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The image shows a piece of marbled paper with a complex, organic pattern. The colors include dark charcoal, forest green, mustard yellow, and a touch of magenta, all set against a light beige background. The pattern consists of irregular, cell-like shapes and veins. A small, rectangular white label with a thin black border is centered on the paper. At the bottom center, there is a white, rectangular object, possibly a piece of tape or a weight. The overall appearance is that of a book cover or endpaper.

*Doctor Batty,
Fairlight.*

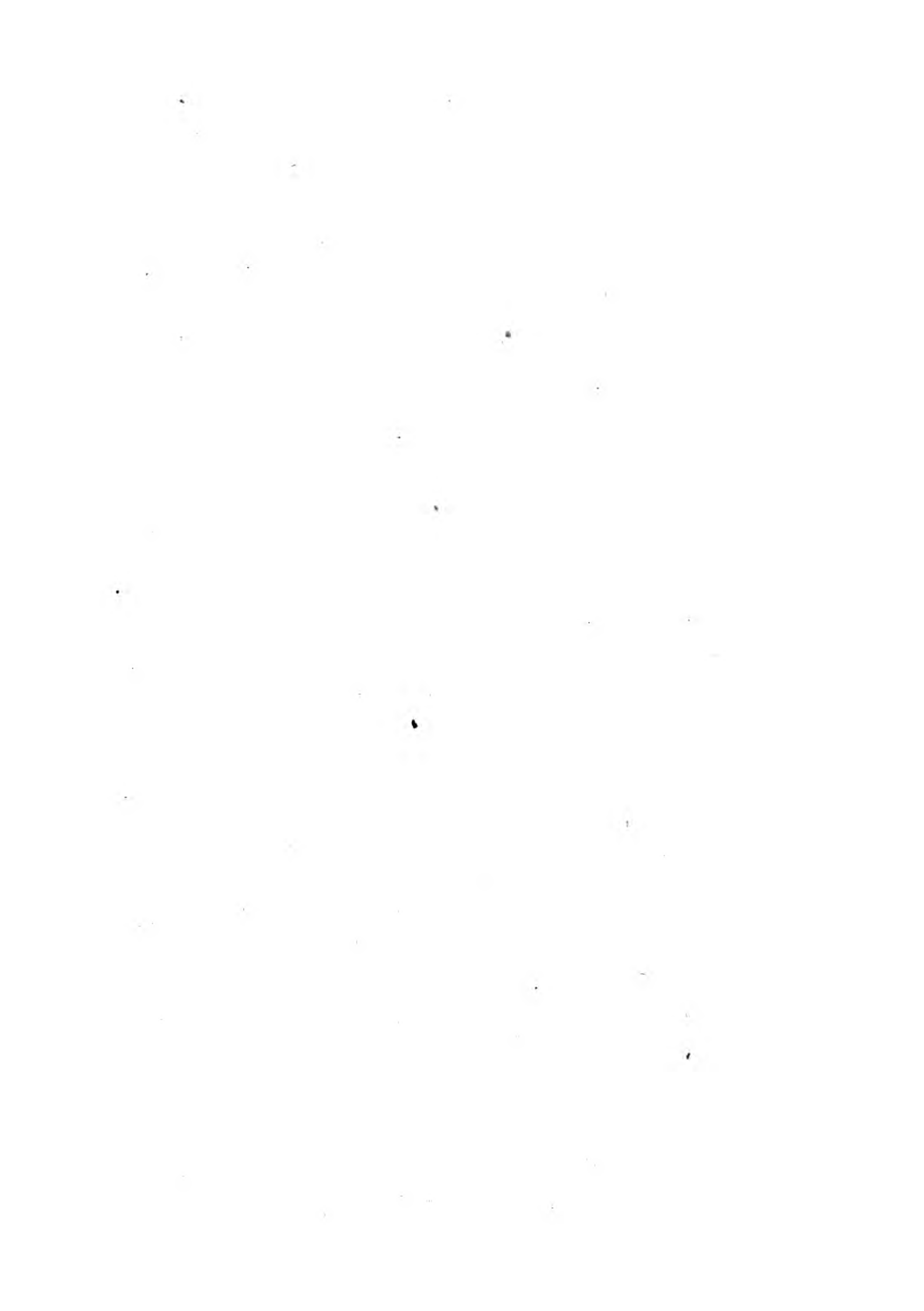
The image features a complex marbled paper pattern. The background is a mix of dark green, black, yellow, and pinkish-red, with a light beige base. The pattern consists of irregular, organic shapes and veins. In the center, there is a white rectangular box containing the text "CONFINED TO THE LIBRARY." in a bold, red, sans-serif font.

CONFINED TO THE LIBRARY.



27805.

XJ24



THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,
AND
Mr. *John Fletcher*.
VOLUME THE NINTH.

CONTAINING

The CORONATION,

The SEA-VOYAGE,

The COXCOMB,

WIT at several WEAPONS,

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Symphon.

The FAIRMAID of the INN, and

CUPID'S REVENGE,

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand*.

M D C C L.

E R R A T A.

Page 100, Line the last in Note 19, for *cur'd* read *cur'd*
117, add to Note 27, Mr. *Seward*
254, Line 9, for *juwenem* read *junehem*
302, Line the last in Note 43, for *Beryl* read *Baixill*



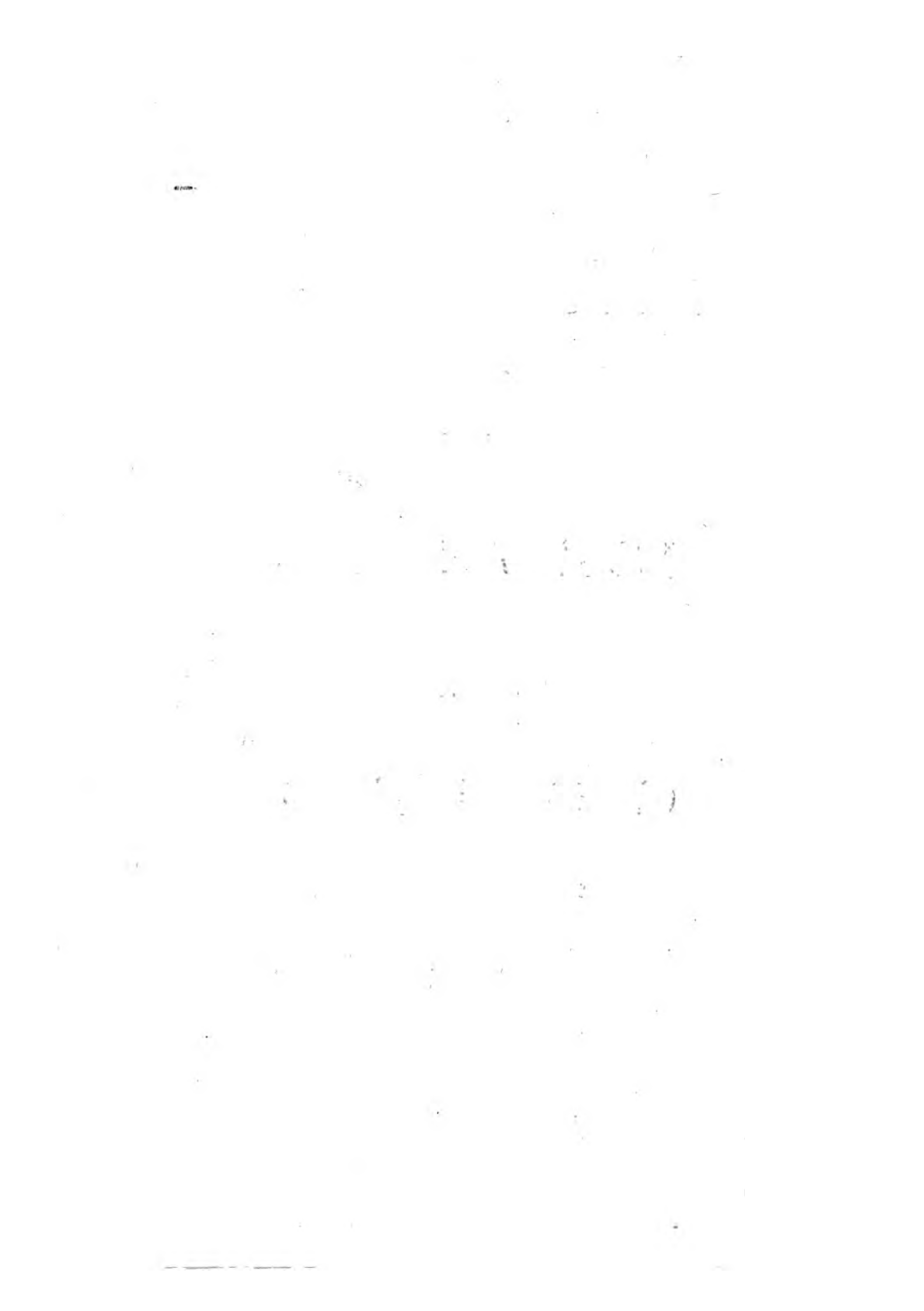


T H E
C O R O N A T I O N .
A
C O M E D Y .



VOL. IX.

A



P R O L O G U E.

*S*ince 'tis become the Title of our Play,
A Woman (1) once in a Coronation may
With pardon, speak the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the Theatre, as he
That with a little Beard, a long black Cloak,
With a starch'd Face and supple Leg hath spoke
Before the Plays the Twelve-month, let me then
Present a Welcome to these Gentlemen ;
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my Petticoat—
But to the Play ; the Poet bad me tell
His Fears first in the Title, lest it swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a King's Reign.
This Coronation he hopes you may
See often, while the Genius of his Play
Doth Prophecy, the Conduits may run Wine,
When the Day's Triumph's ended, and Divine
Brisk Nectar (2) swell his Temples to a Rage,
With something of more price t'invest the Stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No Undermirth, such as doth lard the Scene
For coarse delight ; the Language here is clean,
And confident, our Poet bad me say,
He'll bate you but the Folly of a Play :
For which, although dull Souls his Pen despise,
(3) Who think it yet too early to be wise.
The nobler will thank his Muse, at least
Excuse him, 'cause his Thought aim'd at the best,
But we conclude not, it does rest in you

(1) — once in a Corporation day.] The Text from the Quarto of 1640. Mr. Theobald.

(2) — swell his Temple to a Rage.] The Want of a single Letter has made strange work here. The oldest Copy exhibits the Text.

(3) Who thinks it yet too early—] As we had a Letter too little above, so Mr. Seward agreed with me, there is one too much here, otherwise the Reflexion must fall upon the Poet, which was design'd for the Mob.

P R O L O G U E.

*To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.
 But what have I omitted? is there not
 A blush upon my Cheeks that I forgot
 The Ladies, and a female Prologue too?
 Your Pardon, noble Gentlewomen, you
 Were first within my Thoughts; I know you sit
 As free, and high Commissioners of Wit,
 Have clear and active Souls; nay, though the Men
 Were lost, in your Eyes they'll be found again;
 You are the bright Intelligences move,
 And make a harmony this sphere of Love:
 Be you propitious then, our Poet says,
 (4) One Wreath from you, is worth their Grove of Bays.*

(4) Our Wreath from you,——] Mr. Seaward again conjectur'd with me, that *one*, not *our*, must be the Word, and so I have alter'd the Text.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Philocles, } *Courtiers.*
 Lyfander, }
 Cassander, *Lord Protector.*
 Lyfimachus, *his Son, a worthy Gentleman.*
 Antigonus, *a Gentleman in waiting.*
 Arcadius, *suppos'd Nephew to Macarius; but, in reality, Demetrius,
 Son to the dead King.*
 Macarius, *Uncle to Arcadius.*
 Seleucus, *Son to Eubulus, but in reality Leonatus, the right King of
 Epirus.*
 Sophia, *Queen of Epirus.*
 Charilla, *a Lady to the Queen.*
 Polidora, *Daughter to Nestorius, courted by Arcadius, and his noble
 and constant Mistress.*
 Nestorius.
 Eubulus, *suppos'd Father to Seleucus.*
A Bishop, and Trustee of the dead King's Will.
 Polianus, *Captain of the Castle.*
Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.
Servants and Attendants.

S C E N E, E P I R U S.

T H E



THE
CORONATION (5).

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Philocles, and Lyfander.

PHILOCLES.



MAKE way for my Lord Protector.

Lyfan. Your Grace's Servants.

Enter Cassander, and Lyfimachus.

Cas. I like your diligent waiting, where's
Lyfimachus ?

Lyfim. I wait upon you, Sir.

Cas. The Queen looks pleasant
This Morning, does she not ?

(5) It were to be wish'd that the Publisher of our Authors Works in 1679 had given his Reasons in the Preface, or elsewhere, why he took this Play into that Edition. There seems to be no just Grounds upon which he could go, for so bold a Practice, seeing the Editor of the first Folio in 1647, Mr. *Shirley*, has left it out; a Person who must be better acquainted with what was our Authors, as living nearer to their Time, than the Editor of the second Folio in 1679. 'Tis true, there are several fine Strokes in it, which might possibly be *Fletcher's*; but those will no more entitle him to claim it for his own, than it will *Shakespear* to assert the Play of the *Noble Kinsmen*, in which we know he was partially concern'd: To Mr. *Shirley* therefore, as he has laid claim to it, let's give this Performance; nor rob him of the Glory which *The Coronation* may do his Memory.

Lyfim. I ever found
Her gracious Smiles on me.

Caf. She does consult
Her Safety in't ; for I must tell thee, Boy,
But in the assurance of her Love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the Power I have in *Epire*, to
Settle our own, and uncontroled Greatness ;
But since she carrieth herself so fairly,
I am content t'expect, and by her Marriage
Secure thy Fortune, that's all my Ambition
Now ; be still careful in thy Applications
To her, I must attend other Affairs ;
Return, and use what Art thou canst to lay
More Charms of Love upon her.

Lyfim. I presume
She always speaks the Language of her Heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happiness on Earth, than she encourages
Me to expect.

Caf. It was an Act becoming
The Wisdom of her Father, to engage
A Tie between our Families, and she
Hath play'd her best Discretion to allow it ;
But we lose time in Conference, wait on her
And be, what thou wert born for, King of *Epire* ;
I must away. [Exit.

Lyfim. Success ever attend you.

(6) Is not the Queen yet coming forth ?

* * * * *

Lyfan. Your Servant,
You may command our Duties : [Exit Lyfim.
This is the Court Star, *Philocles*.

Pbi. The Star that we must sail by.

Lyfan. All must borrow

(6) Is not the Queen yet coming forth ?

Lyfan. Your Servant.] *Lyfander's* asking this Question supposes, that the Gentlemen interrogated were capable of giving him an Answer ; but that the Reader sees is no where to be found ; therefore I have thought proper to mark an *Hiatus* in the present Text.

The Coronation.

7

A Light from him, the young Queen directs all
Her Favours that way.

Pbi. He's a noble Gentleman,
And worthy of his Expectations :
Too good to be the Son of such a Father.

Lysan. Peace, peace, remember he is Lord Protector.

Pbi. We have more need of Heav'n's Protection
Ith' mean time ; I wonder the old King
Did in his Life design him for the Office.

Lysan. (7) He might suspect his Faith, I have heard
when

The King, who was no *Epirote*, advanc'd
His Claim, *Cassander*, our Protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his Faction,
But forc'd to yield, had fair Conditions,
And was declar'd by the whole State, next Heir
If the King wanted Issue : our Hopes only
Thriv'd in this Daughter.

Pbi. Whom but for her Smiles
And hope of Marriage with *Lysimachus*,
His Father, by some Cunning, had remov'd
Ere this:

Lysan. Take heed, the Arras may have Ears ;
I should not weep much if his Grace would hence
Remove to Heav'n.

Pbi. I prithee what should he do there ?

Lysan. Some Offices will fall.

Pbi. And the Sky too, ere I get one Stair higher
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Lysander*, *Philocles*,
How looks the Day upon us? Where's the Queen ?

Pbi. In her Bed-Chamber. *Ant.* Who was with her ?

Lysan. None but

(7) *He might expect his Faith,—* } The true Reading is recover'd from the old Quarto by Mr. Theobald, as it is again five Lines below.

Was declar'd by the whole State;—

A 4

Th'

Th' young Lord *Lyfimachus*. *Ant.* It is no Treason,
If a Man wish himself a Courtier
Of such a Possibility : He has
The mounting Fate.

Pbi. I would his Father were
Mounted to th' Gallows.

Ant. H'as a Path fair enough
If he survive, by Title of his Father.

Lyfan. The Queen will hasten his Ascent.

Pbi. Would I were Queen.

Ant. Thou wou'dst become rarely the Petticoat,
What wou'dst thou do ? *Pbi.* Why, I wou'd marry my
Gentleman-Usher, and trust all the Strength
And Burden of my State upon his Legs,
Rather than be call'd Wife by any Son
Of such a Father.

Lyfan. Come, let's leave this Subject,
We may find more secure Discourse ; when saw
You young *Arcadius*, Lord *Macarius*' Nephew ?

Ant. There's a Spark, a Youth moulded for a Favourite !
The Queen might do him Honour. *Pbi.* Favourite ?
It is too cheap a Name ; there were a Match
Now for her Virgin Blood.

Lyfan. Must every Man,
That has a handsome Face or Leg, feed such
Ambition ? I confess I honour him,
He has a nimble Soul, and gives great Hope
To be no Woman-hater ; dances handsomely,
Can court a Lady powerfully, but more
Goes to th' making of a Prince. He's here,
And's Uncle.

Enter Arcadius, Macarius, and Seleucus.

Sel. Save, save you, Gentlemen, who can direct me
To find my Lord Protector ?

Lyfan. He was here
Within this half Hour ; young *Lyfimachus*
His Son is with the Queen.

Sel. There let him compliment,
I've other Business ; Ha, *Arcadius* !

[*Exit.*
Pbi.

The Coronation.

9

Pbi. Observ'd you, with what Eyes *Arcadius*
And he saluted? their two Families
Will hardly reconcile.

Ant. *Seleucus* carries
Himself too roughly; with what Pride and Scorn
He pass'd by 'em?

Lysan. The other with less shew
Of Anger, carries Pride enough in's Soul;
I wish 'em all at Peace; *Macarius'* Looks
Are without civil War, a good old Man,
The old King lov'd him well; *Seleucus'* Father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the Character
Of an honest Lord through *Epire*; that two Men
So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome
To one another. *Arc.* The Queen was not wont
To send for me. *Mac.* The Reason's to herself,
It will become your Duty to attend her.

Arc. Save, save you, Gentlemen, what Novelty
Does the Court breathe to Day?

Lysan. None, Sir; the News
That took the last Impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the Kingdom, and those Men
That honour you, take no Delight to hear it.

Arc. I have Ambition to see the Difference
Of Courts, and this may spare me; the Delights
At home do surfeit, and the Mistress, whom
We all do serve, is fixt, upon one Object
Her Beams are too much pointed; but no Country
Shall make me lose your Memories.

Enter Queen, Lysimachus, Macarius, and Charilla.

Queen. *Arcadius!*

Mac. Your Lordship honour'd me,
I have no Blessing in his Absence. *Lysim.* 'Tis
Done like a pious Uncle. *Queen.* We must not
Give any Licence.

Arc. If your Majesty
Would please.

Queen. We are not pleas'd; it had become your Duty
T'have first acquainted us, ere you declar'd

Your

The Coronation.

Your Resolution publick; is our Court
Not worth your Stay?

Arc. I humbly beg your Pardon.

Queen. Where's *Lysimachus*!

Lysim. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Queen. We shall find

Employment at home for you, do not lose us.

Arc. Madam, I then write myself blest] on Earth
When I may do you Service. [*Exit Arcad.*] *Queen.* We
would be

Private, *Macarius.* *Mac.* Madam, you have blest me,
Nothing but your Command could interpose to
Stay him. [*Exit Macarius.*]

Queen. *Lysimachus*, you must not leave us. *Lysim.* No-
thing but

Lysimachus? Has she not ta'en a Philter?

Queen. Nay, pray be cover'd, Ceremony from you
Must be excus'd.

Lysim. It will become my Duty.

Queen. Not your Love.

(8) I know you would not have me look upon
Your Person as a Courtier, but a Favourite;
That Title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.

Lysim. The least of all

These Names from you; Madam, is Grace enough.

Queen. Yet here you wou'd not rest?

Lysim. Not if you please

(8) *I know you would have me look upon
Your Person as a Courtier, not a Favourite;*] This unmusical,
nonsensical Place, is differently read in the Quarto of 1640.

I know you would not have me look upon

Your Person as a Courtier, not as Favourite;

That of 1679.

I know &c.

— *as a Courtier, not a Favourite;*

But yet the Place is sad Stuff still. I would suppose it once originally
ran thus:

I know you would not—

Your Person as a Courtier, but a (or as) Favourite;

(Tho') *that Title were too narrow &c.*

To say there is a Happiness beyond,
And teach my Ambition how to make it mine ;
Although the Honours you already have
Let fall upon your Servant, exceed all
My Merit, I've a Heart is studious
To reach it with Desert, (9) and make if possible
Your Favours mine by Justice, with your Pardon.

Queen. We're confident this needs no Pardon, Sir,
But a Reward to cherish your Opinion ;
And that you may keep warm your Passion,
Know we resolve for Marriage, and if
I had another Gift, beside myself,
Greater, in that you should discern, how much
My Heart is fixt.

Lysim. Let me digest my Blessing.

Queen. But I cannot resolve when this shall be.

Lysim. How, Madam? do not make me dream of
Heav'n,

And wake me into Misery, if your purpose
Be, to immortalize your humble Servant ;
Your Power on Earth's divine, Princes are here
The Copies of Eternity, and create,
When they but will our Happiness.

Queen. I shall
Believe you mock me in this Argument ;
I have no Power.

Lysim. How, no Power ?

Queen. Not as a Queen.

Lysim. I understand you not.

Queen. I must obey, your Father's my Protector.

Lysim. How ?

Queen. When I'm absolute, *Lysimachus*,
Our Power and Titles meet ; before, we're but
A Shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

Lysim. Excellent Queen, My Love took no Original
From State, or the desire of other Greatness,
(Above what my Birth may challenge modestly,)

(9) ——— and make it possible] The Text is from Mr. Seward's
Conjecture, confirm'd by the oldest Copy.

I love your Virtues ; mercenary Souls
Are taken with Advancement : you've an Empire
Within you, better than the World's ; to that
Looks my Ambition.

Queen. T'other is not, Sir,
To be despis'd ; Cosmography allows
Epire a place i'th' Map, and know 'till
Possess what I was born to, and alone
Do grasp the Kingdom's Scepter, I account
Myself divided ; he that marries me
Shall take an absolute Queen to his warm Bosom ;
My Temples yet are naked, until then
Our Loves can be but Compliments, and Wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.

Lysim. I apprehend.

Queen. Your Father.

Enter Cassander, and Seleucus.

Cas. Madam, a Gentleman has an humble Suit.

Queen. 'Tis in your power to grant, you are Protector ;
I am not yet a Queen.

Cas. How's this ?

Lysim. I shall expound her Meaning.

Queen. Why kneel you, Sir ?

Sel. Madam, to reconcile two Families
That may unite, both Counsels and their Blood
To serve your Crown.

Queen. *Macarius*'s, and *Eubulus*'s,
That bear inveterate Malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
Which some of either Family had made,
Which of their Fathers was the best Commander :
If we believe our Stories, they have both
Deserv'd well of our State ; and yet this Quarrel
Has cost too many Lives, a severe Faction !

Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a Quiet
And Peace in both our Houses, which are torn
With their Diffensions, and lose the Glory
Of their great Names ; my Blood speaks my Relation
T' *Eubulus*, and I wish my Veins were emptied

T'appease their War.

Queen. Thou hast a noble Soul;
This is a Charity above thy Youth,
And it flows bravely from thee; name the way.

Sel. In such a desperate Cause, a little Stream
Of Blood might purge the Foulness of their Hearts;
If you'll prevent a Deluge——

Queen. Be particular.

Sel. Let but your Majesty consent that two
May, with their personal Valour, undertake
The Honour of their Family, and determine
Their Difference.

Queen. This rather will enlarge
Their Hate, and be a means to call more Blood
Into the Stream.

Sel. Not if both Families
Agree, and swear——

Queen. And who shall be the Champions?

Sel. I beg the Honour, for *Eubulus'* cause
To be engag'd, if any for *Macarius*,
Worthy to wager Heart with mine, accept it,
I'm confident, *Arcadius*,
(For Honour would direct me to his Sword,
Will not deny, to stake against my Life
His own, if you vouchsafe us Privilege.

Queen. You are the Expectation, and top Boughs
Of both your Houses; it would seem Injustice
T'allow a civil War to cut you off,
And you yourselves the Instruments; besides
You appear a Soldier; *Arcadius*
Hath no Acquaintance yet with rugged War,
More fit to drill a Lady, than expose
His Body to such Dangers: A small Wound
I'th' Head may spoil the Method of his Hair,
Whose Curiosity exacts more time
Than his Devotion; and who knows but he
May lose his Ribband by it in his Lock, *

* For the Explanation of this Line, I must refer my Readers to the very ingenious Note of the great Mr. *Warburton*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Vol. II. Page 82.

Dear as his Saint, with whom he would exchange
 His Head, for her gay Colours; then his Band
 May be disorder'd and transform'd from Lace
 To Cutwork; his rich Cloaths be discomplexioned
 With Blood, beside th' infashionable flashes:
 And he at the next Festival take Physick,
 Or put on Black, and mourn for his slain Breeches:
 His Hands cas'd up in Gloves all Night, and sweet
Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd
 To Blisters with a Sword; how can he stand
 Upon his Guard, who hath Fiddles in his Head,
 To which his Feet must ever be a Dancing?
 Beside a falsify my spoil his cringe
 Or making of a Leg, in which consists
 Much of his Court-perfection.

Sel. Is this Character
 Bestow'd on him? *Queen.* It something may concern
 The Gentleman, whom if you please to challenge
 To Dance, play on the Lute, or Sing.

Sel. Some Catch?

Queen. He shall not want those will maintain him
 For any Sum.

Sel. You are my Sovereign;
 (10) I dare not think, and yet I must speak somewhat,
 I shall burst else; I have no skill in Jiggs,
 Nor Tumbling.

Queen. How, Sir?

Sel. Nor was I born a Minstrel; and in this
 You have so infinitely disgrac'd *Arcadius*.
 (But that I've heard another Character,

(10) *I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat,*] Why then 'tis plain he would speak without thinking; and is not this heroically said? However, tho' he durst not think, yet he was oblig'd to speak *to keep himself from bursting*. How Nonsense, like Fame, *vires acquirit eundo!* Surely, if we suppose the Words could ever be Sense, we must imagine they run once thus;

*I dare not speak— and yet I must speak something
 I shall burst else;—*

i. e. He was afraid of speaking lest he should utter an Affront to his Queen; and yet if he did not speak, his Anger unvented might do him a Mischief.

And

And with your Royal Licence do believe it,) I should not think him worth my killing.

Queen. Your killing?

Sel. Does she not jeer me?

I shall talk Treason presently, I find it At my Tongue's end already; this is an Affront, I'll leave her.

Queen. Come back; do you know *Arcadius*?

Sel. I ha' chang'd but little breath with him, our Persons Admit no familiarity; we were Born to live both at distance, yet I ha' seen him Fight, and fight bravely.

Queen. When the Spirit of Wine Made his Brain valiant, he fought bravely.

Sel. Although he be my Enemy, should (11) any Of the gay Flies that buz about the Court, Fit to catch Trouts i'th' Summer, tell me so, I durst in any Presence but your own——

Queen. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Queen. I see, *Seleucus*, thou art resolute, And I but wrong'd *Arcadius*; your first Request is granted, you shall fight, and he That conquers be rewarded, to confirm First Place and Honour to his Family: Is it not this you plead for?

Sel. You are gracious.

Queen. *Lysimachus*!

Lysim. Madam.

Cas. She has granted then?

Sel. With much ado.

Cas. I wish thy Sword may open His wanton Veins; *Macarius* is too popular, And has taught him to insinuate.

(11) —— any

Of the gay Flies that buz about the Court, Sit to catch Trouts——] The Reader I don't doubt sees, with Mr. Theobald, Mr. Seward, and myself, that the Change of *Fit* for *Sit* is absolutely necessary to the Sense of this Place.

Queen.

Queen. It shall
But haste the confirmation of our Loves,
And ripen the delights of Marriage. *Seleucus.*

[*Exit cum Seleucus.*]

Lyfim. As I gueſt,
It cannot be too ſoon.

Caf. To morrow then we Crown her, and inveſt
My Son with Majeſty, 'tis to my Wiſhes;
Beget a Race of Princes, my *Lyſtmachus.*

Lyfim. Firſt, let us marry, Sir.

Caf. Thy Brow was made
To wear a golden Circle; I'm tranſported,
Thou ſhalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

Lyfim. Although you be my Father, that will not
Concern my Obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lyſander, and Antigonus.

(12) *Caf.* Gentlemen,
Prepare yourſelves for a Solemnity
Will turn the Kingdom into Triumph: *Epire*
Look freſh to Morrow! 'twill become your Duties,
In all your Glory, to attend the Queen at
Her Coronation, ſhe is pleas'd to make
The next Day happy in our Calendar:
My Office doth expire, and my old Blood
Renews with Thought on't.

Pbi. How's this?

Ant. Crown'd to Morrow?

Lyſan. And he ſo joyful to reſign his Regency?
There's ſome Trick in't; I do not like (13) theſe haſty
Turnings, and Whirls of State, they've commonly

As

(12) *Gentlemen,*
Prepare yourſelves——] Mr. Seward has happily reſtor'd
the Speaker, *Caffander*, which is dropt negligently through all the
Copies.

(13) ———— *theſe haſty*
Proceedings, and Whirls of State, ——] Every Judge of Poetry
muſt ſee, that *Proceedings* is very unpoetical, both in Senſe and Mea-
ſure: I take the true Word to have been blotted in the Manuſcript
and this to have been either the Player or Printer's Inſertion. I con-
jectur'd

As strange and violent Effects ; well, Heav'n save the Queen.

Pbi. Heav'n save the Queen, say I, and send her a
sprightly

Bed-fellow ; for the Protector, let him pray for
Himself, he is like to have no Benefit of my Devotion.

Caf. But this doth quicken my old Heart. *Lysimachus,*
There is not any Step into her Throne,
But is the same Degree of thy own State ;
Come, Gentlemen.

Lysan. We attend your Grace.

Caf. Lysimachus.

Lysim. What heretofore could happen to Mankind
Was with much Pain to climb to Heav'n ; but in
Sophia's Marriage, of all Queens the best,
Heav'n will come down to Earth, to make me blest.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Arcadius and Polidora.

Polid. I Ndeed you shall not go.

Arc. Whither ?

Polid. To travel.

I know you see me but to take your Leave,
But I must never yield to such an Absence.

Arc. I prithee leave thy Fears, I am commanded
To th' contrary, I wonot leave thee now.

Polid. Commanded ? By whom ?

Arc. The Queen.

Polid. I'm very glad ; for trust me, I could think
Of thy Departure with no Comfort, thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my Soul ;

jector'd Turnings, and Whirls of State, which I afterwards found a
strong Confirmation of in this very Play, Act III. Scene III.

Phil. 'Tis a strange Turn.

Lysan. The Whirligigs of Women.

But I must thank the Queen now for thy Company ;
I prithee, what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad ?

Arc. Only to get (14) an Appetite

To *Polidora*.

Polid. Then you must provoke it ?

Arc. Nay, prithee do not so mistake thy Servant.

Polid. Perhaps you surfeit with my Love.

Arc. Thy Love ?

Polid. Although I have no Beauty to compare
With the best Faces, I've a Heart above
All Competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now ;
Come let me take the Kifs I gave thee last,
I am so confident of thee, no Lip
Has ravish'd it from thine ; I prithee come
To Court.

Polid. For what ?

Arc. There is the Throne for Beauty.

Polid. 'Tis safer dwelling here.

Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an Ill to *Polidora* ;
The greatest will be proud to honour thee ;
(15) Thy Lustre wants the Admiration there ;
There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a Reverence
Into the Gazer.

Polid. You can flatter too.

Arc. No Praise of thee can be thought so, thy Virtue
Will deserve all ; I must confess, we Courtiers
Do oftentimes commend, to shew our Art ;
There is Necessity sometimes to say

(14) ——— an Appetite

To thee, *Polidora*.] Mr. Seward reads, To *Polidora*, which he thinks makes better Language, as well as better Sense.

(15) *Thy Lustre wants the Admiration here ;*] We must either read,

——— that Admiration ;

Or

——— Admiration there ;

I don't know which is better ; tho' I have inserted the latter, as nearer the Trace of the Letters.

This

This Madam breaths *Arabian Gums*,
Amber and Cassia ; though while we are praising,
We with we had no Nostrils to take in
Th' offensive Steam of her corrupted Lungs.
Nay, some will swear they love their Mistress,
Would hazard Lives and Fortunes, to preserve
One of her Hairs brighter than *Berenice's*;
Or young *Apollo's* ; and yet after this,
A Favour from another Toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious Hang-man whips
Her Head off.

Polid. Fine Men.

Arc. I am none of these :

Nay, there are Women, *Polidora*, too
That can do pretty well at Flatteries ;
Make Men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,
Can kiss a Jewel out of one, and dally
* A Carcanet of Diamonds from another,
Weep into th' Bosom of a third, and make
Him drop as many Pearls ; they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable Heir within ten Days
Out of his whole Estate, and make him mad
He has no more Wealth to consume.

Polid. You'll teach me

To think I may be flattered in your Promises,
Since you live where this Art is most profest.

Arc. I dare not be so wicked, *Polidora* :

The Infant Errors of the Court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a Goodness, nor indeed did ever I
Converse with any of those Shames of Court,
To practise for base Ends ; be confident
My Heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the Figure of my *Polidora*,
It is not in the Power of Time or Distance
To cancel it : By all that's blest I love thee,
Love thee above all Women, dare invoke
A Curse when I forsake thee. *Polid.* Let it be

* A Carcanet] A Necklace.

Some gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an Oath I prithee,
One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
Any Suspicion of my Faith ; or else
Direct me in some horrid Imprecation :
When I forsake thee for the Love (16) of other
Woman, may to reward my Apostacy
Heav'n blast my greatest Happiness on Earth,
And make all Joys abortive.

Polid. Revoke these hasty Syllables, they carry
Too great a Penalty for Breach of Love
To me, I am not worth thy suffering ;
You do not know what Beauty may invite
Your Change, what Happiness may tempt your Eye
And Heart together.

Arc. Should all the Graces of your Sex conspire
In one, and she should court me with a Dower,
Able to buy a Kingdom, when I give
My Heart from *Polidora*——

Polid. I suspect not,
And to requite thy Constancy, I swear——

Arc. It were a Sin to let thee waste thy Breath,
I have Assurance of thy noble Thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Uncle hath been every where
I'th' Court inquiring for you, his Looks speak
Some earnest Cause.

Arc. I'm more acquainted with
Thy Virtue, than t' imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now ; one Kiss dismisses him

(16) —— of other
Women, may Heav'n reward my Apostacy
To blast &c.] Mr. Seward supposes the Words misplac'd
here, and that the natural Order is thus ;

—— may to reward my Apostacy
Heav'n blast my greatest Happiness.

(17) *Whose Heart shall wait on Polidora.* *Polid.* Prithee
Let me not wish for thy return too often.
My Father. [Exit.

Enter Nestorius, and a Servant.

Nest. I met *Arcadius* in strange haste, he told me
He had been with thee.

Polid. Some Affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence, his Uncle sent for him.
You came now from the Court: How looks the Queen
This golden Morning?

Nest. Like a Bride; her Soul
Is all on Mirth, her Eyes have quick'ning Fires,
Able to strike a Spring into the Earth
In Winter.

Polid. Then *Lyfimachus* can have
No Frost in's Blood, that lives so near her Beams.

Nest. His politick Father, the Protector, smiles too,
Resolve to see the Ceremony of the Queen,
'Twill be a Day of State.

Polid. I am not well.

Nest. How! not well? retire then, I must return,
My Attendance is expected, *Polidora*,
Be careful of thy Health.

Polid. It will concern me. [Exit.

Enter Arcadius and Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, Sir.

Mac. Dear Nephew, if thou dost respect thy Safety,
My Honour, or my Age, remove thyself,
Thy Life's in Danger.

Arc. Mine? Who is my Enemy?

Mac. Take Horse, and instantly forsake the City,
Or else within some unsuspected Dwelling
Obscure thyself; stay not to know the Reason.

(17) *Whose Heart shall wait on Polidora, prithee*
Let me not wish——] The least Attention to this Passage
will convince the Reader, that the Insertion of *Polidora's* Name before
Prithee let me not, which Mr. *Seward* too communicated to me, is en-
tirely requisite to the Sense of this Place.

Arc. Sir, I beseech your Pardon; which i'th' Number
Of my Offences unto any, should
Provoke to this dishonourable Flight?

Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,
I'd pleaded for thy Banishment; thou know'st not
What threatens thee.

Arc. I would desire to know it;
I am in no Conspiracy of Treason,
Have ravish'd no Man's Mistress, not so much
As given the Lye to any; what should mean
Your strange and violent Fears? I will not stir
Until you make me sensible I've lost
My Innocence.

Mac. I must not live to see
Thy Body full of Wounds; it were less Sin
To rip thy Father's Marble, and fetch from
The reverend Vault, his Ashes, and disperse them
By some rude Winds, where none should ever find
The sacred Dust: It was his Legacy,
The Breath he mingled with his Prayers to Heav'n,
I would preserve *Arcadius*, whose Fate *
He prophesy'd in Death, would need Protection:
Thou wot disturb his Ghost, and call it to
Affright my Dreams, if thou refuse t'obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the Cause
Of your Distraction; and you'll arm me better
Than any Coward Flight, by acquainting me
Whose Malice aims to kill me; good Sir, tell me.

Mac. Then Prayers and Tears assist me.

Arc. Sir.

Mac. Arcadius,
Thou art a rash young Man, witness the Spirit
Of him that trusted me so much; I bleed,
'Till I prevent this Mischief.

[*Exit.*

Enter Philocles and Lysander.

Arc. Ha! keep off.

Pbi. What mean you, Sir?

* *Fate*] *i. e.* Condition of Life.

Lysan.

Lyfan. We are your Friends.

Arc. I know your Faces, but
Am not secure; I would not be betray'd.

Lyfan. You wrong our Hearts, who truly honour you.

Arc. They say I must be kill'd. *Pbi.* By whom. *Arc.* I
know not,

Nor would I part with Life so tamely. *Pbi.* We dare
Engage ours in your Quarrel; hide your Sword,
It may beget Suspicion, it is
Enough to question you.

Arc. I'm confident;

Pray pardon me, come, I despise all Danger;
Yet a dear Friend of mine, my Uncle, told me
He would not see my Body full of Wounds.

Lyfan. Your Uncle? this is strange.

Arc. Yes, my honest Uncle;
If my unlucky Stars have pointed me
So dire a Fate.

Pbi. There is some strange Mistake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Arcadius*, the Queen would speak with you,
You must make haste.

Arc. Though to my Death, I flie
Upon her Summons; I give up my Breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me.

Pbi. This does a little trouble me.

Lyfan. I know not
What to imagine, something is the Ground
Of this Perplexity; but I hope there is not
Any such Danger as he apprehends.

*Enter Queen, Lyfimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus,
Arcadius, Ladies, Attendants, and Gent.*

Queen. We have already granted to *Seleucus*,
And they shall try their Valour, if *Arcadius*
Have Spirit in him to accept the Challenge,
Our Royal Word is past.

Pbi. This is most strange.

Eub. Madam, my Son knew not for what he ask'd,

And you were cruel to consent so soon.

Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd
At once, of all the Wealth I have, *Arcadius*
Is part of me.

Eub. *Seleucus'* Life and mine
Are twisted on one Thread, both stand or fall
Together ; hath the Service for my Country
Deserv'd but this Reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough
When I was young, to lose my Blood in Wars,
But the poor Remnant that is scarcely warm
And faintly creeping through my wither'd Veins
Must be let out to make you Sport ?

Mac. How can
We, that shall this Morn see the sacred Oil
Fall on your Virgin Tresses, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this Day
You sacrifice the Blood of them that pray for you?
Arcadius, I prithee speak thyself,
It is for thee I plead.

Eub. *Seleucus*, kneel,
And say thou hast repented thy rash Suit ;
(28) If, e'er I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,
How will the least Drop forced from thy Veins
Afflict my Heart ?

Mac. Why, that's good ;
Arcadius, speak to her ; hear him, Madam.

(18) *If e'er I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,*] This seemingly
dark Passage Mr. *Seward* would alter thus ;

If e'er I see thee fight, and be thus &c.

Tho' he rather thinks the better and more poetical Reading would be
thus ;

If e'er I see thee fight, I shall be wounded.

i. e. *Every Wound thou receiv'st will cut me to the Heart.*

What occur'd to me, in reading this Place, was this ;

If e'er I see thee fight, I see thee wounded.

But after all, I believe the Text is entire, and the Fault is only in the
Pointing, which I thus correct ;

If, e'er I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,

i. e. *If I be so sensibly and deeply affected before thou fightest,
How will the least Drop &c.*

Arc.

Arc. If you call back this Honour you have done me
I shall repent I live ; do not persuade me——

Seleucus, thou'rt a noble Enemy,
And I will love thy Soul, though I despair
Our Body's friendly Conversation :
I would we were to tugg upon some Cliff,
Or like two Prodigies i'th' Air, our Conflict
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our Blood
Appease our Grandfires Ashes.

Mac. I'm undone.

Sel. Madam, my Father says I have offended,
If so, I beg your Pardon, but beseech you
For your own Glory, call not back your Word.

Eub. They are both mad.

Queen. No more, we have resolv'd :
And since their Courage is so nobly flam'd,
This Morning we'll behold the Champions
Within the List ; be not afraid their Strife
Will stretch so far as Death ; so soon as we
Are crown'd, prepare yourselves. *Seleucus!*

[*Seleucus kisses her Hand.*

Sel. I have receiv'd another Life in this
High Favour, and may lose that Nature gave me.

Queen. *Arcadius*, to encourage thy young Valour,
We give thee our Father's Sword,
Command it from our Armory ; *Lyfimachus*,
To our Coronation.

[*Exeunt.*

(19) *Eub.* I'll forfeit sooner
My Head for a Rebellion, than suffer it. [Exit.

Mac. I'm circled with Confusions, I'll do somewhat,
My Brains and Friends assist me. [Exit.

Pbi. But do you think they'll fight indeed?

(19) *Sel.* *I'll forfeit &c.*

Arc. *I am circled——*] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* agree
with me here are two false Names put into these two Places ; and that
Eubulus should supply *Sel.* and *Macarius Arc.* and 'tis plain, for *Se-*
leucus and *Arcadius* are not now upon the Stage, but went off with the
Queen, *Lyfimachus*, &c. I have likewise ventur'd to add a Word to

Eub. *I'll forfeit*

My Head &c.

which was not Sense, as it stood in all the Copies.

Lysan.

Lyfan. Perhaps
Her Majesty will see a Bout or two.
And yet 'tis wondrous strange, such Spectacles
Are rare i'th' Court; an they were to skirmish naked
Before her, then there might be some Excuse.
(20) There is some Gimcrack in't, the Queen is wise
Above her Years.

Phi. *Macarius* is perplex'd.

Enter Eubulus.

Lyfan. I cannot blame him; but my Lord *Eubulus*
Returns; they are both troubled, 'las good Men!
But our Duties are expected, we forget.

[*Exeunt Philocles and Lyfander.*]

Eub. I must resolve, and yet things are not ripe,
My Brain's upon the Torture.

Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his Person, whose least drop
Of Blood is worth more than our Families.
My Lord *Eubulus*, I have thought a way
To stay the young Mens desperate Proceedings;
It is our Cause they fight, let us beseech
The Queen, to grant us two the Privilege
Of Duel, rather than expose their lives
To either's fury; it were pity they
Should run upon so black a Destiny;
We are both old, and may be spar'd, a pair
Of fruitless Trees, Mossy, and wither'd Trunks,
That fill up too much Room.

Eub. Most willingly,
And I will praise her Charity t'allow it;
I have not yet forgot to use a Sword:
Let's lose no time, by this act, she will licence
Our Souls to leave our Bodies but a Day,
Perhaps an Hour the sooner; they may live
To do her better Service, and be Friends
When we are dead, and yet I have no hope

(20) *There is Gimcraks in't,———*] Sense and Measure both require us to read, as Mr. *Theobald* had reform'd the Text, from the old Quarto.

This

This will be granted ; curse upon our Faction!

Mac. If she deny us——

Eub. What ?

Mac. I wou'd do somewhat——

Eub. There's something o'the sudden struck upon
My Imagination, that may secure us.

Mac. Name it, if no Dishonour wait upon't :
To preserve them, I'll accept any Danger.

Eub. There is no other way—— and yet my Heart
Would be excus'd—— but 'tis to save his Life.

Mac. Speak it, *Eubulus.*

Eub. In your Ear I shall,
It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it.

Mac. Hum ! though it stir my Blood, I'll meet ;
Arcadius,

If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
Another Mystery.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Queen, Lyfimachus, Cassander, Charilla,
Lysander, Philocles, and Antigonus.*

Queen. We owe to all your loves, and will deserve
At least by our Endeavours, that none may
This day repent their Prayers ; my Lord Protector !

Cas. Madam,
I have no such Title now, and am blest to lose
That Name so happily ; I was but trusted
With a most glorious burden.

Queen. You have prov'd
Yourself our faithful Counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing State ; a Kingdom's Scepter
Weighs down a Woman's Arm ; this Crown fits heavy
Upon my Brow already ; and we know
There's something more than Metal in this Wreath,
Of shining Glory ; but your Faith, and Counsel,
That are familiar with Mysteries,
And depths of State, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which you both shall
Do loyal Service, and I reward your Duties.

Cas. Heav'n preserve your Highness.

Queen. But yet my Lords and Gentlemen, let none
Mistake

Mistake me, that because I urge your Wifdoms,
 I shall grow careless, and impose on you
 The managing of this great Province ; no,
 We will be active too, and as we are
 In Dignity above your Persons, so,
 The greatest portion of the difficulties,
 We call to us, you in your several places
 Relieving us with your Experience,
 Observing in your best directions
 All modesty, and distance ; for although
 We are but young, no action shall forfeit
 Our Royal Privilege, or encourage any
 To unreverent boldness ; as it will become
 Our Honour to consult, e'er we determine
 Of the most necessary things of State,
 (21) So we are sensible of a Check,
 But in a Brow, that saucily controuls
 Our Action, presuming on our Years
 As few, or frailty of our Sex ; that Head
 Is not secure, that dares our Power or Justice.

Pbi. Sh'as a brave Spirit, look how the Protector
 Grows pale already.

Queen. But I speak to you
 Are perfect in Obedience, and may spare
 This Theme ; yet 'twas no immaterial
 Part of our Character, since I desire
 All should take notice, I have studied
 The knowledge of myself, by which I shall
 Better distinguish of your Worth and Persons
 In your Relations to us.

(21) *So we are sensible of a Check,*] *Mr. Seward* reads this Page thus ;

——— *things of State,*
So were not sensible of any Check.
But in a Brow, &c.

I read thus ;

So we are sensible of any Check,
But in a Brow,——]

i. e. even the least seeming dislike to our Judgment expressed by a wrinkled Brow, we are sensible of, &c. But the Reader is left to his own Judgment.

Lysim.

Lysim. This Language
Is but a threatening to some Body.

Queen. But we miss some, that use not to absent
Their Duties from us ; where's *Macarius* !

Cas. Retir'd to grieve, your Majesty hath given
Consent, *Arcadius* should enter th' List
To day, with young *Seleucus*.

Queen. We purpose.

Enter Gentleman.

They shall proceed ; what's he ? *Phi.* A Gentleman
Belonging to *Seleucus*, that gives notice
He is prepar'd, and waits your Royal Pleasure.

Queen. He was compos'd for Action, give notice
T' *Arcadius*, and admit the Challenger :
Let other Princes boast their gaudy Tilting,
And mockery of Battels, but our Triumph
Is celebrated with true noble Valour.

*Enter Seleucus, and Arcadius at several Doors, their
Pages before them, bearing their Targets.*

Two young Men spirited enough to have
Two Kingdoms stak'd upon their Swords ; *Lysimachus*,
Do not they excellently become their Arms ?
'Twere pity but they should do something more
Than wave their Plumes. [*A shout within.*] What noise
is that ?

Enter Macarius and Eubulus.

Mac. The Peoples joy to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the Jubilee o'th' Day ;
We have no more a Faction but one Heart.
Peace flow in every Bosom.

Eub. Throw away
These Instruments of Death, and like two Friends
Embrace by our Example.

Queen. This unfeign'd ?

Mac. By all our duties to yourself, dear Madam,
Command them not advance, our Houses from
This Minute are incorporate ; happy Day !

Our

Our Eyes at which before Revenge look'd forth,
May clear suspicion, oh my *Arcadius*!

Eub. We've found a nearer way to friendship, Madam,
Than by exposing them to fight for us.

Queen. If this be faithful, our Desires are blest.
We had no Thought to waste, but reconcile
Your Blood this way, (22) and we did prophesie
This happy Chance; spring into either's Bosom,
Arcadius and *Seleucus*, what can now
Be added to this Day's Felicity?

Yes, there is something, is there not, my Lord?
While we are Virgin-Queen. *Cas.* Ha, that String doth
Promise some Mulick.

Queen. I am yet, my Lords,
Your single Joy, and when I look upon
What I have took to manage, the great care
Of this most flourishing Kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to myself,
If I chuse one, whose Strength and Virtue may
Assist my Undertaking; think you, Lords,
A Husband would not help?

Lysim. No question, Madam;
And he that you purpose to make so blest,
Must needs be worthy of our humblest Duty;
It is the general Vote.

Queen. We will not then
Trouble Ambassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad; within our own Dominion,
Fruitful in Honour, we shall make our choice;
And that we may not keep you over-long
In th' Imagination, from this Circle we
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a King and Husband.

Lysan. Now my Lord *Lysimachus*.

Queen. Nor shall we in this Action be accus'd
Of Rashness, since the Man we shall declare
Deserving our Affection, (hath been early
In our Opinion, which had Reason first
To guide it, and his known Nobility

(22) ——— and we did prophesy,] . i. e. foresee.

Long marry'd to our Thoughts,) will justify
Our fair Election.

Pbi. *Lyfimachus* blushes.

Caf. Direct our Duties, Madam, to pray for him:

Queen. *Arcadius*, you see from whence we come,
Pray lead us back, you may ascend.

[*She comes from the State.*]

Caf. How's this? o'er-reach'd?

Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest Creature;
Do not reward the Heart, that falls in Duty
Beneath your Feet, with making me the burden
Of the Court-mirth, a Mockery for Pages;
'Twere Treason in me but to think you mean thus.

Queen. *Arcadius*, you must refuse my Love,
Or shame this Kingdom.

Pbi. Is the Wind in that corner?

Caf. I shall run mad, *Lyfimachus*.

Lyfim. Sir, contain yourself.

Sel. Is this to be believ'd?

Mac. What Dream is this?

Pbi. He kisses her, now by this day I'm glad on't.

Lyfan. Mark the Protector.

Ant. Let him fret his Heart-strings:

Queen. Is the Day cloudy on the sudden?

Arc. Gentlemen,

It was not my Ambition, I durst never
Aspire so high in Thought; but since her Majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this Honour, I
Will study to be worthy of her Grace,
By whom I live.

Queen. The Church to-morrow shall
Confirm our Marriage; noble *Lyfimachus*,
We'll find out other Ways to recompence
Your Love to us. Set forward; come *Arcadius*.

[*Exeunt Queen, Arcadius, and Philocles.*]

Mac. It must be so, and yet let me consider.

Caf. He insults already: Policy assist me,
To break his Neck.

Lyfim. Who e'er would trust a Woman?

Loft in a Pair of Minutes, loft ; (23) how bright
A Morning rofe but now, and now 'tis Night ?

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Polidora with a Letter, and a Servant.

Polid. **O**H where fhall Virgins look for Faith hereafter,
If he prove falfe, after fo many Vows ?
And yet if I confider, he was tempted
Above the Strength of a young Lover, (24) two
Such Glories courting his Acceptance, were
Able to make Difloyalty no Sin,
At leaft not feem a Fault ; a Lady firft,
Whofe very Looks would thaw a Man more frozen
Than th' *Alps*, quicken a Soul more dead than Winter ;
Add to her Beauty and Perfection,
That ſhe's a Queen, and brings with her a Kingdom
Able to make a great Mind forfeit Heav'n.
What could the Frailty of *Arcadius*
Suggest, t' unſpirit him fo much, as not
To fly to her Embraces ? You were preſent
When ſhe declar'd herſelf ?

Ser. Yes, Madam.

Polid. Tell me,

Did not he make a Pauſe, when the fair Queen
A full Temptation ſtood him ?

Ser. Very little

My Judgment could diſtinguiſh ; ſhe did no ſooner

(23) ————— *how bright*
A Morning roſe, but now, 'tis Night ?] Write with the
Quarto of 1640,
— *roſe but now, and now 'tis Night ?*

Mr. Theobald.

(24) ————— *two*
Such glorious courting —] Tho' all the Copies exhibit this
Reading, I have, upon Mr. *Theobald's* and Mr. *Seward's* Concurrence
with me, made bold to inſert what is certainly the better Reading in
the Text.

Propound,

Propound, but he accepted.

Polid. That was ill.

He might with Honour stand one or two Minutes ;
Methinks it should have startled him a little
To have remembered me, I have deserv'd
At least a cold Thought ; well, pray give it him.

Ser. I shall.

Polid. When ?

Ser. Instantly.

Polid. Not so ;

But take a time when his Joy swells him most,
When his Delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his Soul dance in his Eyes,
When she, that must be his, hath drest her Beauty
With all her Pride, and sends a thousand *Cupids*
To call him to the tasting of her Lip,
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,
I'll pray for him.

Ser. I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander, and Lyfimachus.

Cas. There is no way but Death.

Lyfim. That's black and horrid ;

Consider, Sir, it was her Sin, not his ;
I cannot accuse him ; what Man could carry
A Heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious Flame ? Who could not fly to such
A Happiness ?

Cas. Have you Ambition

To be a tame Fool ? See so vast an Injury,
And not revenge it ? Make me not suspect
Thy Mother for this Sufferance, my Son.

Lyfim. Pray hear me, Sir.

Cas. Hear thee ? a patient Gull,
A Property ? thou hast no Blood of mine,
If this Affront provoke thee not ; how canst
Be charitable to thyself, and let him live
To glory in thy Shame ? Nor is he innocent ;
He had before crept slyly into her Bosom,
And practis'd thy Dishonour. *Lyfim.* You begin

The Coronation.

To stir me, Sir. *Caf.* How else could she be guilty
Of such Contempt of thee, and in the Eye
Of all the Kingdom? they conspir'd this stain,
When they had cunning Meetings; shall thy Love
And blooming Hopes be scatter'd thus, and *Lyfimachus*
Stand idle Gazer?

Lyfim. What, Sir, will his Death
Advantage us, if she be false to me?
So irreligious? and to touch her Person——
Pause, we may be observ'd.

Enter Philocles, and Lyfander.

Lyfan. 'Tis the Protector
And's Son. *Pbi.* Alas, poor Gentleman, I pity his
Neglect, but am not sorry for his Father.
'Tis a strange turn.

Lyfan. The whirligigs of Women.

Pbi. Your Grace's Servant.

Caf. I am yours, Gentlemen,
And should be happy to deserve your Loves.

Pbi. Now he can flatter. *Lyfan.* Not, Sir, t'inlarge
Your Sufferings, I have a Heart doth wish
The Queen had known how better to reward
Your Love and Merit.

Lyfim. If you would express
Your Love to me, pray do not mention it,
I must obey my Fate.

Pbi. She will be married
To t'other Gentleman for certain then?

Caf. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.

Pbi. Indeed I will, Sir.

Lyfan. Your Grace's Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

Caf. We are grown
Ridiculous, the Pastime of the Court :
Here comes another.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your Son, my Lord?

Caf. Like a neglected Servant of his Mistress,——

Sel. I would ask him a Question.

Caf.

Caf. What?

Sel. Whether the Queen,
As 'tis reported, lov'd him; he can tell
Whether she promis'd what they talk of, Marriage.

Caf. I can resolve you that, Sir.

Sel. She did promise?

Caf. Yes.

Sel. Then she's a Woman; and your Son—*Caf.* What?

Sel. Not

Worthy his Blood, and Expectation,
If he be calm.

Caf. There's no opposing Destiny.

Sel. I'd cut the Throat——

Caf. Whose Throat?

Sel. The Destinies, that's all; your Pardon, Sir,
I am *Seleucus* still, and a poor Shadow
O'th' World, a walking Picture, it concerns
Not me, I am forgotten by my Stars.

Caf. The Queen, with more Discretion, might ha'
chosen thee.

Sel. Whom?

Caf. Thee, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Me?

I cannot dance, and frisk with due Activity,
My Body's Lead, I've too much Phlegm; what should I
Do with a Kingdom? No, *Arcadius*
Becomes the Cushion, and can please; yet setting
Aside, the Trick that Ladies of Blood look at,
Another Man might make a shift to wear
Rich Cloaths, sit in the Chair of State, and nod,
Dare venture on Discourse, that does not trench
On compliment, and think the study of Arms
And Arts, more commendable in a Gentleman,
Than any Galliard.

Caf. *Arcadius*,

And you, were reconcil'd?

Sel. We? yes, oh yes.

But 'tis not Manners now to say we are Friends;
At our Equality there had been Reason,
But now Subjection is the Word.

Caf. They are not
Yet marry'd ?

Sel. I'll make no Oath upon't :
My Lord *Lyfimachus*,
A Word, you'll not be angry if I love you ;
May not a Batchelor be made a Cuckold ?

Lyfim. How, Sir ?

Caf. *Lyfimachus*, this Gentleman
Is worthy our Embrace, he's spirited,
And may be useful.

Sel. Hark you, can you tell
Where's the best Dancing-Master ? An you mean
To rise at Court, practise to Caper ; farewell
The noble Science, that makes Work for Cutlers ;
It will be out of Fashion to wear Swords ;
Masques and Devices welcome, I salute you.
Is it not pity a Division
Should be heard out of Musick ? Oh 'twill be
An excellent Age of Crotchets, and of Canters.
(25) Buy Captains, that like Fools will spend your Blood
Out of your Country, you will be of less
Use than your Feathers ; if you return unmann'd
You shall be beaten soon to a new March,
When you shall think it a Discretion
To sell your glorious Buffs to buy fine Pumps,
And Pantables ; this is, I hope, no Treason.

(25) *Buy Captains, that like Fools will spend your Blood
Out of your Country, you will be of less
Use than your Feathers ; if you return unmann'd*] *Mr. Seward*
supposes that *Buy* and *unmann'd* give a Meaning the reverse of the
true, and reads this Place thus ;

*By' Captains, that like Fools will spend your Blood
Out of your Country, you will be of less
Use than your Feathers ; if you return unmain'd*

B'y' the Contraction of *God be with ye.* And he remarks farther, that
Seleucus, who had before vindicated *Arcadius* from these very Asper-
sions, now, when he becomes prejudic'd and angry at his Advance-
ment, is the forwardst to load him with 'em, which he looks upon as
of the Poets great Insight into human Nature.

Mr. Theobald proposes reading,
But *Captains,*

Enter

(26) *Enter Arcadius leading the Queen, Charilla, Eubulus, Lyfander, Philocles, and Polidora's Servant.*

Caf. Wo't stay, *Lyfimachus*? *Lyfim.* Yes, Sir, and shew

A Patience above her Injury.

Arc. This Honour is too much, Madam, assume
[*Musick heard.*

Your Place, and let *Arcadius* wait still;
'Tis Happiness enough to be your Servant.

Caf. Now he dissembles.

Queen. Sir, you needs must fit.

Arc. I am obedient.

Queen. This is not Musick
Sprightly enough, it feeds the Soul with Melancholy.
How says *Arcadius*?

Arc. Give me leave to think:

There is no Harmony but in your Voice,
And not an Accent of your heav'nly Tongue,
But strikes me into Rapture: I incline
To think, the Tale of *Orpheus* no Fable;
'Tis possible he might enchant the Rocks,
And charm the Forest, soften Hell itself,
With his commanding Lute; it is no Miracle
To what you work, whose ev'ry Breath conveys
The Hearer into Heav'n; how at your Lips
Winds gather Perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse Sweetness round about the World.

