devil.

Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty ; and then
 We must come up again.

Hum. What says the steward ?

Rog. He 's at 's wit's end ; for, some four hours since,
 Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
 The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.

Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey.
 Oh, London, how I love thee !

Hum. I have no boots,

^a *A room, &c.]* Weber marked this scene "A Hall," &c. : but see the second
 speech of Ralph, next page.

Nor none I'll buy; or, if I had, refuse me^b
 If I would venture my ability
 Before a cloak-bag! men are men.

Short. For my part,
 If I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at,
 To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,
 Or any gentle lady of the laundry,
 Chambering or wantonness, behind my gelding,
 With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
 As if I were a running frippery^c,
 I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me:
 I'll not be troubled with their distillations^d
 At every half-mile's end: I understand myself,
 And am resolv'd^e.

Hum. To-morrow night at Oliver's,
 Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?

Rog. The well-brew'd stand of ale we should have met at!

Short. These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
 Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
 And [make] Tom Butcher weep: Æneas enters,
 And now the town is lost.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
 My lady is mad.

Short. I would she were in Bedlam!

Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em;
 The stuff lies in the hall, the plate——

L. Heart. [within] Why, knaves there!
 Where be these idle fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one boot?

L. Heart. [within] Why, where, I say?

Ralph. Away, away! it must be so.

Short. Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days!

[*Exeunt.*]

^b *refuse me*] The abbreviation of a profane oath,—May God *refuse* (i. e. reject) me!

^c *frippery*] i. e. old clothes shop.—Old eds. “flippery.”

^d *distillations*] Old eds. “distibations.”

^e *resolv'd*] the Editors of 1778 and Weber put a break after the word, as if the sense were incomplete.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.

Luce. By my troth, mistress, I did it for the best.

Isab. It may be so ; but, Luce, you have a tongue,
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if it were minc'd, Luce,
Would do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest, mistress—

Isab. It will be your own one time or other.—Walter !

Walter. [*within*] Anon, forsooth.

Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—
You are so full of providence—and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach,
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service
To your good lady mistress—and my dog,
Good, let the coachman carry him.

Luce. But hear me.

Isab. I am in love, sweet Luce, and you are so skilful,
That I must needs undo myself—and, hear me,
Let Oliver pack up my glass discreetly,
And see my curls well carried—oh, sweet Luce !
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—
You know what, Luce.

Luce. Pray you, be satisfied.

Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you.
There is a Roger, which some call a butler^f—
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce :
Nay, do not stare ; I have a tongue can talk too—
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door opens
To a long gallery : there was a night, Luce—
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet ?
Oh, do you blush, Luce ?—a Friday night—

^f *butler*] Sympton's correction.—Old eds. "butcher."

I saw your saint, Luce: "For t'other box of marmalade
All's thine, sweet Roger!" this I heard, and kept too.

Luce. E'en as you are a woman, mistress ——

Isab. This I allow

As good and physical sometimes, these meetings,
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn serv'd, and to your friend
To be a dog-bolt^s!

Luce. I confess it, mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me,
And foolishly and childishly pursu'd it—
I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purposes—
For which mine honour suffers—your best ways
Must be applied to bring her back again,
And seriously and suddenly, that so I
May have a means to clear myself, and she
A fair opinion of me: else, you peevish——

Luce. My power and prayers, mistress ——

Isab. What's the matter?

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* SHORTHOSE.

Short. I have been with the gentleman; he has it;
Much good may do him with it! [*Aside to ISABELLA.*]

L. Heart. Come, are you ready?

You love so to delay time! the day grows on.

Isab. I have sent for a few trifles; when those are come:
And now I know your reason.

L. Heart. Know your own honour, then.—About your
business;

See the coach ready presently.—I'll tell you more, then;

[*Exeunt* LUCE *and* SHORTHOSE.]

And understand it well. You must not think me^h, sister,

So tender-ey'd as not to see your follies:

Alas, I know your heart, and must imagine,

^s *a dog-bolt*] "A common term of reproach. So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, the *Arte of Flatterie*; "On me attendeth simple Sir John, (a chaplayne more meet to serve a thatcher, than in the church,) who is made a doulte and a *dogbolte* by every servinge-man." WEBER.—See note, vol. iii. 149.

^h *me*] The first 4to has "my." The second 4to and the folio read "your"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

And truly too, 'tis not your charity
 Can coin such sums to give away as you have done !
 In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,
 Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,
 I am asham'd to find this in your years,
 Far more in your discretion : none to choose,
 But things for pity ? none to seal your thoughts on,
 But one of no abiding, of no name ?
 Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
 (A jolly jointure, sister ; you are happy !)
 No money, no, not ten shillings ?

Isab. You search nearly.

L. Heart. I know it, as I know your folly ;—one that
 knows not

Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,
 Unless it be i' the stocks ? what kindred has he,
 But a more wanting brother ? or what virtues ?

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.

L. Heart. Or, say the man had virtue,
 Is virtue in this age a full inheritance ?
 What jointure can he make you ? Plutarch's *Morals* ?
 Or so much penny-rent in the small poets ?
 This is not well ; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the town for ?

L. Heart. Is't not time ?

Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am ;
 That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,
 And willingly ; and what you think most dangerous,
 I'll sit and laugh at ; for, sister, 'tis not folly,
 But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.

L. Heart. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isab. I am for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SHORTHOSE *with* HUMPHRY, *riding-rods in their hands.*

Hum. The devil cannot stay her, she will on't :
 Eat an egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray :—
 May London ways fromⁱ henceforth be full of holes,

ⁱ *from*] Omitted by the modern editors.

And coaches crack their wheels ; may zealous smiths
 So housel all our hackneys^j, that they may feel
 Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate ;
 May it rain above all almanacks,
 Till carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger^k
 Ride, like Arion, upon a trout to London^l !

Hum. At St. Alban's, let all the inns be drunk,
 Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome !

Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with puritans ;
 No meat, but legs of beef !

Hum. No beds, but wool-packs !

Short. And those so cramm'd
 With warrens of starv'd fleas that bite like ban-dogs !
 Let Mims be angry at their St. bel-swagger^m,
 And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,

^j *So housel all our hackneys*] “ *Housel* is undoubtedly the eucharist, and to *housel*, to administer the sacrament. But how this meaning can apply here, I do not see. Seward, however, is satisfied, and laments the profanity of his authors. Cotgrave renders *apprivoiser*, to tame, reclaim, *housall*. This affords a very plausible explanation, and possibly the true one.” WEBER. There can be no doubt that the allusion here is a very profane one : “ housel our hackneys ” evidently means—prepare our hackneys for the journey, as persons on their death-beds are prepared for their final journey by being *houselled*, i. e. having the eucharist administered to them.

^k *May it rain above all almanacks,*

Till carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger] Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed,—

“ *May't rain above all almanacks, until*

The carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger. ”

Weber remarks that “ changing *till* to *until*, merely to suit Mr. Seward's rage for metrifying, is highly reprehensible ” ; and yet gives in his own text “ *The carriers* ” !

^l *Ride, like Arion, upon a trout to London*] The old eds. have “ *Ride like Bike Arion,* ” &c. “ *Bike* ” (which is merely an accidental repetition of “ *like* ”) was omitted by Seward and the Editors of 1778 ; but Weber brought it back into the line, observing, “ It is true that no sense of the ancient word *bike* (a building, a hive of bees, &c.) is in the least applicable here, for which reason I must leave it to the sagacity of the reader ” ! !

^m *Let Mims be angry at their St. bel-swagger*] “ *Mims* is in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and some local custom, tumultuously celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this speech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our authors ; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its memory or discover its origin.” *Ed.* 1778. The allusion here is as dark to me as to the other editors. Richardson, in his valuable *Dict.*, gives “ *Bel-swagger*. Perhaps, no more than a fine, a brave, *swaggerer*, a braggart, a bully ” ; and, after citing

Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,
And all my lady's linen sprinkledⁿ
With suds and dish-water!

Hum. ° Not a wheel but out of joint!

Enter ROGER, laughing.

Why dost thou laugh?

Rog. There is a gentleman, and the rarest gentleman,
And makes the rarest sport!

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here;

H 'as made the gayest sport with Tom the coachman,
So tew'd him up^p with sack, that he lies lashing
A butt of malmsey for his mares!

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!
And, Shorthose, he has so mau'd the red-deer pies,
Made such an alms i' the buttery——

Short. Better still.

Re-enter LADY HEARTWELL with VALENTINE.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!

Short. May he anger her into a fever^q!

[*Exit with HUMPHRY and ROGER.*

L. Heart. I pray, tell me who sent you hither?
For I imagine it is not your condition^r,
(You look so temperately and like a gentleman,)
To ask me these wild^s questions.

the present passage, quotes the following one from Dryden's *Spanish Friar*; "*Gom.* Indeed you are a charitable *belswagger*: my wife cried out fire, fire; and you brought out your church-buckets, and called for engines to play against it." Act. v. (a passage previously cited by Johnson in his *Dict.* under *Belswagger*, which he explains, "A cant word for a whoremaster"). In Grose's *Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue* we find "*Bell Swagger.* A noisy bullying fellow."

ⁿ *sprinkled*] To this line Seward added "o'er," which was retained by the Editors of 1778.

° *Hum*] All the old eds. "*Short.*"

^p *tew'd him up*] i. e. worked him up, dressed him (as leather is *tewed* or *tawed*).

^q *fever*] Old eds. "feather."

^r *condition*] See note, p. 48.

^s *wild*] All the old eds. "milde."—*Qy.* is the right reading "vild" (i. e. vile)? — a word which occurs frequently in these plays.

Val. Do you think
I use to walk of errands, gentle lady,
Or deal with women out of dreams from others ?

L. Heart. You have not known me, sure ?

Val. Not much.

L. Heart. What reason

Have you, then, to be so tender of my credit ?
You are no kinsman ?

Val. If you take it so,
The honest office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it :
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit

L. Heart. Pray, stay a little : proud !

Val. Monstrous proud.

I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, stung by the people ;
But now I see 'tis true. You look upon me
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill,
Or such a one as should now fall and worship you,
In hope of pardon : you are cozen'd, lady ;
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To see a woman only great in goodness,
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune ;

But——

L. Heart. You are a strange gentleman. If I were proud
now,

I should be monstrous angry (which I am not),
And shew the effects of pride ; I should despise you ;
But you are welcome, sir.
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it,
Is a lustre in us ; and every good we have
Strives to shew gracious : what use is it else ?
Old age, like^t sear trees, is seldom seen affected,

^t *like*] Seward printed " which, *like* ; " and so the Editors of 1773. Qy. is the right reading—

" Old age, like sear trees, seldom seen affected,
Stirs sometimes," &c. †

Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well;

And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.
But to be place-proud——

L. Heart. If it be our own;
Why are we set here with distinction else,
Degrees and orders given us? In you men,
'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right,
Affronts and^u loss of honour: streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,
About your ranks: are we so much below you,
That, till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You will make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay, worse than this too,
Proud of your clothes, they swear, a mercer's Lucifer,
A tumour tack'd together by a tailor;
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish
That butter-milk can better.

L. Heart. Lord, how little
Will vex these poor blind people! If my clothes
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind must be my mercer's too? or, say my beauty
Please some weak eyes, must it please them to think,
That blows me up that every hour blows off?
This is an infant's anger.

Val. Thus they say too;
What though you have a coach lin'd through with velvet,
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be
troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curse you?
Can there be aught in this but pride of show, lady,
And pride of bum-beating? till the learned lawyers,
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks^v,

^u *Affronts and*] Was altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*Affronts are.*"—
I suspect that the right reading is "*Affront and.*"

^v *bulks*] "A Bulk (before a Shop) *Appendix.*" Coles's *Dict.*

Till all their cases^w crack? why should this lady,
 And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,
 And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,
 And your poorer neighbours with coarse neives^x neglected,
 Fashions conferr'd about, pouncings^y, and paintings,
 And young men's bodies read on like anatomies^z?

L. Heart. You are very credulous,
 And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, sir,
 To her you know not; but you shall confess me,
 And find I will not start. In us all meetings
 Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at church,
 Our very meditations, some will swear,
 (Which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably,)
 Are mingled with your memories; cannot sleep,
 But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,
 That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;
 Not dress our heads without new ambushes,
 How to surprise that greatness or that glory;
 Our very smiles are subject to constructions;
 Nay, sir, it's come to this, we cannot pish,
 But 't is a favour for some fool or other.
 Should we examine you thus, were 't not possible
 To take you without pròspectives^a?

Val. It may be;
 But these excuse not.

L. Heart. Nor yours force no truth, sir.
 What deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues
 What hearts and what inventions! O' my conscience,
 An 't were not for sharp justice, you would venture
 To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory

^w *cases*] So the first 4to.—The sec. 4to and the folio “causes”; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

^x *neives*] i. e. fists.—Old eds. “napses.” Seward and his successors print “naps,” which, says Weber, “seems equivalent to *naper*, signifying linen in general.” The word *neif* (common in our old writers) was variously spelt,—*neaf*, *neuf*, &c.

^y *pouncings*] i. e. holes stamped or worked in clothes, by way of ornament.

^z *anatomies*] “An *anatomy*, or carcasse cut up.” Cotgrave's *Dict.* in v. *Anatomie*. (In our early writers it generally means—a skeleton.)

^a *pròspectives*] i. e. prospective glasses.—So the two 4tos. The folio has “perspectives”; and so the modern editors.

To say you had done so. All you think are councils,
And cannot err: 't is we still that shew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curses
Over God's creatures: next to the devil's malice,
Let us entreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman
Has a brave soul.

[*Aside.*]

L. Heart. Are not we ^b gaily blest, then,
And much beholding^c to you for your sufferance^d?
You may do what you list; we what beseems us,
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.

Val. Oh, most brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women!

[*Aside.*]

L. Heart. You are no whore-masters; alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious!
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plastering like old walls; they are not gentlemen,
That with their secret sins encrease our surgeons,
And lie in foreign countries for new sores;
Women are all these vices; you are not envious,
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-ey'd like parrots,
Eaters of others' honours!

Val. You are angry.

L. Heart. No, by my troth, and yet I could say more too;
For, when men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure, 'tis a man; she could not bear it thus bravely
else.—

[*Aside.*]

It may be, I am tedious.

^b *not we*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*we not*."

^c *beholding*] See note, p. 30.—Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

^d *sufferance*] Seward's correction.—Old eds. "substance."

L. Heart. Not at all, sir :
 I am content at this time you should trouble me.
Val. You are distrustful.
L. Heart. Where I find no truth, sir.
Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.
L. Heart. Some I have ;
 I were too near the nature of a god^e else.
Val. You are monstrous peevish.
L. Heart. Because they are monstrous foolish,
 And know not how to use that should try me.
Val. I was never answer'd thus [*Aside*].—Was you never
 drunk, lady ?
L. Heart. No, sure, not drunk, sir ; yet I love good wine,
 As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.
 Why do you ask that question ?
Val. For that sin
 That they most charge you with is this sin's servant ;
 They say you are monstrous——
L. Heart. What, sir, what ?
Val. Most strangely——
L. Heart. It has a name, sure ?
Val. Infinitely lustful,
 Without all bounds ; they swear you kill'd your husband.
L. Heart. Let 's have it all, for heaven's sake ; 't is good
 mirth, sir.
Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
 Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.—
 Will she not cry nor curse ? [*Aside.*]
L. Heart. On with your story.
Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations
 With sums of money, to that purpose.
L. Heart. Four husbands ! should not I be bless'd, sir, for
 example ?
 Lord, what should I do with them ? turn a malt-mill,
 Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants ?
 You come to make me angry, but you cannot.

^e *the nature of a god*] The 4tos have "*the nature a god else*" (the word "of" having been omitted by mistake). The folio has "*the nature o' God* ;" and so the Editors of 1778 !

Val. I'll make you merry, then : you are a brave woman,
And, in despite of envy, a right [good^f] one :
Go thy ways ! truth^g, thou art as good a woman
As any lord of them all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your sex.

L. Heart. It seems so,
Your commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you,
And sift you into flour, to know your pureness ;
And I have found you excellent ; I thank you :
Continue so, and shew men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an husband,
An honest man, (you are a good woman,)
And live hedg'd in from scandal ; let him be too
An understanding man, and to that stedfast
(^{'T}is pity your fair figure should miscarry) ;
And then you are fix'd. Farewell.

L. Heart. Pray, stay a little ;
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

[*Exit.*

L. Heart. As I live, a fine fellow !
This manly handsome bluntness shews him honest.
What is he or from whence ? Bless me, four husbands !
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature !
A proper gentleman !—I am not well o' the sudden,—
Such a companion I could live and die with ;
His angers are mere mirth.

Re-enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Come, come, I am ready.

L. Heart. Are you so ?

Isab. What ails she ?—

[*Aside.*

The coach stays, and the people ; the day goes on ;

^f [*good*] Was added by Seward : compare the next line. His successors rejected the insertion ; but some word, necessary for the sense, has evidently been omitted in the old eds. ^g [*truth*] i. e. in truth.—The modern editors print "troth."

I am as ready now as you desire, sister :

Fie, who stays now ? why do you sit and pout thus ?

L. Heart. Prithee, be quiet ; I am not well.

Isab. For heaven's sake,

Let's not ride staggering in the night : come, pray you, take
Some sweetmeats in your pocket, if your stomach——

L. Heart. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me,

You shall not find new dreams and new suspicions :
To horse withal !

L. Heart. Lord, who made you a commander ?

Heigh-ho, my heart !

Isab. Is the wind come thither,

And coward-like do you lose your colours to 'em ?

Are you sick o' the Valentine [*Aside*] ?—Sweet sister,

Come, let's away ; the country will so quicken you,

And we shall live so sweetly !—Luce, my lady's cloak !—

Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,

I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,

You have so knock'd this love into my head,

That I shall love any body ; and I find my body,

I know not how, so apt ! pray, let's be gone, sister ;

I stand on thorns.

L. Heart. I prithee, Isabella—

I' faith, I have some business that concerns me—

I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me ;

[*Gives her a ring*^b.

And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your tailor.

Re-enter SHORTHOSE, HUMPHRY, and ROGER, with RALPH.

Isab. I had rather go ; but——

L. Heart. Come, walk in with me ;

We'll go to cards.—Unsaddle the horses.

Short. A jubilee ! a jubilee ! we stay, boys !

[*Exeunt.*

^b *Gives her a ring*] Added by Weber.

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter LOVEGOOD and LANCE ; FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and
HAREBRAIN, *following.*

Love. Are they behind us ?

Lance. Close, close : speak aloud, sir.

Love. I am glad my nephew has so much discretion,
At length to find his wants. Did she entertain him ?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome !

Love. For his own sake, do you think ?

Lance. Most certain, sir ;

And in his own cause [he] bestirr'd himself too,
And wan such liking from her, she dotes on him :
H'as the command of all the house already.

Love. He deals not well with his friends.

Lance. Let him deal on,

And be his own friend ; he has most need of her.

Love. I wonder they would put him——

Lance. You are in the right on 't ;

A man that must raise himself ; I knew he would cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has : he watch'd occasion,
And found it i' the nick.

Love. He has deceiv'd me.

Lance. I told you, howsoever he wheel'd about,
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of these tame fools !

Love. 'T was not well done,
Because they trusted him ; yet——

Bel. Hark you, gentlemen.

Love. We are upon a business ; pray, excuse us.—
They have it home.

Lance. Come ; let it work.—Good even^h, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD and LANCE.]

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave ; I ever thought it.

Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.

Bel. Come, let 's go seek him :

He shall be hang'd before he coltⁱ us basely.

[*Exeunt.*]

^h *even*] Old eds. "on."

ⁱ *colt*] "i. e. fool, put a trick on." WEBER.

SCENE III.—*A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S house.**Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.**Isab.* Art sure she loves him ?*Luce.* Am I sure I live ?

And I have clapt on such a commendation
On your revenge !

Isab. Faith, he is a pretty gentleman.*Luce.* Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.*Isab.* He talks the best, they say, and yet the maddest !*Luce.* H'as the right way.*Isab.* How is she ?*Luce.* Bears it well,

As if she car'd not ; but a man may see,
With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours,
And find who is her Valentine.

Isab. Come, let's go see her ;
I long to persecute^j.

Luce. By no means, mistress ;
Let her take better hold first.

Isab. I could burst now ![*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*A street.**Enter VALENTINE, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.*

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,
You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows^k ! Was't not I
That undertook you first from empty barrels,
And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like bung-
holes,
To utter sense ? Where got you understanding ?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourselves ? who fil'd^l you in fit taverns ?

^j *persecute*] Seward's correction.—All the old eds. "prosecute."^k *you pilchers,**You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows*] *Pilchers*, i. e. pilchards : *shotten-soul'd*, i. e. soul-less (a *shotten* fish meaning one that has cast its spawn).^l *fil'd*] i. e. ranked.

Were those born with your worships? when you came
hither,

What brought you from the universities
Of moment matter to allow you^m,
Besides your small-beerⁿ sentences——

Bel. 'Tis well, sir.

Val. Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,

Boot-hoses^o,

With penny-posies,

And twenty fools' opinions? Who look'd on you,
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes^p,
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard^q, that scented
Your want of Breton's^r books?

Enter LADY HEARTWELL and LUCE, *behind.*

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps!

Bel. You may talk

The stock we gave you out; but see, no further^s.

Hare. You tempt our patience; we have found you out,

^m *Of moment matter to allow you*] "To allow frequently signifies to approve. Valentine asks what his companions brought from the university, of sufficient matter or consequence, which could in any degree prove their value, and procure them a favourable reception. I suspect we should read, 'Of moment or of matter.'" WEBER.

ⁿ *small-beer*] The first 4to "small bare;" the second 4to and the folio "small base."

^o *Boot-hoses*] "i. e. thick stockings, worn still by country people instead of boots." WEBER. The Editors of 1778 were the first who arranged the passage as above; and perhaps they were right in supposing that "the words should be spoken ludicrously, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, &c.;" but I incline to believe with Seward that the text is imperfect here.

^p *But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes*] Old eds. have "But piping rites that knew you would be prizing [*the fol.* prizing]." The alteration (which at least gives a meaning to the line) is by Seward, who observes that *kites* has occurred before in this play (p. 103) in the sense of sharpers, and that *piping* expresses the noise which the kite makes in seeking his prey.

^q *Paul's Church-yard*] See note, p. 124.

^r *Breton's*] Both 4tos "Brittanes"; the folio "Britains." Concerning Nicholas Breton, see note, vol. iii. 28.

^s *but see, no further*] i. e. but see that you talk no further, after that stock is exhausted. Mason, not understanding the passage, proposed to read, "But seek no further,"—that is, do not expect any further supply."

And what your trust comes to : you are well-feather'd^t
 (Thank us) ; and think now of an honest course ;
 'Tis time ; men now begin to look, and narrowly,
 Into your tumbling tricks ; they are stale.

L. Heart. Is not that he ?

Luce. 'Tis he.

L. Heart. Be still, and mark him.

Val. How miserable

Will these poor wretches be when I forsake 'em !
 But things have their necessities : I am sorry :
 To what a vomit must they turn again now !
 To their own dear dunghill breeding ! Never hope,
 After I cast you off, you men of motley",
 You most undone things, below pity, any
 That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you ;
 My name shall bar that blessing. There's your cloak, sir ;
 [*Takes off, and throws to them, his cloak, &c.*

Keep it close to you ; it may yet preserve you
 A fortnight longer from the fool :—your hat ;
 Pray, be cover'd :—
 And there's the satin that your worship sent me,
 Will serve you at a sizes^v yet.

Fount. Nay, faith, sir,

You may e'en rub these out now.

Val. No such relic,

Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,
 Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own,
 Purchas'd and paid for without your compassion,
 And Christian breeches, founded in Black-Friars^w,
 And so I will maintain 'em.

Hare. So they seem, sir.

Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,

^t *well-feather'd*] "i. e. well-clothed ; alluding to the suit he had obtained from his companions." WEBER.

["] *men of motley*] i. e. fools, the dress of [domestic] fools being of divers colours, or motley." WEBER.

^v *sizes*] i. e. assizes, — a vulgar contraction still in use.

^w *Christian breeches, founded in Black-Friars*] Valentine calls his breeches "Christian," because Black-Friars, where they had been made, abounded with Puritans.

And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, sir ;
A mark to know a knave by ; pray, preserve it :
Do not displease me more, but take it presently.
Now help me off with my boots.

Hare. We are no grooms, sir.

Val. For once you shall be ; do it willingly,
Or, by this hand, I'll make you.

Bel. To our own, sir,
We may apply our hands. [*They take off VALENTINE'S boots.*]

Val. There's your hangers^x ;
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I am perfect ;
And now the proudest of your worships tell me,
I am beholding^y to you.

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me ; 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.
Which are the poorer, you or I, now, puppies^z ?
I without you, or you without my knowledge ?
Be rogues, and so be gone ! be rogues, and reply not ;
For, if you do——

Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you :
The air is far sharper than our anger, sir ;
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hare. Pray, have a care, sir, of your health.

[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.—*Exeunt*,
behind, LADY HEARTWELL and LUCE.]

Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your
wits !

'Tis cold, and I am very sensible ;
Extremely cold too ; yet I will not off,
Till I have sham'd these rascals.
I have endur'd as ill heats as another,
And every way ; if one cold perish me,

^x *hangers*] See note, vol. iii. 39.

^y *beholding*] See note, p. 30.—Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to
"beholden."

^z *you or I, now, puppies*] Seward's correction, and a certain one.—Old eds.
"you are now puppies."

Body, you'll bear * the blame on 't. I am colder here ;
Not a poor penny left ! [*Touching his pockets.*

Enter LOVEGOOD with a bag, and LANCE.

Love. 'T has taken rarely ;
And, now he's flay'd, he will be rul'd.

Lance. To him, tew him^b,
Abuse him, and nip him close.

Love. Why, how now, cousin ?
Sunning yourself this weather ?

Val. As you see, sir ;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.

Love. But, cousin,
Where are your clothes, man ? those are no inheritance ;
Your scruple may compound with those, I take it :
This is no fashion, cousin.

Val. Not much follow'd,
I must confess ; yet, uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.

Lance. How came you thus, sir ?
For you are strangely mew'd^c.

Val. Rags, toys, and trifles,
Fit only for those fools that first possess'd 'em,
And to those knaves they are render'd. Freeman, uncle,
Ought to appear like innocent old Adam^d,
A fair fig-leaf sufficient.

if one cold perish me,

Body, you'll bear, &c.] The correction of Gifford, which undoubtedly restores the true reading (note on Ford's *Works*, ii. 207) : "perish," i. e. destroy.—The old eds. have "if one could perish my body, you'll bear," &c. Seward violently altered the passage. The Editors of 1778 and Weber adhered to the old reading, and vainly endeavoured to explain it.

^b *tew him*] i. e. give him a dressing : see note, p. 140.

^c *mew'd*] i. e. stript of your feathers (to *mew* meaning, in falconry, to moult, to shed the feathers : and compare vol. iii. 431). So Seward from Theobald's MS. correction, observing that "*summ'd*" below is another term in falconry, both proper to Lance who is a falconer as well as a tenant" ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber, however, thrust back into the text the misprint of the old eds., "moved," and explained it "altered" !

^d *like innocent old Adam*] Mason's correction, which was obvious enough.—Old eds. have "*like innocents, old Adam*" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

Love. Take me with you^e :
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus ?

Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings that make friends !

Love. I thought till now,
There had been no such living, no such purchase,
(For all the rest is labour,) as a list
Of honourable friends. Do such^f men as you, sir,
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,
And those great gifts of nature, aim at no more
Than casting off your coats ? I am strangely cozen'd.

Lance. Should not the town shake at the cold you feel now,
And all the gentry suffer interdiction ;
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,
Till you be summ'd^g again ; velvets and scarlets
Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver,
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance ;
Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,
As though the term lay at St. Albans^h ?

Val. Gentlemen,
You have spoken long and level ; I beseech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,
That I am at the last, as also that my friends
Are flown like swallows after summer ?

Love. Yes, sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier,
To raise me up again above your rents, uncle ?

Love. All this I do believe.

^e *Take me with you*] i. e. let me understand you.

^f *Do such*] So the folio ; and so Seward.—The 4tos have “*Do not such*” ; and so the Editors of 1778 (who in the next line but one printed “*aim at more*”), and Weber (who made no alteration in what follows).

^g *summ'd*] “*Summ'd* is when a Hawk hath all her feathers, and is fit either to be taken from the Erie or Mew.” Latham's *Faulconry (Explan. of Words of Art)*, 1658.

^h *As though the term lay at St. Albans*] “I have not been able to find any passage which could explain the allusion in the text.” WEBER. Is not the meaning—As though the term were held at St. Albans, not at London, and there were no resort of termers (see note, p. 6) to the capital ?

Val. You have no mind to better me?

Love. Yes, cousin;

And to that end I come, and once more offer you
All that my power is master of.

Val. A match, then:

Lay me down fifty pounds there.

Love. There it is, sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this,
As due unto my merit, without caution
Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hop'd for.

Love. How!

*Re-enter LUCE, who lays down a suit of clothes and a letterⁱ,
and exit.*

Val. Without daring,
When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,
To which you are prone in sack, uncle.

Love. I thank you, sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while;
Away, I say, sir! let him go forward with
His naked fashion; he will seek you to-morrow.—
Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry: how I sweat!

Love. Farewell, sir. [*Exeunt LOVEGOOD and LANCE.*]

Val. Would I swet too! I am monstrous vex'd, and cold
too;

And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in:
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge^j with me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter-wear. [*Observing the suit of clothes.*]

What art thou?

Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left 'em;
And if I should utter—what's this paper here? [*Reads.*]

*Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving gentleman,
Valentine.*

Dropt out o' the clouds, I think! they are full of gold too!
Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again;
In the next house I'll shift. [*Exit.*]

ⁱ a letter] The old eds. add "at the door" (i. e. at the stage-door); which Weber altered to "at a house door"!

^j fadge] "i. e. suit." WEBER.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, LOVEGOOD, and LANCE.

Fran. Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Love. Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him;
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cur'd thus:
The violence of his disease, Francisco,
Must not be jested with; 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong córrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a stinger
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.

Love. And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better;
'T will make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?

Love. It must needs, greedily;
For all his friends have flung him off; he is naked;
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging!—
His spirit must be bow'd; and now we have him,
Have him at that we hop'd for.

Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,
(For all means are cut off,) or borrowing sixpence,
To shew his bounty in the pottage-ordinary.

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him?
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune
He spun it out himself, sir; there's no pity.

Love. Besides, some good to you now from this misery.

Fran. I rise upon his ruins! fie, fie, uncle;
Fie, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Love. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter VALENTINE, richly dressed.

Val. Morrow, uncle ;—morrow, Frank, sweet Frank ;—
And how and how, d' ye think now, how shew matters?—
Morrow, Bandog.

Love. How !

Fran. Is this man naked,
Forsaken of his friends ?

Val. Thou 'rt handsome, Frank,
A pretty gentleman ; i' faith, thou look'st well ;
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lance. Sure, he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.

Love. New and rich !

'T is most impossible he should recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.

Love. 'Tis not he ;

Imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, uncle ;
The very he ; the he your wisdom play'd withal
(I thank you for 't) ; neigh'd at his nakedness,
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.
You see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle ;
And though I have no state^k, I keep the streets still,
And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman ;
Wear clothes to keep me warm (poor things, they serve me) ;
Can make a show too, if I list ; yes, uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, uncle !
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em ?

Love. I am amaz'd.

Lance. I 'll sell my copyhold ;
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why should I labour ? Is there no fairy haunts him,
No rat, nor no old woman ?

Love. You are Valentine ?

Val. I think so ; I cannot tell ; I have been call'd so,
And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a sergeant fasting ?

^k state] i. e. estate,—as frequently before.

Did you ever know desert want? you are fools :
 A little stoop there may be to allay him,
 (He would grow too rank else,) a small eclipse to shadow him ;
 But out he must break glowingly again,
 And with a great[er] lustre,—look you, uncle,—
 Motion and majesty,—

Love. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careless kinsman,
 And turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle,
 Taking some one by the hand he loves best.—Leave them
 To the mercy of the hog-market : come, Frank ;
 Fortune is now my friend ; let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow, uncle ; I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
 Within two hours I shall be thus again.
 Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance.

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and FRANCISCO.*

Love. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily :

Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,
 He would rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.
 Sow mustard seeds, and they cannot come up so thick
 As his new satins do, and cloths of silver :
 There is no striving.

Love. Let him play a while, then,
 And let's search out what hand——

Lance. Ay, there the game lies.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before LADY HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.

Fount. Come, let's speak for ourselves ; we have lodg'd
 him sure enough ;
 His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly,
 And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,
 We are all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him !
No civil wars.

Bel. By no means. Now do I
Wonder in what old tod-ivy¹ he lies whistling ;
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him ;
We have made that side sure. [We'll] teach him a new
wooing.

Hare. Say it is his uncle's spite.

Fount. It is all one, gentlemen ;
'T has rid us of a fair encumbrance,
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are these ?

Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.

Isab. Not see this man yet ! well, I shall be wiser :
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so ?
She is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace ; the three suitors.

Isab. I could so titter now and laugh ! I was lost, Luce^m,
And I must love, I know not what !—Oh, Cupid,
What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks !—
And we must into the country in all haste, Luce.

Luce. For heaven's sake, mistress——

Isab. Nay, I have done ;
I must laugh though ; but, scholar, I shall teach you !

Fount. 'Tis her sister.

Bel. Save you, ladies !

Isab. Fair met, gentlemen :
You are visiting my sister, I assure myself.

Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.

Isab. Behold, and welcome.
You would see her ?

Fount. 'Tis our business.

Isab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her.

¹ *tod-ivy*] i. e. bush of ivy.

^m *I was lost, Luce, &c.* "These words allude to the accusations of the widow against Isabella, before she herself fell in love." WEBER.

Luce. [*Aside to ISABELLA*] She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.

Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand ;
Nay, now I have found the scab, I will so scratch her !

Luce. She cannot endure 'em.

Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly.—
Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party,
Gentlemen ; then make your own conditionsⁿ.

Luce. She is sick, you know.

Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her.—
And take no idle answer,—you are fools, then ;
Nor stand off for her state,—she'll scorn you all, then ;
But urge her still, and, though she fret, still follow her ;
A widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely.

Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law ; I love men's
company.—
And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,
Be sure you stay ; follow her into her chamber ;
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Fount. You have shew'd us one way, do but lead the
t'other^o.

Isab. I know you stand o' thorns ; come, I'll despatch you.

Luce. If you live after this——

Isab. I have lost my aim^p. [*Exeunt.*

ⁿ *Gentlemen ; then make your own conditions*] Altered, not only by Seward, but also by the Editors of 1778, to "*Then make your own conditions, gentlemen.*"

^o *the t'other*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*the other*" : see note, p. 19.

^p *Luce. If you live after this*——

Isab. I have lost my aim] "The Editors [of 1778] mistake the meaning of this passage. Luce means to say to Isabella, that her sister would be ready to destroy her for what she was doing ; and Isabella means to say in her reply, that, if the widow did not feel it so severely, she would lose her aim, which was to vex her heartily." MASON.

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter VALENTINE and FRANCISCO.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since ?
Val. No ; hang 'em, hang 'em !
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em ?
Val. Let 'em alone, Frank ;
 I 'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker^q.
Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps !
Val. I shall dog 'em,
 And double dog 'em, ere I have done.
Fran. Will you go with me ?
 For I would fain find out this piece of bounty ;
 It was the widow's man ; that I am certain of.
Val. To what end would you go ?
Fran. To give thanks, sir.
Val. Hang giving thanks ! hast not thou parts deserve it ?
 It includes a further^r will to be beholding^s ;
 Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
 Will go, there lies your way.
Fran. I hope you will go.
Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
 With mine own father, were he living, Frank ;
 I would to the court with bears first. If it be
 That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser,)
 I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,
 So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon
 (For 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom,—
 I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her^t),
 So lick'd, and strok'd, fear'd upon^u, and flouted,
 And shewn to chambermaids, like a strange beast
 She had purchas'd with her penny.

^q *a jerker*] "i. e. a whipper, lasher." WEBER.

^r *It includes a further, &c.*] So the folio.—The 4tos have "*It includes to* [i. e. too] *a further,*" &c.

^s *beholding*] See note, p. 30. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

^t *buckled with her*] i. e. had a close fight with her.

^u *fear'd upon*] Qy. "so *fear'd upon* " ?

Fran. You are a strange man :
But do you think it was a woman ?

Val. There 's no doubt on 't ;
Who can be there to do it else ? besides,
The manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies,
Whoever does 'em, sir, saving your own wisdom,
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,
Than with deserving slights^v, or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us ; men may starve else :
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
" I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,
A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd !"
Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
And we must grow by second means. I pray, go with me,
Even as you love me, sir.

Val. I will come to thee ;
But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fopperies ;
Despatch those ere I come.

Fran. You will not fail me ?

Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.

Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, SHORTHOSE, and ROGER.

L. Heart. Who let me in these puppies ? You blind rascals,
You drunken knaves^w !

^v *deserving slights*] "i. e. slights founded on an high opinion of our own deserts." MASON.

^w *You blind rascals,
You drunken knaves*] All the old eds. have, "*you blind rascals, you drunken knaves several.*" Seward printed,

"*You several blind rascals, drunken knaves.*"

The Editors of 1778 "apprehend the word *several* to have been a marginal direction for the appearance of *several servants* in this place"; and accordingly make Lady Heartwell enter with "Shorthose, Roger, and several other servants": so also Weber. I believe rather that "several" (which is evidently a stage-direction) meant—that Shorthose and Roger were to be *apart* from Lady Heartwell, she entering on one side, they on the other.

Short. Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently.—
Gentlemen!

L. Heart. 'Spreicious, you blown pudding, you bawling
rogue!

Short. I bawl as loud as I can: would you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back?

L. Heart. Get 'em out, rascal; out with 'em, out!
I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I should sweat more
To carry 'em out.

Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into the buttery, and make 'em drink?

L. Heart. Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

Enter ISABELLA, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.

Isab. Now to her, sir; fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside, boy: [To SHORTHOSE.]

I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.

Short. Away to tables^x, then. [Exit with ROGER.]

Isab. I shall burst with the sport on 't. [Aside.]

Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.

Bel. Methinks the house is handsome, every place decent;
What need you be so vex'd?

Hare. We are no strangers.

Fount. What though we come ere you expected us?
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?

L. Heart. You are merry, gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry
(We love to laugh heartily^y), and now and then, lady,
A little of our old plea.

^x *tables*] i. e. backgammon.

^y (*We love to laugh heartily*)] The first 4to has "'mē live to laugh heartily." The second 4to and the folio read "men love to laugh heartily" (but that "'mē" in the first 4to was not intended for the abbreviation of "men" is certain, because very frequently throughout that 4to a line is placed over *e* in words where no letter is omitted,—for instance, in the next speech, "I am busie, and very busie too, will nonē deliver mē?"). Seward printed "Love to laugh heartily"; the Editors of 1778 and Weber "Come to laugh heartily."

L. Heart. I am busy,
And very busy too.—Will none deliver me?

Hare. There is a time for all: you may be busy;
But when your friends come, you have as much power,
madam——

L. Heart. This is a tedious torment.

Fount. How handsomely
This little piece^z of anger shews upon her!—

Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself!

Bel. Nay, every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

L. Heart. I must go up, I must go up; I have a business
Waits upon me.—Some wine for the gentlemen!

Hare. Nay, we'll go with you; we never saw your chambers
yet.

Isab. [*Aside to them*] Hold there, boys!

L. Heart. Say I go to my prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.

L. Heart. This is boisterous:—or, say I go to sleep,
Will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly
Before meat will be dangerous: we know
Your dinner's ready, lady; you will not sleep.

L. Heart. Give me my coach; I will take the air.

Hare. We'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quicken'd stomach.

L. Heart. Let it alone, and call my steward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.—
These unmannerly rude puppies! [*Aside.*]

Fount. We'll walk after you, [*Exit LADY HEARTWELL.*]
And view the pleasure of the place.

Isab. Let her not rest,
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you:
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.
Be bold, and prosper!

^z *This little piece*] So the second 4to and the folio; and so Seward.—The first 4to has "*This title peece*"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber, explaining it "*Quasi frontispiece.*"—In *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, we find—

"The master of *this little piece of mischief.*"—Act iii. sc. 5.

Bel. Nay, if we do not tire her !

[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.]

Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me ;
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,
And, when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. What have you done ? she chafes and fumes out-
rageously,
And still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so !
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.
Why is she not gone out o' the town, but gives
Occasion for men to run mad after her ?

Luce. I shall be hang'd.

Isab. This in me had been high treason :
Three at a time, and private in her orchard !
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Re-enter LADY HEARTWELL.

L. Heart. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Isab. Ha, ha, ha !

L. Heart. Why do you laugh, sister ?
I fear me 'tis your trick ; 'twas neatly done of you,
And well becomes your pleasure.

Isab. What have you done with 'em ?

L. Heart. Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard ; there I'll make 'em
dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty :
Unmannerly rude puppies !

Isab. They are somewhat saucy ;—
But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em^a.—

[*Aside.*

Why were they not beaten out ?

L. Heart. I was about it ;
But, because they came as suitors——

^a *hound 'em*] "i. e. set them on." WEBER.

Isab. Why did you not answer 'em ?

L. Heart. They are so impudent they will receive none.

Enter FRANCISCO and LANCE.

More yet ! how came these in ?

Lance. At the door, madam.

Isab. It is that face.

[*Aside.*

Luce. [*Aside to LADY HEARTWELL*] This is the gentleman.

L. Heart. She sent the money to ?

Luce. The same.

Isab. I 'll leave you ;

They have some business.

L. Heart. Nay, you shall stay, sister ;

They are strangers both to me.—How her face alters !

Isab. I am sorry he comes now.

L. Heart. I am glad he is here now, though.—

Who would you speak with, gentlemen ?

Lance. You, lady,

Or your fair sister there : here is a gentleman

That has receiv'd a benefit.

L. Heart. From whom, sir ?

Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, madam :

Your man deliver'd it.

L. Heart. I pray, go forward.

Lance. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not,

Without the tender of his thanks and service,

Pass by the house.

L. Heart. Which is the gentleman ?

Lance. This, madam.

L. Heart. What's your name, sir ?

Fran. They that know me

Call me Francisco, lady ; one not so proud

To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched

To hide a gratitude.

L. Heart. It is well bestow'd, then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,

For what desert I dare not know, unless

A handsome subject for your charities,

Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,

Have shower'd upon my wants a timely bounty,
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

L. Heart. I am sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentle-
woman.—

Fie, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;

The man is a pretty man.

[*Aside to ISAB.*

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear lady——

Isab. I pray, no more, sir, if I may persuade you;
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,
And more than I expected.

Fran. But, good lady——

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it,
Besides the imputation of vain-glory,
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it;
And, if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,
I have my end: more to inquire is curious
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.

Fran. But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary——

Isab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks^b,
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person——

L. Heart. A brave dissembling rogue! and how she
carries it! [*Aside.*

Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,
Though I affect a good tongue well; or try you,
Though my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you:—

L. Heart. A plaguy cunning quean! [*Aside.*

Isab. For, so I carried it,
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd^c
The goodness I propounded with opinion.

^b *thought thanks*] Seward printed "*thought your thanks*"; and so probably the author wrote; for I do not believe that "It," which now commences the next line, was intended to complete the present one.

^c *barter'd*] So both the 4tos.—The folio has "bettered"; and so Seward.—"The sentence begins with the words, 'Twas not to see your person,' and is twice interrupted by the widow. The last part is properly explained in the

L. Heart. Fear her not, sir.

Isab. You cannot catch me, sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady ?

Isab. Let it suffice you have it : it was never mine,
Whilst good men wanted it.

Lance. This is a saint, sure.

[*Aside.*

Isab. And if you be not such a one^d, restore it.

Fran. To commend myself,

Were more officious than you think my thanks are ;
To doubt I may be worth your gift, a treason,
Both to mine own good and [your^e] understanding.
I know my mind clear, and though modesty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,
Yet I must think something, and of some season,
Met with your better taste ; this had not been else.

L. Heart. What ward for that, wench ? [*Aside to ISAB.*

Isab. Alas, it never touch'd me !

Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money
I ever took upon a forc'd ill manners.

Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful taker ?

edition of 1778 ; ' Provided I carried my point, the end obtained was a sufficient reward, and which I was happy to receive in exchange for the mere [opinion of the world, or] reputation of having effected it.' I am not certain, however, whether Mr. Mason's alteration should not be adopted : he proposes to read ;

' My end 's too glorious in my eyes, to barter
The goodness I propounded with opinion.' " WEBER.

The text is certainly corrupted here. The Revd. J. Mitford would give to Lady Heartwell a portion of the present speech, thus ;

" *L. Heart.* A plaguy cunning quean ! for so she carried it."

an alteration of which I cannot approve.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read ;

" If so I carried it,
My end was glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd," &c.

(understanding "*glorious*" in the sense of—vain-glorious ; compare what Isabella has said above, " Besides the imputation of *vain-glory*"), an emendation which, I believe, is not very far from the true reading.

^d *such a one* " i. e. a good man." *Ed.* 1778.

^e [*your*] Was inserted by Seward, and seems necessary for the sense. The Editors of 1778 and Weber rejected it.

Isab. Spend it, and say nothing ;
Your modesty may deserve more.

L. Heart. Oh, sister,
Will you bar thankfulness ?

Isab. Dogs dance for meat ;
Would you have men do worse, for ^f they can speak ?
Cry out, like wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds ?
I did it, that my best friend should not know it ;
Wine and vain-glory do ^g as much as I else.
If you will force my merit against my meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so ;
And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end ; in not believing sometimes
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation
May ripen strange persuasions.

Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,
And you a worse disposer, were my nature
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours
Were ever in my thoughts unspotted ermines ^h ;
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense
Burns not to common eyes : your fears are virtuous,
And so I shall preserve 'em.

Isab. Keep but this way,
And from this place, to tell me so, you have paid me :
And so, I wish you see all fortune !

[*Exeunt ISABELLA and LUCE.*]

L. Heart. Fear not ;
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—

^f *for*] i. e. because. The modern editors, not understanding the passage, point it thus (as in the folio) ;

“ *Would you have men do worse ? For they can speak,
Cry out, like wood-mongers,*” &c.

^g *do*] Old eds. “ does.”

^h *ermine*s] All the old eds. “ crimes.”—The correction, “ ermines”, is by Theobald, who adduces, in support of it, the following passage from *Monsieur Thomas*, act. iv. sc. 1. ;

“ Oh, that honesty,
That *ermine* honesty, *unspotted* ever !”

Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely ?
 This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me ^h ;
 I shall look narrowly [*Aside*].— Despair not, gentlemen ⁱ ;
 There is an hour to catch a woman in,
 If you be wise. So, I must leave you too.—
 Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Aside, and then exit.*]

Lance. Sir, what courage ?

Fran. This woman is a founder, and cites statutes
 To all her benefits.

Lance. I never knew yet
 So few years and so cunning : yet, believe me,
 She has an itch ; but how to make her confess it ?
 For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,
 Will not bite home ; she would fain, but she dares not.
 Carry yourself but so discreetly, sir,
 That want or wantonness seem not to search you,
 And you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her,
 And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,
 To wed her wit but one hour : oh, 'tis a dragon ^j,
 And such a sprightly way of pleasure ! ha, Lance ?

Lance. Your "ha, Lance" broken once, you would cry,
 "ho, ho, Lance !"

Fran. Some leaden, landed rogue will have this wench now,
 When all 's done ; some such youth will carry her,
 And wear her greasy out like stuff ; some dunce,
 That knows no more but markets, and admires
 Nothing but a long charge at sizes ^k : oh, the fortunes !

Re-enter ISABELLA and LUCE, behind.

Lance. Comfort yourself.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too :

^h *This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me*] Altered by Seward to
 " *This is to awake my fears, not to abuse me* " ;
 and so the Editors of 1778, except that they printed "wake."

ⁱ *gentlemen*] Seward printed "gentleman" ; but the alteration seems unnecessary.

^j *dragon*] Was altered by Seward to "paragon", because "*dragon* is an odd animal for a lover to compare his mistress to." But (as the Editors of 1778 observe) Francisco is talking of the lady's *wit*. ^k *sizes*] See note, p. 151.

Boldly upon 't! Nay, mistress, I still told you
How you would find ¹ your trust; this 'tis to venture
Your charity upon a boy.

Lance. Now, what 's the matter?
Stand fast and like yourself.

Isab. Prithee, no more, wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Isab. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or misery?

Or, say he had been i' the cage, was there no mercy
To look abroad but yours?

Isab. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Must every slight companion ^m, that can purchase
A shew of poverty and beggarly planet ⁿ,
Fall under your compassion?

Lance. Here's a ^o new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he stays yet;
Yet, as I live!

Fran. How her face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.

Isab. I am glad on 't.

Fran. How do you, gentle lady?

Isab. Much asham'd, sir,

(But first stand further off me, you're infectious,)

To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,

Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,

The gratitude you were so mad to make me,

Your trim counsel ^p, gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*]

Lance. What, lady?

Isab. Take your device again; it will not serve, sir;

¹ *How you would find*] The first 4to has "how 'would finde"; the second 4to and the folio read "how t'would finde."

^m *companion*] i. e. fellow.

ⁿ *A shew of poverty and beggarly planet*] This passage, not understood by the other editors, is rightly explained by Weber, "Every man who appears by his dress to labour under the influence of a beggarly planet."

^o *a*] Omitted by the modern editors.

^p *Your trim counsel*] Seward printed "This your trim council"; and so, perhaps, the author wrote.

The woman will not bite ; you are finely cozen'd :
Drop it no more, for shame !

Luce. Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your waistcoateers^q, your base wenches
That scratch at such occasions ? You are deluded :
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyres^r above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge——

Isab. Then I beseech you, sir, what could you see^s
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil,)
In my behaviour, of such easiness,
That you durst venture to do this ?

Fran. You amaze me :
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, sir.

Isab. I took it up too,
Still looking when your modesty should miss it :
Why, what a childish part was this !

Fran. I vow——

Isab. Vow me no vows : he that dares do this,
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.
There, take your gewgaw [*gives him the ring*]. You are too
much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiser, if you can : and so, farewell, sir.

[*Exeunt ISABELLA and LUCE.*]

Lance. “Grow wiser, if you can !” she has put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring ; did you drop it ?

Fran. Never ; ne'er
Saw it afore, Lance.

Lance. Thereby hangs a tale, then.

^q *waiscoateers*] i. e. strumpets of the lowest kind : see note, vol. i. 39.

^r *eyres*] i. e. builds her nest : so in Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c., 1611, p. 10., “It is reported that the men of the country where the Eagle *eyreth*,” &c.,—which I cite, because our dictionaries do not acknowledge this verb, though they give the substantive *eyry*.—All the old eds. have “eyes” ; and so the modern editors.

^s *could you see*] All the old eds. “*could 'see*.”

What slight ^t she makes to catch herself ! look up, sir ;
 You cannot lose her, if you would : how daintily
 She flies upon the lure, and cunningly
 She makes her stoops ^u ! whistle, and she 'll come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happy !

Lance. Maids are clocks :

The greatest wheel they shew goes slowest to us,
 And makes us hang ^v on tedious hopes ; the lesser,
 Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,
 Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,
 Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and marrow,
 Young as her purpose, and soft ^w as pity ;
 No monument to worship, but a mould
 To make men in, a neat one ; and I know,
 Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough,
 You are stark blind if you hit not soon : at night
 She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel
 A flea in your shape bite her. " Drop no more rings,"
 forsooth !

This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by !

Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.

Lance. Put yourself in

Good comfort. If she do not point you out the way !—
 " Drop no more rings ! " she 'll drop herself into you.

Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone,

And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic ;
 And let's be monstrous wise and full of counsel.

" Drop no more rings ! "

[*Exeunt.*

^t *slight*] i. e. contrivance, artifice.

^u *stoops*] Old eds. " stoppes " and " stops. "—" Properly altered by Sympson, the allusion being to the technical term *stooping* in falconry, from which science all the metaphors of this speech are taken." WEBER.

^v *makes us hang*] Old eds. " makes hang ", " mak's hang ", and " make's hang. "

^w *and soft*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print, for the metre, " and as soft. "

SCENE V.—*A hall in the same.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE,
and HAREBRAIN.

L. Heart. If you will needs be foolish, you must be us'd so.
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,
And impudently bold; press on my patience,
As if I kept a house for all companions^v
And of all sorts; will have your wills, will vex me,
And force a liking for you I ne'er ow'd you^w.

Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.

Bel. And, for all this,
Will have a better answer from you.

L. Heart. You shall never;
Neither have an answer nor dinner^x, unless you use me
With a more staid respect, and stay your time^y too.

Enter ISABELLA; followed by SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, and
RALPH, with dishes of meat.

Isab. Forward with the meat now!

Rog. Come, gentlemen, march fairly.

^v companions] i. e. fellows.

^w And force a liking for you I ne'er ow'd you] The old eds. have "and force my liking from you, I never owed you" (and "nere ow'd you"). Seward printed

"And force a liking from you I ne'er ow'd you."

The Editors of 1778 and Weber followed the reading of the old eds., but made "I ne'er ow'd you" a distinct sentence, explaining it—I never owned you as my acquaintance,—a meaning which (though *ow'd* is frequently used for *own'd*) the words could not bear. I have adopted one of the emendations proposed by Mason. *For* is often misprinted *from*: so in a passage of the present play (p. 112.) the first 4to reads,

"And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe *from* him",—

where the second 4to and the folio have rightly "for."

^x nor dinner] Altered by the modern editors to "nor a dinner."

^y your time] Altered by Seward to "my time". He had forgotten what the suitors tell Valentine in act. ii. sc. 2. (p 118);

"*Bel.* She has put us off this month now for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her", &c.

Short. Roger, you are a weak serving-man ;
Your white broth runs from you. Fie, how I sweat
Under this pile of beef ! an elephant
Can do [no^z] more. Oh, for such a back^a now,
And in these times what might a man arrive at !
Goose grase you up, and woodcock march behind thee !
I am almost founder'd.

L. Heart. Who bid you bring the meat yet ?
Away, you knaves ! I will not dine these two hours :—
How am I vex'd and chaf'd !—go, carry it back,
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,
To send before I call'd.

Short. Faces about^b, gentlemen ;
Beat a mournful march, then, and give some supporters,
Or else I perish. [*Exit with ROGER, HUMPHRY, and RALPH.*]

Isab. It does me much good
To see her chafe thus. [*Aside.*]

Hare. We can stay, madam, and will stay and dwell here ;
'Tis good air.

Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.

L. Heart. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend on^c. Since you are churlish,
We'll give you physic : you must purge this anger ;
It burns you, and decays you.

L. Heart. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a pereullis^d for you.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady.

^z [no] Is absolutely necessary for the sense, though the modern editors are satisfied with the old reading.

^a such a back] i. e. such a back as this chine of beef.

^b Faces about] i. e. Wheel, turn about : see note, vol. ii. 220. Seward printed, with the folio, "Face about."

^c pretend on] Is explained by the Editors of 1778 "carry our demands further": but, probably, it means—intend further (*pretend* being very common in the sense of—intend).—So the first 4to. The second 4to and the folio "*pretend no*"; and so Seward.

^d pereullis] i. e. porteullis. "A *Pereullis, cataraeta, porta demissoria*". Coles's *Dict.* ; and see Middleton's *Works*, iii. 162. ed. Dyce.—So both the 4tos. The folio "*porteullis*"; and so the modern editors.

L. Heart. Good morrow, sir.—
How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly !
What slaves were these to use him so !

[*Aside.*

Val. I come
To look^e a young man I call brother.

L. Heart. Such a one
Was here, sir, as I remember, your own brother,
But gone almost an hour ago.

Val. Good e'en, then.

L. Heart. You must not so soon, sir ; here be some
gentlemen ;

It may be you are acquainted with 'em.

Hare. Will nothing make him miserable ?

Fount. How glorious !

Bel. It is the very he : does it rain fortunes,
Or has he a familiar^f ?

Hare. How doggedly he looks too !

Fount. I am beyond my faith : pray, let 's be going.

Val. Where are these gentlemen ?

L. Heart. Here.

Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.

Bel. Morrow, madam.

L. Heart. Nay, stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but fastingly my fury^g.
You think you have undone me ; think so still,
And swallow that belief, till you be company
For court-hand clerks and starv'd attorneys ;
Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars
In penny-rooms^h again, and fight for apples ;

^e *look*] i. e. look for." WEBER.

^f *a familiar*] i. e. an attendant demon.

^g *but fastingly my fury*] Was altered by Seward to "fasting fly my fury" ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber rightly explains the passage, "You shall await my fury without having dined, and therefore fastingly."

^h *penny-rooms*] "The same cheap accommodations in play-houses are mentioned in Decker's *Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609 :—'Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the penny' [p. 133. reprint]." WEBER.

Till you return to what I found you, people
 Betray'd into the hands of fencers', challengers',
 Tooth-drawers' billsⁱ, and tedious proclamations
 In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses ;—
 (Stir not, but hear, and mark ; I'll cut your throats else)—
 Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,
 Rid^j you again, and run you into questions
 Who built the Thames^k ; till you run mad for lotteries,
 And stand there with your tables^l to glean
 The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly
 To serving-men for sound essays ; till taverns
 Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
 Wine that the bell hath gone for twice^m, and glasses
 That look like broken promises, tied up
 With wicker protestations, English tobacco,
 With half pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biscuit
 That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon, like corals,
 To bring the mark again ; till this hour, rascals,
 (For thisⁿ most fatal hour will come again,)
 Think I sit down the loser !

“‘Penny-rooms at theatres’ are noticed in *The Black Book*, 1604 : and ‘penny galleries’ (meaning probably the same part of the house), in the *Ant and the Nightingale*, by T. M., of the same date.” Collier’s *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 345. The two tracts to which Mr. Collier refers may be found in the 5th. vol. of Middleton’s *Works*, ed. Dyce.

ⁱ *bills*] i. e. advertisements, placards set up in public places : “those of fencers, and those containing defiances for any trial of skill, chiefly in the noble science of defence, are admirably ridiculed in several of Ben Jonson’s comedies.” WEBER.

^j *Rid*] Altered by the modern editors to “Ride.”

^k *built the Thames*] The first 4to has “*built Theamea*” ; the second 4to and the folio read “*built Thames*.”—“The allusion to the New River, projected in the time of James I., is sufficiently plain. That to the *building of the Thames* is not explicable as sense ; but the authors most probably wish only to exemplify the absurd stupidity of the conversation among the three suitors, previous to their acquaintance with Valentine.” WEBER. If “*built the Thames*” be the right reading (which I greatly doubt), it perhaps may mean—built bridges over the Thames.

^l *tables*] i. e. table-books, memorandum-books.

^m *Wine that the bell hath gone for twice*] i. e. Wine that has been twice tolled for,—that has been left stale by two companies.

ⁿ *till this hour, rascals,*

(*For this, &c.*] So corrected by the Editors of 1778.—All the old eds. have “tell these *hour rascals so, this,*” &c.

L. Heart. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all;
You know you are welcome.

Hare. ° That was cast^p to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off: the devil is in his anger!

L. Heart. Nay, I am sure
You will not leave me so discourteously,
Now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here?

Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,
Her state and worth? Can you bring a fair certificate
That you deserve to be her footmen? Husbands, you puppies?
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-suckers^q!
Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,
And, when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury,
And slight this lady: I shall hear, and know this;
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,
As far as they are good I dare preserve 'em.
Be not too bold; for, if you be, I'll swinge you,
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.
Your honours; now go^r; avoid me mainly!

[*Exeunt* FOUNT. BEL. and HARE.]

L. Heart. Well, sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And with your nobleness prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not trust myself with women.
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honestly; and so, I thank you. [Exit.]

L. Heart. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And some means I must work to have thee know it.

[Exit with ISAB.]

° *Hare.*] All the old eds. "Hum."

^p *cast*] i. e. contrived.

^q *wind-suckers*!] i. e. kestrels, kites.

^r *Your honours; now go*] Altered by Seward to "*Your honours now may go*": but "*your honours*" means—make your obeisances; compare the last line of the Prologue to *The Captain*, vol. iii. 221.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A hall in LADY HEARTWELL'S house.*

Enter LOVEGOOD and Merchant.

Love. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up,
And her sister relieves Frank.

Mer. I am glad to hear it :
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune
To some fair end ?

Love. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,
They would strike it out o' the flint but they would form it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL and SHORTHOSE.

Mer. The widow, sure : why does she stir so early ?

[*Retires with LOVEGOOD.*]

L. Heart. 'Tis strange I cannot force him to understand me,
And make a benefit of what I would bring him.— [Aside.
Tell my sister I will use my devotions
At home this morning ; she may, if she please, go to church.

Short. Heigh-ho !

L. Heart. And do you wait upon her with a torch, sir.

Short. Heigh-ho !

L. Heart. You lazy knave !

Short. Here is such a tinkle-tanklings,
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out.—
Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your
chamber-pot,
And burn a little rosemary in 't : I must wait upon my lady.—
This morning-prayer has brought me into a consumption ;
I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

L. Heart. You drousy slave, nothing but sleep and swilling !

Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I have been,
And haunted with the night-mare—

L. Heart. With an ale-pot !

Short. You would have little list to morning-prayers.
Pray, take my fellow, Ralph ; he has a psalm-book :
I am an ingrum^s man.

L. Heart. Get you ready quickly,
And, when she is ready, wait upon her handsomely.
No more ; be gone !

Short. If I do snore my part out—— [*Exit.*

Love. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, madam.

[*Coming forward with LOVEGOOD.*

L. Heart. Good morrow, gentlemen.

Love. Good joy and fortune !

L. Heart. These are good things, and worth my thanks : I
thank you, sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find : we came to gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.

L. Heart. How !

Love. He's a gentleman,
Although he be my kinsman, my fair niece.

L. Heart. Niece, sir !

Love. Yes, lady, now I may say so ;
'Tis no shame to you ; I say, a gentleman,
And, winking at some light fancies^t,
Which you most happily may affect him for,
As bravely carried, as nobly bred and manag'd——

L. Heart. What is all this ? I understand you not :
What niece, what marriage-knot ?

Love. I'll tell plainly :
You are my niece, and Valentine the gentleman
Has made you so by marriage.

L. Heart. Marriage !

Love. Yes, lady ;

^s *ingrum*] A vulgar corruption of *ignorant*.

^t *And, winking at some light fancies*] Seward printed,

“ *And winking but at some light fantasies.*”

Here the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed the old eds., but regulated the metre vilely.

And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.

L. Heart. The men are mad !

Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things that fly away like shadows,
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one ?
You have wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.

Love. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew,
However he wheel'd about like a loose carbine †,
He would charge home at length like a brave gentleman.
Heaven's blessing o' your heart, lady ! we are so bound to
honour you,
In all your service so devoted to you——

Love. Do not look so strange, widow ; it must be known ;
Better a general joy. No stirring here yet ?
Come, come, you cannot hide 'em †.

L. Heart. Pray, be not impudent :
These are the finest toys ! belike I am married, then ?

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the world's account
else :

I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

L. Heart. And I am great with child ?

Love. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you are with child ;

† *carbine*] All the old eds. have "cabine."—"A *carbine* is a term for a horse soldier, and used by our authors in another play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine reading, though Mr. Theobald did, for I sent it him, and find it in his margin with a Q." SEWARD—, who alludes to a line in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*,—

"Don Campusano, captain of *carbines*."

act i. sc. 1.

"In the present passage," observes a friend, "the epithet 'loose' determines that '*carbine*' is to be understood as the weapon so called, not as the soldier who carries it."

" *No stirring here yet ?*

Come, come, you cannot hide 'em.] Altered by the modern editors to "—— *hide* it." But see note, vol. iii. 272.

And great joy^v among the gentlemen,
Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance,
How long, and when he stay'd; could name the bed too,
Where he paid down his first-fruits.

L. Heart. I shall believe anon.

Love. And we consider, for some private reasons
You would have it private; yet take your own pleasure:
And so, good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!

L. Heart. No, no; pray, stay.

Love. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'll find him noble.—
This may beget—

Love. It must needs work upon her.

[*Exeunt LOVEGOOD and Merchant.*]

L. Heart. These are fine bobs^w, i' faith; married, and with
child too!

How long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows;
They should not come to flout: married, and bedded!
The world take notice too! where lies this May-game?
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Must I be scratch'd I know not how?—Who waits there?

Enter HUMPHRY.

Hum. Madam?

L. Heart. Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;
And hark you, sir [*whispers him*]: be secret and speedy;
Inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I shall do it, madam.

[*Exit.*]

^v *And great joy*] "The modern editors silently read, 'And there's great joy.' There is no reason for the alteration, unless it be thought necessary to supply a word, whenever our authors, (who were by no means nice in this respect,) have left a line defective in a foot." WEBER. Wherever we find "a line defective in a foot," the probability is, that a word has been omitted by the transcriber or printer: Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comic blank verse, were more apt to make the lines too long than too short.

^w *bobs*] See note, p. 28.

L. Heart. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine, i' faith :
 Sure, he that did this would do better waking. [Exit.

 SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, LANCE drunk, and Boy with a torch.

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely.—How dost thou, Frank? Peter Bassel^x, bear up.

Frank. You have fried^y me soundly.
 Sack do you call this drink?

Val. A shrewd dog, Frank;
 Will bite abundantly.

Lance. Now could I fight,
 And fight with thee—

Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?

Lance. But that thou art mine^z own natural master:
 Yet my sack says thou art no man, thou art a pagan,
 And pawn'st thy land, which [is] a noble cause.

Val. No arms, no arms^a, good Lancelot;
 Dear Lance, no fighting here: we will have lands, boy,
 Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy:
 Hang fighting, hang't; 'tis out of fashion.

Lance. I would fain labour^b you into your lands again.
 Go to; it is behoveful.

Fran. Fie, Lance, fie!

Lance. I must beat somebody, and why not my master
 Before a stranger? charity and beating
 Begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

^x *Peter Bassel*] The name, I believe, of a Dutch admiral.

^y *fried*] Mason would read "fired."

^z *mine*] The modern editors print "my."

^a *No arms, no arms*] So the first 4to.—The second 4to and the folio have,
 "No arms, nor arms." Seward chose to print "No arms, nor harms."

^b *labour*] "i. e. belabour, beat." MASON.

Lance. I will not be compell'd, an you were two masters ;
I scorn the motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep ?

Lance. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat ?

Lance. I scorn meat : I come for rompering ;
I come to wait upon my charge discreetly ;
For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again,
Here do I lie, St. George, and so forth. [*Lies down.*]

Val. And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon :
Thus, with my lance——

Lance. I sting, I sting with my tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, sir ? I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means ; do not hurt him.

Val. Take his Nellson^d :—

And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malligo^e, [*Raising him.*]
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,
And charge again.

Lance. I'll play no more ; you abuse me.—
Will you go ?

Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, brother ;
For sleep I cannot ; I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arriv'd, go bravely to the matter,
And do something of worth, Frank.

Lance. You shall hear from us.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO and LANCE.*]

Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure, had beaten me :
He 's the most tettish^f knave !

Enter LOVEGOOD, Merchant, and Boy^g with a torch.

Love. 'Tis he.

^d *Take his Nellson*] So the first 4to.—The second 4to and the folio have “*Take this Nelson*” ; and so Seward, who pointed the words thus, “*Take this, Nelson.*”—Weber says that *Nellson* is “probably a cant term for a sword” ; rather, I believe, for a club.

^e *Malligo*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to “*Malaga*” ; but *Malligo* (a corruption of *Malaga*) is common in our early writers.

^f *tettish*] “The same as *tetchy*, peevish, fretful, irritable.” WEBER.

^g *Boy*] So the folio.—The 4tos have “*May*,”—meaning probably the boy who was to carry the torch, his name having been retained from the prompter's book.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.

Love. You have made your brother a fine man; we met him.

Val. I made him a fine gentleman; he was
A fool before, brought up amongst the midst^h
Of small-beer brew-houses. What would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you your latest hour is come.

Val. Are you my sentence?

Mer. The sentence of your state.

Val. Let it be hang'd, then; and let it be hang'd high enough,
I may not see it.

Love. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you else with me? will you go drink,
And let the world slide, uncle? ha, ha, ha, boys!
Drink sack like whey, boys!

Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?

Val. Come hither, merchant:

Make me a supper, thou most reverent land-catcher,
A supper of forty pounds.

Mer. What then, sir?

Val. Then bring thy wife along and thy fair sisters,
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!
We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;
And then in state I'll render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Love. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state? speak to the point, sir.

Val. Not, notⁱ if it were mine heir in the Turk's galleys.

Mer. Then I must take an order.

Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;
Because thou can'st i' the nick, thou shalt not have it.
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds
uncoupled,
Will ring you such a knell! go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, "All's mine!"

^h *midst*] Altered by Seward to "mist"; and so the Editors of 1778.

ⁱ *Not, not*] The modern editors print "No, *not*."

Cry as the devil did, and be the devil ;
 Mark what an echo follows ! Build fine marchpanesⁱ,
 To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady ;
 And pull the chapel down, to^j raise a chamber
 For Mistress Silver-pin to lay her belly in ;
 Mark what an earthquake comes ! Thou foolish^k merchant,
 My tenants are no subjects ; they obey nothing,
 And they are people too never^l christen'd ;
 They know no law nor conscience ; they 'll devour thee ;
 An thou wert all the staple^m, they 'll confound thee
 Within three days ; no bit nor memory
 Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there,
 Shall be e'er heard of more : go, take possession,
 And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits ;
 They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell suckersⁿ,

ⁱ *marchpanes*] "This fashionable confection of former days, (still in high repute on the continent,) was composed, according to Mr. Steevens [note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 5.], of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour," &c. WEBER. The march-pane used formerly in England appears to have been composed chiefly of almonds and sugar, pounded and baked together (see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.). It was a constant article at *banquets* (desserts) ; and was often wrought into various figures,—

"Conserves and *Marchpanes*, made in sundry shapes,
 As Castles, Towres, Horses, Beares, and Apes."

The Siege of Jerusalem, p. 15.—Taylor's *Workes*, 1630.

^j *to*] So the first 4to.—The second 4to and the folio "and" ; which was given by Seward and the Editors of 1778.

^k *comes*. *Thou foolish*, &c.] Both the 4tos have "*comes*, then *foolish*," &c. The folio has "*comes*. Then *foolish*," &c. ; and so the modern editors. The alteration which I have made seems absolutely necessary : "then" and "*thou*" are very often confounded by our early printers.

^l *too never*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "*too were never*."

^m *An thou wert all the staple*] i. e. If thou wert the whole mart, or merchandise.—The first 4to has "*and thou mortall the stople*." In the second 4to it stands thus, "*and thou mortall, the stopple*" ; and so in the folio. Seward printed "*An thou art mortal staple*," and proposed in a note, "*An thou art mortal, Staple*" (Valentine calling the merchant *Staple*). Sympson conjectured "*Thou mortal of the staple*." The Editors of 1778 gave Seward's second emendation : Weber adopted his first.—I ought to add, that in this passage the modern editors deviate from the punctuation of the old copies.

ⁿ *Bow-bell suckers*] i. e. sucking children born within the sound of Bow-bell : the expression is formed by analogy from *rabbit-sucker*, i. e. a sucking rabbit ; see note, p. 44.

As they love mischief, and hate law ; they are cannibals :
 Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful ;
 There be those mandrakes^o that will mollify 'em :
 Go, take possession. I'll go to my chamber.—

Afore, boy, go.

[*Exit with Boy.*]

Mer. He 's mad, sure.

Love. He 's half drunk, sure :

And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it,
 This looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely ;
 But he 's so harsh and strange !

Love. Believe it, 'tis his drink, sir ;
 And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals !

If ever I come to view his regiments^p,
 If fair terms may be had——

Love. He tells you true, sir ;
 They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals
 Disorder ever made ; let 'em be mad once,
 The power of the whole country cannot cool 'em.
 Be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will, sir.
 Before I buy a bargain of such runts^q,
 I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

^o *mandrakes*] The root of the (white) mandrake was supposed to resemble the thighs and legs of a man, and was regarded as an emblem of incontinence, &c.

^p *regiments*] So the first 4to.—The second 4to. and the folio have “regiment” (perhaps the better reading) ; and so Seward.

^q *runts*] “Trunks of trees ; here, metaphorically, for rude boors. Gawain Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*, speaks of—

‘Auld rottin *runtis* quharin na sap was leift.’” WEBER.

Runts means not only — trees (stunted in growth), but also, and more frequently—cattle (of a small size).

“She 's full of cattle, some two thousand *runts*.”

Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*—*Works*, iv. 66. ed. Dyce.

Brocket gives “*Runt*, a Scotch ox—also a jocular designation for a person of a strong though low stature. ‘A *runt* of a fellow.’” *Gloss. of North Country Words*. To Weber's remark, that *runts* is used here metaphorically for rude boors, I do not object.

SCENE III.—*Another street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, LANCE, and Boy with a torch.

Fran. How dost thou now ?

Lance. Better than I was, and straighter ;
But my head 's a hogshead still, it rolls ^r and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lance. I may live to requite it ;
Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me ^s ! very
well !

Fran. 'T was all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean now :
I mean to see this wench.

Lance. Where a devil is she ?
An there were two, 't were better.

Fran. Dost thou hear
The bell ring ?

Lance. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to prayers,
Early each morning thither : now, if I could but meet her,
For I am of another metal now——

Lance. What light 's yond ?

Fran. Ha ! 'tis a light :—take her by the hand, and court her ?

Lance. Take her below the girdle ; you'll never speed else.
It comes on this way still. Oh, that I had
But such an opportunity in a saw-pit !
How it comes on, comes on ! 'tis here.

Enter ISABELLA, and SHORTHOSE with a torch.

Fran. 'Tis she :
Fortune, I kiss thy hand !—Good morrow, lady.

Isab. What voice is that ?—Sirrah, do you sleep
As you go ?—'Tis he : I am glad on't [*Aside*].—Why, Short-
hose !

Short. Yes, forsooth ; I was dreamt I was going to church.

^r *rolls*] Why the modern editors retain here the spelling of the old eds.,
“rowls,” I cannot imagine.

^s *ride me*] “Alluding to Valentine's *bestriding* him in a former scene.”
WEBER.

Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold thy torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog
asleep in't.

Where did you see the voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lance. To her, and meet, sir.

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, lady;

Never bless yourself^t; I am but a man,

And, like an honest man, now I will thank you.

Isab. What do you mean? who sent for you? who desir'd you?

Short. Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?

Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!

But such companions^u as you must ruffle^v me?

You had best go with me, sir!

Fran. It was my purpose.

Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! you had best,
Being so near the church, provide a priest,
And persuade me to marry you!

Fran. It was my meaning;

And such a husband, so loving and so careful,
My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at^w——
Hark you!

Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly.—
Turn home again, sirrah [*To SHORT.*].—You had best now force
My man to lead your way!

Lance. Yes, marry, shall 'a, lady. x—

Forward, my friend!

^t *bless yourself*] "Alluding to the custom of crossing one's self, at the appearance of something strange or wonderful." WEBER.

^u *companions*] i. e. fellows.

^v *ruffle*] i. e. boisterously disturb me.

^w *My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at*] Mason says that this line is absolute nonsense, and would read,

"Your youth and all your fortunes shall arrive at:"

but he did not understand the passage: Francisco means, that his youth, and whatever he may hereafter be possessed of, shall be devoted to Isabella.

^x *Lance. Yes, marry, shall 'a, lady, &c.*] This speech was given to *Francisco* by the Editors of 1778: but it undoubtedly belongs to *Lance*, who (as *Weber* observes) afterwards says to *Shorthose* "Afore, thou dream!"

Isab. This is a pretty riot !
 It may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better ?
 I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing ; I am asleep still.
 When you have done, tell me, and then I 'll wake, mistress.

Isab. Are you in earnest, sir ? do you long to be hang'd ?

Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.

Isab. Shall I call out for help ?

Fran. No, by no means ; that were a weak trick, lady :
 I 'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*

Isab. You 'll answer all these ?

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isab. I was never abus'd thus.
 You had best give out too, that you found me willing,
 And say I doted on you !

Fran. That's known already,
 And no man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine, i 'faith !

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way ;
 I will to church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is
 Most likely there's a priest, if you dare venture
 As you profess ! I would wish you look about you,
 To do these rude tricks, for you know their recompences ;
 And trust not to my mercy—

Fran. But I will, lady.

Isab. For I 'll so handle you !

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lance. Afore, thou dream !

Short. Have you done ?

Isab. Go on, sir.— [*To SHORT.*

And follow, if you dare !

Fran. If I do not, hang me !

Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were a million !—
 God-a-mercy, sack ! when would small-beer have done this ?
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—VALENTINE'S lodging.

[Knocking within.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces? what a devil ails you?

Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron-mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, sir, that must needs speak with you.

Val. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman? what have I to do

With gentlewomen?

Serv. She will not be answer'd, sir.

Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in: I'll try
How gentle she is. [*Exit Serv.*] This sack has fill'd my head
So full of baubles^y, I am almost mad.

What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has
Brought me no butter-print^z along with her,
To lay to my charge: if she have, 'tis all one,—
I'll forswear it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL with Servant.

L. Heart. Oh, you're a noble gallant!

Send off your servant, pray.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Val. She will not ravish me?

By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow-hawk!—

[*Aside.*]

What wouldst thou, woman?

L. Heart. Oh, you have us'd me kindly,
And like a gentleman! this 'tis to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me! for what?

L. Heart. Because I said in jest once,

^y *baubles*] The old eds. have "bables" (the common spelling of *baubles* in our authors' time), which Seward and the Editors of 1778 stupidly changed to "Babels."

^z *butter-print*] A cant term for a child, which (as Weber notices) occurs also in *The Chances*, act i., sc. 6.

You were a handsome man, one I could like well,
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you, and might
Be brought to marry——

Val. The widow is drunk too. [*Aside.*]

L. Heart. You out of this (which is a fine discretion)
Give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me,
And that you have put fairly for an heir too :
These are fine rumours to advance my credit !
I' the name of mischief, what did you mean ?

Val. That you lov'd me,
And that you might be brought to marry me !
Why, what a devil do you mean, widow ?

L. Heart. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,
Though you had enjoyed your first wish, you wish'd
(The wealth you aim'd [not^a] at) that I was poor ;
Which is most true, I am ; have sold my lands,
Because I love not those vexations :
Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,
And for my credit's sake in the town——

Val. I tell thee, widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands ;
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,
If e'er thou marriest more.

L. Heart. Have not you married me,
And for this main cause, now as you report it,
To be your nurse ?

Val. My nurse !—why, what am I grown to ?
Give me the glass ;—my nurse !

L. Heart. You ne'er said truer.
I must confess, I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been persuaded ;
But when I found I must be hourly troubled
With making broths, and daubing your decays,
With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins,
For the world so reports——

Val. Do not provoke me !

L. Heart. And half an eye may see——

* [not] Was first added by the Editors of 1778. Weber mispointed and misinterpreted the passage.

Val. Do not provoke me !

The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it :
Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,
And mark what follows. My nurse ! yes, you shall rock me :
Widow, I'll keep you waking.

L. Heart. You are dispos'd^b, sir.

Val. Yes, marry, am I, widow ; and you shall feel it :
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I am a tiger.

L. Heart. I think so.

Val. Come.

L. Heart. Whither ?

Val. Any whither.

[Sings.

The fit's upon me now,
The fit's upon me now ;
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit's upon me now.
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too ;
Let the cobbler meddle with his tools ;
The fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein ; away with me ;
For, if I have but two hours to consider,
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.

L. Heart. If you will go with me, sir——

Val. Yes, marry, will I ;

But 'tis in anger yet ; and I will marry thee ;
Do not cross me ; yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies ; and I will kiss thee :
Stand still and kiss me handsomely ; but do not provoke me !
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous,
I drunk sack yesternight ; do not allure me,—
Thou art no widow of this world ! Come ;

^b *dispos'd*] Is explained by Weber "merry"; but it means something more, viz. wantonly merry, inclined to wanton mirth. The word occurs, with the same meaning, in several of these plays : compare also *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1. ;

"*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is *dispos'd*."

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd."

a passage which has not been understood by the modern editors of Shakespeare ; for (in opposition to the old eds.) they put a break after "*dispos'd*," as if the sentence were incomplete.

In pity and in spite I'll marry thee :
Not a word more ; and I may be brought to love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A street.*

Enter Merchant and LOVEGOOD severally.

Mer. Well met again : and what good news yet ?

Love. Faith, nothing.

Mer. No fruits of what we sow'd ?

Love. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet ?

Love. 'Tis all flood ;

And, till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, LANCE, and SHORTHOSE with a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother ?

Love. With a gentlewoman ;

The widow's sister, as I live ! He smiles ;

He has got good hold : why, well said^c, Frank, i' faith !

Let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth !

And so, you have handled me, think you ha' me sure ?

Fran. As sure as wedlock.

Isab. You had best lie with me too !

Fran. Yes, indeed will I ; and get such black-ey'd boys !

Love. God-a-mercy, Frank !

Isab. This is a merry world ! poor simple gentlewomen,

That think no harm, cannot walk about their business,

But they must be catch'd up I know not how.

Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.

Have I caught you, mistress ?

Isab. Well, an it were not for

Pure pity, I would give you the slip yet ;

But being as it is——

Fran. It shall be better.

^c *well said*] Equivalent to—well done : see note, vol. i. 328, and note, p. 75. of the present vol.

Enter VALENTINE, LADY HEARTWELL, and RALPH with a torch.

Isab. My sister, as I live! your brother with her!
Sure, I think you are the king's takers^d.

Love. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

L. Heart. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have!

L. Heart. I pray, speak softly.

Val. I'll speak it out, widow; yes, and you shall confess too,
I am no nurse-child: I went for a man, a good one:
If you can, beat me out o' the pit.

L. Heart. I did but jest with you.

Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you!

Nay, when my credit calls——

L. Heart. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, sir: I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, Frank?

Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, sir.

Val. Along with me, then.—Never hang an arse, widow.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

Val. Well said, black-brows!—

Advance your torches, gentlemen.

Love. Yes, yes, sir.

Val. And keep your ranks.

Mer. Lance, carry this before him. [*Giving the mortgage.*

Love. Carry it in state.

Enter Musicians, FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, and BELLAMORE.

Val. What are you? musicians? I know your coming^e:
And what are those behind you?

^d *the king's takers*] "The king's takers means those officers of the household who, when the king was on his progress, were employed to take up carriages and other necessaries for his use." MASON.

^e *I know your coming*] Was altered by Seward to "*I know you, come you in.*" The Editors of 1778 explain the text to mean "I know of your coming,—it being customary at weddings." Weber's explanation of it is, "I know what you come for; I know the reason of your coming." Mason would read "*I*

First Mus. Gentlemen

That sent us to give the lady a good morrow.

Val. Oh, I know them.—Come, boy, sing the song I taught you ^f,

And sing it lustily.—Come forward, gentlemen :

You're welcome, welcome ; now we are all friends.—

Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be long ;

We have much business.—

Come, Frank, rejoice with me : thou hast got the start, boy ;

But I'll so tumble after !—Come, my friends, lead,

Lead cheerfully ;—and let your fiddles ring, boys.—

My follies and my fancies have an end here.—

Display the mortgage, Lance.—Merchant, I'll pay you,

And every thing shall be in joint again.

Love. Afore, afore !

Val. And now confess and know,

Wit without money sometimes gives the blow. [Exeunt.]

knew you *coming*, i. e. I knew you at a distance, as you advanced."—I suspect that the right reading is,—

"*What, are you there, musicians ? I know your cunning* [i. e. skill]."

Compare, in Valentine's next speech, "*Come, boy,*" &c.

[*the song I taught you*] Here, of course, a song was sung, though it is given neither in the 4tos nor in the folio.

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

The Faithful Friends by Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher. M.S. n. d.

THIS play was entered on the Stationers' Books June 29th, 1660 ^a, and attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher. It was, however, not printed till 1812, when Weber "published it" ^b from an original manuscript, purchased from Mr. John Smith of Furnival's Inn, into whose possession it came from Mr. Theobald, nephew to the editor of Shakespeare." That manuscript afterwards belonged to Mr. Heber, and eventually became mine. One portion of it,—the concluding scene of the 4th act,—is on a detached piece of paper, and appears to be in the autograph of the author of that scene; the rest is in another and more modern hand, with the exception of the first three leaves and the last leaf, which are of a still later date; and throughout the play various passages have been altered, crossed out, and marked with a marginal line, by a fourth scribe, when the manuscript (which is evidently a prompter's copy) was adapted for representation.—In the present edition, of course, no passages are omitted.

The manuscript assigns *The Faithful Friends* to "Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher." Weber observes, "If we judge by the versification, we must conclude that Fletcher had a very inconsiderable share in the composition of this drama. The metre bears a nearer resemblance to that of Beaumont. From the frequent and very gross historical blunders and anachronisms, however, which occur, particularly in the latter part, and from the very small merit of some of the scenes, I should be inclined to attribute the greater portion of the play to an inferior assistant," &c. It is indeed possible that this drama, though not brought upon the stage till after Beaumont's death, may have been partly composed by him; but I think it very doubtful. Of Fletcher I can discover nothing in *The Faithful Friends*.

^a Together with *A Right Woman* by Beaumont and Fletcher, and *The History of Mador King of Britain* by Beaumont,—two dramas which were never printed, and have most probably perished.

^b With many errors: see my notes *passim*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TITUS MARTIUS, king of Rome.	Taverner.
LUCIUS MARCELLANUS, chief Senator, and father to Philadelpha.	Tapster.
SERVIUS TULLIUS, a Senator.	Officers.
MARCUS TULLIUS, his son, a general.	Sutler.
ARMANUS.	Pedester.
MARIUS.	Postmaster.
RUFINUS.	Senators, Soldiers, Heralds, Flamens, &c.
LEONTIUS.	SABINUS, general of the Sabines.
LEARCHUS.	ARMINIUS, and other Sabines.
MARCELLUS, a captain.	PHILADELPHA, daughter to Marcellanus, and wife to Marcus Tullius.
SIR PERGAMUS.	LÆLIA, daughter to Servius Tullius, and disguised as Janus.
DINDIMUS, his dwarf.	FLAVIA, waiting-maid to Philadelpha.
BELLARIO, a soldier.	Ladies.
BLACKSNOUT, a smith.	
SNIPSNAP, a tailor.	
CALVESKIN, a shoemaker.	

SCENE, Rome, and the country of the Sabines.

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol.*

Enter MARIUS, RUFINUS, and LEONTIUS.

Ruf. You have made a large relation, but more rare,
Of your experienc'd travels ; and I fear
You will depopulate our court and land
Of the most noble youths ; who, being fir'd
By your rich benefit, will like lightning fly
To purchase fame and honour.

Leon. You 're full fraught
With many kingdoms' virtues.

Mar. Sir, you flatter now,
And do outprize my willing industry :
Yet, without boast, I 've been no drone, my lords,
To suck up others' labours ; nor, as many
Of our nobles do, purchas'd new fashions with
The loss of lands ; nor spent my five years' travels
To bring home a Spanish block^a, or a French compliment,
A German health, or English tilting-staff ;
Nor fiddled out my time in capering :
Yet these, nor any other active exercises
That can be added to adorn the state
Of a true gentleman, are^b strange to me^c,

^a *block*] See note, p. 62. Here "block" means the hat itself.

^b *are*] MS. "is."

^c *me*] Weber printed "one" !

Occasion best will witness. But, my lords,
 I have not yet, in the least syllable,
 Receiv'd the knowledge of domestic things ;
 What change of state, of friends, or enemies ;
 The custom of the court ; who are in grace :
 Lest my long absence hence may make me ignorant
 Of due respect deserv'd by noble merit,
 And who is favourite to^d the king,
 I would be loath to appear ridiculous
 In any errors at first interview.

Ruf. You have outstript the wing of our desires :
 We did reserve it with a full intent
 To make a just return to your relation.

Mar. My thoughts thirst for it.

Ruf. You knew young Tullius ?

Mar. Servius Tullius' son ?

Ruf. The same.

Mar. Pray, on.

Ruf. He was a man, you know, of no great birth.

Leon. A gentleman ; that's all.

Mar. A king's no more.

Ruf. He is the only gallant of the times,
 The court's chief schoolmaster in arts and arms :
 The chief star that adorns this hemisphere
 Is thrown into his bosom for his bride.

Mar. Her name, Rufinus ?

Ruf. 'Tis beauteous Philadelpha, the sole daughter
 Of Marcellanus, our chief senator.

Mar. A lovely dame ; Rome wants her parallel,
 Except my saint, the bright-cheek'd Lælia.

Ruf. The solemn graces, hymeneal sports,
 And revellings at this great nuptial,
 Cannot by the tongue of wonder be compar'd^e :
 Millions were lavish'd in excessive sports,
 And piebald pageantry ;
 And then the open favours of the king,

^d to] Qy. "unto" ? but the passage seems to be corrupted.

^e compar'd] Qy. "computed" ?

Crown'd with the gaping multitude ^f,
Made Atlas shake with laughter.

Mar. When was this, my lords?

Ruf. Some two days since :

The happy bridegroom has not yet, I'm sure,
Pluck'd the Hesperian fruit ; 'twas her desire
To lie three nights alone,—your courtlike way
To make them feed the freer when they meet.

Mar. I curse my slow speed
That made mine eye a stranger to these sights.

Ruf. Rather adore that deity that detain'd you.

Mar. Do you, then, malign his happiness ^g,
Young Tullius' honours, and my sovereign's grace ?

Ruf. Do we ! who does not ? and contemn them too,
As—

Mar. I do you,
Or any that true worth shall emulate ^h.
I know young Tullius is a noble youth,
Endu'd with virtues and perfections
Fitting to rank with our best Roman blood.

Ruf. Leon. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Do you laugh ?
By all our gods, Rufinus, Tullius' merits
Deserve those graces are bestow'd upon him
Better than any one that envies them.

Ruf. How, Marius !

Mar. Pish ! against the winds look big.

Enter LEARCHUS.

Learch. That bigness blew me hither.

Ruf. In post, Learchus ?

Learch. 'Foot, had I wings like Perseus, and could fly,
I were too slow-pac'd to divulge this news.

Leon. What is 't, i' the name of wonder ?

^f *multitude*] *Qy.* "multitude's applause" ? In not a few passages of this play words have evidently been omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber.

^g *Do you, then, malign his happiness*] *MS.* has "Do you then malign then his Happyness."

^h *emulate*] "i. e. envy". WEBER.

Learch. For firm truth,
The Sabines are in arms, whose stubborn necks
These many years stoop'd to the yoke of Rome,
Now shake their fetters off, and with sharp steel
Swear to enlarge their former privilege.

Ruf. This your tidings?
The expectation takes the strangeness off:
It has been long suspected.

Learch. You're too greedy,
And glut your appetites with the first dish:
I have a feast of news yet.
Who do you think is chosen general,
And command given for a present press
Of our most ablest, expert soldiers,
Ten thousand horse and twenty thousand foot,
To quell this hot rebellion?

Ruf. Who but we?

Learch. You have been.

Ruf. May be thyself, Learchus?

Learch. No, no, no.

Ruf. Then 'tis Leontius?

Learch. You're wider still.

Ruf. Who else is fit to bear 't, and we put by?

Learch. Who but the warlike Tullius?

Ruf. That milksop!

Sure, the king will make an idol of him.

Learch. Who should command but he that awes command?
Tullius is general, and with greatest pomp
Is coming this way; the king leaning thus
Upon his shoulderⁱ; eyeing, as they pass,
The looks and gestures of each gazer-on,
How they relish his election.

Ruf. But rawly, without salt;
They have a fresh soldier to their general.

Mar. Your bitterness makes the digestion harsh.
In my conceit, he that endeavours well,
Though he come short of him that hath perform'd

ⁱ *shoulder*] Weber printed "soldier"!

Something worth praise, deserves far more commends
 Than those that boast their actions; it takes off
 The lustre that belongs to 't. Pardon me
 If I make question of your loyalties,
 That dare disparage thus my sovereign's choice
 Of his respected subject; it infers
 A doubt made of his wisdom. Why should we
 Tax the prerogative pleasures of our prince,
 Whom he shall grace, or where bestow his favours?
 That law's allow'd to every private man:
 Then, to confine or disallow a king,
 Were most injurious and preposterous;
 For as * * * * * as they're gods^j,
 They're subject to their passions as they're men;
 Alexander the Great had his Hephæstion,
 Philip of Spain his Lerma: not to offend,
 I could produce from courts that I have seen
 More royal precedents^k; but I'll not give
 Such satisfaction to detraactive tongues,
 That publish such foul noise against a man
 I know for truly virtuous.

Ruf. Learch. Leon. Ha, ha, ha!

Learch. What's he

That takes upon him thus to contradict
 What we shall please to censure?

Ruf. 'Tis young Marius,
 He that was sever'd from fair Lælia,
 Old Tullius' daughter.

Learch. Alas, poor lover! these are frantic fits:
 He adores Tullius for his sister's sake.

Ruf. Now the great general comes.

Leon. How fierce he looks!

^j *For as * * * * * as they're gods*] "There is a lacuna left in the MS. in this line." WEBER.

^k *I could produce from courts that I have seen*

More royal precedents] "This seems plainly to allude to the favouritism of King James I." WEBER.

Enter MARCELLUS, leading, with drums and colours ; TITUS MARTIUS, MARCUS TULLIUS, ARMANUS, soldiers, and attendants.

Mar. [kneeling] The blessings of the gods be multiplied
To add increase of glory and renown
To Titus Martius, my dread sovereign,
And to the general, fame and victory !

Titus. Thy last fair wish begets a double thanks :
Rise, Marius. [MAR. rises.]

Thy virtue was the harbinger to prepare
A welcome to thy country ; but to ' us
That exil'd thee from Rome, and from thy bliss,
The beauteous Lælia, our command shall crown
Your loves with a rich dowry ; she is thine.

Mar. A bounty, sir, I prize above my life :
All joys reward you !—Noble Tullius !

M. Tull. Welcome as what I long for, victory !

Arm. With like arms I embrace you.

All. So do all.

Ruf. There 's a young demi-god too : with what grace
The king doth entertain him !

Learch. Oh, my lord,
Must he not be allied to Tullius ?

Ruf. I cry you mercy, I had forgot that.

Leon. 'Foot, we're not minded here ; these dunghill-cocks
Flutter their feathers so before his eyes,
He does or will not see us.

Ruf. It is no matter : let 'em use their wings,
We shall sit heavily upon their skirts for 't.

Titus. We'll leave our Tullius now, and back to court :
Time must allow some hours for a kind leave
'Twixt you and your fair bride ; we'll not be by
To see so sad a parting.

M. Tull. Royal sir,
Howe'er the thought of danger may beget
Some sorrow for my absence, being divorc'd
Ere Hymen's rites are fully finishèd ;
Yet, when her love shall look upon the cause

¹ to] Qy. "for"?

Commands my service, and this three-fold grace
 Conferr'd on me by you,
 She will with smiles turn from me ; her chief care
 Is of my honour, not my dalliance.

Titus. Thou deifiest her with this character ;
 Yet she deserves a larger. Farewell, Marcus ;
 Mars guide thy marches, Peace thy footsteps home !

M. Tull. I live but for your safety.

Titus. Ours in thine. [*Exit with attendants.*]

Ruf. Leon. Learch. Ha, ha, ha ! [*Exeunt.*]

Mar. [*detaining M. TULL.*] Could you dispense, sir, with
 your high affairs,

I'd gladly borrow some short conference.

M. Tull. I'll lend it, sir, most willing : I wish time
 Would engage me for the like courtesy.

Mar. I'll not be tedious, trust me.

M. Tull. Worthy friend, [*To ARMANUS.*]

Take off the edge of Philadelpha's grief
 For this short separation ; be you the first
 That shall acquaint her with my great command ;
 It will abate some of the bitterness,
 And mitigate her passions ere we meet,
 To make our parting sweeter.

Arm. Friend, I shall, and with persuasive speech
 Arm her with patience, to beat back sad thoughts,
 And hoodwink danger with your honour's veil.

M. Tull. I know you need no tutor. I'll exchange
 Some words with Marius, whose approach I pray
 You'd certify my bride before we come,
 For I intend to bring him.

Arm. Your best pleasure.

M. Tull. You shall not want us long.

Arm. We'll all attend you.

[*Exit with MARCELLUS and soldiers.*]

Mar. Now let me freely fold thee, noble lord :
 All bars that stood betwixt us are remov'd,
 Great Martius' frown, our fathers' enmity,
 Caus'd by the antipathy of honour's stem,
 Which your deserts have levell'd : their stern hate,

That striv'd to contradict our plighted faiths,
 Which long ere this had link'd [to you]^m a brother,
 I hope is reconcil'd. Good, bless me, then,
 To hear of my dear Lælia : is she well ?
 Hath not my discontinuance, and harsh threats
 Of both our parents, forc'd her timorous sex
 To shun my wish'd embraces, and give up
 Her heart and hand unto some resident suitor ?
 My soul is rack'd till you dissolve my fears.

M. Tull. And mine till you resolveⁿ me to what end
 You ask these frivolous questions. Good, my lord,
 Now is no time to dwell on circumstance ;
 And I am something wonder'd you should make
 A doubt of Lælia's faith,
 Having the cabinet in your custody
 That does contain the jewel : 't is a prize,—
 Wear it,—the richest in love's lottery,
 Won from a woman ; sir, remember that.
 Yet such a spotless worth fame crowns you with,
 I do not fear the preservation on't ;
 But 'tis your own, howsoever, lasting joy.
 Now make me happy to partake her welfare :
 How does my sister ?

Mar. Ha !

M. Tull. You have made a sad
 Old man : the king's entreats, persuades^o of friends,
 Business of state, my honours, marriage-rites,
 Nor aught that can be nam'd, since Lælia's loss,
 Can move him from the place in which he lives
 A retir'd life and much disconsolate.

Mar. I dare not understand you : Lælia lost !

M. Tull. To all but you. Why do you dally thus,
 Trifling with that is now so precious ?

^m [to you] Added by Weber.

ⁿ resolve] i. e. satisfy, inform.

^o entreats, persuades] "I do not recollect having met with *entreat* and *persuade* as substantives in any other place. In the same manner, *entertain* is used for entertainment, in act iii. sc. 2." WEBER. These substantives are by no means uncommon in our early writers.

If you will glad an agèd father's heart
 With sight of his sole daughter, questionless
 The joy will seal your pardon :
 You're not the first has stoln a handsome lady.
 Good Marius, do not linger.

Mar. Hold, for Heaven's sake !
 You have condemn'd me of a fact, which I
 Of force must deny^p because not guilty of 't.
 Hear me, dear Tullius : witness all our gods,
 If ever since the time of our divorce,
 Sign'd by our fathers' hate^q and king's command,
 When I set forth to travel, I e'er saw
 Or heard^r of my sweet Lælia,
 All lovers' curses seize me, and my life
 Languish in torments unexpressible !

M. Tull. In this belief I'm wretched : would you had, sir !
 Till now her loss was nothing : since that time
 That an ill-twisted fate divided you,
 My sister ne'er was seen ; all Rome conceiv'd,
 And did not spare to speak it, for your sake
 All comforts else she banish'd.

Mar. And from me
 All other joys for ever.

M. Tull. From my breast
 She has forc'd millions of contented thoughts,
 And plac'd cold cakes of sorrow. Worthy sir,
 Let my example mitigate your grief,
 And smother it a while ; our better stars
 May work more fair effects, and she be found
 When rumour shall report your safe return.
 This news would soon shorten my father's days,
 For he is fix'd upon 't she fled with you.
 Were Rome in peace, or my command ta'en off,
 I'd take a pilgrimage in search of her,
 Though I left joys above Elysium.

Mar. You speak beyond a brother, loving Tullius.

^p *deny*] MS. has "dy". Weber printed "die", with a very absurd note.

^q *our fathers' hate*] Weber printed "your father's hate."

^r *Or heard*] Qy. "Or ever heard"?

M. Tull. For my sake, then, conceal her loss a while,
Lest it should raise a censure of despair.

Mar. Despair!

Death durst not taint a goodness with such sin :
That thought shall ne'er afflict me for her loss ;
The key of silence here shall lock it up
Close from the world and you.
I would not have a partner in my woe,
For that, like her, solely belongs to me ;
Yet, lest deep melancholy drive my sense
To range the world in madness, I'll cast off
All show of discontent, and with my sword
Assist you in this hot hostility.

M. Tull. Your company's a second life to me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A room in a tavern.*

BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, and CALVESKIN, sitting round a
table, with pots in their hands ; Tapster attending.

Snip. Some more drink, boy.

Tap. You shall, sir, by and by.

Black. Come, my brave soldier,
Take off thy basting, bully : by this hand,
Thou shalt^r not pay a farthing of this reckoning ;
I am Blacksnout still.

Bell. Pay ! what word's that ?
Oh, disgrace to a man of resolution !
Name pay in time of peace !

Calve. Nay^s, be not angry, my bold swash-buckler^t :
He means thou shalt not pay for what's come in.

Snip. No more he shall not, by this thimble, whilst I have
a groat :
I should have two two-pences, I mistake else.
Not a doit, by this drink ! so, here's to thee, boy. [Drinks.]

^r *Thou shalt*] Weber printed " You shall."

^s *Nay*] Weber printed " Stay."

^t *swash-buckler*] Equivalent to bully. " A swash-buckler, Thraso, pyrgopolinices." Coles's *Dict.* " Quasi, clash-buckler," says Nares ; " one who makes a furious noise with sword and buckler to appal antagonists." *Gloss.* in v.

Bell. No, nor you neither, my fine fox-catchers :
 Pay ! 'tis against my profession :
 I have a bitch shall bite him to the bone
 Dares ask but such a question. 'Las, you are freshmen !
 I 'm an old weather-beaten soldier, that, whilst drum
 And trumpets terrified cowards, had the world
 At will ; but in this armour-rusting peace
 I 'm glad to change god Mars for Mercury,
 And pick a living out of my wits.

Snip. Pick, I allow you :
 Give me a trade, say I ; I 'll undertake
 To finish more suits in a year than any
 Two lawyers in the town, and get as much by th' hand too ;
 It is well known we purchase " now-a-days
 As well as they.

Black. Why not ? your fees go all one way ;
 Lawyers and tailors have their several hells ^v.

Calve. Well fare the honest gentle-craft, my hearts !
 Our labour always comes to a good end.

Black. Peace, Calveskin ; your thin sole takes water.

Calve. 'Tis want of liquor, then.—Some more drink, sirrah.

Black. Which of you all can hold out tack with Blacksnout,
 The horse-shoemaker ? It is always good
 When a man has two irons in the fire :
 We seldom have cold doings.

Snip. I 'd be loath
 To have no other living but my wits ^w.

Black. I believe thee ; thou wouldst have none at all, then.

Snip. 'Tis but a threadbare living at the best.

^u *purchase*] i. e. have unlawful gains : see note, p. 23.

^v *Lawyers and tailors have their several hells*] A *tailor's hell* means the place where a tailor deposits the cloth, stuff, or silk, which he purloins from his employers :

“by metaphor

All know the cellarage under the shop-board
 He calls his *hell*,” &c.

Middleton's *World tost at tennis*,—*Works*, v. 172, ed. Dyce.

^w *To have no other living but my wits*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written “to have nothing but my witts to liue vpon” ; and so Weber.

Bell. 'Sfoot, ye all talk
Like a company of sprat-fed mechanics.
I tell you, my sincere jobbernowls, I would not change
The revenues that this brain brings me in yearly
For ne'er a trade-faln citizen's in Europe,
Though their charter were seal'd, to swear and lie by authority.

Calve. Is 't possible?

Bell. There 's many a trim gallant in this town
That lives by nothing else, and bravely too.
'Las, we have comings-in that every goose
I' the city thinks not of! as, for example—
Sit round.

Black. Sit round, sit round.

Bell. I 'll explain
This mystery. Here 's a young high-mettled lady,
Whilst her unable lord lies languishing
In a lingering consumption, she, poor soul,
Is almost pin'd for want of necessaries :
Who must help this malady but Bellario,
A lusty well-timber'd fellow? yet no loggerhead—
Mistake me not.

Black. No, no, you 're i' the right.

Bell. And there, besides a satin suit,
With all things correspondent, cap-a-pie ;
These coffers are furnish'd for a month or two.

Snip. Good, i' faith.

Black. I begin to relish this.

Bell. Then this brave cavaliero
Is openly baffled^x in his mistress' sight,
And dares not fight himself : who must maintain
This quarrel but Bellario? and so, some forty
Or fifty crusadoes entice my trusty friend here
To leave his peaceful mansion, to make good
His reputation.

Calve. What do you think of this?

Black. Better and better still.—Some more drink, boy.

Bell. Next, here 's a rich devouring cormorant

^x *baffled*] i. e. insulted, disgraced : see notes, vol. ii. 286, iii. 399.

Comes up to town, with his leathern budget stuff'd
 Till it crack again, to empty it upon a company
 Of spruce clerks and squalling lawyers; when 't were fitter
 Such honest lads as myself had it, that instead
 Of pedlar's French^y gives him plain language for his money,—
 Stand and deliver! besides all the prayers
 Of the poor people in a country, whom
 This cut-throat would have undone in a term-time.
 Is not this fit?

Snip. Very necessary, I protest to you.

Bell. To proceed—

Black. Ay, to proceed. Here's to you. [Drinks.

Bell. This new-come novice

Would be instructed in the generous garb;
 This tiffany-trader wants customers; I thrust 'em together;
 This greasy citizen would put off some musty commodity^z,
 That some young heir would half hang himself to take up:
 I help all these, and all these help me. The honest whore,
 Fortune,

Finds a thousand ways to pleasure her favourites.
 Now, my fine finger-blowing, cross-legg'd companions,
 Is not wit an unknown legacy?

Snip. Ay, I'll be sworn is 't.

I'd spend a crown to see my father's will;
 Sure, he left me that unknown legacy:
 He was once mayor of the town.

Black. I should have wit; I was a soldier once.

Snip. Calve. Thou a soldier?

Black. Yes, and have been shot too.

Snip. With a pot-gun^a?

Black. No, tailor^b, nor a goose-gun,
 But with a bullet as big as a penny-loaf:

^y *pedlar's French*] "i. e. the cant language of beggars and thieves."

WEBER.

^z *commodity*] See note, vol. iii. 370.—This speech (like some other speeches in the scene) is hardly metrical; and yet from its arrangement in the MS. it certainly appears to have been intended for verse.

^a *pot-gun*] i. e. pop-gun.

^b *tailor*] So altered in another hand.—Originally "Snipsnap"; and so Weber.

Thou wouldst have eat it ere thou hadst suffer'd it.

Bell. Where, where about was 't, Blacksnout?

Black. In the groin.

'Twas at the siege of Bunhill^c, passing the straits

'Twixt Mages-lane^d and Terra del Fuego,

The fiery isle.

Bell. Hot service, by my faith.

Black. Phew! nothing to me: he is no good smith
That ne'er burnt his fingers.—Here, soldier, here 's to thee.

[*Drinks.*]

Snip. Dost call me soldier? I tell thee I scorn 't:
I am a tailor, and as good a man as thyself.

Black. As good a man as I! Snipsnap, thou liest.

Snip. Lie! oh, my patience! I 'd give forty drachmas
I were a gentleman, that I might fight with thee.

Calve. Nay, nay, no quarrelling.—Somemore drink, tapster.—
Pray, help me to make 'em friends: the tailor, sir,
Is something cross sometimes, and so 's the smith too,
Hot and fiery.

Bell. Come, Blacksnout, drink to him.

Black. I care not if I do.

Snip. Care not! nay, then—

Black. What then?

Snip. I care not if I pledge thee.

Bell. So, so, this is well.

Calve. Of all things in the world I cannot endure
This foolish quarrelling. My wife and I have a bout
Sometimes, but I always come by the worst on 't.

Snip. More drink, tapster.

Tap. Sir, my master

Will let me draw no more till this be paid for.

Snip. Does he misdoubt our payment? Then there 's for you:
Go change me that crack'd crown. [*Strikes him.*]

Bell. Oh, brave Snipsnap! Who said he durst not fight?

Tap. Well, sir, you 'll dearly answer this:
My master 's constable; he 'll trounce you for 't.

^c *Bunhill*] MS. "Bunnill"; and so Weber.

^d *Mages lane*] Weber printed "Mayor's-lane."—"Mages," I believe, is *Madge's*: see *Grose's Class. Dict. of the Vulg. Tongue*, in v. *Madge*.

Snip. Dost tell me of a constable?

Black. A constable's an ass. I've been a constable myself.

Calve. I was head-borough then, you know.

Enter Taverner and Officers.

Tav. How now! what coil is here?

Black. Level-coil^e, you see, every man's pot.

Tav. Which is he, sirrah?

Tap. He, sir, that struts it so.

Tav. I do command thee stand in the king's name!

Black. You must write great letters, then.

Tav. I do command thee stand!

Snip. Well, so I do: now I sit down again.

Tav. Thou hast broke my man's head here in my own house

Snip. That's a lie; I broke 't within the length of my own yard.

Tav. Neighbours, what were I best lay to his charge?

It is no felony nor burglary.

First Off. Yes, but 'tis; is 't not burglary to break a house?

Sec. Off. That 'tis.

First Off. And is not the flesh the house of your soul?

Tav. Right.

First Off. Then attach him of burglary for breaking your man's house.

^e *Level-coil*] On the passage in *A Tale of a Tub*;—

“Young justice Bramble has kept *level coy*

Here in our quarters,” &c.—

Gifford remarks, “i. e. (in our old dramatists) riot or disturbance. But, properly, level coil is a game in which each of the parties strives to supplant and win the place of the other. The childish play of *catch-corner* comes something near it. Coles derives it from the Italian (*levar il culo*), and calls it hitch-buttock. If there be two plays of the name, it is well; this may then be one of them.” Jonson's *Works*, vi. 185. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) says that he has seen the word “in no other passage” of our early dramatists except that just cited: but several passages, besides the following one, might be adduced;

“How easie a worke

'Twere for one woman to supply 'em both,
And hold her husband play to *levell Acoile*!
A wooden two-leav'd booke, a paire of tables
Would do 't.”

Brome's *Mad Couple well match'd*, act ii. sc. 1. (Sig. C 5.)

Sec. Off. No, no ; lay flat murder to his charge :
Who knows whether your man may die after it ?

Tav. Peace ! Tell me one thing first ; is not every
True subject's blood the king's ?

First Off. Yes, that it is.

Tav. And is't not treason to spill the king's blood ?

Sec. Off. Yes, by my faith, is 't, and high-treason too.