Sel. Fine Stuff! —

Queen. You cannot flatter.

Arc. Not, if I should say,
Nature had plac'd you here the Creatures Wonder,
And her own Spring, from which all Excellence

(26) *Enter Arcadius leading the Queen, Charia, Eubulus, Lyfander, Philocles, Polidora, and Servant.*] Thus runs the Stage Direction in the first Copy; but 'tis plain we have two Blunders here; for *Charia* should be *Charilla*, and *Polidora* is so far from appearing upon the Stage in this Scene, that she must necessarily be suppos'd to be at home. The real Direction undoubtedly ran as I have alter'd it in the Text.

On Earth's deriv'd, and copy'd forth ; and when
 The Character of fair, and good in others
 Is quite worn out, and lost, looking on you
 It is supply'd, and you alone made mortal
 To feed, and keep alive all Beauty.

Sel. Ha, ha, can you endure it, Gentlemen?

Lyfan. What do you mean? *Sel.* Nay, ask him what
 he means,

Mine is a down-right Laugh. *Queen.* Well, Sir, proceed.

Arc. At such bright Eyes the Stars do light themselves,
 At such a Forehead Swans renew their white,
 From such a Lip the Morning gathers Blushes.

Sel. The Morning is more modest than thy Praises :
 What a thing does he make her?

Arc. (27) And when you fly to Heav'n, and leave this
 World

No longer Maintenance of Goodness from you,
 Then Poetry shall lose all Use with us,
 And be no more, since nothing in your Absence
 Is left, that can be worthy of a Verse.

Sel. Ha, ha,

Queen. Who's that?

Sel. 'Twas I, Madam.

Arc. *Seleucus*?

Caf. Ha?

Sel. Yes, Sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

Arc. At what?

Sel. At nothing.

Lyfan. Contain yourself, *Seleucus*.

Eub. Are you mad?

Queen. Have you Ambition to be punish'd, Sir?

Sel. I need not, 'twas Punishment

Enough to hear him make an Idol of you,
 He left out th' Commendation of your Patience ;
 I was a little moved in my Nature,
 To hear his Rodomontados, and make

(27) *And when you fly to Heav'n and leave this World.*

No longer Maintenance of Goodness —] The restoring of this
 Passage to clear Sense, by the Alteration of the Pointing, is owing to
Mr. Seward.

A Monster of his Mistress, which I pity'd first,
 But seeing him proceed,
 I guess he brought you Mirth with his Inventions,
 And so made bold to laugh at it. *Queen.* You're saucy,
 We'll place you where you sha'not be so merry:
 Take him away.

Lysan. Submit yourself.

Arc. Let me plead for his Pardon.

Sel. I wou'd not owe my Life so poorly, beg thy own;
 When you are King you cannot bribe your Destiny.

Eub. Good Madam, hear me, I fear he's distracted.

(28) *Caf.* Brave Boy! Thou should'st be Master of a
 Soul

Like his; thy Honour's more concern'd.

Sel. 'Tis Charity,

Away wo' me, (29) 'boy, Madam?

Caf. He has a daring Spirit. [*Exeunt Sel. Eub. Caf.*]

Arc. These, and a thousand more Affronts, I must
 Expect, your Favours draw them all upon me;
 In my first State I had no Enemies;
 I was secure, while I did grow beneath
 This Expectation; humble Vallies thrive with
 Their Bosoms full of Flowers, when the Hills melt
 With Lightning, and rough Anger of the Clouds:
 Let me retire.

(28) *Eub.* *Brave Boy thou should'st be Master of a Soul*

Like bis; &c.] *Mr. Seward* thinks that this should be spoke
 by *Cassander*, who first praises *Seleucus*, and then turning to his Son,
 upbraids him with the Want of the like Spirit and Resolution; and
 therefore he would have it thus pointed:

Brave Boy! Thou should'st be Master &c.

(29) ——— 'boy, Madam?] We find afterward *Seleucus* sent to
 Prison, for which there is now no express Command given by the
Queen; and in the next place it is evident that she had call'd him *Boy*,
 to which, *Boy, Madam*, is an Answer. The Words omitted, might
 probably come in between *Eubulus* and *Cassander's* Speeches, and
 might be to this Effect.

Away with that audacious Boy to Prison.

Mr. Seward.

What occur'd to me upon reading this Passage was this, that *Boy*
 is only a Corruption of *By*', and design'd as an Ironical taking leave
 of the *Queen* on his going to Prison.

Queen. And can *Arcadius*

At such a Breath be mov'd? I had Opinion
Your Courage durst have stood a Tempest for
Our Love; can you for this incline to leave
What other Princes should in vain have sued for?
How many Lovers are in *Epire* now
Would throw themselves on Danger, not expect
An Enemy, but empty their own Veins,
And think the Loss of all their Blood rewarded,
To have one Smile of us when they are dying,
And shall this Murmur shake you?

Arc. No, dear Madam,

My Life is such a poor despis'd thing,
In value your least Graces, that to lose
It were to make myself a Victory.
It is not for myself, I fear: The Envy
Of others cannot fasten wound in me
Greater, than that your Goodness should be check'd
So daringly.

Queen. Let not those Thoughts afflict thee,
While we have Power to correct th' Offences,

Arcadius be mine, this shall confirm it, [Kisses him,

Arc. I shall forget,

And lose my way to Heav'n; that Touch had been
Enough to have restor'd me, and infus'd
A Spirit of a more celestial Nature,
After the tedious Absence of my Soul,
Oh bless me not too much, one Smile a Day
Would stretch my Life (30) to Immortality.
Poets, that wrap Divinity in Tales,
Look here, and give your Copies forth of Angels!
What Blessing can remain?

Queen. Our Marriage.

Arc. Place then some Horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass; the Journey's end
Holds out such Glory to me, I should think
Hell but a poor Degree of suffering for it.

(30) ——— to Mortality.] The Change of the Text here is absolutely necessary, and Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward concurred with me in it.

The Coronation.

41

What's that, some Petition? a Letter to me.

[*Servant delivers him a Paper.*]

You had a Polidora.—— Ha! that's all.——

I'th' Minute when my Vessel's new lanch'd forth,
With all my Pride, and filken Wings about me,
I strike upon a Rock; What Power can save me?

You had a Polidora; — there is a
Name kill'd with Grief, I can so soon forget her.

Ser. She did impose on me this Service, Sir,
And while she lives, she says, she'll pray for you.

Arc. She lives!

That's well, and yet 'twere better, for my Fame
And Honour, she were dead: What Fate hath plac'd me
Upon this fearful Precipice?

Ser. He's troubled.

Arc. I must resolve, my Faith is violated
Already, yet poor loving *Polidora*
Will pray for me, she says; to think she can,
Renders me hated to myself, and every
Thought's a Tormentor, let me then be just.

Queen. Arcadius!

Arc. That Voice prevails again; oh *Polidora*,
Thou must forgive *Arcadius*, I dare not
Turn Rebel to a Princess; I shall love
Thy Virtue, but a Kingdom has a Charm
To excuse our Frailty. Dearest Madam.

Queen. Now set forward.

Arc. To perfect all our Joys.

Enter Macarius, a Bishop, and Cassander.

Mac. I'll fright their Glories.

Cas. By what means?

Mac. Observe.

Arc. Our good Uncle, welcome.

Queen. My Lord *Macarius*, we did want your Person,
There's something in our Joys wherein you share.

Mac. This you intend your Highness' Wedding Day?

Queen. We are going.

Mac. Save your Labour,
I've brought a Priest to meet you.

Arc.

Arc. Reverend Father!

Queen. Meet us! Why?

Mac. To tell you that you must not marry.

Caf. Didst thou hear that, *Lysimachus*?

[*Aside.*

Lysim. And wonder what will follow.

Queen. We must not marry?—

Bish. Madam, 'tis a Rule

First made in Heav'n; and I must needs declare

You and *Arcadius* must tie no Knot

Of Man and Wife.

Arc. Is my Uncle mad?

Queen. Joy has transported him,

Or Age has made him dote; *Macarius*,

Provoke us not too much, you will presume

Above our Mercy.

Mac. I'll discharge my Duty,

Could your Frown strike me dead; my Lord, you know

Whose Character this is?

Caf. It is *Theodosius*'

Your Grace's Father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd a Witness.

Pbi. Upon my Life 'tis his.

Mac. Fear not, I'll cross this Match. [*Aside to Caf.*

Caf. I'll bless thee for't.

Arc. Uncle, d'ye know what you do, or what we are going to finish; you will not break the Neck of my glorious Fortune, now my Foot's i'th' Stirrup, and mounting throw me over the Saddle? I hope you'll let one be a King. Madam, 'tis as you say, my Uncle is something craz'd, there's a Worm in's Brain, but I beseech you pardon him, he is not the first of your Council, that has talk'd idly; d'ye hear my Lord Bishop, I hope you have more Religion than to join with him to undo me.

Bish. Not I, Sir, but I am commanded by Oath and Conscience, to speak Truth.

Arc. If your Truth should do me any harm, I shall never be in Charity with a Crozier's Staff, look to't.

Queen. My youngest Brother?

Caf. Worse and worse, my Brains——

[*Exit.*

Mac. Deliver'd to me an Infant with this Writing,

To

To which this Reverend Father is a Witness.

Lysan. This he whom we so long thought dead, a Child?

Queen. But what should make my Father to trust him
To your Concealment? Give abroad his Death, and bury
An empty Coffin?

Mac. A Jealousie he had
Upon *Cassander*, whose ambitious Brain
He fear'd would make no Conscience to depose
His Son, to make *Lysimachus* King of *Epire*.

Queen. He made no Scruple to expose me then
To any Danger?

Mac. He secur'd you, Madam,
By an early Engagement of your Affection
To *Lysimachus*, exempt this Testimony;
And had he been *Arcadius*, and my Nephew,
I needed not obtrude him on the State,
Your Love and Marriage had made him King
Without my trouble, and sav'd that Ambition;
There was Necessity to open now
His Birth and Title.

Pbi. *Demetrius* alive!

Arc. What Riddles are these? Whom do they talk of?

Omn. We congratulate your Return to Life, and Honour,
And as becomes us, with one Voice salute you,
Demetrius King of *Epire*.

Mac. I am no Uncle, Sir, this is your Sister,
I should have suffer'd Incest, to have kept you
Longer i'th' Dark; love, and be happy both,
My Trust is now discharg'd.

Lysan. And we rejoice.

Arc. But do not mock me, Gentlemen;
May I be bold upon your Words to say
I am Prince *Theodosius*' Son?

Mac. The King.

Arc. You'll justify it?
Sister, I'm very glad to see you. *Queen.* I am
To find a Brother, and resign my Glory,
My Triumph is my Shame.

[*Exit.*

Enter

*The Coronation.**Enter Cassander.**Cas.* Thine Ear, *Lysimachus*.

Arc. Gentlemen, I owe
 Unto your Loves, as large Acknowledgment
 As to my Birth, for this great Honour, and
 My study shall be equal to be thought
 Worthy of both.

Cas. Thou art turn'd Marble.*Lysim.* There will be th' less charge for my Monument.*Cas.* This must not be, fit fast young King. [*Exit.*]*Lysan.* Your Sister, Sir, is gone.

Arc. My Sister should have been my Bride, that Name
 Puts me in mind of *Polidora*, ha?

Lysander, Philocles, ah! Gentlemen,
 If you will have me think your Hearts allow me
Theodosius' Son, oh quickly snatch some Wings,
 Express it in your haste to *Polidora* ;
 Tell her what Title is new dropt from Heav'n
 To make her rich, only created for me :
 Give her the Ceremony of my Queen,
 With all the State that may become our Bride,
 Attend her to this Throne ; Are you not there ?
 Yet stay, 'tis too much Pride to send for her,
 We'll go ourself, no Honour is enough
 For *Polidora*, to redeem our fault ;
 Salute her gently from me, and, upon
 Your Knee, present her with this Diadem,
 'Tis our first Gift ; tell her *Demetrius* follows
 To be her Guest, and give himself a Servant
 To her chaste Bosom ; bid her stretch her Heart
 To meet me, I am lost in Joy and Wonder.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cassander, Eubulus, and Soldier.

Cas. **W**Here's the Captain of the Castle?

Sol. He'll attend your Honours presently.

Cas. Give him knowledge we expect him.

Sol. I shall, my Lord.

[Exit.

Cas. He is my Creature, fear not,
And shall run any course that we propound.

Eub. My Lord, I like the Substance of your Plot,
'Tis promising, but Matters of this consequence
Are not so easily perfect, and it does
Concern our Heads to build upon secure
Principles; though *Seleucus*, I confess,
Carry a high and daring Spirit in him,
'Tis hard to thrust upon the State new settled
Any Impostor, and we know not yet
Whether he'll undertake to play the Prince;
* Or if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himself.

Cas. My Lord, affairs
Of such a glorious Nature are half finish'd,
When they begin with confidence.

Eub. Admit
He want no Art, nor Courage, it must rest
Upon the People to receive his Title;
And with what danger their uncertain Breath
May flatter ours, *Demetrius* scarcely warm
In the King's Seat, I may suspect.

Cas. That Reason
Makes for our part, for if it be so probable
That young *Demetrius* should be living, why
May not we work them to believe, *Leonatus*,
The eldest Son, was, by some trick, preserv'd,
And now would claim his own? There were two Sons,

* So the Copy of 1640. Vulg.
Or if he should accept him,——

Who

Who in their Father's life we suppos'd dead ;
 May not we find a Circumstance to make
 This seem as clear as t'other ? Let the Vulgar
 Be once possesst, we'll carry *Epire* from
Demetrius, and the World.

Eub. I could be pleas'd
 To see my Son a King.

Enter Poleanus.

The Captain's here.

Polea. I wait your Lordship's pleasure.

Caf. We come to visit your late Prisoner :
 I will not doubt, but you intreat him fairly,
 He will deserve it for himself, and you
 Be fortunate in any occasion,
 To have express'd your Service.

Polea. Sir, the knowledge
 Of my honourable Lord his Father, will
 Instruct me to behave myself with all
 Respects becoming me, to such a Son.

Caf. These things will least
 Oblige you, but how bears he his Restraint ?

Polea. As one whose Soul's above it.

Eub. Patiently ?

Polea. With Contempt rather of the great Command
 Which made him Prisoner ; he will talk sometimes
 So strangely to himself.

Eub. He's here.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Why was I born to be a Subject ? 'tis
 Soon answer'd sure, my Father was no Prince,
 That's all : the same Ingredients, use to make
 A Man as active, though not Royal Blood,
 Went to my Composition, and I
 Was gotten with as good a Will perhaps,
 And my Birth cost my Mother as much Sorrow,
 As I'd been born an Emp'ror.

Caf. While I look
 Upon him, something in his Face presents

A King indeed.

Eub. He does resemble much

Theodosius too.

Caf. Whose Son we would pretend him :
This will advance our Plot.

Sel. 'Tis but a Name,
And mere Opinion, that prefers one Man
Above another ; I'll imagine then
I am a Prince, or some brave thing on Earth,
And see what follows : (31) But it must not be
My single Voice will carry it ; the name
Of King, must be attended with a Troop
Of Acclamations, on whose airy Wings
He mounts, and, once exalted, threatens Heav'n,
And all the Stars ; how to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talk of—— Men have risen
From a more cheap Nobility to Empires,
From dark Originals, and fordid Blood ;
Nay some that had no Fathers, Sons o'th' Earth,
And flying People, have aspir'd to Kingdoms,
Made Nations (32) tremble, nay have practis'd Frowns
To awe the World : their Memory is glorious,
And I would hug them in their Shades ; but what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And less in Expectation ?

Polea. Are you serious ?

Caf. Will you assist, and run a Fate with us ?

Polea. Command my Life, I owe it to your Favour.

(31) —— *But it must not be,*

My single Voice will carry it ; ——] One would think that for
will we should read *won't* ; but alter the Pointing and all is right,
and the Sense is, *It must not be my single Voice that will carry it &c.*

(32) —— *tremble, and have practis'd Frowns]* Tho' this is not to
be rejected, yet I fancy from a slight Change of the Word in the
Quarto, which reads thus,

—— *tremble, any have practis'd Frowns*

we may come to the original Lesson :

tremble, nay have &c.

Sel.

Sel. *Arcadius* was once (33) as far from King
As I, and had we not so cunningly
Been reconcil'd, or one, or both had gone
To seek our Fortunes in another World ;
What's the Device now? If my Death be next,
The Summons shall not make me once look pale.

Caf. Chide your too vain Suspicions, we bring
A Life, and Liberty, with what else can make
Thy Ambition happy ; thou'st a glorious Flame,
We come t'advance it.

Sel. How ?

Caf. Have but a Will,
And be, what thy own Thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A King.

Sel. You do not mock me, Gentlemen ?
You are my Father, Sir.

Eub. This Minute shall
Declare it, my *Seleucus*, our Heart's swell'd
With Joy, with Duty rather, oh my Boy !

Sel. What is the Myst'ry ?

Polea. You must be a King.

Caf. *Seleucus*, stay, thou'rt too incredulous,
Let not our Faith and Study to exalt thee,
Be so rewarded.

Eub. I pronounce thee King,
Unless thy Spirit be turn'd Coward, and
Thou faint t'accept it.

Sel. King of what ?

Caf. Of *Epire*.

Sel. Although the Queen, since that she sent me
hither,

Were gone to Heaven, yet I know not how
That Title could devolve to me.

Caf. We have
No Queen, since he that should have married her,

(33) ——— as far from being
As I,—] This is true indeed, yet no mighty Discovery,
nor what the Poet design'd him to say : But the true Lesson, and
what the Place requires absolutely, is this ;
———— was as far from King

Is prov'd her youngest Brother, and now King
In his own Title.

Sel. Thank you, Gentlemen.
There's hope for me.

Caf. Why, you dare fight with him
And need be, for the Kingdom?

Sel. With *Arcadius*?
If you'll make Stakes, my Life against his Crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine Son,
And all the Courtiers one after another.

Caf. 'Two'n't come to that.

Sel. I'm of your Lordship's mind, so fare you well.

Caf. Yet stay and hear.

Sel. What, that you have betray'd me?
Do, tell your King, my Life is grown a burden,
And I'll confess, and make your Souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this Battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poor Malice.

Omnes. No more, long live *Leonatus* King of *Epire*.

Sel. *Leonatus!* Who's that?

Caf. Be bold, and be a King, our Brains have been
Working to raise you to this height; here are
None but your Friends; dare you but call yourself
Leonatus, and but justify with confidence
What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring
The Crown to your Head, we will forfeit ours.

Eub. The State is in distraction—*Arcadius*
Is prov'd a King—— there was an elder Brother——
If you dare but pronounce you are the same,
Forget you are my Son.

Polea. These are no Trifles, Sir; all this is plotted,
T'assure your Greatness, if you will be wise,
And take the fair occasion that's presented.

Sel. *Arcadius*, you say, is lawful King,
And now to depose him, you would make me
An elder Brother, is't not so?

Caf. Most right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning---

Omnes. Upon our lives.

Sel. I'll venture mine: but with your Pardon,

The Coronation.

Whose Brain was this? from whom took this Plot Life?

Eub. My Lord *Cassander*.

Sel. And you are of his Mind? and you? and think
This may be done?

Eub. The Destinies sha'n't cross us, if you have
Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it?

I am not us'd to compliment, I'll owe
My Life to you, my Fortunes to your Lordship,
Compose me as you please, and when you've made
Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally: One word, my Lord, I'd rather
[*Aside to Eubulus.*

Live in the Prison still, than be a Property
T'advance his Politick ends.

Eub. Have no suspicion.

Cas. So, so, I see *Demetrius'* Heels already [*Aside.*
Trip'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o'th' way,
Which gone, I can depose this at my leisure,
Being an Impostor; then my Son stands fair,
And may piece with the Princess. We lose time,
What think you? if we first surprize the Court,
While you command the Castle, we shall curb
All Opposition.

Eub. Let's proclaim him first.

I have some Faction, the People love me,
They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the Court.

Cas. Unless *Demetrius* yield himself, he bleeds.

Sel. Who dares call Treason Sin, when it succeeds?

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Sophia and Charilla.

Cha. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose
The greatness of your Soul, with the expence
Of too much Grief, for that which Providence
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a State
Above your tender bearing.

Sop. Thou'rt a Fool,
And canst not reach the Spirit of a Lady,
Born great as I was, and made only less

By

By a too cruel Destiny. Above
Our tender bearing? What goes richer to
The Composition of Man than ours?
Our Soul's as free, and spacious, our Heart's
As great, our Will as large, each Thought as active,
And in this only Man's more proud than we,
That would have us less capable of Empire;
But search the Stories, and the Name of Queen
Shines bright with Glory, and some Precedents
Above Man's Imitation.

Cha. I grant it
For th' Honour of our Sex, nor have you, Madam,
By any weakness, forfeited Command;
He that succeeds, in Justice, was before you,
And you have gain'd more, in a Royal Brother,
Than you could lose by your resign of *Empire*.

Sop. This I allow, *Charilla*, I ha' done;
'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me,
(At the same time I feel a joy to know
My Brother living:) no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Cha. Virtue forbid!

Sop. Canst find me out a Surgeon for that?

Cha. For what?

Sop. My bleeding Fame.

Cha. Oh do not injure
Your own clear Innocence.

Sop. Don't flatter me,
I have been guilty of an Act, will make
All Love in Women question'd; is not that
A blot upon a Virgin's Name? my Birth
Cannot extenuate my Shame, I am
Become the Stain of *Empire*.

Cha. It is but
Your own Opinion, Madam, which presents
Something to fright yourself, which cannot be
In the same shape, so horrid to our Sense.

Sop. Thou wou'dst, but canst not appear ignorant:
Did not the Court, nay, the whole Kingdom, take
Notice, I lov'd *Lysimachus*?

Cha. True, Madam.

Sop. No, I was false,
Though counsel'd by my Father to affect him,
I had my politick ends upon *Cassander*,
To be absolute Queen, flattering his Son with hopes
Of Love and Marriage, when that very Day
(I blush to think) I wrong'd *Lysimachus*,
That noble Gentleman, but Heav'n punish'd me;
For though to know *Demetrius* was a Blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my Dishonour?

Cha. Madam, you yet may recompence *Lysimachus* :
If you affect him now, you were not false
To him, whom then you lov'd not; if you can
Find any gentle Passion in your Soul
To entertain his Thought, no doubt his Heart,
Though sad, retains a noble Will to meet it ;
His Love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one Storm.

Sop. He will not sure
Trust any Language from her Tongue that mock'd him,
Although my Soul doth weep for't, and is
Punish'd to love him 'bove the World.

Enter Lysimachus.

Cha. He's here,
As Fate would have him reconcil'd ; be free,
And speak your Thoughts.

Lysim. If, Madam, I appear
Too bold, your Charity will sign my Pardon :
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the Duty of an humble Vifit.

Sop. You do not mock me, Sir?

Lysim. I'm confident
You think me not so lost to Manners, in
The knowledge of your Person, to bring with me
Such rudeness ; I have nothing to present,
But an Heart full of wishes for your Health,
And what else may be added to your Happiness.

Sop. I thought you had been sensible——

Lysim. How, Madam ?

Sop.

Sop. A Man of Understanding ; can you spend
One Prayer for me, remembering the Dishonour
I have done *Lyfimachus* ?

Lyfim. O nothing can deface that part of my
Religion in me, not to pray for you.

Sop. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too ; indeed I have a Soul
Is full of Penitence, and something else,
If Blushing would allow to giv't a Name.

Lyfim. What, Madam ?

Sop. Love, a Love that should redeem
My past Offence, and make me white again.

Lyfim. I hope no Sadness can possess your Thoughts
For me, I am not worthy of this Sorrow ;
But if you mean it any Satisfaction
For what your Will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange Overflow of Charity,
To keep me still alive ; be yourself, Madam,
And let no Cause of mine be guilty of
This Rape upon your Eyes, my Name's not worth
The least of all your Tears.

Sop. You think 'em counterfeit ?

Lyfim. Although I may
Suspect a Woman's Smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet Eyes ; and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one Reply.

Sop. I wait it.

Lyfim. I have now
Another Mistress——

Sop. Stay.

Lyfim. To whom I've made,
Since your Revolt from me, a new chaste Vow,
Which not the second Malice of my Fate
Shall violate ; and she deserves it, Madam,
Even for that, wherein you're excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you,
Her Virtue's, if she but maintain what now
She is Mistress of, beyond all Competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,

At least in my Esteem ; I may offend,
 But Truth shall justify, I have not flatter'd her ;
 I beg your Pardon, and to leave my Duty
 Upon your Hand, all that is good flow in you. [Exit.

Sop. Did he not say, *Charilla*, that he had
 Another Mistress ?

Cha. Such a Sound, methought,
 Came from him.

Sop. Let's remove, here's too much Air,
 The sad Note multiplies.

Cha. Take Courage, Madam,
 And my Advice ; he has another Mistress !
 If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him
 With entertaining twice as many Servants ;
 And when he sees your Humour he'll return
 And sue for any Livery ; grieve for this ?

Sop. It must be she, 'tis *Polidora* has
 Taken his Heart ; she live my Rival ?
 How does the Thought inflame me ?

Cha. *Polidora* ?

Sop. And yet she does but justly, and he too ;
 I would have robb'd her of *Arcadius*' Heart,
 And they will both have this Revenge on me :
 But something will rebel. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius, Philocles and Lyfander.

Dem. The House is des'late, none comes forth to
 meet us,

She's slow to entertain us : *Philocles*,
 I prithee tell me, did she wear no Cloud
 Upon her Brow ? was't freely that she said
 We should be welcome.

Pbi. To my Apprehension,
 Yet 'tis my Wonder she appears not. *Lyfan.* She,
 Nor any other, sure there's some Conceit
 T'excuse it.

Dem. Stay, who's this ? observe what follows.

Pbi. Fortune ! some Mask to entertain you, Sir.

Enter

Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health
and Pleasure.

For. Not yet? What Silence doth inhabit here?
No Preparation to bid Fortune welcome?
Fortune, the Genius of the World, have we
Descended from our Pride, and State,³⁴ to come
So far attended with our Darlings, Youth,
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the Place: Call hither Fame.

Enter Fame.

Fame. What would great Fortune?

For. Know

Who dwells here.

Fame. Once more I report, great Queen,
This is the House of Love.

For. It cannot be,

This Place has too much Shade, and looks as if
It had been quite (34) forgotten of the Spring,
And Sun-Beams: Love, affects Society,
And Heat, here all is cold as th' Hairs of Winter,
No Harmony, to catch the busie Ear
Of Passengers, no Object of Delight,
To take the wandering Eyes, no Song, no Groan
Of Lovers, no Complaint of Willow Garlands;
Love has a Beacon on his Palace Top,

(34) ——— forgotten of the Spring,

And Sun-Beams Love, affects Society,

And Heat, here all is cold as th' Hairs of Winter,] This fine
Passage, tho' clear enough in itself, is, in all the Copies, rendered
strangely dark and perplexed, meerly by false Pointing, which I had
amended before Mr. Steward gave me his Direction for so doing.
Mr. Theobald has likewise a Correction, which he intended to have
inserted in this Line,

—— here all is cold as th' Hairs of Winter,

by making it run thus;

—— all is cold as th' Airs of Winter.

But as I don't remember Airs ever us'd for Winter, but Spring-Winds,
as in Milton;

Airs, Vernal Airs,

I have not ventur'd to displace the old Reading.

Of flaming Hearts, to call the weary Pilgrim
To rest, and dwell with him, I see no Fire
To threaten, or to warm: Can Love dwell here?

Fame. If there be noble Love upon the World,
Trust Fame, and find it here.

For. Make good your Boast,
And bring him to us.

Dem. What does mean all this?

Lysan. I told you, Sir, we should have some Device.

Enter Love.

There's *Cupid* now! that little Gentleman,
Has troubled every Masque at Court this seven Year.

Dem. No more.

Love. Welcome to Love, how much you honour me!
It had become me, that, upon your Summons,
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune;
But since you have vouchsafed to visit me,
All the Delights Love can invent, shall flow
To entertain you, Musick through the Air

[*Musick plays.*

Shoot your inticing Harmony. *For.* We came
To dance and revel with you. *Love.* I am poor
In my Ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honour Love.

[*Dance.*

Enter Honour.

Hon. What Intrusion's this?
Whom seek you here?

Love. 'Tis Honour.

For. He's my Servant.

Love. Fortune is come to visit us.

Hon. And has

Corrupted Love: Is this thy Faith to her,
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus
To Fortune's Triumph? Take her giddy Wheel,
And be no more Companion to Honour;
I blush to know thee, who'll believe there can
Be Truth in Love hereafter?

Love. I have found

My Eyes, and see my Shame, and with it, this

Proud

Proud Sorcerers, from whom, and all her Charms,
I fly again to Honour ; be my Guard,
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast,
The Merit of a Name. [Exit Honour.

For. Despis'd? I shall
Remember this Affront.

Dem. What Moral's this? [Exeunt.

*Re-enter Honour with the Crown upon a mourning
Cushion.*

What melancholy Object strikes a sudden
Chilness through all my Veins, and turns me Ice?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first Pledge of her ensuing Greatness :
Why in this Mourning Liv'ry, if she live
To whom I sent it? ha, what Shape of Sorrow?

Enter Polidora in Mourning.

It is not *Polidora*? she was fair
Enough, and wanted not the setting off
With such a Black : If thou be'st *Polidora*,
Why mourns my Love? It neither does become
Thy Fortune, nor my Joys.

Polid. But it becomes
My Griefs, this Habit fits a Funeral,
And it were Sin, my Lord, not to lament
A Friend new dead.

Dem. And I yet living? Can
A Sorrow enter but upon thy Garment,
Or discomplexion thy Attire, whilst I
Enjoy a Life for thee? Who can deserve,
Weigh'd with thy living Comforts, but a Piece
Of all this Ceremony? Give him a Name.

Polid. He was *Arcadius*.

Dem. *Arcadius*?

Polid. A Gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,
And does compel these poor and fruitless Drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his Hearse,
T'embalm him twice.

Dem. And are you sure he's dead?

Polid.

Polid. As sure as you are living, Sir, and yet
I did not close his Eyes ; but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same *Arcadius* :
He was a Man so rich in all that's good,
(At least I thought him so,) so perfect in
The Rules of Honour, whom alone to imitate
Were Glory in a Prince ; Nature herself,
'Till his Creation, wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but trial of the rest,
To mould him excellent.

Dem. And is he dead ?
Come, shame him not with Praises, recollect
Thy scatter'd Hopes, and let me tell my best
And dearest *Polidora*, that he lives,
Still lives to honour thee.

Polid. Lives, where ?

Dem. Look here,
Am not I worth your Knowledge ?

Polid. And my Duty ;
You are *Demetrius*, King of *Epire*, Sir.
I could not easily mistake him so,
To whom I gave my Heart.

Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But still has fed upon thy Memory ;
These Honours and Additions of State
Are lent me for thy sake, be not so strange :
Let me not lose my Entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the Height,
Beneath which, I did blush to ask thy Love.

Polid. Give me your Pardon, Sir: *Arcadius*,
At our last meeting, without Argument
To move him, more than his Affection to me,
Vow'd he did love me, love me 'bove all Women,
And to confirm his Heart was truly mine,
He wish'd—— I tremble to remember it——
When he forsook his *Polidora's* Love,
That Heav'n might kill his Happiness on Earth :
Was not this nobly said ? Did not this promise
A Truth to shame the Turtle's ?

Dem. And his Heart

Is still the same, and I thy constant Lover.

Polid. Give me your Leave, I pray : I would not say
Arcadius was perjur'd, but the same Day,
Forgetting all his Promises and Oaths,
While yet they hung upon his Lips, forsook me,
(D'ye not remember this too?) Gave his Faith
From me, transported with the Noise of Greatness,
And would be married to a Kingdom. *Dem.* But
Heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.

Polid. It was not Virtue
In him, for sure he found no Check, no Sting
In his own Bosom, but gave freely all
The Reins to blind Ambition.

Dem. I am wounded.
The Thought of thee i'th' Throng of all my Joys,
Like Poison pour'd in *Nectar*, turns me frantick :
Dear, if *Arcadius* have made a Fault,
Let not *Demetrius* be punish'd for't,
He pleads, that ever will be constant to thee.

Polid. Shall I believe Man's flatteries again,
Lose my sweet Rest, and Peace of Thought again,
Be drawn by you from the strait Paths of Virtue
Into the Maze of Love?

Dem. I see Compassion in thy Eye, that chides me :
If I have either Soul, but what's contain'd
Within these Words, or if one Syllable
Of their full Force be not made good by me,
May all relenting Thoughts in you take end,
And thy Disdain be doubled ! from thy Pardon,
I'll count my Coronation ; and that Hour
Fix with a Rubrick in my Calendar,
As an auspicious time, to entertain
Affairs of weight with Princes ; think who now
Intreats thy Mercy : come, thou sha't be kind,
And divide Titles with me.

Polid. Hear me, Sir ;
I lov'd you once for Virtue, and have not
A Thought so much unguarded, as to be
Won from my Truth and Innocence, with any

Motives

Motives of State to affect you.

Your bright Temptation mourns while it stays here,
Nor can the Triumph of Glory, which made you
Forget me so, court my Opinion back.

Were you no King, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you, but 'tis now too late;
A low Obedience shall become me best.

May all the Joys I want

Still wait on you; if time hereafter tell you,

That Sorrow for your Fault hath struck me dead,

May one soft Tear dropt from your Eye, in pity

Bedew my Hearse, and I shall sleep securely:

I have but one Word more; for goodness sake,

For your own Honour, Sir, correct your Passion

To her you shall love next, and I forgive you. [Exit.

Dem. Her Heart is frozen up, nor can warm Prayers
Thaw it to any Softness.

Pbi. I'll fetch her, Sir, again.

Dem. Persuade her not.

Pbi. You give your Passion too much leave to triumph.
Seek in another what she now denies.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Where is the King? Oh, Sir, you are undone,
A dangerous Treason is a-foot.

Dem. What Treason?

Mac. *Cassander* and *Eubulus* have proclaim'd
Another King, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder Brother, he that was,
But this Morning Prisoner in the Castle.

Dem. Ha?

Mac. The easie *Epirotes*
Gather in Multitudes t'advance his Title;
They have seiz'd upon the Court; secure your Person,
Whilst we raise Power to curb this Insurrection.

Ant. Lose no time then.

Dem. We will not arm one Man.
Speak it again, have I a Brother living,
And must I be no King?

Mac. What means your Grace?

Dem.

Dem. This News doth speak me happy, it exalts
My Heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty Kingdoms.

Pbi. Will you not, Sir, stand
Upon your Guard?

Dem. I'll stand upon my Honour ;
Mercy relieves me.

Lysan. Will you lose the Kingdom?

Dem. The World's too poor to bribe me ; leave me all,
Left you extenuate my Fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your Council ;
You shall not share one Scruple in the Honour.
Titles may set a Glofs upon our Name,
But Virtue only is the Soul of Fame.

Mac. He's strangely possess'd, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Philocles, and Lysander.

Pbi. **H**ere's a strange turn, *Lysander.*

Lysan. 'Tis a Kingdom
Easily purchas'd ; who will trust the Faith
Of Multitudes?

Pbi. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his Title to their Mercy ;
The new King has Possession.

Lysan. And is like
To keep it ; we're alone, what dost think of
This Innovation ? (35) Is't not a fine Jigg ?
A precious cunning in the late Protector
To shuffle a new Prince into the State.

Pbi. I know not how they've shuffled, but my head on't,
A false Card's turn'd up trump, but Fates look to't.

(35) ——— *Is't not a fine Jigg ?*
[*A precious cunning* ———] The Words *precious cunning* would
almost induce me to correct *Jigg* above, into *Juggle*.

Enter

Enter Cassander and Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry't bravely?

Cas. Excellently.

Philocles, Lysander.

Pbi. Lys. Your Lordship's Servants.

(36) *Cas.* Are we not bound to Heav'n, for multiplying

These Blessings on the Kingdom?

Pbi. Heav'n alone

Works Miracles, my Lord.

Lysan. I think your Lordship

Had once as little hope to see these Princes
Revive.

(37) *Cas.* Here we must place our Thanks,
Next Providence,
For preserving
So dear a Pledge.

Enter Leonatus attended.

Eub. The King.

Leo. It is our pleasure

The number of our Guard be doubled; give
A Largess to the Soldiers, but dismiss not
The Troops 'till we command.

Cas. May it please,——

Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my Lord,
We've try'd your Faith.

Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?

Leo. My Lords and Gentlemen, to whose Faith we
must

Owe next to Heav'n our Fortune, and our Safety,
After a tedious Eclipse, the Day

(36) *Are we not bound to Heav'n,——*] The retorting of these very Words by *Philocles* in the next Act upon *Cassander*, led Mr. *Seward*, Mr. *Theobald*, and myself, to the Assurance of their belonging to *Cassander* here, and accordingly I have plac'd his Name before 'em.

(37) *Phi. Here we must place——*] I once imagin'd that this was a Speech with Action, and might easily be understood, by supposing *Philocles* to point to *Eubulus*; but I believe Mr. *Seward* has more happily conjectur'd it ought to belong to *Cassander*.

Is bright, and we invested in those Honours,
Our Blood and Birth did challenge.

Caf. May no time

Be registred in our Annals, that shall mention
One that had Life t'oppose your Sacred Person.

Leo. Let them, whose Title's forg'd and flaw'd, suspect
Their State's Security, our Right to *Empire*
Heav'n is oblig'd to prosper; Treason has
No Face so black to fright it; all my cares
Level to this, that I may (38) worthily
Manage the Province, and advance the Honour
Of our dear Country; and be confident,
If an expence of Blood may give addition
Of any Happiness to you, I shall
Offer my Heart the Sacrifice, and rejoice
To make myself a Ghost, to have inscrib'd
Upon my Marble but, whose cause I died for.

Eub. May Heav'n avert such danger.

Caf. Excellent Prince,

In whom we see the Copy of his Father,
None but the Son of *Theodosius*
Could have spoke thus.

Leo. (39) You're pleas'd t'interpret well;
Yet give me leave to say in my own Justice,
I've but express'd the promptness of my Soul
To serve you all, but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfy our mighty Charge, a weight
Would make an *Atlas* double; a King's Name
Doth sound harmoniously to Men at distance;
And those who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark, and out-skin of a Common-wealth,

(38) ———— *worthily*

*Manage the Province, and advance the Honour
Of our dear Country; ———]* To manage the Province of our
dear Country, and advance the Honour of our dear Country, seems a
little inaccurate: Perhaps we should read,

————— *worthily*

*Manage this Province; or, my Province,
i. e. The Charge I have undertook &c.*

(39) We're pleas'd——] So the other Copies. The Text is from
the Quarto. Mr. Theobald.

Or

Or State, have Eyes, but ravish'd with the Ceremony
 That must attend a Prince, and understand not
 What Cares allay the Glories of a Crown,
 But good Kings find and feel the contrary.
 You've try'd, my Lord, the burden, and can tell
 It would require a Pilot of more Years
 To steer this Kingdom, now impos'd on me,
 By justice of my Birth.

Cas. I wish not Life,
 But to partake those happy days, which must
 Succeed these fair Proceedings; we are blest;
 But, Sir, be sparing to yourself, we shall
 Hazard our Joys in you too soon; the burden
 Of State Affairs impose upon your Council.
 'Tis fitter that we waste our Lives, than you
 Call Age too soon upon you with the trouble
 And cares, that threaten such an Undertaking:
 Preserve your Youth.

Leo. And chuse you our Protector,
 Is't that you would conclude, my Lord? We will
 Deserve our Subjects Faith for our own sake,
 Not sit an idle Gazer at the Helm.

Enter Messenger.

Phi. How, observ'd you that?
 Mark how *Cassander's* Planet-struck.

(40)*Lyfan.* He might have look'd more calmly for all that,
 I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled.

Leo. With what News travels his haste? I must secure
 Myself, betimes, not be a King in jest,
 And wear my Crown a Tenant to their Breath.

Cas. *Demetrius*, Sir, your Brother,
 With other Traitors that oppose your Claims,
 Are fled to th' Castle of *Nestorius*,
 And fortifie——

Mes. I said not so, my Lord.

(40) *Eub.* *He might have look'd——*] If the Reader will con-
 sider this Answer, he will find that *Lyfander*, and not *Eubulus*, should
 be prefix'd before it.

Cas.

Caf. I'll have it thought so, hence. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Leo. Plant Force to batter
The Walls, and in their ruin bring us word
They live not.

Eub. Good Sir, hear me.

Caf. Let it work ;
Were *Demetrius* dead, we easily might uncrown
This sworn Impostor, and my Son be fair
To piece with young *Sophia*, who I hear
Repents her late Affront.

Eub. Their Lives may do
Your Service, let not Blood stain your beginnings ;
The People not yet warm in their Allegiance,
May think it worth their Tumult to revenge it
With hazard of yourself.

Leo. Who dares but think it ?
Yet offer first our Mercy ; if they yield,
Demetrius must not live—— my Lord your counsel——
What if he were in Heaven? *Caf.* You have my
Consent ;—— You sha'not stay long after him. [*Aside.*]

Leo. *Sophia's* not my Sister—— To prevent all
That may indanger us, we'll marry her ;
That done, no matter though we stand discover'd,
For in her Title then we're King of *Epire*,
Without dispute.

Caf. Hum ; in my Judgment, Sir,
That wo'not do so well.

Leo. What's your Opinion ?

Caf. He countermines my Plot : Are you so cunning ?

Leo. What's that you mutter, Sir ?

Caf. I mutter, Sir ?

Leo. Best say I am no King, but some Impostor
Rais'd up to gull the State.

Caf. Very fine! To have said within
Few hours you'd been no King, nor like to be,
Was not i'th' compass of High Treason, I take it.

Eub. Restrain your Anger, the King's mov'd, speak not.

Caf. I will speak louder yet, do I not know him ?
That self-same Hand that rais'd him to the Throne
Shall pluck him from it ; is this my Reward ?

Leo. Our Guard, to Prison with him.

Caf. Me to Prison ?

Leo. Off with his Head. *Caf.* My Head ? *Eub.* Vouchsafe to hear me,

Great Sir. *Leo.* (41) How dares he be so insolent ?

Caf. I ha' wrought myself into a fine condition ;
D'ye know me, Gentlemen ?

Pbi. Very well, my Lord ;

*How are we bound to Heav'n for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdom.*

Leo. We allow it.

Eub. Counsel did never blast a Prince's Ear.

Leo. Convey him to the Sanctuary of Rebels,
Nestorius' House, where our proud Brother has
Enscons'd himself, they'll entertain him lovingly,
He'll be a good addition to the Traitors ;
Obey me, or you die for't ; what are Kings,
When Subjects dare affront 'em ? *Caf.* I shall vex
Thy Soul for this.

Leo. Away with him : When Kings
Frown, let Offenders tremble : This flows not
From any Cruelty in my Nature, but
The Fate of an Usurper : he that will
Be confirm'd great without just Title to it,
Must lose Compassion, know what's good, not do it:

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Polidora and her Servant.

Ser. Madam,
The Princess *Sopkia.* *Polid.* I attend her Highness.

Enter Sophia.

How much your Grace honours your humble Servant.

Sop. I hope my Brother's well.

Polid. I hope so too, Madam.

Sop. Do you but hope ? he came to be your Guest:

(41) *Caf.* *How dares he be so insolent ?*] 'Tis possible that this Line belongs to *Cassander* ; but I think more probable it should be *Leonatus's*, and accordingly I have prefix'd his Name to it.

Polid.

Polid. We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honour
This poor Roof with his Royal Presence, Madam.

Sop. I came to ask your Pardon, *Polidora*.

Polid. You never, Madam, trespass'd upon me,
Wrong not your Goodness.

Sop. I can be but penitent,
Unless you point me out some other way
To satisfy.

Polid. Dear Madam, do not mock me.

Sop. There is no injury, like that, to love
I find it now in my own Sufferings :
But though I would have robb'd thee of *Arcadius*,
Heav'n knew a way to reconcile your Hearts,
And punish'd me in those Joys you have found :
I read the Story of my loss of Honour,
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you
Have met your own again.

Polid. Whom do you mean ?

Sop. My Brother.

Polid. He's found to himself and Honour ;
He is my King, and though I must acknowledge
He was the Glory of my Thoughts, and I
Lov'd him, as you did, Madam, with desire
To be made his, Reason and Duty since
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wish of more
Than to be call'd his Subject.

Sop. Has he made
Himself less capable, by being King ?

Polid. Of what ?

Sop. Of your Affection ?

Polid. With your pardon, Madam,
Love, in that Sense you mean, left *Polidora*
When he forsook *Arcadius* : I disclaim
All Ties between us, more than what the Name
Of King must challenge from my Obedience.

Sop. [*Aside.*] This does confirm my Jealousie ; my
Heart !

For my sake, Madam, has he lost his value ?

Polid. Let me beseech your Grace, I may have leave

To answer in some other Cause, or Person :
 This Argument but opens a sad wound
 To make it bleed afresh ; we may change this
 Discourse : I would elect some Subject whose
 Praises may more delight your Ear than this
 Can mine ; let's talk of young *Lyfimachus*.

Sop. Ha ! my presaging Fears.

Polid. How does your Grace ?

Sop. Well ; you were talking of *Lyfimachus*,
 Pray give me your Opinion of him.

Polid. Mine ?

It will be much short of his Worth : I think him
 A Gentleman so perfect in all Goodness,
 That if there be one in the World deserves
 The best of Women, Heav'n created him
 To make her happy.

Sop. You've in a little, Madam,
 Express'd a Volume of Mankind, a Miracle ;
 But all have not the same degree of Faith,
 He is but young——

Polid. What Mistress would desire
 Her Servant old ? he has both Spring to please
 Her Eye, and Summer to return a Harvest.

Sop. He's black——

Polid. He sets a Beauty off more rich,
 And she that's fair will love him ; faint Complexions
 Betray effeminate Minds, and love of change :
 Two Beauties in a Bed, compound few Men ;
 He's not so fair to counterfeit a Woman,
 Nor yet so black, but Blushes may betray
 His Modesty.

Sop. His Proportion exceeds not——

Polid. That praises him, and a well compacted Frame
 Speaks Temper, and sweet flow of Elements :
 Vast Buildings are more oft for shew than use :
 I would not have my Eyes put to the Travel
 Of many Acres, e'er I could examine
 A man from Head to Foot ; he has no great,
 But he may boast, an elegant Composition.

Sop. I'll hear no more ; you have so far out-done

My

My injuries to you, that I call back
My Penitence, and must tell *Polidora*,
This Revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in Soul to hear, and forgive this?
In what Shade do I live? or shall I think
I have not, at the lowest, enough Merit,
Setting aside my Birth, to poize with yours?
Forgive my modest Thoughts, if I rise up in
My own Defence, and tell this unjust Lady,
So great a Winter hath not frozen yet
My Cheek, but there is something Nature planted,
That carries as much Bloom, and Spring upon't,
As yours. What flame is in your Eye, but may
Find competition here? (forgive again
My Virgin Honour;) what is in your Lip
To tice th' enamour'd Soul, to dwell with more
Ambition, than the yet unwither'd blush
That speaks the Innocence of mine?

Enter Demetrius.

Oh Brother!

Dem. I'll talk with you anon; my *Polidora*,
Allow thy Patience 'till my Breath recover,
Which now comes laden with the richest news
Thy Ear was ever blest with.

Sop. Both your Looks
And Voice exprefs some welcome Accident.

Dem. Guess what in wish could make me fortunate,
And Heav'n hath dropt that on *Demetrius*.

Sop. What means this Extasie?

Dem. 'Twere sin to busie
Thy Thoughts upon't, I'll tell thee—— that I could
Retain some part—— it is too wide a Joy
To be exprefs'd so soon, and yet it falls
In a few Syllables—— thou wo't scarce believe me——
I am no King.

Sop. How's that!

Polid. Good Heav'n forbid!

Dem. Forbid? Heav'n has reliev'd me with a Mercy
I knew not how to ask; I have, they say,

The Coronation.

An elder Brother living, crown'd already ;
I only keep my Name *Demetrius*,
Without desire of more addition,
Than to return thy Servant.

Polid. You amaze me,
Can you rejoice to be deposed ?

Dem. It but
Translates me to a fairer, better Kingdom
In *Polidora*.

Polid. Me ?

Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no King, you could be drawn to love me
Again, that was consented to in Heav'n ?
A Kingdom first betray'd my ambitious Soul
To forget thee ; that, and the flattering Glories,
How willingly *Demetrius* does resign,
The Angels know : Thus naked without Titles
I throw me on thy Charity, and shall
Boast greater Empire to be thine again, than
To wear the Triumphs of the World upon me.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Be not so careless of yourself, the People
Gather in multitudes to your Protection,
Offering their Lives and Fortunes, if they may
But see you, Sir, and hear you speak to 'em ;
Accept their Duties, and in time prevent
Your Ruin.

Sop. Be not desperate, 'tis Counsel.

Dem. You trouble me with Noise ; speak, *Polidora*.

Polid. For your own sake preserve yourself, my Fears
Distract my Reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord *Lyfimachus*,
With something that concerns your Safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

Mac. His Soul is honest ; be not, Sir, a mad Man,
And for a Lady, give up all our freedoms. [*Exit.*

Polid. I will say any thing ; do, hear *Lyfimachus*.

Sop.

Sop. Dear Brother hear him.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lyfim. Sir, I come to yield
Myself your Prisoner; if my Father have
Rais'd an Impostor to supplant your Title,
(Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for,)
I shall not only, by the tender of
Myself, declare my Innocence, but either,
By my unworthy Life, secure your Person,
Or by what Death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected Treason.

Sop. Brave young Man:
Did not you hear him, Brother?

Lyfim. I'm not minded.

Polid. Be witness, Madam, I resign my Heart,
It never was another's; you declare
Too great a Satisfaction, I hope
This will destroy your Jealousie;
Remember now your Danger.

Dem. I despise it,
What Fate dares injure me?

Lyfim. Yet hear me, Sir.

Sop. Forgive me, *Polidora*, you are happy,
My hopes are remov'd farther; I had thought
Lyfimachus had meant you for his Mistress;
'Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place, my jealousy.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now 'tis too late;
You may be deaf, until the Cannon make
You find your Senses; we are shut up by
A Troop of Horse, now thank yourself.

Polid. They will
Admit Conditions——

Sop. And allow us Quarter?

[*A shout within.*

Polid. We are all lost.

Dem. Be comforted.

*The Coronation.**Enter Antigonus.*

Ant. News,
My Lord *Cassander's* sent by the new King
To bear us company.

Dem. Not as Prisoner?

Ant. It does appear no otherwise; the Soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise
Of Scorn, and Joy to see him so rewarded.

Dem. It cannot be.

Ant. You'll find it presently.
He curses the new King, talks Treason 'gainst him
As nimble as he were in's Shirt; he's here.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Oh let me beg until my Knees take root
I'th' Earth; Sir, can you pardon me?

Dem. For what?

Cas. For Treason, desperate, most malicious Treason:
I have undone you, Sir.

Dem. It does appear
You had a Will.

Cas. I'll make you all the Recompence I can,
But e'er you kill me, hear me; know the Man,
Whom I, to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd to
Your Throne, is an Impostor, a mere Counterfeit,
Eubulus's Son. [Exit *Ant.*

Dem. It is not then our Brother?

Cas. An insolent Usurper, proud, and bloody
Seleucus; Is no Leprosie upon me?
There is not Punishment enough in Nature
To quit my horrid Act; I have not in
My stock of Blood, to satisfy with weeping;
Nor could my Soul, though melted to a Flood
Within me, gush out Tears to wash my stain off.

Dem. How? an Impostor? what will become on's
now?
We're at his Mercy.

Cas. Sir, the People's Hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see

I dare accuse myself, and suffer for it ;
Have courage then young King, thy Fate cannot
Be long compelled.

Dem. Rise, Sir, our Misfortune
Carries this good, although it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with Virtue ; we'll expect
What Providence will do.

Caf. You are too merciful.

Lysim. Our Duties shall beg Heav'n still to preserve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our Enemy desires some Parley, Sir.

Lysim. 'Tis not amiss to hear their Proposition.

Polid. I'll wait upon you.

Dem. Thou art my Angel, and canst best instruct me,
(42) Boldly present ourselves, you'll with's *Cassander* ?

Caf. And in Death be blest
To find (43) your Charity. [Exit.

Sop. *Lysimachus*,——

Lysim. Madam.

Sop. They will not miss your Presence, the small time
Is spent in asking of a question.

Lysim. I wait your Pleasure. *Sop.* Sir, I have a
Suit to you. *Lysim.* To me? it must be granted. *Sop.* If
you.

Have cancelled your kind Opinion of me,
Deny me not to know, who hath succeeded
Sophia in your Heart ; I beg the Name
Of your new Mistress.

Lysim. You shall know her, Madam,
If but these Tumults cease, and Fate allow us
To see the Court again ; I hope you'll bring

(42) *Boldly present ourselves, you'll with Cassander?*] These Words
put in the Mouth of *Demetrius*, seem rather to belong to *Polidora* ; and
thus the Poet makes the Lady the Counsellor upon this Occasion,
according to what *Demetrius* says the Line above,

Thou art my Angel, and canst best instruct me,

But this I only offer, not daring to contend for it.

(43) —— our *Charity*.] The Text is from Mr. *Seward's* Con-
ecture, confirm'd by the Quarto.

No

No Mutiny against her, but this is
No time to talk of Love, let me attend you.

Sop. I must expect, 'till you are pleas'd to satisfy
My poor request ; conduct me at your pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, *Bishop*, Lyfander,
and Philocles.

Leo. They are too slow, dispatch new Messengers,
T'intreat 'em fairly hither, I am extasy'd ;
Were you a Witness for me too ? Is it possible
I am what this affirms, true *Leonatus* ?
And were you not my Father ? was I given
In trust to you an Infant ?

Eub. 'Tis a truth
Our Soul's bound to acknowledge ; you supply'd
The Absence and Opinion of my Son
Who died, but to make you my greater care ;
I knew not of *Demetrius*, but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as *Epire* thought you were ;
Your Father's Character doth want no Testimony,
Which but compar'd with what concerns *Demetrius*
Will prove itself King *Theodosius*' Act,
Your Royal Father.

Bish. I am Subscrib'd to both his Legacies,
By Oath oblig'd to secresie, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the Trust.

Eub. *Cassander* had no thought you would prove thus,
To whose Policy I gave this Aim, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his Engine
To batter young *Demetrius* ; for it was
Your Father's prudent Jealousie, that made him
Give out your early Deaths, as if his Soul
Prophecy'd his own first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you, to the unsafe Protection
Of one, whose Study would be to supplant
Your Right and make himself the King of *Epire*.

Bish. Your Sister, fair *Sophia*, in your Father's
Life, was design'd to marry with *Lyfimachus*,
That guarded her ; although she us'd some Art

To

To quit her Pupillage, and being absolute
Declar'd Love to *Demetrius*, which enforc'd
Macarius to discover first your Brother.

Leo. No more, lest you destroy again *Leonatus*,
With Wonder of his Fate ; are they not come yet ?
Something it was I felt within me envy
At young *Demetrius's* Fortune ; there were Seeds
Scatter'd upon my Heart, that made it swell
With thought of Empire ; Princes I see cannot
Be totally eclips'd : but wherefore stays
Demetrius and *Sophia*, (44) at whose Names
A gentle Spirit wakes upon my Blood ?

*Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius,
Cassander, and Lyfimachus.*

Eub. They're here.

Leo. Then thus I fly into their Bosoms :
Nature has rectify'd in me, *Demetrius*,
The wandrings of Ambition ; our dear Sister
You are amaz'd, I did expect it, read
Assurance there, the Day is big with Wonder.

Mac. What means all this ?

Leo. *Lyfimachus*, be dear to us,
Cassander, you are welcome too.

Cas. Not I,
I do not look for't ; all this sha'not bribe

(44) ——— at whose Names

A gentle Spirit walk'd upon my Blood ?] This would imply,
that before he knew his Relation to his Brother and Sister, he had
often had, by secret Instinct, a Love for them : But as no Hint of
this appears in any thing he before says or does, I prefer the Present
Tense :

————— walks upon my Blood ?

This Expression is noble, and seems taken from *Genesis*. *The Spirit of
God mov'd upon the Face of the Waters.* Mr. Seward.

I conceive, that the Poet design'd here to express, how dormant
that Affection which ought to be toward Brethren, tho' Strangers to
each other, had lain in *Seleucus* ; and upon this Account I would sup-
pose, that a Word of a stronger Import may yet bid fairer for the true
one : I read thus,

A gentle Spirit wakes upon my Blood ?

My Conscience to your Faction, and make
 Me false again ; *Seleucus* is no Son
 Of *Theodosius* ; my dear Countrymen
 Correct your erring Duties, and to that,
 Your lawful King, prostrate yourselves ; *Demetrius*
 Doth challenge all your Knees.

Dem. All Love and Duty,
 Flow from me to my Royal King, and Brother,
 I am confirm'd.

Cas. You are too credulous ;
 What can betray your Faith so much ?

Leo. *Sophia*, you appear sad, as if your Will
 Gave no consent to this day's Happiness.

Sop. No Joy exceeds *Sophia's* for yourself.

Lysim. With your good Pardon, Sir, I apprehend
 A cause that makes her troubled ; she desires
 To know, what other Mistress, since her late
 Unkindness, I have chosen to direct
 My Faith and Service.

Leo. Another Mistress ?

Lysim. Yes, Sir.

Leo. And does our Sister love *Lysimachus* ?

Sop. Here's something would confess.

Leo. He must not dare
 T'affront *Sophia*.

Cas. How my Shame confounds me !
 I beg your Justice, without pity on
 My Age.

Leo. Your Penance shall be, to be faithful
 Unto our State hereafter. *Omnis.* May you live long
 And happy, *Leonatus*, King of *Epire*.

Leo. But where's your other Mistress ?

Lysim. Even here, Sir.

Leo. Our Sister ? 's this another Mistress, Sir ?

Lysim. It holds
 To prove my Thoughts were so ; when she began
 Her Sorrow for neglecting me, that Sweetness
 Deserv'd I should 'steem her another Mistress,
 Then, when she cruelly forsook *Lysimachus* ;
 Your pardon, Madam, and receive a Heart

Proud

Proud with my first Devotions to serve you.

Sop. In this I'm crown'd again, now mine for ever.

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily,
Joy to you both.

Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes ;
Polidora's part of me.

Polid. He all my Blessing.

Leo. Heav'n pour full Joys upon you.

Mac. We're all blest ;
There wants but one to fill your Arms.

Leo. My Mistress
And Wife shall be my Country, to which I
Was in my Birth contracted, your love since
Hath plaid the Priest to perfect what was Ceremony.
Though Kingdoms by just Titles prove our own,
The Subjects Hearts do best secure a Crown.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





E P I L O G U E.

TH E R E is no Coronation to day,
Unless your gentle Votes do crown our Play:
If Smiles appear within each Lady's Eye,
Which are the leading Stars in this fair Sky,
Our solemn Day sets glorious; for then
(46) We hope by their soft Influence, the Men
Will grace what they first shin'd on; make't appear,
(Both) how we please, and bless our covetous Ear
With your Applause, more welcome than the Bells
Upon a Triumph, Bonfires, or what else
Can speak a Coronation. And though I
Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of Majesty,
By the kind Aid of your Hands, Gentlemen,
I quickly may be Crown'd a Queen again.

(46) *We hope by their sad Influence,—*] What Stuff is here? By this *sad* reading we have an Affront offer'd the Ladies, where the Poet design'd them a Compliment; and instead of begging their Favour, he runs the ready way to incur their Displeasure. The true Text is from the Quarto of 1640.



T H E



T H E

S E A

V O Y A G E.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Albert *a French Pirate, in Love with Aminta.*
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry Gentleman, Friend to Albert.*
Master of the Ship, an honest merry Man.
Lamure, *an Usuring Merchant.*
Franville, *a Vain-glorious Gallant.*
Morillat, *a shallow-brain'd Gentleman.*
Boatswain, an honest Man.
Sebastian, *a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to Rosellia.*
Nicusa, *Nephew to Sebastian; both cast upon a Desert Island.*
Raymond, *Brother to Aminta.*
Surgeon.
Sailors.

W O M E N.

Aminta, *Mistress to Albert, a noble French Virgin.*
Rosellia, *Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*
Clarinda, *Daughter to Rosellia, in Love with Albert.*
Hippolita, } *Three Ladies, Members of the Female Common-*
Crocale, } *wealth.*
Juletta, }

The SCENE, First at Sea, then in the Desert Islands.