Tav. Very good : then, my tapster being a true subject,
His blood is the king's, and it is treason to spill 't.

First Off. Oh, well consider'd, master constable !
This 'tis to have a wise man in the place.

Tav. Stand up again, thou monster !

Snip. Bear witness, neighbours, I'm a married man.—
Sir, I shall firk^f you for 't.

Tav. I do here attach thee of high treason
For breaking my tapster's head.

Calve. How, how ! treason !

Tav. Or any man that dares not justify 't.—
Away with him to prison !

Snip. Good master constable,
'Twas wilfully done of me, I must confess ;
But did not think 'twas treason.—Neighbours, speak for me.

Tav. Away with him, I say !

Black. Pray, master constable, be good to him :
Of a tailor he's a very honest man ; 'tis against
A good time too, and if he should be hang'd for this,
He would go near to lose all his custom.

Tav.^g I'll hear no more.

Enter MARCELLIUS, with Soldiers, drums and colours.

Marc. How now ! what uproar's this ? Are you the con-
stable ?

Tav. I am the king's sworn image^h.

^f *firk*] "i. e. beat. The word occurs in this sense frequently in these volumes." WEBER. Steevens justly observes that "*firk* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning." Note on Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4.

^g *Tav.*] Omitted in the MS.

^h *I am the king's sworn image*] "After this, the following words occur in the MS. in another hand, inserted from the preceding speeches,

Marc. Can you read ?

Tav. Yes, very well.

Marc. There is his highness' seal
For present levy of a band of men.
That's the wrong end.

Tav. If ⁱ be, all 's one to me.

Marc. What men are these i' th' house ?

Tap. A company of quarrelling Jacks, an' please you ;
They say they have been soldiers, and fall out
About their valours.

Marc. Such as these I look for.

Tav. They have broke my tapster's head amongst 'em,
captain.

Marc. They shall have heads enow to break, ne'er doubt.—
Bellario, are you here ? a man of your known parts,
And quarrel in an ale-house !

Bell. Pardon, captain ;

'Twas no offence of mine ; I light ^j by chance
Into their company : necessity, you know—

Marc. Hold thee, here 's gold ; furnish thyself with speed :
Thou shalt be my lieutenant.

Bell. Thanks, brave captain.

Marc. These shall along with us too.—Receive your press ^k.

Calve. Oh, good captain, I've a wife, indeed, sir !

Marc. If she be a striker ^l, I will press her too.

Black. 'Sfoot, I'll go, an't be but to be rid of mine.

Snip. Oh, that I had been hang'd out of the way !—
Sweet captain !

Marc. Prate not ; take it, you were best.

which were omitted in the representation.—'The cunstable ! Tell me of a
cunstable ! I know what a cunstable is ; I haue bin a cunstable myselfe'."

WEBER.

ⁱ *If*] Weber printed "If't."

^j *light*] Altered by Weber to the modern form of the pret., "lit."

^k *press*] "i. e. press-money." WEBER.

^l *striker*] Is used here with a quibble :

"nor was old Lais liker

Unto herselfe then shee is to a *striker*."

Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658. p. 167.

Compare too Middleton's *Works*, iv. 170. ed. Dyce.

Tav. He is my prisoner, captain ; I attach'd him
Of high-treason, for breaking my tapster's head.

Marc. Away, you coxcomb !—Bring 'em on, Bellario.

[*Exit with Soldiers.*]

Tav. Pray, gentlemen, will you pay your reckoning, then ?

Snip. Not a cross^m, by this hand, and stay me if thou darest.

Black. I'll go to all the wars in the world before
I'll pay a doit.

Bell. To wars, my boys ! why, 'tis the bravest life.
I'll sing you a song now shall encourage you,
And make you fight like Furies.

BLACK. SNIP. CALVE. Oh, let's hear 't !

SONG BY BELLARIO.

Hark, oh, hark, you valiant soldiers,
How the drum and trumpets sound !
Nowⁿ true valour shall be crown'd.

* * * * *

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the house of TULLIUS.*

Enter PHILADELPHA, and LÆLIA disguised as JANUS.

Phil. Thy news darts death and horror to my heart :
Think'st thou 'tis true ?

Læl. Madam, I wish 'twere false ; but, credit me,
It is a general rumour through the city.
Here comes one can resolve^o you.

Enter ARMANUS.

Phil. My lord's best friend, best welcome ! Oh, Armanus,
Free my sad fears from this same killing sound,
That flies from vulgar mouths ! words dipt in gall
Have pierc'd my quickest sense : must Tullius leave me ?

Arm. Pardon me, lady,
If my harsh language shall offend your ears
In seconding what you have caught already :

^m *Not a cross*] Equivalent to—Not a penny : see note, vol. iii. 17.

ⁿ *Now*] Weber printed "How."—The MS., being a prompter's copy, gives only the commencement of this song.

^o *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

My friend must leave you ; no desire of his,
 Purchase of fame or wealth, but the king's will
 And country's safety, care of public good,
 Which, like the gods' decrees, must be observ'd.
 The Sabines, that have bow'd their lowly necks
 Thus long beneath Rome's mild and gentle yoke,
 Pull their sad fates from our unwilling hands
 By base rebellion and foul breach of faith ;
 And your great lord, for such is the king's love,
 Must go as general to correct their pride,
 An honour that great princes emulate ^p,
 And strive to be preferr'd to : let that grace,
 With thought of his return and high renown,
 Clear your wet eyes, and make pale fear look ^q red
 To see a woman valiant.

Phil. You have words
 Able to comfort a despairing soul :
 Yet, sure, you do but try me ; it cannot be,
 Nor shall I ever think Nature would waste
 Such pains and cost to frame a man in whom
 She might admire herself, to be a prey
 For cut-throats in his prime.

Arm. No, lady, Heaven defend ^r !
 A better angel guards him.

Phil. Where is he, good Armanus ?
 Have we but one poor minute's time to part in,
 And shall we lose a sand or thought of that ?

Arm. Ere you can wish again, he'll visit you.

Phil. Visit indeed, for I am sick to death
 To think of his departure.

Arm. He is now
 In conference with young Marius.

Læl. Marius !

[*Aside.*

Arm. That should have wed his sister, the bright Lælia.

Læl. Hold, my heart !

[*Aside.*

Phil. Is he call'd home again ?

^p *emulate*] "i. e. envy." WEBER.

^q *look*] Weber printed "grow" !

^r *defend*] i. e. forbid.

Arm. And in more grace than ever.

Phil. 'Deed, I 'm glad on 't.

Læl. My breast 's too little to contain my joy ;
My tongue will sure betray me.

[*Aside.*

Arm. Both by this
Are entering the first court.

Phil. Look, Janus—

Læl. Look my eye-balls out^s !

[*Aside.*

Phil. And give me notice ere they enter here,
Lest the wish'd sight o'ercome me.

Læl. I could stand

A tedious winter's night on a cold plain
To entertain the object : Marius come^t ! [*Aside, and then exit.*

Phil. Tell me, Armanus, must the general fight ?

Arm. Yes, fairest, if the day
Grow dangerous ; for when the soldiers' spirits
Grow weak and faint, it heartens up the troops,
And adds a double strength, to see him strike.

Phil. Alas, my Tullius never practis'd it !
Or, if he were inur'd or train'd in arms,
He has not the heart, I know, to kill a man :
I never saw him angry.

Arm. 'Tis a sign
He is the better man, more temperate ;
For he that knows how to respect a friend
Best knows which way to use an enemy :
Smooth amorists are roughest warriors.

[*A flourish of drums and trumpets and a shout within.*
Hark, madam, how the general salutes you,
And with what joy the soldiers welcome him !
Who would not leap to hear it ? See, they come.

Re-enter LÆLIA, with MARCUS TULLIUS and MARIUS.

Læl. My message was before me.

Phil. Oh, dear love !

[*They embrace.*

Mar. What a true sorrow speaks that mute embrace !

^s *Look my eye-balls out*] Weber chose to point these words thus ; " *Look ? my eye ball's out.*"

^t *Marius come*] Weber printed " *Marius, I come*" !

Læ. Durst I unclasp the book in which is writ
My heart's affection, thou wouldst read it here ;
But envious time forbids it.

[*Aside.*

M. Tull. Comfort, sweet ;
Think not on danger ; that is furthest off ;
Imagine I accompany the king
In a short progress ^u : 'tis no more, my love,
Although stern Mars, the cruel ^v god of war,
Ever since that still-remembered time
He lay in Vulcan's gyves a laughing-stake ^w,
Has been to lovers' joys an ireful foe,
And tugs me from these arms to arms of steel,
Envyng our soft embraces.

Phil. I see all earth-bred joys are born and dead
In a short moment. I fare now like her
Was turn'd from paradise ere she had tasted bliss,
Or like a king kill'd at his coronation.

M. Tull. Weep not, love ; oh, spare those orient pearls,
Whose worth out-values all the world beside !
For every drop those crystal spheres let fall,
A crimson flood from their black breast shall run
That thus divorce us : prithee, dry thy tears,
Or I shall traitor prove to honour'd arms,
Discovering a wet eye-lid.

Phil. You shall command what kings want power to do,
My passions.—Your pardon, noble sir ; [*To MARIUS.*
This sudden cause of sorrow has bereft
My better faculties of all respect
Fitting so worthy a guest.

Mar. I want power
In all things but the will to render thanks
For my rich welcome ; you have feasted me
With what I have most long'd for, your fair sight :

^u *progress*] See note, p. 44.

^v *Mars, the cruel*] MS. "*Mars was the cruell.*" Perhaps "was" belongs to the next line, thus ;

" *Ever since was that still-remember'd time.*"

^w *laughing-stake*] i. e. laughing-stock.

Your eates I come not for ; your lord and I
Must not look now to feed deliciously :
I am his servant, lady, in this war,
And will in life and death take part with him.

Læl. I am now lost for ever. Wretched Lælia,
What planet reign'd at thy nativity
That thus prolongs still thy desirèd bliss ?
Marius to wars ! no danger shall detain me,
But step by step I'll still attend on him,
And dally with destruction.

[*Aside.*]

Phil. To part thus !
The all-seeing sun, that makes chaste virgins blush,
But three short nights hath hid his peeping eyes
Since that uniting Hymen tied our hearts
In a connubial band, yet ne'er allow'd
So much true freedom to our infant sports
To make us practick lovers.

M. Tull. There's no help, we must part ; though with less
grief
I could attend my father's funeral hearse,
Than leave thee, in whose each part reigns a world
Of strange attractive pleasures^x.

Phil. Shall not these breasts for this night be your pillow ?

M. Tull. 'Tis my wish, and if with my safety it may be,
Which for thy sake I only strive to keep.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Hail to the general !

M. Tull. Like, my lord, to you.

Arm. What makes this screech-owl here ?

I never see him, but methinks his face
Is more prodigious^y than a fiery comet.

[*Aside.*]

Ruf. The king by me, sir, greets you, and commands
You instantly make to the enemy,
Before his forces join, and make the way
To victory more difficult. I've done, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. A strict injunction, more severely utter'd.

^x *pleasures*] Weber printed "pleasure."

^y *prodigious*] "i. e. portentous." WEBER.

M. Tull. My Philadelpha sees, then, there's no stay ;
 Only a kiss and part : that, though the foe
 Were enter'd Rome, and ready to give fire
 To her proud buildings, and my presence solely
 Could save the ruin, I would stay to take.—
 My love transports me. Pardon, my Armanus,
 Pardon my madness : nothing else, thou knowest,
 Could make me let thee stand so long neglected.
 Farewell, my dearest friend.

Arm. Farewell to whom ?

You wrong me, friend, to think my love so faint
 To leave you now ; no, though your way were through
 Hell's pitchy cave, without a Sibyl's clew,
 I'd follow you :
 Sands shall be number'd first, the heavens stand still,
 Earth fly her centre, before death or—

M. Tull. Forbear,
 Thou best of men, a true and faithful friend ;
 Urge not what cannot be : I know thy love
 And valour both exceed comparison,
 Yet now thou must not go.

Arm. Not go !

M. Tull. No ; my prophetic soul
 Tells me my absence gives too free a scope
 To them that hate me to supplant my honours :
 Besides my own observance, I've receiv'd
 The knowledge of black hatred lodg'd i' the breasts
 Of our most greatest peers ;
 Then, lest my danger here at home should prove
 More than abroad, stay thou to curb their actions
 Next, here's a virgin in a moment cast
 From highest joy to sorrow's lowest valley ;
 Be thou her comfort : and believe me, friend,
 The least of these more, much more, I esteem,
 Than if thy manly breast should stand a shield
 'Twixt me and thousand perils.

Arm. I am won, sir,
 And yield at first charge ; may your foes do so !
 And Heaven guard me but as I strive to keep
 Your honours clear and spotless !

M. Tull. I should sin
 In making question of it. Now I'm happy ;
 But I fear I am over-bold with time.—
 Dearest, farewell, and think our parting now,
 When we meet next, will seal our pleasures high,
 And add a new step to felicity. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the palace.*

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. A general ! Oh, ye gods,
 Why so disgrace ye a great soldier's name
 To cast it on a creature so unworthy ?
 I that this ^z twenty years have tugg'd with danger
 Where'er it durst appear, and oft have done
 Those deeds would make this novice quake to hear ;
 I that have stood ^a more breaches for my country
 Than e'er he number'd years, while this right hand
 From Mars-alluring ^b favourites has ^c forc'd
 Unwilling victory ; for all am ^d now
 By the ungrateful king slighted, neglected ;
 While this young puny thing is set a' cock-horse.
 Well, king, not fear but wisdom makes me hold
 My fury thus long from thee : but, my general,
 Ward yourself well, or my revengeful ire,
 Like a resistless storm sent from the north,
 • Shall blast your springing glory in the bud.
 • The deadly shirt dipt in the centaur's gore,
 • Thou fool, thou might'st have put on with less danger

^z *this*] Weber printed "these."

^a *stood*] Weber proposed, very unnecessarily, to read "storm'd."

^b *Mars-alluring*] Compare *The Faithful Shepherdess*, act i. sc. 3, vol. ii. 36, last line.

^c *has*] Weber printed "have."

^d *am*] MS. "are" ; and so Weber.

Than clothe thee thus in these unfitting honours
Which fate ordain'd for me : I hate thee firmly,
And hate deep-rooted in a soldier's breast
Can hardly be digg'd out.—Oh, his grace comes,
And I must clear my brow ; for anger seen
Loses his force, kept secret strengthens spleen^e.

Short flourish of cornets. Enter LEARCHUS, LEONTIUS, MARCELLANUS, and another Senator ; then TITUS MARTIUS talking to ARMANUS.

Titus. Armanus, we have sent thy friend to danger,
But honour leads him on. We ever saw
Some dawning virtue in his generous look,
Which now, we hope, in action will shine clear,
And dazzle Envy's eyes.—Pray speak, lords, freely,
How like you our election of a general ?

Sen. As if the gods themselves had made the choice.

Ruf. Yes, amongst schoolboys to lead a feasting on. [*Aside.*]

Titus. Your approbation pleases, and, we trust,
He'll bring home peace and victory together ;
Therefore, though^f fear of ill success be far,
On his high altar, to Tarpeian Jove,
A milk-white bull with gilded horns we'll offer,
To favour Rome, and be propitious to him.
Let all our temple-gates be open'd wide,
And daily orisons to all the gods
Be made, to send him home a happy victor.

Ruf. The king's grown wondrous holy o' the sudden.

[*Aside.*]

Titus. Ourselves in private here, low on our knees,
Will pour our prayers for his tender safety.
Then leave us, lords, and see our will perform'd
Religiously.—Nay, you may stay, Rufinus.

[*Exeunt all except TITUS MARTIUS and RUFINUS.*]

Ruf. What's the king's meaning to make me his priest ?
Why, I yet never knew which way to pray ;

^e *spleen*] MS. "speene."

^f *though*] Supplied in another hand, and spelt "thoe,"—was mistaken by Weber for "the."

Or, if my nurse e'er taught me such a language,
I left it in my cradle [*Aside*].—Here 's a cushion :
Please & your grace to kneel ?

Titus. To kneel ! to whom ^h ?

Dost not thou think the gods would blush to see
A man, in greatness equalling themselves,
Debase himself so poorly ? Know, Rufinus,
If Jove be able to do us a kindness,
Our merits bind him to 't : the garlands, crowns,
High altars, sacrifices, stately temples,
Our bounty has bestow'd upon him, yet
Are unrewarded all : then, without pride,
We scorn to be a beggar to our debtor.

Ruf. Then I mistook you, sir.

Titus. And so thou dost

In more than this, Rufinus. Prithee, tell me,
What 's thy conceit of Tullius and his honours ?

Ruf. May I speak freely, sir ⁱ ?

Titus. And fearless too,

As if thou wert my oracle or priest :
Though all thy words be pointed, and black treason
Hung upon every harsh-tun'd syllable
Of what thou now shalt utter, by my crown,
My love shall be as firm to thee as now.

Ruf. Then, sir, for Tullius, he 's a white-cheek'd boy,
Whose fearful soul a soldier's frown would fright
From his fine-mettled breast ; he has a face
That would disgrace a wound : had you view'd him
As he went drooping through the city-gates,
You might have seen his heart there character'd ;
He look'd as if with joy he could have chang'd
His march for a soft measure^j, his loud drum
For a still quavering lute,
His waving colours for a lady's scarf,

^g *Please*] Weber printed "Pleaseth."

^h *To kneel ! to whom ?*] To these words another hand has added, "wee are not disposed to pray", and marked the rest of the speech for omission at the representation.

ⁱ *sir*] Weber printed "sire."

^j *measure*] i. e. a solemn, stately dance, with slow and measured steps.

And his stiff armour for a masquing suit ;
 Nor can I think
 Your eyes, sir, were so blinded but you saw
 Many more able, more deserving men,
 Whose virtues might have claim'd what you have cast
 On him without desert : amongst which number,
 Since you are pleas'd to forget it, I may name
 Myself without the title of vain-glorious ;
 And boast this hand has pull'd collegued^k death
 Even from that breast of yours, and quench'd those fires
 That would have turn'd your palace into cinders.
 In three set battles 'gainst the manly Gauls,
 Which were the first since godlike Hercules
 That ever climb'd the Alpine hills, with force
 This sword hath won you glory : but henceforth
 I'll learn to rest at home, secur'd from danger ;
 Your wives shall be deflower'd, your children's brains
 Strow the cold pavement, all the channels run
 With crimson rivers, and your tottering crown
 Drop from your head, ere I will strike a stroke,
 Or stir a foot for any so unthankful.

Titus. How, traitor !

Ruf. Never storm ; you have given free speech,
 And I'll be bold to use it. As for Tullius,
 Let him be sure my justly-stirr'd-up wrath
 Shall never die, till smother'd^l in his ashes ;
 And do not think but he that dares speak this
 Unto his angry king, dares^m see it done,
 Nay, act it : the like Learchus and Leontius,
 And divers valiant spirits, have resolv'd,
 And do not fear to speak it. Then judge you
 What hope your general has e'er to return,
 Or if return, how long to enjoy his honours.
 Now, sir, you know our minds.

Titus. Yes, sir, we do,
 And you shall all feel ours. Poor envious fools,

^k *collegued*] This word (for which a lacuna was left in the MS.) is added in another hand. Weber mistook it for "contiguous."

^l *smother'd*] MS. "smother." ^m *dares*] Weber printed "dare."

Whose shallow judgments could [not] search our reach
 In sending Tullius hence ! I knew your hate,
 Your puff'd ambition, and your poisonous spleens
 Darting at Marcus' graces, which, like motes,
 But darken the bright beams of his clear virtues :
 Your honours make you odious ; grace bestow'd
 On those that shall corrupt it blacker shews,
 And does present the persons baser far
 Than such as spring from dunghills. You have now
 By this device thrown that into our bosom
 We would have purchas'd with a magazine.

Ruf. You're poor, partaking itⁿ ; for, since I see
 Revenge sit on your forehead, we know now
 How to prevent your fury. Fare you well, sir.

Titus. Stay.

Ruf. Not to hear one word more.

Titus. We do entreat thee stay.

Ruf. Well, what's your will ?

Titus. That thou shouldst look more mildly : banish doubt ;
 For we so prize thee and thy high deserts,
 We'll take away the cloud that hides the truth
 From thy deluded eyes ; therefore prepare
 To hear a story shall astonish thee.
 Thou canst be secret ?

Ruf. Yes, I think I can.

Titus. Then know, these furrows cast up in our brow
 Were^o but to cover seed that has ta'en root
 In this our dry-parch'd brain : we are in love
 With beauteous Philadelpha.

Ruf. What's that to me ?

Titus. Be patient, thou shalt hear : I dote on her
 More than the fool on folly, wise on knowledge,
 The usurer on his gold, or proud of^p honour.

ⁿ *You're poor, partaking it*] In the MS. "*You're*" is written with a contraction. Weber printed "*Your poor partaking it,*" and observed, "a line, or two hemistichs, seem to be wanting before or after these words, in which Rufinus ridicules the king for partaking or communicating his suspicions to himself." !!

^o *Were*] MS. "Was."

^p *of*] i. e. on.

It was her love that advanc'd Tullius
 Unto this type of state ;
 Her beauty only made him general,
 And thrust him hence into the jaws of danger,
 Which his rash judgment soon^q will leap into ;
 For, whilst he stay'd at home, what hope had I
 Of any^r opportunity to gain
 The richest prize that ever sweeten'd sin ?
 My love to thee is firm as e'er it was ;
 But lust so sure has mark'd me for her own,
 That I neglect all things that tend not solely
 To the attainment of my wish'd delight.

Ruf. Faith, sir, in my mind,
 An easy^s battery might win such a fort.

Titus. I know not, for I yet ne'er found the man
 I could think worthy the embassy^t
 To bear the message of my heart to her ;
 But thou, Rufinus, through the court art fam'd
 For thy neat 'suasive speech and candied tongue,
 With which from fixèd resolutions oft
 Thou hast remov'd ourself, and made us wonder
 At our own weakness, seeking to conclude
 Matters of weight without thee. 'Tis my wish—

Ruf. That I should be your spokesman.

Titus. Before any.

Ruf. A fair preferment ! Thus, whilst Tullius wins
 Honour abroad, styl'd your great general,
 I must be kept at home to be your pandar !
 You are ignoble to propose a deed
 Of so much baseness to a soldier,
 Had I no other name to honour me.
 I'll sooner fly unto your enemy,

^q *rash judgment soon*] So altered in another hand.—Originally writte
 “debilities ;” and so Weber.

^r *any*] MS. “my.”

^s *easy*] Weber printed “easier.”

^t *worthy the embassy*] Weber printed “*worthy* [of] *the embassy*” : but if in
 these plays words were to be added wherever the metre is defective, there would
 be no end to such insertions.

And with my sword compel this princock^u boy
 To bring her to your arms, nay, to your bed,
 And make him there be bawd to his own wife,
 Than undergo the title, pandar—'sdeath!

Titus. Stop not at that; 'tis far from our intent.

Ruf. Yet since 'tis Tullius must be cuckolded,
 I well could brook that name or any worse,
 To fix my vengeance on him. Hear me, sir:
 Armanus, his great friend, is made the guardian
 To watch this golden fruit; 'twixt him and me
 Long time has fester'd an old enmity;
 Remove but him, or work him to your wish,
 'Twill be the better,—none can sooner stir
 Affection in the wife than he that's most
 Familiar with the husband, nor can move
 More freely and suspectless: the ice broke,
 I'll second him, and plunge into a sea
 Of lovers' passion, promise of such grace,
 Your godlike virtues, care of her chaste name,
 Command of sovereignty, the world's chief bliss
 And women's sole desire; then, sir——

Titus. No more,

Prithee, no more; thou shalt not waste such words,
 Whose eloquence would force a frozen nun
 To fly her holy orisons to embrace me:
 I build upon 't she's mine. About it, then:
 I'm yet a bondman, thou must set me free,
 Or I shall range beyond community:
 About it, dear Rufinus. [*Exit RUFINUS.*] Thus must kings,
 For private ends, the insolence endure
 Of those were born their vassals, and immure
 Their high disdain, that like a storm should drown
 Their full-sail'd pride, and headlong^v strike it down.
 But who is't can prevent it? chance or fate
 What we intend wants power or wit to mate.^w [*Exit.*

^u *princock*] i. e. pert, forward.

^v *headlong*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "homewards."

^w *mate*] i. e. confound, defeat.

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of TULLIUS.*

Enter PHILADELPHA in a mourning habit, and FLAVIA.

Phil. Is not Armanus yet return'd from court?

Fla. Return'd! no, madam, but I wonder at it;
Being a merchant-venturer as he is,
And there such excellent trading, methinks, ere this
He might have made return by tale or wholesale.

Phil. I prithee, Flavia, cease. Why art thou still
So jocund when I'm sad?

Fla. Faith, lady, to try if the company of mirth
Can drive away this unwelcome melancholy:
It is a scurvy guest, and still disturbs you.

Phil. 'Tis a kind friend that still associates me:
My Tullius, when he parted, left us two
To keep his house, and there's no other lord
Shall bear rule here, till he himself take place.

Fla. Worse luck, say I. Oh, fie upon't! this marriage
spoils us all: when you were a maid—

Phil. A maid, Flavia!

Fla. I mean uncoupled, madam: you're a maid now but
for necessity, against your will: Love knows that's a hard
case. How often have I heard [you], after you had spent a
whole day in discourse with some dry-brained suitor, at night
laugh at him in your sleep!

Phil. Thou art a mad wench. Faith, tell me, Flavia,
Since we are enter'd thus in fond^x discourse,
How many suitors hast thou?

Fla. Let me see; tag and rag, 'think some four and
twenty, as many as would make up a grand jury: but if I
were in question for my life, I'd be prest ere I'd be tried by
'em, they have been so oft^y forsworn.

Phil. Lord, wench, what dost thou do with 'em all?

Fla. Do with 'em all! Venus forbid it, madam! I keep
'em at a further distance; by my faith, he's a happy man

^x *fond*] i. e. foolish, idle.

^y *oft*] Weber printed "often."

that once in a moon gets a touch of my lips. Yet there was a saucy mercer t'other day thrust in upon me with his yard in his hand, and, ere I was aware, made shift to feel what stuff my petticoat was made of: but I think I gave him a cooling-card^z: I taught him what it was for a citizen to meddle with a waiting-gentlewoman; I made him stand at bay like a chased stag.

Phil. Are you so good a huntswoman? 'tis well.
But which of all the number dost thou love?
Which is the man like to go through with thee?

Fla. Faith, madam, there is one that's like to go as far as a man can do with a woman.

Phil. Thou art knavish still: what is he, harebrain?

Fla. He is styled the right worshipful Sir Pergamus; a gallant of some six hundred a-year, but no more wit than I wish my husband should have. He was here yesterday to shew his clothes, a new suit some two hundred year^a behind the fashion; compliment correspondent; at first encounter he scraped me a leg^b that set my teeth on edge, and then entered into an amorous discourse of the troublesome adventures in love betwixt him and one of his mother's milk-maids, interlarded with strong sighs that would have turned a wind-mill, able to move a sick horse to compassion. He goes waddling up and down the streets, as if he were driving a flock of geese before him; but six hundred pounds a-year drowns greater faults than these about the city. He promised to see me again to-day.

[*Knocking within.*]

Somebody knocks^c; if it be he,

Expect to hear a perfect comedy.

[*Exit.*]

^z *a cooling-card*] "The phrase originated probably from card-playing, when the exultation of one of the parties is cooled by his being over-trumped." WEBER. "This," observes Gifford (Introd. to Ford's *Works*, p. clxi), "is almost too ingenious for Mr. Weber; and yet it might be wished that it had been left with him [that it had not been transferred into Nares's *Gloss.*] The matter is not much, certainly; but (whatever be the metaphorical sense) a *cooling-card* is literally a *bolus*."

^a *year*] Weber printed "years."

^b *leg*] i. e. bow.

^c *Somebody knocks*, &c.] So arranged by Weber, and, I believe, rightly. We^e frequently find that when a couplet is introduced by our early dramatists, its first line consists of fewer feet than the second.

Phil. This wench is honest ^d, only strains this mirth
To qualify my sorrow.

Re-enter FLAVIA.

Now, who is 't ?

Fla. The worthy wight I spoke of : good, sweet madam,
Do but vouchsafe a welcome.

Phil. Bring him in.

FLAVIA brings in SIR PERGAMUS, *drest in an old suit of armour,
with a capon's tail in his beaver, and wearing a long sword, and
DINDIMUS carrying his lance and shield.*

Bless me, what pageant 's this ?

Sir Per. Now, Flavia, behold thy Pergamus,
In arms complete, for thy sweet sake address ^e,
With lance and shield likewise, and in my crest
The favour thou bestow'dst on me last day,
Whose very shaking shall the man dismay ^f
Dares stand the force of my unvanquish'd arm.

Dind. I'll swear unvanquish'd, [it] was ne'er tried yet.

[*Aside.*

Fla. Alas, what means my love ? you affright me ;
Are these fit tools to come a-wooning with ?

Dind. I ne'er knew a woman find fault with long ^g tool
before.

[*Aside.*

Sir Per. No talk of wooing now : thy beauteous sight
Must blazon'd be, before thy warlike knight
Will touch thy tender skin.

Fla. A poet too ?

Sir Per. Faith, some such idle vein infects my Muse ;
It comes to me by natural instinct,
I can scarce talk but in such foolish verse.

Fla. I think no less.

Phil. It is a sign you have
A pregnant wit, Sir Pergamus.

^d *honest*] i. e. chaste.

^e *address*] "i. e. ready, prepared." WEBER.

^f *dismay*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "destroy."

^g *with long*] Weber printed "with a long."

Sir Per. Am I o'erheard?

A rival? then——^h

Fla. Oh, hold! what will you do?

It is my lady comesⁱ to welcome you.

Sir Per. Oh, is it so?—Then rest, my Rosicleer,
That ne'er was drawn—

Dind. When any man was near^j. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. But it kill'd somebody.—Fairest!—

Phil. Excellent! Go on; I long to hear you talk.

Dind. Ay, but his set speech is at an end; he's spoke all
that he studied. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. Lady, you must not look for compliment,
It is absurd in soldiers, but——

Phil. At a stop?

Sir Per. At such a butt, fair lady, give me leave
To draw my prickshaft home.

Fla. He has^k hit now, indeed: nay, madam,
I told you what a suitor I had of him.

Phil. Is that your dwarf, Sir Pergamus?

Sir Per. This is my page.

Dind. The Squire of Low Degree^l,
That does attend upon this errant knight.

Sir Per. All this is little to the purpose, madam:
I come prepar'd, you see, with utmost speed
To march with your brave general to the wars;
I would be sorry but to be the first
And foremost in the rank, next to himself.

Phil. Your haste deserves it, trust me; but my lord
Is there by this time——

Sir Per. How!—Come, Dindimus.

^h *A rival? then—*] Opposite these words Weber inserted a stage-direction, "Seizes the lance"! yet, in a note on the next speech but one, he rightly observed that "Rosicleer, the appellation given by Pergamus to his sword, is the name of one of the heroes in *The Mirror of Knighthood*": see note, vol. i. 299.

ⁱ *comes*] Weber printed "come."

^j *Dind. When any man was near*] This speech is added in another hand. Omitted by Weber, who did not perceive where the writer intended it to come in.

^k *has*] Omitted by Weber.

^l *The Squire of Low Degree*] "An allusion to a very popular metrical romance, reprinted by Ritson [*Metr. Rom.* vol. iii. p. 145]." WEBER.

Phil. And coming back, I hope, with victory.

Sir Per. And I not there ! it is impossible.—

Post, Dindimus, fetch me my swiftest horse
And one that can run best.

Dind. Your curtald Gime^m ?

Sir Per. Whip, I say, begone !

I would not for a hundred Roman dollars
But be the first that should come home again
To tell the story of our chivalry.

*Dind.*ⁿ One honour 's enough for me when I am there once.

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

Fla. But will my dearest leave me ?

Sir Per. Will I ? oh, hold me not ! this sword shall write
A chronicle of thee ; Hector of Troy
Amongst the Trojans ne'er made such annoy.

Fla. Amongst the Greeks, you mean.

Sir Per. All 's one to me,
Something he did ; but, Flavia, thou shalt see
Sir Pergamus of Rome will him excel :
If thou ne'er seest me more, then say——

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. How now ! who 's this ?

Phil. Armanus, is it you ?

Arm. Madam, I desire some private conference :
Pray, discharge your woman.

Phil. She may be gone : were 't in a wilderness,
I 'd trust myself with your known virtues.

Fla. Come, Sir Pergamus ; till your horse come, you and
I 'll go play at shuttlecock.

Sir Per. A match, i' faith ; I love that sport a'-life^o : yet my
mother charged me not to use it for fear o' putting my arm
out o' joint.

[*Exit with FLAVIA.*]

^m *Dind.* *Your curtald Gime*] " The speaker's name is inserted in the original hand-writing, but the speech added in the later hand. *Gime* must either be the name of the horse, or, what is more likely, an absurd corruption of *jennet*." WEBER,—who printed "*jennet*." There can be little doubt that "*Gime*" is the name of the horse :—*curtald*, i. e. docked.

ⁿ *Dind.*] This prefix is omitted in the MS.

^o *a'-life*] i. e. as my life, excessively.

Arm. Lady, I come to be a suitor to you.

Phil. Whate'er it be lies in my power to grant,
That love which shines on Tullius sues my tongue
To say you must not want it.

Arm. Quickly you yield : but look that, like rash Phœbus
After his promise to his hare-brain'd son,
Or like heaven's monarch after his sad vow
To his loved ^p Semele, you repent not
Of what you grant so freely : the first this. [Kisses her.]

Phil. My promise is perform'd, and you enjoy 't :
But if aught else you crave, your counsel makes me ^q
To ask what 'tis ere I engage me further.

Arm. Fairest, know I come to sue for love.

Phil. And can you doubt, sir, but you have it amply ?

Arm. I mean such love as Tullius shall enjoy
When he lies panting in these ivory arms ;
Such love as Venus calls for ; that which swims
In highest pleasure ; such as cynic fools
Style lust and wantonness ^r, but wiser men
The world's Elysium.

Phil. Defend me ! what strange sounds
Beat at my ears for entrance, or what fiend
Assumes the habit of my lord's best friend
To wrong his goodness and my chastity ?
This cannot be Armanus !

Arm. Why, dear madam ?
Because I speak the heart of him that lies
A captive at your mercy, bound and chain'd
By your enchanting beauty, in your breath
The life of all his joys ? Oh, let the doom
Be mild and gentle then as is the air
You draw ! one kind embrace raises [him ^s] up
To heaven ; only this.

^p loved] Qy. "belovèd" ?

^q makes me] To this line is added in another hand "wise", which injures the metre without improving the sense. Weber retained "wise"; and altered the arrangement of the speech.

^r wantonness] MS. "wantons."

^s [him] Weber printed "us", without mentioning that it was not found in

Phil. All faith in men farewell !

Do you not blush to make me blush to hear
Your unchaste speeches ? is your heart so foul
As your false tongue would make it ? Good, my lord,
What light collections † has your searching eye
Caught from my loose behaviour ? what wild looks,
Immodest gestures, wanton dalliance,
Since my dearest Tullius' absence, ever dwelt †
Or dimpled this with laughter, that you dare
Assay to tempt me to impurity ?
Suppose I were as wicked as you wish me,
Or did exceed a *Lais* † in her lust,
Can you imagine I would trust my truth,
Or virgin-honour, or the unspotted white
Which Tullius ne'er unclasp'd yet, with a man
That proves so faithless to so good a friend ?

Arm. Sure, you mistake me.

Phil. The gods grant I do !

Arm. There 's no lust reigns in me.

Phil. Oh, pardon, sir,

[*Kneels.*

Pardon my misconceit and harsh reply,
And I'll attend you ever !

Arm. Your bent knee

[*Kneels.*

Is my instruction's badge, and thus low
Once more I urge the acceptance of that suit
You so abhor to hear ; but for another.

Phil. This is worse, more hateful :
Love, that enforc'd the gods themselves to err,
Might in yourself have made it pardonable ;
But for another,—nothing can be baser.

Arm. The man but known, the name of baseness fades :

the MS. I suspect "is" in the preceding line to be an addition of the transcriber, and that the conclusion of the speech ought to stand thus ;

" Oh, let the doom

Be mild and gentle then as the air you draw !

One kind embrace raises him up to heaven ;

Only this."

† *collections*] i. e. deductions, conclusions. † *dwelt*] Qy. "dwelt in" ?

† *a Lais*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "Pasiphae" ; and so Weber.

'Tis for the king, whose awful dread command
Must be obey'd before our own desires.

Phil. He must command, then, just and worthy things,
Else 'tis more noble to deny his will.

Arm. He may compel, you know, what he entreats.

Phil. Yes, such as 'bove their honours prize their lives,
Not she^v that chooses virtue for her guide.

You greater powers, guard me from violence,
And from a wilful fall I'll keep myself :
High Jupiter, the venger of foul sin,
With angry thunder strike me to the deepest
And darkest shades of hell, when I consent
To soil^w my unstain'd faith !

Arm. Heaven hear thy vows, and turn those plagues on me
When I shall tempt thee further !

Rise the world's wonder, a pure virgin-wife !

[*Raising her, and rising.*]

Sweet angel, fly me not, for what I spake
Was only to confirm my sacred thoughts
Of thy religious virtue. Yet those sparkling eyes
Have kindled raging flames in the king's breast,
And I was woo'd, and seemingly was won,
To aid Rufinus in the overthrow
Of thy unvanquish'd goodness.

Phil. I am now safe, and shelter'd with a rock.
Tullius, thou art happy above happiness,
Blest with so true a friend.

Re-enter FLAVIA.

In haste ? thy news.

Fla. The lord Rufinus, madam, all alone
Is enter'd the house, and craves some speech with you.

Phil. What shall I do, Armanus ?

Arm. With all love seem to afford a welcome ;
Give him free audience. In some place unseen
I'll overhear your conference, that, when time

^v *she*] Weber printed "her."

^w *soil*] MS. "foile".—Weber printed "'file'".

Calls to account these injuries, I may stand
A witness 'gainst their falsehoods.

[Retires.

Phil. Bring him in.

FLAVIA brings in RUFINUS.

Ruf. All health and happiness !

Phil. If your fair words

And wishes parallel, your lordship's welcome.

Ruf. No words can parallel my wishes, madam ;
The happiness I bring you wants a name ;
'Tis more ineffable than are the joys
Of love or paradise.

Phil. You astonish me.

Ruf. Be not perverse, fair miracle of nature :
The queen of heaven shall emulate ^x thy state ;
Princes shall throng to kiss these hands, and kings
Shall be thy tenants but at will.

Arm. Smooth villain !

[Aside.

Ruf. The world shall be thy dowry, and all men
Shall study how to please and honour thee :
All this and more is thine, do but consent
To entertain a bliss exceeds the rest.

Phil. 'Tis a hard thing a woman can deny
On these conditions.

Ruf. 'Tis what all women covet ^y to embrace,
Or else most writers err. If to enjoy
A man excels his sex as you do yours—
When he was young (and yet he is not old),
His face disgrac'd Adonis, or the boy
The thunder-bearer stole from mourning Troy ;
And since virility upon his chin
Hath [planted] ^z golden hairs, blind Cupid sits
Weaving his nets of them to catch coy virgins.

Phil. Is he a properer man than Tullius ?

Ruf. Compare the crow to the unspotted swan,
Æsop to Hyacinth !

^x *emulate*] i. e. envy.

^y *covet*] Weber printed "court."

^z [*planted*] Supplied by Weber.

Phil. What pity 'tis,
So sweet a man was born without a name !

Ruf. Nay, certainly
He has a name, bright beauty, and the best :
'Tis Titus Martius, my dread sovereign,
Whose royal love in this, as in his heart,
Is fix'd with deep'st ^z impression.

Phil. My sad thoughts
Told me some poisonous snake was closely hid
Under your flourishing words.

Ruf. Can you deny a lover's smile to him
That lays a crown beneath your conquering feet ?

Phil. Unheard-of cruelty ! Dare ^a such black thoughts
Enter the bosom of a true-born prince,
Where clearest streams should run ? By his own choice
And free election I was made the spouse
Of noble Tullius ; with his royal hand
In the holy temple given to my lord ;
And does he seek in the uniting spring
To reap the harvest of unripen'd joys,
And pluck that fruit the owner never tasted ?
Was it for this my Marcus was remov'd
From safety's valley where content sits crown'd,
To tread upon the slippery steps of state
Where pride and envy strive to throw him down,
And folly and disdain deriding him ?
Was 't not enough to mock his youth with hopes
Of a feign'd happiness, then send him forth
To stand the battery of rebellious arms
That would deface his country, and raze down
This city and his palace ; but meanwhile
Seek to make spoil of his chief treasury,
And rob this storehouse by adulterate ^b theft,
Where all his joys are hoarded ? Poor young man,
Poor in thy riches, lessen'd being made great !
For when with honour's loss we honour gain,

^z *deep'st*] Weber printed "deep."

^a *Dare*] MS. "dares."

^b *adulterate*] Weber printed "adulterous."

'Tis an ill-thriving purchase ; they that win
Are the most ^c losers ; I 'll not hazard mine.

Ruf. You are too hard a gamester ; for all know
Honour attends the favour of a king.

Phil. Would you, then, urge me to infringe my oath,
And violate the sacred vow I made,
Before the gods and men, to Tullius ?

Ruf. That's an excuse easily dispens'd withal ;
A lover's vows the gods ne'er hearken after,
But in the air they die. Madam, be wise ;
If you refuse these graces, you may pull
Perils on him you seem to tender so,
And danger ^d your own safety : kings' requests
Must not be dallied with, chiefly in love ;
For what they least enjoy they covet most,
And are unbounded in 't. Bethink yourself,
And bless me with your answer ; I 'll attend it.

Phil. You have left my sense in a strange wilderness,
Searching a thousand ways to find reply.
So great a lover, such an orator,
Might make Diana stagger in her choice ;
Then blame not my weak fancy : but to yield
At first encounter may befit the state
Of some suburban strumpet ^e, but not her
A king shall crown with his affection.
I crave but ten short days to give resolve ^f
To this important ^g suit, in which consists
My endless shame, or lasting happiness ;
Till when my senseless ears shall be stopt up
'Gainst all enticements : urge no more ; 'tis vain.

Ruf. If you command, lady, I must obey,
Since what you will no prince dares contradict. [Exit.

Arm. [coming forward] A cunning slave and smooth-tongu'd
flatterer !

^c most] "i. e. greatest." WEBER.

^d danger] "i. e. endanger." WEBER.

^e suburban strumpet] See note, vol. iii. 408.

^f resolve] i. e. decisive answer.

^g important] "i. e. importunate." WEBER.

Phil. For fear a strict denial might have wrought ^s
Some stratagem against my Tullius' life,
Thus long I have heard ^h hell's messenger,
And with a liberal tongue and feignèd words
Have outstript modesty ; but Heaven can tell
How far 'twas from my heart.

Arm. Best of thy sex, I know 't, and with my life
Will still assist 'gainst all temptations.

Phil. May my lord live to thank you !

Arm. 'Tis a wish
Beyond which all the world wants recompense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the walls of the Sabine capital.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, MARCELLUS, LÆLIA disguised as JANUS, BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, CALVESKIN, and Soldiers.

M. Tull. Thus far our troops have march'd auspiciously,
And, like to wildfire, turn'd to nothing all
That durst resist them. Sure, some greater power,
Which favours Rome and us ⁱ, above the strength
Of any mortal arms, fights on our side.
Our foes are fled into their walls again,
And dare not stand the encounter.

Mar. 'Tis most strange ;
Thrice have they issu'd forth, and brav'd our force,
Couching their lances, reining up their steeds,
As if we should have met like thunder-claps,
And then turn'd head, and took their holds again :

^s *For fear a strict denial might have wrought, &c.]* In consequence of the preceding scene between Philadelpa and Rufinus having been marked for omission at some representation, this speech is thus altered in another hand :

*" For fear a strict denial st - - may worke
Some stratagem against my Tullius' life,
With patience I will heare hell's messenger,
And with a liberal tongue and feigned words
Seeme to accept of his ill motion,
But Heaven can tell how far 'tis from my heart."*

^h *have heard]* Qy. "*have patient heard*" ? ¹ *us]* Weber printed "*is.*"

Either it is some cunning stratagem
 To train us to our ruin, or some one
 Within our host, protected Jason-like,
 Mars dares not cope withal, whose blessed fate
 Makes all our army happy^j.

Lael. If the prayers
 Of a pure virgin e'er could move the gods
 To be compassionate, and end in peace
 These threatening summons, for thy safety, Marius,
 And my dear brother's, Lælia will ne'er cease
 Her invocations^k to those potent powers
 That yet in all your actions guarded ye. [*Aside.*

[*A parley sounded on the walls.*

Marc. Hark, my lord, again they summon us.

M. Tull. Answer once more that sound: bring up our troops:
 We'll offer parley to them, and propose
 Rough war, or peace, such articles observ'd
 As we before provided. [*The parley answered below.*

Enter, on the walls, SABINUS and others.

Mar. They appear.

M. Tull. Sabinus, we are come to give thee peace,
 If upon fair conditions thou'lt receive 't:
 Surrender up again those forts and towns
 Which with rebellious arms thou hast divorc'd
 From Rome and us, [and] Titus pardons all
 Thy bold attempts, nor shall the life or goods
 Of thee or any thy assistants feel
 The wreak of his just anger. Be not rash,
 But answer with advice; for, if our swords
 But once more see the sun's reflected beams,
 Ruin and death attends them.

j

or some one

*Within our host, protected Jason-like,
 Mars dares not cope withal, whose blessed fate
 Makes all our army happy]* Altered in another hand thus;

“ *or some strange power*

*Remains within our host, whose blessed fate
 Makes all our army happy.”*

^k *invocations*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written “*imprecations.*”

Sab. Proudly spoke,
 And like a Roman : but, young general, know
 No threatening can affright us. When first of all
 With war and fury you o'errun our country,
 What cause could you pretend for so foul wrong,
 But only, we were weak, and you in arms
 Potent and practick : since which time we have borne
 Your insolencies and oppressions
 With a dull leaden patience ; but now
 Are wearied with your slavish tyranny,
 And cannot longer suffer 't. You may chance
 By your great odds to win our towns again,
 But you must find new people to inhabit 'em ;
 For there 's not one amongst us that draws breath
 Able to lift a sword or steel, whose point
 Can pierce a Roman's breast, but is resolv'd
 To embrace pale death in his most horrid shape,
 Ere live a captive to so proud a foe.

Mar. Against necessity who is 't can stand ?
 Therefore consider and submit yourselves ;
 It may regain your former liberty.

Sab. A seeming liberty is worse than thrall :
 We scorn such clemency.

M. Tull. Pervert not truth :
 Yet ask for mercy, and it may be granted.

Sab. We hate to beg it, Tullius. Though your power
 You think resistless, ere to-morrow's noon
 These hands shall force it from thee.

M. Tull. Cease to boast.

Sab. 'Twas answer'd like a soldier¹ : when we meet,
 Our swords shall prove as much. [*Exit, above, with the others.*]

Calve. Oh, now, now, Snipsnap !

¹ *M. Tull. Cease to boast.*

Sab. 'Twas answer'd like a soldier, &c.] The prefix "*Sab.*" is omitted by mistake in the MS.—Weber distributed the speeches thus ;

"*M. Tull. Cease to boast.*—

'*Twas answered like a soldier.*

Sab. When we meet,

Our swords shall prove as much."

Snip. We are all dead men.

M. Tull. Well, gentlemen, you see
What a stiff foe we have to deal withal :
But be not daunted, for our strengths compar'd
Were to match Hercules with Dindimus^j ;
Let your arms be in readiness, and strong watch
This night in every quarter.—Come, Marius,
We'll take our tent again ; methinks I feel
The bleak and moist rawness of the vaporous air
To be malignant to me.—How cheers Janus ?

Mar. Do not the humorous elements offend
Thy tenderness ? how fares my pretty page ?

Læl. As one whose life were govern'd by those stars
Shin'd at your happy births : there is no ill
Can craze my health that not assails yours first.

M. Tull. Loving boy, thy goodness, sure, protects us.

[*Exeunt all except BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP,
and CALVESKIN.*

Bell. How now, my fresh-water soldiers ? how is 't ?
We are like to have hot doings.

Black. We are, indeed ;
It puts me into a cold sweat to think on 't.

Snip. Would my mother's cat
Had kill'd me in my cradle !

Black. Or my wife, whose nails are sharper,
Scratch'd out my eyes I might not see my death !

Bell. Tut, man, courage !
Let's fight it valiantly, and never fear.

Snip. Truly, lieutenant, I dare not fight.

Bell. Not fight, man ! why ?

Snip. Because there was an old woman once
Told me, if ever I fought I should be kill'd.

Calve. She told us all three so, indeed, lieutenant.

Bell. Hang her, damn'd witch ! Can there be a braver death
Than to die for our country ?

Snip. Bravery call you it ?
'Tis an invisible bravery, a man's ne'er seen

^j *Dindimus*] The dwarf of Sir Pergamus (see pp. 233, 257). This word (which Weber was unable to decipher) is added in another hand.

To wear 't. Lieutenant, here 's all the money I have :
 Speak a good word to the general I may go home again ;
 You may say I 'm troubled with a catching disease
 That will infect the army.

Black. Or, do you hear, tell him
 We were^k not our own men when we came forth,
 'Twas only drink that made us valiant ;
 And, unless he 'll be at the charge to keep us drunk
 As long as the wars last, we shall be abl
 To do him no service at all.

Bell. You shall not want for drink, boys, take my word.
 Pox on 't !

'Tis base to return ; you shall have every rogue
 And totter'd^l tinker kick ye, spit at ye,
 And every wench in Rome, as ye pass by,
 Fling dirt at ye, saying,
 " There are the soldiers durst not draw their blades ! "

Snip. But they shall find we dare, and strike home too.
 I am now resolv'd, and will be valiant ;
 This bodkin quilts their skins as full of holes
 As e'er was canvas doublet^m.

Bell. Spoke like a man, bold Snip.

Black. These words have fir'd me too,
 And though their skull-caps be of anvil-proof,
 This blade shall hammer some of 'em.

Calve. Then come forth,
 Thou Durindanⁿ so bright. [*Draws his sword.*]

Bell. Why, how now, mad Orlando^o ?

Calve. I am mad ;

^k *were*] Weber printed "are," and mis-pointed the passage.

^l *totter'd*] i. e. tattered,—a common form of the word in our early writers.—Weber printed "tattered."

^m *This bodkin quilts their skins as full of holes*

As e'er was canvas doublet] "The tailor quibbles upon the usual sense of bodkin, and that which it also bore at the time, viz. a small dagger. --- Doublets were worked in eyelet-holes, or pounced, according to the technical phrase."

WEBER.

ⁿ *Durindan*] "The sword of Orlando." WEBER.—MS. "durandan."

^o *Why, how now, mad Orlando*] Pointed by Weber thus ;

"*Why, how now ? Mad, Orlando ?*"

My hair, like bristles, raise their forkèd ends
Against these Sabines; I shall leather 'em.

Black. Well said, my tough Calveskin. One health now,
Here at the sutler's, to our victory;
Then each man to his quarter.

Snip. Done, i' faith.

Bell. Give us some liquor here!

Enter Sutler.

Sut. You shall, gentlemen, instantly.
How much will 't please you have?

Bell. Each man his double measure.

Sut. In a trice.

[*Exit.*

Bell. Shall 's have a catch, my hearts?

Calve. Ay, good lieutenant.

Black. Methinks a soldier should sing nothing else;
Catch that catch may is all our life, you know.

Bell. Blacksnout 's conceited^p too.

Re-enter Sutler with drink.

Sut. Here, gentlemen.

Bell. Come on, then^q, boys, and each man bear a part.

[*A song; then exeunt.*^r

^p *conceited*] i. e. fanciful,—witty, facetious.

^q *then*] Altered in another hand to "my."

^r *exeunt*] "Lower down on the page we have these words crossed out, 'The god a mercy Leftenant'." WEBER.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. An apartment in the palace.*

Enter TITUS MARTIUS *and* RUFINUS.

Titus. Away, injurious man !
Tisiphone must learn to imitate
Those baleful tortures thou hast put me to
With thy protraction : a willing suitor
Might well ere this have tempted, woo'd, and won,
And seen the longing fruit of hot desire
With blushes call him father, while thou art fumbling.
Impatience brooks no stay : by Heaven, but that—

Ruf. Come, spare your threats, or I shall spare my service.
If I had known your madness had preferr'd
A sudden fall before deliberate comfort,
I could have fitted you.

Titus. Bring'st thou comfort, then ?

Ruf. Yes, were your ears prepar'd to entertain it.

Titus. Pardon a lover's passion, dear Rufinus :
Is beauteous Philadelpha, then, content
To make her heaven (for so is every place
Where she, celestial star, shall deign to shine)
In our yet duskish court ? which if she do,
Memnon's miraculous palace, set by ours,
Shall seem a cottage or some coarser building.
Why stands my Mercury mute ? speak ; will my love
Be pleas'd these circling arms shall be her sphere,
While our loud^s kisses make the music harsh,
The intelligencers on the wingèd spheres
Sound so divinely ?

Ruf. Sir, you are too hasty ;
Your eager appetite must wait a while
On ceremony ; 'twould not fit the state

* *loud*] Weber printed "loved."

Of such a high-born lady to descend,
Or come at first beck.

Titus. Where 's your comfort, then ?

Ruf. 'Sblood, give me leave, or starve ! I 'll keep it still.

Titus. Come, come, my rage is o'er ; prithee, proceed :
How did she stand thy 't parley ? with what looks
Or patience entertain thy embassy ?

Ruf. I 'll tell you, sir. When first I spoke of love,
She started back, and mark'd her beauteous brow
With angry characters ; still I went on,
And by fair courtship and persuasion
Mov'd her to ask what kind of man he was,
Or how compar'd with Tullius ; which I,
With my best art sublim'd, blazon'd your worth,
Which made a deep impression ; but your name
Dispers'd all clouds, and, with a clear aspèct,
Seem'd to embrace your suit : only she craves,
Out of a longing virgin modesty,
A little time to ripen young desire
That buds already in her blooming^u cheek.

Titus. What time must we expect ?

Ruf. But ten short days.

Titus. But ten short days, dost say ? the siege of Troy
Was shorter far, though it were ten twelve moons.
The limping fire-god ne'er was half so hot
Upon the Gorgon-arm'd Minerva's love^v
As I am upon hers^w. Before that time,
If Tullius do survive, he may return :
Then where were all my hopes ? No, I 've a plot
To give slow time new wings :
Should love's bright flame live ten days here unquench'd,
'Twould burn me into ashes. Hark, 'tis thus :
To-morrow's sun by time's alternate course
Lights the first day that gave life to these eyes,
Which, as propitious, we will celebrate,

^t *thy*] Weber printed "the."

^u *blooming*] Weber printed "blushing."

^v *love*] Weber printed "lance" !

^w *hers*] Weber printed "her."

And make an edict, that what lord or lady,
 Any of noble blood, within ten miles,
 That shall abstain from court, shall be condemn'd
 As guilty of contemning majesty.

Ruf. What avails this?

Titus. Fie, art thou shallow yet?

Amongst the rest my angel will appear,
 A white Albanian amongst Æthiops set;
 She being a stranger and unskill'd at court,
 Her doubtful steps may easily be diverted
 Some devious way into some private place,
 Where only love and I will wait on her.
 How lik'st it, man?

Ruf. 'Tis rare,

A more invincible and cunning net
 Than for Gradivus the black cuckold made.^x

Titus. Let it be straight divulg'd. Till that wish'd hour,
 The time with mirth and music we'll beguile. [Exit.]

Ruf. Is thy besotted sense^y so soon fool'd, then?
 Childish Martius, to think the cuckolding
 Of him my soul abhors can end my anger!
 'Tis like that Philadelpha may be led
 From Vesta's temple unto Venus' bower,
 And Tullius' brows may sprout: but what of this?
 Great kings have had the like; nay, there be those
 Above the crystal sky, arm'd on their foreheads.
 No, my swift revenge
 Shall snatch his thread of life from lingering fate,
 And tear it into atoms: that's the end
 My fiery rage must point at.^z
 The king's all set on lust; murder's a sin
 Too high for his low spirit.

^x *Than for Gradivus the black cuckold made*] i. e. Than the black cuckold Vulcan made for Mars.

^y *Is - - - sense*] MS. "*Is - - - senses.*"—Weber printed "*Are - - - senses.*"

^z *My fiery rage must point at, &c.*] Here I have followed the arrangement of the MS.—Weber regulated the passage thus;

"*My fiery rage must point at. The king's all set on lust;
 Murder's a sin too high for his low spirit.*"

Here I have fram'd a letter that discovers
 His hot desire, Armanus' treachery,
 And Philadelpha's weakness; this hid Fury
 I'll send him as a friend, which when he reads,
 Just then begins his ruin: he is bold,
 And full of fury; then, in his fell rage,
 He'll either leave the camp with his life's hazard,
 Or plot some shallow treason 'gainst the king,
 Of power and force enough to take off his.

Enter PEDESTER.

Pedester? come as wish'd for! Take this letter,
 Post to the camp, give it the general
 Or some that near attends him; be not slow.
 I know thy trust; my only care shall be
 To study recompense. [*Exit PEDESTER.*] So, now 'tis done:
 The god of wrath sits on my bended brow,
 Triumphantly attir'd in Tyrian scarlet.
 I'm over-rack'd with expectation
 Of the event this plot will train him to:
 If this should fail, I have another snare
 The devil cannot shun. A desperate man,
 That climbs a tower whose top the wind ne'er touch'd,
 Must chary be, lifting his resolute foot,
 Or headlong down he comes. Fate and I
 So cunningly have form'd^a this tragedy,
 The curious't^b looker-on, till it be done,
 Knows not which way 'twill end, nor how begun. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of TULLIUS.*

Enter PHILADELPHA and FLAVIA.

Phil. Flavia, if Rufinus come again,
 Say I'm not well, abroad, or any thing.

Fla. Troth, madam, you have enjoin'd me to a task
 Will try me like a pack-horse; for these courtiers

^a *form'd*] Weber printed "framed."

^b *curious't*] Weber printed "curious."

Will never be said nay, but stand in 't still,
Most if they find me lying.

Phil. Thou art still
In thy old rhetoric : but, Flavia,
I have more serious cogitations now
That crave advice of my best memory ;
Therefore let none disturb me.

Fla. Not Armanus, madam ?

Phil. Yes, he may ;
He is my heart's companion, my soul's doctor,
Ministering heavenly physic that dissolves,
And takes away my greatest maladies.
Prithee, let none press in.

Fla. Let none press in !
I think it were the only way to cure
Your sickness. Venus, I beseech thee, keep me
Unmarried still, except I have a man
Will come home oftener ! Here's a life indeed !
A virgin-wife ? fie on 't ! but to my charge.

[*Exit.*

Phil. Why was I born a woman ? Nature, sure,
Gave me these lineaments in mockery,
To tempt the world, and Envy join'd with her
To make my life a scandal to my sex.
Fortune 's both kind and cruel ; seats me first
In highest honour, links me with a man,
In my respect above the world's esteem,
Then plucks me from his arms with iron hands,
And throws me in a dungeon : my dark thoughts
Which way to scape the king's lust, make ^c it so.

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. Still meditating, madam ?

Phil. Oh, Armanus,
My sad fears still increase !
I have been pondering a thousand ways,
And clad my mind in Proteus' colour'd robe,
Yet find no remedy but my resolve,
Which beyond death is constant.

^c make] MS. "makes."

Arm. Hold it still,
My death shall teach you how; but Heaven, I hope,
Will find a fairer dissolution.
I have bethought some means (sit, Philadelpha,)
To ease our doubts: I will dilate^d 'em to you.

Fla. [*within*] She's not within, in troth.

Learch. [*within*] We know she is.

Arm. What interruption's that^e?

Phil. Some visitants belike, whose impudence
Will not be answer'd with a fair repulse.

Re-enter FLAVIA.

What are they, Flavia?

Fla. Serpents, madam, I think,
They have such stinging tongues in their mouths;
If their tails be such, there is no meddling with 'em.
Courtiers they say they are: they have made me swell
Above the girdlestead^f; I cannot keep 'em out.

Phil. Alas, good Flavia, thou art troubled still!

Fla. Nay, I have had a hundred more, I think. First
comes a senator: I denied him; the very sight of his scarlet
gown made me blush as red as a turkey-cock; but the grave
gentleman, knowing what a virtue it was in a woman to keep
counsel, rewarded my modesty, and departed. Next comes a
lawyer: he was so used to lying himself, he would hardly
believe me; I put the case to him, which he being not^g able
to stand in long, let fall his suit, and sneaked away again.
After him, a citizen, your jeweller, madam,
Ask'd if you wanted any precious stones:
I made choice of a couple of his fairest,
And said he should have's payment next time he came.
Then comes a page: the saucy jacket-wearer
Stood upon's pantables^h with me, and would in;
But, I think, I took him down ere I had done with himⁱ,

^d *dilate*] Weber printed "delate."

^e *that*] Weber printed "this."

^f *the girdlestead*] i. e. the place of the girdle, the waist.

^g *being not*] Weber printed "not being."

^h *pantables*] i. e. a sort of slippers (perhaps a corruption of *pantofles*).

ⁱ *him*] MS. "'em."

And bid^j him go and rub his lady's roses.^k
But now these courtiers,—there's no ho with 'em.^l

Phil. Why, Flavia!—

Arm. Let 'em come,

'Can be no prejudice; we may beget
Something from their intelligence may befriend us.

Phil. Your will's my law in all things.—Bring 'em in.

FLAVIA brings in LEARCHUS and LEONTIUS.

Learch. Why, how now, my close counting-house! do you
stand [To FLAVIA.]

So strict upon your office, not a man
Admitted without money?

Fla. Money! marry, gip!

You might have stood there till moss had grown o' your heels,
Except some friend had lent it: such gay clothes
Seldom have silver linings.

Leon. A plaguy biting wench!

I think she search'd our pockets.

Arm. Noble lords.

Learch. Worthy Armanus, we are bold visitants
To see this widow'd virgin.

Arm. Oh, your loves! she's much indebted to you;
You come in best time, she was sadly fix'd.

Phil. Such entertainment as the house affords,
The owner being absent, shall be stretch'd
To bid your lordships welcome; but as yet
We know not well whether a bridal feast,
Or funeral banquet, best befits ye^m:
Excuse, then, what is wanting.

Learch. You're all bounty.
Have you receiv'd no news, then, from the camp?

^j *bid*] Weber printed "bade."

^k *roses*] "This refers to the large and expensive roses [knots of ribands] worn by the ladies and gallants of the [authors'] time on their shoes." WEBER.

^l *there's no ho with 'em*] i. e. there's no stop with them,—they are not to be restrained. The expression is very common in our early writers.—The MS. originally, "there's no who with 'em"; which (not having been understood) is altered in another hand to "there's no doing with 'em",—and so Weber.

^m *ye*] Qy. "ye, lords"?

Phil. Not the least tidings yet.

Learch. 'Tis hot at court

Your happy lord has got the victory,
Repuls'd the foe, and ta'en their strongest hold—
And there, I hope, is perish'd.

[*Aside.*

Phil. Your news brings life: truth live with you for ever!

Leon. The king for joy proclaims a festival,
Triumphs, and masques, rich courtly revellings,
And celebrates withal his royal birth-day.

Arm. When is this happy jubilee solemniz'd?

Leon. The ensuing morn; you shall have notice, doubtless.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Before me, gallants? you have, then, made known
This preparation.—From my sovereign's mouth,
Lady, you are invited, the chief guest:
His edict bears command, but kind entreats
Summonⁿ your lovely presence.

Phil. His command,

Whate'er our hearts be, must not be denied.

Ruf. You have best cause to come; 'tis only done
In honour of your lord and your high grace,
Which all Rome does rejoice at.

Phil. We are vassals unto Rome and him.

Ruf. You must cast off this veil of widowhood;
It ill becomes a beauty of your years,
A married virgin too,—your bridal robes,
I think, ne'er saw as yet a second sun.

Phil. We shall appear as best befits the time.

Ruf. A time oft wish'd for by Martius, madam.

Phil. A banquet and some wine! [*Exit FLAVIA.*—Please
you, my lords,

To taste such homely cates as the house yields.

ⁿ
Summon] MS. has, *entreats*
Sommons."
Weber printed, "entreats"
Sommons."—See note, p. 208.

Ruf. You're prodigal in all things but in vice.

Arm. This man's malevolent in my aspect ; °
I look to hear the raven croak some news
That's baleful ere's departure ; 'tis strange else. [*Aside.*

A banquet ^p brought in by Servants, who then exeunt.

Phil. Pray, seat you, lords ; we'll bear you company,
But with small stomach to taste any food.

Arm. Thou art all goodness, virtue's pattern right ;
Shews love e'en to her greatest enemies. [*Aside.*

Learch. Will not you sit, Armanus ?

Arm. No, my lords,
I am my friend's sole steward, and my care
Consists in your free welcome.

Ruf. You are kind, sir,
And worthy such a friend—here, and in hell,
Whither I'll quickly send you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FLAVIA.

Fla. News, news, news !

Phil. Thou never com'st without ; good, there's no question.

Ruf. What is 't, Flavia ?

Fla. A fool, and like your lordship,^q a mere ass,
That thinks himself a wondrous^r wise man,
A politician too.

Arm. Gramercy, wench ;
That jest shall purchase a new gown from me. [*Aside.*

Fla. It is Sir Pergamus, return'd from camp
Ere he was half way there, holding up's snout
Like a sow smelling the wind ; his mighty dwarf
Loaded with all his spoils and victories,
Which must hang up for trophies.

° *in my aspect*] i. e. in my eyes.—Weber printed "*in his aspect.*"

^p *A banquet*] "This was similar to our *dessert*, but much more costly, and not only served up after dinner, but frequently in the morning and evening." WEBER.

^q *A fool, and like your lordship*] "*And* stands, as usual, for *an't*, i. e. if it like [please] your lordship ; but the old spelling must be retained to preserve the jest for which Flavia is to be rewarded by Armanus." WEBER.

^r *wondrous*] Is, of course, to be read as a trisyllable.—(Weber printed "*wonderous*" here, but a little after, "*wondrous.*")

Learch. And he by 'em.

Fla. If honour take not place, 'tis like he may.

Ruf. I prithee, bring him^s in: his mirth may prove
Better digestion than a doctor's pill.

Fla. Bring him in !

I warrant ye, there's none can keep him out,
If he hears talk but of a banquet once.

[*Exit.*

Leon. We shall hear wondrous stories, doubtless.

Ruf. The best will be some news of Tullius,
That may bring joy to you.—The warrior comes.

Re-enter FLAVIA, with SIR PERGAMUS, and DINDIMUS carrying spoils.

Sir Per. When sound the drum^t and trumpets that should
tell

We are return'd in triumph?

Dind. By and by, sir ;

They have run so fast, sir, to gape after us,
They have not recover'd breath yet.

Sir Per. Dindimus,
Be sure to second whatsoever I say,
And swear it, too, profoundly.

Dind. I warrant you, sir ;
Stamp you and stare, let me alone to swear.

Sir Per. All hail !

Learch. He begins to storm already.

Ruf. Sir Pergamus, welcome to Rome, brave knight.

Sir Per. You have cause to bid us welcome, for you see
We have brought home the spoils of victory.

Dind. They have spoil'd me, I'm sure ; such another load
Would make me a dwarf all days of my life. [Aside

Leon. What honour'd trophies has your valour won ?
Pray, relate, Sir Pergamus.

Sir Per. The first part
Of a bold soldier is to eat, you know.

Ruf. That's true, indeed ; pray, fall to, Sir Pergamus.

Dind. I am my master's second.

Sir Per. Forbear, Dindimus,
We shall be thought unmannerly ; therefore, first

^s *him*] MS. "em."

^t *drum*] Weber printed "drums."

We 'll finish our discourse ; only reserve
A modicum to relish in the interim.

Learch. Nay, pray, take all this pie, Sir Pergamus.

Sir Per. By no means.

Leon. Now, for your brave exploits.

Sir Per. Behold this shield!

Dind. We bought it at an armourer's. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. This from the arm of bold Arminius,
The stoutest champion of the Sabinets^u,
When on my lance's point from his horse' back
I bore 't some three spears' length, fell to the ground,
Which Dindimus took up ; in that career,
Ere I could stay my Neapolitan steed,
Unhors'd some fifteen more.

All. Oh, wonderful !

Dind. Nay, this is nothing yet.

Sir Per. See you this tail?

Dind. I cut it from a dead horse that can now
Neither wigher^v nor wag tail. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. This, with my scimitar having cleft a man
Down to the saddle, my blade glanc'd along,
And par'd it off by the stump ; which shall adorn
The crest of Dindimus, that men may say,
Speaking of's honour, thereby hangs a tail.

Dind. Thanks, noble and renown'd Sir Pergamus.

Sir Per. But here, view this, the standard of the foe.

Dind. It cost ten drachmas at a painter's shop. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. This standing in the middle of the host,
I, with my page before me—

Dind. I went first. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. Made such a lane amongst the thickest troops,
That twenty men a-breast might follow me,
And brought this ensign thence^w by force of arms.

All. Is 't possible?

Dind. By Mars' great toe, 'tis true.

^u *Sabinets*] Meant, perhaps, for "Sabinites"; but both forms of the word are equally improper.

^v *wigher*] Or "Wicker, to neigh, or whinny." Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839.

^w *thence*] MS. "there."

Leon. And yet you scap'd unhurt ?

Sir Per. And free as you see.

Learch. 'Tis most horrible !

Ruf. But all this while what did the general ?

Sir Per. He fought upon the other side o' the field ;
But when they fled we met, and join'd our force
To beat 'em into the town ; they barr'd their gates,
Which we as easily tore unto the earth
As I this tower of marchpane^x ; so we enter'd.
We only stay'd there to refresh ourselves,
And so came posting home to bring the news.

Arm. It is a worthy story, and deserves
A recompense 'bove bounty.

Sir Per. Cates we scorn :
Here's that's more worth than gold or precious stone,
My smug-fac'd Flavia, for whose lovely sake
These hard adventures I did undertake.

Ruf. She cannot but requite you.—Is 't a match ?

Fla. With all my heart.—The fool has wealth enough,
Though he wants wit ; whom I like fares the better. [*Aside.*]

Ruf. I will add something to 't for our good mirth.

Arm. I'll see thou shalt not want, sweet Flavia.

Sir Per. And are we met ? Ring bells, and bonfires flame !
Go, Dindimus, this nuptial straight proclaim :
Come they that will unto our wedding-feast,
For there will be a hundred geese at least.

[*Exeunt SIR PERGAMUS, FLAVIA, and DINDIMUS.*]

Learch. Lady, I fear we are too long troublesome :
Thanks for our entertain^y.

Phil. Welcome, that's all.

Arm. This fool speaks comfort. Learchus here
Says there is some speech of his victory.

Ruf. Yes, over death, [*Aside to ARMANUS.*]
'Tis true ; he has won that fort, Armanus.

Arm. How !

Ruf. Upon my life, most certain he is slain ;
But none dares whisper it unto the king ;

^x *marchpane*] See note, p. 186.

^y *entertain*] See note, p. 208.

Nor would I have your tongue the doleful bell
To ring it in her ears ; but seek some way
In smoothest terms which way to publish it.
I 'm studying how to break it to the king ;
But not before to-morrow's triumphs end.

Arm. Rufinus is a villain, and I fear
This is some hellish stratagem of his
Aiming at Tullius' life, thus to divulge
His death ere it be acted. Swift as thought
I 'll fly unto the camp : if there be plots,
My notice may prevent [his] treachery. [*Aside, and then exit.*]

Phil. Whither 's Armanus posted in such haste ?

Ruf. Unto the court, where we must after him ;
There ['s] some important business of state
To be debated on. Madam, adieu ;
Small thanks must now suffice for your great love :
Think of to-morrow's triumphs.

[*Exit with LEARCHUS and LEONTIUS.*]

Phil. To my death
I 'd go triumphantly. Oh, Tullius,
This is the latest night that thou canst stay !
Be it for ever night ere day's² bright eye
See me disrob'd of my pure chastity !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the walls of the Sabine capital. The tent
of TULLIUS on one side of the stage.*

Enter MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, and LÆLIA *disguised as* JANUS.

M. Tull. A letter, Janus ?

Læl. Yes. [*Gives letter to* MARCUS TULLIUS.

M. Tull. From whence ?

Læl. From Rome.

M. Tull. My Philadelpha ? no.

Mar. Armanus ?

M. Tull. Neither :

You shall partake it presently.

Mar. Let 's leave him. [*Exeunt* MARIUS *and* LÆLIA.

² *ere day's*] MS. "eres day."

M. Tull. [reads] *The king solicits your fair bride to lust ;
Armanus is his cunning instrument,
And Philadelpha makes but weak defence :
If that your bed be pure, 'tis only want
Of opportunity defers the sin.—
Within there ! ho !*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bell. My lord ?

M. Tull. Where 's he that brought this letter ?

Bell. Posted hence ;

He said it crav'd no answer, and we^a discharg'd him.

M. Tull. I charge you on your lives make after him,
And bring him back with speed ; take swiftest horse.

[*Exit BELLARIO.*

Armanus ! Philadelpha ! Eyes, drop forth,
And lose your light for ever ! Oh, ye gods,
How could you find out such a merciless
And murdering torture for an innocent man ?
What deed of mine ever deserv'd so ill
As this inscription does inflict on me ?
Erinnys sends her snakes in horrid clusters
To swarm about my breast ; but here they find
Such matchless torments, that, their stings unfelt,
For shame they back retire. Oh, fickle creatures !
Euripus' madding billows do not rush
With half that swiftness one on other's necks,
As do your perjuries and infinite sins.
Your love at best is an^b April shower ;
[Your] rosy cheeks are shaded about with thorns,
That do not prick our fingers but our hearts :
Your pictures far excel you ; for they have
All that is good in you, your outward feature,
But your infernal minds they, happy, want.
Beauty, at best, is like a blooming tree,
Fairest in bud, when it bears foulest fruit.
Fool that I am thus to invect^c against her !

^a *we*] MS. "you."

^b *is an*] Weber printed "*is [as] an.*" See note, p. 229.

^c *invect*] "i. e. inveigh." WEBER.

'Protest I had forgot she is a woman.
 What shall I do? like a tame fool lament
 My injuries with an unfruitful sorrow,
 And still live wrong'd?—What are these last black lines?

[*Reads.*

*Use your own will; censure me how you please,
 What I have writ my life shall justify:
 No friend's a friend till [he shall] prove a friend.
 I am resolv'd: grief, I discard thee now;
 Anger and fury in thy place must enter.
 King, it is thee on whom my rage must light,
 And that best, worst of men, a faithless friend.
 Just Vengeance, bear me on thy violent wings
 Quickly to Rome, and arm me with thy fierceness,
 That, without fear or pity, I may prove
 Heaven's instrument to punish treachery!—
 Marcellus!*

Enter MARCELLUS.

Marc. Calls my lord?

M. Tull. Call Marius hither; come along with him.

[*Exit MARCELLUS.*

Good gods, Armanus turn'd a villain too!
 The story of Orestes was a fable;
 I'll not believe that ever friend was faithful.

Enter MARIUS with MARCELLUS.

I sent for you, and, captain, draw near;^c
 My suit is now to both: I do not doubt
 Those protestations of your proffer'd loves,
 Of which we have had some trial, need again
 A new oath to confirm me.^d Kind friends, know
 I must, but for what cause you must not ask,
 A while forsake ye, and must leave the camp
 Wholly to your protection; 'tis my suit,
 For fear my absence should be dangerous,
 That you, till my return, under my name
 Would see my place discharg'd.

Mar. To yield to this

^c *draw near*] Weber printed "*draw [you] near.*" See note, p. 229.

^d *me*] Qy. "'em"?

Is but to accept my own advancement ;
 But, in the mean space, should the soldiers find
 I were no general but a counterfeit,
 Their scoffs at least, if not their violent rage,
 Would persecute me, and, with shame and horror,
 Work my distraction.^c

M. Tull. No such fear molest you ;
 For in the field I yet was never seen
 But arm'd at all points, and but seldom so.
 Wear my coat-armor ; that disguise alone
 Will make us undistinguish'd ; but withal
 Take this rich scarf which, for her sake that gave it,
 Has been my individual ornament
 And chiefest mark of note. [*MARIUS puts on the armour and
 scarf of M. TULLIUS.*—*Marcellus,*
 Do you commend me to my nearest friends,
 Entreat them wink at my departure ;
 If adverse fortune e'er chance to reveal it,
 Be you my witness, that to honour'd Marius
 I thus resign all my authority.

Mar. Which I accept,
 Although I know more dangers do attend it
 Than wait upon a hundred diadems.

M. Tull. Pray, do not think that fear or cowardice
 Incites my blood to put these honours off,
 This being the day of battle : let suffice
 The affairs that urge me are of such great weight
 I have scarce time to thank you. Fare you well.

Mar. Goodness guide thy actions whatsoever !

[*Exit M. TULL.*

Marc. I wonder what 's the matter with the general.

Mar. I neither know, nor do desire to know,
 Since 'tis his will I should not.

Re-enter LÆLIA.

Pretty Janus,

Look not so wild, my boy, nor wonder not
 At this short transmutation, for anon
 Thou shalt partake it all ; for thy discourse

^c *distraction*] Weber printed "destruction."

And countenance too, next her that keeps my heart,
Hold it in their possession : thy lord 's safe.

Læl. But from your tongue I would not credit truth,
Till I beheld him so.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Bell. Where is the general ?

Mar. The news with thee ?

Bell. The drums beat up, the enemy comes on ;
They have forsook the town, and march in rank
As if they 'd give us battle.

Mar. Let 'em come !

Order our troops, and bring 'em near^c us :
The foe shall see against what odds they strive.

[*Exit BELLARIO.*

Now, Marcellus,
The first scene of a bloody act begins ;
The chief part I must play, and till my veins^f
And sinews crack, I 'll stretch my utmost strength,
That I may truly imitate his worth
Whom I now represent. 'Tis my desire
To break a spear, the soldier's compliment,
With stout Sabinus, for I emulate^g
His daring valour.—Janus, keep my tent ;
A strong guard shall attend thee, for I vow
There's something in thee takes my fancies so,
I would not have thee perish for a world.

Læl. Whate'er that unknown charm be, which to me
Is hidden as the cause that merits it,
By that love I entreat you, let these hands
Bear to the field your target and your lance,
And share with you this day your destiny
In all that shall be dangerous. Know, dear sir,
My father was a soldier, and that blood
I took from him which flows within this breast,
Not, swallow-like, foreseeing of a storm,

^c *near*] Is to be read here as a dissyllable. In this passage Weber deviated unnecessarily from the arrangement of the MS.

^f *veins*] Weber printed "bones" !

^g *emulate*] i. e. envy.

Flags to the ground, but soars up higher still.
There's not a man, methinks, that dares touch you
But this weak arm can strike him to the earth.
Good sir, deny me not.

Mar. Have thy desire :

Yet, I protest, if by untimely fate
These eyes should see thee sink, it would abate
All that is man within me. [*A flourish within.*
Hark ! they come.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Bell. To parley, not to fight :
There is a herald sent out from their army
That craves admittance.

Mar. Let him have it. [*Exit BELLARIO.*

Enter a Sabine Herald.

S. Her. To the great general of the Roman host
Sabinus wisheth happiness.

Mar. We scarce credit it.

S. Her. If from his own mouth you desire to hear 't,
He's marching hitherward, and craves a parley.

Mar. Tell him we shall expect him, and, on terms
That do not jar with honour, should be glad
To entertain his friendship. So, return.— [*Exit Herald.*
Though his high pride did fly above his reach,
Making a daring challenge, I commend him :
The princely eagle, when she means to soar
The highest pitch, raises her lofty flight
From lowest valley ; and if smooth-fac'd Peace
Yet step betwixt us, for his resolute spirit
I must both love and honour him.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Bell. My lord,
Sabinus is at hand, but brings with him
Not past a dozen gentlemen, and they,
Instead of weapons, in their unarm'd hands
Bear olive-branches, signals of calm peace.

Mar. 'Tis wonderful that he who yesterday

Like a Leonidas stood for his country,
 Out-threatening death and danger, should so soon
 Change his determin'd course ;
 But I'll suspend my censure till the event
 Make known the certain cause. Like number meet ;
 The rest fall off again.

*Enter SABINUS, ARMINIUS, and other Sabines, marching slowly,
 with olive-branches in their hands, and colours wrapt up.*

Sab. Renownèd Tullius,
 The valiant general of a warlike people,
 Thus have we left our walls that might have scorn'd
 Jove's battering thunder, or disjuncting earthquakes
 Sent from the depth of hell ; and in our hands
 Bear the true emblem of our hearts, now fill'd
 With a desire of peace ; but on what terms
 We entertain it, that can best resolve^h you. [*Offers a paper.*
Mar. A herald !

Enter a Roman Herald.

Read those articles aloud,
 That all may hear on what conditions
 Great Martius frees his subjects' lives from peril.

R. Her. [*reads*] *Titus Martius, king of the Romans, to Sabinus, captain of the Sabines, greeting.*

Incited by

*A religious care, wherewith the gods endu'dⁱ us,
 To save the blood of our dear countrymen,
 Desiring rather to put up injury
 Than right ourselves by too much cruelty,
 We are contented not to cast our eye
 Severely on those misdemeanours past,
 That we may call them by so mild a name,
 Our mercy may remit them ; which but view'd
 Severely, would pull on too great a ruin :
 Wherefore, once more,
 Not as impotent, but with armèd hands,*

^h *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

ⁱ *endu'd*] “ *Endued* and *endowed* were anciently used indiscriminately,” &c.
 WEBER.

*We offer peace on these conditions ;
 First, as a yearly tribute you shall pay
 Seven hundred sestertias to the Roman crown ;
 Next, whene'er we have occasion
 Either of foreign or domestic wars,
 You aid us with six thousand armèd men ;
 And, lastly, you shall keep within your bounds,
 Not suffering any upon pain of death
 To rob and spoil upon our Latin confines :
 If you consent unto these articles,
 In all respects your liberty shall be
 As large and free as in the days[‡]
 Of our lov'd predecessor Tacitus ;
 If otherwise, expect th' increase of plagues
 That war and Rome hath often laid on ye ;
 But these confirm'd, let Tullius our general
 Enter your city with a competent number
 Of well-arm'd men, and take the oaths of you
 And your chief senators. Farewell.*

Mar. Sir, we have heard what we much wonder at
 Yet I rejoyce for your sake that Martius
 Is gracious to yield to what 's here written.
 Let us join hands : this knot of true-lov'd peace
 Banish all former discords !

[*Within*] Whoo !

Mar. How the glad soldiers do applaud this league,
 Singing the same panegyric of peace !
 Then let 's avoid delay.—Bellario,
 You, with some few of our chief officers,
 Shall to the city with us, where this league
 Before the gods we must see ratified.
 Our other soldiers now may rest themselves :
 For those that will depart, give them their pay,
 And let them take their pleasures.

Sab. Come, brave Tullius.

[*They march together, and at the entrance of the gate
 MARIUS is stabbed by the Sabines.*

[‡] *As large and free as in the days*] Here, as elsewhere in these 'Articles,' the text is corrupted.

Mar. Oh, I am slain!

[*Falls.*

Læl. Treason! murder! help!

Sab. Shut up the gates, and suffer none to enter:
He falls that lifts a hand.

Læl. Villains, tyrants!

Sab. Bind fast that boy.

Læl. Sanguivole murderers!

Can soldiers harbour such damn'd treachery?

Sab. Tullius, thy pardon; by a soldier's faith,
I much lament thy too hard fate, for see,

[*Throws down a writing.*

There is the crimson tyrant: 'tis thy blood
From unknown feet frees our affrighted country,
Which shed, Titus Martius, by the gods of Rome,
The powers of heaven, of earth, of sea, of hell,
And the infernal shades, has bound himself
With ancient liberty to raise again
Our gorgeous buildings, batter'd down by war,
And seat us high as ever.

Mar. He the man! oh!

Læl. Accursèd fiend! barbarous, inhuman king!—

Sabinus, see,

Behold the wretched wife of Tullius!

Look what a woful widow you have made!

Our love scarce measur'd a short hour in essence,

But in expectancy it was eternal,

And so my grief must be, without a period;

For as the day ends with the setting sun,

So with thy death my happy days are done,

For I am lost for ever.

Sab. Matchless woman,

Witness the gods how much I pity you!—

Oh, gentlemen, why do you fix your eyes

So firmly upon me? I know the strangeness

Of this sad act may make my truth suspected;

I'll use no airy protestations now

To clear myself; but if you please to enter,

After our oaths are taken to preserve

Those articles of peace inviolate,

The funeral obsequies, and true-shed tears,
Which to his everlasting bed shall bring
All that remains of this unfortunate,
I know not what to call him, shall express
How dear I priz'd his goodness: but the love
We bear our country beats all pity back.—
Take up the body.

Læl. Touch him not, you Furies!
No blood-stain'd hand^k shall dare to touch the altar
On which I sacrifice these virgin tears,
Which shall outlast the marble which is laid
To cover this^l fair corpse. Stand off, I say!
Myself will see him coffin'd and embalm'd,
And in one tomb rest with him.—Dear Tullius!

Sab. Cross her in nothing, let her use her will:
She has had too much wrong. Pray, enter, lords,
For by our hearty sorrow you shall find
In all but this we bore a godlike mind.

[*Exeunt all except LÆLIA and MARIUS.*]

Læl. Oh, Marius, I have wrong'd thy blessèd spirit
To mourn thy death by a contrary name!
But 'twas a sister's love; then pardon me.
If any life remain, fix but thine eye
Upon thy Lælia's sorrow, crying now
On Marius, Marius, breathing nothing else
Till my loath'd breath expire,—oh, Marius!

Mar. What life-restoring balm those true love's tears
Pour in my bleeding wounds, able to free
A dying soul from death's strong'st charnel-house!
But I am well, far distant from that place:
This shirt of mail worn near my skin
Rebated their sharp steel and killing points
Were darted at my breast; my greatest hurt
Is but a scratch compar'd to mortal wounds.
Yet I have chang'd my life, my life of woe,
And am transported into paradise,
Rapt above apprehension, to behold

^k *hand*] Weber printed "hands." ^l *this*] MS. "these." Weber printed "his."

My dearest Lælia's sight : hast thou been dead
To all men's knowledge since I first left Rome,
And dost survive to be my life's preserver ?

Læl. I liv'd not else at all. But dangers now
Surround us every where ; some sudden means
Must further our swift flight, or we are lost again
Past remedy.

Here comes a trusty friend, Bellario.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Oh, good Bellario, help me to convey
This habit where it may be hid for ever,
And lend us any garments ! Marius lives ;
Throw it in any pool. Thy coat and hat !
Nay, quickly, dear Bellario.

[*She disguises MARIUS.*]

Mar. Thy reward for this,
Whene'er we see thee next, wants precedent
Of what thy trust hath gain'd thee. Fare thee well :
Commend me to Marcellus ; thou and he
Appease the mutinous soldiers, and make head :
You shall with speed hear from us.—Come, my bliss ;
Never had man a happiness like this.

[*Exeunt, on one side, MARIUS and LÆLIA, on the other,*
BELLARIO.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A forest.*

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. Thrice has my horse o'erthrown me ; the last time
Fell stark dead under me : ominous signs !
The scorching beams too weaken and make^m faint
My bruised limbs, that I of force must rest,
If rest dares steal into the dwelling-place
Of grief and care.
If Tullius fell by damnèd practicesⁿ,
And not by honourable dint of sword,
I take a solemn vow ne'er to return,
Or live 'mongst other creatures willingly
Than wolves and tigers, studying how to learn
Their savage fierceness, and to practise it
Upon their hearts were causers of his death.
My weariness o'ermasters me, and fills my head
With strange distemperature ; sleep weighs down my eyelids.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter MARCUS TULLIUS *disguised.*

M. Tull. I would have no one marry, for it is
A foolish, vain, and idle ceremony ;
Let every woman choose the man she likes
To pleasure her, and after him another,
Changing as often as the subtle wind,
The pale-fac'd moon, or their own wandering thoughts :
'Twere better far than thus with breach of faith
To fill the world with sin and bastard births.
Oh, Philadelpha, if thou dost prove false,
Betwixt the parchèd Indians, short-breath'd men,
And longest-liv'd, cold Hyperboreans,

^m *weaken and make*] MS. "weakens and makes."

ⁿ *practices*] i. e. artful contrivances, stratagems.

Lives not a constant woman ! But, Armanus !
 To see the antipathy 'twixt love and friendship !
 As if it were ingrafted in the soul,
 In which there is more pleasure than desire,
 In will and in affection ; like two hearts
 Clos'd^o up both in a mould, that, if one die,
 The poisonous infection kills the other :
 I would I could forget thee ! for methinks
 I'm ne'er alone when I remember thee ;
 Such sympathy, conditions, manners, speech,
 [In^p] studies, pleasures, inclinations,
 Bearing continual one thought and motion,
 For such are perfect friends—I am o'erheard ;
 And yet I am not. There's a happy man ;
 No politic devices keep^q him waking
 For mines of gold : my mad and mutinous thoughts
 Will not afford me such a minute's rest ;
 These three days have these eyelids kept asunder,
 And still unfriendly they deny to meet :
 Yet I will lay me down by this blest creature ;
 It may be his example may teach me
 How to beguile fond^r passions.

[Lies down.]

Arm. Forgive me ;

[In his sleep.]

I will revenge thy death, by Heaven, I will !

M. Tull. Alas, poor soul, he is afflicted too !

Methinks that face should be no stranger to me :
 Armanus !

Oh, see the spring from whence comes all my woe !
 Whose flattering bubbles shew like crystal streams,
 But I have found 'em full of Lernean^s poison.
 How sound he sleeps ! he is so us'd to sin,
 Not the black Furies that still hover about him,
 Nor his own guilt that 's ever calling him,
 Can waken him ; but here is that can do 't.

[Draws his sword.]

^o *Clos'd*] MS. "Close."

^p [*In*] Added by Weber.

^q *keep*] MS. "keepes."

^r *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

^s *Lernean*] MS. "Lermean."

Just Nemesis, that sit'st on sharpest thorns,
 Twisting thy iron whips for perjur'd man,
 Behold thy priest offer a sacrifice
 That will be pleasing to thee!—My hand shakes.—
 Revenge and fury guard me round about,
 And force calm pity and compassion back!—
 Once more have at thee.—Still my arm wants strength,
 And cannot hold my weapon.

Arm. Sacred spirit,

[*Awakes.*

That from the ever-springing fields art come
 To this unhallow'd ground, why dost thou shake
 Thy threatening sword, and so austere bend
 Thy incorporeal brow against the man
 That ever lov'd and honour'd Tullius' name
 So dear, the natural antipathy
 Betwixt my frail and thy immortal substance,
 Which guilty creatures tremble to behold,
 And drives their cold blood through their shaking joints,
 Nothing dismays me, but with open arms
 Run to embrace thy shadow? Shun me not:
 By all my hopes of future happiness,
 Tell me but who they were contriv'd thy death,
 And though the Cyclops guard them, or the race
 That from his kingdom durst attempt to drive
 The star-crown'd monarch, yet my vengeful flame
 Shall strike 'em down to hell, where thou shalt hear,
 To those blest shades where all the worthies live,
 Their tortur'd souls with anguish howl and yell:
 Then do not fly my arms.

M. Tull. Villain, keep off!

Thou art mad^t, a pandar, nay, what's worse,
 A traitor to thy friend.

Arm. Devil, or ghost,

Spirit of earth, of air, of " active fire
 (For Tullius thou art not; he never us'd
 Such barbarous language to a faithful friend),
 Therefore, whate'er thou art that dar'st assume

^t *Thou art mad*] There seems to be some corruption here. " of] Qy. " or " ?

The blessèd shape of my dear murder'd friend
 Where goodness so long dwelt, prepare thyself;
 My anger thus salutes [thee^u.] [Draws his sword.]

M. Tull. What dream's this?

What spirit or what murder talks he of?
 This is a fetch past man's capacity.—
 Armanus, thou hast lost thyself too far:
 I'm no deluding goblin, nor false friend,
 But real as thyself.

Arm. Lives Tullius, then?

With joy and wonder thus——

M. Tull. Keep distance, slave!
 Yes, I do live, and only live to be
 A terror to thy falsehood.

Arm. These are words
 I must not live to hear.

M. Tull. Villain read that: [Gives writing.]

So long I'll spare my justice, which shall fall
 As horrid as thy fact. Does't startle you?

Arm. Whoever writ these black lines^v is a devil,
 Which are as false and envious as himself:
 Yet, if you can believe 'em, 'tis high time
 That I were turn'd to earth. See, there's my sword,
 And thus my breast flies open to your fury:
 Strike, and strike home, and when my guiltless blood
 Shall dye this green grass crimson, you shall see
 How free 'twas from corruption.

M. Tull. I am struck
 With deep astonishment: if that were false,
 To what end should that man, whate'er he were,
 Engage himself so dreadfully? 'tis a reach
 Beyond my understanding. By the truth
 And forepast protestations tied our hearts
 In bonds of amity, (a greater oath
 Sin cannot think upon,) resolve^w my fear:
 Has not my Philadelpha soil'd^x her faith?

^u [thee] Added by Weber.

^v lines] Weber printed "lies."

^w resolve] i. e. satisfy, inform.

^x soil'd] MS. "foyl'd." Weber printed "'fled."

Arm. She is as pure as the unspotted sun
Shining in brightest glory.

M. Tull. Does not the king solicit her ?

Arm. He does ;
And politic Rufinus haunts her hourly,
Like an ill spirit, striving to seduce her
To what she most abhors :
'Twas he possess'd me with your credulous death^y,
And has by this divulg'd it to the king :
Which rumour wing'd me on to fly to the camp,
Doubting some dangerous plot laid 'gainst your life,
That he so confidently spoke you dead.
By all my comforts hop'd for, and those plagues
Which perjury would tremble to recite,
By our past friendship and unwrinkled truth,
Which hitherto I ever have ador'd,
What I have spoke is free^z from blot as is
The firmament.

M. Tull. And I, as true, believe it. Pardon me ;
Thus will I beg it from thee. Jealousy [Kneels.
And frantic rage, which from those^a lines took life
And had their black original, bereft
And put me past myself.
Now I conceive Rufinus' damn'd intent,
To draw me from the camp unto my death,
Or execute some hellish treason there.
Heaven keep Marius safe !

Arm. Speak low, here's company.

Enter MARIUS disguised as before, and LÆLIA dressed as a post-boy.

Mar. Let's rest a while, sweet Lælia, we have rid hard,
And, whilst our horses graze, refresh ourselves ;
These pleasant groves yield comfortable shades.

Læl. Marius !

Mar. Ha ! what affrights my love ?

Læl. Saw you that face ?

^y possess'd me with your credulous death] i. e. acquainted me with your death,
which was too easily believed by me.

^z spoke is free] Weber printed "spoken is as free."

^a those] Weber printed "these."

Mar. 'Tis——

Læl. Tullius, my dear brother ; that, Armanus.

Mar. Oh, everlasting comfort !—Tullius !

M. Tull. Amazement ! Marius ! loving Janus too !
Joy and sad fear both struggle in my breast :
Your sights are heaven, but the sudden cause
Fore'd you to leave the camp, and thus disguis'd,
Begets in me a wonder beyond thought.

Mar. And well it may. Oh, noble worthy lord,
I shall amaze you with strange stratagems !
Titus is a tyrant ; bloody snares
And horrid treasons do^b begirt thee round ;
But I was trapt with 'em, yet hate to think
Thy virtues^c knew of them :
Behold a warrant granted for thy death,
Upon conditions^d of a feignèd league,
Sign'd with his own hand and commanding seal ;
Which I observ'd in all things void of fear,
And as I enter'd through their flattering gates,
Which stood wide open to receive us in,
Going to take their oaths of fealty,
I fell by their sharp weapons ; witness these.^e

[*Shews his wounds.*

But how I was restor'd and scap'd with life
Will wonder you far more : here is the hand
That under Heaven was my only safety.

M. Tull. Who ? pretty Janus ?

Mar. No, thy sister, Tullius,
And my dear Lælia, that all this while
Like my good angel hath protected me :
The manner now is too tedious to rehearse,
For I could ever sit recounting it.

M. Tull. Is 't possible, sweet sister, thou shouldst live

^b *do*] MS. "doth."—Perhaps the passage ought to stand thus ;

"Titus is a tyrant, who with bloody snares
And horrid treasons doth begirt thee round."

^c *virtues*] Weber printed "virtue."

^d *conditions*] Weber printed "condition."

^e *these*] To this line is added, unnecessarily, in another hand, "markes."

Thus long disguis'd, and serve me as my page,
 And these eyes ne'er desery thee, that have took
 Such infinite delight to gaze upon
 The splendour of thy beauty? nay, I vow,
 Wert not my sister, even doted on thee.

Arm. Is this your post? was she your happy guide?
 I could fast ever to kiss such a post.^f

M. Tull. Surcease ^g a while this explicating joy,
 And let us study how to be reveng'd
 On this injurious king, King Machiavel.

Mar. For such a plot no Fury ever form'd.

M. Tull. Were ^h all these honours and the gilded titles
 He heap'd upon my head against my will,
 Laid on my shoulders for to weigh me down,
 And sink me with black obloquy? Well, king,
 The moon may dim the sun, and so may I
 Wrap up thy blazing pride in a red cloud,
 And darken thee for ever. Come, to Rome:
 We'll yet determine nothing; what we do
 Occasion must present us: on to Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Rome. Before a temple.*

Dumb Show. Enter two Flamens; after them one bearing an offering for the King; then four Senators; after them TITUS MARTIUS, talking to RUFINUS; LEARCHUS and LEONTIUS following; then PHILADELPHA richly attired, her train borne up by Virgins, all carrying in their hands several kinds of sacrifice: so pass over the stage.

^f *I could fast ever to kiss such a post*] A quibble, with an allusion to a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence,—

“Yet from beginning absent if thou be,
 Eyther shalt thou lose thy meat and kisse the post,” &c.

Barclay's *Sec. Egloge*, sig. B. iiii. ed. 1570; and see Heywood's *Woman Kilde with Kindnesse*, sig. E 2. ed. 1617.

^g *Surcease*] i. e. Cease.

^h *Were*] MS. “Was.”

SCENE III.—*A hall in the palace.*

Soft Music. *A banquet being set forth, enter TITUS and PHILADELPHA, who sit down at each end of a table ; then SERVIUS TULLIUS, MARCELLANUS, and other Senators, who sit down at a side-table ; then various lords and ladies ; then RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, and LEONTIUS, who wait on the King.*

Titus. Sit, glorious Philadelpha, there's thy chair,
To which thou 'lt add more beauty than the sun
Can to his golden chariot.—Reverend Tullius,
You have been long a stranger ; this approach
Adds to your double welcome ; there, sit there :—
And you, Lucius Marcellanus, take your place ;
'Tis for you and your fellow-senators.

S. Tull. The king is full of sacred courtesies.

Titus. Sit, my dear beauteous guest. Methinks, as we
Are plac'd in opposition, thou, like that
Eternal soul of nature, which can give
Or take at pleasure every excellence,
Add'st or depriv'st me of perfection :
Methinks all dread, all reverence, majesty,
With which kings shake their footstools, like a flame
Leaves me to lodge in thy bright countenance.

Phil. If there be such a wonder, 'tis your grace
And favour which creates it ; that withdrawn,
I'm dark and nothing, only but your handmaid.

Titus. Thou'rt all man's wish can climb to.—Fill some wine.—
Here's to thee, sweetness, and a solemn health
To noble Tullius and his victories ! [Drinks.]
You're all engag'd, my lords ; this must go round ;
'Tis the king's friend, nay, his companion.

[The health goes about.]

First Sen. Sir, you're a happy man that does enjoy
A son of this rare merit.

S. Tull. Rather blest
To have a king, whose judgment can infuse
Merit where merit's wanting.

Sec. Sen. Noble sir,

You are not short in this felicity
 To have a daughter past all parallel :
 In brief you're both maps of trueⁱ happiness
 In having such rare children.

Marcellan. They're the gifts
 Of Heaven, not of Nature.

S. Tull. Mine, alas,
 Is what the king hath made him ; so far good
 As goodness sparkles in his actions :
 Though grief be my remembrancer, I must
 Confess I've lost ten sons, in every part
 As hopeful, good, though not so fortunate,
 In loss of my dear Lælia.

Ruf. How fain the old man would be flattered,
 And yet not seem to catch it !

Learch. Oh, it is
 A modesty which strives how to convert
 Praise into adoration.

Leon. Rather, sir,
 Your coy whores' rhetoric, ever to deny
 What they would swallow with most greediness.

Ruf. May superstition choke them ! What's this toy^j
 Or idol they so reverence, but a sponge
 Fill'd with the king's waste moisture, or a bag
 Blown with the breath of greatness ? when the hand
 Of wrath shall squeeze it, or a little pin
 Prick but the windy outside, down falls all,
 And leaves him nought but despis'd emptiness.

Learch. Come, you're too bitter. See, how the king sits
 gazing !

Titus. Whence is this music ? [*Music within.*

Ruf. 'Tis, as I conceive,
 A warning of the masquers' readiness,
 Prepar'd to attend your triumphs.

ⁱ *maps of true*] Weber printed "*true maps of*."

^j *What's this toy*] Altered in another hand to "Se the kings intrancet," the rest of this speech, and the next speech, being marked for omission at some representation.—Compare Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 2 ;—

"*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?" &c.

Titus. Let them come.—

Quickly remove these tables.—Here's your place, [*To PHIL.*
For all things this night strive^k to honour you.—
More lights and more attendance^l!—Sit, my lords;
Revels ask elbow-room at all times: so.

*Enter the Masque^m, in which are MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, and
ARMANUS, dressed as Furies, with torches, and LÆLIA in lady's
habit.*

You've done to the height of motion; yet I'll give
Dancing a greater glory: 'tis but lame
When beauty shares not in it; here are they
Can give life unto measure. Hand her, lords.—
Nay, you must not excuse it; for, but youⁿ,
Perfection hath no crown to triumph in.

Phil. Your majesty will make me to disclose
Errors I would have hidden.

Titus. Say not so;
You can shew art rules to astonish her.

[*PHIL. and Ladies dance with the Masquers.*

How like the nimble winds, which play upon
The tender grass, yet press it not, or fly
Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,
Leaving no curl behind them; or how like
The yellow-feather'd Hymen when he treads
Upon the soft air's bosom, doth she pass
Observ'd with^o admiration! why, she makes
Motion the god of every excellence,
And what the Muses would with study find
She teaches in her dancing; 'tis indeed
A school to teach all we call liberal.
I cannot give her worth a name; to me
It must suffice only to say, 'tis she.

[*The dance ends.*

^k *strive*] MS. "strives."

^l *attendance*] Weber printed "attendants."

^m *Enter the Masque, &c.*] The stage-direction in the MS. is far from intelligible, viz. "Enter the Masque in w^{ch} is young Tullius Marius & Armanus & Lælia in Ladies habit, they followe y^e three young lords like furies, after daunce wth the Ladies." "but you]" i. e. excepting you, without you." WEBER.

^o *with*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "by"; and so Weber.

Learch. This is no rich idolatry °.

Ruf. Yes, sure,
And set out to the full height ; there nor wants
Imbosture ^p nor embroidery : what dull eye
But sees the swelling boscaige, and your trails
How they do hug and stifle flattery ?

Leon. No more, the king observes us.

Titus. Blessèd thing,
Come, I have wrong'd thy sweetness, and I know
Thou 'rt weary ; but I 'll make a recompense.—
See that a [stately] ^q banquet be prepar'd
To entertain the masquers ; they 've this night
Tied to their king a strange beholdingness,
And I am all your debtors. Call for lights ;
We 'll to our chamber straight.—Madam, your rest
Must be to-night i' the court ; that and I
Are both proud you will grace it.—Rufinus, 'tis
Your honour to attend her.—So, to all
Good night and best repose.—Reverend Tullius,
Thou good old man, much peace :—but thousand happy rests
Dwell on thy noble bosom. [To PHILADELPHA.

Phil. Ten times those,
Doubled in myriads, live with my sovereign.

[*Exeunt all except PHILADELPHA, RUFINUS, MARCUS
TULLIUS, MARIUS, and ARMANUS.*

M. Tull. Marius, Armanus, as you are noble friends,
Go to the privy garden, and in the walk
Next to the stillatory ^r stay for me :
I must adventure something. Give me that torch.

Mar. Arm. Dispose yourself ; we will attend your coming.
[*Exeunt.*

° *This is no rich idolatry*] “The negative was frequently ironically added to express a superlative degree.” WEBER.

^p *Imbosture*] “i. e. raised work.” WEBER.

^q [*stately*] Added by Weber. A lacuna is left here in the MS.

^r *stillatory*] i. e. room in which stills are set, laboratory. “It seems to have been a usual appendage to the houses of the gentry at the time. In Sir Henry Wotton's *Elements of Architecture*, 1624, he gives directions for placing the kitchen and the *stillatory*.” WEBER.—Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) observes, “There is even now, in great houses, a place called the *still-room*, which is usually the territory of the housekeeper.”

Ruf. Who waits there? lights for the noble lady!

M. Tull. They're ready, and attend you.

Ruf. Away before, then:

Lead to the chamber call'd Elysium.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV^s.—*A bed-chamber splendidly furnished.*

Enter TULLIUS *disguised, with a torch,* PHILADELPHA, RUFINUS,
and Ladies.

M. Tull. This is the lodging call'd Elysium.

Ruf. It is your lodging, madam; here the king
Prays you may sleep with comfort.

Phil. Sir, I'm bound

To his respect and your most noble trouble.

Ruf. Avoid the chamber, and put out your torch.

M. Tull. Is this the devil's [chamber^t]? [*Aside*].—I am
gone,—

But not so far as mischief wishes me;

I must attend your night-spells. Arras, thou

Shalt hide my body, but light mine^u understanding.

[*Aside, then puts out the torch, and steps behind the arras.*]

Phil. Sir, I beseech you, let my women stay;

They must this night attend me.

Ruf. Oh, not these!

These to attend your person? Madam, know,

The greatest dames of Rome and Italy,

Nay, the altezzas and their sovereign,

Must this night do you service; as for these,

They must spare their duties.

Phil. Good my lord,

Let mine own creatures serve me; others will

In this work supererogate, and I

Shall think their diligence a mockery.

^s *Exeunt.*—*Scene IV.*, &c.] MS. has merely "*Ex: y. Tull. Phy. & Ruf.* then a rich Bed is thrust out and they enter againe,"—there being in those days no moveable painted scenery: compare a stage-direction in the old eds. of *The Maid's Tragedy*, act v., vol. i., 405.

^t [*chamber*] Added by Weber. A lacuna is left here in the MS.

^u *mine*] Weber printed "my."

Ruf. Nothing so ;
 You shall find virtue in their services.—
 Come, ladies, you must vanish. [*Exit with Ladies.*

Phil. I do not like this courtship.—Ha ! the door
 Lock'd up and bolted ! in the name of truth,
 What differs this from strong imprisonment ?
 Virtue, thou art my mistress, and I sit
 Under thy shade so safely, that methinks
 Dishonour dare not touch me : yet, alas,
 Man is an untam'd creature, and dare break
 Through any fence of goodness ! help me, then,
 Oh, sacred Virtue, and mine innocence !

Enter TITUS MARTIUS.

Titus. They will, believe it ; never didst thou ask
 What piety denied thee.

Phil. Now, I see, I 'm ruin'd :
 In the name of wonder, sir, what make you here ?

Titus. To tell thee truth, not wonders, for no eye
 Sees thee but stands amazèd, and would turn
 His crystal humour into atomies^v
 Ever to play about thee.

Phil. Sacred sir,
 Oh, let me understand you !—Yet, sir, hold,
 Let me not understand you ; let me be
 Dull as the earth, more ignorant than fools,
 Rather than know you are dishonourable.

Titus. Let not suspicion scare you, or respect
 Of that which is but nothing make you run
 From the height of all great fortunes. Plainly, sweet,
 I love you, dearly love you ; love you so
 As no speech can express it, and have by art
 And such discretion shap'd opportunity,
 That malice cannot touch you in your honour.
 Come, you must be kind.

Phil. Great sir, keep farther distance : you speak poison.

M. Tull. Ha ! there's^w some hope in her goodness. [*Aside.*

^v *atomies*] i. e. atoms.

^w *there's*] Weber printed " here is."

Titus. Do not with coyness cast that fortune off
 You would with torments purchase ; be to me
 The sweetness which I long for, and to all
 Thy thoughts, thy wishes, and thine actions,
 No power shall put a girdle ; thou shalt be
 Greater than greatness thinks on, sway more hearts,
 Have more eyes hanging on thee, and command
 More glorious titles and more sovereignty
 Than 's spoke of Egypt or ^x Assyria.

M. Tull. Now do I see
 The devil 's a cunning book-thief, and hath robb'd
 The honest schools of their best rhetoric
 To tempt poor virgins' weakness.

[*Aside.*]

Titus. Poppæa, when she met her emperor
 Clad in the wealth of many monarchies,
 Nor rich Paulina that out-brav'd the sun,
 And made him dark with sparkling jewelry,
 Compar'd with thee shall be as poor and dull
 As wasted dross or baser excrements,
 Only let me enjoy thee.

M. Tull. Hold now or never !

[*Aside.*]

Phil. I took you, sir, to be the only thing
 The earth could call her good one, and no doubt
 You are no less, only now seek to prove
 How an ill thing would scare me. Pray, sir, think
 These foul ingredients cannot alter me :
 Trust me, I prize poor virtue with a rag
 Better than vice with both the Indies.

M. Tull. This is some comfort, if it have constancy. [*Aside.*]

Titus. Be not a fool for custom, know my worth,
 And who I am that do solicit you ;
 Think of the crowns hang o'er you, crowns of joy,
 Honour, and reputation ; if they fail,
 Think of the swords I carry, swords of shame,
 Contempt, disgrace, slander, and infamy,
 And think with these how I can torture you,
 Nay, whip you to obedience ; and, by Heaven,
 I'll spare nought to afflict you.

^x or] Weber printed "and."

M. Tull. [*coming forward*] Yes, you will;
Virtue, I know, must be no instrument.

Titus. How 's this? surpris'd? oh me, 'tis Tullius!