T H E



THE
SEA-VOYAGE (1).

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Master and two Sailors.

MASTER.



AY her aloof, the Sea grows dangerous,
How't spits against the Clouds, Oh, how it
capers,
And how the fiery Element frights it back:
There be Devils dancing in the Air I think;
I saw a Dolphin hang i' th' Horns o' th' Moon

(1) This Play, as it stands in all the former Copies, has not receiv'd so much Injury in its Sense as Measure, and so we have not so much Cause to complain of the former as of the latter; yet Cause there is, as the Reader will see in the following Notes. Mr. Shirley, who publish'd the old Folio Edition, seems to have had little Care of making our Poets appear to Advantage, when he sent this Play into the World in so unpoetical a Dress; I own the restoring of the Measure cost me abundantly more Application and Pains than the correcting the Text; but yet the Reader must not expect that musical, exact flow of Numbers which our modern Gentlemen of *Parnassus* are so careful about, here, any more than in *Shakespear*: However, I think, I may remark once for all, both upon our Authors and him, that whenever any Subject requires the Sublime, the Pathetick or Descriptive, there the Numbers are equal to both the Sentiment and Diction, and the happy Mixture is capable of transporting any Soul who has the least Taste for the Beauties of Poetry.

(2) Shot from a Wave; hey day, hey day,
How she kicks and yerks?
Down with the Main Mast, lay her at Hull,
Furl up all her Linens, and let her ride it out.

1 *Sail*. She'll never brook it, Master;
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.

Mast. Hang her.

Can she not buffet with a Storm a little?

(3) How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.

(2) *Shot from a Wave; hey day, hey day,
How she kicks and yerks?
Down with the Main Mast, lay her at Hull,
Furl up all her Linens, and let her ride it out.*

1 *Sail*. She'll never brook it, Master;

I read thus,

*Shot from a Wave; why hey day, hey day, how
She kicks and yerks? down with the Main Mast there,
Lay her at Hull, furl up her Linens all,
And let her ride it out.*

1 *Sail*. She'll never brook it, Master;

Unless we suppose the Vessel a very small one, the Main Mast is not made to fall and rise, and I believe a Sailor would choose to read,

— down with the Main Yard,

The Expletive *there*, which I have added to complete the Measure, is commonly added by Sailors to most of the Directions they give; and 'tis generally the Omission of Particles that makes the difficulty of restoring the Measure throughout this Play. Mr. Seward.

(3) *How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.*

2 *Sail*. We have discover'd the Land, Sir,

Pray let's make in; she's so drunk else,

She may chance to cast up all her Lading.

1 *Sail*. Stand in, stand in, we are all lost else, lost and perish'd.

I read,

How it tosses her? How she reels like a Drunkard?

2 *Sail*. We have discovered the Land, Sir, pray

Let us make in; she is so drunk else, she

May chance to cast up all her Lading.

1 *Sail*. ——— stand in,

Stand in, we are all lost else, lost and perish'd.

The Repetition of the *How* in the first Line, seems very natural, and the Sentiment without it has too much Gravity, and too much resembles the like Expression in Scripture: So that the Omission of it in the former Editions hurt the Sense as well as the Measure. As I am persuaded that the whole Play may be restor'd to its Measure by no greater Liberties than are taken in these Lines, so I think it the duty of an Editor to restore it. Mr. Seward.

2 *Sail*.

2 *Sail.* We have discover'd the Land, Sir,
Pray let's make in; she's so drunk else,
She may chance to cast up all her Lading.

1 *Sail.* Stand in, stand in, we are all lost else, lost and
perish'd.

Mast. Steer her a Star-board there.

2 *Sail.* Bear in with all the Sail we can; see Master,
See what a clap of Thunder there is, What
A face of Heav'n, how dreadfully it looks!

Mast. (4) Thou Rascal, fearful Rogue thou, thou'rt
been praying;
I see it in thy Face; thou hast been mumbling,
When we are splitting, Slave. Is this a time,
To discourage our Friends with your cold Orizons?
Call up the Boatswain; how it storms; holla.

Enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. (5) What shall we do?

Mast. Cast over all her Lading; she won't swim
An hour else.

*Enter Albert, Franville, Lamure, Tibalt du Pont,
and Morillat.*

Mast. The Storm is loud, we cannot
Hear one another; what's the Coast? *Boatsf.* We know
Not yet, shall we make in? *Alb.* What Comfort, Sailors?

(4) *Thou Rascal, thou fearful Rogue, thou hast been praying;
I see it in thy Face, thou hast been mumbling,
When we are split, you Slave;—*] The Alteration in the point-
ing of this Passage gives a greater Emphasis to the Sense of it; and I
hope the Reader will excuse the putting the Participle for the Verb, be-
cause they were not *split* but *splitting*.

(5) *What shall we do, Master?
Cast over all her Lading?—*] The comparing of this Passage
with what follows a Page or two lower, wou'd incline one to think that
the Words *Cast over all, &c.* ought to be appropriated to the Master,
for 'tis his Motion there, *It must all over-board*, and possibly shou'd
be so too here. Read then,

Enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. *What shall we do?*

Mast. *Cast over all her Lading; she won't swim, &c.*

I never saw, since I have known the Sea,
(Which has been this twenty Years) so rude a Tempest :
In what State are we ?

Mast. Dangerous enough, Captain,
(6) We have sprung five Leaks, and no little ones ;
Still rage ; besides, her Ribs are open,
Her Rudder almost spent ; prepare yourselves,
And have good Courages, Death comes but once,
And let him come in all his Frights.

Alb. Is't not possible,
To make in to the Land ? 'Tis here before us.

Mor. Here hard by, Sir.

Mast. Death's nearer, Gentlemen.
Yet do not cry, let's die like Men.

Tib. Shall's hoise the Boat out,
And go all at one cast ? The more the merrier.

Enter Aminta.

Mast. You are too hafty, Monsieur, do ye long
To be i' th' Fish-market before your time ?
Hold her up there.

Amin. Oh miserable Fortune !
Nothing but Horror sounding in mine Ears, no
Minute to promise to my frightened Soul.

Tib. Peace Woman,
We ha' Storms enough already ; no more howling.

Amin. Gentle Master.

Mast. Clap this Woman under Hatches.

Alb. Prithee speak mildly to her.

Amin. Can no help ?——

Mast. None, that I know.

Amin. No Promise from your Goodness ?——

(6) *We have sprung five Leaks, and no little ones ;*
Still rage ; besides, her Ribs are open,] Here the Words *still*
rage, shou'd either be in a Parenthesis with a Note of Admiration,
(*still rage!*) or else, which is more probable from the Defect in the
Measure, something is lost, and I believe the Original was,

—— *five Leaks, and no little ones ;*
The Winds *still rage ; besides, her Ribs are open,*
or perhaps, *The Seas.*

Mast.

Maft. Am I a God? For Heav'n's fake ftow this
Woman.

Tib. Go, take your guilt
Prayer-Book, and to your Bufinefs; wink and die,
There's an old Haddock ftays for ye.

Amin. Muft I die here in all the Frights and Terrors,
The thoufand feveral Shapes Death triumphs in?
No Friend to counfel me?

Alb. Have Peace, fweet Miftrefs.

Amin. No Kindreds Tears upon me? Oh! my Country!
No gentle Hand to clofe mine Eyes?

Alb. Be comforted;
Heav'n has the fame Pow'r ftill, and the fame Mercy.

Amin. Oh, that Wave will devour me!

Maft. Carry her down, Captain,
Or by thefe Hands I'll give no more Direction,
Let the Ship fink or fwim; we ha' ne'er better luck,
When we've fuch ftowage as thefe Trinkets with us,
Thefe fweet Sin-breeders; how can Heav'n fmile on us,
When fuch a Burden of Iniquity
Lies tumbling like a Potion in our Ship's Belly? [*Exit.*

Tib. Away with her, and if ſhe have a Prayer,
That's fit for fuch an Hour, let her fay't quickly,
And ferioufly. [*Exit.*

Alb. I fee it clear, come Lady,
Come in, and take ſome Comfort. I'll ftay with ye.

Amin. Where ſhould I ftay? To what end ſhould I hope?
Am not I circled round with Miſery?

Confuſions in their full heights dwell about me:
Oh *Monſieur Albert*, how am I bound to curſe ye,
(If Curſes could redeem me) How to hate ye?
You forc'd me from my Quiet, from my Friends,
Even from their Arms, that were as dear to me,
As Day-light is, or Comfort to the Wretched;
You forc'd my Friends ſome from their peaceful Reſt,
Some your relentleſs Sword gave their laſt Groans;
Would I had there been numbred,
And to Fortunes never ſatiſfied Afflictions
Ye turn'd my Brother?

And thoſe few Friends I'd left, like deſperate Creatures,

To their own Fears and the World's stubborn Pities :
Oh mercilefs !

Alb. Sweet Mistrefs.

Amin. And whether they are wandering to avoid ye,
Or whether dead, and no kind Earth to cover 'em—
Was this a Lover's Part? But Heav'n has found ye,
And in his loudest Voice, his Voice of Thunder,
And in the Mutiny (7) of his Deep-Wonders,
He tells ye now, ye weep too late.

Alb. Let these Tears

Tell how I honour ye ; ye know, dear Lady,
Since ye are mine, how truly I have lov'd ye,
How sanctimoniously observ'd your Honour ;
Not one lascivious Word, not one touch, Lady ;
No, not a hope that might not render me
The unpolluted Servant of your Chastity ;
(8) For you I put to Sea, to seek your Brother,
Your Captain, yet your Slave, that his Redemption,
If he be living, where the Sun has Circuit,
(9) May expiate your Rigour, and my Rashness.

Amin. The Storm grows greater, what shall we do ?

Alb. Let's in,

And ask Heav'n's Mercy ; my strong Mind presages,
Through all these Dangers, we shall see a Day yet
Shall crown your pious Hopes, and my fair Wishes. [*Exit.*

(7) ——— of his deep Wonders,] *Deep Wonders* may be good *English*, but it is not very intelligible as it is here circumstanced; the Addition of a single Hyphen makes all clear, *Deep-Wonders*.

(8) For you I put to Sea, to seek your Brother,] This, if it has any meaning, must signify that his sole End of putting to Sea was to find out her Brother, and yet, Act 3. Scene 1. *Franville* says positively that they were bound

For happy Places, and most fertile Islands,
but that afterwards

She turn'd the Captain's Mind, &c.

This Inconsistency might possibly be owing to some over and above complaisant Player, who was willing to enhance the Value of *Albert's* Service, and make him compliment his Mistrefs, not only at the Expence of our Poets, but even of Truth itself.

(9) *May expiate your Rigour, and my Rashness.*] The Verb *Expiate* as apply'd to *Rigour* and *Rashness*, has two different Senses. To *expiate Rigour* is to remove it by a proper *Expiation* for that *Rashness* that occasion'd it.

Enter

Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain.

Maſt. It muſt all over-board.

(10) Boatsf. It clears to Sea-ward.

Maſt. Fling o'er the Lading there, and let us lighten Her; (all the Meat, and th' Cakes, we are all gone elfe;) That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up; Yet ſave ſome little Biſket for the Lady, Till we come to th' Land.

Lam. Muſt my Goods over too? Why honeſt Maſter, here lies all my Mony; The Mony (11) I ha' rack'd by Uſury, To buy new Lands and Lordſhips in new Countries, 'Cause I was baniſh'd from mine own; I ha' been This twenty Years a raiſing it. Tib. Out with it: The Devils are got together by the Ears, Who ſhall ha't; and here they quarrel in the Clouds.

Lam. I am undone, Sir.

Tib. And be undone, (12) 'tis better than we periſh.

Lam. Oh ſave one Cheſt of Plate.

Tib. Away with it luſtily, Sailors; It was ſome Pawn that he has got unjuſtly;

(10) Boatsf. It clears to Sea-ward Maſter, Fling o'er the Lading—] This Place confirms my Obſervation above, that the Boatswain has nothing to do with the Words there:

————— Maſter,
Cast over all her Lading, &c.

No more than he has here with,

————— Maſter,
Fling o'er the Lading—

For how ridiculous wou'd it be for him to ſay *it clears, &c.* and of conſequence the Danger of a Wreck is over, and yet in the ſame breath bid 'em ſting the Cargo overboard?

(11) — I ha' wrackt by Uſury,] It ſhould be, as Mr. Seward ſaw too, *rackt or raked*, 'tis ſo ſlight a Buſineſs that 'twas ſcarce worth the notice.

(12) — 'tis better than we.] This Paſſage truly may be underſtood and explain'd into Senſe, but the Leſſion of the old Copy ſuperſedes all ſuch Expositions, by reading as I have reform'd the Text. Mr. Theobald had added *drown*, in his Margin to complete the Senſe, and had that appeared in the Edition of 1647, I ſhould have been pleas'd to have found his Conjecture confirm'd. 'Tis certainly as good a Word as *periſh*, and might with as much Propriety have been the original one.

Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't;

Mast. Over with the Trunks too.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Take mine, and spare not.

Mast. We must over with all.

Fran. Will ye throw away my Lordship that I sold,
And put it into Cloaths and Necessaries,
To go to Sea with?

Tib. Over wi't; I love to see a Lordship sink;
Sir, you left no Wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' sav'd it else. *Fran.* I am undone
For ever. *Alb.* Why, we're all undone; would you
Be only happy? *Lam.* Sir, you may lose too.

Tib. Thou liest; I ha' nothing but my Skin,
And Cloaths; my Sword here, and myself;
Two Crowns in my Pocket; two pair of Cards;
And three false Dice: I can swim like a Fish,
Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

Boats. In with her of all Hands.

Mast. Come Gentlemen, come Captain, ye must help all;
My Life now for the Land.

(13) *Boats.* 'Tis high, and rocky,
And full of Perils. *Alb.* Howe'er let's attempt it.

Mast. Then cheer lustily my Hearts. [Exit:

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Seb. Yes, 'tis a Ship, I see it now, a tall Ship,
She has wrought lustily for her Deliverance;
Heav'n's Mercy, what a wretched Day has here been?

Nic. To still and quiet Minds that knew no Misery,
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary;
Heav'n has no Storm in store, nor Earth no Terror,
That can seem new to us. *Seb.* Tis true *Nicusa*,
If Fortune were determin'd to be wanton,
And would wipe out the Stories of Mens Miseries;

(13) 'Tis high and rocky, —] There is some seeming probability that this Line is the *Boatswain's*, to whom I have given it; but there is none that it ought to come from the *Master's* Mouth.

Yet

Yet we two living, we could cross her purpose ;
 For 'tis impossible that she should cure us,
 We are so excellent in our Afflictions ;
 It would be more than Glory to her Blindness,
 And stifle her Power beyond her Pride, to quit us.

Nic. Do they live still ?

Seb. Yes, and make to the Harbour.

Nic. Most miserable Men ; I grieve their Fortunes.

Seb. How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd 'em !
 They leap from one Calamity to another ;
 [*Shout within.*] Had they been drown'd, they'd ended all
 their Sorrows.

What shouts of Joy they make ?

Nic. Alas poor Wretches,
 Had they but one Experience of this Island,
 They'd turn their Tunes to Wailings.

Seb. Nay, to Curses,
 That ever they set foot on such Calamities ;
 (14) Here's nothing but Rocks and Barrenness,
 Hunger and Cold to eat ; here's no Vineyards
 To cheer the Heart of Man, no Crystal Rivers,
 After his Labour, to refresh his Body,
 If he be feeble ; nothing to restore him,
 But heav'nly hopes : Nature that made those Remedies,
 Dares not come here, nor look on our Distresses,
 For fear she turn wild, like the Place, and barren.

Nic. Oh Uncle, yet a little Memory
 Of what we were, 'twill be a little Comfort

(14) *Here's nothing but Rocks and Barrenness,
 Hunger and Cold to eat ; here's no Vineyards &c.] Nothing but
 Rocks and Barrenness to eat,* is intelligible and good Language, but
 surely no poetical Licence will excuse what follows,

Hunger and Cold to eat ;——

I would read, *for Meat* ; i. e. instead of Meat, and propose to supply
 the Measure thus,

There's nothing here but Rocks and Barrenness,

Hunger and Cold for Meat ; here are no Vineyards &c.

Mr. Seward.

I would read and point thus,

Here's nothing here but Rocks and Barrenness,

Hunger and Cold ; nothing to eat ; no Vineyards——

As I have not alter'd the Text, the Reader may take his Choice.

In our Calamities;
When we were seated in our blessed Homes,
How happy in our Kindreds, in our Families,
In all our Fortunes —

Seb. A Curse on those *French* Pirates, that displanted us,
That flung us from that Happiness we found there,
Constrained us to Sea, to save our Lives,
Our Honours, and our Riches,
With all we had, our Kinsmen and our Jewels,
In hope to find some Place free from such Robbers,
(15) A mighty Storm sever'd our Barks, that, where
My Wife, my Daughter and my noble Ladies
That went with her, Virgins and loving Souls,
To scape those Pirates. *Nic.* They are all yet living;
Such Goodness cannot perish. *Seb.* Never to me, Cousin;
Never to me again; what bears their Flag-staves?

Nic. The Arms of *France* sure;
Nay, do not start, we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a Cordial now, come when it will.

Seb. They get to shore apace, they'll fly as fast
When once they find the Place: What's that which swims
there?

Nic. A strong young Man, Sir, with a handsome Woman
Hanging about his Neck.

Seb. That shews some Honour;
May thy brave Charity, whate'er thou art,
Be spoken in a Place that may renown thee,
And not die here.

Nic. The Boat it seems turn'd over,

(15) *Where a mighty Storm sever'd our Barks,
That, where my Wife, my Daughter
And my noble Ladies that went with her,*] The first *Where* here
is unnecessary to the Sense, and seems to have caus'd all the Confusion
of the Measure which may thus be restor'd.

*A mighty Storm sever'd our Barks, that where
My Wife, my Daughter and my noble Ladies
That went with her, Virgins and loving Souls,
To scape those Pirates. Nic. They are all yet living;
Such Goodness cannot perish. Seb. Never to me, Cousin, &c.*

As this Play seems to have suffer'd so very much in its Measure, such
Liberties as these must be taken to restore it. *Mr. Seward.*

So

So forc'd 'em to their shifts, yet all are landed:
They're Pirates on my Life.

Seb. They will not rob us;
For none will take our Misery for Riches:
Come, Cousin, let's descend, and try their Pities;
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island
With the same Shadows still, that must grow shorter.

[*Exit.*

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure,
Master, Franville, Surgeon, and Sailors.

Tib. (16) Wet come ashore, my Mates, we are safe ar-
rived yet.

Maft. Yes, Thanks to Heav'n's Goodness, no Man's lost
The Ship rides fair too, and her Leaks are in
Good Plight. *Alb.* The Weather's turn'd more courteous;
How does my Dear? alas, how weak she is,
And wet! *Amin.* I am glad yet, I scap'd with Life;
Which certain, noble Captain, next to Heaven's
Goodness, I must thank you for, and what's more,
Acknowledge your dear Tenderness, your firm Love
To your unworthy Mistress, and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh Opinions,
Those cruel unkind Thoughts, I heapt upon ye;
Farther than that, I must forget your Injuries,
So far I am ty'd and fetter'd to your Service;
Believe me, I will learn to Love.

Alb. I thank ye, Madam, and it shall be my
Practice to serve. What cheer, Companions?

Tib. No great cheer, Sir, a piece of souced Bisket,
And half an hard Egg; for the Sea's ta'en order,
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, Captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I'm dry;
Come, Surgeon, come, out with your Clyster-pipe
And strike a Galliard.

(16) Wet come ashore—— arrived yet.

Maft. Thanks——] Wet come alluding to Welcome is exceed-
ing right and proper here in Tibalt's Mouth, whose droll Char-acter is
well supported throughout the Play.

Alb.

Alb. What a brave Day again? and what fair Weather,
After so foul a Storm?

Lam. Ay, an't had pleas'd the Master he might ha'
Foreseen this Weather, and ha' sav'd our Goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em, we've our Lives and Healths.

Lam. I must think on 'em, and think
'Twas most maliciously done to undo me.

Fran. And me too, I lost all;
I ha'n't another Shirt to put on me,
Nor Cloaths, but these poor Rags; I had fifteen
Fair Suits, the worst was cut on Taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost; give me thy Hand,
Is thy Skin whole? art thou not pur'd with Scabs?
No antient Monuments of Madam *Venus*?
Thou'st a Suit then will pose the cunning'st Tailor,
That never will turn Fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy Executors, (17) the Worms, uncase thee,
They take off glorious Suits, *Franville*: thou'rt happy,
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here's no Brokers,
No Alchymists to turn 'em into Metal;
Nor leather'd Captains,
With Ladies to adore 'em; wilt thou see
A Dog-fish rise in one of thy brave Doublets,
And tumble like a Tub to make thee merry,
Or an old Haddock rise with thy hatch'd Sword
Thou paid'st a hundred Crowns for?
Or a Mermaid in a Mantle of your Worship's?
Or a Dolphin in your double Ruff?

Fran. Ye're merry,

(17) ——— *the Worms uncase thee,*

They take off glorious Suits, Franville: thou'rt happy
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; —] As 'em is relative to *Worms*,
not *Suits*, which it ought not to be, according as the Place stands at
present, I would read and point the whole thus:

———— *the Worms uncase thee.*

Thou talk'st of glorious Suits, Franville; thou'rt happy

Thou art delivered of 'em. Here's no Brokers,

No Alchymists to turn 'em into Metal;

Nor leather'd Captains,

With Ladies to adore 'em; &c.

The last 'em relates too to *Suits*, not *Captains*; Soldiers and Ladies,
according to merry *Tibalt*, are equally fond of Dress.

But

But if I take it thus, if I be foisted
And jeer'd out of my Goods. *Lam.* Nor I, I vow to
thee.

Nor Master you, nor Mate, I see your cunning.

Alb. Oh be not angry, Gentlemen.

Moril. Yes Sir, we have Reason:
And some Friends I can make. *Maft.* What I did,
Gentlemen,
Was for the general Safety.

But if ye aim at me, I am not so tame——

Tib. Pray take my Counsel, Gallants, fight not till
The Surgeon be well,
He's damnable Sea-sick, and may spoil all;
Besides h'as lost his Fiddlestick, and th' best
Box of Bores-grease—— why do you make such Faces,
And hand your Swords?

Alb. Who would ye fight with, Gentlemen?
Wh'as done ye wrong? for shame be better temper'd.
No sooner come to give thanks for our Safeties,
But we must raise new civil Broils amongst us,
Inflame those angry Powers, to shower new Vengeance
on us?

What can w'expect for these unmanly Murmurs,
These strong Temptations of their holy Pities,
But Plagues in another kind, so full, so dreadful,
That th' singing Storms are Slumbers to it? *Tib.* Be Men,
And rule your Minds; if you will needs fight, Gentlemen,
And think to raise new Riches by your Valours,
Have at ye, I have little else to do now,
I have said my Prayers;
You say you have lost, and make your Loss your Quarrel,
And grumble at my Captain here, and th' Master,
Two worthy Persons,

Indeed too worthy for such Rascals, thou
Galloon Gallant, and *Mammon* you that build
On golden Mountains, thou mere Mony-Maggot;
Come, all draw your Swords;

Ye say ye're miserable. *Alb.* Nay, hold good *Tibalt.*

Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em;
I'll make ye ten times worse; I will not leave 'em——

For

For look ye,
Fighting's as nourishing to me as eating,
I was born quarrelling.

Mast. Pray, Sir.

Tib. I will not leave 'em Skins to cover 'em ;
Do ye grumble, when ye are well, ye Rogues ?

Mast. Noble *Du-pont.*

Tib. Ye have Cloaths now ; and ye prate.

Amin. Pray Gentlemen, for my sake be at Peace.
Let it become me to make all here Friends.

Fran. You've stopt our Angers, Lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well ; 'tis very well ; there's half a Bisket,
Break't amongst ye all, and thank my Bounty :
'Tis Cloaths and Plate too ; no more Quarrelling.

Amin. But ha ! what things are these,
Are they human Creatures ?

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Tib. I've heard of Sea-Calves. *Alb.* They're no Sha-
dows sure,
They've Legs and Arms. *Tib.* They hang but lightly on
though.

Amin. How they look ! are they Mens Faces ?

Tib. They have Horse-tails growing to 'em,
Goodly long Manes.

Amin. 'Las what funk Eyes they have !
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted !
Sure they are wretched Men.

Tib. Where are their Wardrobes ?
Look ye, *Frainville*, here are a couple of Courtiers.

Amin. They kneel, alas poor Souls. *Alb.* What are ye
speak ;

Are ye alive, or are ye wandring Shadows,
That find no Peace on Earth, till ye reveal
Some hidden Secret ? *Seb.* We are Men as you are,
Only our Miseries make us seem Monsters ;
If ever Pity dwelt in noble Hearts——

Alb. We understand 'em too ; pray mark 'em, Gen- [clemen.

Seb. Or that Heav'n's pleas'd with human Charity ;

If ever ye have heard the Name of Friendship,
Or suffered in yourselves the least Afflictions;
Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And Mothers that have wept for your Misfortunes,
Have Mercy on our Mis'ries.

Alb. Stand up, Wretches;
Speak boldly, and have release.

Nic. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed Name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this Island.

Alb. Speak; what are ye?

Seb. As you are, Gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own Calamities,
And turn your Eyes wild with perpetual Weepings;
These many Years in this most wretched Island
We two have liv'd, the scorn and game of Fortune;
Bless yourselves from it, Noble Gentlemen;
The greatest Plagues that human Nature suffers
Are seated here, Wildness and Wants innumerable.

Alb. How came ye hither? *Nic.* In a Ship as you
Do, and as you might have been, had not Heav'n
Preserved ye for some more noble use,
Wrackt desperately; our Men, and all consum'd,
But we two, that still live, and spin out here
The thin and ragged Threads of our Misfortunes.

Alb. Is there no Meat above?

Seb. Nor Meat nor Quiet;
No Summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor Autumn, to make full the Reaper's Hands;
The Earth obdurate to the Tears of Heav'n,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd Weeds.
No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves, no Beasts;
All that were made for Man's use, fie this Desert;
No airy Fowl dares make his flight o'er it.

It is so Ominous——

Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature,
Roots of malignant Tastes, foul standing Waters;
Sometimes we find a fulsome Sea-root,
And that's a Delicate; a Rat sometimes,
And that we hunt like Princes in their Pleasure;

And

And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

Amin. For Heav'n's sake let's aboard.

Alb. D'ye know no farther?

Nic. Yes

We've sometimes seen the shadow of a Place

Inhabited; and heard the Noise of Hunters,

And have attempted to find it;

So far as a River,

Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenc'd with high Rocks,

We've gone; but not able t'achieve that Hazard,

Return'd to our old Miseries. If this

Sad Story may deserve your Pities—— *Alb.* Ye shall

Aboard with us, we will relieve your Miseries.

Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this Benefit,

No, Gentlemen, we'll pay for our Deliverance;

Look ye that plough the Seas for Wealth and Pleasures,

That out-run Day and Night with your Ambitions,

Look on those heaps, they seem hard ragged Quarries;

Remove, and view 'em fully.

Mast. Oh Heav'n, they're Gold and Jewels. *Seb.* Ben't
too hafty,

Here lies another heap. *Mor.* And here another,

All perfect Gold. *Alb.* Stand farther off, you must not

Be your own Carvers. *Lam.* We have shares, and deep
ones.

Fran. Yes Sir, we will maintain't:

Ho, Fellow Sailors. *Lam.* Stand all to your Freedoms;

I'll have all this.

Fran. I this.

Tib. You shall be hang'd first.

Lam. My Losses shall be made good. *Fran.* So shall
mine.

Or with my Sword I'll do't; all that will share

With us, assist us. *Tib.* Captain, let's set in.

Alb. This Mony will undo, undo us all.

Seb. This Gold was th' Ov'rthrow of my Happiness;

I had Command too, when I landed here,

And led young, high, and noble Spirits under me,

This cursed Gold

Enticing 'em, they set upon their Captain,

On me that own'd this Wealth, and this poor Gentleman,
Gave us no few Wounds, forc'd us from our own ;
And then their civil Swords, who should be Owners,
And who
Lords over all, turn'd against their own Lives ;
First in their great Rage they consum'd the Ship,
That poor part of the Ship that scap'd the first Wrack,
Next their own Lives by heaps ; Oh be you wise
And careful. *Lam.* We'll ha' more : Sirrah, come shew it.

Fran. Or ten times worse Afflictions than thou speak'st
of——

Alb. Nay, and ye will be Dogs—— [Beats 'em.

Tib. Let me come, Captain :

This Golden Age must have an Iron ending.

Have at the Bunch. [He beats 'em off. Exit.

Amin. Oh *Albert* ; Gentlemen, Oh Friends. [Exit.

Seb. Come noble Nephew, if we stay we die,
Here rides their Ship yet, all are gone to th' Spoil,
Let's make quick use. *Nic.* Away dear Uncle. *Seb.* This Gold
Was our O'erthrow. *Nic.* It may now be our Happiness.
[Exeunt.

Enter Tibalt pursuing and beating the rest.

Tib. You shall have Gold, yes, I will cram it int' ye ;
You shall be your own Carvers ? yes, I'll carve ye.

Mor. I'm fore, I pray hear Reason.

Tib. I'll hear none.

Covetous base Minds have no Reason ;
I'm hurt myself ; but whilst I have a Leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded Souls—— how d'ye, Captain ?
Ye bleed apace, curse on the Causers on't ;
Ye do not faint ?

Alb. No, no, I'm not so happy.

Tib. D'ye howl ? nay, ye deserve it :
Base greedy Rogues ; come, shall we make an end of 'em ?

Alb. They are our Country-men, for Heav'n's sake
spare 'em.

Alas, they're hurt enough, and they relent now.

[Aminta above.

Amin. Oh Captain, Captain.

Alb. Whose Voice is that ?

Tib. The Lady's.

Amin. Look Captain, look ; ye are undone : Poor Captain !

We're all undone, all, all : We are all miserable,
Mad wilful Men, ye are undone ; your Ship, your Ship !

Alb. What of her ?

Amin. She is under Sail, and floating ;
See where she flies ; see to your flames, you Wretches,
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you Gold.

[*Lamure and Franville go up to see the Ship.*

1 Sail. They have cut the Cables,

And got her out ; the Tide too has befriended 'em :

Mast. Where are the Sailors that kept her ?

Boats. Here, here i'th' Mutiny, to take up Mony ;
And left no Creature, left the Boat ashore too ;
This Gold,

This damn'd enticing Gold. *2 Sail.* How the Wind
drives her,

As if it vied to force her from our Furies.

Lam. Come back, good Men.

Fran. Good honest Men, come back.

Tib. The Wind's against ye, speak louder.

Lam. Ye shall have all your Gold again ; they see us.

Tib. Hold up your Hands, and kneel, and howl ye
Block-heads,

They'll have Compassion on ye ;

Yes, yes, 'tis very likely, ye've deserv'd it ;

D'ye look like Dogs now ?

Are your mighty Courages abated ?

Alb. I bleed apace, *Tibalt.*

Tib. Retire Sir,

And make the best use of our Miseries.

They but begin now.

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Are ye alive still ?

Alb. Yes, Sweet.

Tib. Help him off, Lady ;

And wrap him warm in your Arms, here is something
'That's comfortable ; off with him handsomely,

I'll

I'll come to ye straight, but vex these Rascals a little.

[*Exeunt Albert and Aminta.*]

Fran. Oh,

I'm hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

Tib. Here is a Pestle of a *Portigue*, Sir,

'Tis excellent Meat with four Sauce ;

And here's two Chains, suppose 'em Saufages ;

Then there wants Mustard——

(18) But th' fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently:

Lam. Oh for that Surgeon, I shall die else.

Tib. Faith there he lies in the same pickle too.

Sur. My Salves and all my Instruments are lost ;

And I am hurt and starv'd :

Good Sir, seek for some Herbs.

Tib. Here's *Herb-graceless*, will that serve ?

Gentlemen, will ye go to Supper ?

All. Where is the Meat ?

Tib. Where is the Meat ? What a Veal Voice is there ?

Fran. Would we had it, Sir, or any thing else.

Tib. I would now cut your Throat you Dog, but that

I wo't do you such a courtesie ;

To take you from the benefit of starving,

Oh ? what a Comfort will your Worship have

Some three Days hence ! ye things beneath my Pity

Famine shall be your Harbinger ;

You must not look for Down-beds here, nor Hangings ;

Though I could wish ye strong ones ;

Yet there be many lightsome cool Star-chambers,

Open to every sweet Air, I'll assure ye,

Ready provided for, and so I'll leave, ye ;

Your first course is serv'd up, expect the second. [*Exit.*]

Fran. A vengeance on these Jewels.

Lam. Oh ! this curf'd Gold.

[*Exeunt.*]

(18) *But th' fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently.*

Lam. Ob for that Surgeon, I shall die else.] *Fearful*, in the present Passage, is an *Epithet*. which carries neither Sente nor Humour. If we would make *Tibalt* congruous with himself, methinks it should be done by reading in both Lines thus ;

But th' careful Surgeon &c.

To which *Lamure* should answer ;

Ob for that careful Surgeon, I shall die else.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Albert, and Aminta.

Alb. **A** Las dear Soul, ye faint.
Amin. You speak the Language
 Which I should use to you ; Heav'n knows, my Weakness
 Is not for what I suffer in myself,
 But to imagine what 'tis you endure,
 And to what Fate your cruel Stars reserve ye.

Alb. Oh do not add to my Afflictions by
 Your tender Pities, sure we have chang'd Sexes ;
 You bear Calamity with a Fortitude
 Would become a Man ; I like a weak Girl, suffer.

Amin. Oh, but your Wounds,
 How fearfully they gape ! And every one
 To me's a Sepulchre : If I lov'd truly,
 (Wise Men affirm, that true Love can do Wonders,)
 These bath'd in my warm Tears would soon be cur'd,
 And leave no Orifice behind ; pray give me leave
 To play the Surgeon, and bind 'em up ;
 The raw Air rankles 'em.

Alb. Sweet, we want Means.

Amin. Love can supply all Wants.

Alb. What have ye done, Sweet ?

(19) Oh Sacrilege to Beauty ! there's no Hair
 Of these pure Locks, by which the greatest King
 Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.

Amin. Oh *Albert*, I offer
 This Sacrifice of Service to the Altar
 Of your staid Temperance, and still adore it :
 When with a violent Hand you made me yours,
 I curs'd the Doer ; but now I consider,
 How long I was in your Power, and with what Honour

(19) *Oh Sacrilege to Beauty ! &c.*] This is seemingly from *Tasso*,
 Book 19, Stanza 112, where *Erminia* binds up *Tancred's* Wounds
 with her Hair.

*For with her Amber Locks cut off, each Wound
 She tied : Oh happy Man, so cur'd, so bound.*

You

You entertain'd me, (it being seldom seen,
That Youth, and heat of Blood, cou'd e'er prescribe
Laws to itself;) your Goodness is the *Letbe*
In which I drown your Inj'ries, and now live
Truly to serve ye :
How do you, Sir ? Receive you the least ease from
My Service ? If you do, I'm largely recompenc'd.

Alb. You good Angels,
That are engag'd, when Man's Ability fails,
To reward Goodness, look upon this Lady ;
Though Hunger gripes my croaking Entrails,
Yet when I kiss these Rubies, I methinks
Am at a Banquet, a refreshing Banquet ;
Speak my bless'd one,
Art not thou hungry ? *Amin.* Indeed I could eat,
To bear you Company.

Alb. (20) Blush, unkind Nature,
If thou hast Power, or Being. To hear

Thyself,

(20) *Blush unkind Nature,*
If thou hast Power, or Being, to hear &c.] I read,
———— or Being but to bear

i. e. *being barely sufficient to enable thee to hear*— The Particle inserted is not a meer Expletive, but strengthens the Sense, as well as compleats the Measure. And here I must beg the Reader to exert his full Attention in the Enjoyment of a Passage whose Beauty will amply reward it. Our Authors seem to have emulated *Henry the Fourth's* noble Expostulation to Sleep, Act III. Part II.

*Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast
Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the Vistation of the Winds
Who take the Ruffian Billows by the Top,
Curling their monstrous Heads, and hanging them
With deafning Clamours in the slip'ry Shrouds,
That with the Hurly Death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy in an Hour so rude ?
And in the calmest and the stillest Night,
With all Appliances and Means to boot,
Deny it to a King ?*

Thyself, and by such Innocence, accus'd,
 Must print a thousand kinds of Shame, upon
 Thy various Face: Canst thou supply a Drunkard,
 And with a prodigal Hand reach choice of Wines,
 Till he cast up thy Blessings? or a Glutton,
 That robs the Elements, to sooth his Palate,
 And only eats to beget Appetite,
 Not to be satisfied? And suffer here
 A Virgin, which the Saints would make their Guest,
 (21) To pine for Hunger?
 Ha, if my Sense deceive me not, [Horns within.
 These Notes take being from the Breath of Man.
 This Way the gentle Wind conveys it to us. [Horns again.
 Confirm me, my *Aminta*; hear you nothing?

Our Authors' Merits, in Comparison of this Hero of *British* Poetry, may be justly estimated by the Comparison of these two Passages, beginning — *Canst thou supply a Drunkard* — Where the Poet rises from excellency of Sense, into sublimity and energy of poetick Diction. *Shakespear*, in his four first Lines, rises with the same Sense, Energy and Sublimity, but does not stop there; his Muse kindling with her own Rapidity becomes, (as himself elsewhere wishes her)

*A Muse of Fire, and ascends
 The brightest Heaven of Invention.*

Prologue to *Henry the Vth.*

That Heaven, which perhaps none but himself and *Homer* ever did or could ascend.

Mr. Seward.

Mr. Seward's good Sense, which shines through this Note, will excuse me for receding from his Alteration propos'd, when he sees that it proceeds from a false Punctuation.

(21) *To pine for Hunger? Ha, if my Sense
 Deceive me not, these Notes take Being
 From the breath of Men; confirm me, my Aminta;
 Again, this way the gentle Wind conveys it to us,
 Hear you nothing?]*

The Confusion of the Measure here seems to arise from a Transposition, and a marginal Direction being inserted in the Text. The Word *again* is only an Order for the Horns to sound a second time. I read the whole thus, allowing only a redundant Syllable at the End of the first Verse, the commonest Liberty taken by our Authors.

——— *Ha, if my Sense deceive me not,* [Horns within.
These Notes take being from the Breath of Man.
This Way the gentle Wind conveys it to us. [Horns again.
Confirm me, my Aminta; hear you nothing?

Amin.

Amin. Yes, It seems free Hunters Musick ;

Alb. 'Tis louder still ; and I remember th' *Portugals*
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sound,
But ne'er could touch the Shore from whence it came ;
Follow me, my *Aminta* : My good Genius,
Shew me the way ! Still, still we are directed ;
When we gain the top of this near rising Hill,
We shall know further. [Exeunt. And enter above.]

Alb. Courteous *Zephyrus*,
On's dewy Wings, carries Perfumes to cheer us ;
The Air clears too ; and now we may discern
Another Isle, and questionless, the Seat
Of fort'nate Men :
Oh that we could arrive there ! *Amin.* *Albert*, no,
It is not to be hop'd ; this envious Torrent
Is cruelly interpos'd ; we have no Vessel
That may transport us ; nor hath Nature given
Us Wings to fly. *Alb.* 'Tis better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless ; I feel
New Vigour in me, and a Spirit that dares
More than a Man, to serve my fair *Aminta* ;
These Arms shall be my Oars, with which I'll swim,
And my Zeal to save thy innocent self, like Wings,
Shall bear me up above the brackish Waves.

Amin. Will ye leave me then ?

(22) Till now I ne'er was wretched.

Alb. My best *Aminta*, I swear by Goodness,
'Tis not Hope, nor Fear, of myself, that invites me
To this Extream ; 'tis to supply thy wants :
And believe me,
Though Pleasure met me in most ravishing Forms,
And Happ'ness courted me to entertain her,
I would not eat nor sleep, till I return'd

(22) *Amin.* Will ye then leave me ?

Alb. Till now I ne'er was wretched.] This is the most ma-
terial Corruption in the Sense that I have met with in this Play. The
pretty Softness and tender Fears of *Aminta* are given to *Albert*. I
read,

Amin. Will ye leave me then ? 'till now I ne'er was wretched.

Alb. My best *Aminta*, I swear by Goodness, 'tis
Not Hope, &c.

Mr. Seward.

And

And crown'd thee with my Fortunes.

Amin. Oh but your Absence! —

Alb. Suppose it but a Dream, and as you may,
Endeavour to take Rest; and when that Sleep
Deceives your Hunger with imagin'd Food,
Think you have sent me for Discovery
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be Queen of.

And now ye Pow'rs, that e'er heard Lovers Prayers,
Or cherish pure Affection, look on him
That is your Votary; and make it known,
Against all stops, you can defend your own. [Exit.

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, and Juletta.

Hip. How did we lose *Clarinda*?

Cro. When we believ'd the Stag was spent,
And would take foil, the sight of the black Lake,
Which we suppos'd he chose for his last Refuge,
Frighted him more than we that did pursue him.

Jul. That's usual; for Death itself is not
So terrible to any Beast of Chase.

Hip. Since we liv'd here, we ne'er could force one to it.

Cro. 'Tis so dreadful,
The Birds that with their Pinions cleave the Air
Dare not fly o'er it; when the Stag turn'd Head,
And we even tir'd with Labour;

Clarinda, as if she were made of Air
And Fire, and had no part of Earth in her,
Pursu'd him eagerly;
Nor need we fear her safety, this Place yields
Not Fawns nor Satyrs, or more lustful Men;
Here we live secure,
And have among ourselves a Common-wealth,
Which in ourselves begun, with us must end.

Jul. Ay, there's the misery.

Cro. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to speak my Thoughts;
The strictness of our Governess, that forbids us,
On pain of Death, the sight and use of Men,
Is more than Tyranny; for herself, she's past

Those

Those youthful Heats, and feels not the least want
Of that which young Maids long for ; and her Daughter
The fair *Clarinda*, though within few Years
Improv'd in height and large proportion,
Came here so young,
That scarce remembring that she had a Father,
She never dreams of Man ; and should she see one,
In my Opinion, it would appear
A strange Beast to her. *Jul.* 'Tis not so with us.

Hip. For my part, I confess't, I was not made for
This single Life ; nor love I Hunting so,
But that I had rather be the Chase myself.

Cro. By *Venus* (out upon me) I should have
Sworn by *Diana*, I'm of thy mind too Wench ;
And though I have ta'en an Oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of Man,
Ev'ry hour something tells me I'm forsworn ;
For I confess, Imagination helps me
Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on,
We might starve else, for if I've any Pleasure in
This Life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan :
Then from the Courtier to the Country-clown,
I have strange Visions—

Jul. Visions, *Crocale* ?

Cro. Yes, and fine Visions too ;
And Visions I hope in Dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by' our Canons. The last Night
(Troth 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my Cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking.

Hip. Upon your Back ?

Cro. How should a young Maid lie, Fool,
When she would be intranc'd ? *Hip.* We are instructed,
Forward I pray. *Cro.* Methought a sweet young Man
In Years some twenty, with a downy Chin,
Promising a future Beard, and yet no red one,
Stole sily to my Cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in's Arms, and kiss'd me twenty times ;
Yet still I slept.

Jul. Fie, thy Lips run over, *Crocale*.

But to the rest. *Cro.* Lord, what a Man is this,

Thought

Thought I, to do this to a Maid! Yet then
 I for my Life could not awake. The Youth,
 A little daunted, with a trembling Hand
 Heav'd up the Cloaths. *Hip.* Yet still you slept? *Cro.*
 Y'faith I did;

And when, methoughts, he was warm by my Side,
 Thinking to catch him, I stretch'd out both Arms;
 And when I felt him not, I shrieked out,
 And wak'd for Anger.

Hip. 'Twas a pretty Dream.

Cro. Ay, if it had but been a true one.

[*Albert discovered lying along upon the Shore.*]

Jul. Stay,

What's here cast on the Shore? *Hip.* It is a Man;
 Shall I shoot him?

Cro. No, no, 'tis a handsome Beast,
 Would we had more o'th' Breed; Wenches stand close,
 And let's hear if he can speak.

Alb. Do I yet live?

Sure it is Air I breathe: What Place is this?
 Sure something more than Humane here keeps Residence,
 For I have past the *Stygian* Gulph,
 And touch upon the blessed Shore: 'Tis so;
 This is th' *Elysian* Shade; these, happy Spirits
 That here enjoy all Pleasures.

Hip. He makes towards us.

Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Cro. Hold, he makes no Resistance.

Alb. Be not offended, Goddesses, that I fall
 Thus prostrate at your Feet: Or if not such,
 But Nymphs of *Dian's* Train, that range these Groves,
 Which you forbid to Men; vouchsafe to know
 I am a Man, a wicked sinful Man;
 And yet not sold
 So far to Impudence, as to presume
 To press upon your Privacies, or provoke
 Your Heav'nly Angers; 'tis not for myself
 I beg thus poorly, I'm already wounded,
 Wounded to Death, and faint; my last Breath is for
 A Virgin, comes as near yourselves in all

Perfection,

Perfection, as what is Mortal may
Resemble things Divine. O pity her,
And let your Char'ty free her from that Defart,
If Heav'nly Charity can reach to Hell,
For sure that Place comes near it; and where-e'er
My Ghost shall find abode, eternally
I shall pour Blessings on ye. *Hip.* By my Life
I cannot hurt him. *Cro.* Though I lose my Head for't,
Nor I. I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Jul. But stay,
Clarinda? *Cl.* What new Game have ye found here?
ha!
What Beast is this lies wallowing in his Gore?
Cro. Keep off.
Cl. Wherefore, I pray? I never turn'd
From a fell Lions's robb'd of her Whelps,
And shall I fear dead Carrion?
Jul. O but——
Cl. But, What is't?
Hip. It is Infectious.
Cl. Has it not a Name?
Cro. Yes,
But such a Name from which, as from the Devil,
Your Mother commands us fly.
Cl. Is't a Man? *Cro.* It is. *Cl.* What a brave Shape
it has
In Death; how excellent would it appear,
Had it but Life? Why should it be infectious?
I've heard my Mother say, I had a Father,
And was not he a Man?
Cro. Questionless, Madam.
Cl. Your Fathers too were Men?
Jul. Without doubt, Lady.
Cl. And without such it is impossible
We could have been?
Hip. A Sin 'tis against Nature to deny it.
Cl. Nor can you
Or I have any hope to be a Mother,

Without

Without the help of Men.

Cro. Impossible.

Cl. Which of you then most barbarous, that knew
You from a Man had Being, and owe to it
The name of Parent, durst presume to kill
The Likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose Arrows made these Wounds? speak, or by *Dian*,
Without Distinction I'll let fly at all.

Ful. Not mine.

Hip. Nor mine.

Cro. 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.
Restrain your Fury, Madam; had we kill'd him,
We'd but perform'd your Mother's strict Command.

Cl. But if she command unjust and cruel things,
We're not t'obey it. *Cro.* We are innocent;
Some Storm did cast him Shipwrackt on the Shore,
As you see wounded: Nor durst we be Surgeons
To such Your Mother doth appoint for Death.

Cl. Weak Excuse; where's Pity?
Where's soft Compassion? cruel and ungrateful,
Did Providence now offer to your Charity
But one poor Subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it? *Hip.* For ought I know,
He's living yet; and you may tempt your Mother, by
Giving him Succour. *Cl.* Ha, come near I charge ye.
So, bend his Body softly; rub his Temples;
Nay, that shall be my Office: how the red steals
Into his pale Lips! run and fetch the Simples
With which my Mother heal'd my Arm, when last I
Was wounded by the Boar. *Cro.* Do; but remember
Her to come after ye, that she may behold
Her Daughter's Charity. *Cl.* See now he breaths; [*Exit Hip.*
The Air in passing through th' *Arabian* Groves
Yields not so sweet an Odour; prithee taste it;
Taste it good *Crocale*; yet I envy thee
So great a Blessing; 'tis not Sin to touch
These Rubies, is it? *Ful.* I think not.

Cl. Or thus to live *Camelion* like? I could
Resign my Essence to live ever thus.

O welcome; raise him gently. Some soft Hand
Bind up these Wounds; a Woman's Hair? What fury,
For which my Ign'rance does not know a Name,
Is crept into my Breast? But I forget

Enter Hippolita.

My pious Work. Now if this Juice hath Power,
Let it appear; his Eye-lids ope: Prodigious!
Two Suns break from these Orbes.

Alb. Ha, Where am I? Or what new Vision's this?
To what Goddess do I owe this second Life?
Sure thou art more than Mortal;
And any Sacrifice of Thanks or Duty
In poor and wretched Man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal Bounty: But to shew
I'm not unthankful, in Humility
I kiss the happy Ground thus, you've made sacred,
By bearing of your weight. *Cla.* No Goddess, Friend,
But made of that same Brittle Mould as you are;
One too acquainted with Calamities,
And from that apt to Pity. Charity ever
Finds in the Act Reward, and needs no Trumpet
In the Receiver. O forbear this Duty!
I have a Hand to meet with yours, and Lips
To bid yours welcome. *Cro.* I see that, by Instinct;
Though a young Maid hath never seen a Man,
Touches have Titillations, and inform her.

Enter Rosellia.

But here's our Governess;
Now I expect a Storm.

Ros. Child of my Flesh,
And not of my fair and unspotted Mind,
Unhand this Monster. *Cla.* Monster, Mother? *Ros.* Yes,
And ev'ry Word he speaks, a *Syren's* Note,
To drown the careless Hearer. Ha'nt I taught thee
The Falshood and the Perjuries of Men?
On whom, but for a Woman to shew Pity,
Is to be cruel to herself; the Sovereignty
Proud and imperious Men usurp upon us,

We

We confer on ourselves, and love those Fetters
 We fasten to our Freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,
 Since thy dear Father's wrack, fought Liberty,
 To lose it uncompell'd? Did Fortune guide,
 Or rather Destiny, our Bark, (to which
 We could appoint no Port) to this blest Place,
 Inhabited heretofore by warlike Women,
 That kept Men in Subjection? Did we then,
 By their Example, after we had lost
 All we could love in Man, here plant ourselves,
 With execrable Oaths never to look
 On Man, but as a Monster? and, wilt thou
 Be the first President to infringe those Vows
 We made to Heav'n?

Cl. Hear me, and hear with Justice;
 And as ye are delighted in the Name
 Of Mother, hear a Daughter would be like you.
 Should all Women use this obst'nate Abstinence,
 You would force upon us;
 In a few Years the whole World would be peopled
 Only with Beasts.

Hip. We must and will have Men.

Cro. Ay, or we'll shake off all Obedience.

Ros. Are ye mad? Can no Perswasion alter ye?
 Suppose you had my suffrage to your sute;
 Can this, this Shipwrackt Wretch supply ye all?

Alb. Hear me, great Lady,
 I've Fellows in my Misery; not far hence,
 Divided only by this hellish River,
 There live a Company of wretched Men,
 Such as your Charity may make your Slaves;
 Imagine all the Miseries Mankind
 May suffer under; and they groan beneath 'em.

Cl. But are they like to you?

Jul. Speak they your Language?

Cro. Are they able, lusty Men?

Alb. They were, good Ladies;
 And in their *May* of Youth of gentle Blood,
 And such as may deserve; now Cold and Hunger
 Have lessen'd their Perfection; but restor'd

To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your Favours. *Ful.* 'Tis a Blessing we
Durst not hope for. *Cl.* Dear Mother, ben't obdurate.

Ref. Hear then my Resolution, and don't labour
To add to what I'll grant, for 'twill be fruitless ;
You shall appear as
Good Angels to these wretched Men ;
In a small Boat we will pass over to 'em,
And bring 'em comfort ; if you like their Persons,
And they approve of yours ; for we'll force nothing——

And since we want Ceremonies,
Each one shall chuse a Husband, and enjoy
His Company a Month, but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em ;

If you prove fruitful,
The Males ye shall return to them, the Females
We will reserve ourselves ; this is the utmost
Ye ever shall obtain ; as ye think fit,
Ye may dismiss this Stranger, and prepare [will ye
To Morrow for the Journey. [*Exit.*] *Cl.* Come, Sir,
Walk ? we will shew to you our pleasant Bowers,
And something ye shall find to cheer your Heart.

Alb. Excellent Lady,
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd
Should refuse Rest and Meat, I must not take
Your noble Offer ; I left in yon Desert
A Virgin almost pin'd.

Cl. She's not your Wife ?

Alb. No, Lady, but my Sister : ('Tis now dangerous
To speak truth :) Unto her I deeply vow'd
Not to taste Food, or rest, if Fortune brought it me,
Till I bless'd her with my Return ; now if
You please t'afford m' an easie Passage to her,
And some Meat too for her Recovery,
I shall live your Slave ; and thankfully she shall
Ever acknowledge her Life at your Service.

Cl. You plead so well, I can deny ye nothing ;
I myself will see you furnisht,
And with the next Sun visit and relieve her.

Alb. Ye are all Goodness——

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter severally, Lamure, Franville and Morillat:

Lam. **O**H! what a Tempest have I in my Stomach?
Oh how my empty Guts cry out? my Wounds
ake,

Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my Thirst.

Fran. O *Lamure*, Oh the Happiness my Dogs had
When I kept House at home! they had a Storehouse,
A Storehouse of most blessed Bones and Crufts,
Happy Crufts: Oh! how this sharp Hunger pinches me!
[*Exit Franville.*

Mor. O my importunate Belly, I have nothing
To satisfy thee;
I've sought as far as my weak Legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing, neither Meat nor Water,
Nor any thing that's nourishing; my Belly
Is grown together like an empty Sachel.

Enter Franville.

Lam. How now, what News?

Mor. Hast any Meat yet?

Fran. Not a Bit that I can see;
Here's goodly Quarries, but they're cruel hard
To gnaw:
I ha' got some Mud, it we will eat with Spoons,
Very good thick Mud; but it stinks damnably,
There's old rotten Trunks of Trees too,
But not a Leaf nor Blossom in all th' Island.

Lam. How it looks?

Mor. It stinks too.

Lam. It may be Poison.

Fran. Let it be any thing;
So I can get it down: Why Man,
Poison's a Princely Dish.

Mor. Hast thou no Bisket?
No Crumbs left in thy Pocket? here's my Doublet,
Give me but three small Crumbs.

Fran.

Fran. Not for three Kingdoms,
If I were Master of 'em. Oh *Lamure*,
But one poor joint of Mutton, we ha' scorn'd, Man!

(23) *Lam.* Thou speak'st of Paradise.

Fran. Or but the Snuffs of those Healths, we have lewdly
At midnight flang away.

Mor. Ah! but to lick the Glasses.

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon: What hast thou discover'd?

Smile, smile, and comfort us. *Sur.* I am expiring,
Smile they that can; I can find nothing, Gentlemen,
Here's nothing can be Meat, without a Miracle.
Oh that I had my Boxes and my Lints now,
My Stupes, my Tents, and those sweet Helps of Nature,
What dainty Dishes could I make of 'em!

Mor. Hast ne'er an old Suppository?

Sur. Oh would I had, Sir.

Lam. Or but the Paper where such a Cordial
Potion, or Pills hath been entomb'd?

Fran. (24) Or the blest Bladder where a cooling-glisten?

Mor. Hast thou no Searcloths left? nor any old Poultries?

Fran. We care not unto what it hath been ministred.

Sur. Sure I have none of all these Dainties, Gentlemen.

Fran. Where's the
Great Wen thou cut'st from *Hugh* the Sailor's Shoulder?
That would serve now for a most Princely Banquet.

Sur. Ay if we had it, Gentlemen.
I flung it over-board, Slave that I was.

Lam. A most unprovident Villain.

Sur. If I had any thing that were but supple!

(23) *Lam.* *Thou speak'st of Paradise;*

Or but the Snuffs—] This Passage which has been given to *Lamure* inadvertently through the later Copies, is appropriated to *Franville* in the Edition of 1647, and accordingly I have restor'd it to him in this.

(24) *Or the best Bladder—*] I have alter'd *best* to *blest*, as Mr. *Seward* conjectur'd too, as being an Epithet of a more Comic Turn, and fitter for this Place.

(I could make Sallads of your Shoes now, Gentlemen,
And rare ones;) any thing unctuous,

Mor. I, and we then might fry the Soals i'th' Sun.
The Soals would make a second Dish.

Lam. Or souce 'em in the Salt-water,
An inner Soal well souc'd——

Enter Aminta.

Fran. Here comes the Woman;
It may be she has Meat, and may relieve us:
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready,
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

Amin. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my Body!
Mine Eyes, (25) like spent Lamps glowing out, grow
heavy,

My Sight's forsaking me, and all my Spirits,
As if they heard my Passing-Bell, go for me,
Pull in their Powers, and give me up to Destiny.
Oh! for a little Water; a little, little Meat,
A little to relieve me e'er I perish;
I had whole Floods of Tears awhile that nourisht me,
But they are all consum'd for thee, dear *Albert*,
For thee they all are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless Fate has swallow'd thee. Oh—— I
Grow heavy; Sleep's a salve for Misery;
Heav'n look on me, and either take my Life,
Or make me once more happy.

Lam. She's fast asleep already.
Why should she have this Blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our Wants?

Mor. This thing hath been our Overthrow,
And all these biting Mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her Means.

(25) — *Like spent Lamps glowing out—*] Perhaps *going out*; for the *glowing out* may properly express the *blaze* which the Candle emits before it is extinguished, yet this is not a Circumstance proper to the Context. The Light of *Aminta's* Eyes was fading gradually. But as the former is Poetical, I would not propose a Change of the Text.

Fran. True, we were bound, ye all know,
For happy Places, and most fertile Islands,
Where we had constant Promises of all things;
She turn'd the Captain's Mind, must have him go
In search, I know'n't of who, nor to what end;
Of such a Fool her Brother, and such a Coxcomb her
Kinsman, and we must put in every where;
She has put us in now y' faith.

Lam. Why should we thus
Consume, and starve, have nothing to relieve us;
And she live there bred all our Miseries,
Unroasted or unfod?

Mor. I've read in Stories.

Lam. Of such restoring Meats, we have Examples;
Thousand Examples, and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have

Eat up their Children, Men their Slaves, nay Brothers,
~~But these are nothing;~~

Husbands devoured their Wives: (they are their Chattels,)

And of a Schoolmaster, that in time of Famine

Powder'd up all his Scholars. *Mor.* She's young

And tidy, in my Conscience she'll eat delicately;

Just like young Pork a little lean: But what

Is your Opinion, Surgeon? *Sur.* I think she may

Be made good Meat, but look, we shall want Salt.

Fran. Tush, tush, she needs no Powdering.

Sur. I grant ye:

But to suck out the humorous Parts: By all means,

Let's kill her in a Chafe, she'll eat the sweeter.

Lam. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly;

That we might be at our Meat.

Sur. How if the Captain?—

Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.

Awake her Surgeon, and cut her Throat,

And then divide her, every Man his share.

Fran. She wakes herself.

Amin. Holy and good things keep me!

What cruel Dreams have I had! Who are these?

O they're my Friends! for Heav'n's sake, Gentlemen,

Give me some Food to save my Life, if ye

Have ought to spare;
A little to relieve me, I may blefs ye;
For weak and wretched, ready 'las to perish,
Ev'n now I die.

Mor. You'll save a Labour then,
You bred these Miseries, and you shall pay for't;
We have no Meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull ourselves from these Afflictions;
We are starv'd too, famish'd, all our hopes deluded;
Yet e'er we die, we'll have one dainty Meal.

Amin. Shall I be with ye, Gentlemen?

Lam. Yes marry shall ye, in our Bellies, Lady.
We love you well ——

Amin. What said you, Sir?

Lam. Marry we'll eat your Ladyship.

Fran. You that have buried us in this base Island,
We'll bury ye in a more noble Monument.

Sur. Will ye say your Prayers, that I may perform,
Lady?

We're wonderous sharp set; come, Gentlemen,
Who are for th' hinder Parts?

Mor. I.

Fran. I.

Lam. And I.

Sur. Be patient;
They will not fall to every Man's share.

Amin. O hear me;
Hear me, ye barbarous Men.

Mor. Be short and pithy,
Our Stomachs cannot stay a long Discourse.

Sur. And be not fearful, for I'll kill ye daintily.

Amin. Are ye not Christians?

Lam. Why, (26) don't Christians eat, Woman?