M. Tull. Yes, it is Tullius, Tullius the unfortunate.
Are you a god, a king, nay, but a man,
And dare commit this outrage? do you know
A good thought, and dare speak thus? Good sir, think,
Although I am your subject, and do view
Each beam that shines about you, and conceive
How dear you are to the gods, to angels, saints,
The world, and mankind; though I know you are
A temple so divine and hallowèd,
That but to dream ill of you were to plunge
My soul^y into damnation; yet, to it,
Think what this woman is; my wife, sir, she's my wife,
My chaste dear wife, a word that 's precious,
Self of myself, nay, such a self beyond,
That where she falls my fame is perishèd;
Mine did I say? nay, my posterity,
Mine utter generation, all my name
Lost and undone to all eternity:
How this will tempt a good man, oh, sir, think,
Tremble and fear to think it!

Titus. Be not jealous.

M. Tull. Not jealous, and have heard your blasphemy!
What slave can be so stupid? Sir, if you
Have rais'd me for this merit, or built up
My low foundations with strange pinnacles
Higher than others' buildings; if you have
Made me a glittering outside, but within
Store nothing but dishonour, cast me down,
Beat me to dust; mine^z ashes will appear
A monument more glorious than your palace.

Titus. On my life,
Thou dost mistake me strangely.

M. Tull. Would I did,

^y *My soul*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "Mans soule."
Weber printed "Men's souls."

^z *mine*] Weber printed "my."

So I might perish for it ! but my eyes
And own ears are my witness.

Titus. Come, no more :

They 've told you a false message, and your heart
Seduc'd by them is much too credulous ;
For I protest by all that 's good or holy,
Never did I conceive 'gainst her or thee
A thought of so much baseness. What is done
Was done for special caution ; first, to stop
Their poison'd mouths I know do envy you ;
Next, to convert their malice to this ground,
Which else had touch'd thy person ; next, to try
The temper of her goodness, and how far
Corruption might work on her, which I find
Past praise and past example, and she is
The jewel I renown'd her, and indeed
Worthy the love of noble Tullius :
'Twas this design that led me ; by my life,
No other thought came near me.

M. Tull. It was a course pious and full of virtue,
A deed for which I ever owe a debt
Of terror and affliction. Fearful king,
Nay, impudent transgressor, now thou seest
Thy lustful breast lie bare to my revenge,
Coin'st^a these apparent falsehoods : but I have
Strange and undoubted causes ; witness this,
This warrant for my murder ; besides that,
The articles of peace you sent the rebels
Sabinus and Arminius, but the cause
Was written in a bloody character,
Such as I think had never precedent ;
This can speak how firm is your affection. [*Gives writing.*

Phil. I'm lost in my amazement : dearest, speak,
What warrant for thy murder ?

M. Tull. Oh, my love,
Time will not now permit me to relate
The cruel circumstance ! thou shalt partake it.

^a *Coin'st, &c.*] i. e. Now that thou seest, &c., *thou coin'st, &c.*

Titus. What slave or hell-hound has abus'd my truth,
 And forg'd this slanderous writ? Oh, my Tullius,
 I cannot blame thee now, had thy just rage
 Flown out above man's temper! this would move
 A creature without gall. Who should be
 This angry billow that thus seeks to drown
 The fair bark I would nourish? By dread Jove,
 I will sift out this swelling sycophant,
 And beat him down so flat, so low, so dead,
 Make him so smooth and calm, that but his shame
 There shall be nothing to remember him.
 Tullius, by this embracement credit me
 I'm sound in all thoughts to thee. Do not neither
 Believe nor them nor me; but as short time
 Shall prove this lie most odious, so let truth
 Shine in my other actions. With all speed
 We'll call a present council, and send post
 For proud Sabinus,
 Who, dreadless in his articles, may come;
 If not, we'll force him hither; you, disguis'd,
 Shall hear our strange proceedings; thou shalt see
 How quaintly I shall trip him^b. Love this sweet,
 She is a thing for Heaven to envy at,
 And tell thyself thou hast all the joys of life,
 A perfect royal friend, and faithful wife. [*Exit.*

M. Tull. Would I could hope the first! the last is sure,
 And both I'll seek to perfect.—Come, my love;
 Thou'st play'd the part of goodness royally,
 And I'll strive to deserve it. Yet, since things
 Lie but at half discover'd, for a time
 In some strange shape^c I'll shroud me,
 Free from the knowledge of the king or any,
 Until these tares be weeded; when they're ripe,
 I'll be myself, and shine unlimited.

Phil. Your will is my direction, and I'll move
 Only by your commandment and your love. [*Exeunt.*

^b *him*] MS. "em"; and so Weber.

^c *shape*] "i. e. habit, dress." WEBER.

SCENE V.—*A temple*^d. *An altar with the image of Mars.*

Enter SIR PERGAMUS *leading* FLAVIA, DINDIMUS *bearing* SIR PERGAMUS'S lance and shield, BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, and CALVESKIN.

Sir Per. There hang, thou fatal engine of my wrath,
 [Takes his lance from DINDIMUS, and hangs it up.
 Thou great divorcer of the soul and body,
 Which three-score princes, emperors, and kings,
 Besides some thousand lords, captains sans number,
 One lanceprisado^e, and [a] sutler's wife,
 Hast sent to Erebus and dismal lake ;
 Hang there, I say ; and this the world shall grant,
 None e'er could boast^f the like but John of Gaunt.

All. Oh, rare, rare Pergamus !

Sir Per. Now give me that :

[Takes his shield from DINDIMUS, and hangs it up.
 Come thou, thou faithful bulwark to my breast,
 That hath kept^g off the cannon-shot like hail,
 Cut through and through some fourscore inches deep
 With direful strokes and dreary hardiment ;
 Whose wide-mouth'd trenches keep imprisonèd

^a *A temple, &c.*] In the MS. this scene is headed thus :—

^b *The Plott of a Scene of mirth to conclude this fourth Acte.*

^c *Enter Sr Pergamus the foolish knight like a Bridegroome, leading Flavia his Bride, Bellario the singing Souldier, Blacksnout the Smith, Snippsnapp the Tayler, and Cauleskin the Shomaker.*

^d *An Altar to be sett forth with the Image of Mars. Dindimus the Dwarf bearing Sr Per : Launce and sheild w^{ch} are hung vp for trophees, and Sr Perg : vowes for the loue of Flavia neuer to beare Armes agen, the like dos Blasnout who hangs vp his sword and takes his hammer vowing to God Vulcan neuer to vse other weapon. The Taylor and the Shoemaker to [i. e. too] vowe the like to God Mercury. Then Bellario sings a songe how they will fall to their old Trades, a clapp of Thunder and all run of. finis 4 Act."*

The scene itself (as I have already mentioned) is on a detached piece of paper, and appears to be in the autograph of the author.

^e *lanceprisado*] See note, vol. i. 136.

^f *could boast*] These words, (which are written "*couldbost*", and much blurred) were mistaken by Weber for "shall use."

^g *That hath kept*] Weber printed "Thou that keep'st."

Five thousand captives couchant to my mercy^h,
Which must yield Pergamus a world for ransom ;
Terror, hang there : no guildhall shews the like,
Bloody in peace, but in war politic.

Dind. Go on, brave Pergamus, the son of fame,
The child of fortune ; all men know the same.

Fla. A periphrasisⁱ of a fool that fortunes favour. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. Hang there, ye instruments of blood, and rust :
Hence, fighting vein^j ! my Flavia must be bust^k.
Yet thus far, Mars, I will thy soldier be,
And valiantly in thy great quarrel strike,
When Flavia teaches me to raise the pike.

Black. Blacksnout the like doth vow, and, in a word,
Into a hammer I 'll convert my sword.
Though Venus Vulcan horn, I 'll wive : our hall^l
Inceas'd by us may grow a capital.
I am for Vulcan now, for Mars no more ;
If my wife scold, my bout-hammer^m shall roar.

Snip. Turn garment, tailor, too, and be not barr'd :
I 'll marry, and betake me to my yard,
And if my trade then prove not worth a dodkinⁿ,
Curse, curse o' women, both my yard and bodkin !

Calve. Then, shoemaker, the last of all the rout,
Of tailor, Pergamus, or fair Blacksnout,

^h *captives couchant to my mercy*] Weber printed "captains couchant to thy mercy."

ⁱ *Fla.* *A periphrasis*, &c.] "This speech is added in the margin, and began [was] originally, 'A riddle for a foole.' The alteration is in the same hand as the rest of the scene." WEBER.

^j *vein*] Spelt in MS. "vaine." Weber printed "vain."

^k *bust*] i. e. kissed.

^l *hall*] "i. e. hall of trade." WEBER.—In the next line, "capital" seems to mean—Capitol.

^m *bout-hammer*] "Probably a technical term for a blacksmith's hammer. *Bout*, besides its present signification, signified formerly a blow." WEBER.—*Bout-hammer* is, I apprehend, *about-hammer*: R. Holme, under "Smiths Tools," mentions "the *about sledge* or the smiths *great forging hammer* ; he that useth this, holdeth the further end of the hammer in both his hands, and swinging it *about* his head, he at arms length lets fall as heavy a blow as he can upon the work that is to be battered or drawn out." *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. iii. p. 321.

ⁿ *dodkin*] "A Dodkin [i. e., doitkin, little doit], *Nummulus*, *Teruncius*. Not worth a Dodkin, *Asse carum*." Coles's *Dict.*

By Mercury I swear it is my draught
To take a wife and use the gentle craft.

SONG BY BELLARIO.

Then farewell the drum, pike, gun, and the fife !
If a man loves jarring and plenty of strife,
To try his valour let him take a wife,

And to our old trades again !

Chorus. And to our old trades again !

Come, Pergamus, tailor, and Blacksnout too,
The shoemaker will teach your wives all what to do,
For, if you tread awry, they 'll underlay you :

Then to our old trades again !

Chorus. Then to our old trades again !

So, furious Mars, we bid thee adieu,
We care not for killing, it 's a life for a Jew :
So let us be jogging with our jovial crew,

And to our old trades again !

Chorus. And to our old trades again !

[*Thunder.*

Bell. Oh, the gods are angry ! let 's begone.

All. Oh, oh, oh !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the palace.*

Enter, severally, LEARCHUS and LEONTIUS, muffled up in cloaks.

Learch. Ha, ha, ha !

Leon. Why dost thou laugh, Learchus ?

Learch. To see us two walk thus, like saturnists,
Muffled up in a condensèd cloud.

Why art thou sad, Leontius ?

Leon. Troth, I know not.

Why art thou melancholy ?

Learch. Hang me, if I can tell. Oh, now I remember :
The king is discontented, and we courtiers
Are like the Macedonian humourists ;
'Cause Philip had a wry neck they wore theirs so,
And said 'twas all the fashion : yet, methinks,
'Tis something more than strange

To see this sudden alteration ;
 Last night he was unbounded and profuse
 In mirth and jovialty, but looks this morn
 As if he had drunk Lethe.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Plotting still ?

You think to outdo me now in some rare springe
 To catch this green-head general ; but you shall not,
 Nay, you cannot : know, brave spirits, 'tis done ;
 Our stratagem has taken rare effect,
 The peace is made, the articles confirm'd,
 The execution past, and Tullius sunk
 Lower than policy can ever search,
 Or plumb the unfathom'd bottom.—
 What means this silence ? doⁿ not your glad hearts leap
 Into your bosom[s] to hear this brave revenge ?
 Have you thus far mingled your bloods with mine,
 And waded hand in hand through death and hell,
 And do you now repent ?

Learch. Leon. Repent !

Ruf. What, then, portends this sadness ?

Learch. Understand it :

Saw you the king to-day ?

Ruf. No. What succeeds your question ?

Learch. He's wondrous discontented.

Ruf. What of that ?

Leon. Think you he has not caught intelligence
 Of Tullius' murder or this feignèd truce ?

Ruf. Why, say he have, do you shrink or shudder at it ?
 We have ventur'd too far in to retire now :
 But I'll take off that doubt ; 'tis no such thing,
 Neither does grief or anger make him shew
 A wrinkled front or a dejected look ;
 'Tis rather too much joy, surfeit of pleasure,
 And those sweet delights with which he has been sated
 This last night [in] the arms of Philadelpha ;

ⁿ do] MS. "dos."

Tullius' fair hoard was made his cradle,
In which the devil and lust sat rocking him.

Learch. Is 't possible? is Tullius mounted higher?

Ruf. Yes, on the horn of greatness.

Learch. Ha, ha, ha!

Ruf. And being fix'd, perchance,
In meditation of these sugar'd sins,
He did not greatly mind ye; there 's his sadness:
But when we come in presence, you shall see
Another change of countenance, for I am
The screw'd-up^o instrument whose tearing brain
Gives motion to his actions.

Enter Messenger.

Sent to me?

Mess. And all your honours.
The senate sits this morning instantly,
The king in person too, but for what cause
None save^p himself yet knows.

Ruf. 'Tis a short summons: well, we shall attend him.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Learch. What thinks Rufinus now?

Ruf. By Jove, I'm puzzled; yet, now
To forge or study for replies, would shew
A shallow brain. Let not our timorous guilt
Betray ourselves; and scorn the worst event;
If we must down, let us like cedars fall,
And make an earthquake tumbling, that our fame
May live to after-ages, and our acts
By all rare politicians be eternizèd:
'Tis nobler far than live in such a state
Where worth hath no reward, merit no grace.
Can virtue spring where true regard is wanting?
It is impossible: thus join we, then,
And let our fates be like the elements,
So link'd and chain'd that none can break the twine

^o *screw'd up*] Weber printed "served-up."

^p *save*] Weber printed "but."

But they that twisted it. This knot, methinks,
 Resembles just the trinal sisterhood
 That spun our thread of life : make much on 't, then :
 Before the Destinies do wind it up,
 They shall have many turnings. But when you see
 There is no remedy, let one stroke divide us.

Learch. Leon. 'Tis resolv'd. [*Cornets within.*

Ruf. The senate 's coming, fall into the train. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Capitol.*

*Enter MARCELLANUS, SERVIUS TULLIUS, and two other Senators ;
 then TITUS MARTIUS, RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, LEONTIUS, and
 attendants; MARCUS TULLIUS in disguise, amongst other petitioners.*

M. Tull. I hope this habit 's undiscoverable,
 In which, as in a perspicil^q, I shall see
 These hidden Furies tread the devil's maze. [*Aside.*

Titus. Grave fathers,
 You in whose wisdoms^r rest the states of kings,
 Whose prudent and discreet directions
 Uphold and govern all things next the gods,
 To you I now appeal, and shall in brief
 Declare the motive that incited us
 To call this sudden council. I must first
 Confess my rashness, that, without advice
 Of your sage judgments and a general voice,
 We made a general, thy son, Tullius,
 And sent him forth without a full consent
 Against the Sabines that invaded us :
 The error is acknowledg'd ; yet, my lords,
 The strong necessity considerèd,
 The fierceness of the insurrection,
 And devastation which the rebels us'd,
 Was cause sufficient for a present choice
 Without deliberate counsel.

Sec. Sen. 'Twas most fit.

^q *perspicil*] "i. e. a perspective glass." WEBER. See note, vol. ii. 482.

^r *wisdoms*] Weber printed "wisdom."

Ruf. A policy both good and requisite.

Titus. We are excus'd for 't, then. But, reverend senate,
Having since weigh'd by weighty circumstance,
Grounded on reason, that the opinions
And several censures of the commonalty,
And some of our great peers too, may, perchance,
Out of their ignorance raise a mutiny
That might in time work a conspiracy
Against young Tullius,
Not being elected by a public voice,
For what they do without malice moves^s,
But thousands envy where a king once loves,—
These known examples make^t us cautelous^u
Of future dangers: therefore, once more, lords,
Deliver your minds freely; if you think
His youth or judgment, strength or discipline,
Debilitate his person, or his birth
Make him unfit to undergo a place
So eminent and powerful, call him home,
Choose a more able, more experienc'd man,
That thirsts for such an honour, and let him
Revel at home here with his beauteous bride:
Poor soul! she has the most wrong: such a war
Were far more pleasing to a courtier,
One so complete and young as Tullius is,
And questionless he'll^v thank ye. Now, you hear
The cause of your assembly, speak your thoughts,
And let your hearts and tongues so sympathise
That truth may write the comments.

S. Tull. Royal sir,
I humbly crave I may be pardonèd,
And licens'd to suspend my censure yet,

^s *without malice moves*] Weber (who printed "*without* [all] *malice*,"—but see note, p. 229) explains the passage thus:—"What is done by the popular voice proceeds or is executed without any malicious interpretation, but thousands envy and malign what a king does, actuated by love or affection."

^t *make*] MS. "makes."

^u *cautelous*] "i. e. cautious." WEBER. It means more, viz. artfully cautious.

^v *he'll*] Weber printed "she'll."

Until that their opinions be all pass'd :
A father's doom will be thought partial,
Though the gods record it.

Titus. Use your will.

Marcellan. I beg like liberty, dread sovereign :
We two are equal sharers in his honours ;
'Twould ill beseem us to detract from him.

Titus. Shall one man speak for all, then ?

All. Willingly.

First Sen. And whom your majesty shall please to call,
His voice shall give a general approbation.

Titus. Rufinus, you are he, then.

Ruf. I, my liege !

Titus. Refusal is in vain, we 'll have it so.

Ruf. The most unworthiest creature.

Titus. Wrong not your worth, we know your merits, sir :
You have done good service in the like affairs,
And know * best what belongs to 't ; therefore, speak.

Ruf. With pardon, then, I shall.

Your highness might have made a surer choice
Of an approvèd soldier ; but a man
More daring and more valiant Rome contains not ;
For what he wants in years and discipline
His industry and spirit countervails ;
He 's mild and courteous to the people too,
Which is the chain that ties the soldiers' hearts
And general's together ; last and chief,
He 's fortunate, crying as Cæsar x did,
Who, being toss'd in a small boat at sea
In a tempestuous storm, cheer'd up the mariners
With " On, brave hearts ! think not of fear, you bear
Me and my fortunes ;"
Which shews that resolution is the crown
Of all a soldier's honours, and brings in
A happy conquest : all this Tullius has.
No doubt need to be made, then, of his worth,
But that he still enjoy it.

* *know*] MS. "knowes."

x *Cæsar*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "Cassius."

All. 'Tis confirm'd.

Learch. Stand away, [*Aside to LEON.*
I prithee, let me hug him ; by this hand,
Leontius, the devil 's a novice to him.

M. Tull. I 'm swallow'd in this quicksand ; all my thoughts
Again are quite diverted : he speak thus ! [*Aside.*

Titus. Rufinus, you have given a noble verdict ;
We are become your debtor.

Lictor. [*within*] Back there, back ! keep back !

Ruf. What uproar 's that, disturbs the senate ?

Enter a Lictor.

Lictor. A captain
Post from the camp.

Titus. Admit him straight.

Lictor brings in MARCELLUS.

Lictor. Your sword.

Marc. No, sir, 'tis kept for a far better use
Than cut his master's throat.

Ruf. A guard !

Marc. Ten guards ! There are some persons here
Ten millions cannot shelter.

First Sen. What means this ?

Marc. King, king ! senate !
Oh, that I could speak to you in a tone
Would drown the voice of thunder, that, the sound
Being echo'd by this marble Capitol,
Each syllable were doubled in your ears,
Or that you had more hearts, for those weak strings
Will crack at the first sentence ! Tullius is——

All. What ?

Marc. Dead ; (does that damp you ?) he is murder'd.

All. Ha ! murder'd !

M. Tull. Now it begins to work. [*Aside.*

Marc. Yes, murder'd,
Butcher'd by most inhuman slaughter, treachery.

S. Tull. Forgive me, Jupiter ! when he said dead,

I'd almost shed a tear, but murder straight
Caus'd fiery rage to dry it up again.

Marcellan. The manner, good Marcellus, or by whom?

Marc. By Titus Martius.

All. The king!

Marc. Yes^y.

Titus. Traitor!

Marc. Tyrant!—He, 'twas he, grave lords,
That by damn'd feign'd articles of peace
Conspir'd our general's ruin. To this truth
I here give up my body to more torments
Than can by man be thought on, and rejoice
To lose my life so meritoriously
As to discover this black treachery.

Ruf. Beyond our wishes publish'd.

[*Aside to* LEARCH. *and* LEON.]

Titus. Villain, thy death shall be more terrible
Than ever time could pattern.

S. Tull. Except thine.—

Off with these robes of peace and clemency,
And let us hoop our agèd limbs with steel,
And study tortures for this tyranny!

Marc. 'Tis needless, sir; vengeance is near at hand:
Lord Marius and Armanus are conjoin'd,
And vow for their dear friend's untimely fall
To lay his palace level with the dust,
And kill the tyrant in the Capitol,
In the very throne he has polluted so.

Ruf. Desperate traitors!—See you now, dread sir,
This brood of vipers?—Who can suffer this?
Leontius and Learchus, let's to arms!—
Give us three leave, my liege: we'll raise such force
To guard Rome and your person,
That Marius and Armanus shall as soon
Grasp lightning as but touch a hair of you.

Leon. Excellent villain! [*Aside*]. — Oh, that we were
gone once!

^y *Yes*] Originally written "Yes for an hower": the three last words are crossed out.

Titus. Stir not. I do entreat ye let 'em come.
 If I be guilty of these practices ^z,
 Let me with shame and horror suffer for 't.
 There 's the arch-wreath ; thus we disthroned ourself,
 And, as a private man, will answer here
 'Gainst all objections. Only let me crave
 Sabinus may be sent for with all speed,
 Who, dreadless in his articles, may come :
 The law of arms does warrant him.

Sec. Sen. See it done.

Enter a Second Lictor.

Sec. Lict. Reverent lords,
 There is a pilgrim sent from the Sabinets ^a,
 That craves admittance into the Capitol.

Titus. Bring him with speed to the senate. [*Exit Sec. Lictor.*]

Ruf. On my life,
 Some strange confession of this stratagem
 And penitent submission.

*Re-enter Sec. Lictor, with SABINUS in a palmer's habit, and a
 Postmaster.*

Sab. [*throwing off his disguise*] The gods of Rome protect ye !

All. Ha ! Sabinus !

Sab. Yes. Do you wonder ? Though a native love
 Caus'd a transgression to regain our own,
 We now are Titus' substitute, and come
 In peace and duty to acknowledge it.
 There is my warrant. [*Gives writing.*]

Titus. For thy death, damn'd rebel !
 No warrant, nor no articles of mine.
 From whom didst thou receive it ?

Sab. What matters that ? suppose I have forgot,
 There 's thy own hand to witness it.

Titus. Thou art deceiv'd, Sabinus ; 'twas a trick
 To train thee to the block ; 'tis counterfeit ;
 Therefore, if thou hast hope of any mercy,
 Confess from whom thou hadst it.

^z *practices*] See note, p. 271.

^a *Sabinets*] See note, p. 258.—Weber printed "Sabines."

Sab. I shall disclose your plot, if you ^b talk thus.

Titus. Slave, what plot ?

Sab. Young Tullius' murder ; the caution, sir,
Of these sworn articles, deliver'd me
By this chief postmaster, whom I have brought
To testify as much.

Ruf. Now we are caught : [*Aside to LEARCH. and LEON.*
Hell and damnation strike him dumb for ever !

S. Tull. From whom receiv'd you this ?

Postm. Oh, pardon—

Ruf. Peace, fearful slave !

Thou shalt not have the glory to pronounce it :—
It was from me.

Learch. Let us have part on't, though ^c ;—'twas from us three.

Ruf. It is confess'd ; give sentence. Ha, ha, ha !
Could you imagine, dotards, that our spirits
Could brook an upstart stripling to be borne
Up to the clouds with pomp, and we rejected,
But we would check your peacock ?

Senators. Lictors, seize 'em ^d !

[*RUF., LEARCH., and LEON. are seized.*

Learch. Come, come, quick, despatch :
Now we have reach'd the pitch of our desires,
'Tis hell to hold life longer.

M. Tull. [*throwing off his disguise*] In that hell
Your conscience still ^e torment ye ! on my knee
I beg that for your ^f sentence.

All. Tullius !

Learch. Death now were heaven.

Ruf. What incantation 's this ?

S. Tull. A ^g blessèd metamorphosis !

Marcellan. This Capitol appears a new Elysium.

^b *you*] Weber printed " I."

^c *on't, though*] Weber printed " of it."

^d *'em*] Weber printed " him."

^e *still*] Weber printed " shall."

^f *your*] Weber printed " their."

^g *A*] Weber printed " O."

M. Tull. Sacred sir, let me adore your goodness,
That are in all things so unmatched.

Titus. Thy virtues make^h it so. Rise, Tullius,
And be thy own judge of these impious crimes.

M. Tull. The doom is pass'd already. If your grace
And favour will permit it, they shall live.

Titus. Live, Tullius !

M. Tull. Yes, dear sir ;
Their blackⁱ bloods cannot wash away their fact,
'Tis so infectious ; but their conscience may,
Touch'd with this mercy, purge the sin away.

Titus. Thou still transcend'st in goodness : have thy wish ;
Let 'em still live, but never near the court.

Ruf. The farther thence, the farther from my pain ;
Parch'd Afric's deserts will more please than Rome.

[*Exeunt* RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, and LEONTIUS.]

Enter PHILADELPHA, MARIUS, LÆLIA, and ARMANUS.

Titus. Welcome to thy husband's noble triumph,
Where he has vanquish'd his domestic foes,
As he has done his country's foes abroad.—
Here, Tullius, take her, worthy of thy virtues,
And worthy the imperial seat of Rome,
When thou shalt gain her voices to be king,
As I foresee thou wilt :—Marius and Lælia too,
Enjoy the harvest of your ripen'd loves.
I've tried you all, and find you worthy favour ;
For whilst I reign, on virtue will I smile,
And honour only with me still prevail.

[*Exeunt.*]

^h *make*] MS. "makes."

ⁱ *black*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "owne" ; and so Weber.

THE WIDOW.

The Widdow A Comedie. As it was Acted at the private House in Black-Fryers, with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants.

Written by $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Ben: Johnson.} \\ \text{John Fletcher.} \\ \text{Tho: Middleton.} \end{array} \right\}$ *Gent.*

Printed by the Originall Copy. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be Sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Princes Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1652. 4to.

ON the title-page of a copy of the 4to in my possession, "*Ben : Johnson*" and "*John Fletcher*" are drawn through with a pen, and the word "alone" is written in an old hand after "*Tho : Middleton.*"

Malone, by mistake, has stated that "Middleton wrote *The Widow* with Fletcher and *Massinger.*" *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 434—(Sh. by Boswell, vol. ii.).

"He [Ben Jonson] is said to have assisted Middleton and Fletcher in writing *The Widow*, which must have appeared about this time [i. e. soon after 1621]. This comedy was very popular, and not undeservedly, for it has a considerable degree of merit. I cannot, however, discover many traces of Jonson in it. The authors' names rest, I believe, on the authority of the editor, A. Gough, who sent the play to the press in 1652." Such is Gifford's note on *Memoirs of B. Jonson*, p. cxliv. But in a note on Jonson's *New Inn* (*Works*, vol. v. 433), he says, that *The Widow* "appeared on the stage so early as 1618."

The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (among which this drama is included) thinks "there is internal evidence that Ben Jonson contributed to *The Widow*, and it is rather surprising that Mr. Gifford did not trace his pen through the whole of the fourth act."

The mention of "yellow bands" as "*hateful*" (see act v. sc. 1, and note) in consequence of Mrs. Turner's execution, November 1615, shews that *The Widow* was written *after* that period: but it would seem to have been produced *very soon after*, for a play, entitled *The Honest Lawyer*, by S. S., and printed in 1616, contains a manifest imitation of a passage in act iv. sc. 2: vide note. We can hardly suppose that the author (or authors) of *The Widow* would have borrowed from the dramatist just mentioned.

We learn from Sir Henry Herbert's papers that *The Widow* was one of the stock-pieces belonging to the Red Bull actors, who afterwards became the king's servants, and that it was played in 1660: see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 273-4. Downes mentions that it was performed at a somewhat later period: vide *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 17, ed. Waldron. And Langbaine says, "It was reviv'd not many years ago, at the King's House, with a new Prologue and Epilogue, which the Reader may find in *London Drollery*, p. 11, 12." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 298.

TO THE READER.

CONSIDERING how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues ; instead of decayed medals of the Romans' greatness, I believed it of more value to present you this lively piece, drawn by the art of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Lælius strove to twist the poet's ivy with the victor's bays. As the one was deserved by their work in subduing their country's enemies, so the other by their recreation and delight, which was to banish that folly and sadness that were worse than Hannibal or all the monsters and venom of Africa. Since our own countrymen are not in any thing inferior, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement, that the past license and abuses charged on the stage might not ever be thought too unpardonable to pass in oblivion, and so good laws and instructions for manners, incapable of being regulated, which, if but according to this pattern, certainly none need think himself the less a good Christian for owning the same desire as

Your humble servant,

ALEXANDER GOUGH ^a.

^a *Alexander Gough*] An actor, who, during the suppression of the theatres, "helped Mr. Mosely the bookseller to this and several other dramatic Manuscripts." Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 298.

PROLOGUE.

A SPORT only for Christmas is the play
This hour presents to you ; to make you gay^b
Is all th' 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 't will make you laugh.

^b *gay*] Weber's alteration.—Old ed. "merry."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRANDINO, a justice.	SERVELLIO.
MARTINO, his clerk.	Officers, Servants.
FRANCISCO.	
ATTILIO.	VALERIA, a widow.
RICARDO.	PHILIPPA, her sister, wife to BRANDINO.
Two Old Men, suitors to VALERIA.	
LATROCINIO, } OCCULTO, } SILVIO, } Thieves. STRATIO, } FIDUCIO, }	MARTIA, daughter to one of VALERIA'S suitors, and disguised as ANSALDO.
	VIOLETTA, waiting-maid to PHILIPPA.

SCENE, *Capo d'Istria and the neighbouring country.*

THE WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in BRANDINO'S house*^c.

MARTINO seated at a writing-table : enter 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 dreamed 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, th' other 's the broth : so 'tis in all his members, an we mark it ; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge ; they 're both boiled

^c *A room in Brandino's house*] Weber marked this scene "*An Inner Court of Brandino's House* ;" and he did so, I presume, because Philippa and Violetta presently "*appear at a window*." But the scene, I believe, takes place in a room of the house. So in Middleton's *Trick to catch the Old One, Works*, vol. ii. 82. ed. Dyce, Joyce "*appears above*," and, like Philippa, throws down a letter to Witgood, who is standing in a room of Hoard's house. On such occasions the upper stage was used—a balcony at the back of the stage, its platform being raised probably eight or nine feet from the ground.

together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the twopenny chop.

Why, sir, signior Francisco!

Fran. 'T was her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like hers.

[*Aside.*

Mar. Sir, I beseech you—

Fran. It is the prettiest contriv'd building this!
What posy 's that^d, I prithee?

Mar. Which, sir? that
Under the great brass squirt?

Fran. Ay, that, sir, that.

Mar. *From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice.*

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.— [*Aside.*

And what 's that yonder, prithee?—Oh, love's famine,
There 's no affliction like thee! [*Aside.*].—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 lantern,
Bring^e many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief to one
turn.*

Fran. That one turn help'd you well.

Mar. 'T has help'd me to money indeed for many a war-
rant; I am forty dollars the better for that one turn: an
'twould 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^f out more

^d *What posy 's that, &c.*] See note, vol. i. 67. Our ancestors were so fond of *posies*, that they had them inscribed even on their cheese-trenchers: see Webster's *Works*, iii. 191. ed. Dyce, and Middleton's *Works*, i. 31, iii. 98. ed. Dyce.

^e *Bring*] Old ed. "Brings."

^f *go*] Old ed. "goes."

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 beholding^s to.

Fran. You betray your mystery too much, sir.—Yet no comfort ?

'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.

[*Aside.*

Mar. I 'm 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,
And keeps off impudence^h 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 [*Aside*].—One Astilioⁱ,
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder ? Oh, I love a'-life^k to have such a fellow come under my fingers ! like a beggar that 's long a-taking leave of a fat louse, I 'm loath 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.

[*Writes.*

[*PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA appear above at a window.*

Phil. Martino !

Mar. Mistress ?

Phil. Make haste, your master 's going.

Mar. I 'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth ;
I 'll despatch that presently.

^s *beholding*] See note, p. 30.—Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

^h *impudence*] Qy. "impudency" ?

ⁱ *Astilio*] The modern editors print (perhaps rightly) "Attilio," one of the characters in the play.

^k *a'-life*] i. e. as my life, excessively.

Phil. Good morrow, sir.—Oh, that I durst say more !

[*Aside, and then retires above with VIOLETTA.*]

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.

[*PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA appear again above.*]

Phil. He cannot see me now ; I 'll mark him better
Before I be too rash. Sweetly compos'd he is ;
Now as he stands he's worth a woman's love
That loves only for shape, as most on 's do :
But I must have him wise as well as proper^j,
He comes not in my books^k else ; and indeed
I have thought upon a course to try his wit.—

[*Aside.*]

Violetta.

Vio. Mistress ?

Phil. Yonder 's the gentleman again.

Vio. Oh, sweet mistress,

Pray, give me leave to see him !

Phil. 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.

Phil. I see that.

Vio. H 'as curl'd his hair most judiciously well.

Phil. 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.

[*VIOLETTA brings a letter, which PHILIPPA presently
throws down.*]

Mar. [*giving warrant to FRANCISCO*] Nay, look upon 't, and
spare not : every one cannot get that kind of warrant from

^j *proper*] i. e. handsome.

^k *in my books*] i. e. in my favour : see more than enough concerning this
expression, in the notes on Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i. sc. 1,
and Nares's *Gloss.*

me, signior. Do you see this prick i' the bottom? it betokens power and speed; it is a privy mark that runs betwixt 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 *nihils*; They want the punction.

Fran. Yes, I see they do, sir.
There 's for thy pains [*giving money*].—Mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded.

[*Aside, and then exit*¹.

Mar. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was blest withal! Now will he come for another to-morrow again: if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' the town within this twelvemonth: no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Phil. Martino!

Mar. Say you, forsooth?

Phil. 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.
[*Aside.*

Phil. What is 't, sirrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

Phil. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Phil. A letter! why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

Mar. So has a warrant, an you go to that, mistress.

Phil. Read but the superscription, and away with 't:
Alas, it may concern the gentleman nearly!

Mar. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

Phil. At home! how mean you, sir?

Mar. You shall hear, mistress [*reads*]:—*To the deservingest*

¹ *exit*] Here Weber put a stage-direction, "*Drops a letter, and exit.*" Wonderful that he should have read the play, without perceiving that the letter was thrown down by Philippa! The other editors adopted the safer plan of adding nothing to the stage-directions of the 4to.

of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mistress Philippa Brandino.

Phil. How, sir ! to me ?

Mar. To you, mistress.

Phil. Run, as thou lov'st my honour and thy 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. 'Las, '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.

Phil. 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 above, with VIOLETTA.]

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.

Phil. 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 ;
H'as spent the best part of his patrimony.

Phil. Hark of his bold confederate !

Bran. There thou 'rt bitter ;
And I must chide thee now.

Phil. 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 nature.—Wife,
Why dost thou wrong this man ?

Mar. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such
business : a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about
him.

Bran. La, has he answer'd well now, to the full ?
What cause hast thou t' abuse him ?

Phil. Hear me out, I pray :
Through his admittance, h'as had opportunity^m
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' the street.

Bran. Why, sure thou tak'st delight
To wrong this fellow, wife, ha, 'cause I love him ?

Phil. Pray, see the fruits ; see what h'as 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.

Phil. She's a beast
That ever was found otherways.

Bran. Read, Martino :
Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite.

^m *h'as had opportunity*] In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and Weber's ed., we find
(among many similar improvements of the metre), "he *has had an opportunity*."

Mar. [*reads letter*] *Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress* —

Bran. Oh, every letter draws a tooth, methinks !

Mar. And it leads mine to watering. [*Aside.*

Phil. Here 's no villany! ⁿ

Mar. [*reads*] *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 villany !

Phil. Am I honest, think you, sir ?

Bran. Exactly honest, perfectly improv'd.^o—

On, on, Martino.

Mar. [*reads*] *I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long-desired opportunity, at the back gate between nine and ten this night* —

Bran. I feel this Inns-o'-court man in my temples !

Mar. [*reads*] *Where, if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever vowed service to woman,—Francisco.*

Bran. I will make Francisco smart for 't.

Phil. 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.

Phil. Now, if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night ; if not, he never shall. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The country, near FRANCISCO's house.*

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

ⁿ *Here's no villany*] See note, p. 281.

^o *improv'd*] Means here, as it frequently does,—proved.

for your old-standing scholar, your hospital for your lame-creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer,^p 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 shouldst not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee ? thou art as likely a fellow as any is in the company. I 'll be hanged 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 't 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 looked 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^q not answerable to hers.

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, 'mongst 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 ;
Sh 'as 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

^p roarer] See notes, vol. i. 300, iii. 43.

^q state] i.e. estate.

Where fortune may bestow her ; she's her gift,
Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Fran. Why, this is like a woman : I ha' no luck in 't.

Ric. And as at a sheriff's table,—oh, blest custom !—
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're 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
fortunes :

Prithee, give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That's an ill hearing : but come on for once, sir.

Fran. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ric. Right ;

I begun so too ; but I have lov'd 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, hum !

Fran. Do you laugh at that ?

Ric. Seems very strict, you said ;

I hear you, man, i'faith ; you are so jealous still !

Fran. But why should that make you laugh !

Ric. Because she seems so : you're such another !

Fran. Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ric. You cannot tell 'r, 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.

^r cannot tell] i. e. know not what to say, or think, of it : see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, i. 125.

Come, I perceive I must shew 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 ^s 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^t and doublet ? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou wouldst 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.

Fran. A word, sweet lady !

Ric. With me, sir ? say your pleasure.

Fran. Oh, 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 us'd.

Fran. You say well, sir.—Lady, I have lov'd you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.—If he be not out now, I 'll be hanged !

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

^s condition] See note, p. 48.

^t hose] i. e. breeches.

a woman gives way to 't ! one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind as thou playedst 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 us'd to : I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet ; All your things come ^u 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 ! ^v 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 nobody bids you, sir.

Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest, crossdest baggage that ever man met withal ! but I 'll see thee hanged, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this.—Why, thou 'rt too awkward, sirrah.

Fran. Hang thee, base fellow !

Ric. Now, by this light, he thinks he does 't indeed !

Nay, then, have at your plum-tree ^w ! faith, I 'll not be foiled.—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 all your mouths ?

Fran. Hold, hold, Ricardo !

Ric. Disgrace me, widow ?

^u *come*] Old ed. "comes."

^v *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 male." REED. Surely, "*gom*" (though the present passage is quoted, under that word, both by Todd and Nares) cannot be the right reading. Qy. "glum" ? i.e. a gloomy, sour look.

^w *have at your plum-tree*] So in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596 ; "Yea Madam Gabriela, you are such an old ierker, then Hey ding a ding . . . *have at your plum-tree*." Sig. R 4.

Fran. Art mad? I'm Francisco.

Att. 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' the 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.

Att. } We should be proud of that, sir.
Fran. }

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. [Whispers.

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 nobody 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.

Bran. He turns, he looks.—Come on, sir; you, Francisco!
I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain;
He lov'd me well too, but you love my wife, sir:
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 the 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 cambric 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 daylight; 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. I apprehend thee: admirable woman!
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty. [Aside.]

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 her, tempted, and urg'd 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 gettest 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 alto-
gether 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, an you rightly weigh'd it.

Mar. Troth, I'll put up^x 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 lov'd ; 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 ?

^x *put up*] i. e. sheathe my sword.

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 :
 Prithee, forgive me !

Mar. And me too, prithee !

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 abus'd !

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^y things carried now in the true nature of a quiet duello ;
 a great strife ended, without the rough soldier or the ——^z :
 and now you may take your journey.

Bran. Thou art my glee, Martino. [Exeunt.

^y were] Old ed. " was."

^z the ——] So old ed., a blank being left for some word.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in VALERIA'S house.*

Enter VALERIA and SERVELLIO.

Val. Servellio.

Ser. Mistress?

Val. If that fellow come again,

Answer him without me; I'll not speak with him.

Ser. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?

Val. Ay, that spic'd coxcomb, sir: never may I marry again,

[*Exit SERVELLIO.*]

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^a,
 To please some gaudy goose i' the 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.

^a *paste*] i. e. almond-paste, to whiten the skin.

Enter RICARDO, followed by FRANCISCO and ATTILIO who conceal themselves.

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' the 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 pleas'd to talk on?

Val. Nay, here lately, sir.

Ric. Here! a pox, I think I smell him; 'tis vermilion sure,
ha! oil of ben^b. Do but shew him me, widow, and let me never
hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind
his face upon one o' the stones.

Val. Suffices you 've 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^c without door
indeed, to make a show at a new-chosen magistrate's gate,
than to be used in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow,
having me, you've the truth of a man; all that you see of me

^b *oil of ben*] “*Been* or *behen*, in pharmacy, denotes a medicinal 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.

^c *posts*] See note on *Commendatory Poems*, vol. i. lii.

is full mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholding^d 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, and I would have my will then, if I were as you: there's few women else but have^e.

Val. But since I cannot have it in all, signior, I care not to have it in any thing.

Ric. Why, you may have 't 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!

Att. Joy to you both!

Val. How!

Ric. Nay, there's no starting now, I have you fast, widow.— You're witness, gentlemen.

Fran. Att. We'll be depos'd on 't.

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?

^d *beholding*] See note, p. 30. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

^e *have*] Old ed. "has."

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 ! Oh, cruel, merciless woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money !

Val. I will consume myself to the last stamp^f,
Before thou gett'st me.

Ric. 'Life, I 'll be as wilful, then, too :
I 'll 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.

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.]

^f stamp] "i. e. halfpenny." REED.

Enter two Suitors.

First Suit. Why, how now, sweet widow?

Val. Oh, kind gentlemen, I am so abus'd here!

Both Suit. Abused! [*Drawing their swords.*]

Val. What will you do, sirs? put up your weapons.

Sec. Suit. Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you; mine has not been out this three years; marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long a-drawing. Abused! by whom, widow?

Val. Nay, by a beggar.

Sec. Suit. A beggar! I'll have him whipt, then, and sent to the House of Correction.

Val. Ricardo, sir.

Sec. Suit. Ricardo! nay, by the mass, he's a gentleman-beggar; he'll be hanged 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; Plac'd 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.

First Suit. Oh, politic villain!

Val. But I am resolv'd, gentlemen, If the whole power of my estate can cast him, He never shall obtain me.

Sec. Suit. Hold you there, widow; Well fare your heart for that, i' faith.

First Suit. Stay, stay, stay; You broke no gold between you?*

Val. We broke nothing, sir.

First Suit. Nor drunk to one another?

Val. Not a drop, sir.

First Suit. You're sure of this you speak?

Val. Most certain, sir.

* *You broke no gold between you*] "A well-known token of affection in some parts of England." WEBER.

First Suit. Be of good comfort, wench : I'll undertake, then,
At mine own charge, to overthrow him for thee.

Val. Oh, 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.

First 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.

First Suit. All comes to one, sweet widow.

Sec. Suit. Are you so forward ? [*Aside.*

First Suit. I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco ;
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all :
We'll begin first with them.

Val. I like that strangely.

First 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 ?

First 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.

First Suit. I'm of thy mind.
Farewell, sweet widow ; I'll about this straight ;
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.

Val. How I love your providence ! [*Exit First Suitor.*

Sec. Suit. Is my nose bor'd ; I'll cross ye both for this,
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.— [*Aside.*
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 !

Sec. Suit. That will he : marry, le' me see, le' me see ;
Pray, how far pass'd it between you and Ricardo ?

Val. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had ; but I hope well yet.

Sec. Suit. Pray, let me hear 't; I 've a shrewd guess o' the law.

Val. Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith

To marry none but him.

Sec. Suit. Indeed!

Val. Ay, trust me, sir.

Sec. Suit. I 'm very glad on 't; I 'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.

Val. What said you, sir?

Sec. Suit. He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow;
I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. Are all the world betrayers?

Sec. Suit. Pish, pish, widow!

You've borne me in hand^b this three months, and now
fobb'd me:

I've known the time when I could please a woman.

I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I 'm crost, I 'm a tiger:

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 in your debt already.

Sec. 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.

Sec. Suit. I ha' not deceiv'd you, then:

Fret, vex, and chafe, I 'm obstinate where I take.

[*Exit* VALERIA.]

I'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her:

I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,

But two I got once of a scouring-woman,

And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' Hospital:ⁱ

I have ten thousand pound to bury me,

And I will have my humour.

[*Exit.*]

^b borne me in hand] i. e. kept me in expectation, flattered my hopes.

ⁱ th' Hospital] Though the scene of this play is laid in Italy, yet the allusion (as Gifford observes, note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 41) is to Christ's Hospital, whither, when it was first established, the foundlings taken up in the city were sent for maintenance and education.

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 forc'd to steal from 'em,
 To get this night of sport for mine own use.
 What says her amiable, witty letter here ? [*Reads letter.*
 '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 First Suitor and Officers.

First Suit. Here's one of 'em ; begin with him first,
 officers.

First Off. By virtue of this writ we attach your body, sir.
 [*Officers seize FRANCISCO.*

Fran. My body ! 'life, for what ?

First Suit. Hold him fast, officers.

First Off. 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. Oh, treacherous fortune !— [*Aside.*
 Why, what's the cause ?

First Suit. The widow's business, sir :
 I hope you know me ?

Fran. For a busy coxcomb,
 This fifteen year, I take it.

First Suit. Oh, you're 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 ?

First Suit. You're like to find good bail before you leave us,
 Or lie till the suit's tried.

Fran. Oh, my love's misery ! [*Aside.*

First 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^k curse myself ! [*Aside.*

Ric. Look, here 's Francisco :
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities ?

Att. '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 !

First Suit. Here they be all three now ; 'prehend 'em,
officers. [*Officers seize RICARDO and ATTILIO.*

Ric. What 's this ?

Fran. I gave you warning enough to make away ;
I 'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.

Ric. What, all three in a noose ! this is like a widow's
business indeed.

First Suit. Sh 'as catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her.
The widow means now to begin with you, sir.

Ric. I thank her heartily, sh 'as 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 cannot 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^l ?

First Suit. It seems you know me by your anger, sir.

Ric. I 've a near guess at you, sir.

First Suit. Guess what you please, sir ;
I 'm he ordain'd to trounce you ; and, indeed,
I am the man must carry her.

^k could] Old ed. " would."

^l what are you . . . for a coxcomb] i. e. what coxcomb are you ? See
Jonson's *Works*, iii. 397, ed. Gifford, and Middleton's *Works*, ii. 421,
ed. Dyce.

Ric. Ay, to me ;
But I'll swear she's a beast, an she carry thee.

First Suit. Come, where's your bail, sir ? quickly, or away.

Ric. Sir, I'm held wrongfully ; my bail's taken already.

First Suit. Where is 't, sir, where ?

Ric. Here they be both : pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of 'em. An you be honest officers, let 's bail one another ; for, by this hand, I do not know who will else.

Enter Second Suitor.

'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' Holeⁿ now.

First Suit. We have him fast, old signior, and his consorts ;
Now you may lay action on action on him.

Sec. Suit. That may I, sir, i' faith.

First Suit. And I'd not spare him, sir.

Sec. Suit. Know you me, officers ?

First Off. Your bounteous worship, sir.

Ric. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.

[*Aside.*

Sec. Suit. Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

Fran. Which gentleman ?

Sec. Suit. Not you, sir, you're 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.

[*Aside.*

Sec. Suit. Deliver me Ricardo.

Ric. Oh, sure he lies,

Or else I do not hear well.

[*Aside.*

First Off. Signior Ricardo —

Ric. Well, what's the matter ?

First Off. You may go ; who lets you^o ?
It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.

Ric. Bail me !

ⁿ *th' Hole*] Was a term for "one of the wretched departments of a gaol." See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 7, ed. 1813.

^o *You may go ; who lets you*] Given in old ed. to Ricardo : *lets*, i. e. hinders.

Sec. 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.

Sec. Suit. No matter if thou dost not ; then I 'll make thee,
And that 's as good at all times.

First Suit. But, I pray, sir,—
You go against the hair^p there.

Sec. 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.

First Suit. Hang thee ! I have a purse as good as thine.

Ric. I think they're much alike, they're rich knaves both.—

[*Aside.*

'Heart, an I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I 'll cramp your joints !

Sec. Suit. Let him alone, sweet honey ;
I thank thee for thy love, though.

Ric. This is wonderful !

[*Aside.*

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 'm spoil'd else.

Ric. Why, you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous 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, faith.—

May 't please you, sir,—'life, if I should spoil all now ! [*Aside.*

Sec. Suit. What say'st, Ricardo ?

Ric. Only a thing by the way, sir ;

Use your own pleasure.

Sec. Suit. That I like well from thee.

^p against the hair] i. e. against the grain, contrary to nature.

Ric. 'Twere good, an those two gentlemen were bail'd too ;
They 're both my witnesses.

Sec. Suit. They 're well, they 're well :
An they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em.
Let 'em go to prison ; they 'll be forthcoming 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 've this ; Heaven knows I never look'd for 't.

Fran. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd thus !

First Off. Oh, patience !

Fran. Pox o' 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 sham'd and cross'd. [*Aside.*

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, no ? 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 loath 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. [*Aside.*

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 forthcoming.

Fran. How I am bound to you !

First Suit. Know you whom you cross, sir ?
'Tis at your sister's suit ; be well advis'd, 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.

First Suit. 'Tis wisely done, sir.

Sec. Suit. Well shot, foul malice !

First 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, were '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 ingrateful 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 !

First Suit. You've done wondrous well, sir ;
Your sister shall give you thanks.

Ric. This makes him mad, sir.

Sec. Suit. We'll follow 't now to the proof.

First Suit. Follow your humour out ;
The widow shall find friends.

Sec. Suit. And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.

Ric. Hear you me that, old huddle?

Sec. Suit. Mind him not; follow me, and I'll supply thee;
[*Exeunt* First Suitor and Officers.]

Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees:
I've buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour.

[*Exit with* RICARDO and ATTILIO.]

Bran. Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;
I prithee, use my house.

Fran. It is my purpose, sir.

Bran. Nay, you must do 't, then; though I am old, I'm
free. [Exit.]

Mar. And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [Exit.]

Fran. That will be shortly now, within this 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.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The country.*

Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO, and other Thieves.

Occ. 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.

Occ. Have you the blue coats^a and the beards?

Sil. They're here, sir.

Occ. Come, come away, then: a fine cock-shoot^r evening,

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *blue coats*] The common habit of servants (used by the thieves for disguises).

^r *cock-shoot*] Properly, *cock-shut*—was a large net, suspended between two poles, employed to catch, or *shut* in woodcocks, and used chiefly in the twilight—

Enter LATROCINIO, and MARTIA disguised as a man.

Lat. [*sings*] *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.*

Martia. Troth, you 're the merriest and delightfull'st company, sir,

That ever traveller was blest withal ;

I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.

Lat. Pish, I 've a hundred of 'em.

Martia. And believe me, sir,

I 'm infinitely taken with such things.

Lat. I see there's music in you ; you kept time, methought,

Pretty and handsomely with your little hand there.

Martia. It only shews desire, but, troth, no skill, sir.

Lat. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill, sir,

I 'll have another for you.

Martia. It rids way pleasantly.

Lat. Le' me see now—one confounds another, sir—

You 've heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies?*^s

Martia. Oh, that is all the country over, sir ;

There 's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.

Lat. Well, here comes one I 'm sure you never heard,
then. [*Sings.*

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 chamberlin :^t

—hence *cock-shut* came to signify twilight. (See Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. 473.) Perhaps "*a fine cock-shoot evening*" means here—a fine evening for taking our game.

^s *Come, my dainty doxies*] This song may be found in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act iv. sc 1.—*Works*, iii. 606. ed. Dyce.

^t *chamberlin*] So written for the sake of the rhyme.

But when I knock, oh, how they bustle !
 The ostler yawns, the geldings justle ;
 If maid but sleep, oh, how they curse her !
 And all this comes of—Deliver your purse, sir !

Martia. How, sir !

Lat. Few words : quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir !

Martia. 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.

Martia. But not at your own carving.

Lat. Nor am I common in 't : come, come, your purse, sir !

Martia. Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman ?

Lat. Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in us
 than in usurers ? young gentleman, you 've small reason for
 that, i 'faith.

Martia. There 'tis, and all I have [*gives purse*] ; 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.

Martia. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir !
 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 rul'd,
 When they 're so kindly spoke to : fie upon 't !

Martia. Good fortune and my wit assist me, then !
 A thing I took in haste, and never thought on 't.— [*Aside.*
 Look, sir, I 've search'd ; here 's all that I can find,

[*Presents a pistol.*

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 fray'd many a tall ^u thief from a rich purchase. ^v

^u *tall*] i. e. stout, bold.

^v *purchase*] i. e. booty.

Martia. This and my money, sir, keep ^w company ;
Where one goes, th' other must ; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.

Lat. Hold, I beseech you, sir !

Martia. You rob a prisoner's box, an you rob me, sir.

Lat. There 'tis again. [Returns purse.]

Martia. 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.^x

Re-enter STRATIO, disguised as a Servant.

Stra. Honest gentleman —

Martia. How now ! what art thou ?

Stra. Stand you in need of help ?

I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me,
A knight of worship ; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.

Martia. Thanks, honest friend.

Lat. I taste this trick already. [Aside, and then exit.]

Stra. Look, he's gone, sir ;
Shall he be stopt ? what is he ?

Martia. Let him go, sir ;
He can rejoice in nothing, that's the comfort.

Stra. You have your purse still, then ?

Martia. Ay, thanks fair fortune
And this grim handful !

Stra. We were all so 'fraid o' you ;
How my good lady cried, Oh, help the gentleman !
'Tis a good woman that. But you're too mild, sir ;

^w *keep*] Old ed. " keeps."

^x *A song*] The songs are frequently omitted in the printed copies of our early dramas ; but the present direction seems to mean, that the actor who played *Latrocinio* was to sing a few words of any song he might choose.

You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, faith,
Before h 'ad gone, having so sound a means too.

Martia. Why, there 's the jest, man; he had once my
purse.

Stra. Oh, villain! would you let him scape unmassacred?

Martia. Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol.

Stra. Troth, I should laugh at that.

Martia. It was discharg'd, sir,
Before I meddled with 't.

Stra. I 'm glad to hear 't.

[*Seizes her.*]

Martia. Why, how now! what 's your will?

Stra. Ho, Latrocinio,
Occulto, Silvio!

Re-enter LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO, and other Thieves.

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.

Martia. You've 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.

Martia. What seek you, sirs? take all, and use no cruelty.

Lat. You shall have songs enough.

Song by LATROCINIO and the other Thieves.

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 ['s] 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 agen.^y
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.*]

^y *agen*] Altered by the modern editors to "again"; but the rhyme requires the old spelling.

SCENE II.—*Before BRANDINO'S house.*

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA above, at a window.

Phil. What time of night is 't?

Vio. Time of night do you call 't?

It is so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.

Phil. 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.

Phil. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not out 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?

Phil. How thou pliest 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 brags on,
For bearing children by him.

Vio. There's no remedy, then;
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.

Phil. I would my letter, wench, were here again!
I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one,
And travel some five year first.

Vio. So h'ad need, methinks,
To understand the words; methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the per-
ceiverance^z

Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,^a
And can nor write nor read, poor fool! this coxcomb

^z *perceivance*] Or as the word is usually found, *perceivance*—i. e. power of perceiving.—Old ed. "perseverance"; and so the modern editors.

^a *at Philip*] i. e. when one calls to it *Philip*—a familiar name for a sparrow.

He can do both, and your name's but Philippa ;
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd !

Phil. He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.^b
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.

Phil. Better than any's brought, for aught I see yet :
So set to your lute. [*They sing.*

Phil. If in this question I propound to thee
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.

Vio. You shall most free.

Phil. 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.

Phil. 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.

Phil. You counsel well, but love refuses
What good counsel often chooses. [*Exeunt above.*

Enter MARTIA in a shirt.

Martia. 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 ;

^b *sirrah*] See note, p. 34.

I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses
 Are strange unlucky things and fatal fooleries ;
 No mar'l^c 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 forgiven,
 Because arresting, in what kind soever,
 Is a most gentleman-like affliction ;
 But here, within a mile o' the 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 rogy flight of thieves !
 Pox on 'em, here 's the length of one of their whittles :^d
 But one of my dear rascals I pursu'd 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'm so near yet ; the surgeon bade me too
 Have a great care ; I shall never think of that now.

Martia. 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 't.

Fran. 'Life, what should that be ? a prodigious^e 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 sin
 That puts on armour upon all his evils,
 And gives 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,

^c *mar'l*] i. e. marvel.

^d *whittles*] i. e. knives.—Old ed. "whistles," a reading which did not startle the modern editors.

^e *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee : now I dare not.
 Why may 't not be the spirit of my father,
 That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
 Now to abuse ? and I have been cross'd about it
 Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on 't ;
 Scap'd death but lately too, nay, most miraculously.
 And what does fond ^f 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 remov'd nearer still
 To death eternal. What delight has man
 Now at this present for his pleasant sin
 Of yesterday's committing ? 'las, '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 soe'er thou art, father's or friend's,
 Or enemy's, I thank thee ; peace requite thee !
 Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell !
 He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. [Exit.
Martia. 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.

[Knocks at the door.]

Re-enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA above.

Phil. He's come, he's come !—Oh, are you come at last, sir ?
 Make little noise.—Away, he'll knock again else.

[Exit above with VIOLETTA.]

Martia. I should have been at Istria, by daybreak too ;
 Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
 There waits one purposely to do me good.
 What will become of me ?

^f *fond*] i. e. foolish.

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 III.—*A room in BRANDINO'S house.*

Enter PHILIPPA.

Phil. 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've 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 ;^g
I should ha' thought the worse on 's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, mistress, mistress !
Phil. How now ! what 's the news ?
Vio. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half !
Phil. Ha !
Vio. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.
Phil. What 's the matter ?
Vio. Do you ask that seriously ?^h
Did you not hear me squeak ?
Phil. How ! sure thou art
Out of thy wits indeed.
Vio. Oh, I'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.
Phil. Why, where's the gentleman ?
Vio. The gentleman's forthcoming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.

^g *conceit*] i. e. quickness of apprehension.

^h *ask that seriously*] Thus improved by the modern editors,—“ask me that question seriously”!

Phil. What say'st? not Francisco!

Vio. Pish, he's a coxcomb; think not on him, mistress.

Phil. What's all this?

Vio. I've often heard you say, you'd 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, mistress;
I think it was a shirt; I know not well,
For gallants wear both ⁱ now-a-days.

Phil. 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 ^j to him:
I could not but, in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

Phil. '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, pro-
perest 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 on you.

Phil. Go, prithee, fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so:
Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much on him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepar'd for.

[*Exit* VIOLETTA.]

Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,

ⁱ *both*] i. e. shirts and smocks. Compare Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act i. sc. 4:

"*Don.* Give me the shirt then, I'll warm 't as well ['s] I can too.
Why, look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock!

Page. No, 'tis my master's shirt.

Don. Why, that's true too;
Who knows not that? why, 'tis the fashion, fool;
All your young gallants here of late wear smocks,
Those without beards especially", &c.

Works, iii. 573. ed. Dyce.

^j *child of Egypt*] i. e. gipsy.

I will have trial of his wit and faith
 Before I make him partner with my honour :
 'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me ;
 I'll take more heed o' the 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 misfortunes 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.
 'Mass, here he comes.

Enter MARTIA in BRANDINO's clothes, with VIOLETTA.

Martia. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
 More happy in a courteous virgin's love
 Than I in yours.

Vio. I'm sorry they're no better for you ;
 I wish'd 'em handsomer and more in fashion,
 But truly, sir, our house affords it not :
 There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' the garret,
 But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
 With modesty of men's matters.

Martia. I deserve not this,
 Dear and kind gentlewoman. Is yond your mistress ?

Phil. Why, trust me, here's my husband young again !—
 It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.

Martia. 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.

Phil. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him ! I fear me
 I have found wit enough already in him.

If I could truly but resolve^k myself
 My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
 Troth, I should think the better of him at fourscore now.

Vio. Nay, mistress, what would he be, were he in fashion—

^k *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, convince.

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' the ditch with better?
 This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em,—
 A man may make him ready¹ in such clothes
 Without a candle.

Phil. Ay, for shame of himself, wench.

Vio. My master does it oft in winter mornings,
 And never sees himself till he be ready.

Phil. 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.

Martia. Ansaldo, lady.

Phil. 'Tis a noble name, sir.

Martia. The most unfortunate now!

Vio. So do I think truly,
 As long as that suit 's on.

Phil. The most unfitting
 And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,
 I do presume, is that you 've pass'd already;
 Your pardon but for that, and we're encourag'd.

Martia. My faithful service, lady.

Phil. Please you, sir, to taste the next,
 A poor slight banquet; for sure I think you were
 Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir.

Martia. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
 In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn to 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
 Upon my state's establishing, and the place
 Ten mile from hence: oh, I am forc'd unwillingly
 To crave your leave for 't; which done, I return
 In service plentiful.

Phil. Is 't so important?

¹ *make him ready*] "i. e. dress himself." WEBER.

Martia. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

Phil. I think too well of you, t' undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.

Martia. My great happiness !

Phil. But when should I be sure of you here again, sir ?

Martia. As fast as speed can possibly return me.

Phil. You will not fail ?

Martia. May never wish go well with me, then !

Phil. There's to bear charges, sir. [Gives purse.

Martia. 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 !

Phil. Farewell, sir, and be faithful.

Martia. Time shall prove me. [Exit.

Phil. In my opinion, now, this young man's likeliest
To keep his word ; he's modest, wise, and courteous ;
He has the language of an honest soul in him ;
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,
I'm much deceiv'd else ; h'as a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd.

Vio. Good speed be with thee, sir !— [Looking out.
He puts him to 't, i' faith.

Phil. Violetta.

Vio. Mistress ?

Phil. Alas, what have we done, wench ?

Vio. What's the matter, mistress ?

Phil. 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're known the country over.

Vio. Now, by this light, that's true, and well remember'd ;
But there's no calling of him, he's out of sight now.

Phil. Oh, what will people think ?

Vio. What can they think, mistress ?

The gentleman has the worst 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.

Phil. Will he be careful, think'st ?

Vio. My life for yours, mistress.

Phil. I shall long mightily to see him agen.^m

Vio. And so shall I; I shall never laugh till then. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Near VALERIA'S house.

Enter RICARDO and Second Suitor on one side, and VALERIA and First Suitor on the other.

Ric. It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.

Sec. Suit. Ay, and shall still to th' end, to th' end, my honey :

Wherefore have I enough, but to have 't go well, sir ?

First Suit. My whole state on 't, thou overthrow'st him, widow.

Val. I hope well still, sir.

First Suit. Hope ! be certain, wench :

I make no question now but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-gear.

Val. By 'r lady, that I doubt, sir.

First Suit. Oh, 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.

Val. What's that, good, sweet sir ?

First Suit. A thing that never fail'd me.

Val. Good sir, what ?

First 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 ?

First 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.

Sec. Suit. Do, do, and spare not ; thou wouldst talk with her ?

^m *agen*] See note, p. 340.

Ric. Yes, with your leave and liking.

Sec. 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.

Sec. Suit. Go, and deserve it, then ; please me well now :
I love wrangling a'-lifeⁿ, boy, there 's my delight ;
I have no other venery 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, nor 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 reserv'd for wife.

Val. How, wife !

Ric. Ay, wife, wife, widow ; be not asham'd on 't,
It 's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace indeed, brag as you list.

Sec. Suit. Ha, ha !

Val. I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.

First 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 lavishly.

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.

ⁿ *I love wrangling 'a-life*]—'*a-life*, i. e. as my life, excessively.—The modern editors print, "*I love a wrangling life*" !

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 reveng'd on me !

Ric. Ay, may I perish else, if I would not get
Three children at a birth, an I could, o' thee !

First Suit. Take off your youngster there.

Sec. 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 am
In pain to see it.

Val. What, sore eyes still, brother ?

Bran. Worse and worse, sister ; the old woman's water
Does me no good.

Val. Why, 't 'as help'd many, sir.

Bran. It helps not me, I 'm sure.

Mar. Oh, oh !

Val. What ails Martino too ?

Mar. Oh, oh, the toothache, the toothache !

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 ha' mark'd it ever ;
He breeds all my pains in 's teeth still, and to quit^p me,
It is his eye-tooth too.

Mar. Ay, ay, ay, ay.

Val. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,

° *copy*] "i. e. plenty, a sense in which Ben Jonson frequently used *copy*, from *copia*. Hence we may infer that he wrote this portion of the play. The next scene is in his best manner." COLLIER. Surely, in the text "copy upon copy" is to be understood of law-papers.

^p *to quit*] i. e. to be even—equal with.

Good for all kind of maladies? true, true, sir;
 His flag hangs out in town here, i' the Cross Inn,
 With admirable cures of all conditions;
 It shews him a great travelling and learn'd empiric.

Bran. We'll both to him, Martino.

Val. Hark you, brother;

Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.

First 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.

First 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.

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.

First 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 priz'd 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 hollow 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.

Sec. 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 controversy ;
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 milé this morning
For your love only.

Sec. 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. 'Las, poor soul ! where didst thou love me first,
prithee ?

Vio. In happy hour be 't spoke, out at a window, sir.

Ric. A window ! prithee, 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 begun 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 cozened in a maid,
I cannot in a widow.

Sec. Suit. Art thou come home again ? stick'st thou there
still ?

I will defend thee still, then.

First Suit. Sir, your malice

Will have enough on 't.

Sec. Suit. I will have my humour.

First Suit. Beggary will prove the sponge.

Sec. Suit. Sponge i' thy gascoyns,

Thy gally-gascoyns⁹ there !

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.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the Cross Inn.*

Enter LATROCINIO disguised as an empiric, and OCCULTO as his man.

Lat. Away, out with the banner ! send 's good luck to-day !

Occ. I warrant you ; your name 's spread, sir, for an empiric :

[*Hanging up a Banner of Cures and Diseases.*

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.

⁹ *gally-gascoyns*] " i. e. wide hose or slops [trousers] ". REED.

Occ. You must do somewhat, sir ; for he's swoln most piteously,
Has urine in him now was brew'd last March.

Lat. 'Twill be rich gear for dyers.

Occ. I would 'twere come to that, sir.

Lat. Le' me see ;

I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder^r.

Occ. Gunpowder ! what, sir, to break the stone ?

Lat. Ay, by my faith, sir,

It is the likeliest thing I know to do 't ;

I'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down ;

I see no reason but 't should break the stone.

Occ. Nay, use your pleasure, sir.

Lat. Troth, if that do not,

I ha' nothing else that will.

Occ. I know that too.

Lat. Why, then, thou 'rt 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 takings,
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,

^r *Le' me see ;*

I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder, &c. &c.] So in *The Honest Lawyer. Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Servants. Written by S. S.* 1616. 4to. ;

"*Valentine.* What is 't sir, that my Art cannot extend to ?

Gripe. The stone, the stone : I am pittifully grip'd with the stone. . . .

Valentine.

Let's see. Me thinks a little Gun-powder

Should haue some strange relation to this fit.

I haue seene Gun-powder oft driue out stones

From Forts and Castle-walls," &c.

Sig. F 2.

Concerning this passage, see my remark, p. 303.

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,
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.

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.

[Exeunt SILVIO, STRATIO, and FIDUCIO.]

Re-enter OCCULTO.

Occ. Where are you, sir ?

Lat. Not far, man ; what 's the news ?

Occ. The old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once by moonlight,
And bound his man and he, in haycock-time,
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which, I think, ere midnight
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty——

Lat. 'Life, what of him, man ?

Occ. 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 in BRANDINO's clothes.

Occ. How now ! what thing's this ?
Now, by this light, the second part o' the justice
Newly reviv'd, with never a hair on 's face.
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last^s :
'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript ; but I am far from knowledge now.

[Aside.]

Martia. One word, I pray, sir.

Occ. With me, gentle sir ?

Martia. Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected ?

Occ. Why do you ask, sir ?

Martia. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last night.

Occ. Robb'd !

Martia. Stript of all, i'faith.

Occ. Oh, beastly rascals !

'Las, what was he ?

Martia. Look o' me, and know him, sir.

Occ. Hard-hearted villains ! strip ? troth, when I saw you,
Methought those clothes were never made for you, sir.

Martia. Want made me glad o' 'em.

Occ. Send you better fortunes, sir !—

That we may have a bout with you once again. [Aside.]

Martia. I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.

Occ. 'Tis with my heart, i'faith ; now store of coin
And better clothes be with you !

* *the first part written last*] "This alludes to the first and second parts of historical plays and tragedies, which had been so much in fashion. It has been ascertained in more than one instance, that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause." COLLIER.

Martia. There's some honest yet,
And charitably-minded. How! what's here to do?

[*Reads on the banner.*

*Here within this place is cur'd
All the griefs that were ever endur'd.*

Nay, there thou liest; I endur'd one last night
Thou canst not cure this morning; a strange promiser! [*Reads.*

*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.

[*Reads.*

*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?

Martia. A justice! no, truly.

Bran. How came this suit to you, then?

Martia. 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.

Martia. Oh, strange fortune! I have undone
The charitable woman.

[*Aside.*

Bran. He'll be gone:

Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid.

Martia. Hold me! Oh, curse of fate! [*Strikes MARTINO.*

Mar. Oh, master, master!

Bran. What ails Martino?

Mar. In my conscience,

H'as beat out the wrong tooth ; I feel it now
Three degrees off.

Bran. Oh, slave, spoil'd a fine penman !

Martia. He lack'd good manners, though ; lay hands o' me !
I scorn all the deserts that belong to it.

Re-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 hose ^t be search'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' the pockets,
And a white thimble that I found i' moonlight—
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.

Mar. Oy, oy !

Bran. Oh, h'as 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.

Martia. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction.

[*Aside.*

Lat. Is not your worship's name signior Brandino, sir ?

Bran. It has been so these threescore year[s] and upwards.

Lat. I heard there was a robbery done last night
Near to your house.

Martia. 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.

^t *hose*] i. e. breeches.—Altered by the modern editors to “coat” !

Lat. Within there !

Enter Servants.

Bran. Seize upon
That impudent thief.

Martia. Then hear me speak.

Bran. Away !

I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes again.—
To prison with the varlet !

Martia. How am I punish'd ! [*Aside.*

Bran. I'll make thee bring out all before I leave thee.

[*Exeunt Servants with MARTIA.*

Lat. You've took an excellent course with this bold villain,
sir.

Bran. I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.

Re-enter SILVIO, STRATIO, 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, no, 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've had you but three days, remember that.

Stra. Those three are better than three hundred, sir.

[*Leaps.*

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 space ^u this morning ; walk, sir,
I'll take your distance straight ; 'twas F. O. yesterday :
Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration !

Secundo gradu, ye F. U. already ;

Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir ;

^u *space*] Altered by the modern editors to "pace"—but I doubt if rightly.

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 worship 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 stedfast;

[*Gives glass.*]

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 't had 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.—

[*MARTINO seats himself.*]

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 worship'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.—

[*OCCULTO gives him the eye-cup.*

Do you make water well, sir?

Bran. I'm all well there.

Lat. You feel no grief i' the 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.

Mar. Oh, oh! 'tis not that, 'tis not that!

[*While OCCULTO gives a pull at one of his teeth.*

It is the next beyond it; there, there, there!

Occ. 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 gear: wink hard, and keep it in, sir.

[*While he applies the eye-cup to BRANDINO, he picks his
pocket.*

Mar. Oh, oh, oh!

Occ. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, sir.

[*While he draws one of MARTINO'S teeth, he picks his
pocket.*

Mar. Auh, ho!

Occ. Spit out; I told you he was gone, sir.

Bran. How cheers Martino?

Mar. Oh, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, sir.

Bran. So do I, Martino.

Mar. I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scald 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,
Over I was^v!

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've 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.

Bran. Lend me some money; chide me anon, I prithee.
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 never 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.

^v *Over I was*] i. e. above, beyond what I was.—Absurdly altered by Weber to "As e'er I was."

Bran. Ay, but what way 's that, sir ?

Lat. That close knave in your clothes has got 'em both ;
'Tis well you 've clapt him fast.

Bran. Why, that 's impossible.

Lat. Oh, tell not me, sir ! I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand and look one full i' the 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 chang'd.—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' the way.

Mar. I 'll hang the villain,
An 'twere for nothing but the souse he gave me. [Exit.

Bran. Sir, I depart asham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness. [Gives ring.

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.

Lat. Clear sight be with you, sir,— [Exit BRANDINO.
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it !—
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villanous tooth-drawer.

Occ. There was no fear of me ; I 've often told you
I was bound prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' the 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?

Occ. 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 warrants.

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 th' old justice's suit, whom we^w robb'd lately,
Will come off^x roundly, we'll set him free too.

Occ. 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 LATROCINIO and the rest.

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.*

^w *we*] Old ed. "he."

^x *come off*] i. e. pay.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in BRANDINO's house.*

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA.

Phil. How well this gentleman keeps his promise too !
Sure, there 's no trust in man.

Vio. They 're 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.

Phil. 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.

Phil. 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.

Phil. 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 pass'd in his young days, and then weep over 'em.

Vio. Weep, mistress !

Nay, sure, methinks he should not weep for laughing.

Enter MARTINO.

Phil. Martino !—Oh, we 're 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.

Phil. What says he, wench ?

Vio. I 'm loath to understand him.

Mar. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress ;
You shall not lose a hair, take 't of my word ;
We have him safe enough.

Phil. Oh, 'las, 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 serv'd me this seven year ; oh, and my fig-
cheese,—

The fig^y 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 ?

Phil. I know not, sir.

Mar. Troth, in my master's clothes :
Would any thief but a beast been taken so ?

Phil. Wench, wench !

Vio. I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.

Phil. Did he confess the robbery ?

Mar. Oh, 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.

Phil. That 's but some slanderous injury rais'd against
him.— [Aside to VIO.]

Came not your master with you ?

Mar. No, sweet mistress :
I must make haste and meet him ; pray, despatch me, then.

Phil. I have look'd over all with special heedfulness ;
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

^y *The fig, &c.*] See the latter part of Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, i. 51, and Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 492.

My master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful
As yellow bands.²

[*Exit.*

Phil. Oh, what shall 's do, wench ?

Vio. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,

The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.

Phil. Alas, sweet man, h'as 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^a and doublet ;

I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.

Phil. Thou say'st true, wench.

Enter MARTIA, disguised as before.

Vio. Oh, oh, they 're come again, mistress !

Phil. Signior Ansaldo !

Martia. 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.

Phil. Met you not

My husband's man ?

Martia. I took such strange ways, lady,

I hardly met a creature.

Phil. Oh, most welcome !

Vio. But how shall we bestow him now we have him, mistress ?

Phil. Alas, that 's true !

² *yellow bands*] i. e. bands dyed with *yellow starch*, which was once very fashionable, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, who was executed Nov. 1615, for having been concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and wore at the gallows a ruff of her favourite colour,—the hangman, we are told, having his bands and cuffs also yellow. Hence the epithet "hateful" in the text. Yet B. Rich, in *The Irish Hubbub*, declares that "yellow starch bands . . . beganne even then [i. e. immediately after Mrs. Turner's death] to be more generall than they were before ;" and they were certainly worn in 1621 : see note on *Albumazer* — Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vii. 133, last ed.

^a *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Vio. Martino may come back again.

Phil. 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.

Phil. Nay, do 't, do 't quickly, then ; and cut that suit
Into a hundred pieces, that it may never
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
never be hid.

Phil. Away, do your endeavour, and despatch, wench.

[*Exeunt* VIOLETTA and MARTIA.]

I 've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him too,
Without suspicion now : I 've heard o' the 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. [*Aside*].— Oh, welcome, sir !

Bran. I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly ;
I'm very busy yet.—[*Reads*] *Cocksey-down, Memberry,*
Her manor-house at Well-dun.

Phil. What's that, good sir ?

Bran. The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift ;
Sh'as 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.

Phil. Oh, 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast !

Bran. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

Phil. 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 ?

Phil. He and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

Bran. A gentlewoman !

Phil. Nay, most uncivilly and basely stript her, sir.

Bran. Oh, barbarous slaves !

Phil. I was even fain, for womanhood'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 ?

Phil. Nay, sir, I know not.

Bran. Guess, I prithee, heartily ;
An enemy of thine.

Phil. That I hope you have not, sir.

Bran. But all was done in jest ; he cries thee mercy ;
Francisco, sirrah.^b

Phil. Oh, I think not on him.

Bran. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy ;
He confess'd all to me.

Phil. 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 beholding^c to thee, wife, for this.

Fran. Methinks I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience ;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stamp't 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.

[*Aside.*

^b *sirrah*] See note, p. 34.

^c *beholding*] See note, p. 30.— Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

Re-enter MARTINO.

Bran. Martino !

Mar. Master ?

Bran. There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.

Mar. What ! your worship mocks,
Under correction.

Phil. I forgot to tell thee ;
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.

Mar. Oh, pagan !
This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins ;
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruises and pitchers without ears,
He will never die alive, that's my opinion.

Re-enter MARTIA dressed as a woman, and VIOLETTA.

Phil. Look you, your judgments, gentlemen ; — yours
especially,
Signior Francisco, whose mere^e 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.

Phil. 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.

Phil. 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^f ; we commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget
ourselves.—

I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady.

[*Kisses* MARTIA.]

^e *mere*] i. e. whole.

^f *mutton*] Equivalent here to—woman's flesh. The word is very common
as a cant term for a prostitute.

Mar. My master kisses as I've heard a hackney-man^s
Cheer up his mare,—chap, chap! [Aside.

Bran. I have him fast, lady,
And he shall lie by 't close.

Martia. You cannot do me
A greater pleasure, sir.

Bran. I'm happily glad on 't.

Fran. Methinks there's somewhat whispers in my soul,
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. [Aside.

Phil. Wench, wench!

Vio. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress;
If you be seen to laugh, you 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 come^h of a good kind; dost like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him, an thou be'st not promis'd;
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.

Phil. Peace; thou art a drab.

Bran. Come hither now, Francisco:
I've known the time I've had a better stomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

Fran. [kissing MARTIA] That face deserv'd a better fortune,
lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.

Martia. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.

Fran. I return better pleas'd than when I went. [Aside.

Mar. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?

Martia. Most true, forsooth.

^s *hackney-man*] Altered by the modern editors to "*hackney-coachman*"!

^h *come*] Old ed. "*came*"; and so the modern editors.

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! [*Kisses MARTIA's hand.*]

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 injury
Or unbecoming 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.

Bran. So am I, lady. [*Exeunt MARTIA and FRANCISCO.*]

Mar. Oh, master, here is 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 prettiestⁱ, indeed.

Mar. Their tongues will never lin^j wagging, master.

Bran. Never,
Martino, never. [*Exeunt BRANDINO and MARTINO severally.*]

Phil. Take heed you be not heard.

Vio. I fear you most, mistress.

Phil. Me, fool! ha, ha!

Vio. Why, look you, mistress, faith, you're faulty; ha, ha!

Phil. 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.

Phil. I'll be reveng'd 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 disappointed is ever the

ⁱ *prettiest*] Old ed. "pretiliest."

^j *lin*] "i. e. cease." WEBER.

last thing that a woman forgives; 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.

Phil. I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.

Vio. But that may mar your hopes too, if our gentlewoman Be known to be a man.

Phil. 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.

Re-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 't.
But, pray, in sadness^k, say, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings;
He will receive no answer.

Phil. 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.

Phil. Would thou hadst 'em, sir!
I know he can, an he will.

Martia. For wonder's pity,
What is this gentleman?

Phil. 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!

Phil. 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.

Phil. Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent

^k *sadness*] i. e. seriousness.

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.

Phil. Ay, and take heed of laughing.

Martia. I've bide the worst of that already, lady.

Phil. Peace, set your countenance then, for here he comes.

Re-enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. There is no middle continent in this passion ;
 I feel it, since it must be love or death,
 It was ordain'd for one. [*Aside.*

Phil. 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 counsell'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.

Phil. But be advis'd, 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.

Phil. She shall be yours too,
 If I may rule her, then.

Fran. You speak all sweetness.

Phil. She likes your person well ; I tell you so much,
 But take no note I said so.

Fran. Not a word.

Phil. Come, lady, come ; the gentleman's desertful,
 And, o' my conscience, honest.

Martia. Blame me not ;
 I am a maid, and fearful.

Fran. Never truth
 Came perfecter from man.

Phil. Give her a lip-taste,
 That she herself may praise it.

[FRANCISCO kisses MARTIA, and then exit with her,
 PHILIPPA, and VIOLETTA.]

Re-enter BRANDINO.

Bran. Yea, a match, i' faith !
My house is lucky for 'em.—

Re-enter MARTINO.

Now, Martino ?

Mar. Master, the widow has the day.

Bran. The day !

Mar. Sh'as overthrown my youngster.

Bran. Precious tidings !

Clap down four woodcocks more.

Mar. They 're all at hand, sir.

Bran. What ! both her adversaries too ?

Mar. They 're come, sir.

Bran. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.

Mar. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance. [*Exit.*]

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, and two Suitors.

Bran. Welcome, sweet sister : which is the man must have you ?

I'd welcome nobody else.

First Suit. Come to me, then, sir.

Bran. Are you he, faith, my chain of gold ?¹ 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' resolv'd^m myself 'tis done to spite me.

Ric. Oh, dearth of truth !

Sec. 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 ?

Sec. 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 feelingⁿ first.—

¹ *chain of gold*] See the second speech of *First Suitor*, p. 353.

^m *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

ⁿ *feeling*] Altered, in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, to "felling," which Weber corrected into "selling" !

Do I come near you, widow ?

Val. No, indeed, sir,

Nor ever shall, I hope :—and for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir ;
Here stands the honest gentleman, my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.

Bran. Ay, that she has, i' faith; I thank her, gentlemen ;
Look you here, sirs. [*Shews writing.*]

Val. I must not look for pleasures,
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.

First Suit. Ha' you serv[*'d*] me so, widow ?

Sec. Suit. I'm 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 °.

First Suit. Yes, by my faith, I must have lordships too, widow.

Val. How, sir !

First 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 ^p such a one : ha !
Those are fine things indeed.

Val. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.

First Suit. True ; but there's two words to a bargain 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.

Sec. Suit. What of me, widow ?

Val. Alas, I have wrong'd you, sir ! 'twas you that swore
You lov'd me for myself.

° *conditions*] See note, p. 48.

^p *Master*] Old ed. "me" (a misprint for M.).

Sec. 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 ever I 'd such a thought.—Fetch me in, widow !
You 'll find your reach too short.

Val. Why, you have enough, you say.

Sec. Suit. Ay, but I will have
My humour too ; you never think of that ;
They 're 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 believ'd 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 one.

First 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 're 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.

Sec. Suit. I 'll be mad
Once in my days : I have enough to cure me,
And I will 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 never agree, that's a sure point ;
 He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
 Beat half her teeth out by All-hallowtide,
 And break the little household stuff they have
 With throwing at one another : oh, sweet sport !— [*Aside.*
 Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty :
 Here to my honey you've made many proffers,
 I fear they're all but tricks.—Here are his debts, gentlemen ;
 [*Shews 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 !

Sec. Suit. Tear 'em, honey ;

'Tis firm in law, a consideration given :

[*RICARDO tears the bonds.*

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.

[*Takes writing.*

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^q ; '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
 'T had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever ;
 If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
 I[t] had been past redemption.

^q *bobb'd*] i. e. cheated, fooled.

First Suit. How am I cheated !

Sec. 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 !

Sec. Suit. How, how's this ?

Ric. Thou hast no charge^r at all, no child of thine own,
But two thou gott'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 !

Sec. Suit. I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together :
I have enough, but I have not my humour. [Exit.

Re-enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, 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, ha !

Bran. A marriage ! do you make that a laughing matter ?

Vio. Ha !—ay, and you'll make it so when you know all.
Here they come^s, 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 :

Re-enter MARTIA, PHILIPPA, and FRANCISCO.

Do you see 'em now ? ha, ha, ha !

First Suit. My daughter Martia !

Martia. Oh, my father ! your love and pardon, sir !

Val. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

^r *Thou hast no charge, &c.*] Compare the last speech of *Second Suitor*, p. 329.

^s *Here they come, &c.*] Gifford observes that there is a somewhat similar incident in *The New Inn*—note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 433, where he cites the present passage very incorrectly.

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.

First Suit. I cannot but forgive thee now I see thee :
Thou fledd'st a happy fortune of an old man ;
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.

Fran. I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was yours, for I protest I knew 't not,
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which, had you been as foul as you 've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her.

First Suit. Well, hold your prating, sir ;
You are not like to lose by 't.

Phil. 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.

Phil. 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.

Re-enter MARTINO.

Mar. Oh, master, mistress, and you gentles all,
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do
Your country any service !

Bran. Art not asham'd, 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.

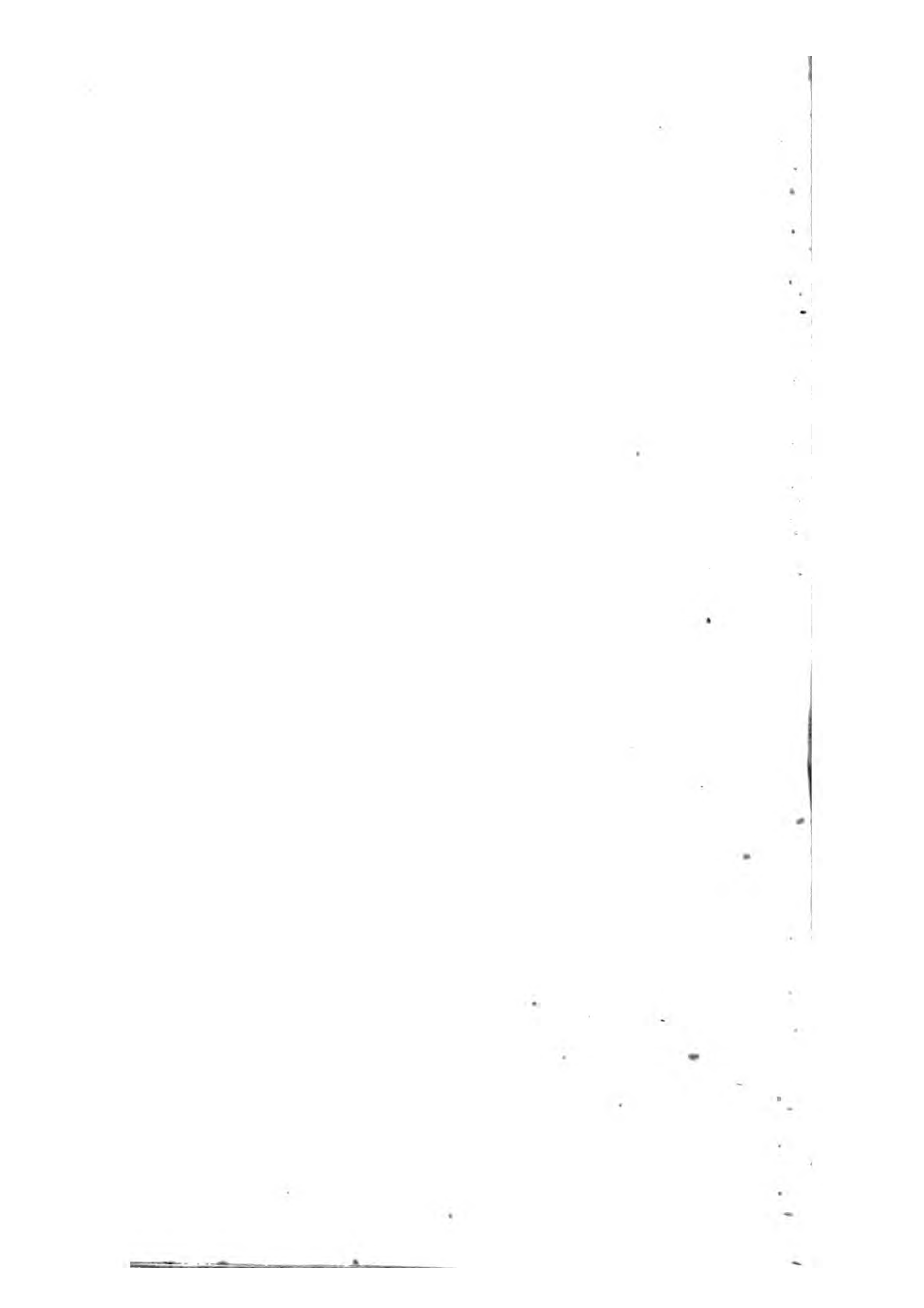
Martia. What say'st, Martino ?

Mar. La, here 's commonwealth's-men !
 The man of art, master, that cupp'd your eyes,
 Is prov'd 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 confess'd !——

Bran. Stop there, sir :
 We will have time for them.—Come, gentlefolks,
 Take a slight meal with us : but the best cheer
 Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here^t.

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,
 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.*]

^{t here}] After this word, the old ed. has "*Exeunt,*" and gives the next speech, on another page, as "*Epilogue,*"—which in fact it is.



THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

The Custome of the Countrey.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

THAT in 1628 *The Custom of the Country* was considered as "an old play," will presently be shewn: but by how many years that date was posterior to the original representation of the comedy, we are unable to determine. Whether or not a portion of it was written by Beaumont, is very doubtful: though perhaps it was not brought upon the stage till after his decease, he might possibly have had a share in its composition.

"The under-plot of Rutilio, Duarte, and Guiomar, was suggested by a novel in the *Hecatommithi* of Giovanbattista Giraldi Cinthio, Deca vi. Nov. 6. Ed. 3. 1574, parte II., fol. 87; the substance of which is as follows. 'Livia, a noble lady of the city of Forli, had an only son, named Scipio, adorned with every accomplishment, and warmly attached to his mother. He was unfortunately enamoured of a courtesan; and having accidentally encountered in her lodgings a young man of amiable manners on whom she bestowed her favours, he fought with him before the door, and received a wound, of which he expired soon after. The homicide was instantly pursued by the officers of justice, and seeing the door of Livia's mansion standing open, sought refuge in her apartment, and implored her protection. She granted his request, and concealed him. Suddenly the door opened, and the corpse of her beloved son was brought into the room. The unfortunate mother burst into loud lamentations, and was rendered so insensible by her grief, that she did not perceive the officers searching for the murderer, whom she had taken under her protection. When he was brought in fettered, her affection for her son was subdued by her sense of honour; and she denied his having been the murderer: but the young man, seeing the certainty of death before him, made a last effort to save himself, and, in moving accents, implored the forgiveness of the mother of his enemy; offering to replace the loss she had sustained, and in every respect to become her son, promising the most dutiful and filial affection. Notwithstanding her arms clung to the dead body of her child, she was moved by the speech of the murderer; and, after a struggle between maternal affection and pity for the young man, the latter gained the ascendancy, and she not only forgave the homicide, but adopted him as a son. But the magistrate of the city was a rigid executor of justice, and though he admired the eloquence of the youth, and the compassion of the mother,

he ordered the culprit to be imprisoned, and executed the following day; nor could the reasons of Livia, who represented herself as the person most deeply injured, and who conjured him not to deprive her of an adopted son, who would console her for the one she had lost, move him from his resolution. Prospero Colonna, the lord of the city, was fortunately present, to whom she represented her case, and prevailed. The young man was pardoned, and for many years, under the adopted name of Scipio, consoled the afflicted Livia by the most assiduous filial affection. Upon her death-bed she took the most tender leave of him, and left him all her property. Her memory was honoured by a monument, upon which were recorded her noble treatment of the homicide, and his filial sorrow for her death.' " WEBER *.

In the Office-book of Henry Herbert the following entry occurs: "The benefitt of the winters day, being the second daye of an old play called *The Custome of the Cuntrye*, came to 17*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* this 22 of Nov. 1628. From the Kinges company att the Blackfryers." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 176. "The benefitt of the winters day" means the second of the two annual benefits which, for five years and a half, were allowed to Sir Henry by the King's company—"to bee taken out of the second daye of a revived playe, att his owne choyce"; and we learn (*ubi supra*) that the sum received by him on the said representation of *The Custom of the Country* was considerably greater than his emolument from any of the other plays which he selected for his benefits.

A droll made up from the grosser portions of this comedy, and called *The Stallion*, which was acted during the suppression of the theatres, may be found in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 50 (see vol. i. 200 of the present work). For some time after the Restoration, *The Custom of the Country* was not unfrequently performed.

"In 1700, Colley Cibber took one of the plots, and, combining it with that of Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, formed his comedy of *Love makes a Man, or The Fop's Fortune* . . . and, in 1715, Charles Johnson took the other plot, and engrafted it into his *Country Lasses, or The Custom of the Manor*." WEBER.

* Whose analysis of the novel I have in some parts altered.

THE PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us or from the poets. We dare look
On any man that brings his table-book ^a
To write down what again he may repeat
At some great table, to deserve his meat :
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd ; nor state,
Nor any private person ; their poor hate
Will be starv'd here ; for Envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.
And yet despair not, gentlemen ; the play
Is quick and witty ; so the poets say,
And we believe them ; the plot neat and new ;
Fashion'd like those that are approv'd by you :
Only, 'twill crave attention in the most,
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first, then, and judge after, and be free ;
And, as our cause is, let our censure ^b be.

^a *table-book*] i. e. memorandum-book.

^b *our censure*] i. e. the opinion, or judgment, passed on us.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE^c,

AT A REVIVAL.

WE wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's book^d, if new ;
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what 's good and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By such as were held workmen in their trade ;
At a time, too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,
The nectar of the Muses. Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To passionate scenes, mix'd with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now,
For being lik'd before : you may allow
(Your candour safe) what 's taught in the old schools,—
All such as liv'd before you were not fools.

^c *Another Prologue*] "In the first folio, this is entitled, 'Another Prologue for the Custome of the Countrey. For my Sonne Clarke.' What these words allude to, I have not been able to discover." WEBER. Clarke, I presume, was the player who spoke this prologue (perhaps "Hugh Clerke" ; see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 71).

^d *book*] The first folio has "looke".—The second folio reads "look."—Theobald printed "luck" ; and so his successors !

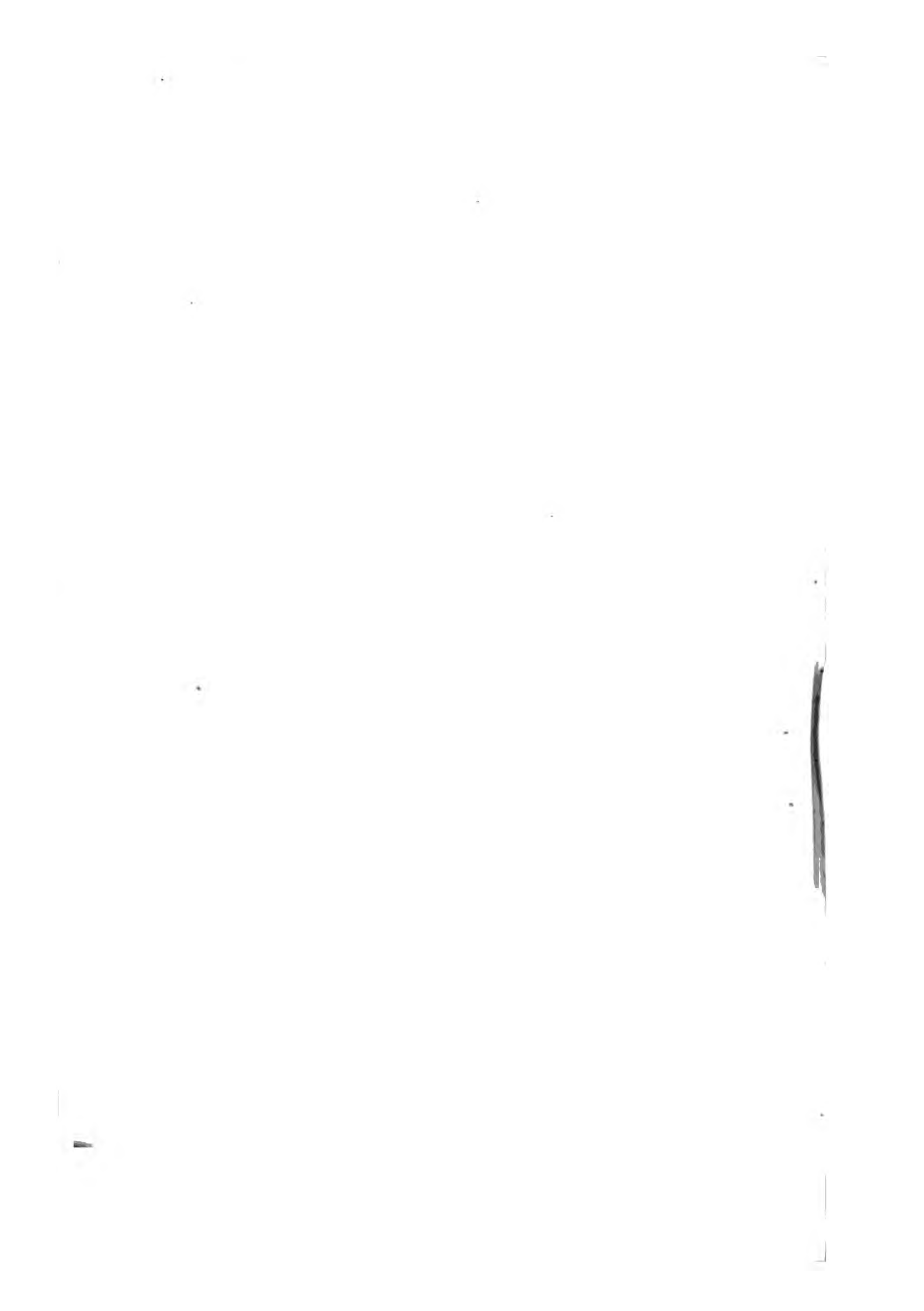
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLODIO, a count, and governor of a town in Italy.	ZABULON, a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.
CHARINO, father to Zenocia.	JAQUES, servant to Sulpitia.
ARNOLDO } RUTILIO } brothers.	Page, Bravo, Doctors, Surgeons, Officers, Guard, Sailors, men of the male-stews, Servants.
MANUEL DU SOSA, Governor of Lisbon, and brother to Guiomar.	ZENOCIA, daughter to Charino.
DUARTE, son to Guiomar.	GUIOMAR, mother to Duarte, and sister to Manuel du Sosa.
ALONZO.	HIPPOLYTA, sister to the Duke of Ferrara.
LEOPOLD, a sea-captain.	SULPITIA, mistress of the male-stews.

SCENE :—*during the first act, a town in Italy ; during the other acts, Lisbon.*

The principal actors were—

Joseph Taylor.	Robert Benfield.
John Lowin.	William Egglestone.
Nicholas Toolie.	Richard Sharpe.
John Underwood.	Thomas Holcomb.



THE
CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY^d.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A town in Italy. A street.*

Enter RUTILIO and ARNOLDO.

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still ?

Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.

Rut. What fortune ? I have liv'd this thirty years,
And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fix'd on any good and constant,
But what I made myself : why should I grieve, then,
At that I may mould any way ?

^d *The Custom of the Country*] "The custom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Mons. Bayle tells us, in Italy, till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious cardinal. It obtained likewise for a good long time in Scotland. Eugenius III., king of Scotland, (who began his reign A. D. 535,) ordained that the lord or master should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obscene ordinance was abrogated by Malcolm III., who began his reign A. D. 1061, about five years before the Norman conquest, having lasted in force somewhat above five hundred years. See Blount, in his Dictionary of *Law Terms*, under the word *Mercheta*." THEOBALD.

"This account hath received the sanction of several eminent antiquarians ; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to controvert the fact, and deny the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. The excellent commentator on the *Laws of England* is of opinion this custom never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland." REED.

"We may trace the origin of this tradition to the tax imposed, during the feudal times, in numerous countries, (in Scotland for instance,) upon any tenant or bondsman when he married. In process of time, after the tax had gone into disuse, the vulgar would easily convert this historical truth into the fabulous tradition which forms one of the plots of this play." WEBER [qy. Sir W. Scott ?]

Arn. You are wide still.

Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman :
I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.

Arn. You are dispos'd^e.

Rut. You hope to marry her ; 'tis a lawful calling,
And prettily esteem'd of ; but take heed then,
Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune^f
Than e'er you felt yet ; *Fortune my foe*^g is a friend to it.

Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid ;
And am belov'd again.

Rut. That 's too much, o' conscience :
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.

Arn. Prithee, give ear : I am to marry her.

Rut. Despatch it, then, and I 'll go call the piper.

Arn. But, oh, the wicked custom of this country !
The barbarous, most inhuman, damnèd custom !

Rut. 'Tis true^h, to marry is [as damn'd] a custom
[As any] in the world ; for, look you, brother,
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all days on 's life ?

Arn. You do not,
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.

Rut. Proceed ; I will give ear.

Arn. They have a custom
In this most beastly country—out upon 't !

Rut. Let 's hear it first.

Arn. That when a maid is contracted,
And ready for the tie o' the church, the governor,
He that commands in chief, must have her maidenhead,
Or ransom it for money, at his pleasure.

dispos'd] See note, p. 193.

^f *a stranger fortune*] Meaning, of course, as Theobald explains it, "the chance of cuckoldom."

^g *Fortune my foe*] See note, vol. ii. 225. (Since writing that note, I have discovered the source from which Malone quoted the first stanza of this ballad, viz. Lilly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, sig. C 3.)

^h *'Tis true, &c.*] Here the old text is undoubtedly defective. Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed—

" 'Tis true, to marry is the most inhuman,
Damn'd custom in the world" ;

and so his successors.

Rut. How might a man achieve that place?—a rare custom!
An admirable rare custom!—And none excepted?

Arn. None, none.

Rut. The rarer still! how could I lay about me
In this rare office!—Are they born to it, or chosen?

Arn. Both equal damnable.

Rut. Methinks, both excellent :
Would I were the next heir!

Arn. To this mad^h fortune
Am I now come ; my marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.

Rut. She's very young—

Arn. Yes.

Rut. And fair I dare proclaim her,
Else mine eyes fail.

Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.

Rut. I cannot blame him, then : if 'twere mine own case,
I would not go an ace less.ⁱ

Arn. Fie, Rutilio,
Why do you make your brother's misery
Your sport and game?

Rut. There is no pastime like it.

Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely counsel,
How to avoid this blow; not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.

Rut. I tell thee, Arnaldo,
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my brother,
My younger brother too, I must be merry :
And where there is a wench i' the case^j, a young wench,
A handsome wench, and so near^k a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.
But you shall see, sir, I can change this habit,

^h mad] Qy. "sad"?

ⁱ I would not go an ace less] "i. e., as we now say, I would not bate an ace of it." THEOBALD. It means properly,—I would not adventure, or hazard, an ace less : see notes, vol. ii. 486, iii. 442.

^j i' the case] Theobald's correction.—The first folio has "it can"; the second "yet can."

^k so near] Theobald's correction.—Both the folios "sooner."

To do you any service ; advise what you please,
 And see with what devotion I 'll attend it :
 But yet, methinks, I am taken with this custom,
 And could pretend to the place.

Arn. Draw off a little ;

Here comes my mistress and her father.

[*They retire.*]

Enter CHARINO and ZENOCIA.

Rut. A dainty wench !

Would I might farm this¹ custom !

Char. My dear daughter,

Now to bethink yourself of new advice,
 Will be too late ; later, this timeless sorrow ;
 No price nor prayers can infringe the fate
 Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zenocia,
 Be rul'd by me ; a father's care directs you :
 Look on the count, look cheerfully and sweetly.
 What though he have the power to possess you,
 To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight you,
 By custom unresistible to enjoy you ?
 Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,
 The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
 Have won upon his wild mind,^m so much charm'd him,
 That, all power laid aside, what law allows him,
 Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
 He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly ;
 For ever to be tied your faithful husband.
 Consider, my best child.

Zen. I have consider'd.

¹ *this*] Both the folios "his."

^m *The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
 Have won upon his wild mind, &c.*] Heath (*M.S. Notes*) supposes
 that in this passage a line has been shuffled out of its proper place, and would
 read as follows ;

" Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,
 The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
 Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
 Have won upon his wild mind, so much charm'd him,
 That, all power laid aside, what law allows him,
 He sues to be your servant," &c.—

a transposition which I have felt strongly inclined to adopt.

Char. The blessedness that this breeds too, consider :
 Besides your father's honour, your own peace,
 The banishment for ever of this custom,
 This base and barbarous use ; for, after once
 He has found the happiness of holy marriage,
 And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
 How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,
 Left him by lust and lewd progenitors !
 All virgins too shall bless your name, shall saint it,
 And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,
 When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
 Fill'd with your pious memory.

Zen. Good father,
 Hide not that bitter pill I loathe to swallow
 In such sweet words.

Char. The count's a handsome gentleman ;
 And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,
 A high and noble fortune to attend you :
 Whereⁿ, if you fling your love upon this stranger,
 This young Arnolde, not knowing from what place
 Or honourable strain of blood^o he is sprung, you venture
 All your own sweets, and my long cares, to nothing :
 Nor are you certain of his faith ; why may not that
 Wander, as he does, every where ?

Zen. No more, sir ;
 I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus :
 Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.
 'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
 To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too ;
 A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
 To his intemperate, rude, and wild embraces,
 She hates as Heaven hates falsehood.

Rut. A good wench !
 She sticks close to you, sir. [*Aside to ARNOLDO.*]

Zen. His faith uncertain !
 The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted !

ⁿ *Where*] "i. e. Whereas." WEBER.

^o *of blood*] "These two words have been silently, and therefore most unwarrantably, omitted by modern editors." WEBER.

D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect,
 Your stomach's well dispos'd, your pulses temperate,
 D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father,
 One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,
 Put in the scale against the count's whole being,
 (Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life,)
 He could no more endure to hold weight with him.
 Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;
 His common and indifferent actions,
 Rules and strong ties of virtue: he has my first love;
 To him in sacred vow I have given this body;
 In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench still!

Zen. And till he fling me off as undeserving,
 Which I confess I am of such a blessing,
 But would be loath to find it so——

Arn. Oh, never, [*Coming forward.*]
 Never, my happy mistress, never, never!
 When your poor servant lives but ^p in your favour,
 One foot i' the grave, the other shall not linger.
 What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
 What danger of more dreadful look than death,
 What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,
 May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
 A love so nobly great no power can ruin:
 Most blessèd maid, go on: the gods that gave this,
 This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,
 In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
 And raise you a reward beyond our recompense.

Zen. I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,
 And then they have crown'd my wishes: if I fall then,
 Go seek some better love; mine will debase you.

Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
 Though I think well of your custom, and could wish myself
 For this night in your place, heartily wish it,
 Yet if you play not fair play^q, and above-board too,

^p but] "i. e. except." MASON.

^q Yet if you play not fair play, &c.] "Evidently to be transposed, and read thus:—

I have a foolish gin^r here [*Laying his hand upon his sword*]

—I say no more ;

I'll tell you what, and if your honour's guts

Are not enchanted——

[*Aside.*]

Arn. I should now chide you, sir, for so declining^s
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give it——

' Yet if you play not fair, above-board too,

I'll tell you what—

I've a foolish engine here :—I say no more—

But if your honour's guts are not enchanted'——

Licentious as the comic metre of B. and F. is,—a far more lawless, and yet far less happy, imitation of the rhythm of animated talk in real life than Massinger's—still it is made worse than it really is by ignorance of the halves, thirds, and two-thirds of a line, which B. and F. adopted from the Italian and Spanish dramatists. Thus in Rutilio's speech [which follows presently] :—

' Though I confess

Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,' &c.

Correct the whole passage—

' Though I confess

Any man would

Desire to have her, and by any means,

At any rate too, yet this common hangman

That hath whipt off a thousand maids' heads already—

That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach !'

In all comic metres the gulping of short syllables, and the abbreviation of syllables ordinarily long by the rapid pronunciation of eagerness and vehemence, are not so much a license, as a law,—a faithful copy of nature ; and let them be read characteristically, the times will be found nearly equal. Thus the three words marked above make a *choriambus* - ˘ ˘ ˘ -, or perhaps a *paon primus* - ˘ ˘ ˘ ; a dactyl, by virtue of comic rapidity, being only equal to an iambus when distinctly pronounced. I have no doubt that all B. and F.'s works might be safely corrected by attention to this rule, and that the editor is entitled to transpositions of all kinds, and to not a few omissions. For the rule of the metre once lost—what was to restrain the actors from interpolation ?" Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 297. With all my respect for this great man, I cannot but think that the preceding remarks are most injudicious. If an editor "is entitled to *transpositions of all kinds, and to not a few omissions,*" he ceases to be an editor,—he becomes a *re-writer*.

^r *gin*] i. e. machine, engine.—Theobald printed "engine" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

^s *declining*] i. e. lowering, impairing.

Rut. To a wild fellow, that would worry^t her ;
 A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,
 Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.
 Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle
 To the rude claws of such a cat-o'-mountain ?
 You had better tear her between two oaks^u : a town-bull
 Is a mere stoic to this fellow, a grave philosopher ;
 And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome, sir ?

Rut. Though I confess
 Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,
 At any rate too, yet that this common hangman,
 That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already,
 That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach ;
 This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the saddle,
 And teaches them to stumble ever after,
 That he should have her ! For my brother now,
 That is a handsome young fellow, and well thought on,
 And will deal tenderly in the business ;
 Or for myself, that have a reputation,
 And have studied the conclusions of these causes,
 And know the perfect manage—I 'll tell you, old sir,
 (If I should call you "wise sir," I should belie you.)
 This thing you study to betray your child to,
 This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,
 And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,
 Who do you think you have tied her to ? a surgeon ;

^t *worry*] Theobald's correction.—Both the folios "weary."

^u *You had better tear her between two oaks.*] "Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic stature and strength, haunting the isthmus of the Peloponnese, and was called Πιτυοκάμπτης, or the Pinebender. When any unhappy passenger fell into the clutches of this merciless man, he would bend down, by main force, two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and, having fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore asunder the limbs of his wretched captives. Pausanias tells us, that one of those pines was to be seen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinnis was put to death by Theseus, in the same manner that he had exercised his cruelty upon others, as Plutarch informs us in the Life of that hero.

— *Nec lex est justior ulla,
 Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*"

THEOBALD.

I must confess, an excellent dissector,
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies^v—

Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere compulsion,
No father's free will ; nor did I touch your person^w
With any edge of spite, or strain^x your loves
With any base or hir'd persuasions :
Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your fortunes ! [*Exit.*

Rut. There's some grace in thee yet.—You are determin'd
To marry this count, lady ?