(26) —— *don't Christians eat Women?*] This corrupted Place I had
endeavour'd to amend two ways, first thus,

—— *don't Christians eat?*

To which *Aminta* might answer hastily,

(*What eat*) *Women? Eat one another? &c.*

Next, which I believe the better, as *Mr. Seward* concurr'd with me,
and as the present Text runs,

—— *don't Christians eat, Woman?*

Enter

Enter Tibalt, Master, and Sailors.

Amin. Eat one another? 'Tis most Impious.

Sur. Come, come. *Amin.* Oh, help! help! help!

Tib. The Lady's Voice!

Stand off, Slaves—What intend you, Villains?—I have
Strength enough left, if you abuse this Soul,
To ———

Maft. They would have ravish'd her, upon my Life;
Speak, how was it, Lady?

Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their Hungers.

Tib. Ha, their Hungers!

Maft. They would have eat her.

Tib. O damn'd Villains; speak,
Is it true? *Sur.* I confefs an Appetite.

Tib. An Appetite, I'll fit ye for an Appetite.
Are ye fo sharp fet, that her Flesh must ferve you?
Murder's a main good fervice with your Worships;
Since ye would be fuch De'els, why did you not
Begin with one another handfomely,
And spare the Woman to beget more Food on?

Amin. Good Sir ———

Tib. You fhall grow Mummy, Rascals;
I'll make ye fall to your Brawns, and your Buttocks,
And worry one another like keen Bandogs.

Amin. Good Sir, be merciful.

Tib. You fhall know what 'tis to be damn'd Canibals.

Amin. O my beft Friend!

Enter Albert.

Alb. Alas, poor Heart! Here,
Here's fome Meat and fovereign Drink to eafe you,
(27) Sit gentle down, Sweet.

Amin. I am bleft to fee you.

(27) *Sit down, gentle Sweet.*] *Gentle* feems a very flat Epithet here, and 'tis more probable that according to the Custom of Poets to ufe Adjectives adverbially, it relates to the Weaknefs of *Aminta*, who is defired to fit down gently; and this is required by the Meafure which is reftor'd by the proper Adjustment of the Words:

Sit gentle down, Sweet.

Tib. Stir not within forty Foot of this Food,
If you do, Dogs!

All. Oh Captain! Captain! Captain!

Alb. Ye shall have Meat all of you.

Tib. Captain, hear me first: Hark, 'tis so inhuman!
I would not ha' the Air corrupted with it.

Alb. O barbarous Men! Sit down *Du Pont*, good Master,
And honest Sailors.

Tib. But stand off, and wait you
Upon our Charity; I'll wait on you else;
And touch nothing
But what is flung to ye; as if you were Dogs;
If you do,

I'll cut your Fingers, Friends, I'll spoil your carving.

Amin. There Wretches, there. *Tib.* Eat your Meat
handsomly

Now, and give Heaven Thanks. *Alb.* There is more Bread.

Tib. See,

They snarl like Dogs; eat quietly you Rascals,
Eat quietly. *Alb.* There's Drink too. *Tib.* Come, come, I
Will fill you each your Cups, ye shall not surfeit.

Amin. And what have you discover'd?

Alb. Sweet, a Paradise,
A Paradise inhabited with Angels,
Such as you are, their Pities make 'em Angels;
'Twas they gave me these Viands, and supply'd me
With these precious Drinks.

Amin. Shall not we see 'em?

Alb. Yes, they will see you:
Out of their Charities, having heard our Story,
They'll come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know Wants nor Miseries.

Amin. Are they all Women?

Alb. All, and all in Love with us.

Amin. How!

Alb. Don't mistake, in love with our Misfortunes,
They'll cherish and relieve our Men.

Tib. Do you shrug now, and pull your Noses up?
You smell Comfort.

See they stretch out their Legs like Dottrels,

Each

Each like a new Saint *Dennis*.

Alb. Dearest Mistrefs,

When you would name me, and the Women here,
Call me your Brother, you I'll call my Sifter,

And pray

Obferve this all—Why change you Colour, Sweet?

Amin. Eating too much Meat.

Alb. Sawe'd with Jealoufy;

Fie, fie, dear Saint, y'faith ye are to blame,

Are ye not here? Here fixed in my Heart?

All. Hark, hark.

Enter *Rofellia*, *Clarinda*, *Crocale*, *Hippolita*, and
Juletta.

Alb. They're come, ftand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble Reverence receive 'em.

Our Lives depend upon their gentle Pities,
And Death waits on their Anger.

Mor. Sure they're Fairies.

Tib. Nay, be they Devils, Devils of Flefh and Blood;
After fo long a *Lent*, and tedious Voyage,
To me they're Angels.

Fran. O for fome *Eringoes*!

Lam. *Potatoes*, or *Cantharides*. *Tib.* Peace, Rogues,
That buy Abilities of your Apothecaries;
Had I but took the Diet of green Cheefe,
And Onions for a Month, I could do Wonders.

Rof. Are thefe the Jewels you run mad for? What can
You fee in one of thefe, to whom you would
Vouchsafe a gentle Touch? Can nought perfuade you
To love yourfelves, and place your Happinefs
In cold and chafte Embraces of each other?

Jul. This is from the purpofe.

Hip. We had your grant to have them as they were.

Cla. 'Tis a beauteous Creature,
And to myfelf, I do appear deform'd,
When I confider her, and yet fhe is
The Stranger's Sifter; why then fould I fear?
She cannot prove my Rival.

Rof. When you repent
That you refus'd my Counsel, may it add
To your Afflictions, (28) that you were forewarn'd,
Yet leap'd into the Gulph of your Misfortunes:
But have your Wishes.

Mast. Now she makes to us.

Amin. I am instructed, but take heed, now, *Albert*,
You prove not false.

Alb. Ye are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own Perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you, therefore fear not.

Rof. That you are poor and miserable Men,
My Eyes inform me; that without our Succours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of Safety,
The present plight you are in, can resolve you;
That to be merciful is to draw near
The Heav'nly Essence; whether you will be
Thankful, I do not question; nor demand
What Country bred you, what your Names, what Manners;
To us it is sufficient we relieve
Such as have Shapes of Men, and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Farther of you, that you on pain of Death
Presume not to enquire what we are,
Or whence deriv'd.

Alb. In all things we obey you,
And thankfully we ever shall confess
Ourselves your Creatures.

(28) ——— *that you were forward,*] What an Absurdity this sensible Woman is guilty of, by putting so ridiculous a Word as *forward* into her Mouth, the Reader can't but easily see; for certainly if the Ladies her Companions were *forward*, *hasty*, and *inconsiderate*, it wou'd be so far from being a Wonder they shou'd not, that they were the more likely to take a rash Leap into Misfortune's Gulph. So much nonsensical Reasoning does the omission but of a single Letter lay the Foundation of: But read as I did, before Mr. *Seward* gave me his Direction for so doing.

——— *that you were forewarn'd,*

And then this Lady talks like a Woman of Discretion and Experience, the whole Speech is sensible and becoming her Character.

Rof.

Rof. You speak as becomes you ;
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those Weapons we could force from you——

Alb. We lay 'em down most gladly at your Feet.

Tib. I have had many a Combat with a tall Wench,
But never was difarm'd before.

Rof. And now hear Comfort,
Your Wants shall be supply'd ; and though it be
A Debt Women may challenge, to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command,
We give up that Power to you, and therefore
Freely each make his Choice.

Fran. Then here I fix.

Mor. Nay, she is mine : I ey'd her first.

Lam. This mine.

Tib. Stay,

Good Rascals ; you're too forward, Sir Gallant,
You are not giving order to a Taylor
For the Fashion of a new Suit ;
Nor are you in your Warehouse, Master Merchant,
Stand back, and give your betters leave ; your betters ;
And grumble not, if you do, as I love Meat
I will so swinge the salt Itch out of you—
Know Captain, Master, and the rest of us,
That are Brothers, and good Fellows, we have been
Too late by th' Ears, and yet smart for our Follies ;
To end therefore all future Emulation :
If you please
To trust to my Election, you shall say
I am not partial to myself ; I doubt not
To give Content to all.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Tib. Then but observe, how learned and discreetly
I will proceed ; and as a skilful Doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the Game,
Read over your Complexions ; for you, Captain,
Being first in place, and therefore to be serv'd first,
I give my Judgment thus ; for your Aspect,
You're much inclin'd to Melancholy, and that
Tells me the sullen *Saturn* had predominance

At your Nativity ; a malignant Planet !
 And if not qualified by a sweet Conjunction
 Of a soft and ruddy Wench, born under *Venus*,
 It may prove fatal, therefore to your Arms
 I give this rose-cheek'd Virgin.

Cl. To my Wish ;
 Till now I never was happy.

Amin. Nor I curs'd.

Tib. Master,
 You're old, yet love the Game, that I perceive too,
 And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty ;
 Therefore to help ye, here's a *Bradamanta*,
 Or I am cozen'd in my Calculation.

Cro. A poor old Man allotted to my share!

Tib. Thou would'st have two, nay, rather, I think
 twenty ;
 But fear not Wench, though he be old he's tough,
 Look on his making, he'll not fail I warrant thee.

Rof. A merry Fellow,
 And were not Man a Creature I detest
 I could indure his Company.

Tib. Here's a fair herd of Does before me,
 And now for a barren one :
 For, though I like the sport, I do not love
 To Father Children : like th' *Grand Signior*,
 Thus then I walk in my Seraglio,
 And view 'em as I pass, then draw I forth
 My Handkerchief, and having made my choice,
 I thus bestow it.

Rof. On me.

Sib. On you ; and now my Choice is made,
 To it, you hungry Rascals.

Alb. Excellent.

Amin. As you love Goodness,
 It makes me smile i'th' height of all my Fears.

Cl. What a strong Contention you may behold
 Between my Mother's Mirth and Anger. *Tib.* Nay,
 No coyness, now be Mistress of your Word,
 I must and will enjoy you. *Rof.* Be advis'd, Fool :
 Alas I am old ; how canst thou hope content

From

From one that's fifty? *Tib.* Never talk of it;
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;
Besides the Weather's hot,
And Men that have Experience, fear Fevers:
A temperate Diet is the only Physick.
Your *Julips*,
Nor *Guaiacum*, *Prunellos*, *Campfire Pills*, nor
Goord-water, come not near to your old Woman;
Youthful Stomachs are still craving, though there be
Nought left to stop their Mouths with; and believe me
I am no frequent giver of those Bounties:
Laugh on, laugh on, good Gentlemen pray do,
I shall make Holiday and sleep, when you
Dig i'th' Mines till your Hearts ache.

Ros. A mad Fellow.

Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing, and as I like
Your Wooing, and Discourse; — (29) But I must tell
ye, Sir,

That rich Widows look for great Sums in present,
Or assurances of ample Jointures.

Tib. That to me is easie,

(29) — *But I must tell ye, Sir,*

*That rich Widows look for great Sums in present,
Or assurances of ample Jointures.*

Tib. *That to me is easie,*

For instantly I'll do it; —] As I have not the care of sending this Play to the Press, I cannot, without transcribing almost the whole, restore it to its Measure, which I think recoverable, tho' now in a very shocking Confusion. *Mr. Sympson*, (being very cautious of taking too great Liberties with the Text) seems to despair of its Recovery. I will therefore give one more Instance, to shew that the Transposition of Words is the chief Corruption; and then leave it to him, whether he will chuse to let our Authors Play appear in the same motley Dress we found it, or endeavour to restore it to its proper Fashion; *i. e.* not to modern Verification, but to the Measure which the generality of our Authors Plays appear in. The *Sir* and *That*, in the two first Lines now quoted, seem misplac'd by the Player; and the *For* in the last Line is taken from the third, by an accidental Slip of the Printer's Eye. I read,

————— *But I must tell you that
Rich Widows look, Sir, for great Sums in present,
Or for assurances of ample Jointures.*

Tib. *That to me's easy, instantly I'll do't.*

Mr. Seward.

For

For instantly I'll do it ; hear me Comrades.

Alb. What say'st thou, *Tibalt*?

Tib. Why, that to woo a Wench with empty Hands
Is no good Heraldry ; therefore let's to th' Gold,
And share it equal, 'twill speak for us more than
A thousand Compliments or Cringes, Ditties
Stolen from *Petrarch*, or Discourse from *Ovid* ;
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,
And if ever (30) Fortune friend us with a Barque,
Largely supply's with all Provision.

Alb. Well advis'd, defer it not.

Tib. Are ye all contented ?

All. We are.

Tib. Let us away then, straight we will return,
And you shall see our Riches. [*Exeunt.*] (31) *Cl.* Since
I knew
What Wonder and Amazement was, I ne'er
Was so transported. Why weep ye, gentle Maid ?
There is no danger here to such as you ;

Banish

(30) ——— *Fortune friend us with a Banquet,
Largely supply's with all Provision.*] *Tibalt*, who is here
reckoning up the Advantages that Gold would purchase 'em, goes on
very regularly and sensibly, till he comes to the Conclusion of his
Speech ; and then all of a sudden degenerates into Tautology, if not
Nonsense, for one of them this Passage absolutely is.

*If ever Fortune friend us with a Banquet,
Largely supply's with all Provision.*

That is, *If ever Fortune provides for us plentifully, we shall be, by
means of this Gold, provided for plentifully.* The Reader, I imagine,
is by this time very well satisfy'd that *Barque*, and not *Banquet*, is the
true Reading, which I have recover'd from the Folio of 1647.

(31) *Ros.* *Since I knew what Wonder and Amazement was. &c.*] This
seems quite out of Character, unless *Rosellia* had spoke it below, upon
Sight of her own Treasure. But I rather think *Clarinda* should speak
this as well as what follows ; and it runs in Measure, when printed
properly,

Cl. ——— *since I knew*

*What Wonder and Amazement was, I ne'er
Was so transported. Why weep ye, gentle Maid ?*

If it is objected that the last Line has a Syllable too much, it must be
observed, that where a Pause happens in the Middle of a Verse, it is
common with our Authors, and *Shakespear*, to sling in a redundant
Syllable ;

Banish all Fear, for with us I dare promise
You shall meet all courteous Entertainment. *Cro.* We
Esteem ourselves most happy in you. *Hip.* And blefs
Fortune that brought you hither.

Cl. Hark in your Ear ;
I love you as a Friend already, e'er long
You shall call me by a nearer Name, I wish
Your Brother well ; I know you apprehend me.

Amin. Ay, to my Grief I do.
Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me
But Thanks, to pay ye with. *Cl.* That's more than yet
You stand ingaged for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with Treasure. }

Rof. So soon return'd !

Alb. Here ; see the Idol of the Lapidary !

Tib. These Pearls, for which the slavish *Negro* dives
To th' bottom of the Sea.

Lam. To get which th' industrious Merchant touches
At either Pole. *Fran.* The never-failing purchase
Of Lordships, and of Honours.

Mor. The World's Mistrefs,
That can give every thing to the Possessors.

Mast. For which the Sailors scorn tempestuous Winds,
And spit defiance in the Sea. *Tib.* Speak, Lady ;
Look we not lovely now ?

Rof. Yes ; O my Stars !
Be you for ever blest now, that have brought
To my revenge these Robbers ; take your Arrows,
And nail these Monsters to the Earth.

Syllable ; and it certainly does not offend the nicest Ear, that is not
fetter'd with modern Prejudices. In the two following Lines of this same
Speech, a Word has got from the first Line into the second, instead of

*Banish Fear, for with us I dare promise
You shall meet all courteous Entertainment.*

The Original most certainly ran,

*Banish all Fear, for with us I dare promise
You shall meet courteous Entertainment.*

Cro. ————— *We*

Esteem ourselves most happy in you.

Hip. ————— *And blefs*

Fortune that &c.

Mr. Seward.

Alb.

Alb. What mean ye, Lady?
In what have we offended?

Rof. O my Daughter!
And you Companions with me in all Fortunes,
Look on these Caskets, and these Jewels, ———
These were our own, when first we put to Sea
With good *Sebastian*; and these the Pirates
That not alone depriv'd him of this Treasure,
But also took his Life.

Cro. Part of my Present
I well remember was mine own. *Hip.* And these
Were mine too. *Jul.* Sure I have worn this Jewel.

Rof. Wherefore do ye stay then,
And not perform my strict Command?

Alb. O Heav'n!
What cruel Fate pursues us.

Tib. I'm serv'd well enough,
That must be offering of Jointures, Jewels
And precious Stones, more than I brought with me.

Rof. Why shoot ye not?

Cl. Hear me dear Mother;
And when the greatest Cruelty is Justice,
Do not shew Mercy: Death to these starv'd Wretches
Is a Reward, not Punishment; let 'em live
To undergo th' full weight of your Displeasure.
And that they may have Sense to feel the Torments
They have deserv'd, allow 'em some small Pittance,
To linger out their Tortures.

Rof. 'Tis well counsell'd.

All. And we will follow't.

Alb. Hear us speak.

Rof. Peace, Dogs.
Bind 'em fast; when Fury hath giv'n way to Reason,
I will determine of their Sufferings,
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow-pac'd,
At length o'ertakes the guilty; and the Wrath
Of the incensed Powers, will fall most sure
On wicked Men, when they are most secure. [Exeunt.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Sailors.

1 *Sail.* **H**ERE's nothing, Sir, but Poverty and
Hunger ;
No Promise of Inhabitation,
Neither track of Beast, nor foot of Man ; we've searcht
This rocky Desert all, yet can't discover
Any Assurance
Here is, or hath been such Men. 2 *Sail.* Not a Relique
Of any thing they wore, nor mark left by 'em,
Either to find Relief,
Or to warn others from the like Misfortune.
Believe it, Sir, these Fellows are both false,
And, to get a little Succour in their Misery,
Have fram'd this cunning Tale.

Ray. The Ship, I know, is *French*, and own'd by
Pirates,
If not by *Albert* my arch Enemy.
You told me too there was a Woman with 'em,
A young and handsome Woman.

Seb. There was so, Sir.

Ray. And such and such young Gallants.

Nic. We told true, Sir,
That they'd no means to quit this Isle. *Ray.* And that
Amidst their Mutiny, to save your Lives,
You got their Ship.

Seb. All is most certain, Sir.

Ray. Where are they then ? Where are these Men
Or Woman ? we are landed, where your Faiths
Did assure us we could not miss their Sights.
For this good News we took ye to our Mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea, and Famine
Strove, which should first devour ye ; cloath'd, and
cherisht ye ;

Us'd ye as those ye say ye are.

Fair Gentlemen, now keep your words, and shew us
This Company, your own free Pities spoke of,

These

These Men ye left in Misery ; the Woman.
Men of those noble Breedings you pretend to
Should scorn to lye, or get their Food with Falshood ;
Direct us, come.

Seb. Alas, Sir, they are gone,
But by what Means, or Providence, we know not.

2 Sail. Was not the Captain
A Fellow of a fiery, yet brave Nature,
A middle Stature, and of brown Complexion ?

Nic. He was, Sir.

Ray. 'Twas *Albert*,
And my poor wretched Sister.

2 Sail. 'Twas he certain,
I ha' been at Sea with him, many times at Sea.

Ray. Come, shew us these Men ;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us.

Seb. We left 'em here ; What should we say, Sir ?
here, in

This Place. *2 Sail.* The Earth can't swallow 'em ; they
have

No Wings, they can't fly sure. *Ray.* You told us too
Of heaps of Treasure, and of Sums conceal'd,
That set their Heart a-fire ; we see no such thing,
No such a sign ; What can ye say to purge ye ?
What have ye done with these Men ?

Nic. We, Sir ?

Ray. You, Sir ;
For certain I believe ye saw such People.

Seb. By all that's good, by all that's pure and honest,
By all that's holy——

Ray. I dare n't credit ye ;
Ye've so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

1 Sail. Let's put 'em in their ragged Cloaths again,
Captain, for certain they are Knaves, let's e'en
Deliver 'em to their old fruitful Farm ;
Here let 'em walk the Island.

Seb. If ye do so, we shall but curse your Mercies.

Nic. Rather put us to Sea again.

Ray. Not so.
Yet this I'll do ; because ye say ye're Christians,
Though

Though I hardly credit it ; bring in the Boat,
And all aboard again, but these two Wretches ;
Yet leave 'em four Days Meat. If in that time
(For I will search all Nooks of this strange Island)
I can discover any Tract of these Men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour ye ;
If not, ye've found your Graves : and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Nic. That Goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent:

Comfort our Lives, and at his Pleasure quit us.

Seb. Come Cousin, come, old Time will end our Story ;
But no time, (if we end well) ends our Glory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita,
and Juletta.

* *Ros.* Use 'em with all th' Austerity that may be,
They are our Slaves ;
Turn all those Pities, tender Reluctations
That should become your Sex, into stern Anger ;
And when ye look on 'em, look with those Eyes
That wept those bitter Sorrows,
Those Cruelties ye suffer'd by their Rapines.
Some five Days hence that blessed Hour comes
Most happy once to me, that knit this Hand
To my dear Husband's,
And both our Hearts in mutual Bands. That hour,
Ladies——

Cl. What of that hour ?

Ros. Why, on that hour, Daughter,
And in the height of all our Celebrations,
Our dear Remembrances of that dear Man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair Kinsmen,
Their Lives shall fall a Sacrifice to Vengeance,
Their Lives that ruin'd his ; 'tis a full Justice.
I will look glorious in their Bloods ; and the
Most noble Spirit of *Sebastian*,
That perisht by the Pride of these *French* Pirates,
Shall smile in Heav'n, and bless the Hand that kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your Prisoners ;

For he that makes a scape beyond my Vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair Usage——
Take heed, I say, she that deceives my Trust——
Again take heed; her Life—— and that's but light
neither;

Her life in all the Tortures

My Spirit can put on—— *All.* We shall be careful.

Ros. Do so.

[*Exit Rosellia.*

Cl. You're angry Mother, and ye're old too,
Forgetting what Men are; but we shall temper ye.
How fare your Prisoners, Ladies? in what forms
Do they appear in their Afflictions?

Jul. Mine fare but poorly; for so I'm commanded;
'Tis none of their fault.

Cl. Of what fort are they?

Jul. They say they're Gentlemen, but they shew Mun-
grels.

Cl. How do they suffer?

Jul. Faith like Boys,

They are fearful in all Fortunes; when I smile
They kneel, and beg to have that Face continued,
And like poor Slaves, adore the Ground I go on.
When I frown, they hang their most dejected Heads,
Like fearful Sheep-hounds; shew 'em a crust of Bread
They'll Saint me presently; and skip like Apes
For a sup of Wine. I'll whip 'em like your Hackneys,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Cl. Tush, these are poor things. Have they Names
like Christians?

Jul. Very fair Names; *Franville, Lamure* and *Morillat*;
And brag of great kindreds too.

They offer very handsomely,
But that I am a Fool, and dare not venture.
They are sound too upon my Conscience,
Or very near upon it.

Cl. Fy, away Fool.

Jul. They tell me, if they might be brought before you,
They would reveal things of strange consequence.

Cl. Their base poor Fears.

Jul. Ay, that makes me hate 'em too;

For

For if they were but manly to their Sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.

Cla. An hour hence I will take a view of 'em,
And hear their Business. Are your Men thus too?

Cro. Mine? gentle Madam, no, mine were not cast
In such base Molds; Afflictions, Tortures,
Are Names and Natures of Delight, to my Men;
All sorts of Cruelties they meet like Pleasures.
I have but two, the one they call *Du-pont*,
Tibalt Du-pont; the other the Ship-master.

Cla. Have they not Lives and Fears?

Cro. Lives they have, Madam;
But those Lives never linkt to such Companions
As Fears or Doubts are.

Cla. Use 'em nobly;
And where you find fit Subjects for your Pities,
Let it become ye to be courteous;
My Mother will not always be thus rigorous.

Hip. Mine are Sailors, Madam,
But they sleep sound, and seldom trouble me,
Unless't be when they dream sometimes of Fights
And Tempests; then they rore and
Whistle for Cans of Wine, and down they fling me;
And in that Rage, (for they are violent Fellows) [me;
They play such Freaks. If they have Meat, they thank
If none,
They heartily desire to be hang'd quickly.
And this is all they care. *Cla.* Look to 'em diligently,
And where your Pities tell ye they deserve,
Give Comfort.

All. We will.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Cla.* Come hither, be not frightened:

Enter Aminta.

Think not ye steal this Liberty, for we give it;
Your tender Innocence assures me, Virgin,
Ye had no share in those Wrongs these Men did us;
I find ye are not hardned in such Mischiefs.
Your Brother was mis-led sure,
Fouly mis-led.

Amin. How much I fear these Pities!

Cl. Certain he was, so much I pity him ;
And for your sake, whose Eyes plead for him ; nay,
For his own sake. *Amin.* Ha! *Cl.* For I see about him,
(Women have subtil Eyes, and look narrowly ;)
Or I am much abus'd ; many fair Promises ;
Nay beyond those too, many shadow'd Virtues.

Amin. I think he's good.

Cl. I assure myself he will be ;
And out of that Assurance take this Comfort,
For I perceive your fear hath much dejected ye.
I love your Brother——

Amin. Madam !

Cl. Nay, do not take it for a dream of favour,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes ;
Indeed I love him.

Amin. Do ye indeed ?

Cl. You doubt still, 'cause ye fear his Safety ;
Indeed he is the sweetest Man I e'er saw ;
I think the best. Ye may hear without Blushes,
And give thanks, if ye please, for this my Courtesie.

Amin. Madam, I ever must ; yet witness Heav'n,
They are hard pull'd from me. Believe me, Madam,
So many Imperfections I could find,
(Forgive me, Grace, for lying) and such wants,
('Tis to an honest use) such Poverties,
Both in his main Proportion, and his Mind too ;
There are a hundred handsomer ; (I lye leudly,)
Your noble Usage, Madam, hath so bound me to ye,
That I must tell ye——

Cl. Come, tell your worst.

Amin. He is no Husband for ye.
I think ye mean in that fair way.

Cl. Ye've hit it.

Amin. I'm sure
Ye've hit my Heart. You will find him dangerous, Madam,
As fickle as the flying Air, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your Sweets, and soon forgetful ;
I could say more, and tell ye I've a Brother,
Another Brother, that so far excells this,

Both

Both in the Ornaments of Man, and making.

Cl. If you

Were not his Sister, I should doubt ye mainly ;

Doubt ye for his Love, ye deal so cunningly.

Do not abuse me, I have trusted ye

With more than Life, with my first Love ; be careful

Of me. *Amin.* In what use, Madam? *Cl.* In this, Lady ;

Speak to him for me, you have Power upon him ;

Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him ;

It will become your Tongue.

Amin. Become my Grave.

O Fortune, O curs'd Fortune!

Cl. Tell him his Liberty,

And all those with him ; all our Wealth and Jewels——

Good Sister, for I'll call ye so.

Amin. I shall, Lady,

E'en die, I hope.

Cl. Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,

And there he lies ; give him what Liberty,

But still conceal'd, what Pleasure you shall please, Sister.

He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'll take it!

Why do you study thus?

Amin. To avoid Mischiefs, if they e'er should happen.

Cl. Go, and be happy for me.

Amin. O blind Fortune!

Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him,

In what strange Desolation lives he here now ?

Sure this Curtain will reveal.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Who's that? ha!

Some gentle Hand, I hope, to bring me Comfort.

Or if it be my Death, 'tis sweetly shadowed.

Amin. Have ye forgot me, Sir?

Alb. My *Aminta*?

Amin. She, Sir,

That walks here up and down an empty Shadow ;

One, that for some few Hours

But wanders here, carrying her own sad Coffin,

Seeking some desert Place to lodge her Griefs in.

Alb. Sweet Sorrow welcome, welcome noble Grief ;
How got you this fair Liberty to see me ?
For Sorrows in your Shape are Strangers to me.

Amin. I come to counsel ye.

Alb. Ye're still more welcome ;
For good Friends in Afflictions give good Counsels.
Pray then proceed.

Amin. Pray eat first, ye shew faint ;
Here's Wine too to refresh ye.

Alb. I thank ye, Dear.

Amin. Drink again.

Alb. Here's to our Loves—— How ! turn and weep !
pray pledge it,
This Happiness we yet have left, our Hearts
Are free—— Not pledge it? Why? ——

(32) Although beneath the Ax this Health were holy.
Why do ye weep thus?

Amin. I am come to woo ye.

Alb. To woo me, Sweet? I'm woo'd and won already,
You know I'm yours. This pretty way becomes ye.
But you would
Deceive my Sorrows ; that is your intent.

Amin. I would I could, I should not weep, but smile.
D'ye like your Meat and Wine? *Alb.* Like it? *Amin.* Do
you like

Your Liberty? *Alb.* All these I well may like.

Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em.

Do ye like Wealth, and most unequal'd Beauty ?

Alb. Peace, Dear, indeed you'll make me angry.

Amin. Would I were dead that ask it,
Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.

Alb. What like, and who? Add not more Misery
To a Man that's fruitful in Afflictions.

Who is't you'd have me like? Who sent these Comforts ?

Amin. I then must tell.

Alb. Be bold.

Amin. But be you temperate.

(32) And though ~~beneath~~] The slight Corruption of *Alb.*
~~though~~ for *Although*, Mr. Seward saw and corrected with me.

If you be bold, I die. The young fair Virgin——
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,
And wisely hark—the Governess Daughter,
That Star that strikes this Island full of wonder,
That blooming Sweetness. *Alb.* What of her? *Amin.* She
sent it;

And with it——

It must be out—— she dotes on ye,

And must enjoy ye, else no Joy must find ye.

Alb. And have you th' Patience to deliver this?

Amin. A Sister may say much, and modestly.

Alb. A Sister?

Amin. Yes, that Name undid ye,

Undid us both; had ye nam'd Wife, sh'ad fear'd ye,
And fear'd the Sin she follow'd; she had shunn'd, yea
Her Virgin Modesty had not touch'd at ye.

But thinking you were free, hath kindled a Fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguish'd.

Alb. Indeed I play'd the Fool.

Amin. O my best Sir, take heed,

Take heed of Lies. Truth, though it trouble some Minds,
Some wicked Minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preserves itself, comes off pure, innocent,
And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in Glory. O Sir, lye no more.

Alb. Ye've read me a fair Lecture,

And put a Spell upon my Tongue for feigning.
But how will you counsel now?

Amin. Ye must study to forget me.

Alb. How?

Amin. Be patient.

Be wise and patient, it concerns ye highly.

Can ye lay by our Loves? But why should I doubt it?

You are a Man, and Men may shift Affections;

'Tis held no Sin. To come to the Point,

Ye must lose me; many and mighty Reasons.

Alb. Hear me, *Aminta*;

Have you a Man that loves you too, that feeds ye,

That sends ye Liberty? Has this great Governess

A noble Son too, young, and apt to catch ye?

Am I, because I am in Bonds, and miserable,
 My Health decay'd, my Youth and Strength half blasted,
 My Fortune, like my waining self, despis'd?
 Am I for this forsaken? A new Love chose,
 And my Affections, like my Fortunes, Wanderers?
 Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;
 (And shew'd how deep a Sin it was, and dangerous.)
 Take heed yourself; you swore you lov'd me dearly,
 No few nor little Oaths you swore, *Aminta*,
 Those seal'd with no small Faith, I then assur'd myself,
 O seek out no new ways to cozen Truth.

Amin. I do not. No, by Love itself I love thee,
 And ever must, nor can all Deaths dissolve it.

Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?

Amin. For your safety,
 To preserve your Life.

Alb. My Life, I do confess, is hers, she gives it,
 And let her take it back again, I yield it.
 My Love's entirely thine, none shall touch at it;
 None, my *Aminta*, none.

Amin. Ye've made me happy,
 And now I know ye're mine, Fortune, I scorn thee.
 Go to your rest, and I'll sit by ye; whilst I
 Have time I'll be your Mate, and comfort ye,
 For only I am trusted: You shall want
 Nought, not a liberty that I can steal ye.

Alb. May we not celebrate our Loves, *Aminta*?
 And where our Wishes cannot meet.

Amin. You're wanton,
 But with cold Kisses I'll allay that Fever;
 Look for no more, and that in private too,
 Believe me, I shall blush else.
 But, let's consider, we are both lost else.

Alb. Let's in, and prevent Fate. [Exeunt.]

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt and Master.

Tib. You do well
 To air us, Ladies, we shall else be musty,
 What are your wise Wills now?

Cro. You're very crank still.

Tib.

Tib. Crank as a Holy Frier fed with Hail-stones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like Bulls?

Mast. Or are you weary of the Charge ye're at?
Turn us abroad again, let us jog, Ladies;
We're gros, and coarse, unfit for your sweet Pleasures.]

Tib. Knock off our Shoes,
And turn's to Grass. *Cro.* You are determined
Still to be stubborn then? it well becomes ye.

Tib. An Humour, Lady, that contents a Prisoner.
A fullen Fit sometimes serves for a second Course.

Jul. Ye may as well be kind, and gain our Favours;
Gain Meat and Drink, and Lodging
To rest your Bones.

Tib. My Bones have bore me thus long,
And had their share of Pains and Recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair Companions.

Cro. Are ye thus harsh to all our Sex?

Mast. We cannot be merry without a Fidler,
Pray strike up your Tabors, Ladies.

Cro. The Fools despise us.

Jul. We know ye now are very hungry. *Tib.* Yes,
'Tis very wholesom, Ladies;
For we that have gros Bodies, must be careful.
Have ye no piercing Air to stir our Stomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.

Jul. Why Slaves,
'Tis in our Power to hang ye. *Mast.* Very likely.
'Tis in our Powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.

Cro. Come, be more courteous.

Jul. Do, and then ye shall
Be pleas'd, and have all Necessaries. *Tib.* Give me
Some Ratsbane then.

Cro. And pray, why Ratsbane, Monsieur?

Tib. We live like Vermine here, eat up your Cheese,
Your mouldy Cheese, that none but Rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis just that Ratsbane should reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of Harveft this Year, Ladies.

Jul. Ye shall have all content.

Mast.

Mast. (33) *Ay*, an we'll serve your Uses.
I'd rather serve Hogs, there is more delight in't ;
Your greedy Appetites are never satisfied ;
Like hungry Camels just, sleeping or waking
You chew the Cud still.

Cro. By this Hand we'll starve ye.

Mast. 'Tis a noble Courtesy. I had as lief ye
Should famish me, as founder me ; to be
Jaded to Death, 's fit only for a Hackney.
Here be certain Tarts of Tar about me,
And parcels of Potargo in my Jerkin,
As long as these last —

Jul. Which will not last ever.

Tib. Then we'll eat one another like good Fellows.
A Shoulder of his for a Haunch of mine.

Jul. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'T will be as we'll dress it, Ladies.

Cro. Why sure ye are not Men ?

Mast. Ye had best come search us,
A Seaman is seldom without a salt Eel.

Tib. I am bad enough,

And in my Nature a notorious Wencher ;
And yet ye make me blush at your Immodesty.
Tell me, good Master, didst e'er see such things ?

Mast. I could like 'em, tho' they were lewdly giv'n,
If they could say no, but fie on 'em,
They gape like Oysters.

Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us ;
But your commanding Impudence shall never
Fear us. Had ye by blushing Signs, soft Cunnings,
Crept into us, and shew'd us your Necessities ;
We'd met your Purposes, supply'd your Wants.

¶ (33) *Ay, and we'll serve your Uses.*] I don't say that this is not Sense when spoke ironically by the *Master*, but I believe that it was originally design'd for *Croale*, as there appears then more Humour in the *Master's* blunt Reply. Mr. Seward.

I can't think with Mr. Seward that this Line is at all misplac'd, 'tis a severe Sneer upon their Keepers, and such as could come from no one with greater Propriety than him who speaks it. The Difficulty in the Sense of the Line consists in mistaking the meaning of *And*, which here stands for *If*.

We

We are no Saints Ladies ;
I love a good Wench as I love my Life,
And with my Life I will maintain my Love ;
But such a sordid Impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our Dens again. Come, noble Master.
You know our Minds, Ladies: This is the Faith
In which we'll die. [Exeunt Tibalt and Master.]

Cro. I do admire 'em.

Ful. They

Are noble Fellows, and they shall not want,
For this. *Cro.* But see, *Clarinda* comes. Farewel,
I'll to my Charge. [Exit.]

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. Bring out those Prisoners now, and let me see 'em,
And hear their business.

Ful. I will, Madam. [Exit.]

Cla. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her Brother.
Sh'as a sweet Tongue, and can describe the Happiness
My Love is ready now to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, and certain, wonder,
And bless the Hour that brought him to this Island.
I long to hear the full Joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franville, and Lamure.

Mor. Bless thy Divine Beauty.

Fran. Mirror of Sweetness.

Lam. Ever-springing Brightness.

Cla. Nay, stand up Gentlemen, and leave your Flatteries.

Mor. She calls us Gentlemen, sure we shall have
Some Meat now.

Cla. I am a mortal Creature, worship Heav'n,
And give these Attributes to their Divinities.
Methinks ye look but thin. *Mor.* Oh we are starv'd,
Immortal Beauty. *Lam.* We're all poor starv'd Knaves.

Fran. Neither Liberty nor Meat, Lady.

Mor. We were handsome Men, and Gentlemen, and
sweet Men,

And were once gracious in the Eyes of Beauties ;
But now we look like Rogues, like poor starv'd Rogues.

Cla.

Cl. What would ye do, if ye were to die now?

Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good Meal or two to die with,
To put us into heart.

Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let us be drunk first, that we may die merrily,
And bless the Founders.

Cl. Ye shan't die so hastily.
What dare ye all do to deserve my Favour?

Lam. Put us to any Service.

Fran. Any Bondage,
Let's but live.

Mor. We'll get a world of Children, for we know
Ye're unprovided hainously that way;
And ye shall beat us whene'er we offend ye;
Beat us abundantly, and take our Meat from's.

Cl. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.
What's the great Service ye so oft have threatned,
If ye might see me but, and win my Favour?

Jul. That business of Discov'ry.

Mor. Oh I'll tell ye Lady.

Lam. And so will I.

Fran. And I. Pray let me speak first.

Mor. Good, no Confusion.
We are before a Lady that knows Manners;
And by the next Meat I shall eat 'tis certain,
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us——

Cl. Your Captain's Sister, she you mean? *Mor.* Ay, ay,
She is the business that we'd open to ye.
You're cozen'd in her.

Lam. How, what is't you would open?

Fran. She is no Sister.

Mor. Good Sirs, how quick you are.
She is no Sister, Madam.

Fran. She is his——

Mor. Peace, I say.

Cl. What is she?

Mor. Faith, sweet Lady,
She's as a Man would say, his ——

Cl. What?

Lam.

Lam. His Mistrefs.

Mor. Or, as some new Translators read, his —

Clar. Oh me!

Mor. And why he should delude you thus, unless
He meant some Villany, — these ten Weeks he has
Had her at Sea, for his own proper Appetite.

Lam. His Cabin Mate, I'll assure ye.

Cl. No Sister, say ye?

Mor. No more than I am Brother to your Beauty.
I know not why he should juggle thus.

Cl. Do not lye to me.

Mor. If ye find me lye, Lady, hang me empty.

Cl. How am I fool'd? away with 'em, *Juletta*,
And feed 'em,
But hark ye, with such Food as they've giv'n me.
New Misery!

Fran. Nor Meat nor Thanks for all this? [Exit.

Cl. Make 'em more wretched.

Oh I could burst! curse and kill now,
Kill any thing I meet. *Juletta*, follow me,
And call the rest along.

Jul. We follow, Madam. [Exeunt.

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Amin. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me;
How shall I answer her?

Alb. Tell her directly.

Amin. That were too sudden, too improvident;
Fires of this Nature must be put out cunningly,
They will waste all come near 'em else. Farewel
Once more. *Alb.* Farewel, and keep my Love entire.
Nay, kifs me once again, methinks we should
Not part. *Amin.* Oh, Sir, be wise.

Alb. Nay, one Kifs more.

Amin. Indeed you're wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale and Hippolita.

Cl. Out, thou base Woman.
I'll shoot 'em both.

Cro.

Cro. Nay stay, brave Lady, hold;
A sudden Death cuts off a nobler Vengeance.

Cla. Am I made Bawd to your lascivious Meetings?
Are ye grown so wise in Sin! Shut up that Villany;
And Sirrah, now expect my utmost Anger.
Let him there starve.

Alb. I at your Mischiefs mock.

[*Exit.*

Cla. Tie that false Witch

Unto that Tree, there let the savage Beasts
Gnaw her Sweetness off, and Snakes embrace her Beauties;
Tie her, and watch that none relieve her. *Hip.* We could
Wish ye better Fortune, Lady, but daren't help ye.

Amin. Be your own Friends, I thank ye,
Now only my last Audit, and my greatest;
Oh Heav'n! be kind unto me,
And if it be thy Will, preserve.

Enter Raymond.

Ray. Who's this?
Sure 'tis a Woman; I have trod this Place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopl'd.
Ha, let me see! it is her Face. Oh Heav'n!
Turn this way, Maid.

Amin. Oh *Raymond*, oh my Brother.

Ray. Her Tongue too; 'tis my Sister; what rude
Hand?

Nay kiss me first, Oh Joy!

Amin. Fly, fly, dear Brother,
You are lost else.

Jul. A Man, a Man, a new Man.

Ray. What are these?

Enter Julietta, Crocale, and Clarinda:

Cro. An Enemy, an Enemy.

Cla. Dispatch him,
Take him off, shoot him straight.

Ray. I dare not use my Sword, Ladies,
Against such comely Foes.

Amin. Oh Brother, Brother!

Cla.

Cl. Away with 'em, and in dark Prisons bind 'em.
One Word reply'd ye die both. Now brave Mother,
Follow thy noble Anger, and I'll help thee. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.

Ros. I AM deaf to your Intreaties; she that moves me
For Pity or Compassion to these Pirates,
Digs up her Father's, or her Brother's Tomb,
And spurns about their Ashes.

Couldst thou
Remember what a Father thou hadst once,
'Twould steel thy Heart against all foolish Pity.
By his Memory,
And the Remembrance of his dear Embraces,
I'm taught, that in a noble Cause Revenge is noble;
And they
Shall fall the Sacrifices, to appease
His wandring Ghost, and my incensed Fury.

Cl. The new come Prisoner too?

Ros. He too; yet that we may learn
Whether they are the same, or near ally'd
To those that forc'd me to this cruel Course,
Better their poor Allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together, and confer,
Within the distance of your Ear; perhaps
They may discover something that may kill
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
From certain Ruin.

Cro. That shall be my Charge.

Ros. Yet to prevent
All hope of Rescue, (for this new-come Captain
Hath both a Ship and Men not far from us,
Though ignorant to find the only Port,
That can yield Entrance to our happy Island,)
Guard the Place strongly, and ere the next Sun

Ends

Ends his diurnal Progress, I will be
Happy in my Revenge, or set 'em free. [Exeunt.

Enter Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.

A Table furnish'd.

Cro. So, serve it plentifully, and lose not time
T' enquire the Cause; there is a main design
That hangs upon this Bounty. See the Table
Furnish'd with Wine too, that discovers Secrets
Which Tortures cannot open; open th' Doors too
O' th' several Prisons, and give all free Entrance
Into this Room.

I can here undiscovered mark all.

Enter Tibalt and Master.

Here's Captain *Careless*, and the tough Ship-master;
The Slaves are nos'd like Vultures,
How wild they look!

Tib. Ha!

The Mystery of this, some good Hob-goblin
Rise and reveal. *Maft.* I am amaz'd at it;
Nor can I sound th' Intent. *Tib.* Is not this Bread;
Substantial Bread, not painted?

Maft. But take heed,
You may be poison'd.

Tib. I am sure I'm famish'd;
And Famine,
As the wise Man says, gripes the Guts as much
As any Mineral. This may be *Treacle*
Sent to preserve me
After a long Fast; or be't *Viper's* Spittle,
I'll run the hazard. *Maft.* We are past all fear,
I'll take part with ye. *Tib.* Do; and now i'faith,
How d'ye feel yourself? I find great Ease in't.
What's here?

Wine, an it be thy Will; strong lusty Wine— [Drinks.
Well, Fools may talk
Of *Mitbridate*, of Cordials, and *Elixirs*;
But from my Youth this was my only Physick.
Here's a Colour,

What

What Lady's Cheek, though cerus'd ov'r, comes near it?
It sparkles too; hangs out Diamonds.
Oh my Sweet-heart, how I will hug thee,
Again, and again!
They are poor Drunkards, and not worth thy Favours,
That number thy moist Kisses in these Crystals.

Mast. But Monsieur,
Here are Suckets, and sweet Dishes.

Tib. Tush, Boys-Meat,
I'm past it; here is strong Food fit for Men;
Nectar, old Lad. Mistress of merry Hearts,
Once more I'm bold with you.

Mast. Take heed, Man, too much
Will breed Distemper. *Tib.* Hast thou liv'd at Sea
The most part of thy Life, where to be sober,
While we have Wine aboard, is capital
Treason; and dost thou preach Sobriety?

Mast. Prithee forbear, we may offend in it;
We know not
For whom it was provided. *Tib.* I am sure
For me; therefore *footra*, when I am full,
Let 'em hang me,
I care not.

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Morillat,
and Franville, *severally.*

Mast. This has been his Temper ever.
See, provoking Dishes; candid *Eringoes*,
And *Potatoes*.

Tib. I'll not touch 'em, I will drink;
But not a Bir on a March,
I'll be an Eunuch rather.

Mast. Who are these?

Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my Text here.

Alb. Raymond!

Ray. Albert!

Tib. Away, I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off Rogues, or I'll belch ye into Air;
Not a drop here.

Amin. Dear Brother put not in your Eyes such Anger;
 Those Looks, with Fury poison'd, shot at him,
 Reflect on me. Brother, look milder, or
 The Crystal of his Temperance will turn
 Them on yourself. *Alb.* Sir, I have fought ye long
 To find your Pardon; you have plough'd the Ocean,
 To wreak you Vengeance on me, for the Rape
 Of this fair Virgin. Now our Fortune guides us
 To meet on such hard Terms, that we need rather
 A mutual Pity of our present State,
 Than to expostulate of Breaches past,
 Which cannot be made up. And though it be
 Far from your Power, to force me to confess
 That I have done ye wrong, or such Submission
 Failing to make my Peace, to vent your Anger,
 You being yourself slav'd, as I to others;
 Yet for your Sister's sake, her blessed sake,
 In part of Recompence of what she's suffer'd
 For my rash Folly; the Contagion
 Of my black Actions, catching hold upon
 Her purer Innocence, I crave your Mercy;
 And wish however several Motives kept us
 From being Friends, while we had hope to live,
 Let Death, which we expect, and cannot fly from,
 End all Contention. *Tib.* Drink upon it, it
 Is a good Motion; ratify't in Wine,
 And 'tis authentical. *Ray.* When I consider
 The ground of our long Difference, and look on
 Our not to be avoided Miseries,
 It doth beget in me I know not how
 A soft religious Tendernefs; which tells me,
 Though we have many Faults to answer for
 Upon our own Account, our Father's Crimes
 Are in us punish'd. Oh *Albert*, the Course
 They took to leave us rich, was sure not honest,
 Nor can that Friendship last, which Virtue joins not.
 When first they forc'd th' industrious *Portugals*
 From their Plantations in the *Happy Islands*
Cro. This is that I watch for.

Ray. And did omit no Tyranny, which Men,
 Inur'd to Spoil and Mischief, could inflict,
 On the griev'd Sufferers; when by lawless Rapine
 They reap'd the Harvest, which their Labours sow'd;
 And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
 But laid for 'em at Sea, to ravish from 'em
 The last remainder of their Wealth; then, then,
 After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
 As guilty of the *Portugals* escape,
 They did begin (34) to quarrel, like ill Men;
 (Forgive me Piety, that I call 'em so)
 No longer Love or Correspondence holds,
 Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
 Then did they turn these Swords they oft had bloody'd
 With innocent Gore, upon their wretched selves,
 And paid the forfeit of their Cruelty
 Shewn to *Sebastian*, and his Colony,
 By being fatal Enemies to each other.
 Thence grew *Aminta's* Rape, and my desire
 To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue;
 As they for spoil forgot Compassion
 To Women, (who should ever be exempted
 From the Extremities of a lawful War)
 We now, young able Men, are fall'n into
 The Hands of Women; that, against the soft,
 Soft tenderness familiar to their Sex,
 Will shew no Mercy.

Enter Crocale.

Cro. None, unless you shew us
 Our long lost Husbands.
 We are those *Portugals* you talk'd of.

Ray. Stay,
 I met upon the Sea in a tall Ship

(34) — to quarrel, like ill Men;
 (Forgive my Piety, that I call 'em so)] Mr. Seward con-
 curred with me in not only pointing out the Corruptions of these two
 Lines, but likewise in the Correction of 'em; and 'tis with no little
 Pleasure that I can tell him, they are both confirm'd by the Copy
 of 1647.

Two *Portugals*, famish'd almost to Death.

Tib. Our Ship, by this Wine,
And those the Rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in these barren Islands.

Ray. Some such Tale they told me,
And something of a Woman, which I find
To be my Sister. *Cro.* Where are these Men? *Ray.* I
Left 'em, supposing they'd deluded me
With forg'd Tales, in the Island, where they said
They had liv'd many Years, the wretched Owners
Of a huge mass of Treasure. *Alb.* The same Men;
And that the fatal Muck we quarrell'd for.

Cro. They were *Portugals*, you say?

Ray. So they profess'd.

Cro. They may prove such Men as may save your Lives;
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard Life to be resolv'd on't:
How came you hither?

Ray. My Ship lies by the River's Mouth,
That can convey ye to these wretched Men,
Which you desire to see.

Cro. Back to your Prisons,
And pray for the Success; if they be those
Which I desire to find, you're safe; if not,
Prepare to die to Morrow; for the World
Cannot redeem ye. *Alb.* Howe'er, we are arm'd
For either Fortune.

[*Exit.*

Tib. What must come of me now,
That I am not dismiss'd?

Cro. Oh Sir, I purpose
To have your Company.

Tib. Take heed, wicked Woman,
I'm apt to Mischief now.

Cro. You can't be so
Unkind, to her that gives you Liberty.

Tib. No,
I shall be too kind, that's the Devil on't;
I've had store of good Wine; and when I'm drunk,
Joan is a Lady to me, and I shall lay
About me like a Lord; I feel strange Motions;

Avoid

Avoid me, Temptation.

Cro. Come, Sir, I'll help ye in.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Nic. What may that be
That moves upon the Lake?

Seb. Still it draws nearer,
And now I plainly can discern it.
It is the *French Ship*.

Nic. And in it a Woman,
Who seems t'invite us to her. *Seb.* Still she calls
With Signs of Love to hasten unto her,
So lovely hope doth still appear;
I feel nor Age, nor Weakness.

Nic. Though't bring Death,
To us 'tis Comfort; and deserves a meeting.
Or else Fortune tir'd with what we've suffered,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a Period to our Misery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horrid Musick.*

Enter severally, Raymond, Albert, and Aminta.

Ray. What dreadful sounds are these?

Amin. Infernal Musick,
Fit for a bloody Feast.

Alb. It seems prepar'd
To kill our Courages, e'er they divorce
Our Souls and Bodies.

Ray. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their Triumph.

[*An Altar prepar'd.*

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c.

Amin. See the Furies,
In their full trim of Cruelty.

Ros. 'Tis the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord;
Set out the Altar, I myself will be
The Priest, and boldly do those horrid Rites
You shake to think on; lead these Captains nearer,
For they shall have the Honour to fall first

To my *Sebastian's* Ashes; and now Wretches,
 As I am taught already, that you are,
 And lately by your free Confession,
French Pirates, and the Sons of those I hate,
 E'en equal with the Devil; hear with Horror,
 What 'tis invites me to this cruel Course,
 And what you are to suffer.
 No *Amazons* we, but
 Women of *Portugal*, that must have from you
Sebastian and *Nicusa*; we are they
 That groan'd beneath your Fathers Wrongs. We are
 Those wretched Women,
 Their Injuries pursu'd, and overtook;
 And from the sad Remembrance of our Losses
 We are taught to be cruel; when we were forc'd
 From that sweet Air we breath'd in, by their Rapine,
 And sought a Place of being; as the Seas
 And Winds conspir'd with their ill Purposes,
 To load us with Afflictions in a Storm
 That fell upon us; the two Ships that brought us,
 To seek new Fortunes in an unknown World
 Were sever'd; th' one bore all the able Men,
 Our Treasure and our Jewels; in the other,
 We Women were embark'd, and fell upon,
 After long tossing in the troubled Main,
 This pleasant Island; but in a few Months,
 The Men that did conduct us hither, dy'd.
 We long before had given our Husbands lost:
 Remembring what we'd suffer'd by the *French*,
 We took a solemn Oath, ne'er to admit
 The curs'd Society of Men: Necessity
 Taught us those Arts, not usual to our Sex,
 And the fertile Earth yielding abundance to us,
 We did resolve, thus shap'd like *Amazons*
 To end our Lives; but when you arriv'd here,
 And brought as Presents to us, our own Jewels,
 Those which were born in the other Ship——
 How can ye hope to 'scape our Vengeance?

Amin. It boots not then to swear our Innocence?

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the Owners?

Ray.

Ray. Or that they are a Remnant of that Wreck,
And not far off? *Rof.* All you affirm, I know, is
But to win time; therefore prepare your Throats,
The World shall not redeem ye; and that your Cries
May find no Entrance to our Ears, to move
Pity in any, bid loud Musick sound
Their fatal Knells; if ye have Prayers use 'em
Quickly, to any Power will own ye; but
Ha!

Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa and Tibalt.

Who are these? What Spectacles of Misfortune?
Why are their Looks so full of Joy and Wonder?

Cro. Oh! Lay by
These Instruments of Death, and welcome to
Your Arms, what you durst never hope t'imbrace:
This is *Sebastian*, this *Nicusa*, Madam,
Preserv'd by Miracle: Look up, dear Sir,
And know your own *Rosellia*; be not lost
In Wonder and Amazement; or if Nature
Can, by Instinct, instruct you what it is,
To be blessed with the Name of Father, freely
Enjoy't in this fair Virgin. *Seb.* Though my Miseries,
And many Years of Wants I have endur'd,
May well deprive me of the Memory
Of all Joys past; yet looking on this Building,
This ruin'd Building of a heav'nly Form
In my *Rosellia*; I must remember,
I am *Sebastian*. *Rof.* Oh my Joys! *Seb.* And here,
I see a perfect Model of thyself,
As thou wert when thy Choice first made thee mine:
These Cheeks and Fronts, though wrinkled now with Time
Which Art cannot restore, had equal Pureness
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
Which by fair Order and Succession,
I see
Descend on her; and may thy Virtues wind
Into her Form, and make her a perfect Dower,
No Part of thy sweet Goodness wanting to her.
I will not now, *Rosellia*, ask thy Fortunes,

Nor trouble thee with hearing mine ;
 Those shall hereafter serve to make glad Hours
 In their Relation : All past Wrongs forgot ;
 I'm glad to see you, Gentlemen ; but most,
 That it is in my Power to save your Lives ;
 You sav'd ours, when we were near starv'd at Sea,
 And I despair not—— for if she be mine,
Rosellia can deny *Sebastian* nothing.

Rof. She does give up herself,
 Her Power and Joys, and all, to you, to be
 Discharged of 'em as too burthensome ;
 Welcome in any Shape.

Seb. (35) Sir, in your Looks,
 I read
 Your Suit of my *Clarinda* ; she is yours ;
 And Lady, if 't be in me to confirm
 Your Hopes in this brave Gentleman, presume
 I am your Servant.

Alb. We thank you, Sir.

Amin. Oh happy Hour !

Alb. O my dear *Aminta* ;
 Now all our Fears are ended. *Tib.* Here I fix ;
 She's Mettle, Steel to the Back,
 And will cut my leaden Dagger,
 If not us'd with Discretion.

Cro. You're still no Changeling.

Seb. Nay, all look chearfully, for none shall be
 Deny'd their lawful Wishes ; when a while
 We've here refresh'd ourselves, we will return
 T' our sev'ral homes, and well that Voyage ends,
 That makes of deadly Enemies, faithful Friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(35) *Sir, in your Looks,*

I read your Suit of my Clarinda ;—] Perhaps the Reader wou'd wish to know whom the old Gentleman means here. I can think of no one but *Nicusa* his Nephew. Yet this is but a Guess, and if the Reader imagines any one of the Company (*Albert* and *Tibalt* excepted) deserves *Clarinda* better than her Cousin, let him reject mine, and enjoy his own Opinion,



THE

C O X C O M B.

A

C O M E D Y.





PROLOGUE.

*THIS Comedy long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her Head,
And to your noble Censures does present
Her outward Form, and inward Ornament.
Nor let this Smell of Arrogance, since 'tis known,
The Makers, that confest it for their own
Were this way skilful, and without the Crime
Of Flatteries I may say may please the Time;
The work itself too, when it first came forth,
In the Opinion of Men of Worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among th' ignorant Multitude,
(That relish gross Food, better than a Dish
That's cook'd with Care, and serv'd in to the Wise
Of curious Pallats) wanting Wit and Strength,
Truly to judge, * condemn'd it for the Length;*

That

* ——— condemn'd it for the Length;

That Fault's reform'd, ———] In the Stationer's Preface to the Edition of 1647, we have these Words. "When these *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were presented on the Stage, the *Actors* omitted some *Scenes* and *Passages* (with the *Authors* Consent) as *Occasion* led 'em; and when private Friends desired a Copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they *acted*. But now you have both all that was *acted*, and all *that was not*; even the perfect full Originals, without the least *Mutilation*: So that were the *Authors* living (and sure they can never die) they themselves would challenge neither *more* nor *less* than what is here published" — But what a glaring *Contradiction* to this whole *Passage* are the Words of the *Prologue*, cited at the Head of this Note? Was it not condemn'd for its Length by the ignorant *Multitude*? And upon reviving of it, is it not as plain as Words can make it, that it was mutilated then? What other Sense

PROLOGUE.

*That Fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be try'd
Before such Judges 'twill not be deny'd
A free and noble Hearing; nor fear I,
But 'twill deserve to have free Liberty,
And give you Cause (and with Content) to say,
Their Care was good, that did revive this Play.*

Sense can we put upon this Passage? *That Fault's reform'd*.— Who the Curtailer, or Curtailers were, is not possible now to be known: I could have wished that he, or they, who undertook the Charge of *reforming the Length* of this Piece, had had sufficient *Wit and Strength* to have gone through that Business neatly. But it seems as if his or their Judgment was as little in the shortning, as the Rabble's was condemning it for its Length. Had we but the Original Manuscript, I don't doubt but we should see a strange Difference betwixt that, and the Play as it now stands. The first Note on this Performance is a Specimen, to let the Reader see what strange Work has been made by the Reviver, or Revivers, of this Piece; and how little he or they thought on (supposing they knew it) that Rule of *Horace*,

—— *Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant Humeri.*——



D R A

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Ricardo, *a young Gentleman, in love with Viola.*
Antonio, *the Coxcomb Gentleman.*
Mercury, *Fellow-Traveller with Antonio.*
Uberto, }
Pedro, } *Three merry Gentlemen, Friends to Ricardo.*
Silvio, }
Valerio, *a Country Gentleman.*
Curio, *Kinsman to Antonio.*
Justice, *a shallow one.*
Andrugio, *Father to Viola.*
Alexander, *Servant to Mercury's Mother.*
Mark, *the Justice's Clerk.*
Rowland, *Servant to Andrugio.*
Tinker.
Constable.
Watch.
Drawer.
Musicians.

W O M E N.

Viola, *Daughter to Andrugio.*
Maria, *Wife to Antonio.*
A Country Woman, Mother to Mercury.
Nan and }
Madge, } *Milk-Maids.*
Dorothy, *the Tinker's Trull.*

S C E N E *England*.*.

* *England, France.*] As the Scene never changes from *England* through the whole Play, and, as I remember, the Word *France* does not occur above once in this Piece, I have made no scruple to expell and explode what never possibly could have stood in the Authors Manuscript.

T H E



T H E
C O X C O M B.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

R I C A R D O.

L E T us make use of this stolen Privacy,
And not lose time in Protestation, Mistress,
For 'twere in me a kind of Breach of Faith,
To say again I love you.

Viol. Sweet, speak softly ;
For tho' the Venture of your Love to me
Meets with a willing, and a full Return,
Should it arrive unto my Father's Knowledge,
This were our last Discourse.

Ric. How shall he know it ?

Viol. His watching Cares are such, for my Advancement,
That every where his Eye is fix'd upon me ;
This Night that does afford us some small Freedom,
At the Request and much Intreaty of
The Mistress of the House, was hardly given me ;
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath Spies upon me ; yet I know not
How he have so won on me, that could I think

You

You would love faithfully (though to entertain
Another Thought of you, would be my Death)
I should adventure on his utmost Anger.

Ric. Why do you think I can be false?

Viol. No Faith,

You have an honest Face, but if you should——

Ric. Let all the stored Vengeance of Heav'n's Justice---

Viol. No more, I do believe you; the Dance ended,
Which this free Woman's Guests have vow'd to have
E'er they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the Jewels, Chains, and Gold are trusted
Unto my Custody, and at th' next Corner
To my Father's House, before One, at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me.

Ric. I desire

No Bond beyond your Promise, let's go in;
To talk thus much before the Door, may breed
Suspicion:

Enter Mercury and Antonio talking.

Viol. Here are Company too.

Ric. Away.

Those Powers that prosper true and honest Loves
Will bless our Undertakings.

Viol. 'Tis my Wish, Sir. [*Exeunt Ric. and Viol.*]

Mer. Nay, Sir, excuse me, I have drawn you to
Too much Expence already in my Travel;
And you have been too forward in your Love,
To make my Wants your own; allow me Manners
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The Bond in which your Courtesies have ty'd me,
By still consuming of you; give me leave
To take mine own Ways now, and I shall often,
With Willingness, come to visit you, and thank you.

Ant. By this Hand I could be angry, what do you
think me?

Must we that have so long time been as one,
Seen Cities, Countries, Kingdoms, and their Wonders;
Been Bed-fellows, and in our various Journey

Mixt

Mixt all our Observations, part (as if
 We were two Carriers at two several Ways,
 And as the Fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
 Without or Compliment, or Ceremony?
 In Travellers, that know tranfalpine Garbs,
 Though our Designs are ne'er so serious, Friend,
 It were a capital Crime, it must not be;
 Nay, what is more, you shall not; you e'er long
 Shall see my House, and find what I call mine
 Is wholly at your Service.

Mer. 'Tis this tires me;
 Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else but
 My Will lay in the Choice; but 'tis not so;
 My Friends and Kindred, that have part of me,
 And such on whom my chiefest Hopes depend,
 Justly expect the tender of my Love
 After my Travel; then m' own Honesty
 Tell's me 'tis poor, having indifferent Means
 To keep me in my Quality and Rank,
 At my Return, to tire another's Bounty,
 And let mine own grow lusty; pardon me.

Ant. I will not, cannot, to conclude, I dare not:
 Can any thing conferr'd upon my Friend
 Be burthensome to me? For this Excuse
 Had I no reason else, you should not leave me,
 By a Traveller's Faith you should not, I have said,
 And then
 You know my Humour, there is no contending.

Mer. Is there no way to 'scape this Inundation?
 I shall be drown'd with Folly if I go:
 And after nine Days, Men may take me up,
 With my Gall broken.

Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?

Mer. Wou'd you wou'd spare me.

Ant. By this Light I cannot,
 By all that may be sworn by.

Mer. Patience help me,
 And Heaven grant his Folly be not catching,
 If't be, the Town's undone; I now would give

A reasonable Sum of Gold to any Sheriff,
That would but lay an Execution on me,
And free me from his Company ; while he
Was abroad,
His want of Wit and Language kept him dumb.
But *Balaam's* Ass will speak now, without spurring.

Ant. Speak, have I won you? —

Enter Servant and Musicians.

Mer. You're not to be resisted.

Ser. Be ready I intreat you ; the Dance done,
Besides a liberal Reward I have,
A Bottle of Sherry in my Power shall beget
New Crotchets in your Heads. *Musi.* Tush, fear not us.
We'll do our Parts. *Ser.* Go in. *Ant.* I know this Fellow.
Belong you to the House ?

Ser. I serve the Mistrefs.

Ant. Pretty and short ; pray you, Sir, then inform her,
Two Gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd,
With her fair Presence.

Ser. She shall know so much.

This is a merry Night with us, and forbids not
Welcome to any that looks like a Man :
I'll guide you th' way.

Ant. Nay, follow, I've a Trick in't. [*Exit.*

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Ricardo, Maria, Pedro,
Portia, Viola, *with others.*

Uber. (1) Come, where is this Masque? fairest, for our
Chear,
Our Thanks and Service, may you long survive

To

(1) *Come, where's this Masque? fairest, for our Chear,
Our Thanks and Service, may you long survive
To joy in many of these Nights.*

Mar. I thank you.

Uber. We must have Musick too, or else you give us
But half a Welcome.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, excuse me.

Sil. By no means, Lady.

Uber.

To joy in many of these Nights.

Mar. I thank you.

Uber. We must have Musick too, or else you give us
But half a Welcome.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, excuse me.

Sil. By no means, Lady.

Uber. We'll crown our liberal Feast,
With some delightful Strain fitting your Love
And this good Company.

Mar. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the Excuse of want of Skill,
Or be, or nice, or curious; every Year
I celebrate my Marriage Night, and will
'Till I see my absent Husband.

Uber. 'Tis fit Freedom.

Sil. Ricardo, thou art dull——

Enter Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter,
When I have had a Heat.

Mar. Now Sir, the News?

Ser. Mistress, there are two Gentlemen

Mar. Where?

Ser. Complimenting who should first enter.

Mar. What are they?

Ser. Heav'n knows, but for their strangeness——have
you never

Uber. *We'll crown our liberal Feast,
With some delightful Strain fitting your Love
And this good Company.*

Mar. *Since you enforce it,*

*I will not plead the Excuse of want of Skill,] Quod dedit
principium adveniens? may full as well be applied to the Curtailer of
this Comedy, as the booby Captain of whom it was first spoke. That
a Masque was in the Original is plain from the Question, Where's this
Masque? but it had been better never to have told us that, except it
had been exhibited. Again, if they were to have Musick, some delight-
ful Strain; who was to play? Maria it seems, for she says, she won't
plead the Excuse of want of Skill, but 'tis too too plain she does no
such thing. Further, we have a little lower a Dance, but 'tis a Dance
without Musick, and yet 'tis quite clear the Performers were actually
in the House.*

Seen a Cat wash her Face?

Uber. Yes.

Ser. Just such a stir they keep, if you but make
Haste, you may see 'em yet before they enter.

Enter Antonio and Mercury.

Mer. Let 'em be what they will, (2) I'll give them fair
Entertain, and gentle welcome.

Ant. It shall be so.

Mer. Then let it be your Pleasure.

Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon. *Mer.* A fair Society,

Do you know these Gentlewomen? *Ant.* Yes. *Mer.* What
are they?

Ant. The second is
A Neighbour's Daughter, her Name's *Viola*.
There is my Kinsman's Wife, *Portia*'s her Name,
And a Friend too.

Mer. Let her——

What's she that leads the Dance? *1 Ser.* A Gentlewoman.

Mer. I see that.

1 Ser. Indeed?

Mer. What?

1 Ser. A Gentlewoman.

Mer. Udsfoot, good Sir, what's she that leads the Dance?

2 Ser. My Mistrefs, Sir.

Mer. What else?

2 Ser. My Mistrefs, Sir.

Mer. Your Mistrefs? A Pox on you,
What a fry of Fools are here? I see 'tis Treason
To understand in this House:

If Nature were not better to them, than

They can be to themselves,

They would scant hit their Mouths: My Mistrefs?

Is there any one with so much Wit in's Head,

That can tell me at the first Sight,

(2) ————— I'll keep them fair

Entertain, ————— } *Keep,* which makes Nonsense of the
Place, undoubtedly came in by Mistake from the second Line above.
The Text is from the Folio of 1647.

What

What Gentlewoman that is that leads the Dance?

Ant. 'Tis my Wife.

Mer. Hum.

Ant. How dost thou like her?

Mer. Well, a pretty Gentlewoman.

Ant. Prithee be quiet.

Mer. I would I could:

Hereafter let never any that's a Man,
That has Affections in him and free Passions,
Receive th' least tie from such a Fool as this is,
That holds so sweet a Wife;
'Tis lamentable to consider truly
What Right he robs himself of, and what Wrong
He doth the Youth of such a Gentlewoman,
That knows her Beauty is no longer hers,
Than Men will please to make it so, and use it,
Neither of which lies freely in a Husband:
Oh what have I done, what have I done, Coxcomb!
If I had never seen, or never tasted
The Goodness of this Kix, I had been a made Man,
But now to make him Cuckold is a Sin.
'Gainst all forgiveness, worse than any Murther;
I have a Wolf by th' Ears, and am bit both ways.

Ant. How now my Friend, what are you thinking of?

Mer. Nothing concerning you, I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I will have no going, Sir.

Mer. Then good Sir, give me leave to go to Bed,
I'm very weary, and ill-temper'd.

Ant. You shall go presently, the Dance is done.

Ser. Mistress, these are the Gentlemen.

Mar. My Husband! welcome home, dear Sir.

Mer. She's fair still,

Oh that I were a Knave, or durst be one,
For thy sake, Coxcomb;
He that invented Honesty, undid me.

Ant. I thought you had not known me; you are merry,
'Tis well thought;

And how is't with these worthy Gentlemen?

Uber. and Sil. We're glad to see you here again. *Ant.* Oh
Gentlemen,

What ha' you lost? But get you into Travels,
There you may learn——I can't say what hidden Virtues.

Mer. Hidden

From you I'm sure; my Blood boils like a Furnace;
She's a fair one. *Ant.* Pray entertain this Gentleman
With all the Courtesie, fitting my most
Especial Friend.

Mar. What this poor House may yield, to make you
welcome,

Dear Sir, command without more Compliment.

Mer. I thank you:

She's wife, and speaks well too; oh what a Blessing
Is gone by me, never to be recovered! Well,
'Twas an old Shame the Devil laid up for me,
And now h'as hit me home;
If there be any ways to be dishonest,
And save myself yet,— No, it must not be;
Why should I be a Fool too?—— Yet those Eyes
Would tempt another *Adam*; how they call to me,
And tell me—— S'foot, they shall not tell me any thing.
Sir, will you walk in? *Ant.* How is't, Signior?

Mer. Crazie a little.

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

What's in my Power, Sir, pray make use of. *Mer.* 'Tis that
Must do me good, she does not mock me sure?
And't please you nothing,

My Disease is only weariness. *Uber.* Come Gentlemen,
We will not keep you from your Beds too long.

Ric. I ha' some Business, and 'tis late, and you
Far from your Lodging.

Sil. Well. [*Exeunt. Manent Ant. Maria, and Mer.*]

Ant. Come my dear *Mercury*,

I'll bring you to your Chamber; and then I am
For you

Maria, thou'rt a new Wife to me now,
And thou shalt find it e'er I sleep. *Mer.* And I
An old Afs to myself, mine own Rod whips me,——
Good Sir, no more of this, 'tis tedious,

You are the best Guide in your own House——go Sir——

[*Exeunt Ant. and Mar.*]

This

This Fool and his fair Wife have made me frantick ;
From two such Physicks for the Soul, deliver me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ricardo, Ubero, Pedro, and Silvio.

Uber. Well, you must have this Wench then? *Ric.* I hope so,

I am much o'th' Bow-hand else. *Ped.* Wou'd I were hang'd,
If 'tis not a good loving little Fool,
That dares venture

Herself upon a Coast she ne'er knew yet, but
These Women, when they're once thirteen, cry
God speed the Plough.

Sil. Faith they will venture further for their Lading,
Than a Merchant,

And through as many Storms, but they'll be fraughted ;
They're made like Carracks, only Strength and Stowage.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk. *Sil.* We do so, but
Tell me, *Ricardo*, wo't thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? Why, what should I do with her?

Ped. Pox, I thought we should have had all shares in her,
Like lawful Prize.

Ric. No by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me,
I launch'd her at my own Charge, without Partners,
And so I'll keep her. *Uber.* What's the Hour? *Ric.* Twelve.

Uber. What shall we do th' while? 'Tis yet scarce
Eleven.

Sil. There is no standing here, is n't this the Place?

Ric. Yes.

Ped. And to go back unto her Father's House,
May breed Suspicion: Let us slip into
A Tavern for an Hour, 'tis very cold.

Uber. Content,
There's one hard by, a Quart of burnt Sack will
Recover us; I am as cold as *Christmas* ;
This stealing Flesh
I'th' frosty Weather, may be sweet i'th' eating,
But sure the Woodmen have no great catch of it ;
Shall's go?

Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of a Tavern ;
What shall we do there now?

Lose the Hour and ourselves too? *Uber.* Lose a Pudding;
 What dost thou talk o'th' Hour; will one Quart muzzle us!
 Have we not Ears to hear, and Tongues to ask
 The Drawers, but we must stand here like Bawds
 To watch the Minutes?

(3) *Sil.* Prithee content thyself,
 We shall scout here, as though we went a haying,
 And have some mangey Prentice, that can't sleep
 For scratching, over-hear us; come, will you go Sirs?
 When your Love fury is a little frozen,
 You'll come to us. *Ric.* Will you drink but one Quart
 then?

Ped. No more i'faith. *Sil.* Content. *Ric.* Why then,
 have with you,
 But let's be very watchful.

Uber. As watchful as the Belman; come, I'll lead,
 'Cause I hate good Manners, they're too tedious. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Viola with a Key, and a little Casket.

Viol. The Night is terrible, and I enclos'd
 With that my Virtue and myself hate most,
 Darknes; yet must I fear, that which I wish,
 Some Company; and every step I take
 Sounds louder in my fearful Ears to Night,
 Than ever did the shrill and sacred Bell
 That rang me to my Prayers; the House will rise
 When I unlock the Door; were it by Day
 I'm bold enough, but then a thousand Eyes
 Warn me from going; might not Heav'n have made
 A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
 Whilst Lovers met, and yet the Sun have shone?
 Yet I was bold enough, to steal this Key
 Out of my Father's Chamber, and dare yet
 Venture upon mine Enemy, the Night,
 Arm'd only with my Love, to meet (4) my Friend.
 Alas how valiant, and how fraid at once

(3) *Sil. Prithee content thyself,*] Probably this belongs to *Ricardo*,
 and *We shall scout here*, to *Silvio*.

(4) ——— *my Friend.*] i. e. *my Lover*. So *Spenser* uses this Word
 again and again.

Love makes a Virgin? I will throw this Key
 Back through a Window; I have Wealth enough
 In Jewels with me, if I hold his Love.
 I steal 'em for; farewell my place of Birth,
 Ne'er make account to look on thee again;
 And if there be, as I have heard Men say,
 These Household Gods, I do beseech them look
 To this my Charge; bless it from Thieves and Fire,
 And keep, till happily my Love I win,
 Me from thy Door, and hold my Father in. [Exit.]

*Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer
 with a Candle.*

Ric. No more for God's sake,
 How's the Night, Boy? *Draw.* Faith, Sir, 'tis very late.
Uber. Faith, Sir, you lie, is this your Jack i'th' Clock-
 house?

Will you strike, Sir? Give's some more Sack, you Varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good *Uberto* go,
 I am monstrous hot with Wine.

Uber. Quench it again with Love: Gentlemen I will
 drink one Health more, and then if my Legs say me not
 shamefully nay, I will go with you, give me a singular
 Quart.

Draw. Of what Wine, Sir?

Uber. Of Sack, (you that speak confusion at the Bar) of
 Sack, I say, and every one his Quart, what a Devil, let's
 be merry.

Draw. You shall, Sir. [Exit.]

Ped. We will, Sir, and a dried Tongue.

Sil. And an Olive, Boy, and a whole Bunch of Fiddlers;
 my Head swims plaguily, 'uds precious I shall be claw'd.

Enter Drawer with four Quarts of Wine.

Ric. Pray go, I can drink no more, think on your
 Promise, 'tis Midnight, Gentlemen.

Uber. O that it were dumb Midnight now; not a Word
 more; every Man on's Knees, and betake himself to his
 Saint; here's to your Wench, Signior, all this, and then
 away.

Ric. I cannot drink it.

Ped. 'Tis a Toy, a Toy, away wo't.

Uber. Now dare I speak any thing, to any Body living ; come, where's the Fault ? Off with it.

Ric. I have broke my Wind, call you this Sack ? — I wonder who made it. He was a sure Workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work ; Is it gone round ?

Uber. 'Tis at the last ; out of my way, good Boy, is the Moon up yet ?

Draw. Yes, Sir.

Uber. Where is she, Boy ?

Draw. There, Sir.

Uber. We shall have Rain and Thunder, Boy.

Draw. When, Sir ?

Uber. I cannot tell, but sure we shall, Boy.

Draw. The Gentleman is Wine-wise.

Uber. Drawer !

Draw. Here, Sir.

Uber. Can you procure ?

Draw. What, Sir ?

Uber. A Whore, or two or three, as need shall serve, Boy ?

Sil. Ay, a good Whore were worth Mony, Boy.

Draw. I protest Sir, we are altogether unprovided.

Ric. The more's the pity, Boy ; can you not 'vize us where, my Child ?

Ped. Why where were you brought up, Boy ?

No inkling of a Whore ? No aim, my Boy ?

Uber. It cannot sink in my Head now, that thou should'st marry, why should'st thou marry, tell me ?

Ric. I marry ? I'll be hang'd first ; some more Wine, Boy.

Sil. Is she not a Whore translated ? An she be, Let's repair to her.

Ric. I cannot tell, she may be an Offender ; But Signior *Silvio*, I shall scratch your Head, Indeed I shall. *Sil.* Judge me, I do but jest with thee, What an she were inverted

With her Heels upward, like a Traitor's Coat ?

What care I ? *Uber.* Hang her, shall we fall out for her ?

Ric.

Ric. I am a little angry : but these Wenches,
Did you not talk of Wenches ?

Sil. Boy, lend me your Candle.

Draw. Why, Sir ? *Sil.* To set fire to your rotten Ceiling,
You'll keep no Whores, Rogue, no good Members. *Draw.*
Whores, Sir ?

Sil. Ay, Whores Sir, do you think we come to lie with
your Hogsheads ?

Ric. I must beat the Watch,
I have long'd for it any time this three Weeks.

Sil. We'll beat the Town too, and thou wilt, we're
proof Boy ;
Shall we kill any Body ?

Ric. No, but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uber. Now must I kill one, I cannot avoid it ;
Boy, easily afore there with your Candle ;
Where's your Mistress ?

Draw. A-bed, Sir.

Sil. With whom ?

Draw. With my Master.

Uber. You lie Boy, she's better brought up than to lye
with her Husband ; has he not cast his Head yet ?
Next Year he'll be a Velvet-headed Cuckold. [*Exeunt.*

Draw. You are a merry Gentleman, there, Sir, take hold.

Enter Viola.

Viol. This is the Place, I have out-told the Clock
For haste ; he is not here. *Ricardo ?* No :
Now every Power that loves and is belov'd,
Keep me from shame to Night, for all you know
Each Thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As Flesh and Blood can hold : I cannot back ;
I threw the Key within, and e'er I raise
My Father up, to see his Daughter's Shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern Wind,
That it is gentler than the curling West,
If it will blow me dead ; but he will come ;
I'faith 'tis cold ; if he deceive me thus,
A Woman will not easily trust a Man.
Hark, what's that ?

Sil.

Sil. [within.] *Thou'rt over long at thy Pot, Tom, Tom :
Thou'rt over long at the Pot, Tom.*

Viol. Bless me! Who's that?

Ped. [within.] Who!

Uber. [within.] There Boys.

Viol. Darkness be thou my cover, I must fly,
To thee I haste for help——

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Drawer with a Torch.

Viol. They have a Light ;
Wind, if thou lovest a Virgin, blow it out,
And I will never shut a Window more,
To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy.

Draw. Sir.

Ric. Why Boy.

Draw. What say you, Sir?

Ric. Why Boy, art thou drunk, Boy?

Draw. What would you, Sir?

Ric. Why very good, where are we?

Uber. Ay, that's the Point.

Draw. Why Sir, you will be at your Lodging presently.

Ric. I'll go to no Lodging, Boy.

Draw. Whither will you go then, Sir?

Ric. I'll go no farther.

Draw. For God's sake, Sir, do not stay here all Night.

Ric. No more I will not,

Boy, lay me down, and rowl me to a Whore.

Uber. And me.

Ped. There spoke an——

Sil. Then set your Foot to my Foot, and up Tails all.

Viol. That is *Ricardo*, what a Noise they make?

It is ill done of 'em ; here, Sirs, *Ricardo*?

Ric. What's that, Boy?

Draw. 'Tis a Wench, Sir, pray Gentlemen come away.

Viol. O my dear Love! How doest thou? *Ric.* Faith
Sweet Heart,

Ev'n as thou seest.

Ped. Where's thy Wench?

Uber. Where's this Bed-worm?

Viol.

Viol. Speak softly for the love of Heav'n.

Draw. Mistress, get

You gone, and don't entice the Gentlemen,
Now you see they're drunk, or
I'll call the Watch, and lay you fast enough.

Viol. Alas, what are you? or, what do you mean?
Sweet love, where's the Place?

Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here, lie down, I'll fesse
thee.

Viol. Good God! What mean you?

Ped. I'll have the Wench.

Uber. If you can get her.

Sil. No, I'll lie with the Wench to Night, and she
shall be yours to Morrow.

Ped. Let go the Wench.

Sil. Let you go the Wench.

Viol. O Gentlemen, as you had Mothers!

Uber. They had no Mothers; they're the Sons of Bitches.

Ric. Let that be maintain'd.

Sil. Marry then.

Viol. Oh bless me Heav'n!

Uber. How many is there on's?

(5) *Ric.* About five.

Uber. Why then let's fight three to three.

Sil. Content. *[Draw and fall down.*

Draw. The Watch! the Watch! the Watch! Where
are you? *[Exit.*

Ric. Where are these Cowards? *[Exit.*

Ped. There's the Whore.

Viol. I never saw a drunken Man before,
But these I think are so.

Sil. Oh!

Ped. I mist you narrowly there.

Viol. My state is such, I know not how to think
A Prayer fit for me, only I could move,
That never Maiden more might be in Love. *[Exit.*

(5) *Ric.* About five.

Uber. *Why then let's fight three to three.]* *Irish* this, but droll
enough in the Mouth of a drunken Man.

Enter

Enter, Drawer, Constable and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, Boy ?

Draw. Make no such haste, Sir, they are no Runners.

Uber. I am hurt, but that's all one, I shall light upon some of ye. *Pedro*, thou art a tall Gentleman, let me kiss thee.

Watch. My Friend.

Uber. Your Friend? you lie.

Ric. Stand further off; the Watch? you're full of Fleas.

Const. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make you quiet.

Ric. Nay,

Good Mr. Constable, be n't so rigorous.

Uber. Mr. Constable, lend me thy Hand of Justice.

Const. That I will, Sir.

Uber. Fy Mr. Constable, what golls you have?

Is Justice

So blind y' cannot see to wash your Hands?

I cry you Mercy, Sir; your Gloves are on.

Draw. Now you are up, Sir, will you go to Bed?

Ped. I'll truckle here, Boy, give m' another Pillow.

Draw. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?

Ped. Yes.

Draw. There hold him two of ye, now they are up; Be going, Mr. Constable.

Ric. *And this way, and that way, Tom.*

Uber. *And here away, and there away, Tom.*

Sil. *This is the right way, the other's the wrong.*

Ped. *Th' other's the wrong.*

All. *Thou'rt over-long at the Pot, Tom, Tom, Tom.*

Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet Constable, whoop! ha Boys.

Const. This Wine hunts in their Heads.

Ric. Give me thy Bill, for I will be the Sergeant.

Const. Look to him, Sirs.

Ric. Keep your Ranks, you Rascals, keep your Ranks.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. I cannot sleep for thinking of this Afs's Wife :
I'll be gone presently, there's no staying here,
with this Devil about me. Ho! this is the House of Sleep,
Ho! Ho, there! 'sfoot, the Darkness, and this Love
together, will make me Lunatick ; Ho!

Enter a Servingman above unready.

Ser. Who calls there?

Mer. Pray take the Pains to rise and light a Candle.

Ser. Presently.

Mer. Was ever Man but I in such a Stocks?

Well, this shall be a warning to me, and

A fair one too, how I betray myself

(6) To such a Dunce, by way of Benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Did you call?

Mer. Yes, pray do me the kindness, Sir, to let me out,
And not enquire why, for I must needs be gone.

Ser. Not to Night, I hope, Sir.

Mer. Good Sir, to Night, I would not have troubled
you else, pray let it be so.

Ser. Alas, Sir, my Master will be offended.

Mer. That I have Business? no I warrant ye.

Ser. Good Sir, take your Rest.

Mer. Pray my good Friend let me appoint my own rest.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Mer. Then shew me the way out, I'll consider you.

Ser. Good Lord, Sir.

Mer. If I had not an excellent temper'd Patience,
Now should I break this Fellow's Head,
And make him understand 'twere necessary ;
The only Plague of this House is th' unhandsome

(6) *To such a Dance,*——] The Text, which was Mr. Seward's
and my Conjecture, is confirmed by the Copy of 1647.

Love of Servants,
 That never do their Duty i'th' right Place,
 But when they (7) muster before Dinner,
 And sweep the Table with a wooden Dagger,
 And then they're troublesome too, to all Mens Shoulders;
 (8) The Woodcock's flusht again, now I shall have
 A new stir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who how now Friend? What do you up so late?
 Are you well? Do you want any thing? pray speak.

Mer. Only the cause I rise for.

Ant. What Knaves are these? What do you want?
 why Sirrah?

Mer. Nothing i'th' World, but th' Keys to let me out
 Of Doors; I must be gone, be not against it,
 For you cannot stay me.

Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry Jest.

Mer. If there be any Mirth in't, make you use on't,

(7) ——— muster before Dinner,

And sweep the Table with a wooden Dagger,] The Difficulties in this Passage are what in all Appearance cannot be got over, without a greater Knowledge of the Customs and Manners of our Authors Times than I am Master of. The Servants then it seems,

———— mustred before Dinner,

And swept the Table with a wooden Dagger,

An Instrument this not now made use of, whatever it might be then, for the Purpose here mentioned. But what then becomes of their *Servants being troublesome to all Mens* [i. e. Guests] *Shoulders?* 'Tis not the Fashion, for Strangers in a Gentleman's House, now-a-days to sit down to a Table, and that a dirty one too, before Dinner; and of consequence we shall not be able to explain their [Servants] *being troublesome to all Mens Shoulders.* Mr. Seward, who was not aware of the first Difficulty, — *mustering afore Dinner, &c.* proposes only the Correction of that seemingly corrupted Place *wooden Dagger,* which he reads thus with me, *woolen Dagger,* i. e. a *woolen Rubber,* which I think, supposing the Place wrong, is full as well to be born in our Language as the known Phrase of, Rubbing one down with an *Oaken Towel.* But probably the whole should run thus,

———— they muster after Dinner,

And sweep the Table with a woolen Dagger.

(8) *The Woodcock's flesht*—] This Blunder Mr. Seward saw with me was easily corrected, and accordingly I have made no scruple to amend the Text.

But

But I must go. *Ant.* Why, for love's sake? *Mer.* 'Twill benefit

Your Understanding nought to know the Cause?

Pray go to Bed, I'll trouble your Man only.

Ant. Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason to curse you, and you knew all? my Wife's up, and coming down too.

Mer. Alas, 'twill be

A trouble, pray go up to her, and let me

Disturb no more, it is unmannerly.

Enter Maria, as out of her Bed.

Ant. She's here already :

Sweet Heart, how say you by this Gentleman?

He would away at Midnight. *Mar.* That I am

Sure he will not. *Mer.* Indeed I must. *Mar.* Good Sir,

Let not your homely Entertainment press you

To leave your Bed at Midnight ; if you want,

What my House or our whole town may afford you,

Make it your own fault if you call not for it ;

Pray go to Bed again ; let me compel you,

I'm sure you've no Pow'r to deny a Woman ;

The Air is piercing,

And to a Body beaten with long travel,

'Twill prove an ill Physician.

Mer. If she speak longer I shall be a Knave, as

Rank as e'er sweat for't ; Sir, if you will send

Your Wife up presently, I'll either stay

With you, d'ye mark me, or deliver you

So just a Cause, that you yourself shall thrust

Me out of Doors, both suddenly and willingly.

Ant. I'd fain hear that 'faith, pray thee go up Sweet-heart,

I've half perswaded him, besides, he hath

Some private Business with me. *Mar.* Good Night, Sir,

And what Content you'd have, I wish with you. *[Exit.]*

Mer. Could any Man that had a Back ask more !

O me ! O me ! *Ant.* Now deal directly with me :

Why should you go ?

Mer. If you be wise do not enquire the Cause,

'Twill

'Twill trouble you. *Ant.* Why? prithee why? *Mer.* 'Y
faith

I would not have you know it, let me go,

'Twill be far better for you. *Ant.* Who is that,
That knocks there? is it not at the Street Door?

Ser. Yes, Sir. *Ant.* Who's there, cannot you speak?

Viol. [*witbin.*] A poor

Distressed Maid, for God's sake let me in.

Mer. Pray let her in, Sir, and me out together,

'Tis but one labour,

'Tis Pity she should stand i'th' Street, it seems

She knows you.

Ant. There she shall stand for me; you're ignorant,

This is a common Custom of the Rogues

That lie about the loose Parts of the City.

Mer. As how? *Ant.* To knock at Doors in dead of
Night,

And use some feigned Voice to raise Compassion,

And when the Doors are open in they rush,

And cut the Throats of all, and take the Booty;

We cannot be too careful.

Viol. [*witbin.*] As ever you had Pity let me in,
I am undone else.

Ant. Who are you?

Viol. My Name is *Viola*, a Gentlewoman

That ill Chance hath distress'd, you know my Father.

Mer. Alas of God! we'll let her in, 'tis one of

The Gentlewomen that were here i'th' Evening,

I know her by her Name, poor Soul, she's cold

I warrant her, let her have my warm Bed,

And I will take her Fortune; come, pray come.

Ant. It is not *Viola*, that's certain,

She went home to her Father's, I am sure.

Viol. Will not you be so good to let me in?

Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away, if

You stay a little longer: She is gone

I warrant her; now let me know your Cause,

For I will hear't, and not repent the knowing.

Mer. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you;

I love your Wife extreamly. *Ant.* Very well.

Mer.

Mer. And so well that I dare not stay.

Ant. Why ?

Mer. For wronging you ; I know I'm Flesh and Blood,
And you have done me Friendships infinite
And often,

That must require me honest, and a true Man,
And I will be so, or I'll break my Heart.

Ant. Why, you may stay for all this yet, methinks.

Mer. No, though I wou'd be good, I am no Saint,
Nor is it safe to try me ; I deal plainly.

Ant. Come, I dare try you, do the best you can.

Mer. You shall not ;
When I am right again, I'll come and see you,
Till when, I'll use all Countries, and all Means,
But I will lose this Folly, 'tis a Devil.

Ant. Is there no way to stay you ? *Mer.* No,
Unless you'll have me such a Villain to you,
As all Men shall spit at me.

Ant. Does she know you love her ?

Mer. No, I hope not, that were a Recompence
Fit for a Rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithful Friend,
I am that Man and I may glory in't ;
This, this is he, that *ipse*, he that pass'es
All Christendom for Goodness ;
He shall not overgo me in his Friendship,
'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first,
I am resolv'd, go thy ways, (9) a Wife
Shall never part us ; I've consider'd, and
I find her nought to such a Friend as thou art ;
I'll speak a bold word, take your time and woe her,
You've overcome me clearly,
And do what's fitting with her——you conceive me ;
I am glad at Heart you love her, by this Light ;
Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from't,
If y' had spoke sooner, sure you had been serv'd ;
Sir, you're not ev'ry Man, now to your Task,

(9) ————— a Wife
Will never —————] The Edition of 1647 gives the Text.

I give you free leave,
And the Sin's mine if there be any in it.

Mer. He will be hang'd before he makes this good;
He cannot be so innocent a Coxcomb,
He can tell ten sure.

If I had never known you as I have done,
I might be one, as others perhaps sooner,
But now it is impossible, there's too
Much Good between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best Man——
I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd;
You must stay this Night, and in the Morning go
As early as you please, I have a Toy for you.

Mer. I thought this Pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice,
And it must be hard by too; do you mark me?

Mer. Why, what's the matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Mer. Why? what thing?

Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peevish. We two will be—— you'd little think it;
As famous for our Friendship——

Mer. How?

Ant. If Heav'n please,
As ever *Damon* was, and *Pytheas*;
Or *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, or any two
That ever were; do you conceive me yet?

Mer. No, by my troth, Sir; he'll not help me up
sure?

Ant. You shall anon; and for our Names, I think
They shall live after us, and be remember'd
While there's a Story; or I'll lose my aim.

Mer. What a Vengeance ails he? How do you?

Ant. Yes faith, we two will be such Friends, as the
World shall ring of.

Mer. And why's all this?

Ant. You shall enjoy my Wife.

Mer. Away, away. *Ant.* The Wonder must begin,
So I have cast it, 'twill be scurvy else,
You shall not stir a Foot in't; pray be quiet

'Till I have made it perfect.

Mer. What shall a Man do with this wretched Fellow ?
There is no Mercy to be used towards him,
He is not capable of any Pity,
He will (10) in spight of course be a Cuckold,
And who can help it ?
Must it begin so needs, Sir ? ——— Think again.

Ant. Yes marry must it,
And I myself will woe this Woman for you ;
Do you perceive it now ? ha ?

Mer. Yes, now I have a little fight i'th' matter ;
O that thy Head should be so monstrous,
That all thy Servants Hats may hang upon't !
But do you mean to do this ?

Ant. Yes certain, I will woe her, and for you,
Strive not against it, 'tis the Overthrow
Of the best Plot that ever was then. *Mer.* Nay,
I will assure you, Sir, I'll do no harm,
You have too much about you of your own.

Ant. Have you thought of a Place yet ?

Mer. A Place ?

Ant. Ay,
A Place where you will bide ; prithee no more of
This Modesty, 'tis foolish,

(10) ——— *in spight of course* ———] Both the Sense and Measure seem corrupted by the Word *Course*. The Conjecture I shall propose seems probable, but I am not so fully satisfy'd with it as not to wish to see a better. I read,

He will in spight of Courtesy be a Cuckold.

The Word will bear two Senses, both suitable to the Context ; either *In spight of my Courtesy or Civility to him*, or *In spight of the Courtesy of Nations*, which has every where rendered a wilful Cuckold contemptible. *Shakespeare*, and our Authors, often use the Word in this latter Sense. *Mr. Seward.*

What *Mr. Seward* has propos'd in his Note is very ingenious but not necessary, the Place being certainly right as it stands. *Course* here means the same as *Fortune* or *Fate*, and to do a thing in spight of either is a very common Expression. Thus in the Play of *Cromwell*, (falsly attributed to *Shakespeare*) the Author has these Words ;

————— *in this admiring World*

*This is but Course, which in the Name of Fate
Is seen as often as it whirls about.*

And we were not determined to be
Absolute Friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Mer. I have thought, and you soon shall hear from r.

Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting Glory ;
I have the better of him, that's my Comfort,
Good Night. [Exit.

Mer. Good Night ;
Well go thy ways, thou art the tidiest Wittall
This Day I think above Ground,
And yet thy End for all this must be motly. [Exit.

Enter a Tinker with a Cord, and Dorothy.

Tink. 'Tis bitter cold ; a Plague upon these Rogues,
How wary they are grown :
Not a Door open now, but double barr'd ;
Not a Window,
But up with a case of Wood like a Spice-box,
And their Locks unpickable ;
The very Smiths that were (11) half Venturers,
Drink penitent, single Ale,
This is the Iron Age, the Ballad sings of ;
Well, I shall meet with some of your loose Linnen yet,
Good Fellows must not starve ; here's he shall shew
You God-a-mighty's Dog-bolts, if this hold.

Dor. Faith thou art but too merciful, that's thy Fault,
Thou art as sweet a Thief, that Sin excepted,
As ever suffer'd, that is a proud Word,
And I'll maintain it.

Tin. Come, prithee
Let us shog off, and (12) bowze an Hour or two,
There's Ale will make a Cat speak at the Harrow ;
We shall get nothing now, without we batter,
'Tis grown too near

(11) ——— *half Ventures,*] By the want of a Syllable, what Work is here made? The *Hammers, &c.* are put for the *Smiths*, and the *Merchandise* for the *Merchant*. But the Folio of 1647 sets all to rights, by reading, as I have alter'd, the present Text—*Venturers*.

(12) ——— *Browse an Hour or two,*] The Text is from Mr. *Theobald's* Margin. I conjectured we should read *Rouse*, i. e. *Carouse*, but it is a Matter of no great Moment.

Morning,

Morning, the Rogues sleep sober, and are watchful.

Dor. We want a Boy extreamly for this Function,
Kept under for a Year, with Milk, and Knot-grafs;
In my time I have seen a Boy do wonders;

Robin the red Tinker had a Boy,
God rest his Soul, he suffer'd this time four Years,
For two Spoons, and a Pewter Candlestick;
That sweet Man had a Boy,

As I'm a Curstend Whore, would have run through
A Cat-hole——he would
Have bouted such a piece of Linnen in an Evening——

Tin. Well, we will have a Boy; prithee let's go,
I am vengeance cold I tell thee. *Dor.* I'll be hang'd
Before I stir without some purchase, by these
Ten Bones, I'll turn She-ape, and untile a House,
But I will have it; it may be I have
A humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tin. Peace, you flead Whore, thou hast a Mouth like
a Blood-hound, here comes a Night-shade.

Dor. A Gentlewoman-Whore;
By this Darknes I will case her to the Skin.

Tin. Peace, I say.

Viol. What Fear have I endur'd this dismal Night?
And what Disgrace, if I were seen and known?
In which this Darknes only is my Friend,
That only has undone me; a thousand Curses
Light on my easie, foolish, childish Love,
That durst so lightly lay a Confidence
Upon a Man, so many being false;
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy,
I must lie down. *Tin.* What's this? A Prayer, or
A Homily, or a Ballad of good Counsel?
She has a Gown, I am sure.

Dor. Knock out her Brains, and then she'll never bite.

Tin. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet: You! Woman!

Viol. For God's sake what are you?

Tin. One of the Grooms of your Wardrobe, come,
come,

Uncafe, uncafe; by'r Lady a good Kerfey.

Viol. Pray do not hurt me, Sir. *Dor.* (13) Let's have no Pity,

For if you do, here's that fhall cut your Whiffle.

Viol. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable As you can make me any way.

Dor. That fhall be try'd.

Viol. Here, take my Gown, if that will do you Pleafure.

Fin. Yes marry will 't, look in the Pockets *Doll*, There may be Birds. *Dor.* They're flown, a pox go with them,

I'll have this Hat, and this Ruff too, I like it,

Now will I flourish like a Lady brave,

I' faith, Boy.

Viol. You are fo gentle People to my feeming, That by my truth I could live with you. *Fin.* Could you fo? A pretty young round Wench, well Blooded, I (14) Am for her. *Dor.* But by this, I am not, cool Your Codpiece, Rogue, or I will clap a Spell on't, Shall take your Edge off with a very Vengeance.

Fin. Peace, Horfe-flesh, Peace, I'll caft off my Amazon, Sh'as walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious, She'll fight and fould, and drink like one o'th' Worthies.

Dor. Udsprecious

You young contagious Whore, muft you be ticeing?

And, is your Flefh fo rank, Sir, two may live upon't?

I'm glad to hear your Cortall's grown fo lufly;

He was dry founder'd t'other Day, wehee

My pamper'd Jade of *Asia*.

Viol. Good Woman do not hurt me, I am forry That I have given any caufe of Anger.

(13) *Let's have no Pity,*] *i. e.* no crying out for Pity.

(14) *Am for her, Thieves.*] *Thieves* has itolen into the Text here very unaccountably. If the Speech is, or is not curtail'd, as I can't promise, yet there is no reason for *Thieves* ftanding here, as there is nothing to which it can probably refer. There are but two ways I know of that we can rid the Text of it; the firft is by expunging it as I have done, and the fecond by fuppoſing that it is a Corruption of *ſhis*, and ſituate in a wrong Place, and that the Paſſage once run thus,

A pretty young round Wench well blooded, th;

I'm for her——

Dor. Either bind her
Quickly, and come away, or by this Steel
I'll tell, although I trust for Company ;
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without Vinegar ;

I must have her Nose. *Viol.* By any thing you love best,
Good Sir, good Woman— *Tin.* Why her Nose, *Dorothy?*

Dor. If I have it not, and presently warm, I lose that
I go withal.

Tin. Wou'd the Devil
Had that thou goest withal, and thee together,
For sure he got thy Whelps if thou hast any ;
(15) He's thy dear Dad, Whore !
Put up your Cut-purse ; an I take my Switch up,
'Twill be a black time with you, sheath your Bung, Whore.

Dor. Will you bind her ?
We shall stand here a prating, and be hang'd both.

Tin. Come, I must bind you, not a Word, no crying.

Viol. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tin. Hurt her not, if thou dost, by Ale and Beer,
I'll clout thy old bald Brain-pan with a piece
Of Brags, you Bitch incarnate.

[*Exeunt Tinker and Dorothy.*

Viol. O Heav'n, to what am I reserv'd ! that knew not
Through all my childish Hours and Actions,
More Sin, than poor Imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless Man,
For which I'm paid ; and so, that not the Day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a Sanctuary
From Thieves and Spoilers, can deliver me
From Shame, at least Suspicion——

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down the Horses easily,
I'll walk a-foot till I be down the Hill,
'Tis very early,

(15) She's thy dear Dad,——] Common Sense, as Mr. Seward
saw too, calls out for a Change of *She's* into *He's*.

I shall reach home betimes. How now, who's there ?

Viol. Night, that was ever Friend to Lovers, yet
Has rais'd some weary Soul, that hates his Bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.

Val. H'ad a rude Heart that did this.

Viol. Gentle Sir,

If you have that which honest Men call Pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew ;
Help a poor Maid, that this Night by bad Fortune
Has been thus us'd by Robbers.

Val. A Pox upon his Heart that would not help thee ;
This Thief was half a Lawyer by his Bands.

How long have you been tied here ? *Viol.* Alas, this
Hour, and with Cold and Fear am almost perish'd.

Val. Where were the Watch the while ? Good sober
Gentlemen,

They were like careful Members of the City,
(16) Drawing in diligent Ale, and singing Catches,
While Mr. Constable contriv'd the Toasts :
These Fellows should be more severely punish'd
Than wandring Gipsies, that each Statute whips ;
For if they'd every one two Eyes apiece more,
Three Pots would put them out. *Viol.* I cannot tell,
I found no Christian to give me Succour.

Val. When they take a Thief,
I'll take *Ostend* again ; the Whoresons
Drink Opium in their Ale, and then they sleep
Like Tops ; as for their Bills, they only serve
To reach down Bacon to make Rashers on ;
Now let me know to whom I've done this Courtesie,
That I may thank my early rising for it.

Viol. Sir, all I am, you see.

Val. You have a Name I'm sure, and a Kindred,
A Father, Friend, or something that must own you ;

(16) *Drawing in diligent Ale*,—] If the Reader will take this
Epithet in an Ironical Sense, I need not endeavour after an Alteration ;
but if not, perhaps we should read,

Drawing indiligent Ale ———

Or

Drawing in indiligent Ale ———

She's

She's a
Handsome young Wench; what Rogues were these to
rob her?

Viol. Sir, you see all I dare reveal, and as
You are a Gentleman press me no further;
For there begins a Grief, whose Bitterness
Will break a stronger Heart than I have in me,
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing;
For your own Goodness fake desire it not.

Val. If you would not have me enquire of that,
How do you live then? *Viol.* How I've liv'd, is still
One Question, which must not be resolv'd——
How I desire to live, is in your liking,
So worthy an Opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking? How, I pray thee? Tell me,
'Faith I'll do y' any good lies in my Power;
She has an Eye would raise a Bed-rid Man;
Come, leave your Fear, and tell me, that's a good Wench.

Viol. Sir, I would serve——*Val.* Who would'st thou serve?
Don't weep
And tell me. *Viol.* Faith, Sir, even some good Woman,
And such a Wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas!
Thou'rt young and tender, let me see thy Hand,
This was ne'er made to wash, or wind up Water,
Beat Cloaths, or rub a Floor;
By this Light, for one use that shall be nameless,
'Tis the best wanton Hand that e'er I lookt on.

Viol. Dare you accept me, Sir, my Heart is honest;
Among your virtuous charitable Deeds,
This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a Chamber?

Viol. In a Chamber, Sir?

Val. I mean, wait there upon a Gentlewoman.
How quick she is, I like that mainly too;
I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength
Like a besieg'd Town, for I know I shall
Have th' Enemy afore me in a Week.

Viol. Sir, I can sew too, and make pretty Laces,
Dress

Dress a Head handsome, teach young Gentlewomen,
For in all these I have a little Knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well, no doubt I shall encrease that Knowledge.
I like her better still, how she provokes me ;
Pretty young Maid, you shall
Serve a good Gentlewoman, though I say't,
That will not be unwilling you should please me,
Nor I forgetful if you do. *Viol.* I am

The happier. *Val.* My Man shall make some shift
To carry you behind him ; can you ride well ?

Viol. But I'll hold fast for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you.
I'll work her as I go, I know she's Wax, now,
Now at this time could I beget a Worthy
Upon this Wench. *Viol.* Sir, for this Gentleness,
May Heav'n requite you tenfold. *Val.* 'Tis a good
Wench,

However others use thee, be assur'd
I'll be a loving Master to thee ; come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.

Ant. I hope I'm wild enough for being known,
I've writ a Letter here, and in it have
Abus'd myself most bitterly, yet all
My Fear is, not enough,
For that must do it, that must lay it on ;
I'll win her out o'th' Flint, 'twill be more famous ;
Now for my Language.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Now, Sir, who'd you speak with ?

Ant. Where be thy Mastres Man ? I'd speak with her.
I have a Letter. *Ser.* Cannot I deliver it ?

Ant. No, by my trot, and fait, canst thou not Man.

Ser. Well, Sir, I'll call her to you, pray shake your Ears
without a little. [*Exit Servingman.*

Ant. Cran a Cree do it quickly ; * this Rebel Tongue
sticks in my Teeth worse than a tough Hen, sure it was

* *Vide* Note 26 in Page 197.

ne'er known at *Babel*, for they sold no Apples, and this was made for certain at the first planting of Orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter Maria, and Servingman.

Mar. What's he wou'd speak with me?

Ser. A *Killkenny* Ring, there he stands, Madam.

Mar. What would you have with me, Friend?

Ant. He has a Letter for other Women, wilt thou read it?

Mar. From whence?

Ant. De *Crosse* Creeft from my Master.

Mar. Who is your Master?

Ant. I pray do you look.

Mar. Do you know this Fellow?

Ser. No,

Madam, not I, more than an *Irish* Footman; Stand further Friend, I do not like your Rope-runners, What Stalion Rogues are these, (17) to wear such Trowfers, The very Cotton may commit Adultery.

Mar. I can't find whose Hand this should be, I'll read, To the *Beauteous Wife of Don Antonio*: Sure this is some blind Scribe—— well now, what follows?

Ant. Pray God it take, for I have giv'n her that Will stir her Conscience, how it works with her; Hope, if it be thy Will, let the *Flesh* have it.

Mar. This is The most abhor'd, intolerable Knavery, That Slave e'er entertain'd, sure there is more Than thine own Head in This Villany, it goes like practis'd Mischief; Disabled in his Body? O good God!

(17) —— to wear such Dowsets, *The very Cotton*——] The Sense of this Word can in no Shape tally with the Context here. *Dowsets* should without all Scruple be wrote *Trowfers* or *Trossers*; and thus the next Page *Maria* in a Sneer says to him,

You Rogue,
You Enemy to all, but little Breeches.

As I live he lyes most fearfully, and basely,
Ha! I should know that Jewel, 'tis my Husband,
Come hither, Sirrah, are you an *Irish* Man?

Ant. Sweet Woman a Cree I am an *Irish* Man.

Mar. Now I know't perfectly; is this your Trick, Sir?
I'll trick you for it; how long have you serv'd
This Gentleman? *Ant.* Please thee a little Day,
O my *Mac Dermond* put me to my Mastree; 'tis done I
know.

Mar. Faith he speaks as well
As if he had been lousy for the Language.
A Year or two; well, Sir, you had been better
Have kept in your own Shape as I will use you;
What have I done that should deserve this Trial?
I never made him Cuckold, to my Knowledge.
Sirrah come hither.

Ant. Now will she send some Jewel, or some Letter,
I know her Mind as well; I shall be famous.

Mar. Take this *Irish* Bawd here.

Ant. How?

Mar. And kick him till his Breeches and Breech be of
one Colour, a bright blue both.

Ant. I may be well swing'd thus, for I dare not reveal
myself, I hope she does not mean it; [*Servant kicks him.*]
O hone! O hone! O *St. Patrick!* O a Cree! O sweet
Woman!

Mar. Now turn him,
And kick him o' t'other side, that's well.

Ant. O good waiting Man, I beseech thee good wait-
ing Man—— a Pox fire your Legs.

Mar. You Rogue,
You Enemy to all, but little Breeches,
How darest you come to me with such a Letter?

Ant. Prithee
Pity th' poor *Irish* Man; all this makes for me,
If I win her yet, I'm still more glorious.

Mar. Now could I weep at what I've done, but I'll
Harden my Heart again; go shut him up,
Until my Husband comes home; yet thus much
E'er ye go, Sirrah Thatch'd Head, would'st not thou

Be whipt, and think it Justice ?

Well *Aquavitæ* Barrel, (18) I'll bounce you.

Ant. I pray, do I beseech you, be not angry.

Mar. O you hobby-headed Rascal, I'll have you fleed, and Troffers made of thy Skin to tumble in ; go away with him, let him see no Sun, 'till my Husband come home : Sir, I shall meet with you for your Knavery, I fear it not.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go ? I do not like this.

Mar. Away with him.

Ser. Come, I'll lead you in by your Jack-a-lent Hair, go quietly, or I'll make your Crupper crack.

Mar. And do you hear me, Sirrah ? when you've done, Make my Coach ready.

Ser. Yes, yes forsooth. [*Exit Servingman with Antonio.*]

Mar. Lock him up safe enough,
I'll to this Gentleman, and know the reason
Of all this Business, for I do suspect it ;
If h'as laid this Plot, I'll ring him such a Peal,
Shall make his Ears deaf for a Month at least. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ricardo.

Ric. Am I not mad ? Can this weak temper'd Head,
That will be mad with Drink, endure the Wrong
That I have done a Virgin, and my Love ?
Be mad, for so thou oughtest, or I will beat
The Walls and Trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy Memory out, or Madness in ;
But sure I never lov'd fair *Viola*,
I never lov'd my Father, nor my Mother,
Or any thing but Drink ; had I had Love,
Nay, (19) had I known so much of Charity

As

(18) ——— *I will bounce you.*

Ant. *I pray you do, I beseech you be not angry*] I pray you, do what ? *Bounce me*, says the Coxcomb *Antonio* : but as big Coxcomb as he is, he means no such thing. Read and point with the first Folio.

—— *I'll bounce you.*

Ant. *I pray, do I beseech you, be not angry.*
And the Place is right.

(19) — *had I known so much Charity*] The Omission of a Particle here hurts the Sense, as well as the Measure : *To know so much Charity,*

As would have sav'd an Infant from the Fire,
I had been naked, raving in the Street,
With half a Face, gashing myself with Knives,
Two Hours e'er this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, and Uberto.

Ped. Good Morrow, Sir, *Ric.* Good Morrow, Gentlemen,

Shall we go drink again? I have my Wits.

Ped. So have I too, but they're unsettled ones; Would I'd some Porridge.

Ric. The Tavern Boy was here this Morning with me, And told me, that there was a Gentlewoman, Which he took for a Whore, that hung on me: For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Ped. I' faith nor I. *Uber.* I have a glimmering Of some such thing. *Ric.* Was it you, *Silvio*, That made me drink so much? 'twas you or *Pedro*.

Ped. I know not who.

Sil. We are all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the Fault on none but me, That I would be so entreated; come, come *Silvio*, Shall we go drink again? Come, Gentlemen, Why do you stay, let's never leave off now, Whilst we have Wine, and Throats; I'll practise it, Till I have made it my best quality; For what is best for me to do but that? For Heav'n sake come and drink; when I am nam'd, Men shall make answer, Which *Ricardo* mean you? The excellent Drinker? I will have it so; Will you go drink?

Sil. We drunk too much too lately.

Ric. Why there is then the less behind to drink, Let's end it all; dispatch that, we'll send abroad, And purchase all the Wine the World can yield, And drink it off, then take the Fruits o'th' Earth,

Charity, is to possess so much Charity; but to *know so much* of *Charity*, is to hear or read so much of it, as that it is a *Duty* to save an Infant from the Fire; which is a stronger Exclusion of himself to all Pretence of Charity.

Mr. Seward.

Distil

Distil the Juice from them, and drink that off ;
 We'll catch the Rain before it fall to Ground,
 And drink off that, (20) that never more may grow ;
 We'll set our Mouths to Springs, and drink them off,
 And all this while we'll never think of those
 That love us best, more than we did last Night.
 We will not give unto the Poor a Drop
 Of all this Drink, but when we see them weep,
 We'll run to them, and drink their Tears off too,
 We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture,
 In this large Globe, but suck it cold and dry,
 Till we have made it Elemental Earth,
 Merely by drinking. *Ped.* Is it flattery
 To tell you, you are mad ? *Ric.* If it be false,
 There's no such way to bind me to a Man ;
 He that will have me lay my Goods and Lands,
 My Life down for him, need no more, but say,
Ricardo thou art mad, and then all these
 Are at his Service ; then he pleases me,
 And makes me think that I had Virtue in me,
 That I had Love and Tenderness of Heart ;
 That though I have committed such a Fault,
 As never Creature did, yet running mad,
 As honest Men should do for such a Crime,
 I have exprest some Worth, though it be late ;
 But I alas have none of these in me,
 But keep my Wits still like a frozen Man,
 That had no Fire within him. *Sil.* Nay, good *Ricardo*
 Leave this wild Talk, and send a Letter to her,
 I will deliver it. *Ric.* 'Tis to no purpose ;
 Perhaps she's lost last Night, or if she is
 Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to,
 The Wind can scarce come to her ; or admit
 She were herself, if she would hear from me,
 From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
 She were so foolish, that she were no more
 To be belov'd.

(20) ——— that never more may grow ;] i. e. that nothing more
 may ever grow. The Expression is strong, but not very clear.

Mr. Seward.

Enter

Enter Andrugio, and Servant with a Night-gown.

Ser. Sir, we have found this Night-gown she took with her.

Ric. Where? where? speak quickly. *Ser.* Searching in the Suburbs,
We found a Tinker and his Whore that had
It in a Tap-house, whom we apprehended,
And they confest they stole it from her.

Ric. And murdered her?

Sil. What ail you Man? *Ric.* Why all this doth not make

Me mad. *Sil.* It does, you would not offer this else;
Good *Pedro* look to's Sword. *Ser.* They do deny
The killing of her, but swore they
Left her i'th' Fields, ty'd to a Tree, next those
Suburbs that are without our Lady's Gate,
Near Day, and by the Road, so that some Passenger
Must needs untie her quickly.

And. The Will of Heav'n be done: Sir, I will only
Intreat you this, that as you were the greatest
Occasion of her Loss, that you'll be pleas'd
To urge your Friends, and
Be yourself earnest i'th' Search of her;
If she be found, she is yours, if she please;
I myself only
Will see these People
Better examined, and after follow
Some way in search. God keep you Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Sil. Alas, good Man!

Ric. What think you now of me? I think this Lump
Is nothing but a Piece of Phlegm congeal'd
Without a Soul; for where there's so much Spirit
As would but warm a Flea, those Faults of mine
Would make it glow, and flame in this dull Heart,
And run like molten Gold through every Sin,
Till it could burst these Walls, and fly away.
Shall I intreat you all to take your Horses,
And search this Innocent?

Ped. With all our Hearts.

Ric.

Ric. Do not divide yourselves till you come there,
 Where they say she was ty'd ; I'll follow too,
 But never to return till she be found.
 Give me my Sword, good *Pedro*, I will do
 No harm, believe me, with it, I am now
 Far better temper'd ; if I were not so,
 I have enow besides, God keep you all,
 And fend us good Success.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Mercury, and Servant.

Mer. **W**H O is it? can you tell? *Ser.* By my Troth,
 Sir,
 I know not, but it is a Gentlewoman.

(21) *Mer.* A Gentlewoman? I'll lay my Life, you
 Puppy h'as sent his Wife to me ; if he have, fling up the
 Bed.

Ser. Here she is, Sir.

Enter Maria with a Letter.

Mer. I'm glad I found you, Sir ; there, take your
 Letter,
 And keep it till you have another Friend to wrong,]
 'Tis too malicious false to make me Sin ;
 You have provok'd me to be that I love not,
 A Talker, and you shall
 Hear me. Why should you dare t' imagine me
 So light a Housewife, that from four hours Knowledge
 You might presume to offer to my Credit
 This rude and ruffian Tryal? I am sure
 I never courted you, nor gave you Tokens,

(21) *Mer. A Gentleman, ———*] There is neither Sense nor Hu-
 mour in this Answer, and our Authors must undoubtedly have wrote
 it, *Gentlewoman.*

That might (22) concern Assurance ; you're a Fool.

Mer. I cannot blame you, now I see this Letter,
Though you be angry, yet with me you must not ;
Unless you'll make me guilty of a Wrong,
My worst Affections hate——

Mar. Did not you send it ? *Mer.* No, upon my Faith,
And which is more, I understand it not ;
The Hand is as far from my Knowledge, as
The Malice. *Mar.* This is strange. *Mer.* It is so, and
Had been much stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have receiv'd such Courtesies,
And owe so many Thanks, done this base Office.

Mar. Your Name is at it. *Mer.* Yes, but not my
Nature,
And I shall hate my Name worse (23) than the matter,
For this base broking ; you are wise and virtuous,
Remove this Fault from me ;
For on the love I bear to Truth and Goodness,
This Letter dare not name me for the Author.

Mar. Now I perceive my Husband's Knavery ;
(24) If my Man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this Gentleman whatever
Comes on't ; and as I mean to carry it,
Both he and the World shall think it fit, and thank me for it.

Mer. I must confess I loved you at first,
Howe'er this made me leave your House unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do something ill,
Both to your Honour and my Faith, and not
To write this Letter, which I hold so truly
Wicked, that I won't think on't.

Mar. I do believe y', and since I see you're free,

(22) ——concern Assurance——] Tho' the Sense of this Place be
not hard to find out, yet I am afraid the Expression is not very justifi-
fiable ; as the Word *Tokens* occurs in the Line above, I once thought
we should read,——— *consign*, or *contain Assurance*———

(23) ——than the manner,] *Manner* is certainly, as Mr. *Seward*
saw with me, a Corruption, and the true Reading, which he con-
curr'd in, *Matter*, i. e. the Substance or Contents of the Letter to
which his Name was subscribed.

(24) *If any Man*———] *My* I have chang'd for *any*, from the
Copy of 1647.

My

My Words were not meant to you ; but this is not
The half of my Affliction. *Mer.* It is pity
You should know more Vexation ; may I
Enquire ?

Mar. Faith, Sir, I fear I've lost my Husband.

Mer. Your Husband ? it can't be : I pity her,
How she is vext ?

Enter Servant.

Mar. How now ? What News ? nay speak,
For we must know. *Ser.* Faith I have found at length,
By chance, where he has been. *Mar.* Where ? *Ser.* In a
blind

Out-house i'th' Suburbs, pray God all be well with him.

Mar. Why ?

Ser. There are his Cloaths, but, what's become of him,
(25) I cannot yet enquire. *Mar.* I'm glad of this ;
Sure they have murther'd him, what shall I do ?

Mer. Be not so grieved, before you know the Truth,
You've time enough to weep, this is the sudden'st
Mischief—— Did you not bring an Officer
To search there, where you say you found his Cloaths ?

Ser. Yes, and we searcht it, and charg'd th' Fellow
with him ;

But he, like a Rogue, a stubborn Rogue, made answer,
He knew not where he was ; he had been there,
But where he was now, 'faith he could not tell :
I tell you true, I fear him.

Mar. Are all my Hopes and Longings to enjoy him,
After this three Years travel, come to this ?

Ser. It is the rankest House in all the City,
The most curs'd roguy Bawdy-house. Hell fire it !

Mer. This is the worst I heard yet ; will you go home ?
I'll bear you Company, and give you the
Best help I may : this being here will wrong you.

Mar. As you're a Gentleman, and as you lov'd
Your dead Friend, let me not go home,
That will but heap one Sorrow on another,

(25) *I cannot yet enquire.*—] *Enquire* means here *find out*.