Zen. Marry him, Rutilio !

Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.

Zen. You cannot mean that ;

If you be a true gentleman, you dare not,
The brother to this man, and one that loves him.
I'll marry the devil first.

Rut. A better choice ;

And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow ;
A cooler, o' my conscience.

Arn. Pray, let me ask you ;

And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound. I am confident
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean, in way of marriage never stir you ;
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win^y you :
But, for this custom, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied ;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,
And modesty regarded as a May-game ;
What shall be here consider'd ? Power we have none
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it :
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.

Zen. I'll die an atheist, then.

^v *lamb-pies*] "Seem to have been a favourite dish formerly.—Decker, in his *Belman of London*, calls '*Lamb-pye*, a good meat vpon a table,' Ch. viii.," &c. WEBER.

^w *person*] Theobald printed (most improperly) "persons."

^x *strain*] "i. e. constrain or force against their natural bent." MASON.—Theobald printed "stain" ! The Editors of 1778 gave the reading of the old eds., but explained it wrongly.

^y *win*] Both the folios have "wound."

Arn. My noblest mistress,
 (Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,)
 Say you did render up part of your honour,
 (For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish,)
 Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;
 Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this render?
 Your mind, I know, is pure; and full as beauteous,
 After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
 And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourself, sir?
 Or are you loaden with the love I bring you,
 And fain would fling that burden on another?
 Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnaldo,
 Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
 D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;
 And therefore rather wish that fall before-hand,
 Colour'd with custom not to be resisted?
 D'ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,
 Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,
 And let the mind pass by you unexamin'd?
 Be not abus'd: with what the maiden vessel
 Is season'd first—you understand the proverb^z.

Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.

Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love
 You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have^a given me,
 To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
 And,—make the case thus desperate,—she must die else;
 D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
 Be not deceiv'd; these eyes should never see you more,
 This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
 Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy^b.

^z *with what the maiden vessel*

Is season'd first—you understand the proverb] "The poets here had evidently Horace in their eye:

Quó semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Testa diù." THEOBALD.

"There is a similar English proverb still in use—'The cask savours of the first fill.'" WEBER.

^a *have*] Both the folios read "has."

^b *antipathy*] "Alluding to the once-favourite doctrine of sympathies and

Empire, and more imperious love, alone
 Rule, and admit no rivals^c: the purest springs,
 When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
 Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish ;
 And though they purge again to their first beauty,
 The sweetness of their taste is clean departed :
 I must have all or none ; and am not worthy
 Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
 Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.

Arn. I never shall deserve you ; not to thank you :
 You are so heavenly good, no man can reach you.
 I am sorry I spake so rashly ; 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have tried a thousand women so,
 And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should ha' follow'd
 your counsel :

Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.

Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
 And wisely too ; we expect no common danger.

Zen. Be most assur'd I'll die first.

Rut. An't come to that once,
 The devil pick his bones that dies a coward !
 I'll jog along with you.—Here comes the stallion :

Enter CLODIO and Guard.

How smug he looks upon the imagination

antipathies ; for in both the folios the word is in Italics, and begins with a capital letter." WEBER.

^c *Empire, and more imperious love, alone*

Rule, and admit no rivals] "Theobald says, and the last Editors [those of 1778] seem to agree with him, that this is a fine translation of the following sentiment in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
 Majestas et amor.

But every reader, who understands the quotation, will immediately perceive that there is not the slightest resemblance between the two passages. Ovid means to say, that the dignity and reverence attending very elevated rank, but ill agree with the passion of love, which delights in familiarity, and levels those proud distinctions. But Zenocia's sentiment is, that love and empire agree in this circumstance, that neither will admit a rival. *Majestas*, in the passage quoted from Ovid, does not signify empire, but the reverential awe and dignity that attend it." MASON. Here Theobald certainly made a strange mistake : and yet he has left decided proofs of his attainments in classical literature ; see, for instance, the papers signed L. T. in Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations*, 1731.

Of what he hopes to act!—Pox on your kidneys,
 How they begin to melt!—How big he bears!
 Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company
 Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness!—
 Plague of your chaps! you ha' more handsome bits
 Than a hundred honest men, and more deserving.—
 How the dog leers! [Aside.]

Clod. [To ARNOLDO] You need not now be jealous;
 I speak at distance to your wife; but when the priest has done,
 We shall grow nearer and^d more familiar.

Rut. I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll smoke you.
 The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains; he broils:
 If I do come to the basting of you— [Aside.]

Arn. Your lordship
 May happily speak this to fright a stranger;
 But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
 The custom of this place, if such there be,
 At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
 But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.
 However, I will presently prepare
 To make her mine; and most undoubtedly
 Believe you are abus'd; this custom feign'd too;
 And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.

Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does well, sir;—
 And you, sir, clear the place;—but leave her here.

Arn. Your lordship's pleasure.

Clod. That anon, Arnaldo;
 This is but talk.

Rut. Shall we go off?

Arn. By any means:
 I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her;
 Besides, here's nothing due to him till the tie be done,
 Nor dare he offer.

Rut. Now do I long to worry him.—
 Pray, have a care to the main chance. [To ZENOCIA.]

^d *nearer and*] Theobald (besides altering the original metrical arrangement of this speech) printed "*nearer* then, *and*",—a reading followed both by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. But "*nearer*" is here a trisyllable: see note, p. 264.

Zen. Pray, sir, fear not.

[*Exeunt ARN. and RUT.*]

Clod. Now, what say you to me?

Zen. Sir, it becomes

The modesty that maids are ever born with,
To use few words.

Clod. Do you see nothing in me?

Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men come short, and want in?
Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?
And what a happiness it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aim at?
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,
The best and the most beauteous have run mad for?
Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd you
I do not every day propound to women.
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour
I am glutt'd with the sacrifice of beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To cast so good a grace and liking on you——
You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joyful:
I give you leave.

Zen. Faith, sir, 'twill not shew handsome;
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too
In these alarums.

Clod. Learn, then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour, pardon me,
And take some skilful one can hold you play;
I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee;
Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee,
That, though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will descend so low to marry thee.
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from us;
Some princes, some great soldiers.

Zen. I am afraid
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;
For, certain, I shall ne'er have a^e child by you.

Clod. Why?

^e a] Omitted by the modern editors.

Zen. Because I must not think to marry you :
I dare not, sir ; the step betwixt your honour
And my poor humble state——

Clod. I will descend to thee,
And buoy thee up.

Zen. I 'll sink to the centre first.
Why would your lordship marry, and confine that pleasure
You ever have had freely cast upon you ?
Take heed, my lord ; this marrying is a mad matter :
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartan fever find you.
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only :
Your eyes must be call'd home ; your thoughts in cages,
To sing to no ears then but mine ; your heart bound ;
The custom, that your youth was ever nurs'd in,
Must be forgot ; I shall forget my duty else,
And how that will appear——

Clod. We 'll talk of that more.

Zen. Besides, I tell you, I am naturally,
As all young women are that shew like handsome,
Exceeding proud ; being commended, monstrous^f ;
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleas'd,
Unless it be with infinite observance,
Which you were never bred to : once well anger'd,
As every cross in us provokes that passion,
And, like a sea, I roll, toss, and chafe a week after^g :
And then all mischief I can think upon,
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest ;
I tell you what you 'll find : and in these fits,
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,
To such a vizard——ten to one, I die too ;
Take 't, then, upon my death, you murder'd me.

^f *monstrous*] “The oldest folio has the following marginal direction here—
‘*Boy ready for the Songs*’ ; which proves that the play was printed from the
prompter's book.” WEBER,—who seems not to have known, that most of the
old plays were printed from the prompt-book.

^g *And, like a sea, I roll, toss, and chafe a week after*] Altered by Theobald
to “*Like a sea, I roll, toss, chafe a whole week after*” ; and so the Editors of
1778.

Clod. Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim these,
To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in another?

Zen. Him I have chosen I can rule and master,
Temper to what I please; you are a great one,
Of a^h strong will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wise, my lord, and say you were well counsell'd;
Take money for my ransom, and forget me;
'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour:
And wheresoever my fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
So virtuous and so fair——

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour, be not angry
At what I say,—I cannot love you, dare not;
But setⁱ a ransom for the flower you covet. [Kneels.

Clod. No money, nor no prayers, shall redeem that,
Not all the art you have.

Zen. Set your own price, sir.

Clod. Go to your wedding; never kneel to me:
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you:
Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my custom,
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this custom, cruel man!

Clod. Your body will content me: I'll look for you.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A bed-chamber in CHARINO'S house.*

*Enter CHARINO and Servants, in black. The Servants strew
flowers, and hang up blacks.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,
By the hot sun ravish'd of bud and beauty,
Thus round about her bride-bed; hang those blacks there,
The emblems of her honour lost: all joy^j,

^h a] Theobald printed "too", which his successors silently adopted!

ⁱ set] So the second folio.—The first folio "such,"—which may be right, if we suppose Clodio to interrupt her.

^j all joy] "Here is another stage-direction in the old folio, 'Bottle of wine ready.' Such marginalia should be preserved in the notes, as they

That leads a virgin to receive her lover,
 Keep from this place ; all fellow-maids that bless her,
 And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from her ;
 No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,
 Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy :
 This is no masque of mirth, but murder'd honour.
 Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion
 I gave thee now ; and, prithee, let thy lute weep.

Song and dance.

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. How now ! what livery 's this ? do you call this a
 wedding ?

This is more like a funeral.

Char. It is one,

And my poor daughter going to her grave,—
 To his most loath'd embraces that gapes for her.—
 Make the earl's bed ready.—Is the marriage done, sir ?

Rut. Yes, they are knit. But must this slubberdegullion^k
 Have her maidenhead now ?

Char.^l There 's no avoiding it.

Rut. And there 's the scaffold where she must lose it ?

Char. The bed, sir.

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps ?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
 An 'twere but to a merry cobbler, I could sit still now,

strongly mark the poverty of the stage in those days." WEBER. Surely, the "poorest" theatre could furnish a "bowl": such stage-directions were intended to warn the property-man to have in readiness the articles which were presently to be required for the scene.

^k *slubberdegullion*] "A word formed (like tatterdemallion) from *slubberer*, which generally, in old authors, signifies a bungler ; but in the present instance the modern signification of slubbing, viz. kissing, caressing, pawing, affords a better meaning." WEBER. The word (by no means uncommon) hardly deserves a note. It occurs in *Hudibras*, P. i. C. iii. 886, where Grey considers it as equivalent to—driveller. Nares derives it from *slubber* and *gull*. *Gloss.* in v.

^l *Char.*] In both folios, the prefix to this and the next speech but one, is "Arn."

I love the game so well ; but that this puckfist,^m
 This universal rutter—Fare ye well, sir ;
 And if you have any good prayers, put 'em forward,
 There may be yet a remedy.

Char. I wish it ;
 And all my best devotions offer to it. [*Exit* RUT.]

Enter CLODIO *and* Guard.

Clod. Now, is this tie despatch'd ?

Char. I think it be, sir.

Clod. And my bed ready ?

Char. There you may quickly find, sir,
 Such a loath'd preparation.

Clod. Never grumble,
 Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure :
 It must and shall be done.—Give me some wine,
 And fill it till it leap upon my lips.—

[*A* Servant *brings a cup of wine.*

Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,
 The toy I must take pains for. [*Drinks.*

Char. I beseech your lordship,
 Load not a father's love.

Clod. Pledge it, Charino ;
 Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last :
 And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,
 (I will not have my expectation dull'd,)
 Or your old pate goes off ; I am hot and fiery,
 And my blood beats alarums through my body,
 And fancy high.—You of my guard, retire,
 And let me hear no noise about the lodging,
 But music and sweet airs [*Ex.* Guard].—Now fetch your
 daughter ;

And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
 All her enticements ; out-blush damask roses,
 And dim the breaking east with her bright crystals.
 I am all on fire ; away !

Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit with* Servants.]

^m *puckfist*] A common term of reproach in our early writers. Properly, it means the fungus which is commonly known by the name of puff-ball.

Enter ZENOCIA with bow and quiver, an arrow bent; after her, ARNOLDO and RUTILIO, armed.

Zen. Come fearless on.

Rut. Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty sticks.

Clod. What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous huntress^u, fairer far and sweeter!
Diana shews an Ethiop to this beauty,
Protected by two virgin knights.

Rut. That 's a lie,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.—
The guard 's dispers'd.

Arn. Fortune, I hope, invites us.

Clod. I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart from me.

Zen. Stand, and stand fix'd; move not a foot, nor speak not;
For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death sits.
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher,
Thou scum of noble blood, repent, and speedily;
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virgins,
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!

Arn. The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,
In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;
The^o infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous custom!

Clod. My guard!

Arn. One word more, and thou diest.

Rut. One syllable
That tends to any thing, but "I beseech you,"
And "as you're gentlemen, tender my case,"
And I'll thrust my javelin down thy throat. Thou dog-whelp,
Thou—pox upon thee, what should I call thee?—pompion,^p
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot!

^u *The beauteous huntress, &c.]* Theobald printed,—

*"Diana shews an Ethiop to this beauty,
This beauteous huntress, fairer far, and sweeter,
Protected by two virgin knights."*

^o *The]* Both the folios "Thy." ^p *pompion]* Or *pumpion*—pumpkin.

Thou have a maidenhead ? a motley coat^a,
 You great blind fool ! Farewell, and be hang'd to you.—
 Lose no time, lady.

Arn. Pray, take your pleasure, sir ;
 And so, we 'll take our leaves.

Zen. We are determin'd,
 Die, before yield.

Arn. Honour and a fair grave——

Zen. Before a lustful bed. So, for our fortunes !

Rut. *Du cat a whee*^r, good count ! cry, prithee, cry ;
 Oh, what a wench hast thou lost ! cry, you great booby !

[*Exeunt ZEN., ARN., and RUT.*]

Clod. And is she gone, then ? am I dishonour'd thus,
 Cozen'd and baffled ?—My guard there !—No man answer ?
 My guard, I say !

Re-enter CHARINO.

Sirrah, you knew of this plot.—
 Where are my guard ?—I 'll ha' your life, you villain,
 You politic old thief !

Char. Heaven send her far enough,
 And let me pay the ransom !

Re-enter Guard.

First G. Did your honour call us ?
Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
 The two strange gentlemen and the fair lady.

First G. This day was married, sir ?

Clod. The same.

First G. We saw 'em
 Making with all main speed to the port.

Clod. Away, villains !
 Recover her, or I shall die. [*Ex. Guard.*].—Deal truly ;
 Didst not thou know ?

^a *a motley coat*] See note, p. 151.

^r *Du cat a whee*] “ 'Tis very much out of character, that an Italian to an Italian should talk Welch in his merriment, neither of whom in all probability ever heard a syllable of that language.” THEOBALD,—who ought to have known that such inconsistencies are very common in early dramas. The words in question (which occur again, in *Monsieur Thomas* and in *The Night-Walker*) are a corruption of *Duw cadw chwi*—God bless or preserve you.

Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that,
Will be to lie: you may handle me as you please.

Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigour;
For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure.

Re-enter Guard.

How now?

First G. They're all aboard a bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under sail, and past recovery.

Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be;
I will not lose her.—Thou, her most false father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.

Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lisbon.*—*A room in the house of GUIOMAR.*

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA and GUIOMAR.

Man. I hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;
And much I fear, the comfort of a son
You will not long enjoy.

Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's prayers and care
Were never wanting in his education:
His childhood I pass o'er^r, as being brought up
Under my wing; and growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided

^r o'er] "This word was first introduced by the editors of the second folio."
WEBER.

The choicest masters, and of greatest name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts.

Man. To train his youth up^s :—I must witness that.

Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is still remember'd in that acadèmy.
From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,
Attended like his father's son ; and there
Maintain'd him in such bravery^t and height
As did become a courtier.

Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him ;
My nephew had been happy [but for that]^u.
The court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles ; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest :
Trifling is there in practice ; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and fashion.

Gui. I have heard yet,
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage and good parts ;
The grandees did not scorn his company ;
And of the greatest ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.

Man. He, indeed, danc'd well :
A turn o' the toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it ;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too ;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.

^s *To train his youth up*] Theobald chose to make these words a portion of the preceding speech.

^t *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour of appearance.

^u [*but for that*] "These words have been introduced by modern editors, and their insertion seems to be absolutely necessary," &c. WEBER.

Gui. Nor have I much reason
To grieve his fortune that way.

Man. You are mistaken :
Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper
More than his adverse fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their success
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen in them.
I need not write examples ; in your son
'Tis too apparent ; for ere Don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil courtesy ; but now
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Ever to be in quarrels ; and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair societies.

Gui. Would it were
In my weak power to help it ! I will use,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Lisbon.

Man. Here he comes :
We are unseen^v ; observe him.

Enter DUARTE and Page.

Du. Boy.

Page. My lord ?

Du. What saith the Spanish captain, that I struck,
To my bold challenge ?

Page. He refus'd to read it.

Du. Why didst not leave it there ?

Page. I did, my lord ;
But to no purpose, for he seems more willing
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair

^v *We are unseen*] Opposite these words, Weber added a stage-direction, "*They retire*" !

His honour by the sword. He knows too well,
That from your lordship nothing can be got
But more blows and disgraces.

Du. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?

Page. 'Tis broke off.

Du. The reason?

Page. This was one; they heard your lordship
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

Du. They at their best are such, and ever shall be,
Where I appear.

Man. Do you note his modesty? [*Aside to GUIOMAR.*]

Du. But was there nothing else pretended?

Page. Yes;
Young Don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,
Stood on comparisons.

Du. With whom?

Page. With you;
And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordship to contend with one
So far above you.

Du. I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes;
For, had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one
Among the common rout. Compare with me?
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know myself: that man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,

Which his deserts have purchas'd.^w I could wish
 My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen
 Of lesser power, or that my provident father
 Had been like to that riotous emperor
 That chose his belly for his only heir ;
 For, being of no family then, and poor,
 My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make
 That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange self-love !

[*Aside.*

Du. For, if I studièd the country's laws,
 I should so easily sound all their depth,
 And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
 That now are in most practice and esteem,
 Should starve for want of clients : if I travell'd,
 Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,
 I would return in act more knowing than
 Homer could fancy him : if a physician,
 So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
 That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd ;
 And he that join'd again the scatter'd limbs
 Of torn Hippolytus should be forgotten :
 I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win
 A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower
 Were all the sun gives light to : and for arms,
 Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added
 To the Turk's ^x present powers, I could direct,
 Command, and marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not [Coming forward with *Gui.*
 To rule yourself ; you would not to a boy else,
 Like Plautus' braggart ^y, boast thus.

^w *And he may justly call that worth his own,
 Which his deserts have purchas'd.* " This sentiment is evidently
 founded on Horace :

*Sume superbiam
 Quæsitam meritis.*" THEOBALD.

^x *Turk's*] " So we should undoubtedly read, and not *Turks*'. The Grand Signior was commonly called by the title of the Great Turk, or merely the Turk." WEBER.

^y *Plautus' braggart*] i. e. Pyrgopolinices in *Miles Gloriosus*.

Du. All I speak,
In act I can make good.

Gui. Why, then, being master
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them
With self-opinion ; or, like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting,
Nor to yourself nor others, the use of them ?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger ;
And those so rare perfections in my son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.

Man. You are too insolent ;
And those too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a plurisy², and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,
All blessings are conferr'd on you alone ?
You're grossly cozen'd ; there's no good in you
Which others have not. Are you a scholar ? so
Are many, and as knowing : are you valiant ?
Waste not that courage, then, in brawls, but spend it
In the wars, in service of your king and country.

Du. Yes, so I might be general : no man lives
That's worthy to command me.

Man. Sir, in Lisbon,
I am ; and you shall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all sexes³ :
And my authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer shall protect you ; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger ; rest assur'd on't.

² *a plurisy*] i. e. a superabundance.—So the first folio.—The second folio has “pleurisie” ; so Theobald, and so the Editors of 1778 (“pleurisy”).

³ *and all sexes*] i. e., as Weber rightly explains it,—and *from all sexes*.—Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed “*and all sects*” ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
 You owe a mother, once more I command you
 To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
 All that is mine is yours: if not, expect
 My prayers and vows for your conversion only,
 But never means nor favour. [Exeunt MAN. and GUI.]

Du. I am tutor'd
 As if I were a child still. The base peasants,
 That fear and envy my great worth, have done this:
 But I will find them out; I will abroad^b.—
 Get my disguise.—I have too long been idle;
 Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,
 And will pursue the course best liketh me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The harbour.*

Enter LEOPOLD, Sailors, and ZENOCIA.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you; this fair captive
 I only challenge for myself.

First Sail. You have won her,
 And well deserve her. Twenty years I have liv'd
 A burghess of the sea, and have been present
 At many a desperate fight, but never saw
 So small a bark with such incredible valour
 So long defended, and against such odds;
 And by two men scarce arm'd too.

Leop. 'Twas a wonder:
 And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,
 And their^c contempt of death, wan^d more upon me
 Than all they did when they were free. Methinks
 I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
 Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;
 How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
 Never to taste the bread of servitude,

^b *abroad*] The first folio has "aboord", the second "o'boord."—Theobald rightly printed "abroad", but, in a note, gave Sympson's very erroneous explanation of the passage. Mason rightly observes (as Heath had previously done, *M.S. Notes*) that "abroad" means out of the house.

^c *their*] So the second folio.—The first folio "the."

^d *wan*] Altered by Weber to "won."

Both snatching up their swords, and from this virgin
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leap'd into the sea.

First Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.

Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great ship that pursu'd us, our own safety
Hindering my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.

Zen. Oh, too late!

For they are lost, for ever lost.

Leop. Take comfort ;

'Tis not impossible but that they live yet ;
For, when they left the ships, they were within
A league o' the shore, and with such strength and cunning
They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other,
Their bloody swords advanc'd^d, threatening the sea-gods
With war, unless they brought them safely off,
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.

Zen. In that hope

I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes ; but, they dead,
Death hath so many doors to let out life^e,
I will not long survive them.

Leop. Hope the best ;

And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of war, persuade you
To tell me your condition.

^d *Their bloody swords advanc'd*] Here the poet appears to have recollected a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia* : " But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proude height now lay along, like a widdow hauing lost her make of whom she held her honour ; but upon the mast they saw a yong man [Pyrocles] - - - holding his head vp full of vn moued maiestie, he held a sword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waued about his crowne, as though he wold threaten the world in that extremitie." Lib. i. p. 4. ed. 1598.

^e *Death hath so many doors to let out life*]

" *Mille viæ mortis,*

as Virgil says in his *Aeneis*." THEOBALD.

Zen. You know it ;
 A captive my fate and your power have made me ;
 Such I am now : but what I was, it skills not ^f ;
 For, they being dead in whom I only live,
 I dare not challenge family or country ;
 And therefore, sir, inquire not. Let it suffice,
 I am your servant, and a thankful servant
 (If you will call that so, which is but duty)
 I ever will be ; and, my honour safe,
 (Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd,)
 No slavery can appear in such a form,
 Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not
 Boldly look on and suffer.

Leop. You mistake me :
 That you are made my prisoner, may prove
 The birth of your good fortune. I do find
 A winning language in your tongue and looks,
 Nor can a suit by you mov'd be denied ;
 And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be
 The victor's advocate.

Zen. To whom ?

Leop. A lady ;
 In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
 Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair ;
 And, had I not seen her before, perhaps
 I might have sought to you.^g

Zen. This I hear gladly.

Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give you ;
 (Yet, being mine, you are already hers ;)
 And to serve her is more than to be free,
 At least I think so : and when you live with her,
 If you will please to think on him that brought you
 To such a happiness, (for so her bounty
 Will make you think her service,) you shall ever
 Make me at your devotion.

^f *it skills not*] "i. e. it is of no moment ; it matters not." WEBER.

^g *sought to you*] i. e. solicited you (as a lover). So afterwards in this play, "And seek to her as a lover," act iii. sc. 5,—"be admir'd and sought to," act v. sc. 2.

Zen. All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of.

Leop. At night I'll present you ;
Till when, I am your guard.

Zen. Ever your servant.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter ARNOLDO and RUTILIO.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd ?

Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain :

Drowning we have scap'd miraculously, and
Stand fair, for aught I know, for hanging ; money
We have none, nor e'er are^h like to have, 'tis to be doubted ;
Besides, we are strangers, wondrous hungry strangers ;
And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing,
Without a conjuror's help [I] cannot find
When we shall eat again.

Arn. These are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss ;
In that alone all miseries are spoken :
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,
Then I could curse myself ; almost those powers
That sav'dⁱ me from the fury of the ocean !

Rut. You have lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one ;
Two blessings not found often in one woman.
But she may be recover'd : questionless,
The ship that took us was of Portugal ;
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,
We may hear of her.

Arn. In that hope I live.

Rut. And so do I : but hope is a poor sallad
To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast too.
Have you no money left ?

^h *e'er are*] Omitted by Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

ⁱ *sav'd*] Which is obviously the right reading,—was proposed by Seward in *Postscript* to vol. ii. ed. 1750.—Both the folios have “send” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Theobald printed “fenc'd.” Sympson (*Addenda* to vol. ii. ed. 1750) conjectured “serv'd.”

Arn. Not a denier.

Rut. Nor any thing to pawn ? 'tis now in fashion :
Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat historical^j shirt.

Arn. For shame,
Talk not so poorly.

Rut. I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to ; for beg I cannot ;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something must be done,
And suddenly ; resolve on't.^k

Enter ZABULON and a Servant.

Arn. What are these ?

Rut. One, by his habit, is a Jew.

Zab. No more :
Thou art sure that's he ?

Serv. Most certain.

Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him ?

Serv. Some two hours.

Zab. Be gone ;
Let me alone to work him.

[*Exit Servant.*

Rut. How he eyes you !
Now he moves towards us : in the devil's name,
What would he with us ?

Arn. Innocence is bold ;
Nor can I fear.

Zab. That you are poor, and strangers,
I easily perceive.

^j *historical*] i. e. adorned with worked or woven figures. On this passage Sympson (*Addenda* to vol. ii. ed. 1750) cites the following lines from Mayne's *City-Match*, which shew that smocks also were embellished in the same way ;

“ She works religious petticoats ; for flowers
She'll make church-histories ; her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets ! besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that, I fear, in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor.” (*Dodsley's Old Plays*, ix. 251. last ed.)

^k *resolve on't*] “ i. e. be assured of it.” MASON.

Rut. But that you 'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, sir.

Zab. Why think you so ?

Rut. Because you are a Jew, sir ;
And courtesies come sooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.

Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compassion, when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty ; and, for proof
That we dare give, and freely—(not to you, sir ; [*To RUTILIO.*
Pray, spare your pains)—there 's gold : stand not amaz'd ;
'Tis current, I assure you.

Rut. Take it, man :
Sure, thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now,
Mine would appear too, like a Turk¹.

Arn. I thank you ;
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practise,
I must not take it.

Zab. This is but the earnest
Of that which is to follow ; and the bond,
Which you must seal to for 't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that 's in her power to give,
Offers herself up to you : entertain her ;
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents itself to you.

Arn. 'Tis above wonder.

Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it^m ;

¹ *like a Turk.*] "There is here, in the first folio, this marginal direction—
'*Tapers ready.*' And two or three pages afterwards, opposite Rutilio's speech,
beginning, 'To be disgrac'd as you are,' &c.—'*Lights ready.*' They are both
to remind the prompter to order candles for the ensuing scene." WEBER.

^m *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

To make his happiness, if then he seize it] "How much more nobly, and
more poetically, is this sentiment expressed by Shakspeare, in his *Julius Cæsar* !

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,

And this (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, so ; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer.

[Exit.]

Arn. 'Tis no vision.

Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm sure.

*Arn.*ⁿ We must, like brothers, share ;
There's for you.

Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it :
There are few gallants (for men may be such,
And yet want gold, yea, and sometimes silver)
But would receive such favours from the devil,
Though he appear'd like a broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred.

Arn. Wherefore should I fear
Some plot upon my life ? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him.
Farewell ; wish me good fortune ; we shall meet
Again, I doubt not.

Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,
Nor Christian, for his sake. [Exit ARNOLDO.]

Plague o' my stars,
How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,
Before I should have met with such a fortune !
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck ; ha' too much beard ; that spoils us ;
The smooth chin carries all.—What's here to do now ?

Enter DUARTE, ALONZO, and Page.

Du. I'll take you as I find you.

Alon. That were base ;
You see I am unarm'd.

Du. Out with your bodkin^o,
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto ; out with it,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in misery.' [act iv. sc. 3.]” THEOBALD.

ⁿ *Arn.*] This and the next prefix are omitted by mistake in the first folio.

^o *bodkin*] i. e. small dagger : see the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are
 Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,
 And made all manly weapons out of fashion :
 You carry poniards to murder men,
 Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour.

Rut. That's true, indeed. Upon my life, this gallant
 Is brib'd to repeal banish'd swords. [*Aside.*

Du. I'll shew you
 The difference now between a Spanish rapier
 And your pure Pisa^p.

Alon. Let me fetch a sword ;
 Upon mine honour, I'll return.

Du. Not so, sir.

Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.
 [*To RUTILIO.*

Rut. To be disgrac'd as you are ? no, I thank you :
 Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am
 Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
 For you, that are a man, to put yourself
 Into your enemy's mercy !

Du. Yield it quickly,
 Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you ;
 Thus kick and baffle^q you [*kicks him*]. As you like this,
 You may again prefer complaints against me
 To my uncle and my mother, and then think
 To make it good with a poniard.

Alon. I am paid
 For being of the fashion.

Du. Get a sword ;
 Then, if you dare redeem your reputation,
 You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,
 To put you in mind. [*Kicks him.*

^p *pure Pisa*] Theobald printed " poor *Pisa*."—The Editors of 1778 explain " *pure Pisa* "—a mere *Pisa*.—Mason says that " *pure* " is used here ironically, and cites from *The Elder Brother*,

" A couple of *pure* puppies yok'd together." Act iv. sc. 2.

Duarte, no doubt, employs the epithet in contempt : but " *pure* " was a term applied to weapons of the finest quality ; compare Jonson's *Every man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 2, " Nay, 'tis a most *pure* Toledo."

^q *baffle*] i. e. disgrace, treat with ignominy : see notes, vol. ii. 286, iii. 399.

Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.

Du. This to me, you peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for 't. How! do you stare?

Rut. I have a sword, sir; you shall find, a good one;
This is no stabbing guard.

Du. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee. [Strikes him.

Rut. Then have at you;
I scorn to take blows. [They fight.

Du. Oh, I am slain! [Falls.

Page. Help! murder! murder!

Alon. Shift for yourself; you are dead else;
You have kill'd the governor's nephew.

Page. Raise the streets, there!

Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot scape:
Will you betray yourself?

Rut. Undone for ever! [Exeunt RUTILIO and ALONZO.

Enter Officers.

First Off. Who makes this outcry?

Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!

This way he took; make after him.—Help, help there! [Exit.

Sec. Off. 'Tis Don Duarte.

First Off. Pride has got a fall:

He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority^a; now h'as paid for 't;
You ha' met with your match, sir, now. Bring off his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue
The murderer; yet, if he scape, it skills not:
Were I a prince, I would reward him for 't;
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast.
There's few will pity him: but for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady. [Exeunt.

^a *bill-authority*] See note, vol. iii. 141.

SCENE IV.—*A bed-chamber in the house of GUIOMAR.**Enter GUIOMAR and Servants.**Gui.* He 's not i' the house ?*Serv.* No, madam.*Gui.* Haste and seek him ;

Go all, and every where ; I 'll not to bed
 Till you return him. Take away the lights too ;
 The moon lends me too much, to find my fears ;
 And those devotions I am to pay,
 Are written in my heart, not in this book ;
 And I shall read them there without a taper.

*[She kneels. Exeunt Servants.**Enter RUTILIO.*

Rut. I am pursu'd ; all^r the ports are stopt too ;
 Not any hope to escape ; behind, before me,
 On either side, I am beset—curs'd fortune !—
 My enemy on the sea, and on the land too ;
 Redeem'd from one affliction to another.
 Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
 And died obscure and innocent ! not, as Nero,
 Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears brought me ?
 I am got into a house ; the doors all open ;
 This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
 And other rich adornments, glistening through
 The sable mask of night, says it belongs
 To one of means and rank. No servant stirring ?
 Murmur nor whisper ?

Gui. Who 's that ?*Rut.* By the voice,

This is a woman.

*[Aside.**Gui.* Stephano, Jasper, Julia^s !

Who waits there ?

Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house ;
 I 'll fly to her protection.

*[Aside, and then advances.**Gui.* Speak, what are you ?

^r all] Theobald printed, for the metre, "and all." ^s Julia] Qy. "Julio" ?

Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most wretched.

Gui. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners ;
You could not with so little reverence else
Press to my private chamber. Whither would you ?
Or what do you seek for ?

Rut. Gracious woman, hear me :
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands ; a most unfortunate stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i' the streets. Justice pursues me,
And for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you, in your charity, protect me :
Your house is now my sanctuary ; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
By all that 's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence that needs no forgiveness,
Take pity on me !

Gui. Are you a Castilian ?

Rut. No, madam ; Italy claims my birth.

Gui. I ask not

With purpose to betray you ; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings ;
Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. [*RUTILIO conceals himself.*] So ; but from
this stir not :

If the officers come, as you expect they will do,
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings,
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.

Rut. The blest saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you !

Gui. How he quakes !

Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort ;
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant ;—and who knows not,

But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Page, Officers, and Servants, with DUARTE on a bier.

First Serv. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.

Sec. Serv. Your only son,
My lord Duarte, 's slain.

First Off. His murderer,
Pursu'd by us, was by a boy discover'd
Entering your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.

Gui. Oh!

First Serv. Sure, her heart is broke.

First Off. Madam!

Gui. Stand off:

My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,
That you must not partake it; suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed^s inward, to despatch me.—
Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophecy! thou art dead;
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unrevenged. My soul's divided;
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my Furies:
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance. Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow to which high Heaven is witness,
Heaven may be pleas'd to pardon. [*Aside.*

^s bleed] Both the folios "breed."—Here the first folio has a stage-direction,
"Hold a purse ready."

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, Doctors, and Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late ;
He's gone, past all recovery : now reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort ;
And yet remember, sister——

Gui. Oh, forbear !
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort !
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.

Man. We obey you.

[*Exeunt, with DUARTE on the bier, all except GUIOMAR
and RUTILIO.*]

Rut. My spirits come back, and now despair resigns
Her place again to hope. [*Aside.*]

Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth : but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee ;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heaven.

[*RUTILIO comes forth, with his face covered.*]

Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me :
Yet my word given to save you I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known ; there is no mark about you
That can discover you ; let not fear betray you :
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you ; and that want
Of means may be no let^t unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. [*Gives purse.*] You are at the
door now,
And so, farewell for ever.

^t *let*] i. e. hindrance.

Rut. Let me first fall [*Kneels.*
 Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
 I owe your goodness : next, all blessings to^t you,
 And Heaven restore the joys I have bereft you,
 With full increase hereafter ! Living, be
 The goddess styl'd of hospitality ! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the house of HIPPOLYTA.*

Enter LEOPOLD and ZENOCIA.

Leop. Fling off these sullen clouds ; you are enter'd now
 Into a house of joy and happiness ;
 I have prepar'd a blessing for you.

Zen. Thank you :
 My state would rather ask a curse^u.

Leop. You are peevish,
 And know not when you are friended : I have us'd those
 means,

The lady of this house, the noble lady,
 Will take you as her own, and use you graciously.
 Make much of what you are mistress of, that beauty,
 And expose it not to such betraying sorrows :
 When you are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,
 Then sit and sigh.^v

Zen. My autumn is not far off.

Enter Servant.

Leop. Have you told your lady ?

Serv. Yes, sir ; I have told her
 Both of your noble service, and your present,
 Which she accepts.

^t *to*] The modern editors print "on."

^u *My state would rather ask a curse*] "In the first folio this line was misplaced [as the third line] in the following speech of Leopold, which mistake was rectified in the second." WEBER.

^v *sigh*] So the second folio.—The first folio "sight."

Leop. I should be blest to see her.

Serv. That now you cannot do : she keeps her chamber,
Not well dispos'd, and has denied all visits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,
So please you render her.

Leop. With all my service :
But fain I would have seen——

Serv. 'Tis but your patience ;
No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly.

Leop. These three years I have lov'd this scornful lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of service ;
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With sight of her blest beauty.—When you please, sir,
You may receive your charge ; and tell your lady,
A gentleman, whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.—
And, fair one, now your help : you may remember
The honest courtesies, since you were ^w mine,
I ever did your modesty : you shall be near her ;
And, if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

Zen. What in my poor ^x power lies, so it be honest—

Leop. I ask no more.

Serv. You must along with me, fair.

Leop. And so I leave you two ; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate : you shall enjoy her.^y [*Exeunt.*

^w *were*] Both the folios "are."

^x *poor*] Silently omitted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber !

^y *her*] i. e., as the Editors of 1778 rightly explain it, the presence of Hippolyta.—Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "here."—Mason supposed that in the first line of this speech Sympson had interpolated "to" (which is in the first folio) ; and offered the following emendation of the passage ;

"And so I leave you two ; but a fortune,
Too happy for my fate, you shall enjoy here."

SCENE II.—*A room in the same, splendidly furnished.*

Enter ZABULON and Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick ; out with the banquet ^z there !

[*Servants set out a banquet.*

These scents are dull ; cast richer on, and fuller ;
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the music ?

First Serv. Here they stand ready, sir.

Zab. 'Tis well. Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And amber'd ^a all.

First Serv. They are.

Zab. Give fair attendance :
In the best trim and state make ready all.
I shall come presently again.

Sec. Serv. We shall, sir.

[*Exit ZABULON.*

What preparation 's this ? some new device
My lady has in hand.

First Serv. Oh, prosper it,
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it ! Where are all the rest ?

Sec. Serv. They are ready to attend.

First Serv. Sure, some great person ;
They would not make this hurry else.

[*Music.*

Sec. Serv. Hark, the music !
It will appear now, certain ; here it comes.
Now to our places.

Re-enter ZABULON with ARNOLDO.

Arn. Whither will he lead me ?
What invitation 's this ? to what new end
Are these fair preparations ? a rich banquet,
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,

^z *banquet*] i. e. dessert. See notes, vol. iii. 437, and p. 256 of the present vol.—So the second folio.—The first folio has “bucket”, a sheer misprint, though Theobald thought it might “relate to the vessel that held the perfumes.”

^a *amber'd*] i. e. scented with ambergris. See Newton's note on Milton's *Par. Reg.* ii. 344.

Fit for a prince's welcome ! What new game
Has Fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,
And then again to sink me ? 'Tis no illusion ;
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real :
What wealth and state !

[*Aside.*]

Zab. Will you sit down and eat, sir ?
These carry little wonder, they are usual ;
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike indeed, strike with amazement :
Then, if you be a man—this fair health to you. [*Drinks.*]

Arn. What shall I see ? I pledge you, sir. [*Drinks.*] I was
never
So buried in amazement.

Zab. You are so still :
Drink freely.

Arn. The very wines are admirable.—
Good sir, give me leave^b to ask this question,
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd ?
And why do you bring me hither ?

Zab. They are for you, sir ;
And undervalue not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man : think well of these,
They shall be more and greater.

Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou art pleas'd
To play thy game out wantonly——

Zab. Come, be lusty,
And awake your spirits. [*Music ceases.*]

Arn. Good sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I would die in this dream. Pray, whose
servants
Are all these that attend here ?

Zab. They are yours ;
They wait on you.

Arn. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.

^b *me leave*] Theobald printed, "me but leave" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber (without mentioning the insertion).

Zab. Now you are, and shall be.

Arn. You 'll say this house is mine too ?

Zab. Say it ! swear it.

Arn. And all this wealth ?

Zab. This is the least you see, sir.

Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty years ?

For certainly I never found I was wealthy

Till this hour ; never dream'd of house and servants :

I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor gentleman.

I may eat boldly, then ?

Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you. [*ARNOLDO sits down and eats.*

Arn. The taste is perfect and most delicate :

But why for me ?—Give me some wine :—I do drink,

I feel it sensibly ; and I am here,

Here in this glorious place : I am bravely us'd too.—

Good gentle sir, give me leave to think a little ;

For either I am much abus'd——

Zab. Strike, music ;

And sing that lusty song.

[*Music, and a Song.*

Arn. Bewitching harmony !

Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

Enter HIPPOLYTA.

Happy and blest ; Arnolde was unfortunate.—

Ha, bless mine eyes ! what precious piece of nature

To pose the world ?

Zab. I told you, you would see that

Would darken these poor preparations :

What think you now ? Nay, rise not ; 'tis no vision.

Arn. 'Tis more ; 'tis miracle.

Hip. You are welcome, sir.

Arn. It speaks, and entertains me ; still more glorious !

She is warm, and this is flesh here : how she stirs me !

Bless me, what stars are there !

Hip. May I sit near you ?

Arn. No, you are too pure an object to behold,

Too excellent to look upon and live ;

I must remove.

Zab. She is a woman, sir :

Fie, what faint heart is this !

Arn. The house of wonder !

Zab. Do not you think yourself now truly happy ?
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at :
Nor is she less in honour than in beauty ;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister ;
Fortune has made her mistress of herself,
Wealthy and wise, without a power to sway her ;
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.

Arn. And all this is——

Zab. Hippolyta, the beauteous.

Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,—
The acquaintance and the noble fellowship
Of this fair gentleman.—Pray you, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and courtesy,
I will sit by you.

Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end, consider :
Why do you use me thus ?^c

^c *Nor where I am, nor to what end, consider :
Why do you use me thus ?*] i. e. Nor conceive where I am, nor to
what end I am here.—Theobald pointed the passage,—

“ *Nor where I am ; nor to what end consider,
Why do you use me thus ?* ”

The Editors of 1778,

“ *Nor where I am, nor to what end ; consider,
Why do you use me thus ?* ”

Weber adopted the following alteration by Mason,

“ *Nor where I am ; nor to what end consider
Why you do use me thus.* ”

“ To *consider*,” says Mason, “ means here to conceive, as it does in many other parts of these plays . . . and the meaning is—I don't know where I am ; nor can I conceive for what purpose you use me thus.” Mason was right in his explanation of “ *consider* ”, and in that only.

Hip. Are you angry, sir,
Because you are entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd?

Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A stranger, and a man of no desert,
Should find such floods of courtesy.

Hip. I love you,
I honour you, the first and best of all men;
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love you, though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you:
Though you be handsome, and the only man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn you,
And with as much contempt pursue your person,
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,
At least, I think, more master of your fortune;
And so, I drink your health.

Arn. Hold fast, good honesty!
I am a lost man else.

[*Aside.*

Hip. Now you may kiss me;
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.

Arn. That I dare do, sweet lady.

[*Kisses her.*

Hip. You do it well too;
You are a master, sir; that makes you coy.

Arn. Would you would send your people off!

Hip. Well thought on.—
Wait all without.

Zab. I hope she is pleas'd thoroughly.^d

[*Aside, and then exit with Servants.*

Hip. Why stand you still? here's no man to detect you;
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;
The spirit you would raise is here already;
Look boldly on me.

^d *thoroughly*] Altered by Weber to "thoroughly."

Arn. What would you have me do ?

Hip. Oh, most unmanly question ! have you do !
Is 't possible your years should want a tutor ?
I 'll teach you : come, embrace me.

Arn. Fie, stand off ;

And give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you ;
Imagination never made a sweeter ;
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,^c
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer ?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heaven has bestow'd ; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they are trusted to a weaker keeper^f.
Would you have me love you ?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your beauty,
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us ;
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle :
Nor for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman ;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his conquest :
Be honest, and be virtuous, I 'll admire you ;
At least, be wise ; and where you lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty ;
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

Hip. Could any one, that lov'd this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more ? You make me fonder :
You have a virtuous mind ; I want that ornament.
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you ?
If you imagine I am too free a lover,

^c *suffer*] Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed " totter " ; an alteration of which Mason approves.

^f *a weaker keeper*] i. e. a keeper who is not devoid of weakness,—there being perhaps, as Theobald supposes, an allusion to the ἀθενέστερον σκευος, the *weaker vessel*, of Scripture. Seward proposed to read " a wealthy keeper " ; and Mason defends his conjecture.

And act that part belongs to you, I am silent :
 Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with you ;
 I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
 Fitting a vestal nun ; not long to kiss you,
 But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
 I'll steal it thus : I'll walk your shadow by you,
 So still and silent, that it shall be equal
 To put me off as that ; and when I covet
 To give such toys as these—— [*Giving jewels.*

Arn. A new temptation ! [*Aside.*

Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop 'em,
 Which past once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent vice ! [*Aside.*

Hip. Will you be won ? Look stedfastly upon me,
 Look manly, take a man's affections to you :
 Young women, in the old world, were not wont, sir,
 To hang out gaudy bushes^g for their beauties,
 To talk themselves into young men's affections :
 How cold and dull you are !

Arn. How I stagger^h !
 She is wise as fair ; but 'tis a wicked wisdom ;
 I'll choke before I yield. [*Aside.*

Hip. Who waits within there ?
 Make ready the green chamber.

Zab. [*within*] It shall be, madam.

Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed. [*Aside.*

Hip. What music do you love ?

Arn. A modest tongue.

Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fie, fie, how lumpish !
 In a young lady's arms thus dull ?

Arn. For Heaven sakeⁱ,
 Profess a little goodness.

Hip. Of what country ?

Arn. I am of Rome.

Hip. Nay, then, I know you mock me ;

^g *bushes*] See note, p. 123.

^h *How I stagger*] "Modern editors read, without authority, 'How do I stagger!'" WEBER.

ⁱ *Heaven sake*] The modern editors print "Heaven's sake."

The Italians are not frighted with such bugbears.

Prithee, go in.

Arn. I am not well.

Hip. I'll make thee ;

I'll kiss thee well.

Arn. I am not sick of that sore.

Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee ;

I shall be famous for the first example :

With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, sir.

Arn. My strength ! away, base woman, I abhor thee !

I am not caught with stales^j : disease dwell with thee !

[*Exit.*

Hip. Are you so quick ? and have I lost my wishes ?—

Ho, Zabulon ! my servants !

Re-enter ZABULON and Servants.

Zab. Call'd you, madam ?

Hip. Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many su'd for ?

So many princes ? by a stranger too ?

Must I endure this ?

[*Aside.*

Zab. Where 's the gentleman ?

Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon ;

He has broke from me. Jewels I have given him :

Charge him with theft ; he has stoln my love, my freedom :

Draw him before the governor, imprison him.

Why dost thou stay ?

Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,

For playing fast and loose with such a lady.—

Come, fellows, come.—I'll execute your anger,

And to the full.

Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance. [*Exeunt severally.*

^j *stales*] Explained by Weber—strumpets : so in Shakespeare ;

“ I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common *stale*.”

Much ado about Nothing, act iv. sc. 1.

But I incline to believe that “ stales ” (which often mean—decoys ; see note, p. 35) are equivalent here to—alluring devices.

SCENE III.—*A street.**Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?

Ja. Faith, mistress,

You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.

Sul. Where 's the Frenchman?

Ja. Alas, he 's all to fitters^k,

And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe^l!
He 's chin'd^m, he 's chin'd, good man; he is a mourner.

Sul. What 's become of the Dane?

Ja. Who, goldy-locks?

He 's foul i' the touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main-spring 's weaken'd that holds up his cock;
He lies at the sign of the Sun, to be new-breech'd.

Sul. The rutterⁿ, too, is gone.

Ja. Oh, that was a brave rascal!

He would labour like a thresher: but, alas,
What thing can ever last? he has been ill-mew'd^o,
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the hospital.

Sul. There was an Englishman.

Ja. Ay, there was an Englishman;

You 'll scant find any now, to make that name good.
There were those English, that were men indeed,
And would perform like men; but now they are vanish'd:
They are so taken up in their own country,
And so beaten off their speed by their own women,
When they come here they draw their legs like hackneys:
Drink and their own devices have undone 'em.

^k *all to fitters*] "i. e. all to pieces, fragments." WEBER.

^l *taking the height of his fortune with a syringe*] "Alluding to judicial astrology, and the astrolabe." WEBER.

^m *chin'd*] "i. e. broken-backed. A term of horsemanship." WEBER.

ⁿ *rutter*] i. e. German trooper (*reiter, reuter*).—Theobald printed "Ruttier."

^o *ill-mew'd*] "i. e. not sufficiently confined and kept up. An epithet from falconry." WEBER.

Sul. I must have one that's strong,—no life in Lisbon else,—
Perfect and young ; my custom with young ladies
And high-fed city-dames will fall and break else :
I want myself, too, in mine age to nourish me :
They are all sunk I maintain'd.—Now, what's this business ?
What goodly fellow's that ?

Enter RUTILIO and Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me ?
Pox o' your justice ! let me loose.

First Off. Not so, sir.

Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open,
But he must be us'd thus rascally ?

First Off. What made you wandering
So late i' the night ? you know, that is imprisonment.

Rut. May be, I walk in my sleep.

Sec. Off. May be, we'll wake you.

What made you wandering, sir, into that vault,
Where all the city-store and the munition lay ?

Rut. I fell into 't by chance ; I broke my shins for 't ;
Your worships feel not that : I knock'd my head
Against a hundred posts ; would you had had it !
Cannot I break my neck in mine own defence ?

Sec. Off. This will not serve ; you cannot put it off so :
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' the city.

Rut. Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-doors open ?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way ?
I thought your city had sunk^p.

First Off. You did your best, sir,
We must presume, to help it into the air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's the law ;
He that is taken there, unless a magistrate
And have command in that place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture or his present death,

^p *I thought your city had sunk*] Opposite this passage, in my copy of ed. 1750, some one has written, "A kind of prophecy, 1755."

Must either pay his fine for his presumption,
 (Which is six hundred ducats,) or for six years
 Tug at an oar i' the galleys. Will you walk, sir?
 For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.

Rut. Row in the galleys, after all this mischief!

Sec. Off. May be, you were drunk: they'll keep you sober
 there.

Rut. Tug at an oar! you are not arrant rascals,
 To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?

Sul. A lusty-minded man.

Ja. A wondrous able.

Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
 To speak a few words with your prisoner,
 And I shall thank you.

First Off. Take your pleasure, lady.

Sul. What would you give that woman should redeem you,
 Redeem you from this slavery?

Rut. Besides my service,
 I would give her my whole self; I would be her vassal.

Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering
 The great sum she pays for it; yet take comfort:
 What you shall do to merit this, is easy,
 And I will be the woman shall befriend you;
 'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies
 And young fair gentlewomen: you guess the way;
 But giving of your mind——

Rut. I am excellent at it;
 You cannot pick out such another living.
 I understand you: is't not thus?

[*Whispers.*

Sul. You have it.

Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll despatch 'em.
 I will be none but yours: should another offer
 Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.
 What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty,
 Not to be taken down: would you have children?
 I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.

Sul. I admire him, wonder at him.

Rut. Hark you, lady;
 You may require sometimes——

[*Whispers.*

Sul. Ay, by my faith.

Rut. And you shall have it, by my faith, and handsomely.—
This old cat will suck shrewdly [*Aside*].—You have no daughters?

I fly at all.—Now am I in my kingdom.

Tug at an oar! no; tug in a feather-bed,

With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water!—

I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;

I will so frubbish^r you!

Sul. Come, follow, officers;

This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.

Rut. And when you catch me in your city-powdering-tub
Again, boil me with cabbage.

First Off. You are both warn'd and arm'd, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in HIPPOLYTA'S house.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA and ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD behind.

Zen. Will your ladyship wear this dressing?

Hip. Leave thy prating;

I care not what I wear.

Zen. Yet 'tis my duty

To know your pleasure, and my worst affliction^r

To see you discontented.

Hip. Weeping too?

Prithee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,

And speak I know not what: to make thee amends,

The gown that I wore yesterday is thine.

Let it alone a while.

Leop. Now you perceive,

And taste her bounty.

Zen. Much above my merit.

^r *frubbish*] Is, of course, a vulgar corruption of—*furbish*. Weber printed "furbish," at the suggestion of Mason, who kindly informs us that it "signifies to rub to brightness."

^r *affliction*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "affection"; and so Weber, who says, "I make no doubt that the alteration was unnecessary; for *affection* is continually used for passion in the old writers, and passion frequently for grief." In the present passage, "affection" is evidently a misprint.

Leop. But have you not yet found a happy time
To move for me?

Zen. I have watch'd all occasions ;
But hitherto without success : yet doubt not
But I'll embrace the first means.

Leop. Do, and prosper.—
Excellent creature, whose perfections make [*Coming forward.*
Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,
What would your smiles do?

Hip. Pox o' this stale courtship !
If I have any power——

Leop. I am commanded ;
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. [*He retires.*

Hip. To be forc'd to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me :
But bringing for my advocates youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be denied too,
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarser feature,
As weak to allure, but in my dotage stronger :
I am no Circe ; he, more than Ulysses,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slight's my favours,
And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,^s
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall find, that in my fell revenge
I am a woman ; one that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness. [*Aside.*

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.

Hip. What's done?

Zab. The uncivil stranger
Is at your suit arrested——

^s *And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me*] An allusion "to the story of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joseph. The circumstances in the verses that follow fix it down to this story," &c. THEOBALD.

Hip. 'Tis well handled.

Zab. And under guard sent to the governor ;
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,
That he is sentenc'd——

Hip. How !

Zab. To lose his head.

Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching heat
Of my enrag'd desires ? must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty ? or is my love so fatal,
That of necessity it must destroy
The object it most longs for ? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despis'd ! that by his death
Thou shouldst gain^t that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living ! My honour's at the stake now,
And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my fame : why doubt I now, then ?
One only way is left me to redeem all.—
Make ready my caroch !

Leop. What will you, madam ?

Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay.—
Bind up my hair—fie, fie, while that is doing,
The law may seize his life^u ! Thus as I am, then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a bacchanal,
My frantic love transports me.

[*Exit.*

Leop. Sure, she's distracted.

Zab. Pray you, follow her ; I will along with you :

^t gain] So the second folio.—The first folio "give."

^u seize his life] So the second folio ; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.—The first folio has "cease his life"; which was adopted by Weber, who observes, "To cease is frequently used as a verb active, for to destroy, to stop, to end. When the second folio was published, (in 1679,) this meaning was become obsolete ; for which reason the editors substituted 'seize his life' ; and their reading has been followed by modern editors, who only consulted the first edition when their wise heads were puzzled."—That the reading of the first folio in this passage, "ceas'd," is a misprint (or a misspelling) for "seiz'd," there can be no doubt : afterwards in act v. sc. 2. the same folio gives,

"*Hip.* Where was she, when the inchantment
First ceas'd upon her ?"

I more than guess the cause. Women that love
 Are most uncertain ; and one minute crave
 What in another they refuse to have.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A street.*

Enter CLUDIO *and* CHARINO, *disguised.*

Clod. Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd
 From what I was : the tempests we have met with
 In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,
 Compar'd to those the memory of my lusts
 Rais'd in my conscience : and, if e'er again
 I live to see Zenocia, I will sue
 And seek to her^v as a lover and a servant ;
 And not command affection like a tyrant.

Char. In hearing this, you make me young again ;
 And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change in you,
 In setting of a period to our dangers,
 Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon,
 Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.
 I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,
 Such strangers have been seen here ; and, though yet
 I cannot learn their fortunes nor the place
 Of their abode, I have a soul presages
 A fortunate event here.