Mer. Why propose any thing and I'll perform't;
I am at my Wits end too. *Ser.* So am I,
O my dear Master!

Mer. Peace, you great Fool. *Mar.* Then good Sir,
carry me
To some retir'd Place, far from the sight of
This unhappy City,
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough.

Mer. If I might counsel you,
I think 'twere better to go home, and try
What may be done yet, he may be at home
Afore you, who can tell? *Mar.* O no, I know
He's dead, I know he's murther'd; tell me not
Of going home, you murther me too. *Mer.* Well,
Since that it pleases you to have it so,
I will no more perswade you to go home,
I'll be your Guide into the Country, as
Your Grief doth command me,
I have a Mother dwelling from this Place
About some twenty Miles; the House though homely,
Yet able to shew something like a Welcome;
Thither I'll see you safe with all your Sorrows.

Mar. With all the speed that may be thought upon;
I have a Coach here ready, good Sir, quickly;
I'll fit you, my fine Husband. *Mer.* 'T shall be so;
If this Fellow be dead,
I see no band of any other Man,
To tie me from my Will,
And I will follow her with such careful Service,
That she shall either be my Love, or Wife.
Will you walk in?

Mar. I thank you, Sir, but one Word with my Man,
And I am ready; keep the *Irish* Fellow
Safe, as you love your Life, for he I fear
Has a deep Hand in this; then search again,
And get out Warrants for that naughty Man,
That keeps th' bad House, that he may answer it,
If you find the Body, give't due Burial;
Farewel. You shall hear from me, keep all safe.

Ser.

The Coxcomb.

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Ser. O my sweet Master!

[*Exeunt.*

Antonio knocking within.

Ant. Man-a-cree,

The Devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I prithee now let me go seek my Master,
I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you hear, Man-a-cree, I'll cree your Coxcomb,
and you keep not still, down you Rogue.

Ant. Good sweet fact Serving-man, let me out I beseech
de, and by my trot I will give dye Worship two Shillings
in good argot, to buy dye Worship Pipins.

Ser. This Rogue thinks all the Worth of Man confists
In Pipins; by this Light
(26) I'll beat Rebellion out of you for ever.

Ant. Wilt thou not hear me Man?
Is fet; I'll give thee all I have about me.

Ser. I thank you, Sir, so I (27) may have picking
work.

Ant. Here is five Shillings Man. *Ser.* Here is a Cudgel,
A very good one.

Enter two Servingmen.

2 *Ser.* How now, what's the matter?

Where is the *Irishman*. 1 *Ser.* There, a wyth take him,
He makes more Noife alone there, than ten Lawyers
Can do (28) with double Fees, and a scurvy Cause.

(26) *I'll beat Rebellion out of you for ever*] A second Slur this upon
the Rebellious *Irish*. And 'tis more than probable that our Authors,
had they liv'd in these our Days, would have had a lick or two at our
Neighbours the *Scotch*, who have lately dabbled in the same Puddle,
and have lash'd them as severely now, as they did the *Irish* then.

(27) — *may have picking work.*] Meaning he was lousy.

(28) — *with double, and a scurvy Cause.*] Mr. *Seward* pro-
pos'd reading *doubtful*, or *double and scurvy*, i. e. *doubly scurvy*.
I only suppose a Word has been dropt here by chance, and that the
whole ran once,

— *double Fees, and a scurvy Cause.*
i. e. doubly paid to plead a scurvy Cause.

N 3

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* Let him out, I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me some Drink, O hone? I am very dry Man.

2 *Ser.* You shall have that shall quench your Thirst, my Friend.

Ant. Fate dost thou mean Man?

2 *Ser.* Even a good tough Halter.

Ant. A Halter? O hone!

2 *Ser.* Sirrah, you are a mischievous Rogue, that's the Truth.

Ant. No, fet I am not.

1 *Ser.* Shall I knock out his Brains? I have kill'd Dogs have been worth three of him for all Uses.

2 *Ser.* Sirrah, the Truth on't is, you must with me to a Justice. O Roger, Roger.

1 *Ser.* Why, what's the matter, *William*?

2 *Ser.* Heavy News, *Roger*, heavy News; God comfort us.

1 *Ser.* What is't Man?

Ant. What's the matter now? I am Ev'n weary of this way, would I were out on't.

1 *Ser.* My Master sure Is murther'd, *Roger*, and this cursed Rogue, I fear, has had a hand in't. *Ant.* No, fet not.

1 *Ser.* Stand away, I'll kick it out of him: come, Sirrah, mount, I'll make you dance, you Rascal——kill my Master? If

Thy Breech were Cannon proof, having this good Cause on my side, I would encounter it; Hold fair, *Shamrocke*.

Ant. Why how now, Sirs, you will not murther me indeed?

2 *Ser.* Bles us, *Roger*!

Ant. Nay, I am no Spirit.

2 *Ser.* How do you, Sir? this is my very Master.

Ant. Why well enough yet, but you have a heavy Foot of your own; Where's my Wife?

1 *Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Alas poor sorrowful Gentlewoman,
She thinks you're dead, and has given o'er House-keeping.

Ant. Whither is she gone then?

1 *Ser.* Into the Country with the Gentleman,
Your Friend, Sir,
To see if she can wear her Sorrows out there;
She weeps and takes on too— *Ant.* This falls out pat;
I shall be everlasting for a Name:

Do you hear? upon your Lives and Faiths to me,
Not one word I am living,
But let the same Report, that I am murther'd,
Still pass along; I'm made for ever.

1 *Ser.* Why, Sir?

Ant. I have a Cause, Sir, that's enough for you;
Well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much;
For any thing I know I will not trouble him
This Week at least, no, let them take their way
One of another.

1 *Ser.* Sir, Will you be still an *Irishman*?

Ant. Yes, a while.

2 *Ser.* But your Worship will be beaten no more?

Ant. No, I thank you *William*.

1 *Ser.* In truth, Sir, if it must be so, I'll do it better
than a Stranger.

Ant. Go, you're Knaves both, but I forgive you: I
Am almost mad with the Apprehension
Of what I shall be; not a Word I charge you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio, and Viola.

Val. Come, pretty Soul, we now are near our home,
And whilst our Horses are walkt down the Hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this Close,
The Foot-way is more pleasant; 'tis a Time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of Love;
Art not thou so too? ha?

Viol. Nay, there are living things empty of Love,
Or I had not been here; but for myself,
Alas, I have too much. *Val.* It cannot be,
That so much Beauty, so much Youth and Grace,

Should have too much of Love. *Viol.* Pray what is Love?

For I am full of that I do not know.

Val. Why, Love fair Maid is an extream Desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd ;
To ask the reason why thou art in Love,
Or what might be the noblest end in Love,
Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'er the Heart ; [be
'T would make thee grave and staid, thy Thoughts would
Like a thrice married Widow, full of Ends,
And void of all Compassion ; and to fright thee
From such Enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen, the knowing what Love is,
Would make thee six and forty.

Viol. Would it would make me nothing ; I have heard
Scholars affirm, the World's upheld by Love,
But I believe, Women maintain all this,
For there's no Love in Men.

Val. Yes, in some Men,

Viol. I know them not.

Val. Why, there is Love in me.

Viol. There's Charity I'm sure towards me. *Val.* And
Love,

Which I will now express ; my pretty Maid,
I dare not bring thee home, my Wife is foul,
And therefore envious, she is very old,
And therefore jealous ; thou art fair and young,
A Subject fit for her unlucky Vices
To work upon, she never will endure thee.

Viol. She may endure,
If she be ought but Devil, all the Friendship
That I will hold with you ; can she endure
I should be thankful to you ? May I pray
For you and her ? will she be brought to think,
That all the honest Industry I have,
Deserves brown Bread ? If this may be endur'd
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping Child,
E'er she fall out with me,

Val.

Val. But trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

Viol. How fell you then in Love with such a Creature ?

Val. I never lov'd her.

Viol. And yet married her ?

Val. She was a rich one. *Viol.* And you swore, I warrant you,

She was a fair one then too. *Val.* Or believe me,

I think I had not had her. *Viol.* Are you Men

All such ? Wou'd you wou'd wall us in a Place,

Where all we Women that are innocent

Might live together.

Val. Do not weep at this ;

Although I dare not for some weighty Reason

Displease my Wife, yet I'll not forget thee.

Viol. What will you do with me ?

Val. Thou shalt be plac'd

At my Man's House, and have such Food and Raiment

As can be bought with Mony : These white Hands

Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,

As thou say'st they were wont, teaching the Strings

To move in order, or what else thou wilt.

Viol. I thank you, Sir ; but pray you cloath me poorly,

And let my Labour get me means to live.

Val. But fair one, you I know do so much hate

A foul Ingratitude, you will not look

I should do this for nothing. *Viol.* I will work

As much out as I can, and take as little, and

That you shall have as duely paid to you

As ever Servant did. *Val.* But give me now

A trial of it, that I may believe :

We are alone, shew me how thou wilt kiss

And hug me hard, when I have stol'n away

From my too clamorous Wife that watches me,

To spend a blessed Hour or two with thee.

Viol. Is this the Love you mean ? You would have that
Is not in me to give, you would have Lust.

Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the Word,

'Tis Lust I wish indeed. *Viol.* And by my Troth

I have it not ; for Heav'n's sake use me kindly,

Though I be good, and shew perhaps a Monster,

As

As this World goes. *Val.* I do but speak to thee,
 Thy Answers are thy own ; I compel none,
 But if you refuse this motion,
 Thou art not then for me ; alas good Soul,
 What profit can thy Work bring to me? *Viol.* But
 I fear ; pray go, for Lust they say, will grow
 Outragious, being deny'd ; I give you thanks
 For all your Courtesies, and there's a Jewel
 That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
 Safe from the Robbers ; pray you leave me here
 Just as you found me, a poor Innocent,
 And Heav'n will bless you for it. *Val.* Pretty Maid,
 I am no Robber, nor no Ravisher,
 I pray thee keep thy Jewel, I have done
 No wrong to thee ; though thou beest virtuous,
 And in extremity, I do not know
 That I am bound to keep thee. *Viol.* No, Sir, but
 For God's sake, if you know an honest Man
 In all these Countries, give me some directions
 To find him out. *Val.* More honest than myself ;
 Good footh I do not know ; I would have lain
 With thee, with thy consent, and who would not
 In all these Parts, is past my Memory ;
 I'm sorry for thee, farewell gentle Maid,
 God keep thee safe. [*Exit.*] *Viol.* I thank you Sir, and you,
 Woman, they say, was only made of Man.
 Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike ;
 It may be all the best was cut away
 To make the Woman, and the naught was left
 Behind with him. I'll sit me down and weep,
 All things have cast me from 'em but the Earth ;
 The Evening comes, and every little Flower
 Drops now, as well as I.

*Enter Nan and Madge, two Milk-maids with Pails,
 as from milking.*

Nan. Good Madge,
 Let's rest a little, by my Troth I'm weary,
 This new Pail is a plaguy heavy one,

Would

Would *Tom* were hang'd for chusing it, 'tis the unto-ward'st

Fool in a Country.

Madge. With all my Heart, and I thank you too, *Nan*.

Viol. What true (29) contented Happiness dwells here, More than in Cities? Wou'd to God my Father Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up To milk, and do as they do; methinks 'tis A Life that I wou'd chuse, if I were now To tell my time again, above a Prince's; Maids,

Give a poor Wench one draught of Milk, for Charity, That Weariness and Hunger have nigh famish'd.

Nan. If I'd but one Cow's Milk in all the World, You should have some on't; there, drink more, the Cheese Shall pay for it; alas poor Heart, she's dry.

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?

Viol. No, would I did.

Nan. *Madge*, if she does not look like my Cousin *Sue* o'th' *Moor-lane*, as one thing can look like another——

Madge. Nay, *Sue* has a hazle Eye, I know *Sue* well, and by your leave, not so trim a Body neither, this is a feat bodied thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces close by the Mafs I warrant you, and so does *Sue* too.

Viol. I thank you for your Gentleness, fair Maids.

Nan. Drink again, pray thee.

Viol. I'm satisfied, and Heav'n reward ye for't; Yet thus far I will compel you to accept These trifles, Toys only t'express my thanks, For greater worth I'm sure they have not in them; Indeed you shall, I found them as I came.

Nan. *Madge*, look you here, *Madge*!

Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you, mine's all Gold, and painted, and a precious Stone in't; I warrant it cost a Crown, Wench.

(29) —— contented Happiness——] As the greatest Ingredient in Happiness is *Content*, the calling Happiness *contented* is only a low Tautology. I would chuse to read, —— *Content and Happiness*.

Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one, that e'er I saw.

Viol. One Favour you must do me more, for you are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, Sister.

Viol. Only to send me to some honest Place, Where I may find a Service.

Nan. Uds me, our *Dorothy* went away but last Week, and I know my Mistress wants a Maid, and why may she not be plac'd there? This is a likely Wench, I tell you truly, and a good Wench I warrant her.

Madge. And 'tis a hard case if we that have serv'd four Years apiece, cannot bring in one Servant, we will prefer her; hark you Sister, pray what's your Name?

Viol. *Melvia.*

Nan. A feat Name i'faith, and can you milk a Cow? And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.

Viol. I shall learn quickly.

Nan. And dress a House with Flowers? And serve a Pig?

This you must do, for we deal in the Dairy, And make a Bed or two? *Viol.* I hope I shall.

Nan. But be sure to keep the Men out, they will mar all that you make else, I know that by myself; for I have been so touz'd among 'em in my Days; come you shall e'en home with us, and be our Fellow, our House is so honest, and we serve a very good Woman, and a Gentlewoman, and we live as merrily, and dance o' good Days after Even-song: Our Wake shall be on *Sunday*; do you know what a Wake is? We have mighty cheer then, and such a Coil, 'twould bless ye; you must not be bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madge. Let's home for God's sake, my Mistress thinks by this time we are lost; come, we'll have a care of you I warrant you; but you must tell my Mistress where you were born, and every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things you can devise, for she loves those extremely, 'tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not so scrupulous; you must be our Sister, and love us best,

best, and tell us every thing, and when cold Weather comes, we'll lie together ; will you do this ?

Viol. Yes.

Nan. Then home again o' God's Name, can you go apace ?

Viol. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

(30) *Enter Pedro, and Silvio, severally:*

Ped. **H**O W now, any good News yet ?

Sil. Faith not any yet.

Ped. This comes o' tipling ; would t'were Treason and't please God, to drink more than three Draughts at a Meal.

Sil. When did you see *Ricardo* ?

Ped. I crost him twice to Day.

Sil. You have heard of a young Wench (31) that was seen last Night.

Ped. Yes.

Sil. Has *Ricardo* heard of this ? *Ped.* Yes, and I think He's ridden after ; farewell, I will have Another round. *Sil.* If you hear any thing, Pray spare no Horse-flesh, I will do the like.

Ped. Do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ricardo, and Valerio.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you by all Descriptions.

Val. 'Tis so,

I took her up indeed, the manner how
You've heard already, and what she'ad about her,

(30) *Enter Pedro, and Uberto, severally.]* The Diffonance between the Persons in the Stage Direction, and those in the Text, is too glaring to be overlook'd.

(31) ——— *that was seen last.]* The Folio of 1647 has it right.

————— *last Night.*

(As

(As Jewels, Gold, and other trifling things :)
And what my end was, which because she slighted,
I left her there i'th' Fields.

Ric. Left her i'th' Fields? Could any but a Rogue,
That had despis'd Humanity and Goodness,
Heav'n's Law and Credit, and had set himself
To lose his noblest Part, and be a Beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a Virtue
To the rude Mercy of a Wilderness?

Val, Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my House,
I do not use to have such Language given
Within my Doors to me; as for your Wench,
You may go seek her with more Patience,
She's tame enough, I warrant you.

Ric. Pray forgive me,
(I do confess my much forgetfulness;)
And weigh my Words no farther, I beseech you,
Than a meer Madness; for such a Grief has seiz'd me
So strong and deadly, as a Punishment,
And a just one too,

(32) That 'tis a greater Wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter; yet let me tell you
Thus much, it was a Fault for leaving her
So in the Fields. *Val.* Sir, I will think so now,
And credit me, you have so wrought me with
Your Grief, that I do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a Bed this Night here,
To Morrow I will bring you where I left her.

Ric. I thank you, no; shall I be so unworthy
To think upon a Bed, or Ease, or Comfort,
And have my Heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of Friends,
And all good Comforts else, unless some Tree
Whose speechless Charity must better ours,
With which the bitter East Winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her

(32) *That 'tis a general Wonder—*] This *general* greatly disturbs
the Sense, and usurps a Place it has no Right to. *Greater* occur'd to
me at first Reading, and the Edition of 1647 confirm'd me in it.

To

(33) To keep off half a Day? Shall she be thus,
 And I draw in soft Slumbers? God forbid.
 No, Night and bitter Coldness, I provoke thee,
 And all the Dews that hang upon thy Locks,
 Showers, Hails, Snows, Frosts, and two-edged Winds

(34) that pine
 The Maiden Blossoms, I provoke you all,
 And dare expose this Body to your sharpness,
 Till I be made a Land-mark. *Val.* Will you stay then
 And eat with me?

Ric. You're angry with me now, I know you're angry,
 You would not bid me eat else; my poor Mistress,
 For ought I know thou'rt famish'd, for what else
 Can the Fields yield thee, and the stubborn Season,
 That yet holds in the Fruit? Good gentle Sir,
 Think't not ill Manners in me for denying
 Your offer'd Meat, for sure I cannot eat
 While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a Rascal,
 A Villain, Slave, that only was begotten
 To murder Women, and of them the best.

Val. This is a strange Affliction. If you will
 Accept no greater Courtesie, yet drink, Sir.

Ric. Now I am sure you hate me, and you know

(33) *To keep off half a Day?* —] 'Tis Pity this fine Passage
 should be clog'd with the least Obscurity. But what is *half a Day*
 here? The twelve Hours of the Night? Or may *Day* here signify
 the *open Air*, as the Miners use it in *Derbysbire*. When the Ore is
 brought from under Ground, they say, *It's brought to Day*. If this
 last may be allow'd, the Sentiment is extremely just. *To keep off*
only half the Inclemency of the Air.

(34) ———— *that prime*
The Maiden Blossoms, ————] Here we have another Diffi-
 culty to encounter, which I am afraid is not capable of being ex-
 plained into Sense, and therefore must be cured another way. *To*
prime Blossoms, i. e. to *nip*, or *make them wither*, is, I fancy, an
 Expression for which there can be found no Authority, and so the less
 likely to have any Claim for a Place here. There are two Ways of
 making this Passage sense; the first is by reading thus, ———— *that*
prune &c. which Mr. *Seward* concurr'd with me in; the other, and
 which I like better, is this;

————— *that pine*
The Maiden Blossoms, ————

What

What kind of Man I am, as indeed 'tis fit
That every Man should know me to avoid me.
If you have Peace within you, Sir, or Goodness,
Name that abhor'd Word Drink no more unto me,
You had safer strike me.

I pray you do not, if you love me do not.

Val. Sir, I mean no ill by't.

Ric. It may be so,

Nor let me see none, Sir, if you love Heav'n;
You know not what Offence it is unto me,
Nor do not good now ask me why: I warn
You once again, let no Man else speak of it;
I fear your Servants will be prating to me.

Val. Why Sir, what ail you?

Ric. I hate Drink, there's the end on't;

(35) And that Man that drinks with Meat is damn'd,
Without an Age of Prayers and Repentance;
And there's a hazard too; good Sir, no more:
If you will do me a free Courtesie,
That I shall know for one, go take your Horse,
And bring me to the Place whereat you left her.

Val. Since you are so importunate, I will;
But I will wish, Sir, you had staid to Night;
Upon my Credit you shall see no Drink.

Ric. Be gone, the hearing of it makes me giddy.
Sir, will you be intreated to forbear it,
I shall be mad else.

Val. I pray no more of that, I'm quiet, I'll
But walk in, and away straight. *Ric.* Now I thank you,

(35) *And that Man that drinks with Meat is damn'd,*] This is carrying his Abhorrence of Drink far indeed. The Mischief he had done by the Abuse of Liquor, may be look'd upon as a Palliative for his rash (not to call it extravagant) *Anathema* here; tho' at the same time, I cannot help thinking the Compliment to his Mistress is push'd too far, by the Prohibition of Drink even at our Victuals. Indeed, I suspect our Poets never designed *Ricardo* to say any such thing, but only to interdict Mankind who should be guilty of drinking a drop of Liquor unless at Meal times; and as the Line is deficient by a Syllable, why may we not preserve the Sentiment, and restore the Measure, by reading thus;

And that Man that drinks without Meat is damn'd.

But

But what you do, do in a twinkling, Sir.

Val. As soon as may be.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Mother, Viola, and two Milk-maids.

Moth. Is this the Wench? you've brought some Catch, I warrant.

How daringly she looks upon the matter?

Madge. Yes forsooth, this is the Maiden.

Moth. Come hither, wou'd you serve?

Viol. If it shall please you to accept my Service, I hope I shall do something that shall like you, Though it be but Truth, and often praying for you.

Moth. You are very curious of your Hand methinks, You preserve it so with Gloves, pray let me see it; I marry, here's a Hand of March-pane, Wenches, This pretty Palm never knew Sorrow yet; How soft it is I warrant you, and supple:

Upon my Word, 'tis fitter for a Pocket

(36) To filch withal than work; I fear me little one, You are no better than you should be; go to.

Viol. My Conscience yet is but one Witness to me, And that Heav'n knows, is of mine Innocence; 'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough, The time that I have led, yet never taught me What 'twas to break a Sleep, or to be weary.

Moth. You can say well; If you be mine, Wench, you must do well too, For Words are but slow Workers, yet so much Hope I have of you, that I'll take you, so You will be diligent, and do your Duty; How now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a Messenger come from your Son, That brings you word he is return'd from Travel,

(36) To filch withal than to work withal; —] So reads the Copy of 1711. That of 1647,

To filch withal than to work; —

By the retrenching of two little inconsiderable Words, I have affited the Measure here, and not injur'd the Sense.

And will be here this Night.

Moth. Now joy upon thee for it, thou art ever
A bringer of good Tidings, there, drink that;
In troth thou'lt much contented me: My Son?
Lord how thou hast pleas'd me! shall I see my Son
Yet e'er I die? take care my House be handsome,
And the new Stools set out, and Boughs and Rushes,
And Flow'rs for th' Window, and the *Turkey* Carpet,
And the great parcel Salt, *Nan*, with the Cruets;
And prithee, *Alexander*, go to th' Cook,
And bid him spare for nought, my Son's come home;
Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a Gentlewoman.

Moth. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not, but such a one there is, he says.

Moth. Pray God he have not cast away himself
Upon some Snout-fair Piece, I do not like it.

Alex. No, my young Master sure has more discretion.

Moth. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome.
Sirs to your Tasks, and shew this little Novice
How to bestir herself, I'll sort out things. [Exit.

Madge. We will forsooth, I can tell you, my Mistress
is a stirring Woman.

Nan. Lord how she'll talk sometimes? 'tis the maddest
Cricket—

Viol. Methinks she talks well,
And shews a great deal of good Housewivery;
Pray let me deck the Chambers, shall I? *Nan.* Yes,
You shall, but do not scorn to be advis'd,
Sister, for there belongs to that more than
You are aware on; why
Should you so fondly venture on the strowing?
There's mighty matters in them I'll assure you,
And in the spreading of a Bough-pot, you
May miss, if you were ten Years older, if
You take not an especial care before you.

Viol. I will learn willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young Master
hath been?

Madge.

Madge. Faith I know not, beyond the Sea, where they are born without Noses.

(37) *Nan.* Bless us! without Noses! how do they do for Handkerchiefs?

Madge. So *Richard* says, and *Sirrah*, their Feet stands in their Foreheads.

Nan. That's fine by my Troth, these Men have pestilent running Heads then; do they speak as we do?

Madge. No, they never speak.

Nan. Are they curfend?

Madge. No, they call them Infidels, I know not what they are.

Nan. *Sirrah*, we shall have fine courting now my young Master is come home, were you never courted, Sister?

Viol. Alas, I know it not.

Madge. What is that courting, *Sirrah*? *Nan.* I can tell, for

I was once courted in the matted Chamber;
You know the Party, *Madge*, faith he courted finely.

Madge. Pray thee what is't?

Nan. Faith, nought, but he was somewhat figent with me—— faith 'tis fine Sport, this courting.

Alex. [*within.*] Where be the Maids there?

Madge. We shall be hang'd anon, away good Wenches,
And have a care you dight things handsomely,
I will look over you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mercury and Maria.

Mer. If your Sorrow
Will give you so far leave, pray think yourself
Most welcome to this Place, for so upon
My Life you are, and for your own fair sake,
Take truce awhile with these immoderate Mournings.

Mar. I thank you, Sir, I shall do what I may;
Pray lead me to a Chamber.

(37) *Nan.* *Bless us!* ——] The Copy of 1647 reads,
Jesse bless us! ——
which is a slight Corruption of *Jesus* or *Jesu*.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Mer. Presently,
Before your Blessing, Mother, I intreat ye
To know this Gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The virtuous Wife of him that was myself
In all my Travels. [*Kneels.*

Moth. Indeed she is most welcome, so are you Son.
Now all my Blessing on thee, thou hast made me
Younger by twenty Years, than I was yesterday:
Will you walk in? what ails this Gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well, good Gentlewoman.

Mer. You fear right.

Moth. Sh'as fasted over long;
You shall have Supper presently o'th' Board.

Mer. She will not eat, I can assure you, Mother;
For God's sake let your Maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming Chamber, fit for
A Woman of her Being, as soon as may be,
I know she's very ill, and wou'd have Rest.

Moth. There is one ready for her, the blue Chamber.

Mer. 'Tis well, I'll lead you to your Chamber Door,
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, Mistrefs.

Mar. I thank you, Sir, good rest to every one,
You'll see me once again to Night, I hope. [*Exit.*

Mer. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, Lady.

Moth. Where are these Maids? attend upon the Gentlewoman,

And see she want no good thing in the House:
Goodnight with all my Heart forsooth. Good Lord,
How you are grown! is he not, *Alexander*?

Alex. Yes truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked.

Mer. An ill Weed, Mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, Sir, an ill Weed grows apace.

Mer. *Alexander* the sharp, you take very quickly.

Moth. Nay, I can tell you, *Alexander* will do it;
Do you read *Madcap* still? *Alex.* Sometimes, forsooth.

Moth. But y' faith Son, what Countries have you travell'd?

Mer. Why many, Mother, as they lay before me,

As

As France, Spain, Italy and Germany,
And other Provinces, that I am sure
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Moth. And can you these Tongues perfectly? *Mer.* Of
some

A little, Mother. *Moth.* Pray, Son, spout some *French*,

Mer. You understand it not, and to your Ears 'twill
Go like an unshod Cart upon the Stones,
Only a rough unhandsome Sound.

Moth. I would fain hear some *French*.

Alex. Good Sir, speak some *French* to my Mistress.

Mer. At your intreaty, *Alexander*, I will, who shall I
speak to?

Alex. If your Worship will do me the favour, Sir,
to me.

Mer. *Monseur Paltron, Cocu, Couillon, baissez mon Cû.*

Alex. *Oui, Monseur.*

Moth. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine indeed;
God's blessing on thy Heart Son, by my troth
Thou art grown
A proper Gentleman; cullen and pullen,
Good God what awkward Words they use beyond Seas?
Ha, ha, ha!

Alex. Did not I answer right?

Mer. Yes, *Alexander*, if you'd done so too.
But, good Mother, I am very hungry, and have rid far
to Day, and am fasting.

Moth. You shall have your Supper presently, my
sweet Son.

Mer. As soon as you please, which once ended,
I'll go and visit yon sick Gentlewoman.

Moth. Come then. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antonio like a Post, with a Letter.

Ant. I have
Rid like a Fury, to make up this work,
And I will do it bravely, e'er I leave it;
This is the House I am sure.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. Who would you speak with, Sir? *Ant.* Marry
Sir, I would

Speak with a Gentlewoman came this Night
Late here from the City ;

I have some Letters of Importance to her ;

I am a Post, Sir, and would be dispatch'd

In haste. *Alex.* Sir, cannot I deliver 'em ?

For the truth is, she's ill, and in her Chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me, I must needs speak with her,
My Business is so weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend here ;
Pray God the Grief of my imagin'd Death
Spoil not what I intend, I hope it will not.

Re-enter Alexander.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet if your Business be so urgent, you may

Come up and speak with her. *Ant.* I thank you Sir,

I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What should this Fellow be
I'th' Name of Heaven, that comes with such post Business ?

Surely my Husband hath reveal'd himself,

And in this haste sent after me.

Are you the Post, my Friend ?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Yes, forsooth, Mistress.

Mar. What good News hast thou brought me, gentle
Post ?

For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant. I would you had less, Mistress, I could wish it ;
Beshrew my Heart she moves me cruelly.

Mar. Have I found you once more, Jugler ?

Well Jewel, thou hast only Virtue in thee,

Of

Of all I read of yet ;
What Ears has this Ass to betray him with ?
Well, what's your Business then ?

Ant. I've brought a Letter from your Servant, Mistress,
In haste. *Mar.* Pray give it me, I hope the best still.

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I've hit it ;
Well if the Spirits of the dead do walk,
I shall hear more of this one hundred Years hence.

Maria reads the Letter.

*By any means you must have special care,
For now the City is possess'd for certain,
My Master is made away with, which for ought
I know is truth indeed ;
Good Mistress leave your Grief, and see your Danger,
And let that wise and noble Gentleman
With whom you are, be your right hand in all things.*

Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't ;
By th' languishing of her Eye at this near instant,
'Tis still simming in her Blood,
In coining somewhat to turn *Mercury*,
I know it. *Mar.* He's my Husband, and 'tis reasonable
He should command in all things ; since he will be
An Ass against the Hair, at his own Peril
Be it ; i'th' Morning you shall have a Pacquet,
Till when I must intreat you stay, you shall
Not lose by it. *Ant.* I do not doubt it, Mistress ;
I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Mar. Do, and seek out the Gentleman of the House,
Bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who, Mr. *Mercury* ?

Mar. Do you know him, Post ?

Ant. Only by sight, forsooth ; now I remember
Your Servant will'd me
To let you know he is the only Man,
You and your Fortunes now're to rest upon.

Mer. Prithee no more, I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now, I am made for ever. [*Exit.*

Mer. Good Night,
I am provided for you, my fine Youth. [*Exit.*

Enter Mother, beating Viola, and Alexander with a broken Glass.

Moth. I'll make thee have more care.

Viol. Good Mistress pardon me.

Moth. Thou'lt ne'er be good I warrant thee, can your fine Fingers hold no faster?

Viol. Indeed it was against my Will.

Moth. *Alexander,* let's see the Glass; as I am a true kirsome Woman, it is one of the chrystal Glasses my Cousin sent me, and the Baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended; *Alexander,* can *Humpbry* mend this, think you?

Alex. No truly, this will ne'er be mended. *Viol.* Truly I meant to wash it but for th' Gentlewoman That's sick above, and shaking out the Water, Knockt it against the Pail side. *Moth.* Did you so? Be sure I'll stop it, 'twill make a good gap in your Quarter's Wages, I can tell you.

Viol. I pray forgive me, And let me have no Wages this first Quarter.

Moth. Go whimling, and fetch two or three grating Loaves out of the Kitchin, to make Ginger-bread of: 'tis such an untoward thing! [*Exit Viola.*]

Alex. She's somewhat simple indeed, she knew not what a (38) Kimnel was, she wants good Nurture mightily.

Moth. My Son tells me, *Alexander,* That this young Widow means to sojourn here, She offers largely for her Board, I may Offer her good cheer; prithee make a step I'th' Morning down to th' Parsonage for some Pigeons. What are you mad there? Ha! What Noise is that? Are you at Bowls within? Why do you whine?

Enter Viola weeping.

Viol. I have done another fault, I beseech you sweet Mistress forgive me.

Moth. What's the matter?

(38) *Kimnel*] Or *Kemlin*, is a Powdering-tub.

Viol.

Viol. As I was reaching for the Bread that lay
Upon the Shelf, I have thrown down the minc'd Meat,
That should have made the Pies to Morrow. *Moth.* Get
thee

Out of my House, thou filthy destroying Harlot, thou,
I'll not keep thee an Hour longer.

Viol. Good Mistrefs, beat me rather for my Fault,
As much as it deserves; I do not know
Whither to go.

Moth. No, I warrant thee, out of my Doors!

Viol. Indeed I'll mend, I pray speak you for me.

Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but th'
Pie-meat,
I would have spoke for thee, but now I cannot
Find in my Heart.

Moth. Art thou here yet? I think I must have an Of-
ficer to thrust thee out of my Doors, must I?

Viol. Why, you may stop this in my Wages too,
For God's sake do; I'll find myself this Year,
And let me stay. *Moth.* Thou't spoil ten times as much;
I'll cudgel thee out of my Doors.

Viol. I am assur'd you are more merciful,
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

Moth. Dost thou dispute with me? *Alexander,* carry
(39) the prating Hilding forth.

Viol. Good Mistrefs hear me; I have here a Jewel
My Mother left me, and 'tis something worth,
Receive it; and when all my Faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth,
Till then I pray you keep me.

Moth. What Giggombob have we here? pray God
you have not pilfred this somewhere; th'art such a pu-
ling thing, wipe your Eyes, and rise, go your ways;
Alexander, bid the Cook mince some more Meat; come,
and get you to Bed quickly, that you may up betime
i'th' Morning a milking, or you and I shall fall out
worse yet.

[*Exeunt Mother and Alex.*

(39) — the prating Hilding] i. e. base Baggage, Slut.

Viol.

Viol. She has hurt my Arm ;
I am afraid she's a very angry Woman,
But blefs him Heav'n that did me the moft wrong ;
I am afraid *Antonio's* Wife fhould fee me, ſhe will know me.

Moth. [*within.*] *Mekvia.*

Viol. I'm coming ; ſhe's not angry again I hope,
[*Exit.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This Woman that I lov'd ſo ? all I find,
That I before imagined to be happy,
Now I have done it, turns to nothing elſe
But a poor, pitied, and a baſe Repentance.
Udsfoot, I am monſtrous angry with myſelf :
Why ſhould a Man, that has Diſcourſe and Reaſon,
And knows how near he loſes all in theſe things,
Covet to have his Wiſhes ſatiſfied ;
Which when they are, are nothing but the ſhame.
I do begin to loath this Woman ſtrangely,
And I think juſtly too, that durſt adventure,
Flinging away her Modeſty, to take
A Stranger to her Bed, her Husband's Body
Being ſcarce cold in the Earth, for her content.
It was no more to take my Senſes with,
Than if I had an idle Dream in Sleep :
Yet I have made her Promiſes, which grieves me,
And I muſt keep 'em too ; I think ſhe hunts me ;
The Devil cannot keep theſe Women off.
When they are (40) fleſh'd once.

Enter Maria in Night Attire.

Mar. To Bed for God's ſake, Sir, why ſtay you
Here ? Some are up i'th' Houſe, I heard the Wife.
Good dear Sweet-heart to Bed.

Mer. Why, I am going : Why do you follow me ?
You would not have it known I hope ; pray get you

(40) — fleſhed *once.*] *Fleſh'd* is the true Leſſion, and was eaſily chang'd into *ſetch'd.* Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Theobald*, both concurr'd in the ſame Correction.

Back to your Chamber, the Door's hard by; for me
Let me alone I warrant you; this 'tis
To thresh well, I have got a Customer.
Will you go to Bed?

Mar. Will you?

Mer. Yes, I am going.

Mar. Then remember your Promise you made to
marry me.

Mer. I will; but it is your fault, that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
For out of Honesty I offer'd you
To marry y' first; why did you slack that Offer?

Mar. Alas I told you th' inconvenience of it,
And what a wrong it would appear to th' World,
If I had married you in such Post-haste
After his Death: Beside, the foolish People
Wou'd have been bold t' have thought we'd lain together
In his Life-time, and like enough imagin'd
We two had murther'd him.

Mer. I love her Tongue yet;
If I were a Saint,
(41) A gilded Saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my Holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o'th' Kalendar;
And if I stay here longer talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I shall
Forget myself again; I feel the Devil

(41) *A gilded Saint*,—] When an Expression has any thing of
Indecency in it, 'tis a sort of Mortification to restore it; but the Word
here is undoubtedly *gilded*. *Mr. Seward*.

I cannot subscribe to *Mr. Seward's* Alteration, as thinking the
Text uncorrupted: For if he were castrated he might be alive, and if
alive, then no Name could he challenge in the Calendar, Saintship
and Red Letters being things that arrive long after Death. The
Meaning only seems to be, that his Image so much honoured (for the
Miracles thought to be performed by his means) as to be gilt; I say,
the Image itself would do something that would quite unfaint him,
and cause his Name to be eras'd out of the Calendar.

Ready

Ready to hold my Stirrup; pray to Bed,
Good Night. *Wife.* This Kiss, and then good Night
sweet Love,

And Peace go with thee; thou hast prov'd thyself
Th' honestest Man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet Sin as People please to call it,
Of lying with another's Wife; and I,
I think the honestest Woman without blushing,
That ever

Lay with another Man. I sent my Husband
Into the Cellar, Post, fearing, and justly,
He should have known him, which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.

Well, now this Plot is perfect, let him brag on't.

[*Exit.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Justice and Curio with a Paper.

Just. **B**irlady, Sir, you have rid hard, that you have.
Cur. They that have Business, must do so,
I take it.

Just. You say true, pray when set you out, my Friend?

Cur. About ten a Clock, and I have rid all Night.

Just. By th' Mafs you're tough indeed, I've seen the
Days

I would have rid too with the proudest of them,
And fling dirt in their Faces, and I've done't with
(42) This foolish Body, Sir, many a time;
But what can always last? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, Sir,
Age, Care, and Office, bring us to our Footcloaths,
The more the pity. *Cur.* I believe that, Sir,
But will it please you pray to read the Business?

Just. My Friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

(42) *This foolish Boy, —*] As *Boy* has nothing to which it can
be refer'd, I conjectur'd we should read *Body*, and Mr. *Theobald*, I found,
had wrote the same in his Margin.

Cur.

Cur. Would I could too, Sir, for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it, do you say?

Cur. Sir, from the City.

Just. Oh, from the City, 'tis a reverend Place——

Cur. And his Justice be as short as his Memory, a Dudgeon Dagger will serve him to mow down Sin withal; what clod-pole Commissioner is this?

Just. And by my Faith, govern'd by worthy Members. Discreet and upright. Cur. Sir, they're beholding to you, You've given some of them a Commendation, They were not worthy of this twenty Years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning, I've found you Sir, i'faith, you are a Wag, Away, away, fie now I'll read your Letter.

Cur. Pray do Sir; what a Misery it is To have an urgent Business wait the Justice Of such an old Tuff-taffata that knows not, Nor can be brought to understand more Sense, Than how to restore suppress Ale-houses, And have his Man compound small Trespasses, For ten Groats. Just. Sir, it seems here your Business is of a deeper Circumstance

Than I conceiv'd it for; what do you mean, Sir?

Cur. 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your Worship.

Just. It shall not be i'faith Friend; here I have it, That one *Antonio* a Gentleman —— I take it so, Yes, it is so, a Gentleman Is lately thought to have been made away, And by my Faith, upon a (43) parlous Ground too, If you consider; well, there's Knavery in't, I see that without Spectacles.

Cur. Sure this Fellow deals in Revelation, he's so hid-den; go thy ways, thou wilt (44) stick a Bench, spit as

(43) —— pearls *Ground too*,] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* agree with me in rejecting *pearls*, and substituting *parlous*, which is a Corruption of *perilous*.

(44) —— *stick a Bench Spit* ——] A *Bench Spit* is an Instrument our Reader would be hard put too to come at. The Melioration of the Text, by so small thing as an additional Comma, will, I hope, recommend itself to the Reader, without any further Elucidation.

formally,

formally, and shew thy Agot, and hatch'd Chain, as well as the best of them.

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Cur. What, Sir?

Just. That he was murdered.

Cur. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Cur. Nor how it is suppos'd?

Just. No, nor I care not two-pence, those are Toys,
And yet

I verily believe that he was murdered,

As sure as I believe thou art a Man,

I never fail'd in these things yet,

Beware a Man that's beaten to these matters,

Experience is a certain conceal'd

Thing that fails not: Pray let me ask you one thing,

Why do you come to me? *Cur.* Because the Letter is
Address'd to you, being the nearest Justice.

Just. The nearest? Is that all? *Cur.* I think it be, Sir,
I would be loth that you should be the wisest.

Just. Well, Sir, as 'tis, I will endeavour in it;
Yet if 't had come to me by Name, I know not,
But I think it

Had been as soon dispatch'd as by another,

And with as round a Wisdom,

Ay, and as happily, but that's all one:

I've born this Place this thirty Years, and upwards,

And with sufficient Credit, and they may

When they please know me better; to the nearest?

Well. *Cur.* Sir, 'tis not my Fault, for had I known
You sooner——

Just. I thank you Sir, I know it. *Cur.* I'll be sworn
You should have plaid, for any Business now.

Just. And further, they have specify'd unto me,
His Wife's suspected sorely in this matter,

As a main Cause. *Cur.* I think she be, Sir, for
No other Cause can be yet found.

Just. And one *Mercury* a Traveller, with whom
They say directly she is run away,

And as they think this way. *Cur.* I knew all this

Before.

Before. *Just.* Well Sir, this *Mercury* I know,
And's Breeding, he's a Neighbour's Child hard by ;
You have been happy, Sir, in coming hither.

Cur. Then you know where to have him, Sir? *Just.* I
do, Sir,
He dwells near me. *Cur.* I doubt your Worship dwells
Near a Knave then.

Just. I think so, pray put on : But 'tis a Wonder
To see how graceless People are now given,
And how base Virtue is accounted with them
That should be all in all, as says a wise Man.
I tell you Sir, and't's true, that there have been
Such Murthers, and of late Days, as 'twould make
Your very Heart bleed in you ; and some of them,
As I shall be enabled, I will tell you,
It fell out of late Days. *Cur.* It may be so,
But will it please you to proceed in this?

Just. An honest Weaver, and as good a Workman
As e'er shot Shuttle, and as close,
But ev'ry Man must die ; this honest Weaver
Being a little mellow in his Ale,
That was the Evidence *verbatim*, Sir,
God bless the Mark, sprung his Neck just in this Place ;
Well, *Jarvis*, thou hadst Wrongs, and if I live
Some of the best shall sweat for't. Then a Wench——

Cur. But, Sir, you have forgot my Business.

Just. A sober pretty Maid about seventeen
They say, and certainly, howe'er 'tis shuffled,
She burst herself, and fondly, if it be so,
With Furmety at a Churching, but I think
The Devil had another Agent in't ;
Either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.

Cur. 'Tis a mad Justice that will hang the Devil ;
But I would you would be short in this, before
That other Notice can be given. *Just.* Sir,
I'll do discreetly what is fitting ; what

Antonio? *Ant.* [within.] Your Worship.

Just. Put your best Coat on, and let *Mark* your Fellow
Go to the Constable, and bid him aid me
With all the speed he can, and all the Power,

And

And provide Pen and Ink to
 Take their Confessions, and my long Sword :
 I cannot tell what Danger we may meet with ;
 You'll go with us ? *Cur.* Yes, what else ?
 I came to that end to accuse both Parties.

Just. May I crave what you are ?

Cur. Faith, Sir, one

That to be known would profit you nought, more
 Than a near Kinsman of the dead *Antonio's*.

Just. 'Tis well, I'm sorry for my Neighbour, truly
 That he had no more grace, 'twill kill his Mother ;
 She is a good old Woman, will you walk in ?
 I will but put my Cloak on, and my Chain off,
 And a clean Band, and have my Shoes blackt over,
 And shift my Jerkin, and we'll to our Business,
 And you shall see how I can bolt these matters.

Cur. As soon as't please you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Valerio, and Ricardo.

Val. This is the Place ; here did I leave the Maid
 Alone last Night, drying her tender Eyes,
 Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
 To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we Men,
 That take the Name of Civil to ourselves !
 If she had set her Foot upon an Earth
 Where People live that we call barbarous ;
 Though they had had no House to bring her to,
 They would have spoil'd the Glory that the Spring
 Has deckt the Trees in, and with willing Hands
 Have torn their Branches down, and every Man
 Would have become a Builder for her sake,
 What time left you her here ? *Val.* I left her, when
 The Sun had so much to his set, as he
 Is now got from his Place of rise. *Ric.* So near

The Night she could not wander far ; fair *Viola* !

Val. It is in vain to call, she sought a House
 Without all question.

Ric. Peace, fair *Viola* !

Fair *Viola* ! Who would have left her here

On

On such a Ground? (45) If you had meant to lose her,
 You might have found where there no Echoes were
 To take her Name, and carry it about,
 When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
 Till all the neighbouring Valleys and the Hills,
 Resounded *Viola* ——— And such a Place
 You should have chose ——— (46) You pity us
 Because the Dew a little wets our Feet,
 Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet,
 And what becomes of her? where wandred she,
 With two Showers raining on her, from her Eyes

(45) ——— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found there were no Echoes here
To take her Name, and carry it about,
When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring Valleys and the Hills,
*Resounded *Viola*, ———*
And such a Place

You should have chose ———] The Reasoning here is vastly absurd, because it tends to a Conclusion directly contrary to what *Ricardo* designed; for this was no Place where there were *no Echoes* to resound *Viola's* Name, but quite the reverse, as is plain from his repeating her Name so often till the Hills and Valleys return'd it to him again. The Passage however, I think, with a little Alteration, may be perfectly restored to good Sense, by reading thus;

——— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found where there no Echoes were
To take her Name, and carry it about,
When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring Valleys and the Hills,
*Resounded *Viola* ——— And such a Place*
You should have chose ———

(46) *You pity us because*
The Dew a little &c] I really wish the Curtailer of this Play had expunged this Part of the Speech, when he undertook that difficult Task. The Lines are so unworthy of our Authors, that I can hardly think 'em theirs; and I am sure the Author of *Jeronimo*, (whom our Poets, as well as *Shakespear* and *Johnson*, abuse) might, when they quote in derision this Line of his,

Who calls Jeronimo from his naked Bed?
 have justly retorted,

——— *where wandred she,*
With two Showers raining on her. from her Eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither Tree nor House to shelter her?

Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither Tree nor House to shelter her?
Will you go with me to Travel?

Val. Whither?

Ric. Over all the World.

Val. No, by my Faith, I'll make a shorter Journey
When I do travel.

Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Ric. It is to search the Earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of Men,
As wicked as ourselves. *Val.* 'Twere not so hard
To find out those. *Ric.* Why, if we find them out,
It were the better, for what brave Villany
Might we four do? We would not keep together,
For every one has Treachery enough
For twenty Countries; one should trouble *Asia*,
Another should sow strife in *Africa*;
But you should play the Knave, at home in *Europe*,
And for *America* let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honest,
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find myself a right.

Ric. If you had any spark of Honesty,
You would not think that honest than I,
Were a Praise high enough to serve your turn:
If Men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in Kalendar for Saints;
And Bones of Murth'ers would work Miracles.
I am a kind of Knave, of Knave so much
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else——
But the next Place of all to mine is yours.

Enter two Milk-maids and Viola with Pails.

Val. That last is she, 'tis she. *Ric.* Let us away,
We shall infect her, let her have the Wind,
And we will kneel down here. *Viol.* Wenches away,

For here are Men. *Val.* Fair Maid, I pray you stay.

[*Takes hold of Viola.*]

Viol. Alas, again? *Ric.* Why lay you hold on her?
I pray heartily let her go.

Val. With all my Heart, I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away then, for the purest Bodies
Will soonest take Infection, stand away;
But for infecting her myself, by Heav'n,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viol. I know that Voice and Face. *Val.* You're finely
mad,

Sir, God be with ye now you're here together
I'll leave you so, God send you good luck, both;
When you are soberer, you'll give me thanks. [*Exit!*]

Madge. Wilt thou go milk? Come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What, wert up so early?

Madge. I think yon

Man's mad to kneel there, nay come, come away,
Uds Body, *Nan,* help, she looks black i'th' Face,
She's in a Swoond.

Nan. And you be a Man, come hither, and help a
Woman.

Ric. Come hither? You are a Fool.

Nan. And you a Knave and a Beast, that you are!

Ric. Come hither, 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoond, and you are wicked People,
Or you wou'd do so too; my venom'd Eyes
Strike Innocency dead at such a distance;
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou'rt a prating Ass, there's no Goodness in thee,
I warrant, how dost thou? [*Viola recovers out of her Swoon.*]

Viol. Why? Well.

Madge. Art thou able to go?

Viol. No, pray go you and milk; if I be able
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild Fool.

Viol. I know him well, I warrant th' he'll not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, *Nan.* [*Exeunt Maids.*]

Ric. How do you? be not fearful, for I hold
My Hands Before my Mouth, and speak, and so
My Breath can never blast you. *Viol.* 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never fought me
To mock me;

Why kneel you so far off,
Were not that Gesture better us'd in Prayer?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
Till Heav'n and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock, nor lives there such a Villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you; but I do kneel, because it is
An Action very fit and reverent,
In presence (47) of so pure a Creature,
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viol. You confess you did the Fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask Pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant; but, good Sir, if you have
A better Love, may you be blest together,
She shall not wish you better than I will.
I but offend you, there are all the Jewels
I stole, and all the Love I ever had,
I leave behind with you, I'll carry none
To give another; may th' next Maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I.

Ric. O! do not leave me yet for all my Fault;
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,

(47) — of so pure a Creature,] *Creature* here, for the sake of
Measure, must be read as a Word of three Syllables. It may be un-
usual, but is not unprecedented. Thus in *Mustapha*, of *Sir Fulk Grewil*,
Act II. Scene II.

— when Princes by defect of Mind,
A Proneness feel to sink into their Slaves;
Wherein they make their Creatures their Graves, &c.

I may with better Modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viol. I will set no Penance,
To gain the great Forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither and take me and it ;
Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant,
That you will be content to be forgiven.

Ric. Nay, I will come since you will have it so,
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from Infection ; here I am by you,
A careless Man, a breaker of my Faith,
A lothsome Drunkard ; and in that wild Fury,
A hunter after Whores ? I do beseech you,
To pardon all these Faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful Man.

Viol. For Heav'n's sake, urge your Faults no more, but
mend ;
All the Forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you, which I will do, and desire
Nothing but Love again, which if I have not
Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh Women ! that some one of you will take
An everlasting Pen into your Hands,
And grave in Paper, which the Writ shall make
More lasting than the marble Monuments,
Your matchless Virtues to Posterities ;
Which the defective Race of envious Man
Strive to conceal.

Viol. Methinks I would not now for any thing,
But you had mist me ; I have made a Story
Will serve to waste many a Winter's Fire ;
When we are old, I'll tell my Daughters then,
The Miseries their Mother had in Love,
And say, my Girls be wiser ; yet I would not
Have had more wit myself. Take up those Jewels,
For I think I hear my Fellows coming.

Enter the Milk-maids with their Pails.

Madge. How dost thou now ?

Viol. Why, very well I thank you; it is late,
Shall I haste home?

Nan. I prithee, we shall be (48) shent soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing Man go with us?

Viol. I prithee speak well of him, on my Word
He's an honest Man.

Nan. There was never any so on's Complexion, a Gentleman? I'd be asham'd to have such a foul Mouth.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and his
Man Rowland.*

Moth. How now *Alexander*, what Gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed, forsooth, I know not,
I found him at the Market full of woe,
Crying a lost Daughter,
And telling all her Tokens to the People,
And what you wot?

(49) By all Description in the World, it should be
Our new Maid *Melvia*, one would little think it,
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, Mistress.

Moth. *Melvia*? Fool, it cannot be, alas
You know she is a poor Wench, and
I took her in upon mere Charity.

And. So seem'd my Daughter when she went away,
As she had made herself.

Moth. What Stature was your Child of, Sir?

And. Not high, and of a brown Complexion,
Her Hair auburn, a round Face, which some Friends
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still *Melvia*, Mistress, that's the Truth
on't.

Moth. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, go thy ways, the Flower of our Town,

(48) *Shent*] i. e. blamed, scolded.

(49) *By all Subscription in the World,*] If *Alexander* was an affecter of hard Words, I should be inclined to let this stand; but, as he seems throughout a sensible good-natur'd Fellow, I would choose to read, *Description*.

For a Hand and Foot, I shall ne'er see thy Fellow.

Moth. But had she not such Toys, as Bracelets, Rings, And Jewels? *And.* She was something bold indeed, To take such things that Night she left me. *Moth.* Then Belike she run away? *And.* Though she be one I love, I dare not lye, she did indeed.

Moth. What think you of this Jewel?

And. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine; You've made me a new Man, I thank you for it.

Moth. Nay,
And she be giv'n to filching, there's your Jewel,
I am clear on't :

But by your leave, Sir, you shall answer me
For what is lost since she came hither, I can
Tell you, there lie things
Scattering in ev'ry Place about the House.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst
Old Gentlewoman to my Mistrefs,
And the most malicious——

The Devil a good Word will she give a Servant,
That's her old Rule; and God be thanked, they will
Give her as few, there's perfect love on both Sides;
It yearns my Heart to see the Wench misconstrued;
A careful Soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,
They may all cast their Caps at such another.

And. What you have lost by her, with all my Heart
I'll see you double paid for; you have fav'd,
With your kind Pity, two that must not live
Unless it be to thank you; take this Jewel,
(50) This strikes off one of her Offences, Mistrefs,

(50) *This strikes off none of her Offences,——*] Why then he paid his Jewel for nothing; but did he mean so? No, 'tis too plain he intended to make up her [Mistrefs's] Losses double; and therefore we must read, either,

—— one of her Offences,

Or,

—— some of her Offences,

As the first is the nearest the Trace of the Letters, I have put it into the Text.

Would I might see her. *Moth.* *Alexander*, run,
And bid her make haste home, she's at the milking
Close;

But tell her not by any means who's here,
I know she'll be too fearful. *Alex.* Well, we'll have
A Poffet yet at parting, that's my Comfort,
And one round too, or else I'll lose my Will. [*Exit.*

And. [*To Rowland.*] You shall find *Silvio*, *Uberto*
and *Pedro* enquiring for the Wench at the next Town;
tell them she is found, and where I am, and with the
Favour of this Gentlewoman, desire them to come hi-
ther.

Moth. I pray do, they shall be all welcome.
[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Justice, Curio, and Mark.

Just. By your leave, Forsooth; you shall see me find
the Parties by a Slight.

Moth. Who's that, Mr. Justice? how do you, Sir?

Just. Why, very well, and bulie, where's your Son?

Moth. He's within, Sir.

Just. Hum, and how does the young Woman my Cou-
sin, that came down with him.

Moth. She's above, as a Woman in her Case may be.

Just. You have confest it? [then, Sirrah, call in the
Officers; she's no Cousin of mine; a mere Trick to dis-
cover all.

Moth. To discover? what?

Enter Mark and Officers.

Just. You shall know that anon; I think I have over-
reach'd you; oh, welcome, enter the House, and by Vir-
tue of my Warrant which you have there, seize upon the
Bodily Persons of those whose Names are there written,
to Wit, one *Mercury*, and the Wife of one *Antonio*.

Moth. For what?

Just. Away, I say, this Gentleman shall certifie you
for what. [*Exit Officer.*

Moth. He can accuse my Son of nothing,

He

He came from Travel but within these two Days.

Just. There hangs a Tale.

Moth. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time, but especially now ; Sir, will you favour me so much, as to let me know of what you accuse him ?

Cur. Upon Suspicion of Murther.

Moth. Murther ? I defie thee.

Cur. I pray God he may prove himself innocent.

Just. Fie, say not so, you shew yourself to be no good Common-wealth's Man ; for the more are hang'd, the better 'tis for the Common-wealth.

Moth. By this Rule you were best hang yourself.

Just. I forgive your honest Mirth ever.

Enter Mark and Officers, with Mercury and Maria.

Oh welcome, welcome, *Mark*, your Pen, Ink, and Paper, to take their Examinations.

Mer. Why do you pull me so ? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand,

Let them stand quietly, whilst they're examin'd.

Mar. What will you examine us of ?

Just. Of *Antonio's* Murther.

Mer. Why, he was my Friend.

Mar. He was my Husband.

Just. The more shame for you both ; *Mark*, your Pen and Ink.

Moth. Pray God all be well, I never knew any of these Travellers come to good ; I beseech you, Sir, be favourable to my Son.

Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content, I would it were come to that.

Mer. For God's sake Mother, Why kneel you unto such a Pig-brib'd Fellow ? He has surfeited of Geese, and they have put him Into a fit of Justice, let him do His worst.

Just. Is your Paper ready ?

Mark. I am ready, Sir.

Enter

Enter Antonio.

Just. Accuse them ; Sir, I command you to lay down Accusations against these Persons, in behalf of the State, and first look upon the Parties to be accus'd, and deliver your Name.

Cur. My Name is *Curio* ; my murdered Kinsman, If he were living now, I should not know him, It is so long since we saw one another.

Ant. My Cousin *Curio* ?

Cur. But thus much, from the Mouths of his Servants and others, whose Examinations I have in writing about me, I can accuse them of ; this *Mercury*, the last Night, but this last, lay in *Antonio's* House, and in the Night he rose, raising *Antonio*, where privately they were in talk an Hour, to what end I know not ; but of likelyhood, finding *Antonio's* House not a fit Place to murder him in, he suffer'd him to go to Bed again, but in the Morning early he train'd him I think forth, after which time he never saw his home ; his Cloaths were found near the Place where *Mercury* was, and the People at first deny'd they saw him ; but at last they made a frivolous Tale, that there he shifted him into a Footman's Habit ; but in short, the next Hour this Woman went to *Mercury* and in her Coach they posted hither ; true Accusations, I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more ? we need no more : Sirrah, be drawing

Their Mittimus before we hear their Answer.

What say you, Sir ? are you guilty of this Murder ?

Mer. No, Sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess, it will be the better for you.

Mer. If I were guilty, your Rhetorick could not fetch it forth ; but though I am innocent, I confess, that if I were a Stander-by, these Circumstances urg'd, which are true, would make me doubtless believe the accused Parties to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a Stander-by, for so
you

you see he is, doth doubtlesly believe the accused Parties,
which is himself to be guilty.

Mar. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down I say, we'll try that.

Mer. I care not what you write;
Pray God you did not kill him for my Love,

Though I am free from this, we both deserve——
[*Aside to Maria.*]

Mar. Govern your Tongue I pray you, all is well,
My Husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper, sever them quickly I say, Officers,
why do you let them prompt one another? Gentlewoman,
what say you to this, are not you guilty?

Mar. No, as I hope for Mercy.

Just. But are not those Circumstances true, that this
Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?

Mar. They are; and what you do with me, I care not,
Since he is dead, in whom was all my care;
You knew him not?

Just. No, an't been better for you too, and you had
never known him.

Mar. Why then you did not know the World's chief
Joy;

His Face so manly as it had been made
To fright the World, yet he so sweetly temper'd,
That he would make himself a natural Fool,
To do a noble kindness for a Friend.

He was a Man whose Name I'll not out-live,
Longer than Heav'n, whose Will must be obey'd,
Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit thy Kindness. [*Aside.*]

Just. (51) Before me, she has made the Tears stand

(51) *Before me, ——*] I had once alter'd this Passage thus,
Befrew me, ——

Imagining the old Text had neither Sense nor Authority to plead in its
defence: But *Ben Johnson* has since that time sufficiently convinc'd me
of the Soundness of this Phrase, by his using it more more than once
in the Body of his Works.

in mine Eyes, but I must be austere: Gentlewoman, you must confess this Murder.

Mar. I cannot, Sir;
I did it not, but I desire to see
Those Examinations which this Gentleman
Acknowledges to have about him, for
But late last Night I receiv'd Letters from
The City, yet I heard of no Confession, then.

Just. You shall see them time enough I warrant you;
but Letters you say you had, where are those Letters?

Mar. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone? whither are they gone?
How have you dispos'd of 'em?

Mar. Why, Sir, they are for Womens matters, and so
I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?

Mar. A Man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em?

Mar. A Post.

Just. A Post? there is some great haste sure, ha, ha,
where is that Post?

Mar. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so? bring hither that Post, I am afraid
that Post will prove a Knave; come hither, Post, what?
what can you say concerning the Murder of *Antonio*?

Ant. What's that to you?

Just. O Post, you have no Answer ready, have you?
I'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have,
you examine an honest Gentleman and Gentlewoman
here? 'Tis pity such Fools as you should be i'th' Com-
mission.

Just. Say you so, Post, take away that Post, whip him
and bring him again quickly, I'll hamper you Post.

Mer. 'Tis *Antonio*, I know him now as well — what
an irregular Fool is this?

Ant. Whip me? hold off.

Mar. Oh good Sir, whip him; by his murmuring
He should know something of my Husband's Death,
That

That may quit me; for God's sake fetch it out.

Just. Whip him I say.

Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?

[*Throws off his Disguise.*

Mar. Oh my lov'd Husband. *Mer.* My most worthy Friend?

Where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for Joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now, and shall not Law then have her Course?

And. It shall have no other Course than it has, I think.

Just. It shall have other Course before I go, or I'll beat my Brains; and I say it was not honestly done of him to discover himself, before the Parties accus'd were executed, that Law might have had her Course, for then the Kingdom flourishes.

Ant. But such a Wife as thou, had never any Man, And such a Friend as he, believe me Wife, Shall never be; good Wife, love my Friend; Friend, love my Wife; hark Friend.

Just. Mark, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear the Peace of somebody.

Mark. Yes, Sir.

Ant. By my Troth

I'm sorry my Wife is so obstinate;
Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I wou'd, i' faith I wou'd. *Mer.* I thank you, Sir,
I've lost that Passion. *Ant.* Cousin Curio,
You and I must be better acquainted.

Cur. It is my Wish, Sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since we saw each other, we were but Children then; but you have shew'd yourself an honest Man to me.

Cur. I would be ever so.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Moth. Look you, who's there?

And.

(52) *And.* Say nothing to me, for
Thy Peace is made. *Ric.* Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her Father ; you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a Wrong,
But love where you've receiv'd most Injury.

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this Year ;
there's a Tinker and a Whore yet, the Cryer said, that
robb'd her, and are in Prison, I hope they shall be
hang'd.

And. No, truly Sir, they have broke Prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter, then the Jaylor shall be hang'd.

And. You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir, 'twas known
To be against his Will, and he hath got
His Pardon, I think, for nothing,
But if't doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. *Mark,* up with your Papers, away.

Mer. No,

You shall stay Dinner, I've a couple of brawling
Neighbours, that I'll assure you won't agree,
And you shall have the hearing of their Matter.

Just. With all my Heart.

Mer. Go, Gentlemen, go in.

Ric. Oh *Viola*, that no succeeding Age
Might lose the Memory of what thou wert ;
But such an overswayed Sex is yours,
That all the virtuous Actions you can do,
Are but as Men will call them ; and I swear,
'Tis my Belief, that Women want but Ways
To praise their Deeds, but Men want Deeds to praise.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

(52) *Ant.* *Say nothing to me, —*] *Mr. Theobald*, from the Copy
of 1679, reads *Andrugio* here, and so on to the End of the Play ;
but he might have added, that no Copy but that of 1711 is guilty of
this Mistake.





EPILOGUE.

TIS ended, but my Hopes and Fears begin,
Nor can it be imputed as a Sin
In me to wish it Favour; if this Night
To the Judicious it hath giv'n Delight,
I have my Ends; and may such, for their Grace
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every Place.

Wit



W I T

At Several

W E A P O N S.

A

C O M E D Y.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SIR Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old Knight, a great Admirer of Wit.*

Witty-pate Oldcraft, *his Father's own Son,*

Sir Gregory Fop, *a witless Lord of Land.*

Cunningham, *a discreet Gentleman, Sir Gregory's Comrade and Supplanter.*

Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decay'd Knight,* } *Two sharking*
Priscian, *a poor Scholar,* } *Companions.*

Pompey Doodle, *a Clown, Sir Gregory's Man, a piece of Puff-paste, like his Master.*

Mr. Credulous, *Nephew to Sir Perfidious, a shallow-brain'd Scholar.*

W O M E N.

Neice to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty Heir.

Lady Ruinous, *Wife to Sir Ruinous.*

Guardianess to Sir Perfidious his Neice, an old doting Croane.

Mirabell, *the Guardianess's Neice.*

The SCENE LONDON.

Wit



Wit at several Weapons.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Sir Perfidious Old-craft, and Witty-pate
his Son.*

W I T T Y.

SIR, I'm no Boy, I'm deep in one and twenty,
The second Year's approaching. *Old K.* A
fine time for
A Youth to live by's Wits then, I should think,
If e'er he meant to make Account of any.

Witty. Wits, Sir?

Old K. Ay Wits, Sir; if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent my time to get a Fool,
I might have employed 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 in Plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous,
And not stand putting in one Foot, and shiver,

Q 2

And

And then draw t'other after, like a Quake-buttock ;
 Well, he may make a Padler in the World,
 From Hand to Mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,
 Born up by th' Chin, as I bore up myself,
 With my strong Industry that never fail'd me ;
 For he that lies born 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 try'd to swim,
 When Wit plays with the Billows, that choak'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 ?

Old K. 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, 'cause 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 Maiden-heads extant ; how many lay
 'Mongst Chamber-maids, (1) how many 'mongst Ex-
 change Wenches,
 Though never many there I must confess,
 They have a Trick to utter 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
 That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,
 Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and half Crowns :

(1) — *how many 'mongst Exchange,*
Though never many there—] So read the Copies of 1679, and
 1711 ; which Imperfection is remedied by that of 1647.

I knew too how to match, and make my Market,
Could give Intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,
And then to see the Letchers shift a Point,
'Twas Sport and Profit too; how they would shun
Their ador'd Mistress's Chambers, and (2) run fearfu'ly,
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 purfy, I grew then
In Mens 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 rise ungently.
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,
I'm arm'd at all points 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
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 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 (3) than e'er I did before,
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Old K. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I should ask you Blessing e'er I go, Sir,
I think you would not give't me.

(2) ——— *rue fearfully.*] *Rue* for *run*, as Mr. *Seward* observed too, is only the Reading of the last Octavo.

(3) ——— *than e'er I did for't* ;] Probably we should alter *for't* into *'fore*, or *before*.

Old K. Let me but hear thou liv'ft by thy Wits once
Thou fhalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine elfe,
Then why fhould I take care for thee?

Witty. Thank your Bounty. [Exit.]

Old K. So Wealth love me, and long Life, I befeech it,
As I do love the Man that lives by his Wits,
He comes fo near my Nature; I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my laft Cheat I fear me,
But 'twill
Make fhift to bury me, by Day-light too,
And difcharge all my Legacies, 'tis fo wealthy,
And never trouble any Intereft Mony:
I've yet a Neice to wed, over whofe Steps
I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianefs,
For fear fome poor Earl steal her, 't has been threat'ned,
To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he fhall mifs on't;
To prevent which, I have fought out a Match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall, he writes himfelf, I take it,
The ancient'ft *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately
Compounded for the third Part of her Portion,

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cunningham.

And fhe feems pleas'd, fo two Parts reft with me——
He's come; *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 fince my remembrance; he's a Wit indeed,
And we all ftrive to have him, nay, 'tis certain
Some of our Name has gone to Law for him;
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your Wits are,
But I will give him over when I lift,
I ha' us'd Wits fo before.

Old K. I hope when you're married, *Sir*, you'll fhake
him off.

Sir Greg. Why what do you take me to be, (4) old
Father-i'-law that fhall be? do you think I'll have any of
the

(4) *Old Father-i'-law that fhall be?*—] But that 'tis plain he never
could be. The miftaking of one Letter for another is vey ufual; but
here the Editor has made a greater Slip, and has changed one Word
for

the *Wits* hang upon me after I am married once? none of my Kindred ever had before me; but where's this Neice? is't a Fashion in *London* to marry a Woman, and never see her?

Old K. 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, and't please your Honour, That lies in wait for her; at first snap she's a Countess, Drawn with six Mares through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coachman, Sitting bare-headed 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, hark, oh hark.

Old K. How now, what's that, Sir?

Sir Greg. Every Caroach goes by, Goes ev'n to th' Heart of me,

Old K. 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 on her, I love Wit preciously; You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your Friend first, If't please but him to stand (5) for th' Ante-mask. [per

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

Old K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly The Mask itself, a thousand a Year Jointure, The Cloud, your Friend will be then drawn away, And only you the Beauty of the Play. [lers.]

Sir Greg. For Red and Black I'll put down all your Ful- Let but your Neice bring White, and we have three Colours. [Exit Sir Greg.]

Old K. I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

Cun. I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, Sir.

for another. *Uncle-in-law* is what *Sir Gregory* designs to call him. So in this Act a little lower, *Old Knight* says to *Sir Gregory*,

Tush, Nephew, I'll call you so, —

And in Act the Third *Sir Gregory* says to him,

It's as fine a Noise, Uncle, as Heart can wish.

(5) — for the Anti-mask.] The true Reading is *Ante-mask*.

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Old K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir ;

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

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know so much.

Old K. A Pestilence mazard ! a Duke *Humphrey Spark*,
H'ad rather lose his Dinner than his Jest ;
I say I love a Wit the best of all things.

Cun. Always except yourself.

Old K. H'as giv'n't me twice now

Enter Neice and Guardianess.

All with a breath, I thank him ; but that I love a Wit
I should be heartily angry ; cuds, my Neice,
You know the Business with her ?

Cun. With a Woman ?

'Tis ev'n the very fame it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand Years ago, no Fool can miss it.

Old K. This is the Gentleman I promis'd Neice,
To present to your Affection.

Cun. Ware that Arrow.

Old K. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cun. I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game
Should be found out as I am.

Old K. Go fet to her, Sir — ha, ha, ha.

Cun. How noble is this Virtue in you, Lady ?
Your Eye may seem to commit a thousand Slaughters
On your dull Servants, which truly tasted
Conclude all in Comforts.

Old K. Puh.

Neice. It rather shews what a true Worth can make,
Such as yours is.

Old K. And that's not worth a Groat ;
How like you him, Neice ?

Neice. It shall appear how well, Sir,
I humbly thank you for him. *Old K.* Ha, ha, ha,
Good Gullery, he does it well i'faith,
'Slight, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-land* there :

Hold, hold, bear off I say,

Slid your Part hangs too long. *Cun.* My Joys are Mocke-

Neice.

Neice. You've both exprefs'd a worthy Care and Love,
Sir;

Had mine own Eye been fet at liberty,
To make a publick Choice (believe my Truth, Sir)
It could not ha' done better for my Heart
Than your good Providence has.

Old K. You will fay so then,
Alas sweet Neice, all this is but the Scabbard,
Now I draw forth the Weapon,

Neice. How?

Old K. Sir *Gregory*,
Approach thou Lad of Thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?

Neice. What Motion's this, th' Model of *Ninivie*?

Old K. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.

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

Neice. 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, e'er you b' aware:
Faith keep a Batchelor still, and go to Bowls, Sir,
Follow your Mistresses there, and prick and save, Sir;
For other Mistresses will make you a Slave, Sir.

Sir Greg. So, so, I have my lerrepoop already.

Old K. Why how now, Neice? this is the Man I
tell you.

Neice. He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock,
This is the Man you would fay.

Old K. The Devil rides, I think.

Cun. I must use cunning here.

Old K. Make me not mad; use him with all respect,
This is the Man I swear.

Neice. Would you could perswade 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 —

Old K.

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Old K. I'm wrought beside myself.

Cun. I ne'er beheld Comeliness 'till this Minute.

[*To the Guardianess.*

Guard. Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these Words
To an old Gentlewoman.

Neice. Sir.

Cun. Away Fifteen,
Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

Neice. What's the Business?

Cun. 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.

Cun. Go too then.

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

Neice. Can you so soon neglect me?

Cun. Hence, I'm busy.

[*Baggage,*

Old K. This cross Point came in luckily; impudent
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not 'sham'd
To be a Widow's Hind'rance?

Cun. Are you angry, Sir?

Old K. You're welcome, pray court on, I shall desire
Your honest wife Acquaintance; vex me not
After my Care and Pains to find a Match for thee,
Left 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.

Neice. But are you serious, Uncle?

Old K. Serious.

Neice. Pray let me look upon the Gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over
In haste, good faith, as Lawyers (6) Chancery Sheets;

(6) — *Chancery Sheets;*] *Mr. Seward* proposes reading *Suits*; but as *Sheets* is a mighty intelligible Word, and fits the Place very well, I have chose to retain it.

Beshrew

Beshrew my Blood, a tolerable Man,
Now I distinctly read him.

Sir Greg. Hum, hum, hum.

Neice. 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 in the Face—why that's in Fashion,
Most of your high Bloods have it, 'tis a sign
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.

Neice. He's qualified too, believe me.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

Neice. Where was my Judgment?

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

Neice. Perfections cover'd me.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

Neice. It smoaks apparently: Pardon, sweet Sir,
The Error of my Sex.

Old K. Why, well said, Neice;

Upon Submission you must pardon her now, Sir.

Sir Greg. I'll do it by course; do you think I'm an Ass,
Knight?

Here's first my Hand, now it goes to the Seal-Office.

Old K. Formally finish'd; how goes this Suit forward?

Cun. I'm taking measure of the Widow's Mind, Sir,
I hope to fit her Heart.

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young Morfel now? Things come in Minutes.

Sir Greg. Trust him not, Widow, he's a younger
Brother,

He'll swear and lye; 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.

Old K. Come, Come, no Language now shall be in
fashion,

But

But your Love-phrafe, the Bell to Procreation. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian.

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my Wits, but this fourth, this Lay illiterate Share, there's no Conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd, and must be still where I am, nor has it been undeserv'd at the Year's End; and shuffle the Almanack together, Vacations and Term-times, one with another, tho' 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 & hæc, Turpis* and *Qui mihi discipulus* Brains (that never got any thing but by Accidence and Uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded Conclusions of Wit, Hereditary Rules from my Father to get by——

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, *profec̄to*, let every Man beg his own way, and happy Man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double Share, and single Brains, *Pol, ædipol*, here's toward, a *Castor ecastor* for you, I will endure it a Fortnight longer, but by these just five Ends——

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 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

else, and then if ever they get Ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine Maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly——

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough, here comes Company, we lose five Shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father! put on *Priscian*, he has *Latin* Fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my Face with a little more Hair, and relieve.

Old K. 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, should defend her Reputation.

Old K. 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.

Old K. Breaths, breaths, Sir, that's the sweeter Phrase.

Sir Greg. Blows for a Soldier, i'faith Sir, and I'm in Practice that way.

Old K. 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.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd?

(8) *Sir Greg.* And some Scholar she would have me besides.

(8) *Sir Greg.* *And some Scholar she would have me besides, Tush, that shall be no Bar, &c.*] The Impropriety of making *Sir Gregory* both tell the Tale and give the Answer, inclined me to prefix *Old Knight* before *Tush, that shall &c.*

Old K.

Old K. Tush, that shall be no Bar, it is a Quality In a Gentleman, but of the least Question.

Pris. *Salvete, Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

Old K. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvare.*

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.

(9) Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia Charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me juvenem*

Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem.

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my Faith, Sir, but I'll to him again.

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.

Old K. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lacrymarum flumen, in ore (10) Fames sitisque ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia, In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.*

Old K. *Audi tu bonus socius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo, Ego faciam argumentum.* Mark now, Sir, now I fetch Him up.

(9) Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia*

Charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me jejunum

Miserum, —] Clarissimi I prefer to Charissimi. Jejunum

too I can by no means approve, tho' Sense, because it is only an arbitrary Reading of the Editor of the Copy of 1679. That of 1647, represents the Passage thus; — *estote propitii in me juvenem*, which, tho' not Sense, because not *Latin*, will yet be the Hand-maid to lead us to what might very possibly have been the original Reading; and that with no more trouble than turning of an *n* into an *u*, — *propitii in me juvenem*.

(10) *Fames sitisque ignis in vultu, pudor impudentia,*] Mr. Seward, after observing that this Passage is corruptly pointed, supposes too that there is a Word drop'd which would heighten the Humour of it: *Sitis ignis, the Fire of Thirst*, he says, is to be defended but by the Word *impudentia*; he believes the Original run, — *in ore fames sitisque, ignis in naso, in vultu, &c.*

This Passage is certainly corrupted, and I would propose restoring it in this manner:

— *in ore fames sitisque ingens, in vultu pudor &c.*

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. I've been fetcht up a hundred times for this, Yet I could never learn half so much.

Old K. *Audi, & 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 penn'd Speech, And he can get no farther.

Old K. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *Ob Domine, tanta mea est miseria—*

Witty. So, he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctet egestas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitet.*

Old K. *Sed quod est tibi Nomen: & quis dedit? Responde Argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem.

Witty. He's dry, he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. 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 of small Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what, Arms and Arts both go a begging?

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 *Latin* one.

Old K. 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.*

Ruin. With equal Fortunes, equal Distribution, There's not the Breadth of a Sword's Point uneven In our Division.

Sir Greg.

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 boil'd to a Jelly, and eaten fasting every Morning, I do not think but a Man should find strange things in his Stomach.

Old K. 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 Mony with 'em.

Witty. Save you, Gentlemen, how now? What, are you encounter'd here? What Fellows are these?

Old K. Faith, Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd 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 reserv'd to so lewd and vicious Uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

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?

Ruin. The first that flesht me a Soldier, Sir, was that great Battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English Stukely* fell, and where that *Royal Portugal Sebastian* ended his untimely Days.

Witty. Are you sure *Sebastian* dy'd there?

Ruin. Faith, Sir, there was some other Rumour (11) hop'd amongst us, that he, wounded, escap'd, and touch'd on his Native Shore again, where finding his Country at home more distress'd by the Invasion of the *Spaniard*, than his Loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting

(11) —hop'd amongst us,—] *Mr. Theobald* and *Mr. Sewrad* prefer *hope* before *hop'd*: As I think the present Reading Sense, I have chose to let it remain undisturbed.

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.

Ruin. Since, Sir, I serv'd in *France*, and the *Low Countries*, lastly, at that memorable Skirmish at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there spent his Life so freely, that from every single Heart that there fell, came home, from his Resolution, a double Honour to his Country.

Witty. This should be no Counterfeit, Sir.

Old K. 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?

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; (12) always at a Mock-fencing 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 learn'd, 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 try'd: You have the Languages, I mean the chief, as the *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Greek*, *Latin*, &c.

Pris. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.*

Old K. The *Latin* I have sufficiently try'd him in, and I promise you, Sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.

Toia miois fatherois iste Cock-scomboy?

Pris. *Kay yonkeron nigiton oy fouleroi Asinifoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

(12) — *always at a Cock-fencing* —] For the Alteration of the Text here, *Vide Notes on The Captain.*

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Pris. Tous pollous strikerous, Angelo to peeso.

Witty. Certainly, Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the Greek.

Old K. 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 *Achilles* spoke but this Tongue, I do not think but he might have shaken down the Walls in a sevensnight, and ne'er troubled the wooden Horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the *Syriack*.

Kircom bragmen, sbag a dou ma deil mathou.

Pris. Hashagath rabgabash sbobos onoriadka.

Witty. Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shig sbag.

Pris. Napsbamothem Ribshe bongomosh lashemecb nagotbi.

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any Man, that can, go farther, 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-tongu'd, I thank my hard Fortune.

Witty. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a little my Friends) I say, 'tis pity such Fellows so endow'd, so qualify'd 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.

Old K. '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, 'twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit yourself; I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my Wits to live on.

Old K. 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 here heavier for your sakes; there's a Pair of Angels to guide you to your Lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

Pris. Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.

Old K. 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;

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.

Old K. My Largefs shall be equal too, and much good do you; this Bounty is a little Abatement of my Wit though, I feel that.

Ruin. May Soldiers ever defend such Charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their Increase.

Old K. Fare you well; Sir, these Fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a Word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your Wits, if you use this Bounty, you'll beggar your Wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, Sir, I hope to encrease '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: Can you change my Piece, my Friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

Sir Greg. My Gold is turn'd into *Latin*.

Re-enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Look you, good Fellows,
Here's one round Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

Old K. 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 Mony, but what he begs or steals very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him.

[*Exeunt the two Knights.*

Ruin. This Breakfast Parcel was well fetch'd off i^ts faith.

Witty. Tush, a by-blow for Mirth, we must have better Purchase, we want a fourth for another Project that I have ripened.

Ruin. My Wife she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her Shape, and be Masculine?

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'st Conditions—— 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*, shall be dispatch'd with her Share, and some Contents 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*, (13) for you know what your meer Academick is, your Carrier never misses his Hour; he must not be robb'd, 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 profest Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wits.

Pris. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Witty. A Male Habit, a Bag of an hundred Weight though it be Counters, for my *Alchimy* 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 reneate,

I hope you'll find my Wit's legitimate.

[*Exeunt.*]

(13) — (for you know what your meer Academick is) your Carrier never misses his Hour; —] Without taking away the Parenthesis, I know not how to make Sense of the second Sentence: I read it thus; for you know what your meer Academick is, your Carrier never misses his Hour; i. e. Your meer Academick is a Carrier in the Regularity of his Motions.

Mr. Seward.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Lady Gentry and Servant.

Serv. N A Y Lady.

Lady. 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 remembred ; 'tis a Title
That Misery mocks us by, and the World's Malice :
Scorn and Contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble Callings ; they are safe, and lie
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,
(14) And our worst Enemy then, that most abuses us,
Is that we are call'd by, Lady. Oh my Spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble ? I'm 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 (15) Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghills,
Whose very Birth stinks in a generous Nostril, [Streets,
Glistring by Night like Glow-worms through the High
Hurried by Torch-light in the Footmens 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 e'er I get it ;
Many a Meal I've purchas'd at that rate,

(14) *And our worst Enemy than that, —*] Mr. Seward rejects the Particle *than*, and the Comma after *that*, as prejudicial both to Sense and Measure: I once thought so too, but am now convinc'd, that the Change of a Letter, with the displacing of a Comma, is all that is necessary to be done here; for thus reads the Folio of 1647.

And our worst Enemy then, that &c.

(15) *Droyls, i. e. Drudges, &c.*

R 3

Enter

Enter Priscian.

Fed with a Wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.
Ha, what are you? *Prif.* Now you may tell yourself,
Lady. [*Pulls off's Beard.*] *Lady.* Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's
the Project?

For you ne'er come without one.

Prif. 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.

Lady. And what comes it to?

Prif. Near upon thirteen Pound.

Lady. A goodly Share!

'Twill put a Lady scarce (16) in Philip and Cheyney,
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chamber-maid;
Here's precious lifting.

Prif. '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.

Lady. And what's the virtuous Plot now?

Prif. Marry, *Lady*,
You, like a brave young Gallant, (17) must be robb'd.
[*Gives her a Letter.*]

(16) ——— in Philip and Cheyney.] What sort of Stuff *Philip* is,
I don't remember ever to have heard or read of: I imagine the origi-
nal Reading run thus,

———— *Philippine Cheyney*,
which is a sort of Stuff at present in common use, but goes now by
the Appellation of *Harrateen*.

(17) ——— *must be robb'd.*] But can any one tell *where*, or *when*?
If the Reader will turn to the last Speech of *Witty*, in the Act above,
he will find, that as the *Lady* was to have a Male Habit, and a Bag of
Counters, so she was likewise to have a Note sent her, in which every
Particular belonging to this Robbery was exactly to be set down. As
Priscian brings her the two first, he may very well be supposed to
bring the last too; and 'tis but making him, by a Stage Direction, de-
liver her here a Letter, and every thing then will be right and con-
sistent.

Lady.

Lady. I robb'd ?

Prif. Nay then——

Lady. Well, well, go on, let's hear, Sir.

Prif. Here's a seal'd Bag of a Hundred, which indeed
Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats
Of white Mony i'th' Mouth on't.

Lady. So, what Saddle have I ?

Prif. Monsieur *Larron's* the *Frenchman's*.

Lady. That again ?

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

Prif. You may have *Jocky's* then, the little *Scotch* one,
You must dispatch. [Exit *Priscian*.

Lady. I'll soon be ready, Sir,
Before you ha' shifted Saddles. Many Women
Have their Wealth flow to 'em, I was made, I see,
To help my Fortune, not my Fortune me. [Exit.

Enter Cunningham.

Cun. My ways are Goblin-led, and the Night-Elf
Still draws me from my Home, and yet I follow ;
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such Hagg's do get Dominion of our Tongues
And 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,
Perswaded by most violent Arguments
Of Self-love in herself, I am so Self-fool,
To doat upon her hundred wrinkl'd Face ;
(18) I could e'en beggar her t' accept the Gifts
She'd throw upon me ; it were Charity,
But I for Pity's sake will be a Niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her ;

I'm

(18) *I could beggar her to accept the Gifts
She would throw upon me ; 'twere Charity,
But for Pity's sake I will be a Niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her ;]* The Sense here
seems

I'm again haunted, if it take not now
I'll break the Spell.

Enter Guardianess.

(19) *Guard.* Welcome, sweet *Cunningham* ;
What? absent a whole Day? Birds that build Nests
Have care to keep 'em warm.

Cun. That's indeed granted.
But not continually to sit upon 'em,
'Lefs in the youngling Season ; else they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their Labours,
Then they return with fresher Appetite
To work again.

Guard. Well, well, you've built a Nest
That will stand all Storms, you need not mistrust
A Weather-wrack ; and one day it may be

seems obscure, tho' it is certainly explicable. *It were Charity and Generosity to beggar her, the Refusal of her Gifts will so mortify her ; but I will be charitable another way, I'll be a Niggard and undo her by my Refusal.*— But surely this is very stiff, and as the Measure is greatly injured by either Omissions or Transpositions, therefore 'tis highly probable the Sense has shared its Fate ; and I propose the following Cure to both.

*I could e'en beggar her t' accept the Gifts
She'd throw upon me ; were it Charity,
But I for Pity's sake will be a Niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her ;*

Mr. Seward.

(19) *Guard.* Sweet *Cunningham*, welcome ;
*What ? a whole Day absent ? Birds that build Nests
Have care to keep 'em.*

Cun. *That's granted,*] As these Plays were mostly, if not all, printed from the Players Copies, it is no Wonder the Measure should be so frequently confused ; the Transpositions, Additions, and Omissions of Words that did not seem very material to the Sense, are all very naturally made by Persons who had no regard to, and perhaps no Ear for, Verse. I always endeavour, in my Part of the Work, to restore the Measure, tho' I am obliged to take as great Liberties as I would wish might be done in this Place ;

Guard. *Welcome, sweet Cunningham ;
What, absent a whole Day ! Birds that build Nests
Have care to keep 'em warm.*

Cun. *That's indeed granted.*

I think the Sense and Humour improved by the Addition in the third Line, and that it was very probably the original Reading.

Mr. Seward.

The

The Youngling Season too, and then I hope
You'll ne'er fly out of fight.

Cun. There will be pains
I see to shake this Bur off; (20) and now sweetest,
Prithee how fares thy Charge? has my good Friend,
Sir *Gregory*, the Count'nance of a Lover?

Guard. No by my troth, not in my Mind, methinks
(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a Fool.

Cun. 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 Contenance of Love?
Or does she look like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they two as good hope of one another,
As, *Cupid* blefs 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.

Cun. 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 is like to speed never the worse
For that good wish, and I will tell you, Bird,
(For Secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My Charge thinks well of you.

Cun. 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 about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went but well together;
We've spoke of Doors and Bolts, and things, and things—

(20) ——— and sweetest,

Prithee how fares thy Charge? ———] How much more natural
is the Sense as well as Measure, when the proper Particle, now omit-
ted, is restored.

————— and now, sweetest,
Prithee how fares thy Charge? ———

Mr. Seward.

Go

266 *Wit at several Weapons.*

(21) Go too, I'll not tell all, but you'll find some Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

Cun. 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.

Cun. Yet you must give me leave
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. No, 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.

Cun. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest Duty.

Guard. I, 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.

Cun. 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 ev'n 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.

Cun. And where's the Cause of your Fear then ?

Guard. Well, well ;

(21) Go too, I'll tell you all, —] But how can this agree with what follows ?

Cun. Faith be not sparing, tell me.

Guard. By my Lady

You shall pardon me for that, —

And a little lower,

— to kindle better Fire,

Then I'll tell you more.

Induced by these Passages, I have altered the Text to

Go too, I'll not tell all, —

When

When things are past once, and the Wedding Torches
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better Fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cun. Come, come, I see farther,
That if we once 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 (22) we've relished
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.

Cun. Not a whit, faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my Knowledge.

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

Cun. Ud' so, your Lady!

Guard. I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,
Our Familiarity is her Content.

Enter Neice and Clown.

Neice. This Present from Sir Gregory?

Clown. From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir Gre-
gory Fop.

Neice. A Ruff? and what might be his high Conceit
In sending of a Ruff? *Clown.* I think (23) he had
Two Conceits in't, forsooth, too high too low,

(22) ——— *we have relisht*

We wish cloying; —] This Passage, if we take the Word
cloying for no more than *being satisfied full to ones wish*, is very good
Sense, tho' but indifferent Measure; Mr. Seward thinks, that the
Sense and Quantity of the Line are irretrievably lost, and proposes two
Conjectures, which, tho' he does not lay any great stress on, yet thinks
they will render the Place more intelligible than it is now.

————— *we have relish'd it*

We wish uncloy'd, — or, *We wish t'enjoy't* —

(23) — *be had two Conceits in it, forsooth, too high too low,*] The
playing upon Words here, I imagine to have been the Conceit of some
poor Player. If we consider this Passage it will be found that, *two Con-
ceits too high too low*, is nothing but Sound without Sense, and that
the Poets probably wrote,

————— *two Conceits, t'one high, t'one low.*

Ruff

Ruff high, because as the Ruff does embrace
Your Neck all Day, so does he desire to throw
His Knightly Arms—— *Neice.* But then I leave him off
A-nights. *Clown.* Why then he is Ruff low, a Ruffian,
A bold adventurous Errand to do any
Rough Service for his Lady.

Neice. A witty and unhappy Conceit; does he mean
As he seems to say unto that Reverence? [*Toward Cun.*
He does wooe her sure——

Clown. To tell you Truth, Lady, his Conceit was far
better than I have blaz'd it yet.

Neice. Do you think so, Sir?

Clown. Nay, I know it, forsooth, for it was two Days
e'er he compass'd it; to find a fitting Present for your La-
dyship, he was sending once a very fine Puppy to you.

Neice. And that he would have brought himself.

Clown. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his De-
vice, and sent this Ruff, requesting withal, that when-
soever it is foul, you (with your own Hands) would be-
stow the starching of it.

Neice. Else she wooes him; now his Eyes shoot this way;
And what was the Reason for that, Sir? [*Toward Cun.*

Clown. There lies his main Conceit, Lady; for says he,
in so doing she cannot chuse but in the starching to clap
it often between her Hands, and so she gives a great Lik-
ing and Applause to my Present; whereas, if I should send
a Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hiss, hiss, hiss, which
is a fearful Disgrace; he drew (24) the Device from a Play
at the *Bull*, t'other Day.

Neice. Ay marry, Sir, this was a rich Conceit indeed.

Clown. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

Guard. How now? which way look you, Bird?

Cun. 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.

Neice. I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake
His Wits (if he have any;) or else force him

(24) —— *the Device from a Play*——] And yet next Page he
tells *Neice*, who suspected his Master in point of Wit and Ingenuity,
that it was really his (*Sir Gregory's*) own.

To appear (as yet I cannot think him) with-
Out any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I shall ask you now ; Was this Device
Your Master's own ? I doubt his Wit in it ;
He is not so ingenious. *Clown.* His own,

I assure you, Madam. *Neice.* Nay, you must not lye.

Clown. Not with a Lady ? I'd rather lye with you, than
lye with my Master, by your Leave in such a Case as this.

Guard. Yet again your Eye ?

Cun. The Fool makes Mirth i'faith,
I'd hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Neice. 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 un'wares, 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 ? Hey-ho, a pretty rowling Eye.

Clown. I can turn up the white and the black too, and
need be, Forfooth.

Neice. Why, here's an amorous Nose.

Clown. You see the worst of my Nose, Forfooth.

Neice. A Cheek, (25) how I could pat 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.

Clown. 'Tis nothing but my Flesh and Blood that rises so.

Cun. 'Death, she courts the Fool.

Guard. Away, away, 'tis Sport, do not mind it.

(25) — *how I could pat it now in Dalliance ;*] To pat a
Cheek &c. is certainly as absurd and nonsensical a Phrate as can well
be imagined : Where it took its Birth, except at the Press, that too
fruitful Parent of Mistakes and Blunders, is difficult to say. In our
Authors own Manuscript it certainly never was, for that originally ex-
hibited this Reading ;

———— could pat it now in Dalliance.

Neice. Give me thy Hand, come be familiar ;
 Ay, here's a promising Palm ; O what a soft
 Handful of Pleasure's here ? Here's Down compar'd
 With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knight his Fingers
 Are but lean Matrice Rubbers to these Feathers,
 I prithee let me lean my Cheek upon't.
 What a soft Pillow's here ?

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum.

Neice. 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.

Clown. If you had seen me swim the other Day
 Upon my Back, you would have said you had seen ;
 There was two Chambermaids that saw me, and
 My Legs by chance were tangled in the Flags,
 And when they saw how I was hang'd, they cry'd out,
 Oh help the Man for fear that he be drown'd.

Neice. They could do no less in pity, come, thine Arm,
 We'll walk together.

Cun. Blindness of Love and Women ! why she dotes
 Upon the Fool. *Guard.* What's that to you, mind her not.

Cun. Away you Burr.

Guard. How's that ;

Cun. Fleshhook hang off, fasten thine itchy claspe
 On some dry Toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
 And burn together.

Guard. Oh abominable !
 Why don't you love me ?

Cun. No, I never did ;
 I took thee down a little way to
 Enforce a Vomit from my offended Stomach ;
 Now thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh Villain !

Cun. Why dost thou not see a Sight,
 Would make a Man abjure the Sight of Women ?

Neice. Ha, ha, ha, he's vext ; ha, ha, ha.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha.

Neice.

Neice. Why dost thou laugh?

Clown. Because thou laughest, nothing else i'faith.

Cun. She has but mockt my Folly, else she finds not
The Bosom of my Purpose, some other way,
Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit
The fine Dexterity of her Lady-wit. [Exit.]

Neice. Yes in troth, I laught to think of thy Master,
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clown. By my troth I laugh at him too; faith Sirrah,
he's but a Fool to say the Truth, though I say't that
should not say't.

Neice. Yet, thou should'st 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.

Clown. As Mouse in Cheese, or Goose in Hay i'faith:

Neice. Look, we are cut off, there's my Hand where my
Lips would be.

Clown. I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewell.

[Exit.]
Neice. Now Guardianess, I need not ask where you've
been.

Guard. Oh, Lady, ne'er was Woman so abus'd.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. Dost thou hear, Lady, Sweet-heart? I had
forgot to tell thee, if you will, I will come back in the
Evening.

Neice. By no means, come not 'till I send for you.

Clown. If there be any need, you may think of things
when I am gone; I may be convey'd into your Chamber;
I'll lie under the Bed while Midnight, or so; or you
shall put me up in one of your little Boxes, I can creep
in at a small Hole. [you

Neice. These are things I dare not venture on, I charge
On my Love, never come 'till I send for you.

Clown. *Verbum insipienti,* 'tis enough to the wise; nor
I think it is not fit the Knight should know any thing yet.

Neice. By no means, pray you go now, we're suspected.

Clown. For the things that are past, let us use our Secrets.

Neice.

Neice. 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.

(26) *Clown.* Hum, hum, hum, hum. [Exit *Clown.*

Neice. He hums loath to depart.

So, this pleasant Trouble's gone ; now Guardianess,
What? your Eyes easing your Heart, the Cause, Woman?

Guard. The Cause is false, false Man, Madam, oh Lady!
I have been gulled in a shining Carbuncle,
A very Glow-worm, that I thought had Fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neice. And justly serv'd ;

Wouldst thou once think (27) that such an earing Spring
Would dote upon thine Autumn? *Guard.* Oh had you
heard

Him but protest. *Neice.* 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 incapable.

(26) *Clown.* Hum, hum, hum, hum ———

He hums loath to depart.] The Impropriety of putting
this Passage into the Clown's Mouth is evident upon the bare mention.
To the Neice it unquestionably belongs, and we should write,

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum.

[Exit *Clown.*

Neice. *He hums loath to depart.*

(27) ——— *that such an early Spring*

Would dote upon thy Autumn?] As *Cunningham* is not distinguished, in any other Part, as remarkably young, I at first sight a little suspected *early*, several stronger and more poetical Words having occur'd: Not that I should have ventured at an Emendation, had not the Suspicion been confirmed by the old Folio, which reads,

————— *such an erring Spring,*

This visibly leads us to the true Word, *earing*, i. e. *ploughing, tilling*, from the *Latin*, *arare*. *Shakespear* often uses it ; as in *All's well that Ends well*, the Clown says, *He that ears my Land saves my Labour*. And in some other Passage which I cannot now find,

————— *then we gather Rust*

*When our quick Winds lie still, and our Ills told us
Are as our Earing.*

Mr. Seward.

Why,

Why, thou wert but the Bait to fish with, not
The Prey, the Stale to catch another Bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Neice. Yet thou perceiv'st not,
It is your Neice he loves ; would'st thou be made
A stalking Jade? 'tis she, examine it.

(28) I'll hurry all awry, and tread my Path
Over unbeaten Grounds ; go level to the Mark,
But by circular bouts ; rare things are pleasing, and
Rare is but seldom in the simple Sense,
But has her *Emphasis* with Eminence. [Exit.

Guard. My Neice? what she the Rival of my Abuse?
My Flesh and Blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't ;

Enter Mirabel.

Oh Opportunity, thou bleffest 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, no nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you're not ; 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.

(28) *I'll hurry all awry, and tread my Path*

Over unbeaten Grounds ; go level to the Mark,

Not by circular bouts ; rare things are pleasing.] The almost
total Neglect of Measure in the former Editions made them lose a
good Guide, with regard to the Sense. If she *hurrys all awry*, it is
plain she must go to her Mark as she really does, by *circular bouts*,
i. e. by seeming to aim at something else ; but the Word *level* (which
only implies a designed poetical Contrast) made the Negative Thought
necessary. I suppose the Original to have been,

Over unbeaten Grounds go level to

The Mark, by circular bouts ; rare things are pleasing.

Mr. Seward.

I don't imagine that any Omission is necessary, change only *not* into
but and the whole seems right.

274 *Wit at several Weapons.*

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,
No nor your *Cunningham*, can either blind me ;
The gentle Beggar loves you.

Mir. I beseech you, let
Me stay your Error, (29) I begin to hear,
And shake off my Amazement ; if you think
That ever any Passage treating Love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenced, 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 Farewel with, the commixed 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 ye, I am as free

(29) ——— *I begin to hear,*] *Mirabel* means that she begun to see, to perceive and understand the Cause of her Aunt's Mistake &c. Our Poets, in this Place, have taken the Liberty of putting one Sense for another, a thing unusual with them, but frequent in the Writers of Antiquity. There is a like Instance in *Musæus*, Line fifth,

Νῆχομενόν τε Δέανδρον ὄμῃ καὶ λυχνον αἰεῖω.

where if αἰεῖω, which signifies properly to bear, be so understood in this Place, 'tis not applicable (as designed) to both Parts of the Verse. The great Dr. Bentley, by not attending to this Rule, has corrected a Passage in *Horace*, Lib. 2. Od. 1. which wanted no Correction at all, viz.

*Audire magnos jam videor duces,
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos, &c.*

Audire duces pulvere sordidos seem'd too absurd an Expression, to this great Critic, to pass unnoted or uncorrected, and therefore he changes the old Lektion into

*Videre magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro &c.*

The Reader cannot but see, by this time, that *Audire* is not only as good Sense as *videre*, but that it really means the self same thing.

As

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, *Ixions* Plague fell on me!
Never by Woman, such a Masc'line 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 my Revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my Love for ever;
I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapons.
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, choak up his Desires,
Then let his Banquetings be *Tantalisme*,
Let thy Disdain spurn the Dissembler out;
Oh I could climb the Stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to Ashes in his Love.

Mir. This will be (30) a most strange Task, Aunt,
and an

Unwilling Labour, yet in your Injunction
I am a Servant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertake't?

Mir. Yes, let th' Success commend itself hereafter.

Guard. Effect it Girl, my Substance is thy Store,
Nothing but want of Will makes Woman poor.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*, thou'rt not stark mad, art thou?
wilt thou

Not tell me how my Lady does? *Clown.* Your Lady?

(30) — a strange Taste—] And a Page or two lower, *the best*
Worse I have. Read, say all three, *Task*, and *Horse*. The Reader, I
imagine, will thank me for saving him the trouble of twice drawing his
Eye from the Text to the Bottom of the Page, when once will do, by
putting two such trifling Corrections into a single Note.

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

Clown. 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, receiv'd very kindly ;
First,

There's your Indenture, now go seek you a Servant :
Secondly, you're a Knight ; thirdly and lastly,
I'm 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 crost him.

Clown. 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 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 no Body says so, *Pompey*.

Clown. Whatsoever things have past 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't, as long as
I can maintain myself with Bread and Water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no Body thinks otherwise.

Clown. 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, what-
soever 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.

Sir Greg. Why, I say she is honest. *Clown.* Is she
honest?

In what Sense do you say she's 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 Afs, and
no Gentleman.

Clown. Throw your Dagger at me ! Do not Knight, I
give

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 * gaster'd 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 us'd me so kindly as her Uncle promis'd 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 any Lady, I'm sure on't.

[Exit.]

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a Man) Witty-pate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous, binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs. Credulous finds the Bag.

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your Pleasure how You will deal with me; yet I would intreat,
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 whole Store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred,)
My Life, or any Hurt you give my Body,
Cannot enrich you more.

Witty. You may pursue.

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

Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet Behaviour

* Gaster'd,] i. e. frighted.

'Till you call out for Bail, and on th'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.

Prif. Come, we'll bestow you then.

[*Exeunt Ruin. Prif. and Lady.*]

Witty. Why law you, Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue
than, *Sic probos, ergos & igiturs* can bring in? Why is
not this one of your Syllogilms in *Barbara*? *Omne utile
est honestum, &c.*

Cred. Well, Sir, a little more of this Acquaintance
Will make me know you fully ; I protest
You have (at first fight) made me conscious
Of such a Deed my Dreams ne'er prompted, yet
I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad (31) rob'd
Me of my Cloak, (for my Purse, 'tis a Scholar's)
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 farther answer for't ;
Can you confess your old penurious Uncle,
In his full Face of Love, to be so strict
A Niggard to your Commons, that you're fain
To fize your Belly out with Shoulder Fees,
With Kidnies, Rumps, and Cues of single Beer,

(31) ————— rob'd me

[*Of my Cloak, (or my Purse, 'tis a Scholar's)*] The Meaning
of Mr. *Credulous* here, according to the present Reading, is, "I wish
" you had rob'd me of my Cloke, which is something, or of my Purse,
" for 'tis a *Scholar's*, and so *has nothing in it*; that is, I wish
" you had rob'd me of *something or nothing*." A pretty Speech this
for a *Cambridge* Scholar of nine Years standing! But our Authors
knew better than to make this *Cantab.* though not one of the
brightest Wits, yet not the greatest of Fools to talk so. The Reader
by this time sees where the Fault is, and no doubt would wish to read
with Mr. *Seward* and myself,

————— for my Purse, ———

And this is confirmed by the Copy of 1647.

And

(32) And yet make *Daymy* 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 ;
(33) He would have been glad to have shar'd in such
A Purchase, and thank'd his good Fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priscian.

But mum, no more ——— is all safe, Bullies?

Ruin. Secure ; the Gentleman thinks him most happy
in his Loss,
With's Life and Limbs safe, 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
At the *Three Cups* in *St. Giles'* with this *Proviso*,
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nought be open'd

(32) *And yet make Daymy to feed more daintily,
At this easier Rate?*] This Place is not Sense, tho' it is not difficult
to see what the Poet means : " You confess you have been almost
" starved at College upon the scanty Allowance of your Uncle &c.
" and can you, now you are shewn a way of feeding daintily at the
" easy Rate of Robbing, demur, make any Scruple of practising the
" same." But tho' the Sense is so plain, yet the Corruption is not
easy to be remedied. What has occurred to me upon this Occasion is,

And yet not make Da mihi to feed &c.

Or

And yet not make Lay by to &c.

But neither of them, I own, are satisfactory. Perhaps the Reader,
while he is perusing this Note, may be so happy as to hit upon the
true Lesson, which after all my Study I have not been able to come at.

(33) *He would have been glad —*] These two Lines are very
probably *Witty's*, as well as the third, to which they are an handsome
Introduction.

But mum, no more, is all safe, Bullies?

'Till all be present ; the Loser says a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.

Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your Guide. *Cred.* My
Honesty,

Which until now was never forfeited,
All shall be close 'till our Meeting. [*Exeunt Cred. and Ruin.*

Witty. Tush, I believe it, and then all shall out ;
Where is the Thief that's robb'd ?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Ruin. Here, Master *Oldcraft*,
(34) All follows now. *Witty.* 'Twas neatly done, Wench,
now

To turn that Bag of Counterfeits to current
Pieces, & *actum est.* *L. Ruin.* You are the *Chymist*,
We'll blow the Fire still, if you can mingle
Th' Ingredients. *Witty.* (35) I will not miss a Cause,
A Quantity, a Dram ;
You know the Place. *Pris.* I've 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 you *Credulous*,
The Cause is plain, the Theft being found about him ;
Then fall I in in his own Cousin's Shape
By meer Accident, where finding him distress,

(34) ——— *all follows now.*] I once thought the Poets might
have wrote, *Hail Fellows*, but *all follows* I believe is the true Reading,
and means, that the whole Scheme for chousing of Sir *Oldcraft*, by
means of impeaching his Nephew for the Robbery, would succeed well.

(35) *I will not miss a Cause, a Quantity, a Dram ;*] Chymical
Terms are necessary here, *Cause* therefore seems a Corruption, and
Quantity makes no proper *Climax* ; one might easily form a proper
Climax with a *Scruple, Dram or Grain*, but the Laws of Criticism
allow no such Deviation from the Trace of the Letters ; the only pro-
bable Conjecture that I can form is,

————— *a Cart, a Quint, a Dram ;*

i. e., a fourth or fifth Part, or even a Dram. I spell *Cart* rather than
Quart, because our *English* Writers so spell it in other Instances, as a
Cardetu instead of *Quart d'ecu*. Mr. Seward.

I with some Difficulty must fetch him off,
With Promise that his Uncle shall shut up all
With double Restitution: Matter Constable
Ruinous 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 come to Composition, Father,
Two hundred Pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be the cheaper, Father, than my Wit,
For I will cheat, dear Father, none but you. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Old K. **W**HY now you take the Course, *Sir Gregory* *Pop*:
I could enforce her, and I list; but Love
That's gently won, is a Man's own for ever.

Have you prepar'd good Musick?

Sir Greg. As fine a Noise, Uncle, as Heart can wish.

Old K. 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.

Old K. But the Way found once by the Wits of Men,
There is no Creature lies so tame again.

Sir Greg. I promise you, not a House-Rabbit, Sir.

Old K. No Sucker on 'em all.

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.

Old K. How were you bred, Sir?

Did

282 *Wit at several Weapons.*

Did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter ?

Sir Greg. Never i'faith, they ha' made some Fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their Aprons.

Old K. They could not shew you th' way plainlier, I think,
To make a Fool again.

Sir Greg. There's Fools enough, Sir,
'Lefs they were wiser.

Old K. This is wondrous rare.
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, 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, no Body ?

Sir Greg. Well mock'd, old Wit-monger,
I keep it for your Neice.

Old K. Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee ;
A Wife ne'er looks for't, 'tis a Batchelor's Penny,
He may give't to a Beggar-wench, i'th' Progress time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [Exit.

Sir Greg. Would I had known so much,
I could ha' stopt a Beggar's Mouth by th' Way

Enter Page and Fidler's Boy.

That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing—
What, are they come ?

Page. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her Window.

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 *Ela*,
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.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Fain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse Cheer ;
In your Dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick ; 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,

Enter Neice above.

To keep you when you're crackt. *[Exit Boy.]*

Neice. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholding to, for Sweetness ?
Pray Heav'n it happens right.

Sir Greg. Good morrow, Mistress.

Neice. An ill Day and a thousand come upon thee.

Sir Greg. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any Al-
manack has.

Neice. Comes it from thee ? it is the mangiest Musick
That ever Woman heard.

Sir Greg. Nay, say not so, Lady,
There's not an Itch about 'em.

Neice. I could curse
My attentive Powers, for giving entrance to't ;
There is no Boldness like the Impudence
That's lockt 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

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 perswaded 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'm weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh Mistress, thou'dst 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?

Neice. Oh unsatiab!e!

Dost thou count all this but an Earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole Sum; trust me,
Thou'lt beggar my Derision utterly,
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a Laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a Contempt [then:
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou shouldst
But thou'st no Conscience now t'extort Hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I've rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

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

Neice. 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.

Cun. I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn
What Entertainment he receiv'd from her. [I see.

(36) *Neice.* There's some Body set already, I must to't,

(36) *There's some Body set already, —*] But, *Enter Cunningham*
contradicts that, unless *walking* and *sitting* be the same. The Line
or two above points us out a Reading, which 'tis probable is the
true one;

Neice. Now he runs

To fetch my Uncle to this &c.

Upon which, seeing somebody coming in, and not knowing who it
was, she says, *There's somebody (either my Uncle or another) set or*
fetch'd already.

Well,

Well, well, Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. Ha, Sir *Gregory*?

Neice. Where-e'er you come, you may well boast your Conquest.

Cun. She's lost i'faith; enough! has Fortune then Remembred her great Boy? she seldom fails 'em.

Neice. H'was th' unlikeliest Man at first methought, To have my Love, we never met but wrangled.

Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still, I never knew it fail yet, where-e'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'th' Tongue, but's sure to agree i'th' Haunches.

Neice. 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!

Cun. Here's a Heart feels it—— Oh the deceitful Promises of Love!

What trust should Man put in the Lip of a Woman? She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant To ha' set the fair Print of her Soul upon me.

Neice. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a Match once.

Cun. 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.

[*Exit Cun.*

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Old K. You tell me things, Sir *Gregory*, that can't be. She will not, nor she dare not.

Sir Greg. Would I were whipt then.

Neice. I'll make as little shew of Love, Sir *Gregory*, As ever Woman did; you shall not know You have my Heart, a good while.

Old K. Heard you that?

Neice. Man will insult so soon, 'tis his Condition, 'Tis

'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.

Old K. What say you to this, Sir ?

Sir Greg. This is somewhat handsome.

Neice. 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.

Old K. Now you're sure of Truth,
You hear her own Thoughts speak.

Sir Greg. They speak indeed.

Old K. Go, you're a brainsless Coax, 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 Neice and I ?
Good morrow, Neice, good morrow. —

Neice. Many fair ones to you, Sir.

Old K. Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neice, this
Morning ?

An idle shallow Fool : Slep'dst 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 ? *Old K.* Abuse
kindness ?

Will't take the Air to day, Neice ? *Neice.* When you
please, Sir.

There stands the Heir behind you I must take,
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.)

Old K. La' you ; do you hear't continued to your Teeth
now ?

A pox of all such *Gregories* ; what a hand
Have I with you ?

[*Neice lets fall her Scarf.*]

Sir Greg. No more i'feck, I ha' done, Sir :
Lady, your Scarf's fall'n down.

Neice. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And does presage the Mistress must fall shortly ;
You may wear it, and you please.

Old K.

Old K. There's a Trick for you,
You're parlously belov'd, you should complain.

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

Old K. You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. Ah Sirrah, Mistrefs 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.

Neice. He's quite gone sure:
Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?
And so abus'd as thou wast?

Sir Greg. How?

Neice. 'Twould ha' kill'd
A sensible Man, he would ha' gone t' his Chamber
And broke his Heart, by this time.

Sir Greg. Thank you heartily.

Neice. Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall,
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood e'er 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. [*Vermin,*]

Neice. What art thou made on? thou tough villainous
Will nothing destroy thee?

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

Neice. 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 (37) beholding to you,

(37) beholding to you,] Mr. *Seward* proposes reading, for the
sake of Sense as well as Measure, *beholden*: I have not ventured to
alter the Text in this Place, tho' I acknowledge I have done it in several
before. It was possibly the manner of speaking at that Time, as
in *All's well*, Act I. *Helena* says to *Bertram*,

— 'twas pretty, tho' a Plague,

To see him ev'ry Hour, to sit and draw

His arched Brows, his hawking Eye, his Curls, &c.

Or might it not be in Imitation of the best Writers of Antiquity, who
sometimes use active Participles in a passive Sense.

You're

You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

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

Sir Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All th' while your Uncle was here. *Neice.* Why there thou
Betray'ft thy House; we of the *Old-Crafts* were
Born to more Wit than so.

Sir Greg. I wear your Favour here.

Neice. Would it might rot thy Arm off: If thou knewst
With what contempt thou hast it, what Heart's bitterness,
How many cunning Curses came along with't,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.

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

Neice. 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, e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;
Kiss it you may, and make what shew you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier Man,
And so good morrow to you.

[*Exit.*

Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum;
I han'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't comes.
If I can die with a Fillip, or depart
At Hot-cockles, what is 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 Cheefe will choak 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

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'd beat me well, but ne'er believe me.

Enter Cunningham.

And few Men die o' beating, that were lost too:
Oh, here's my Friend, I'll make my moan to him.

Cun. I cannot (38) tear her Memory from my Heart,
That treads mine down; was ever Man so fool'd
That profess'd Wit?

Sir Greg. O *Cunningham*!

Cun. 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? *Cun.* Abuse you? How, Sir?
With justifying your Fortune, and your Joys?

Sir Greg. Pray hold your Hand, Sir, I've been bob'd
enough;

You come with a new way now, strike me merrily;
But when

A Man's fore 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.

Cun. 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.

Cun. Is this credible?

[Uncle;

Sir Greg. (39) She pin'd this Scarf upon me 'fore her

(38) ——— tear her Memory from my Heart,

That treads mine down——] Probably, *That tears mine out.*

(39) *She pin'd this Scarf upon me*——] This is a manifest Untruth,
for she never was out of her Chamber from the time of Sir *Gregory's*
seducing her, to the dropping of her Scarf. What should hinder us
then from reading, to save the Veracity of the Knight,

She palm'd this Scarf upon me——

But his Back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on't,
 The very Brawn of mine Arm has ak'd e'er 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, 'twas but lent to me,
 And sent to him for a Token.

Cun. I conceit it, 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?

Cun. Pox of a Scarf, say I,
 I prize my Friend's Life 'bove a Million of '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.

Cun. 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.

Cun. No more Replies, you shall. I'll prevent this,
 Pompey shall march without it.

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

Cun. 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 with Reason sound she should affect him?

Cun. Do you talk of Reason? I ne'er thought t' 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?
 Nay, has not a great Lady brought her Stable
 Into her Chamber: Lay with her Horse-keeper?

Sir Greg. Did ever Love play such Jades tricks, Sir?

Cun. Oh thousands, thousands;
 Beware a sturdy Clown e'er while you live, Sir;

There's

There's like a Hufwifry in most Shires about us ;
You shall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no strefs :
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 ?

Cun. But how came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* first ?

Sir Greg. Push, one Goodman *Cæsar*, a Pump-maker,
kerfen'd him ;

Pompey he writes himself, but his right Name's *Pumpey*,
And stunk too when I had him, now he's crank.

Cun. I'm glad I know so much to quell his Pride, Sir,
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. [Exit.

Sir Greg. Is *Pompey* grown so malepert, so frampel ?
The only cutter about Ladies Honours ?

Enter Old Knight.

And his Blade soonest out.

Old K. Now, what's the News, Sir ?

Sir Greg. I dare not say but good, oh excellent good, Sir.

Old K. I hope now you're resolv'd she loves you, Knight.

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

Old K. You would not think how desperately you an-
ger'd me,

When you bely'd her Goodness ; oh you vex't me
Even to a Palsy.

Sir Greg. What a thing was that, Sir.

Enter Neice.

Neice. 'Tis, that 'tis ;

As I have hope of Sweetness, the Scarf's gone ;
Worthy wife Friend, I doat 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 ;

T 2

Nay,

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

O my best Joy and dearest.

Old K. Well said, Neice,

So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do
In secret then?

Sir Greg. Marry, call me Slave and Rascal.

Neice Your Scarf—— the Scarf I gave you——

Old K. Mafs that's true, Neice,

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 threatened;
Life's Life, Scarf's but a Scarf, and so I parted from't.

Neice. Unfortunate Woman! My first Favour too?

Old K. Will you be still an Afs? no Reconcilement
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fall'n out
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very lowfily 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, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing.

(40) I love a Man that lives by his Wits as life;
Nay leave, sweet Neice, 'tis but a Scarf, let it go.

Neice. The going of it never grieves me, Sir,
It is the manner, the manner——

Sir Greg. O difſembling Marmaset! If I durſt ſpeak,
Or could but be believed when I ſpeak,
What a Tale could I tell, to make his Hair ſtand
Upright now!

Neice. 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,

(40) *I love a Man that lives by his Wits alive;*] This no doubt
was thought an Improvement upon the Reading of the two Folios,
viz. —— *by his Wits alive.* The ſmall Addition of a Letter is all that
is required to make the Paſſage Senſe,

—— *that lives by his Wits as life.*

Like

Like a cunning Witch as you are.

Neice. Y'are 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.

Old K. Why this is musical now, and *Tuesday* next
Shall tune your Instruments, that's the Day set.

Neice. A Match, good Uncle.

Old K. Sir, you hear me too?

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

Neice. Whate'er you hear, you know my Mind.

[*Exeunt Old Knight and Neice.*]

Sir Greg. Ay, a— 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 lov'd one
another; but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas 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.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Old Knight and Witty-pate.

Old K. O H Torture! Torture! Thou carry'ft a Sting
i'thy Tail;

Thou never brought'ft 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 gaul your Worth,
T'have one of your Name hang'd?

Old K. Peace, no such Words, Boy.

Witty. Be thankful for the Blessing of Prevention then.

Old K. Let me see,

T 3

There

There was none hang'd out of our House since *Brute*;
I ha' search'd both *Stow*, and *Hollingshead*.

Witty. O Sir.

Old K. (41) I'll see what *Polychronicon* says anon too.

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

Old K. I would thoud'ft never heard on't.

Witty. That's true too,

So it had ne'er been done ; to see the Luck on't,
He was ev'n brought to Justice *Aurum's* Threshold,
There had flown forth a *Mittimus* straight for *Newgate* ;
And note the Fortune too. Sessions a *Thursday*,
(42) Jury cull'd out a *Friday*, Judgment a *Saturday*,
Dungeon a *Sunday*, *Tyburn* a *Monday*,
Misery's quotidian *Ague*, when't begins once,
Every Day pulls him, 'till he pull his last.

Old K. No more, I say, 'tis an ill Theme ; where left
you him ?

Witty. He's in the Constable's Hands below i'th'Hall,
Sir,

Poor Gentleman, and his Accuser with him.

Old K. What's he? [too,

Witty. A Judge's Son 'tis thought, so much the worse
He'll hang his Enemy, and't shall cost him nothing,
That's a great Privilege.

Old K. Within there.

(41) *I'll see what Polychronicon says anon too.*] By *Polychronicon* he means one *Higden* a Monk of *Chester*, who wrote a large Volume of History under that Title. *Brady*, in the Catalogue of Writers from whom he compiled his History of *England*, gives us this Account of him : “ *Ranalphus Cestrensis* had the Reputation of an industrious “ and diligent Writer by our Ancestors, especially *Leland*. He wrote “ from the Beginning of Things, and brought down his History “ (*Latin*) to the End of *Edward* the Third's Reign 1377, or per- “ haps only to the Year 1344, as Mr. *Selden* Observes.” As the *Poly- chronicon* is a Book not to be met with every where, I will give my Reader a Specimen of our *Ranalphus's* Industry and Diligence from the Translation of his *Latin* Work by one *de Trevisa*. In Book the first, tho' I can't name the Page or the Chapter, he gives this Description of the Sicilian *Cicadae*. *Cicades* Birds that singen well, in the best wise, and they have a Pipe open under their Throat, and singen better when dead than while they be alive, therefore Herdes of that Londe bihede them to have the sweeter Song.

(42) *Jury call'd out* —] No Copy but that of 1711 reads so.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir ?

Old K. Call up the Folks i'th' Hall. 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*, he has his Grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a Hair on's Face,

*Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable) and
Lady Gentry, as a Man.*

Like a *French* Vicar,
And does he bring such Fruits to Town with him?
A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you.