Clod. There have pass'd
 A mutual interchange of courtesies
 Between me and the governor ; therefore, boldly
 We may presume of him and of his power,
 If we find cause to use them ; otherwise,
 I would not be known here ; and these disguises
 Will keep us from discovery.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, *Doctor,* ARNOLDO, *and* *Guard.*

Char. What are these ?

Clod. The governor ; with him my rival, bound.

Char. For certain, 'tis Arnaldo.

^v *seek to her*] See note, p. 420.

Clod. Let's attend
What the success will be.

Man. Is't possible
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?

Doct. So they appear'd at first; but, the blood stopt,
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,
We found they were not mortal.

Man. Use all care
To perfect this unhop'd-for cure; that done,
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall
Hear farther from me, for some ends I have,
Conceal it from his mother.

Doct. We'll not fail, sir. [Exit.]

Man. You still stand confident on your innocence?

Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, ZABULON, LEOPOLD, ZENOCIA, *and two*
Servants.

Hip. Who bade you follow me? go home:—and you, sir,
As you respect me, go with her.

Arn. Zenocia!

And in her house a servant! [Aside.]

Char. 'Tis my daughter.

[ZENOCIA passes over the stage, and exit with ZABULON
and Servants. LEOPOLD retires.]

Clod. My love!—[To CHARINO] Contain your joy; observe
the sequel.

Man. Fie, madam, how undecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus
In th' open streets! why do you kneel? pray you, rise.
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now
Stands ready for his punishment.

Hip. Let it fall, sir,
On the offender: he is innocent,
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.

Man. What strange turn's this ?

Leop. This was my prisoner once.

Hip. If chastity

In a young man, and tempted to the height too,
Did e'er deserve reward or admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my house ;
All engines I rais'd there to shake his virtue,
Which in the assault were useless ; he unmov'd still,
As if he had no part of human frailty,
Against the nature of my sex, almost
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And love-sick Daphne follow : all arts failing,
By flight he wan^w the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be reveng'd ; and from this grew
His accusation, and the abuse
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,^x
(Thank^y Heaven) though wanton, I found not myself
So far engag'd to hell, to prosecute
To the death what I had plotted ; for that love,
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

Man. [*To ARNOLDO*] Whate'er you are, so much I love
your virtue,

That I desire your friendship.—Do you unloose him
From those bonds you are worthy of. Your repentance
Makes part of satisfaction ; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.

Leop. I am made

A stale^z on all parts : but this fellow shall

Pay dearly for her favour.

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

^w *wan*] The modern editors print "won."

^x *over*] Both the folios "ever." ^y *Thank*] Both the folios "Thanks."

^z *stale*] Or *stalking-horse* (behind which the fowler approached his game, see note, p. 35),—decoy, cover.

Arn. My life's so full
 Of various changes, that I now despair
 Of any certain port ; one trouble ending,
 A new, and worse, succeeds it : what should Zenocia
 Do in this woman's house ? can chastity
 And hot lust dwell together without infection ?
 I would not be or jealous or secure ;
 Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.
 That she lives is my bliss ; but living there,
 A hell of torments : there's no way to her
 In whom I live, but by this door, through which
 To me 'tis death to enter ; yet I must
 And will make trial.

[*Aside.*]

Man. Let me hear no more
 Of these devices, lady ; this I pardon,
 And, at your intercession, I forgive
 Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.
 The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,
 Towards the setting forth of the last navy
 Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
 I balance with your ill now.

Char. Now, sir, to him ;
 You know my daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
 A farewell with mine eye, sir, though my lip
 Be barr'd the ceremony, courtesy,
 And custom, too, allows of.

Arn. Gentle madam,
 I neither am so cold nor so ill-bred,
 But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded ;
 And let me tell you, that I am asham'd
 Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
 If you please to accept my ready service,
 Wait on you to your house.

Hip. Above my hope !—
 Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
 He should not be more welcome.

[*Aside.*][*Exit with ARNOLDO.*]

Clod. Now you know me.

Man. Yes, sir, and honour you ; ever remembering
 Your many bounties, being ambitious only

To give you cause to say, by some one service,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd :

I have a suit to you, and an easy one,
Which ere long you shall know.

Man. When you think fit, sir ;
And then as a command I will receive it ;
Till when, most welcome.—[*To CHARINO.*] You are welcome
too, sir ;

'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much protestation.—At your better leisure,
I will inquire the cause that brought you hither ;
In the mean time serve you.

Clod. You out-do me, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Doctor's house.*

Enter DUARTE disguised, and Doctor.

Du. You have bestow'd on me a second life,
For which I live your creature ; and have better'd
What Nature fram'd unperfect : my first being
Insolent pride made monstrous ; but this later^z,
In learning me to know myself, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to rest without alarum
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent : but when,
In the remembrance of our worser actions,
We ever bear about us whips and Furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even life's a burden.

Du. I have found and felt it ;

^z *later*] The modern editors print "latter."

But will endeavour, having first made peace
 With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,
 To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
 Pray, if you can, resolve^a me,—was the gentleman,
 That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?

Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.

Du. That's my grief.

Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?

Du. No;

The stream of my swoln sorrow runs not that way;
 For could I find him, as I vow to Heaven
 It shall be my first care to seek him out,
 I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,
 In opening my veins which proud blood poison'd,
 Gave the first symptoms of true health.

Doct. 'Tis in you

A Christian resolution. That you live
 Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
 As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never
 Was solemniz'd with more tears of true sorrow
 Than have been paid by your unequal'd mother
 For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
 With your recovery.

Du. For some few days,
 Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguis'd,
 I may abroad unknown.

Doct. Without suspicion
 Of being discover'd.

Du. I am confident,
 No moisture sooner dries^b than women's tears;
 And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
 Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose
 Her farther trial.

^a *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

^b *dries*] So Theobald printed, at the suggestion of Sympson.—Both the folios have “dies”; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber; Mason also preferring that reading;—they all thinking it “more poetical” than “dries.”—I cannot for a moment believe that either Beaumont or Fletcher would have deviated so strangely from common phraseology as to talk of moisture *dying*.

Doct. That as you think fit ;
I'll not betray you.

Du. To find out this stranger,
This true physician of my mind and manners,
Were such a blessing ! He seem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in want : would I could find him !
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews :
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Precisians that way, but hot libertines ;
And such the most are : 'tis but a little travail.
I am unfurnish'd too : pray, master doctor,
Can you supply me ?

Doct. With what sum you please.

Du. I will not be long absent.

Doct. That I wish too ;

For, till you have more strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.

Du. Fear not ; I will be careful.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter LEOPOLD, ZABULON, and a Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him, sir ; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell stood in his way ; ever provided,
You pay him for 't.

Leop. He has a strange aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a hangman
In a table^c of the Passion.

Zab. He transcends
All precedents, believe it ; a flesh'd^d ruffian,
That hath so often taken the strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler : he hath perus'd too
All dungeons in Portugal ; thrice seven years
Row'd in the galleys, for three several murders ;

^c *a table*] "i. e. a picture." WEBER.

^d *flesh'd*] i. e. hardened.

Though I presume that he has done a hundred,
And scap'd unpunish'd.

Leop. He is much in debt to you,
You set him off so well.—What will you take, sir,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus^e wrong'd me?

Bra. To beat him, say you?

Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness;
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing
That may disfigure him.

Bra. Let me consider:
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.

Zab. Five hundred!

Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.

Bra. Kill him! I think so; I'll kill any man
For half the money.

Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?

Bra. Ay, sir,
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite;
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.

Leop. A good conclusion.—
The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:
I'll run some other course. [*Aside*].—There's your reward,
Without the employment. [*Gives money.*]

Bra. For that, as you please, sir.
When you have need to kill a man, pray, use me;
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*]

Zab. What's to be done, then?

Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy
To my most near designs. This stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner

^e *thus*] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "has." "The acute Mr. Sympson did not observe that *thus* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the bravo's interview with Leopold." *Ed.* 1778.—Mason, however, defends Sympson's alteration.

When the last virgin I bestow'd upon her
 Was made my prize ; how he escap'd, hereafter
 I'll let thee know ; and it may be, the love
 He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.

Zab. 'Tis not unlike ; for, the first time he saw her,
 His looks express'd so much ; and, for more proof,
 Since he came to my lady's house, though yet
 He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
 To help him to a conference, without
 The knowledge of Hippolyta ; which I promis'd.

Leop. And by all means perform it, for their meeting ;
 But work it so, that my disdainful mistress
 (Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,
 'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.

Zab. To what end, sir ?

Leop. This, Zabulon : when she sees
 Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness
 To leave a princess for her bond-woman,
 The sight will^f make her scorn what now she dotes on.
 I'll double thy reward.

Zab. You are like to speed, then ;
 For, I confess, what you will soon believe,
 We serve them best that are most apt to give.
 For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
 And yet be unobserv'd.

Leop. That I desire too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in HIPPOLYTA'S house, with a gallery.*

Enter ARNOLDO.

Arn. I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,
 The poison of this place should mix itself
 With her pure thoughts ! 'Twas she that was commanded,
 Or my eyes fail'd me grossly ; that youth, that face,
 And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here,
 And yet be honest still ?

^f *will*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first.

Enter ZENOCIA, behind.

Zen. It is Arnaldo,
From all his dangers free ! Fortune, I bless thee !
My noble husband ! how my joy swells in me !
But why in this place ? what business hath he here ?
He cannot hear of me ; I am not known here.
I left him virtuous ; how I shake to think now,
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me !

Enter, above, HIPPOLYTA and ZABULON.

This lady is but fair ; I have been thought so,
Without compare admir'd. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——

[*Aside.*

Arn. 'Tis she again ; the same,
The same Zenocia !

Zab. There they are^s together ;
Now you may mark.

Hip. Peace ; let 'em parley.

Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,
I thank the gods ; but that I meet you here——

Hip. They are acquainted.

Zab. I found that secret, madam,
When you commanded her go^h home. Pray, hear 'em.

Zen. That you meet me here ! ne'er blush at that, Arnaldo.
Your cunningⁱ comes too late : I am a woman ;
And one woman with another may be trusted.
Do you fear the house ?

Arn. More than a fear, I know it ;
Know it not good, not honest.

Zen. What do you here, then ?
I' the name of virtue, why do you approach it ?
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it ?
Where have your eyes been wandering, my Arnaldo ?

^s *they are*] Weber printed "*are they*."

^h *her go*] Weber printed "*her to go*" !

ⁱ *cunning*] The correction of the Editors of 1778, and, doubtless, the right reading.—The first folio has "*comming*." The second reads "*coming*"; and so Theobald, who proposed in a note "*coining*."

What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another!

Enter LEOPOLD behind.

I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;
But you that have a love, a wife—you do well
To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnaldo,
Since you are pleas'd to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way, for shame, to leave me¹:
Wrong not her honesty——

Arn. You have confirm'd me.

Zen. Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,
And love your loves, though they be my destructions.
No man shall know me, nor the share I have in thee;
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:
For since I am a slave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow——

Arn. Be not blinded.

Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your service:
I will speak for you.

Arn. Speak for me! you wrong me.

Zen. I will endeavour all the ways I am able,
To make her think well of you;—will that please?—
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.
So far against myself I will obey you:
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty,
This great obedience (few will buy it at my price),
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, Arnaldo.

Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer

¹ *leave me*] So Theobald, at Seward's suggestion; and so the Editors of 1778.—
Both the folios have "love me".—Weber printed "love her."

To be a man, and live, than I am honest,
And only yours : our infinite affections
Abus'd us both.

Zab. Where are your favours now ?
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam ?

Hip. Have I now found the cause ?

Zab. Attend it further.

Zen. Did she invite you, do you say ?

Arn. Most cunningly ;

And with a preparation of that state
I was brought in and welcom'd——

Zen. Seem'd to love you ?

Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.

Zen. She is a goodly lady.

Arn. Wondrous handsome.

At first view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seem'd so glorious sweet, and so far stirr'd me——
Nay, be not jealous, there 's no harm done.

Zen. Prithee,

Didst thou not kiss, Arnaldo ?

Arn. Yes, faith, did I.

Zen. And then——

Arn. I durst not, did not.

Zen. I forgive you ;

Come, tell the truth.

Arn. May be, I lay with her.

Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.

Zen. Did you, faith ?

Did you forget so far ?

[*Weeps.*]

Arn. Come, come, no weeping ;

I would have lyen first in my grave ; believe that.
Why will you ask those things you would not hear ?
She is too untemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly lascivious : had she dealt
Bnt with that seeming modesty she might,
And flung a little art upon her ardour——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,

And glad^k I was deceiv'd. No, my Zenocia,
My first love, here begun, rests here unreat'd yet,
And here for ever.

Zen. You have made me happy,
Even in the midst of bondage blest.

Zab. You see now
What rubs are in your way.

Hip. And quickly, Zabulon,
I'll root 'em out [*Whispers*].—Be sure you do this presently.

Zab. Do not you alter, then.

Hip. I am resolute. [*Exit ZABULON.*]

Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements ;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.

Leop. I am glad of that ; you have sav'd me so much
vengeance,
And so much fear. From this hour, fair befall you !

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you ;
Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper,
Only her lust contemn.

Zen. When shall I see you ?

Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,
Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.

Hip. [*Aloud*] Shut all the doors.

Arn. Who's that ?

Zen. We are betray'd ;
The lady of the house has heard our parley,
Seen us, and seen our loves.

Hip. You, courteous gallant.
You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at
The afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you ?
Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes ?
Is mine own slave my bane ? I nourish that,

^k *glad*] "The word *glad* is here used as a verb, and means rejoice." MASON.
No, no. The expression is elliptical,—equivalent to—I *am* glad.

That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
 Nor woo no more : thou shalt see, foolish man,
 And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
 The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted :
 Redeem her, then, and steal her hence.—Ho, Zabulon !
 Now to your work.

*Re-enter ZABULON with Servants ; some seize ARNOLDO, others
 ZENOCIA, ready to strangle her with a cord.*

Arn. Lady, but hear me speak first,
 As you have pity !

Hip. I have none : you taught me ;
 When I even ¹ hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.

Zab. Shall we pluck yet ?

Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon ;
 I'll pluck his heart-strings first.—Now am I worthy
 A little of your love ?

Arn. I'll be your servant ;
 Command me through what danger you shall aim at,
 Let it be death !—

Hip. Be sure, sir, I shall fit you.

Arn. But spare this virgin !

Hip. I would spare that villain first,^m
 Had cut my father's throat.

Arn. Bounteous lady, [*Kneels.*]
 If in your sex there be that noble softness,
 That tenderness of heart women are crown'd for—

Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo ; do her not that honour ;
 She is not worthy such submission :
 I scorn a life depends upon her pity.—
 Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger
 With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody :
 I bring a patience here shall make 'em blush,
 An innocence shall outlook thee and death too.

Arn. Make me your slave ; I give my freedom to you,
 For ever to be fetter'd to your service :

¹ *even*] Weber printed "have" !

^m *first*] Theobald, thinking the metre of the speech defective, removed this word to the end of the next line.

'Twas I offended ; be not so unjust, then,
To strike the innocent : this gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you ;
She is your servant ; pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.

Hip. Am I fair now ? now am I worth your liking ?

Zen. Not fair, not to be lik'd, thou glorious devil,
Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted Fury !

Arn. Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.

Zen. I'll speak nobly ;

'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.—
Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider how I weigh thy angers.
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour,
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr ;
'Tis such a grace !

Hip. You shall not want that favour :
Let ⁿ your bones work miracles.

Arn. Dear lady,
By those fair eyes——

Hip. There is but this way left you
To save her life——

Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it.

Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command——

Arn. I'll do it.—
Be comforted, Zenocia.

Zen. Do not do this ;
To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you ;
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me,
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,
By all your promises ;—take heed you keep 'em ;
Now is your constant trial. If thou dost this,

ⁿ *Let*] Theobald (ever tampering with the text) printed "And *let*."

Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,
 My curses and eternal hate pursue thee !
 Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty ?
 Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too ?
 Go, and intwine thyself about that body ;
 Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,
 Pull'd all thy vows from Heaven ; basely, most basely,
 Stoop'd to the servile flames ° of that foul woman,
 To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
 Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband ^p !

Arn. What shall I do to save her ?

[*Aside.*

Hip. How now ! what haste there ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor, attended with some gentlemen,
 Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.

Hip. Pox o' their business ! Reprieve her for this hour ;
 I shall have other time.

Arn. Now, Fortune, help us !

Hip. I'll meet 'em presently. Retire a while all.

[*Exeunt HIP. and Servants.*

Zab. You rise to-day upon your right side, lady.—
 You know the danger too, and may prevent it ;
 And, if you suffer her to perish thus,
 (As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
 Unless you stand her friend,—you know the way on't,—)
 I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.
 Let her know nothing, and perform this matter ;
 There are hours ordain'd for several businesses :
 You understand ?

Arn. I understand you bawd, sir,
 And such a counsellor I never car'd for.

° *Stoop'd to the servile flames, &c.*

To add an hour, &c.] So the second folio.—In the first folio these lines are transposed by mistake.

^p *Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband !*] “ There is no occasion to read, with the second folio, and all the editions printed since, ‘ *Know thee not again* ’ ; for the negative in the second part of the sentence is sufficient, and the beautiful versification of Zenocia's speech is destroyed by the interpolated word.” WEBER.

Enter, on one side, MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, CHARINO, LEOPOLD, and Attendants; on the other, re-enter HIPPOLYTA.

Hip. Your lordship does me honour.

Man. Fair Hippolyta,

I am come to ease you of a charge.

Hip. I keep none

I count a burden, sir.—And yet I lie too. [*Aside.*

Man. Which is the maid? is she here?

Clod. Yes, sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;
The very same I su'd to your lordship for.

Zen. Clodio again? more misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd?

Man. Come hither, maid: you are once more a free woman;
Here I discharge your bonds.

Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us!

Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly,
Against my will to take away my bond-woman?

Man. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that country we hold friendship with,
And ever did; and therefore to be us'd
With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you must be pleas'd to think this honest.—

Did you know what she was? [*To LEOPOLD.*

Leop. Not till this instant;
For, had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

Man. There, take the maid; she is at her own dispose now:
And, if there be aught else to do your honour
Any poor service in——

Clod. I am vow'd your servant.

Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;
And in a country now we stand, free people,
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.

Zen. I fear some trick yet.

Arn. Be not so dejected.

Man. [*to HIP.*] You must not be displeas'd; so, farewell,
lady.—

Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me too ;
I have a little business.

Leop. I attend your lordship.—

Now my way's free, and my hopes lords again^a. [Aside.

[*Exeunt all except HIP. and ZAB.*

Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going? I may live yet
To make you howl both.

Zab. You might have done ; you had power then ;
But now the chains are off, the command lost ;
And such a story they will make of this,
To laugh out lazy time——

Hip. No means yet left me ?
For now I burst with anger ! none to satisfy me ?
No comfort ? no revenge ?

Zab. You speak too late ;
You might have had all these your useful servants,
Had you been wise and sudden. What power or will
Over her beauty have you now, by violence
To constrain his love ? she is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty ;
And whilst she is^r so, Arnaldo will despise you.

Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied,
Or I must die.

Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet ; protect me from the law.

Hip. From any thing : thou know'st what power I have,
What money, and what friends.

Zab. 'Tis a devilish one :
But such must now be us'd. Walk in, I'll tell you ;
And, if you like it, if the devil can do any thing——

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

^a *hopes lords again*] Weber's correction.—The first folio has "*hopes. Lords againe.*"—The second folio reads "*hope's lord again*" ; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

^r *whilst she is*] The modern editors print, "while she's."

SCENE IV.—*A room in the house of Sulpitia.**Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself——

Ja. Give him breath, mistress ;
You'll melt him else.

Sul. He does perform such wonders——
The women are mad on him.

Ja. Give him breath, I say ;
The man is but a man ; he must have breath.

Sul. How many^s had he yesterday ?

Ja. About fourteen ; and they paid bravely too ;
But still I cry, give breath ; spare him, and have him.

Sul. Five dames to-day : this was a^t small stage ;
He may endure five more.

Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still ;
Body o' me, give breath ; the man's a lost man else :
Feed him, and give him breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen ;
You're very welcome.

First Gent. We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd
fellow,

That does rare tricks : my sister and myself here
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.

Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.

Both Gent. There's for your courtesy. [*Giving money.*

[*Exeunt Jaques and Gentlewomen.*

Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will set me up again ; he brings in gold

^s *Sul.* *How many, &c.*] Both the folios thus :

“ *Sulp.* How many had he yesterday ?

And they paid bravely too.

Jaq. About fourteene.

But still I cry give breath, spare him and have him.”

The necessary transposition was made by Theobald.

^t *was a*] Theobald printed “*was but a.*”

Faster than I have leisure to receive it.
 Oh, that his body were not flesh and fading !
 But I'll so pap him up—nothing too dear for him :
 What a sweet scent he has !

Re-enter JAQUES.

Now, what news, Jaques ?

Ja. He cannot last ; I pity the poor man,
 I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
 And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,
 Are ready now to enter : and behind these,
 An old dead-palsied lady in a litter ;
 And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost :
 You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins ;
 But, for his flesh——

Sul. These are but easy labours ;
 Yet, for I know he must have rest——

Ja. He must ;
 You'll beat him off his legs else presently.

Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself ; I am pleas'd too :
 To-morrow's a new day : but, if he can,
 I would have him take pity o' the old lady ;
 Alas, 'tis charity !

Ja. I'll tell him all this ;
 And, if he be not too fool-hardy——

[*Exit.*

Enter ZABULON.

Sul. How now !
 What news with you ?

Zab. You must presently
 Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.

Sul. She may command.

Zab. You must not dream nor trifle.

Sul. Which way ?

Zab. A spell you must prepare, a powerful one ;
 Peruse but these directions, you shall find all ;

[*Gives a writing, &c.*

There is the picture too : be quick and faithful,
 And do it with that strength——When 'tis perform'd,
 Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it.

Sul. I 'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark you,
Will you never lie at home again?

Zab. Excuse me ;
I have too much business yet.

Sul. I am right glad on 't.

Zab. Think on your business ; so, farewell.

Sul. I 'll do it.

Zab. Within this hour I 'll visit you again,
And give you greater lights.

Sul. I shall observe you.

This brings a brave reward ; bravely I 'll do it,
And all the hidden art I have express in 't. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter RUTILIO, in a night-cap.

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden^u :
Fie, how my hams shrink under me ! oh me,
I am broken-winded too ! Is this a life ?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at ?
I had a body once, a handsome body,
And wholesome too : now I appear like a rascal
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.
Fie, how I faint !—Women ! keep me from women !
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure ;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation ;
But women, women ! oh, the devil ! women !
Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken ?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way ?
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows ?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women.
How devilishly my bones ache ! oh, the old lady !
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies 'cross my back too ;
Oh, how she stings ! No treason to deliver me ?

^u *crow-trodden*] "Rutilio compares his manner of walking to the waddling of crows. Or the allusion may be to the wooden legs of scarecrows, in our authors' time called *crow-keepers*." WEBER. Surely, *crow-trodden* means—having wrinkles under the eyes, or at the corners of them, like the impression of crows' feet.

Enter three Men, in night-caps, very faintly.

Now, what are you? do you mock me?

First Man. No, sir, no;

We were your predecessors in this place.

Sec. Man. And come to see [how] you bear up.

Rut. Good gentlemen!

You seem to have a snuffing^v in your head, sir,
A parlous^w snuffing; but this same dampish air—

Sec. Man. A dampish air, indeed.

Rut. Blow your face tenderly,

Your nose will ne'er endure it.—Mercy o' me,

What are men chang'd to here! is my nose fast yet?

Methinks it shakes i' th' hilts [*Aside*].—Pray, tell me, gentlemen,

How long is 't since you flourish'd here?

Third Man. Not long since.

Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are tender.—

Nor long endur'd?

Sec. Man. The labour was so much, sir,

And so few to perform it——

Rut. Must I come to this,

And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?

I cannot run away, I am too feeble.

[*Aside.*]

Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?

First Man. No, truly, sir;

The place has been too warm for our complexions.

Sec. Man. We have enough on't: rest you merry, sir!

We came but to congratulate your fortune;

You have abundance.

Third Man. Bear your fortune soberly;

And so we leave you to the next fair lady. [*Exeunt three Men.*]

Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,

At the next hospital.—There's no living thus,

Nor am I able to endure it longer:

With all the helps and heats that can be given me,

I am at my trot already^x. They are fair and young,

^v *snuffing*] Altered by Theobald to "snuffling"; and so the Editors of 1778.

^w *parlous*] i. e. *perilous*,—excessive.

^x *With all the helps and heats that can be given me,*

I am at my trot already] The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed, "*With all*

Most of the women that repair unto me ;
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.

Re-enter Sulpitia.

More women yet ? Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her nor a smock,
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills !

Sul. By this, the spell begins to work^y. [*Aside*].—You are
lusty ;

I see, you bear up bravely yet.

Rut. Do you hear, lady ?

Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps ; it will not hold :
Play me with some discretion ; to-day one course,
And, two days hence, another.

Sul. If you be so angry,
Pay back the money I redeem'd you at,
And take your course ; I can have men enough.
You have cost me an hundred crowns, since you came hither,
In broths and strengthening caudles ; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour ;
I'll chain you to't else.

Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'll keep your house, and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipp'd out o' doors ; do you mark me, lady ? whipp'd ;
I'll eat old shoes.

the help," &c.—“ *I am at my trot* ' means, I am reduced to a trot, I am off my speed. . . . The heats that Rutilio means are the nourishing meats which were given him to warm his blood ; and accordingly Sulpitia tells him, in the next page,

‘ You have cost me an hundred crowns, since you came hither,
In broths and strengthening caudles, ’ &c.” MASON.

^y *By this, the spell begins to work*] “ She is speaking of the incantations which she is employed in at the instance of Hippolyta. The spell was undoubtedly the wax image of Zenocia, one of the strongest within the knowledge of witches. In Middleton's *Witch*, ed. 1778, page 100, Heecat proffers to destroy Almachildes in the following manner :

‘ His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.’ ” WEBER.

Enter DUARTE, disguised.

Du. In this house, I am told,
There is a stranger of a goodly person ;
And such a one that^z was ; if I could see him,
I yet remember him.

Sul. Your business, sir ?
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd ;
I keep none here.

[*Exit.*

Du. Certain, this is the gentleman ;
The very same.

[*Aside.*

Rut. 'Death, if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I would thresh, set up a cobbler's shop, keep hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes and knights of ginger-
bread,
Thatch for three half-pence a-day, and think it lordly,
From this base stallion-trade !—Why does he eye me,
Eye me so narrowly ?

[*Aside.*

Du. It seems, you are troubled, sir ;
I heard you speak of want.

Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far than relieving, sir.

Du. I do not think so :
You know me not.

Rut. Not yet, that I remember.

Du. You shall, and for your friend ; I am beholding^a to
you,

Greatly beholding, sir. If you remember,
You fought with such a man they call'd Duarte,
A proud distemper'd man : he was my enemy,
My mortal foe ; you slew him fairly, nobly.

Rut. Speak softly, sir ; you do not mean to betray me ?—
I wish'd the gallows ; now they 're coming fairly. [*Aside.*

Du. Be confident ; for, as I live, I love you ;
And now you shall perceive it : for that service,
Me and my purse command ; there, take it to you ;

^z *that*] Mason's correction.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes to read "this."—
Both the folios have "there" ; and so the modern editors.

^a *beholding*] See note, p. 30—Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to
"beholden."

'Tis gold, and no small sum ; a thousand ducats :
Supply your want.

Rut. But do you do this faithfully ?

Du. If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me.
In what else I may serve you, sir—^b

Rut. I thank you.—

This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.— [*Aside.*

I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.

Du. Trust me with it.

Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust you ;
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady
That sav'd my life once.

Du. That will be most thankful ;
I will do 't with all care.

Rut. Where are you, White-broth ?

Re-enter Sulpitia.

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money ;
'Tis ready here : no threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now !

Sul. You do not mean to leave me ?

Rut. I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come, quickly, come, despatch ; this air's unwholesome :
Quickly, good lady, quickly to 't.

Sul. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.

Rut. And pick his bones, as you've done mine, pox take you !

Du. At my lodging, for a while, you shall be quarter'd,
And there take physic for your health.

Rut. I thank you.—

I have found my angel now too^c, if I can keep him. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt, on one side, DUARTE and RUTILIO, on the other, Sulpitia.*

^b *In what else I may serve you, sir—*] The modern editors print,
" *In what else may I serve you, sir ?* "

^c *I have found my angel now too*] " He considered Zabulon as Arnaldo's angel,
and says to him, in the 423d page, when Zabulon offers money to Arnaldo,

' ———— Take it, man :

Sure, thy good angel is a Jew.' " MASON.

" The same allusion is repeated again in the next scene." WEBER.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter RUTILIO and DUARTE.

Rut. You like the letter?

Du. Yes; but I must tell you,
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit
The mother (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you slew so lately.

Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost son, than speedily to help her
To a good husband; one that will beget
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot one;
It fir'd and fir'd me^d; but, all thanks to you, sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.

Du. What is done, sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore spare your thanks.

Rut. I'll no more whoring;
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one
Than all the exercise in the world besides:
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water, to it; twenty surfeits
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this lady,
(As ten to one I shall, I was ne'er denied yet,)
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely [twice to church o' Sundays]^e,

^d *It fir'd and fir'd me*] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed, "*It fir'd and fetter'd me*," because, with the old reading, "the contrast to *freed* is wanting."—A wretched alteration!

^e [*twice to church o' Sundays*] That something equivalent to these words has

And then instruct my family. You are sad ;
What do you muse on, sir ?

Du. Truth, I was thinking
What course to take for the delivery of your letter ;
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know
You kill'd her son ?

Rut. Give me a book, I'll swear 't :
Denied me to the officers that pursu'd me,
Brought me herself to the door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges ; and shall I make doubt, then,
But that she lov'd me ? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her : for then to have woo'd her
Had been unseasonable.

Du. Well, sir, there's more money
To make you handsome. I'll about your business :
You know where you must stay.

Rut. There you shall find me.—
Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew, his genius, or my Christian,
Has prov'd the better friend ! [*Aside, and then exit.*

Du. Oh, who would trust
Deceiving woman ? or believe that one,
The best and most canòniz'd, ever was
More than a seeming goodness ? I could rail now
Against the sex, and curse it ; but the theme
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar,
My mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation,) she that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow ; she that in my breeding
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care
And tenderness to a son ; she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me ; good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger

been omitted here, is beyond a doubt, though the modern editors seem not to have perceived the incompleteness of the text.

The wreak she ow'd her son ^f ! I fear her honour.
 That he was sav'd much joys me ; and grieve ^g only
 That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
 And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
 Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
 Or us'd to cloke her base hypocrisy.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA, and SULPITIA in a magical robe.

Hip. Are you assur'd the charm prevails ?

Sul. Do I live ?

Or you ^h speak to me ? now, this very instant,
 Health takes its last leave of her ; meagre paleness,
 Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies,
 The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face with.
 To force affection is beyond our art ;
 For I have prov'd all means that hell has taught me,
 Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
 To change Arnol'do's love ; but to no purpose :
 But, for your bond-woman —

Hip. Let her pine and die :

She remov'd ⁱ, which, like a brighter sun,
 Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,
 And, as I have been, be admir'd and sought to ^j.
 How long has she to live ?

^f *that this mother,*

After all this, should give up to a stranger

The wreak she ow'd her son] “i. e. that she should give up the right and duty of vengeance which she owed for her son's murder, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his murderer out of the pursuit and reach of justice.”
 THEOBALD.

^g *and grieve*] Means, of course, and *I* grieve.—Altered silently by the modern editors to “*I grieve.*”

^h *Or you*] So the first folio.—The second folio has “*Or do you*” ; and so Theobald.

ⁱ *She remov'd*] Theobald printed “*She once remov'd*” ; and so probably the poet wrote.

^j *sought to*] See note, p. 420.

Sul. Lady, before
The sun twice rise and set, be confident
She is but dead ; I know my charm hath found her ;
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's sorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. All things have succeeded
As you could wish ; I saw her brought sick home,
The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.
Let me adore this second Hecate,
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,
That, as she pleases, can cut short^k, or lengthen
The thread of life !

Hip. Where was she when the enchantment
First seiz'd upon her ?

Zab. Taking the fresh air,
In the company of the governor and Count Clodio ;
Arnoldo too was present, with her father ;
When, in a moment (so the servants told me),
As she was giving thanks to the governor
And Clodio for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.

Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece,
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here^l ;
And with the hazard of thy life no more
Make trial of thy powerful art ; which known,
Our laws call death. Off with this magical robe,
And be thyself.

Sul. Stand close ; you shall hear more.

[*Takes off her robe, and retires with HIP. and ZAB.*

^k *cut short*] "Other editions—'shut short.' Corrected by Mr. Mason. The compositor undoubtedly caught the first two letters of the ensuing word." WEBER,—who, if he had examined the "other editions," would have found that the misprint "shut short" is extant only in the ed. of 1778 !

^l *Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here, &c.*] "i. e. I'll reward thee so liberally, as to set thee above all the necessities of life, and thou shalt rest in this last trial of thy pernicious destructive practices, which, once discovered, are death by the laws." THEOBALD.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. You must have patience ; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we should question
What is decreed above, or ask a reason
Why Heaven determines this or that way of us.

Clod. Heaven has no hand in 't ; 'tis a work of hell :
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of crime^m,
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.

Char. Not for her fault, but mine, sir, Zenocia suffers :
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals.

Clod. All ancient stories of the love of husbands
To virtuous wives be now no more remember'd !

Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believ'd !

Man. I have heard there has been
Between some married pairs such sympathy,
That the husband has felt really the throes
His wife, then teeming, suffers : this true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter ; let 's use now
All possible means to help her.

Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting.
Make use of any means or men.

Char. You are noble. [*Exeunt* MAN., CLOD., *and* CHAR.

^m *suspicion of crime*] " *Suspicion* is here a word of four syllables, and therefore there is no occasion for reading, with the modern editors (who, as in innumerable other instances, interpolate, without making any mention of it)— '*suspicion of a crime.*' Three lines afterwards they have, equally unwarrantably, struck out the word *sir.*" WEBER.

Sul. Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.
Her fate is in your hand.

Hip. Can I restore her?

Sul. If you command my art.

Hip. I'll die myself first:

And yet I will go visit her, and see
This miracle of sorrow in Arnaldo:
An 'twere for me, I should change places with her,
And die most happy; such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument; but too good for her
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,
You shall along with me.—Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.

Zab. I will attend you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An ante-room in GUIOMAR'S house.*

Enter DUARTE disguised, and a Servant.

Serv. I have serv'd you from my youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful. That you live 's a treasure
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth
But when you give me warrant.

Du. I rely
Upon thy faith: nay, no more protestations;
Too many of them will call that in question
Which now I doubt not. She is there?

Serv. Alone too;
But, take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.
For the displeasure I shall undergo
I am prepar'd.

Du. Leave me; I'll stand the hazard. [*Exit Servant.*]
The silence that 's observ'd, her close retirements,
No visitants admitted, not the day,
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give leave.—She sits upon the ground; [*Looking out.*]

By Heaven, she weeps ; my picture in her hand too ;
She kisses it, and weeps again.

Enter GUIOMAR.

Gui. Who 's there ?

Du. There is no starting back now. [*Aside*].—Madam.

Gui. Ha !

Another murderer ! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more sons.

Du. Your pardon, lady ;
There 's no such foul fact taints me.

Gui. What mak's[t] thou here, then ?—
Where are my servants ? do none but my sorrows
Attend upon me ?—Speak, what brought thee hither ?

Du. A will to give you comfort.

Gui. Thou art but a man,
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou could [st] raise the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee :
But that 's impossible.

Du. Please you but to readⁿ this ;
You shall know better there why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it.

[*Gives letter.*]

Gui. From whom comes it ?

Du. That will instruct you.—I suspect this stranger ;
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance
With his reports, I know not what to think on 't.
What a frown was there ! she looks me through and through ;
Now reads again, now pauses ; and now smiles,
And yet there 's more of anger in 't than mirth :
These are strange changes : oh, I understand it ;
She 's full of serious thoughts.

[*Aside.*]

Gui. You are just, you Heavens,
And never do forget to hear their prayers,
That truly pay their vows ! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,

ⁿ *but to read*] Theobald printed, with the second folio, "but read."

Under which, as a mountain, my heart groans yet,
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me ;
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.

The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me !— [*Aside.*
Come hither, friend ; I am sure you know the gentleman
That sent these charms.

Du. Charms, lady !

Gui. These charms, ⁿ ;

I well may call them so, they 've won upon me
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it,)
And therefore I'll be open-breasted to thee :
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desir'd of all men : let me blush,
And then I'll say I love him.

Du. All men see

In this a woman's virtue ! [*Aside.*

Gui. I expected,

For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen him ;
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there 's a large distance :
But I'll excuse him ; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my son
Fell by his hand.

Du. And reason, lady.

Gui. No ;

He did me a pleasure in 't ; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning.
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends' sake partly, but especially
For his long absence.

Du. Oh, the devil !

[*Aside.*

Gui. Therefore,

Bid him be speedy ; a priest shall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him ;
Deliver that, and bring him.

ⁿ *These charms*] Theobald printed "Ay, these charms" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Du. I am dumb :
 A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
 And something I shall do. [*Aside.*]—I wait upon you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the palace of MANUEL DU SOSA.*

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, CHARINO, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA
borne in a chair by Servants, and two Doctors.

First Doct. Give her more air ; she dies else.

Arn. Oh, thou dread power,
 That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship
 This virgin wife the master-piece, look down on her !
 Let her mind's virtues, cloth'd in this fair garment,
 That worthily deserves a better name
 Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her !
 Or, if those are denied, let Innocence,
 To which all passages in Heaven stand open,
 Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
 And mediate for her ! or, if this age of sin
 Be worthy of a miracle, the sun
 In his diurnal progress never saw
 So sweet a subject to employ it on !

Man. Wonders are ceas'd, sir ; we must work by means.

Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians are.—
 To you thus low I fall, then : so may you ever [*Kneels.*
 Be styl'd the hands of Heaven, Nature's restorers ;
 Get wealth and honours ; and by your success
 In all your undertakings propagate
 Your great opinion in the world^p, as now
 You use your saving art ! for know, good gentlemen,
 Besides the fame, and all that I possess,

^p *Your great opinion in the world*] “i. e. the great opinion conceived of you in the world.” MASON. “Mr. Mason is wrong. ‘Your great opinion’ signifies, in old language, ‘Your great reputation.’” WEBER,—who ought to have pointed out the *difference* between his own explanation and that of Mason.

For a reward, posterity shall stand
 Indebted to you ; for (as Heaven forbid it !)
 Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age
 Of all that 's good or graceful, times succeeding,
 The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
 Will suffer in the want of her example.

First Doct. Were all the world to perish with her, we
 Can do no more than what art and experience
 Give⁹ us assurance of. We have us'd all means
 To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot :
 How should we, then, promise the cure ?

Arn. Away !

[*Rises.*

I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
 The power of doing : ye are mere names only,
 And even your best perfection accidental.—
 Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
 (As some hold all diseases that afflict us,)
 As love already makes me sensible
 Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,
 And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
 And I will swear thou 'rt merciful !

First Doct. Your hand, lady.—

What a strange heat is here !—Bring some warm water.

Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours ; my sorrow
 Provides her of a better bath ; my tears
 Shall do that office.

Zen. Oh, my best Arnolde,
 The truest of all lovers ! I would live,
 Were Heaven so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow
 With my true service ; but since that 's denied me,
 May you live long and happy ! Do not suffer—
 By your affection to me, I conjure you !—
 My sickness to infect you ; though much love
 Makes you too subject to it.

Arn. In this only
 Zenocia wrongs her servant. Can the body
 Subsist, the soul departed ? 'tis as easy

⁹ Give] So the second folio.—The first folio " Gives."

As I to live without you. I am your husband,
 And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,
 Bandyng us from one hazard to another,
 Would never grant me so much happiness
 As to pay a husband's debt: despite of fortune,
 In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
 And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me.

Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly
 Express'd, I never read of.

Man. I am struck
 With wonder to behold it, as with pity.

Char. If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,
 Being tied no further than humanity
 Leads you to soft compassion; think, great sir,
 What of necessity I must endure
 That am a father.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, speaking to ZABULON and^r SULPITIA at the door.

Hip.^s Wait me there; I hold it
 Unfit to have you seen: as I find cause,
 You shall proceed.

Man. You are welcome, lady.

Hip. Sir,
 I come to do a charitable office.
 How does the patient?

Clod. You may inquire
 Of more than one; for two are sick and deadly:
 He languishes in her; her health's despair'd of,
 And in hers, his.

Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle:
 With what a patience they sit unmov'd!
 Are they not dead already?

First Doct. By her pulse,
 She cannot last a day.

^r ZABULON and] Ought perhaps to be omitted; for afterwards in this scene Sulpitia only comes on the stage. Yet both the folios have "Zabulon and Sulpitia at the door."

^s *Hip.*] Both the folios "Zab."

Arn. Oh, by that summons
I know my time too !
Hip. Look to the man.
Clod. Apply
Your art to save the lady ; preserve her,
A town^t is your reward.
Hip. I'll treble it
In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo ;
For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, madam ? now
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections, or hardness,
(Give it what name you please,) you are reveng'd of ;
For now you may perceive our thread of life
Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo
Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia,
And not to serve the use of any other ;
And in that she may equal^u ; my lord Clodio
Had long since else enjoy'd her ; nor could I
Have been so blind as not to see your great
And many excellencies, far, far beyond
Or my deservings or my hopes. We are now
Going our latest journey, and together,
Our only comfort : we desire^v—pray, give it—
Your charity to our ashes—such we must be—
And not to curse our memories.
Hip. I am much mov'd.

^t town] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "crown" !

^u And in that she may equal, &c.] "i. e. in that respect, in her being made to enjoy only me, Zenocia's destiny may be said to equal my own ; if not, Lord Clodio would have enjoyed her long since." WEBER.—Theobald, with the concurrence of Sympson, printed "And, in that, she my equal."

^v and together,

Our only comfort : we desire, &c.] Though Mason had rightly explained this passage—that their going together was their only comfort—yet Weber retained the erroneous punctuation of the preceding editions, viz.

"and together ;
Our only comfort we desire," &c.

Clod. I am wholly overcome. All love to women
Farewell for ever!—Ere you die, your pardon;
And yours, sir: had she many years to live,
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,
But as a lover never: and since all
Your sad misfortunes had original
From the barbarous custom practis'd in my country,
Heaven witness, for your sake, I here release it!
So, to your memory chaste wives and virgins
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you;
And wish she were so now as when my lust
Forc'd you to quit the country.

Hip. It is in vain
To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends.—
Look up, Zenocia: health in me speaks to you;
She gives him to you, that by divers ways
So long has kept him from you: and repent not
That you were once my servant; for which, health,
And, recompense^w of what I made you suffer,
The hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower.

Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.

Hip. It is, believe it.—

Enter a Servant, who whispers MANUEL.

Sulpitia!

Enter Sulpitia.

Sul. Madam?

Hip. Quick, undo the charm:
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice,
It is my will.

Sul. Which I obey, and gladly.

[*Exit.*]

Man. Is to be married, say'st thou?

^w *And, recompense*] Both the folios have "In recompence".—Weber printed,
" [*And*] in recompence."—Theobald gave the passage thus,

"In recompence of what I made you suffer,
And th' hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower";

and so the Editors of 1778.

Serv. So she says, sir,
And does desire your presence.

Man. Tell ^x her I'll come. [Exit Servant.

Hip. Pray, carry them to their rest ; for though already
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for 't,
If they recover not.

Man. What you have warranted,
Assure yourself, will be expected from you.—
Look to them carefully ; and till the trial——

[ZENOCIA and ARNOLDO are borne off in chairs.

Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.

Man. Let me
Entreat your companies : there is something ^y
Of weight invites me hence.

All. We'll wait upon you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A room in the house of GUIOMAR.*

Enter GUIOMAR and Servants.

Gui. You understand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to ; the faithful promise
You have made me all ?

All. We do, and will perform it.

Gui. The governor will not fail to be here presently.
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion ;
And bring me word when they arrive.

All. We shall, madam.

Gui. Only stay you to entertain.

First Serv. I am ready. [Exeunt Servants.

Gui. I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice
Men ever have a-foot against our honours ;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,
No shape put on so pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,

^x *Tell*] Both the folios have "And tell" (the eye of the original compositor having caught "And" in the preceding line).

^y *there is something*] Silently altered by the modern editors to "there now is something."

Never so laden with admir'd example),
 But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,
 Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded.
 Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,
 Whose life I sav'd—at what dear price sticks here yet—
 Why should he hope? he was not here an hour;
 And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
 I gave him no loose look—I had no reason—
 Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,
 The killing of my son a kindness to me—
 Why should he send to me, or with what safety,
 (Examining the ruin he had wrought me,)
 Though at that time my pious pity found^z him,
 And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Re-enter First Servant.

First Serv. The gentlemen are come.

Gui. Then bid 'em welcome :

I must retire.

[*Exit.*

Enter RUTILIO, and DUARTE disguised.

First Serv. You are welcome, gentlemen^a.

Rut. I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.

First Serv. I'll let her understand.

Rut. It shall befit you.— [Exit First Servant.

How do I look, sir, in this handsome trim?

Methinks I am wondrous brave^b.

Du. You are very decent.

Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
 Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,
 And where their first aims light: I'll lay my head on 't,
 I'll take her eye as soon as she looks on me;
 And, if I come to speak once, woe be to her!
 I have her in a nooze, she cannot scape me:
 I have their several lasts^c.

^z *found*] Theobald silently altered the word to "fenc'd"; and so his successors!

^a *welcome, gentlemen*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "welcome home Gentlemen."

^b *brave*] i. e. fine, richly dressed.

^c *their several lasts*] i. e., as we now say, the measure of their feet.

Du. You are thoroughly^d studied.
But tell me, sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confess you are——

Rut. That 's not an hour's work ;
I 'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.

Du. She being set in years, next ; none of those lustres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy,
Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins——

Rut. I love old stories : those live believ'd, authentic,
When twenty of your modern faces are call'd in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions ;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she sav'd me,
She sav'd my life ; have I not cause to love her ?
She's rich, and of a constant state^e, a fair one ;
Have I not cause to woo her ? I have tried sufficient
All your young fillies ; I think, this back has tried 'em,
And smarted for it too ; they run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils :
A staid pace now becomes my years, a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.

Du. How miserable,
If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,
Beyond all human cure, were my condition !
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.— [*Aside.*
Here comes the lady, sir.

Re-enter GUIOMAR.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To shew I am a creature bound to your service,
And only yours——

Gui. Keep at that distance, sir ;
For, if you stir——

Rut. I am obedient.—
She has found already I am for her turn :
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me !
Mark how she musters all my parts. [*Aside to* DUARTE.

^d *thoroughly*] The modern editors print "thoroughly."

^e *state*] "The word seems, in the present instance, to mean conduct, behaviour." WEBER.—Rather, I believe,—estate.

Gui. A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly set I never look'd on. [Aside.]

Rut. Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage
of 'em.

Gui. How happy am I now, since my son fell,
He fell not by a base unnoble hand!
As that still troubled me. How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice
I offer to his grave shall be both worthy
A son's untimely loss and a mother's sorrow! [Aside.]

Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own:
I told you what a spell I carried with me:
All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatched delight—I shall be thankful to you;
And, if you please to know my house, to use it,
To take it for your own——

Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard and Servants; they seize RUTILIO, and bind him.

Rut. How now! what means this, lady?

Gui. Bind him fast.

Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare for me?
The colours^e that you give?

Du. Fie, gentle lady!

This is not noble dealing.

Gui. Be you satisfied:

It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;
You shall not be so long.

Rut. Do you call this wooing?—

Is there no end of women's persecutions?
Must I needs fool into^f mine own destruction?
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the devil's teeth? [Aside].—You are not mad, lady?
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,
To offer you that honour——

Gui. You are deceiv'd, sir;

^e colours] i. e. wedding-favours.

^f fool into] Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed "fool it to."

You come, besotted, to your own destruction ;
 I sent not for you. What honour can you add to me,
 That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on ?
 That robb'd me of that right made me a mother ?
 Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,
 And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul ;
 Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o'er thee !
 Thou desperate fool, who bade thee seek this ruin ?
 What mad unmanly fate made thee discover
 Thy cursèd face to me again ? was 't not enough
 To have the fair protection of my house,
 When misery and justice close pursu'd thee ?
 When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
 Hatch'd^s in the life of him ? Yet I forgave thee :
 My hospitable word, even when I saw
 The goodliest branch of all my blood lopt from me,
 Did I not seal still to thee ?

Rut. I am gone.

[*Aside.*

Gui. And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery,
 Did I not give thee means^h ? but hark, ungrateful !
 Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me ?
 To keep thy name for ever from my memory,
 Thy cursèd blood and kindred ? did I not swear then,
 If ever, in this wretched life thou hast left me,
 Short and unfortunate, I saw thee again,
 Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredst,
 To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,
 With all the miseries a mother suffers ?

Rut. I was born to be hang'd ; there 's no avoiding it.

[*Aside.*

Gui. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here,
 Walk like the winding-sheet my son was put in,
 Stain'dⁱ with those wounds ?

^s *Hatch'd*] Equivalent here to—coloured, stained : see note, vol. iii. 32.

^h *to imp thy misery,*

Did I not give thee means ?] "i. e. did I not furnish thee with money, to assist thy flight ? It is a term in *falconry* : to *imp* is said, when a fresh feather of a hawk is put to an old broken stump." THEOBALD. See note, vol. i. 191.

ⁱ *Stain'd*] The correction of the Editors of 1778.—Both the folios "Stand"; and so Theobald !

Du. I am happy now again :
 Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother
 So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows ! [Aside.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor's come in.

Gui. Oh, let him enter. [Exit Servant.]

Rut. I have fool'd myself a fair thread : of all my fortunes,
 This strikes me most ; not that I fear to perish,
 But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it.
 [Aside.]

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, and CHARINO.

Man. Are these fit preparations for a wedding, lady ?
 I came prepar'd a guest.

Gui. Oh, give me justice !
 As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
 Do justice, justice, sir !

Man. You need not ask it ;
 I am bound to it.

Gui. Justice upon this man,
 That kill'd my son !

Man. Do you confess the act ?

Rut. Yes, sir.

Clod. Rutilio ?

Cha. 'Tis the same.

Clod. How fell he thus ?
 Here will be sorrow for the good Arnaldo.

Man. Take heed, sir, what you say.

Rut. I have weigh'd it well ;
 I am the man : nor is it life I start at ;
 Only I am unhappy I am poor,
 Poor in expense of lives ; there I am wretched,
 That I have not two lives lent me for this^j sacrifice,
 One for her son, another for her sorrows^k.—
 Excellent lady, now rejoice again ;
 For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,
 Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance,

^j *this*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "his."

^k *sorrows*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "sorrow."

(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that.)
 Yet, let the world believe you lov'd Duarte :
 The unmatched courtesies you have done my miseries,
 Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
 To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.

Gui. Shall I have justice ?

Man. Yes.

Rut. I'll ask it for you ;

I'll follow it myself, against myself.—

Sir, 'tis most fit I die : despatch it quickly ;
 The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with
 Will kill her else ; then blood on blood lies on me :
 Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
 Before I would draw one tear more from that virtue.

Gui. Be not too cruel, sir—and yet his bold sword—
 But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too
 Of a fair promise—but, alas, my son's dead !—
 If I have justice, must it kill him ?

Man. Yes.

Gui. If I have not, it kills me.—Strong and goodly !
 Why should he perish too ?

Man. It lies in your power ;

You only may accuse him, or may quit¹ him.

Clod. Be there no other witnesses ?

Gui. Not any :

And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,
 I have forgot a son, to save a murderer ?
 And yet he looks not like one ; he looks manly.

Clod.^m Pity so brave a gentleman should perish :
 She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.

Gui. Will you pronounce ?—yet, stay a little, sir.

Rut. Rid yourself, lady, of this misery,
 And let me go : I do but breed more tempests,
 With which you are already too much shaken.

Gui. Do now, pronounce ! I will not hear.

Du. You shall not !

[*Discovering himself.*

Yet turn and see, good madam.

¹ *quit*] i. e. acquit.

^m *Clod.*] Both the folios "Hip."

Man. Do not wonder :
'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not stand amaz'd ; it is Duarte ;
Is well, is safe again.

Gui. Oh, my sweet son !
I will not press my wonder now with questions.—
Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty
I urg'd against you.

Rut. Madam, it was but justice.

Du. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again ;
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect :
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,
Sav'd me ; for which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.

Gui. You sent this letter ?

Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.

Gui. I'll wipe off that ;
And with this kiss I take you for my husband.
Your wooing's done, sir ; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.

Rut. You have it.

Du. You have ended my desire to all my wishes.

Man. Now 'tis a wedding again : and, if Hippolyta
Make good what with the hazard of her life
She undertook, the evening will set clear,
After a stormy day.

Char. Here comes the lady.

Enter HIPPOLYTA ° *leading* ARNOLDO *and* ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD,
ZABULON, *and* SULPITIA.

Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life again
Restor'd unto her.

Zen. The gift of her goodness.

Rut. Let us embrace ; I am of your order too ;
And though I once despair'd of women, now

° *Enter Hippolyta, &c.]* Both the folios have "*Enter HIPPOLYTA, leading LEOPOLD, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA, in either hand, ZABULON, SULPITIA,*"—which is far from intelligible.

I find they relish much of scorpions,
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too.
But what have been your fortunes?

Arn. We'll defer

Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,
Or, for her sake, Arnol^p, join with us
In th' honour of this lady.

Char. She deserves it.

Hip. Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter :
Nor will I alone better myself, but others ;
For these, whose wants perhaps have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them
To any course of life but what the law
Shall give allowance to.

Zab. Sul. Your ladyship's creatures.

Rut. Be so, and no more your man-huckster^q.

Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with such fervour
So long have sought me, and in that deserv'd me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travails,
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance :
And though my violent dotage did transport me
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste act^r,
Heaven knows, I am free.

^p *Arnol^p*] The modern editors print "Arnol^p's."

^q *Be so, and no more your man-huckster*] Theobald's correction.—The first folio has,

"*Be so and no more, you man-huckster.*"

The second folio,

"*Be so, and no more you man-huckster.*"

The Editors of 1778 and Weber, not understanding the speech, retained the "you" of the folios,—Weber putting a break after "*man-huckster*", as if the sense were incomplete.

^r *act*] Theobald's emendation (in which Seward and Sympson concurred); and so the Editors of 1778.—Both the folios have "art"; and so Weber.—"The change [of 'art' into 'act']," observes Mason, "was unnecessary, as the word *art* is frequently used by the ancient dramatic writers to express practice,

Leop. The thought of that 's dead to me ;
I gladly take your offer.

Rut. Do so, sir ;
A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that 's whole.

Man. You shall be all my guests ;
I must not be denied.

Arn. Come, my Zenocia ;
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward ;
To instruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heaven still guides such as are good. [Exeunt.]

practical knowledge, or act. So, in *The Beggars' Bush* [act ii. sc. 3.], Goswin says—

‘ Not all the anger can be sent unto her
In frown or voice, or other *art*, shall force her.’ ”

I nevertheless am confident that in the present passage “act” is the right reading.

EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
For which they were made, was to entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators : in this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose ; for, I know,
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say
In the behalf of us and of the play ;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or silence it.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

I SPAKE much in the prologue for the play,
To its desert, I hope ; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted : I am still the same
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification or excuse. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

END OF VOL. IV.

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