Witty. Nay, sweet Sir, you're so vext now, you will
grieve him,
And hurt yourself.

Old K. 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.

Lady. Nay, Master Constable,
Shew yourself a wise Man, 'gainst your Nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no Dish-poridgement, we have brought home
As good Men as ye.

Old K. 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.

Old K. 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 'twas my Luck to light upon this first.

Old K. A Cambridge Man for this? these your De-
grees, Sir?

Nine Years at University for this Fellowship?

Witty. Take your Voice lower, dear Sir.

Old K. What's your Loss, Sir?

L. Ruin. That which

Offends me to repeat; the Mony's whole, Sir,
'Tis in the Constable's Hands there, a seal'd hundred,
But I will not receive't.

Old K. No? not the Mony, Sir,
Having confest 'tis all?

L. Ruin. 'Tis all the Mony, 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 th' Mony,
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 prevent me still.

Old K. 'Slid, Son, are you mad?

L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal Course. [Sir?

Old K. Will you undo us all? What's your Demand,
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.

Wit at several Weapons. 297

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

Witty. Go take your Course, follow the Law, and spare not.

Old K. Does Fury make you drunk? Know you what you say?

Witty. A hundred Dogs-dungs, do your worst. *Old K.* You do,

I'm sure: Who is loud now? *Witty.* What, his own asking?

Old K. Not in such a Case?

Witty. You shall have but threescore Pound, spite a your Teeth;

I'll see you hang'd first.

Old K. 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 Mony; Give him all his own asking?

Old K. What's that to you, Sir?

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.

Old K. Follow you me, Sir, And, Master Constable, come from the Knave, And be a Witness of full Recompence.

Witty. Pray stop the Constable's Mouth, what e'er you do, Sir.

Old K. 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 Knight, Ruin. and Lady.*]

Witty. Oh fie, Cousin, These are ill Courses, you a Scholar too.

Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately, By filthy debosh't Company.

Witty. I, I, I.

'Tis

'Tis even the spoil of all our Youth in *England*,
What were they, Gentlemen?

Cred. Faith so like some of 'em,
They were ev'n 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 Rascals 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,
A Lawyer and a Fool feed of one Woodcock,
Yet one ne'er th' simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;
'Tis not Meat, Drink, or Smoak, Dish, Cup, or Pipe,
Co-operates to th' making of a Knave,
'Tis the Condition makes a Slave, a Slave,
There's *London* Philosophy for you; I tell you Cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your Society here, especially
When you come raw from th' University,
Before the World has hard'ned you a little;
For as a butter'd Loaf is a Scholar's Breakfast there,
So a poacht Scholar is a Cheater's Dinner here;
I ha' known seven of 'em supt up at a Meal.

Cred. Why a poacht Scholar?

Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
And all his Secrets, at the first Acquaintance;
Never so crafty to be eat i'th' Shell,
But is out-stript 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 poacht Scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Ser. 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 he commands you
To be seen here no more, 'till you hear further.

Cred. Here's a strange welcome, Sir.

Wit. This is the World, Cousin,
When a Man's Fame's once poison'd; fare thee well, Lad.
[*Exit Credulous and Servant.*]

This is the happiest Cheat I e'er claim'd Share in,
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.

Enter Ruinous and Lady Gentry.

Ruin. It chinks, make haste.

Lady. The Goat at *Smithfield Pens*.

Enter Cunningham.

Wit. Zo, zo, sufficient. Master *Cunningham*?
I never have ill luck when I meet a Wit.

Cun. A Wit's better to meet, than to follow, then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly Men unfort'nate 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.

Cun. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes

Enter Mirabell.

Your Modesty a-top of all your Virtues. [*Exit Wit.*]
This Gentleman may pleasure me yet again;
I am so haunted, with this broad-brim'd Hat
Of the last progress Block, with the young Hat-band,
Made for a sucking Devil of two Years old,
I know not where to turn myself.

Mir. Sir!

Cun. More Torture?

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

Cun. O' my troth Gentlewoman,

Rumour's

Rumour's as false a Knave as ever pist then,
Pray tell him so from me ; I cannot feign
With a sweet Gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

Mir. I heard, though you dissembled with my Aunt, Sir,
And that makes me more confident.

Cun. There's no Falshood,
But pays us our own some way ; 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.

Cun. 'Slight, this is worse than 'twas.

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

Cun. Here's fresh trouble ;
This drives me to my Conscience, for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.

Mir. I crave but such a Truth from your Love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

Cun. A good Geometrician, 'shrew my Heart ;
Why are you out o' your Wits, pretty plump Gentle-
woman,

You talk so desperately ? 'tis a great Happiness,
Love has made one on's wiser than the other,
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 a'my troth I hardly can myself ;
No wise Physician will prescribe me for you.

Alas, your State's weak, you had need of Cordials,
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son and Heir,
An elder Brother, in a Cullisse, 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.

Cun.

Cun. Then see thy Conscience, and thy Wit together ;
Would'st thou have me then, that have nothing neither ?
What say you to *Fop Gregory* the first, yonder ?
Will you acknowledge your Time amply recompenc'd ?
Full Satisfaction upon Love's Record ?
Without any more Suit, if I combine you ?

Mir. Yes, by this honest Kiss.

Cun. 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.

Cun. 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 chuse, if they bury twenty.

Mir. I'm of their Minds, that like him for a Husband
To run Youths Race with, it is very pleasant ;
But when I'm old, I'd always wish for a wiser.

Cun. You may have me by that time: For this first
Business,
Rest upon my Performance.

Mir. With all thankfulness.

Cun. I have a Project you must aid me in too.

Mir. You bind me to all lawful Action, Sir.

Cun. Pray wear this Scarfe about you.

Mir. I conjecture now——

Cun. There's a Court Principle for't,
One Office must help another ;
As for Example, for your cast o' Manchits
Out o'th' Pantry,
I'll allow you a Goose out of the Kitchin.

Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, Sir, farewell *Performance*,
I shall be bold to call you so.

Cun. Do, sweet *Confidence*.

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match now my two broad-brim'd Hats——
'Tis he, I know the Maggot by his Head,
Now shall I learn News of him ; my precious Chief.

Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you i'th' Bowling-
Green, Enquir'd

Enquir'd at *Nettleton's* and *Anthony's* Ordinary ;
 'T has vext me to th' Heart,
 Look, I've a Diamond here, and it can't find
 A Master. *Cun.* No? that's hard i' faith. *Sir Greg.* It does
 Belong to some Body ; a—— upon him,
 I would he had't, does but trouble me,
 And she that sent it, is so waspish too,
 There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.

Cun. Oh, ho, ah Sirrah, are you come?

Sir Greg. What's that, Friend?

Cun. Do you note that Corner sparkle?

Sir Greg. Which? Which? Which, Sir?

Cun. At the (43) West End o'th' Collet.

Sir Greg. Oh I see't now.

Cun. 'Tis an apparent Mark ; this is the Stone, Sir,
 That so much Blood is threatned to be shed for.

Sir Greg. I pray——

Cun. a Tun at least.

Sir Greg. They must not find't i'me then, they must
 Go where 'tis to be had.

Cun. 'Tis well it came to my Hands first, *Sir Gregory,*
 I know where this must go.

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

Cun. My Life for yours now.

[*Draws.*

Sir Greg. What now?

Cun. 'Tis Discretion, Sir,
 I'll stand upon my Guard all th' while I ha't.

Sir Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much Danger on thee
 still,

To preserve me alive.

Cun. 'Tis a Friend's Duty, Sir.

Nay, by a Toy that I've late thought upon,
 I'll undertake to get your Mistress for you.

Sir Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?

Cun. Contract her by a Trick, Sir,
 When she least thinks on't.

(43) — *West End o'th' Collet.*] There only wants the Change
 of a Letter, to make this Passage run like the Original, *viz.* — *o'th'*
Collet. i. e. Beryl or Socket in which the Diamond was set.

Sir Greg.

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

Cun. She does abuse you still then?

Sir Greg. A—— damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her Uncle
Thinks the Day holds a *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.

Cun. Will you leave all to me?

Sir Greg. Who should I leave it to?

Cun. 'Tis our luck to love Neices; I love a Neice too.

Sir Greg. I would you did i'faith.

Cun. But mine's a kind Wretch.

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

Cun. No Rascal comes in her Mouth. *Sir Greg.* Troth,
and mine

Has little else in hers. *Cun.* 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.

Cun. Mine's kind in secret.

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

Cun. We have a Day set too.

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

Cun. I'll tell thee who it is; th' old Woman's Neice.

Sir Greg. Is't she?

Cun. I would your luck had been no worse for Mildness;
But mum, no more Words of it to your Lady.

Sir Greg. Foh!

Cun. No blabbing, as you love me.

Sir Greg. None of our Blood
Were ever Bablers.

Cun. Prithee convey this Letter to her,
But at any hand let not your Mistress see't.

Sir Greg. Yet again, Sir?

Cun. There is a Jewel in't,
The very Art would make her doat upon't.

Sir Greg. Say you so?

And

And she shall see it for that trick only.

Cun. Remember but your Mistress, and all's well.

Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me. [Exit.

Cun. I believe you ;

This is the only way to return a Token : [trary.

I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to th' con-

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 (44) with an old Pair of pain'd Hose,

Lying in some hot Chamber o'er the Kitchen,

The very Steam bred him.

He never grew where *Rem in Re* e'er came ;

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 ;

Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)

A lamentable Case!

He's got with a Man's Urine, like a *Mandrake*.

How now ? Ha ? What prodigious Bravery's this ?

A most preposterous Gallant, th' Doublet fits

As if it mock'd the Breeches.

Clown. Save you, Sir.

Cun. H'as put his Tongue in the fine Suit of Words too.

Clown. How does the Party ? *Cun.* Takes me for a
Scrivener.

Which of the Parties ?

Clown. Hum,

Simplicity betide thee — I would fain

Hear of the Party ; I'd be loath to go

Farther 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, Sir, to be compell'd

(44) — *with an old Pair of pain'd Hose,*] Probably *pain'd Hose*.

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, e'er it prove a Traitor.

Cun. Upon my Life I know her.

Clown. Not by me,
Know what you can, talk a whole Day with me,
Y'are ne'er the wiser, she comes not from these Lips.

Cun. The old Knight's Neice. [him:

Clown. 'Slid he has got her, Pox of his Heart that told
Can nothing be kept secret ? Let me entreat you
To use her Name as little as you can, though.

Cun. 'Twill be small Pleasure, Sir, to use her Name.

Clown. I had Intelligence in my solemn Walks,
'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pantridge*, 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.

Cun. What, neither Scarf nor Jewel ?

Clown. '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 too, and that's more
Than some Men have, my Betters a great deal ;
I must have Restitution where-e'er it lights.

Cun. And Reason good.

Clown. For all these Tokens, Sir,
Pass i' my Name.

Cun. It can't be otherwise.

Clown. Sent to a worthy Friend.

Cun. Ay, that's to thee.

Clown. I'm wrong'd under that Title.

Cun. 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 *Pantridge*.

Clown. Ah false Knight !
False both to Honour, and the Law of Arms.

Cun. What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee ?

Thou fit as Witness?

Clown. I should laugh in State then.

Cun. I'll fob him, here's my Hand.

Clown. I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him well fob'd, 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, a purpose to be sent for; I am almost starv'd with walking.

Cun. Walking gets Men a Stomach.

Clown. '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 *Pauls*, and get it again.

Cun. Go to her, Man.

Clown. Not for a Million; enfringe my Oath? There's a Toy call'd a Vow has past 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'th' 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.

[*Exit Clown.*

Cun. A very good Note; 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.*

Enter Neice and Sir Gregory.

Neice. Is't possible? *Sir Greg.* Nay, here's his Letter too,

There's a fine Jewel in't, therefore I brought it you.

Neice. You tedious Mongril! 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.

Neice. Fall back, Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly Puppy,

Do

Do you not see I'm going about to read it ?

Sir Greg. Nay, these are golden Days, now I stay by't ;
She once was wont not to endure me in
Her Sight at all, the World mends, I see that.

Neice. What an ambiguous Supercription's here !
To the best of Neices.

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.

Sir Greg. She nodded now to me, 'twill come in time.

Neice. What's here ? An entire *Ruby*, cut into a Heart,
And this the Word, *Istud Amoris opus* ?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes,
I have heard him say, that Love's the best Stone-cutter.

Neice. Why thou fancy 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 ?

Sir Greg. Love Tricks break out I see, and you talk once
of Slippers,
It is not far off to Bed-time.

Neice. 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 a piece of Flesh.

Neice. Back, Owl's Face.

[*Within.*] *Old K.* Do, do.

Neice. 'Tis my Uncle's Voice, that.
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 lookt for
this still.

Neice. He comes not this way yet : Away, you Dog-
whelp,

Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
 I'll make you understand my Mind in time;
 (45) You're running in greedily, 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, things that ne'er trouble you;
 After I have pelted you sufficiently,
 I tro you'll learn more Manners. *Sir Greg.* I am wondring
 Still when we two shall come together. *Tuesday's*
 At hand, but I'm as far off, as I was
 At first, I swear.

Enter Guardianes.

Guard. Now *Cunningham*, I'll be reveng'd at large:
 Lady, what was but all this while Suspicion,
 Is Truth full blown now, my Neice wears your Scarf.

Neice. Ha?

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

Neice. I go with greediness; we long for things
 That break our Hearts sometimes, there's Pleasure's Misery.

[*Exeunt Neice and Guardianes.*

Sir Greg. Where are those Gad-flies going? To some
 Junket now;

(46) That same old *Humble-bee* toles th' young one forth
 To Sweet-meats after kind; let 'em look to't,
 The Thing you wot on be not mist or gone,
 I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one. [*Exit.*

(47) *Enter Cunningham (in Discourse with a mask'd Gentle-
 woman in a broad Hat, and scarfed, which is only a Pupp-
 et so drest) Neice at another Door.*

Cun. Yes, yes.

Neice.

(45) You run in ———] So the Copies of 1679, and 1711;
 that of 1647, *Your running* ——— which undoubtedly was once wrote,
You're running ———

(46) *That* some old *Humble-bee* ———] Same was a Correction
 common to all the three.

(47) *Which is only a Puppet so drest.*

*Enter Cunningham (in Discourse with a mask'd Gentlewoman in a
 broad Hat and scarfed) Neice at another Door.] 'Tis surprising*

Neice. Too manifest now, the Scarf and all.

Cun. It cannot be, you're such a fearful Soul.

Neice. I'll give her cause of Fear e'er I part from her.

Cun. Will you say so? Is't not your Aunt's Desire too?

Neice. What a dissembling Croane's that? She'll for-
fwear't now.

Cun. I see my Project takes, yonder's the grace on't.

Neice. Who would put Confidence in Wit again?

I'm plagu'd for my Ambition, to desire

A wife 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.

It keeps up Wit to make us Friends and Servants of,

And thinks

Any thing's good enough to make us Husbands.

Oh that Whore's Hat o' thine, o'th' riding Block,

A Shade for lecherous Kisses.

Cun. Make you Doubt on't?

Is not my Love of force?

Neice. Yes, me it forces

To tear that forcerous Strumpet from th' Imbraces.

Cun. Lady?

Neice. Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest Love—

Cun. What mean you, Lady?

Neice. Mine, you'll answer for't.

Cun. Alas, what seek ye?

Neice. Sir, mine own with Loss.

Cun. You shall.

Neice. I never made so hard a Bargain.

Cun. Sweet Lady!

Neice. Unjust Man, let my Wrath reach her,

to think that the Editor of the Copy of 1711 should be so sagacious at making this Discovery, of its *only being a Puppet in a Hat and Scarf* that *Cunningham* was discoursing with, and yet not know where to insert it. For, *which is only a Puppet so dress'd*, is peculiar to the Edition of 1711: I have now placed it where I imagine the Editor of the *Octavo* designed it, and have Mr. *Theobald's* Concurrence therein. Tho' I could have wished this Circumstance had been left out, because it forestals the Reader's Pleasure, and prevents that agreeable Surprise he otherwise would have had, upon finding the Lady's Fury discharged upon a Puppet.

As you owe Virtue Duty ; [Cun. falls on purpose.] your
Cause trips you.

Now *Minion*, you shall feel what Love's Rage is,
Before you taste the Pleasure. Smile you, false Sir ?

Cun. How can I chuse ? to see what Pains you take,
Upon a Thing will never thank you for't.

Neice. How ?

Cun. See what Things, Lady, you Women be,
When Cloaths are ta'en for the best Part of you.
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,
How y'are 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 Cloaths :
Now I dare boldly thank you for your Love,
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this Fit,
For a jealous Ague always ushers it.

Neice. Now Blessings still maintain this Wit of thine,
And I've an excellent Fortune coming in thee,
Bring nothing else I charge thee.

Cun. Not a Groat I warrant ye.

Neice. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my
Faith for't,

(48) Next Opportunity shall make us one.

Cun. The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her Revenge
sweetly.

Neice. 'Las, 'tis her Part, she knows her Place so well
yonder ;

Always when Women jump upon threescore,
Loves shoves 'em from the Chamber to the Door.

Cun. Thou art a precious She-Wit. [Exeunt.]

(48) *Next Opportunity shall make us.]* Here the Loss of a Mono-
syllable destroys the Measure and injures the Sense. I read,
Next Opportunity shall make us one. Mr. Seward.



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Cunningham, at one Door; Witty-pate, Ruinous, Lady Ruinous, and Priscian, at the other.

Cun. 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 Horn-pipe; this is th' Bond,
That as we further in your great Affair,
(49) You'll suffer us to glean, pick up few Corns,
And if we snatch a Handful from the Sheaf,
You will not look a Churl upon us. *Cun.* Friend,
We'll share the Sheaves of Gold, only th' Love Acre
Shall be peculiar.

Witty. Much good do you, Sir;

Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you
The Musick ready, while we prepare the Dancers.

Ruin. We are a Consort of ourselves.

Prif. And can strike up lustily.

Witty. You must bring, Sir *Fop.*

Cun. That's perfect enough.

Ruin. Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more the bet-
ter Fare,

So the Proverb runs backwards.

[*Exeunt* Ruin. and Prif.

L. Ruin. I'll bring the Ladies. [*Exit.*] *Witty.* Do so
first, and then

The *Fops* will follow; I must to my Father,
He must make one.

[*Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. While I dispatch a Business with the Knight,

(49) You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for Crums,] This Reading
discontinues the Metaphor, as well as disturbs the Sense; both may
easily be amended, by reading thus;

—— to glean, pick up few Corns.

And I go with you. Well said, 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.

I Ser. There's one, Sir, stays to speak with you.

Cun. What is he ?

I Ser. Faith, Sir, I know not what, a Fool, I think,
 That some Broker's Shop's made half a Gentleman ;
 H'as the Name of a Worthy too.

Cun. *Pompey* ? Is't not ?

I Ser. That's he, Sir.

Cun. (50) Alas, poor Fellow, prithee enter him,
 He will sted too.

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh
 Gramercy, if my Friend Sir *Gregory* comes,
 You know him,

Enter Clown.

Entertain him kindly. Oh Master *Pompey*,
 How is't Man ? *Clown.* 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with

Love,

And Cold, and one thing or another ;

Has not my Lady

Sent for me yet ? *Cun.* Not that I hear ; sure some

Unfriendly Messenger's employ'd betwixt you.

Clown. I was ne'er so cold in my Life, in my Conscience
 I have been seven Miles in length, along the *New River* ;
 I have seen a hundred Stickle-bags : I do not think but
 there's Gudgeons too ; 'twill ne'er be a true Water.

Cun. Why think you so ?

Clown. I warrant you I told a thousand Millers Thumbs
 in it ;

(50) *Alas, poor Fellow, prithee enter him, he will need too.*

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy,

If my Friend Sir Gregory—] Thus is the Measure entirely
 confused, and tho' *Pompey* did need Victuals, yet the Adverb *too* shews
need to be a Corruption for *sted* or *speed*. And the Original ran, I
 fancy, very near the Text of this present Edition, *Mr. Seward.*

I'll

I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

Cun. And welcome, *Pompey*.

Clown. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cun. Oh, that's Love, that distastes any thing but itself.

Clown. '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 too.

Cun. By no means, Sir, that breaks all th' Laws of Love.

Clown. Well, I'll ne'er pass my Word without my Deed to

A Lady, while I live again; I would fain recover my Taste.

Cun. Well, I have News to tell you.

Clown. Good News, Sir?

Cun. Happy News, I help you away with a Rival, your Master's bestow'd——

Clown. Where, for this Plumb's sake——

Cun. Nay, listen me.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one Mouth.

I hear more than I eat, I'd ne'er row by *Queen-Hitche* While I liv'd else.

Cun. I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness the Contract.

Clown. (51) The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

Cun. Choak him first, it is one which thou shalt see, See him, see him deceiv'd, see the Deceit, only The Injunction's, you shall smile with Modesty.

Clown. I'll simper i'faith, as cold as I am yet; Th' old one I hope.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. U'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen All's ravell'd out again; stand there in private,

(51) *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*.

And

And you will find the very Opportunity
To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

Enter Sir Gregory.

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet
Will serve, when it is crown'd with such a Dainty
As you expect, and must have. *Sir Greg.* Tush, these
Sweet-meats

Are but the Sauce to that : Well, if there be
Any Honesty; or true Word in a Dream,
She is mine own, nay, and extreamply chang'd,
Not the same Woman. *Cun.* Who, not th' Lady? *Sir Greg.*

No, not

To me, the Edge of her Tongue is taken off,
Gives me very good Words, turn'd up-side down to me,
And we live as quietly as two *Tortoises*,
If she hold on, as she began in my Dream.

Cun. Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions,
You are bound to believe 'em, there's the Watch-word

[*Soft Musick:*

Of her coming; to your practis'd part now, and
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

[*Both go into the Gown.*

Sir Greg. I'll 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.

Enter Mirabel.

Cun. Silence, Lady, your sweet Prefence illustrates
This homely Roof, and, as course 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 him) 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

Which I expect from you, Fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on it: Oh you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, Friend.

Cun. That's Love's eager Will,
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
'Lets it be doubly recompenc'd in me. [*She kisses his Hand.*

Clown. Puh, I must stop my Mouth, I shall be choakt
else.

Cun. Come, we'll not play and trifle with Delays,
We meet to join these Hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it until Confirmation.

Mir. One Word first, how does your Friend, kind
Sir Gregory?

Cun. Why do you mention him? You love him not.

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir;
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering Hand of yours (52) does rob him, now,
Now you steal his Right from him, and I know
I shall have Hate for it, his Hate extreamly.

Cun. Why, I thought you had not come so weakly
arm'd:

Upon my Life the Knight will love you for't,
Love you exceedingly, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you'll persuade me so.

Cun. Why, he's my Friend,
And wishes me a Fortune equal with him,
I know and dare speak't for him. *Mir.* Oh, this Hand
Betrays him,

You might remember him in some Court'sy yet at least.

Cun. I thank your Help in it; here's to his Health,
Where e'er he be.

Mir. I'll pledge it, were it against my Health,

Clown. Oh, oh, my Heart hops after twelve Mile a
Day, upon a good Return, now could I walk three
hundred Mile a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

(52) ——— does rob him, and I know
I shall have ———] The additional Line in the Text is
from the Copy of 1647.

Mir. You'll take the Knight's Health, Sir?

Clown. Yes, yes, forsooth, oh my Sides! Such a Banquet once a Week, would make me grow fat in a Fortnight.

Cun. Well, now to close our Meeting, with the close Of mutual Hands and Hearts, thus I begin ; Here in Heav'n's Eye, and all Loves sacred Pow'rs, (Which in my Prayers stand propitious) I knit this holy Hand fast, and with this Hand The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding 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, sealed both with Heart and Hand.

Mir. Which thus I second ; but oh, Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. Again? This Interposition's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heav'n's Eye, and all Love's sacred Pow'rs,

I knit this holy Hand fast, 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, sealed both with Heart and Hand.

Sir Greg. A full Agreement on both parts.

Cun. Ay, here's Witness of that.

Sir Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd 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.

Clown. Good Morrow, Lady *Fop*.

Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful Afs, this is not my Lady.

Cun. 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.

Cun.

Cun. Come down on your Knees first, and thank your Stars.

Sir Greg. A fire of my Stars, I may thank you, I think.

Cun. 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 mis-call you,
I confess.

Cun. And should I, receiving such a thankful Name,
Abuse it in the Act ? Should I see my Friend
Baffled, disgrac'd, without any Reverence
To your Title, to be call'd Slave, Rascal ? Nay
Curst to your Face, fool'd, scorned, 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 first,
(53) Your Spurs of Knighthood to have wanted Rowels,
And to be hack'd from your Heels ; Slave, Rascal ?
Hear this Tongue.

Mir. My dearest Love, sweet Knight, my Lord, my
Husband.

Cun. 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 ?

Cun. Good, good,
Are n't Curses fitter for you ? were't not better
Your Head were broke with th' Handle of a Fan,
Or your Nose bored with a silver Bodkin ?

Mir. Why, I will be a Servant in your Lady.

Cun. 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,
This Contract
Shall be a nullity, I'll break it off,
And see you better bestow'd.

(53) *Your Spurs of Knighthood*——

—— to be kick'd from your Heels ; —] To kick a Knight's
Spurs from his Heels in order to degrade him, I fancy, is altogether
new and unheard-of. If I remember right, the Spurs of a degraded
Knight were not to be *kick'd*, but *hack'd* off, by the King's Cook
then in being, and no doubt but the Original read *hack'd*, and not
kick'd.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one anothers 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'th' Teeth with't, that's not the Part of a Friend.

Cun. 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, kifs me boldly.

Clown. Give you joy, Sir.

Sir Greg. Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did, you are belov'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-Women.

Clown. Ladies? Let
Not Ladies be disgrac'd; you're as it were
A married Man, and have a Family,
And for the Party's sake that was unnam'd
Before, being Pease-cod time, I am appeas'd,
Yet I would wish you make a Ruler of your Tongue.

Cun. 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 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 abus'd me as scurvily as his Neice; my Knighthood's upon the Spur, we'll go to Bed, and then to Church as fast as we can.

[*Exeunt Sir Greg. and Mirab.*

Clown. I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet.

Cun. The good Minute may come sooner than we are
aware

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aware of, I do not think but 'twill e'er Night yet, as near as 'tis.

Clown. 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.

Ob 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.

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Friend!

Cun. Here Friend.

Witty. All is afoot, and will go smooth away,
The Woman has conquer'd the Women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,
Suggesting that Sir *Gregory* is fall'n 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.

Cun. 'Sfoot all this is wrong,
This wings his Pursuit, and will be before me;
I'm lost for ever.

Witty. No, stay, you shan't 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.

Cun. Oh, 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

Enter Old Knight.

My Father —

Old K. Oh, Sir? You're well met, where's the Knight your Friend?

Cun. 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 h' accuses most Indeed, has turn'd the Knight's Heart upside down:

Old K. 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 th' Church, So much interest of Love I assure in him.

Old K. 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't should be again.

Old K. Why here, I am provided, Fool, five hundred In earnest of the thousands in her Dower; But were they married once, I'd cut him short enough, that's my Agreement.

Witty. Ay, I now perceive some Purpose in you, Father.

Old K. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of Doors To him? *Witty.* To him? oh fie upon your Error, She has another Object, Sir, believe it.

Old K. I never could perceive it.

Cun. I did, and to her Shame I should speak it, To my own Sorrow I saw it, Dalliance, Nay, Dotage with a very Clown, a Fool.

Old K. Wit and Wantonness, nothing else; nothing else; She love a Fool? she'll sooner make a Fool Of a wise Man.

Cun. 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've been understood,

And

And taken from him : Certain, Sir, there is
An unsuspected Fellow lies conceal'd,
What, or where-e'er he is—these slight neglects
Could not be of a Knight else.

Old K. Well, Sir, you have promised (if we recover
him
Unmarried) to salve all these old Bruises?

Cun. I'll do my best, Sir.

Old K. I shall thank you, costly Sir, and kindly too.

Witty. Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come
Behind all your Purposes?

Old K. Away, good Sir.

Witty. Then stay a little, good Sir, for my Advice.
Why Father, are you broke? is your Wit beggar'd,
Or are you at your Wits end? or out of
Love with Wit? no Trick of Wit to surprize
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.

Old K. Can you help at a pinch now? shew yourself
My Son? go too, I leave this to your Wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus then ;
I have had late Intelligence, they're now
Buxsom as *Bacchus'* Froes, Revelling, Dancing,
Telling the Musick's Numbers with their Feet,
Awaiting th' meeting of premonish'd Friends,
That is 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.

Old K. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all, I can presently furnish
With loose Disguises that shall fit that Scene.

Old K. Why, what wants then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of Musick,
That must be paid, you know.

Old K. That shall be my Charge, I will pay the Musick,

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Whate'er it cost.

Witty. And't shall be all your Charge ;
Now on, I like it, there'll be Wit in't, Father.

[*Exeunt Old Knight and Witty.*]

Cun. I neither will distrust his Wit nor Friendship,
Yet if his Master-Brain should be o'erthrown,
My Resolution now shall seize mine own. [Exit.

*Enter Neice, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Sir Ruinous
and Priscian, (with Instruments) masqued.*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet Breath
at least

Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be th' best
I fear this ruin'd Receptacle will yield,
But that most freely.

(54) *Neice.* My Welcome follows me,
Else I am ill come hither ; you assure me
Still Mr. *Cunningham* will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me to meet him.

L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my Sex,
That all Belief may fly 'em. *Neice.* Pray 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 Musick 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.

Neice. 'Twill be long e'er he comes then, for Wit's a
Great Labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you will agree better one Day.

Neice. Scarce two, I think.

Guard. Such a mock-beggar Suit of Cloaths as led me
Into the Fool's pair o' Dice, with Dewze Ace,
He that would make me Mistress *Cun, Cun, Cunnie,*

(54) *Neice.* My Welcome follows me,

Else I am ill ; come hither &c.] This Pointing takes
away much of the Beauty of this Passage, as well as makes what is
plain in itself not so easy to the Reader.

He's

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 do think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you.

Sir Ruin. Fye, speak well of him now,
Your Neice has quitted 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. *Neice.* You know it
Is 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
Your 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, Sol, this Musick breaths 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.

Neice. What say you, Guardianess? *Guard.* Alas I am
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 Musick.

Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my Mony then.

[They dance, a Cornet is winded.]

L. Ruin. Hark! on my Life the Knight; it is your
Friend;

This was the Warning-piece of his Approach.

Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, and Cunningham,
masqu'd, and take them to dance.

L. Ruin. Ha! No Words but mum?
Well, we shall need no Counsel-keeping then;

Neice. *Cunningham?*

Cun. Yes, fear nothing.

Neice. Fear? Why do you tell me of it?

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Cun. Your Uncle's here.

Neice. Aye me.

Cun. Peace.

Old K. We have caught 'em.

Witty. Thank my Wit, Father.

Guard. Which is the Knight, think you?

Neice. I know not, when he speaks he will be found,
No Masque can disguise his Tongue.

Witty. Are you charg'd?

Old K. Are you awake?

Witty. I'm answer'd in a Question.

Cun. Next Change we meet, we loose our Hands no more.

Neice. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em? *Cun.* Yes. You must Go with me. *Guard.* Whither, Sir? Not from my Charge, Believe me.

Cun. She goes along.

Neice. Will you venture, and my Uncle here? *Cun.* His Stay's

Prepar'd for. *Guard.* 'Tis the Knight sure, I will follow.
[*Exeunt Cun. Neice, Guard.*]

Old K. How now, the Musick tir'd before us? *Ruin.* Yes, Sir,

We must be paid now. *Witty.* Oh that's my Charge, Father.

Old K. 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.

Old K. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.

Ruin. You must pay for your Musick first, Sir. *Old K.* Must?

Are there musty Fidlers? Are Beggars Chusers now?

Ha? Why *Witty-pate*, Son, where am I? *Witty.* You were Dancing e'en now, Sir, in good Measure, is

Your Health miscarried since? What ail you, Sir?

Old K. Death, I may be gull'd to my Face, where's my Neice?

What are you? *L. Ruin.* None of your Neice, Sir. *Old K.* How now?

Have

Have you loud Instruments too? I will hear
No more, I thank you; what have I done to
To bring these Fears about me? Son, where am I?

Witty. Not where you should be, faith, Sir, you should be
Paying for your Musick, and you're in a maze.

Old K. Oh, is it so, put up, put up, I pray you,
Here's a Crown for you.

L. Ruin. Pish, a Crown?

Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, a Crown?

Old K. (55) Which way do you laugh? I have seen a
Crown has made a Consort laugh heartily.

Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians, they expect a Bounty above
Their punctual desert.

Old K. A——on your Punks and their Deserts too.
Am I not cheated, think you, all this while?
Is not your Pate in this?

Witty. If you be cheated,
You're not to be indicted for your own Goods;
Here you do trifle time, market your Bounty
And make it base, when it must needs be free
For ought I can perceive.

Old K. Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

Witty. That I will, Sir, with all my Heart. *Old K.*
Unless

I was discover'd, and they now fled home
Again for fear, I'm absolutely beguil'd,
That's the best can be hop'd for.

Witty. Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen,

Ruin. There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

Old K. Now, Sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the t'other ten Pound.

Pris. Not a Bawbee, Sir.

Old K. How? Bate ten Pound? What is the whole
Sum then?

Witty. Faith, Sir, a hundred Pound; with much ado

(55) *Which way do you laugh? —*] *i. e.* Whether in jest or earnest.

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I got abated fifty, and faith Father,
To say truth, it is reasonable for
Men of their Fashion.

Old K. La, la, la, down, a hundred Pound? la, la, la,
You are a Concert of Thieves, are you not?

Witty. No, Musicians, Sir, I told you so before.

Old K. Fiddle fiddle,
Is't not a Robb'ry? a plain Robb'ry? *Witty.* No,
No, no, by no means Father, you've receiv'd
For your Mony, nay and that you can't give back;
'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with before-hand——
'Twas ill forgotten.

Old K. 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.

Witty. No, Sir, you have perform'd your Promise now,
Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

Old K. I've heard no Musick, I've receiv'd none, Sir,
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why, Sir, here's
Witness 'gainst you, you have danc'd, and he that
Dances acknowledges a Receipt of Musick.

Old K. I deny that, Sir; look you, I can dance without
Musick, do you see, Sir? And I can sing without it too;
you are a Concert of Thieves, do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray take you heed, Sir, if you do move the
Musick again, it may cost you as much more.

Old K. Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly, I need not bid
you farewell, I think now, so long as that hundred Pound
lasts with you.

Enter Guardianes.

Ha, ha, am I snapt i'faith?

Guard. Oh, Sir *Perfidious*——

Old K. I, I, some howling another while, Musick'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 Neice
my Charge is——

Old K. What, is she sick?

Guard.

Guard. No, no, Sir, she's lustily well married.

Old K. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning Diffembler *Cunningham*.

Old K. I'll hang the Priest first, what was he?

Guard. Your Kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch* Benefice.

Old K. I fav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good; is there any more?

Guard. And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

Old K. To my Neice too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No, Sir, to my Neice, 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*, *Cunningham*, *Neice*, *Sir Gregory*,
and *Mirabel*.

Cred. I have performed (56) your behest, Sir. *Old K.*
What

Have you performed, 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. Sir, I put

This Practice on him, as from your Desire:

A Truth, a Truth, dear Father. *Cred.* I protest, Sir,

He tells you but the Truth, he mov'd me to't

In your Name. *Old K.* I protest, Sir, he told you

A Lye in my Name; and were you so easy,

Mr. *Credulous*, to believe him?

Cred. If a Man should not believe his Cousin, Sir, whom should he believe?

Old K. Good e'en to you, good Mr. 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, and thou'dst give me thy Neice for nothing, I'd not have her.

(56) ——— your Best, Sir.] *Hest*, or *behest*, occurred to us all, and is confirmed by the Folio of the highest Date.

Cun. I think so, Sir *Gregory*, for my sake you would not:

Sir Greg. I would thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she had died of the Green-sickness: Know this, that I did marry in spight, and I will kiss my Lady in spight, and love her in spight, and beget Children of her in spight, and when I die, they shall have my Lands in spight; this was my Resolution, and now 'tis out.

Neice. How spightful 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. — This is afore your Uncle's Face, but behind his Back, in private, you'll shew him another Tale——

Cun. You see, Sir, now Th' irrevocable 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.

Enter Clown.

Old K. Let me alone in my Muse, a little, Sir, I will wake to you anon.

Cun. U'd so, your Friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

Neice. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Clown. I do hear strange Stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

Neice. Oh, the dissembling falsest Wretch is come.

Cun. How now, Lady?

Neice. 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.

Neice. 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 ne'er 'till this unhappy Hour
Could I set Eye of thee, since thy false Eye
Drew my Heart to't? Oh I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft Embraces; pray give me leave——

Witty.

Witty. Faith this was ill done of you, Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

Clown. 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 ! *Neice.* 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 Falshoods, and hold a Lady in hand——

Clown. Will you believe me, Sir ? if ever I Received Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent Any Letter to her, would this Sword might ne'er Go through me.

Witty. Some bad Messengers have gone between you then.

Neice. Take him from my Sight, if I shall see to morrow——

Witty. Pray you forbear the Place, this Discontent May impair her Health much.

Clown. 'Foot, if a Man had been in any Fault, 'T would ne'er a griev'd 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, 'tis to be fear'd,
Against her Uncle's Will, nay, and Consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spight to herself,
Married suddenly without any advice.

Clown. Why, who can help it ? if she be cast away, she may thank herself, she might have gone farther and far'd 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.

Clown. 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 hang'd : If she be cast away, I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoke with a Man, *Witty.*

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Witty. Well, 'twas a hard Miss on both Parts.

Clown. So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross Luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and Home.

Neice. Not gone yet? Oh my Heart! none regard my Health?

Witty. Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear How ill she brooks it.

Clown. Foolish Woman, to overthrow her Fortunes so; I shall think the worse of a Lady's Wit, while I live for't—I could almost cry for Anger; if she should miscarry now, 'twould 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 dy'd for Love on,* I am sure to hear on't i'th' Streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish Woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go thy ways, now 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'th' Teeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady. [Exit.

Neice. So, so, this Trouble's well shook off.

Uncle, how d'ye? there's a Dowry due, Sir.

Cun. We have agreed it, Sweetest,
And find your Uncle
Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Old K. 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 *Syriack,* Sir; you understand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cousin,

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 Musick, this was both Cheats and Wit too ; and for the Assistance of this Gentleman 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 ?

Cun. 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.

Old K. 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.

Old K. Most certain't had,
Had not thy Wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee ?

Witty. Yes, all these, Sir.

Old K. Nephew, pray part a hundred Pound amongst
I'll repay't ; Wealth, love me as I love Wit ;
When I die,
I'll build an Alms-house for decayed Wits.

Sir Greg. I'll entertain one in my life-time ; Scholar,
you shall be my Chaplain, I have the Gift of twenty
Benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks, my great Patron.

Cun. Sir, your Gentry and your Name shall both be
rais'd as high as my Fortunes can reach 'em, for your
Friends sake.

Witty. Something will
Be in my present Power, the future more,
You shall share with me.

Ruin. and Wife. Thanks, worthy Gentlemen:

Neice.

Neice. 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 begg'd me for a Fool already, but, 'tis no matter. I have begg'd 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.

Neice. That your Man *Pompey's* Coat may come over his Ears back again, I would not he should be lost for my fake.

Sir Greg. Well, 'tis granted, for mine own fake.

Mir. I'll intreat it, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why then 'tis granted for your fake. *Old K.*

Come, come,

Down with all Weapons now, 'tis Musick time,

So it be purchas'd at an easy Rate;

Some have receiv'd the Knocks, some giv'n the Hits,

And all concludes in Love; there's happy Wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

This Play concluding that Part of the Work, the Care and Conduct of which fell to my Share, I shall here take my leave of the learned and candid Reader, and at the same time assure him, that the pleasure of having finished my Labour, far exceeds what I received in the Progress of the Work, a Thing I imagine very common to all Editors: This is my first Essay in Criticism, and its good or ill Success will either encourage me in, or deter me from, prosecuting an Edition of *Spenser*, toward which I have these several Years been collecting Materials. And as I wish to see a good Edition of that fine Poet, so I would invite all the Learned and Ingenious Part of the World to contribute their Assistance toward the effecting of it. For I am persuaded, that *Spenser* will make a Figure no way inferior to the best *Greek* or *Roman* Writers, when published like them, *Cum Notis Variorum.*

J. Symphon.

E P I.

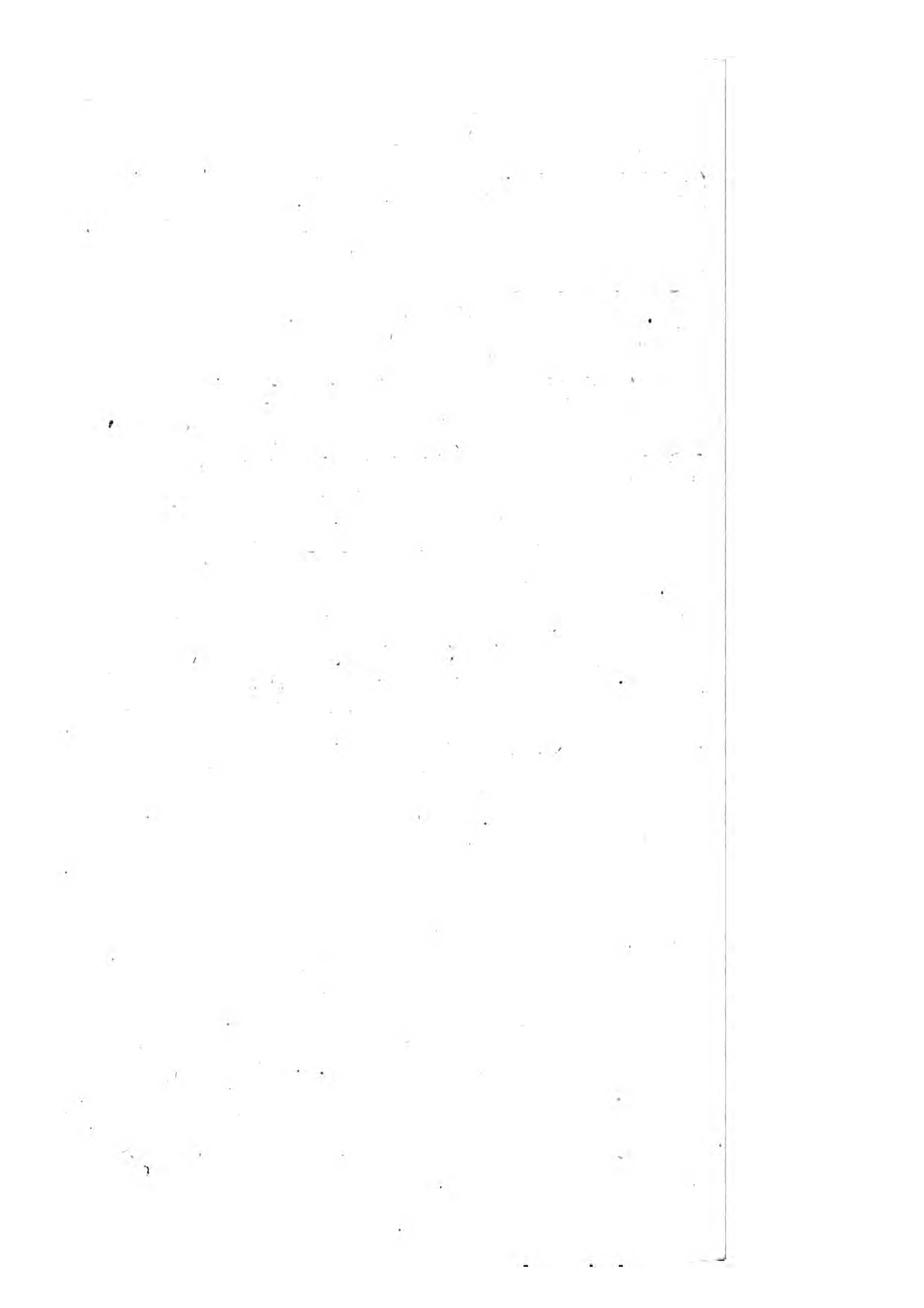


EPILOGUE.

At the Reviving of this PLAY:

WE need not tell you, Gallants, that this Night
The Wits have jump't, or that the Scenes hit right ;
'Twould 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 rose up Wit.
We'll not appeal unto those Gentlemen,
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when
The Ladies smile, and with their Fans delight
To whisk a Clinch aside, then all goes right ;
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

THE





THE

FAIR MAID

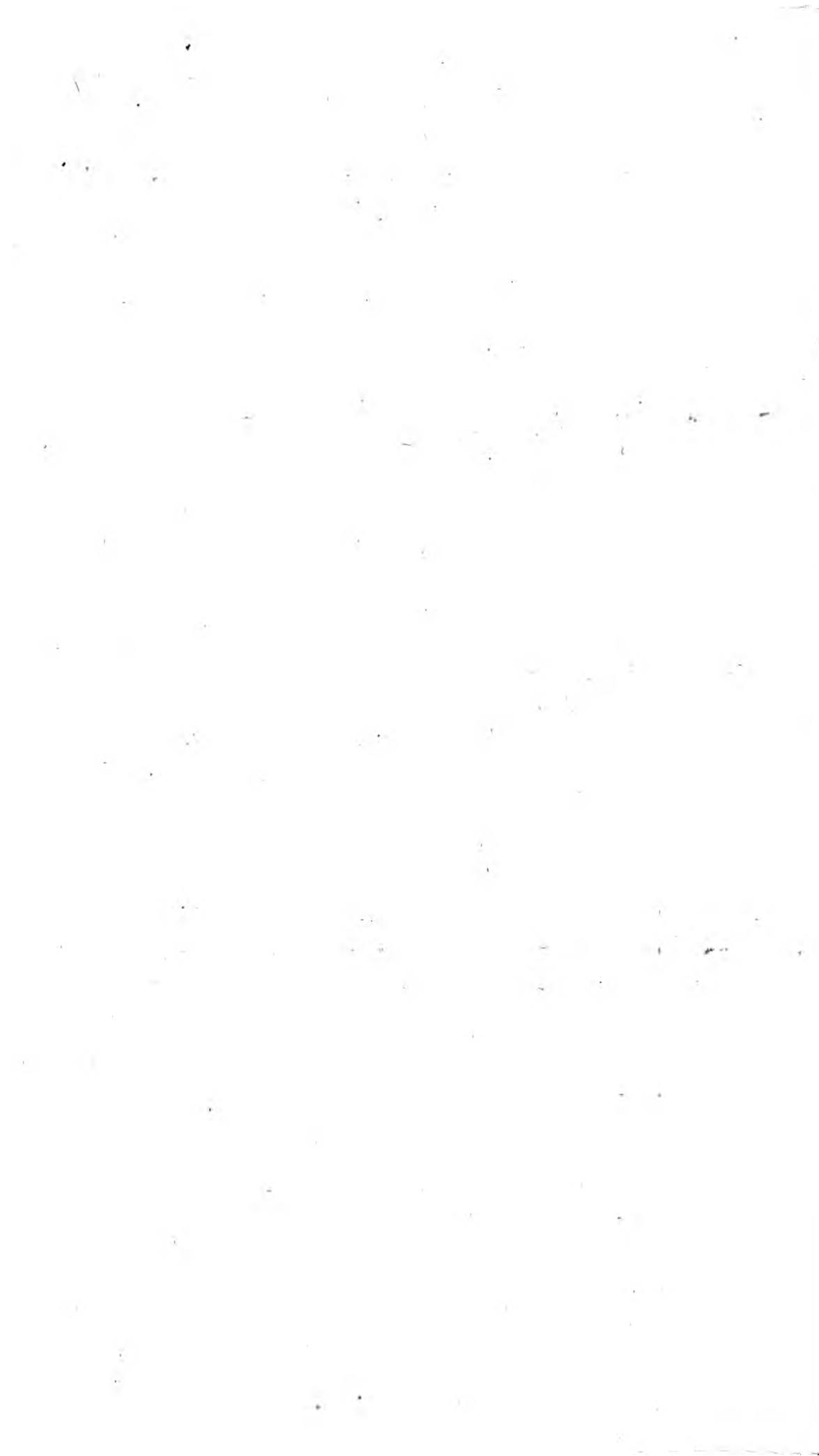
OF THE

I N N.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.





PROLOGUE.

PLays have their Fates, not as in their true Sense
They're understood, but as the Influence
Of idle Custom madly works upon
The Dross of many-tongu'd Opinion.
A worthy Story, howsoever writ,
For Language, modest Mirth, Conceit or Wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet Commendation
Of bang't, 'tis scurvy; when for Approbation
A figg shall be clapt at, and every Rhime
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous Chime.
Let Ignorance and Laughter dwell together,
They are beneath the Muses Pity. Hitber
Come nobler Judgments, and to those the Strain
Of our Invention is not bent in vain;
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her Hopes and Welcomes, and withal intends
In th' Entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

D U K E of Florence.

Cesario, *a young Gentleman of a fiery Nature, Son to Albertus.*

Albertus, *Father to Cesario, Admiral of Florence.*

Baptista, *a brave Sea Commander, ancient Friend to Albertus, and Father to Mentivole and Biancha.*

Mentivole, *Son to Baptista, Lover of Clarissa.*

Prospero, *a noble Friend to Baptista.*

Two Magistrates of Florence.

Host, the supposed Father to Biancha.

Forobosco, *a cheating Mountebank.*

Clown, the Mountebank's Man, and Setter.

Three Gentlemen.

Secretary to the Duke.

Dancer,

Taylor,

Muletteer,

Pedant,

Sailors.

Four Fools and Knaves, who pretend Love to Biancha, the Fair Maid of the Inn.

W O M E N.

Mariana, *Wife to Albertus, a virtuous Lady.*

Clarissa, *Mariana's Daughter, in Love with Mentivole.*

Juliana, *Neice to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second Wife.*

Biancha, *the fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of Cesario, and Daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*

Hostess, the supposed Mother of Biancha.

S C E N E F L O R E N C E.

T H E



T H E
FAIR MAID of the INN.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Cefario, and Clariffa.

C E S A R I O.



Interpret not, *Clariffa*, my true zeal
In giving you counfel, to transcend the Bounds
That should confine a Brother; (1) 'tis your
Honour,
And Peace of Mind (which Honour loft, will
leave you)

I labour to preferve; and though you yet are
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be fo,
Having a Father's Eye, and Mother's Care
In all your Ways to keep you fair and upright,
In which respects my beft Advices must
Appear fuperfluous; yet fince Love, dear Sifter,
Will fometimes tender things unneceffary,

(1) ——— 'tis your Honour,

And Peace of Mind (which Honour loft, will leave you)

I labour to preferve; —] Thus all the Editions calling *Peace of Mind an Honour, and the laft that leave us*. I need not infift upon the Stiffnefs of fuch a Sentiment, fince the Moment the true Reading occurs by the Change of a fingle Letter it is felf-evident: Honour being *loft*, Peace of Mind would leave her.

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Misconstrue not my Purpose.

Cl. Sir, I dare not :

But still receive it as a large Addition,
 To th' much that I already stand engag'd for,
 Yet pardon me, though I profess, upon
 A true Examination of myself,
 Even to my private Thoughts, I cannot find
 (Having such strong Supporters to uphold me)
 On what slight Ground the least Doubt can be rais'd,
 To render it suspected I can fall,
 Or from my Fame or Virtue.

Cesa. Far be't from me,
 To nourish such a Thought ; and yet excuse me,
 As you would do a Lapidary, whose whole Fortunes
 Depend upon the safety of one Jewel,
 If he think no Case precious enough
 To keep it in full Lustre, nor no Locks,
 Though lending strength to Iron Doors, sufficient
 To guard it, and secure him ; you to me are
 A Gem of more esteem, and prized higher
 Than Usurers do their Muck, or great Men Title,
 And any Flaw (which Heav'n avert) in you,
 (Whose Reputation like a Diamond
 Cut newly from the Rock, Women with Envy,
 And Men with covetous Desires look up at)
 By prying Eyes discovered, in a Moment,
 Would render what the Braveries of *Florence*,
 For want of Counterpoise, forbear to cheapen,
 Of little or no Value.

Cl. I see, Brother,
 The Mark you shoot at, and much thank your Love ;
 But for my Virgin Jewel which is brought
 In Comparison with your Diamond, rest assur'd
 It shall not fall in such a Workman's Hands
 Whose Ignorance or Malice shall have power
 To cast one Cloud upon it, but still keep
 Her native Splendor.

Cesa. 'Tis well, I commend you ;
 And study your Advancement with that care

As

As I would do a Sister's, (2) whom I love
With more than common Ardor.

Cla. That from me,
I hope's return'd to you.

Cesa. I do confess it,
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that Love
I wish t'increase between us) that you are
Observ'd, against the Gravity long maintain'd
In *Italy* (where to see a Maid unmasqu'd
Is held a Blemish) to be over-frequent
In giving or receiving Visits.

Cla. How?

Cesa. Whereas the Custom's here to wooe by Picture,
And never see the Substance. You are fair,
And Beauty draws Temptations on; you know it,
I would not live to see a willing Grant
From you, to one unworthy of your Birth,
Feature or Fortune; yet there have been Ladies
Of Rank, Proportion, and of Means beyond you,
That have prov'd this no Miracle.

Cla. One unworthy?

Why, pray you gentle Brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these Bounties to? I hope,
In your strict Criticism of me, and my Manners,
That you will not deny they are your Equals.

Cesa. Angry?

Cla. I've reason, but in cold Blood tell me,
Had we not one Father?

Cesa. Yes, and Mother too.

Cla. And he a Soldier.

Cesa. True.

Cla. If I then borrow
A little of the Boldness of his Temper,
Imparting it to such as may deserve it;

(2) ——— *whom I love*

With more than common Order.] Here a very gross Mistake
has run through all the Editions; but here too it has kept so near the
Letters of the Original, that the Moment the false Reading is observed,
the true one will readily occur. After writing this, I found the same
Correction in Mr. Theobald's Margin.

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(Howe'er indulgent to yourselves, you Brothers
 Allow no part of Freedom to your Sisters)
 I hope 'twill not pass for a Crime in me,
 To grant Access and Speech to noble Suitors;
 And you escape for innocent, that descend
 T' a Thing so far beneath you? Are you touch'd?
 Why did you think that you had *Gigas'* Ring,
 Or th' Herb that gives Invisibility?
 Or that *Biancha's* Name had ne'er been mention'd;
 The Fair Maid of the grand *Osteria*, Brother?

Cesa. No more.

Cl. A little, Brother. Your Night-walks,
 And offer'd Presents; which coy she, contemn'd
 Your Combats in Disguises with your Rivals,
 Brave *Muletiers*, Scullions perfum'd with Grease,
 (3) Such as cry Meat for Cats, must be remembred;
 And all this Pother for a common Trull,
 A tempting Sign, and curiously set forth,
 To draw in riotous Guests, a thing expos'd
 To every Ruffian's rude Assault; and subject,
 For a poor Salary, to a rich Man's Lust,
 Though made up of Diseases.

Cesa. Will you end yet?

Cl. And this a Mistress for *Albertus'* Son,
 One that I should call Sister?

Cesa. Part not with
 Your Modesty in this violent Heat; the Truth is,
 (For you shall be my Confessor) I love her,
 But virtuously; Report that gives her out
 Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
 Detracts much from her: for indeed she is,
 Though of a low Condition, compos'd
 Of all those Graces, Dames of highest Birth,
 Though rich in Nature's Bounties, should be proud of;
 But leave her, and to you my nearest Care,

(3) And *such as want Meat for Cats*—] This seem'd obscure,
 but is cleared up by the old Folio, who for *want* reads *cry*; but the
 conjunctive Particle at the Beginning seems to hurt both Sense and
 Measure, and to have crept in from the Line below; for Scullions are
 the proper Persons to sell Cats and Dogs Meat.

My

My dearest best *Clarissa*. Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren Virgin Life ; I rather aim at
A noble Husband, that may make you Mother
Of many Children, one that when I know him
Worth your Embraces, I may serve, and sue to :
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That Man, that happy Man, you please to favour.

Clà. I ever purpos'd it, for I will like
With your Allowance.

Cesa. As a Pawn of this,
Receive this Ring, but e'er you part with it
On any terms, be certain of your Choice ;
And make it known to me.

*Enter Servants with Lights, Alberto, Baptista,
Mariana, and Mentivole.*

Clà. You have my Hand for't.

Cesa. Which were it not my Sister's, I should kiss,
With too much heat.

Clà. My Father and his Guests, Sir.

Alber. Oh my old Friend, my try'd Friend, my *Baptista* :
These Days of Rest and Feasting suit not with
Our tougher Natures, those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at Sea ; that's our true Mother :
The Land's to us a Step-dame : There we fought
Honour and Wealth through Dangers ; yet those Dangers
Delighted more than their Rewards, though great ones,
And worth the Undertakers : Here we study
The Kitchen Arts, to sharpen Appetite,
Dull'd with Abundance ; and dispute with Heav'n,
(4) If that the least Puff of the rough North-wind
Blast our Vine's Burthen, rendring to our Palats
The charming Juice less pleasing ; whereas there

(4) *If that the least puff of the rough North-wind
Blast our time's Burthen, rendring to our Palats
The charming Juice less pleasing ; —*] The fine Sentiment
of the Poets here is corrupted into absolute Darkness. What is *our
time's Burthen* ? If *Age*, what Connection has it with what follows ?
Vine's Burthen, or the *Grape*, is undoubtedly the true Reading, and
I believe will be thought self-evident by every Reader.

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If we had Bisket, powder'd Flesh, fresh Water,
 We thought them *Persian* Delicates; and for Musick
 If a strong Gale but made the Main Yard crack,
 We danc'd to the loud Minstrel.

Bapt. And fear'd less,
 (So far we were in love with noble Action)
 A Tempest than a Calm.

Alber. 'Tis true, *Baptista*;
 There, there, from mutual Aids lent to each other,
 And virtuous Emulation to exceed
 In manly daring, the true School of Friendship,
 We learnt those Principles, which confirm'd us Friends
 Never to be forgot.

Bapt. Never, I hope.

Alber. W' were married there; for Bells, the roaring
 Cannon,
 Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a Prize
 Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
 Serv'd as a Dowry t' you, then stil'd my Wife;
 And did enable me to be a Husband,
 Fit to encounter so much Wealth, though got
 With Blood and Horror.

Mar. If so got, 'tis fit, Sir,
 Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
 In peace and quiet; I, your Son, and Daughter,
 That reap the Harvest of your Winters Labour,
 Though Debtors for it, yet have often trembled,
 When in way of Discourse, you have related
 How you came by it.

Alber. Trembled? How the Softness
 Of your Sex may excuse you, I'll not argue,
 But to the World, how'er I hold thee noble,
 I should proclaim this Boy some Coward's Bastard,
 And not the Image of *Albertus*' Youth,
 If when some wish'd Occasion calls him forth
 To a brave Trial, one weak Artery
 Of his should show a Fever, though grim Death
 Put on a thousand dreadful Shapes to fright him;
 The Elements, the Sea, and all the Winds
 We number on our Compass, then conspiring

To

To make the Scene more ghastly ; I must have thee,
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with
An Enemy's Ship, to board her, though you see
The desperate Gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the Deck up, or like *Cæsar's* Soldier
Thy Hands like his cut off, hang by the Teeth,
And die undaunted.

Mar. I even die to hear you :

My Son, my lov'd *Cesar*io run such Hazards ?
Bless'd Saints forbid it ; you have done enough
Already for one Family, that rude way ;
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A compleat Courtier : May I live to see him,
By sweet Discourse, and gracious Demeanor,
Win, and bring home a fair Wife, and a rich ;
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.

Alber. A Wife!

As if there were a Course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable Action ?
Or any Intercessors move so far,
To take a Mistress of a noble Spirit,
As the true Fame of glorious Victories,
Atchiev'd by Sweat and Blood ! Oh the brave Dames
Of warlike *Genoua* ! they had Eyes to see
The inward Man, and only from his Worth,
Courage, and Conquests, the blind Archer knew
To head his Shafts, or light his quenched Torch ;
They were Proof against them else ; no Carpet Knight
That spent his Youth in Groves, or pleasant Bowers,
Or stretching on a Couch his lazy Limbs,
Sung to his Lute such soft and melting Notes,
As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,
Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their Sense ;
Though he came so perfum'd as he had robb'd
Sebea, or *Arabia*, of their Wealth,
And stor'd it in one Suit : I still remember,
And still remember it with Joy, *Baptista*,
When from the Rescue of the *Genoua* Fleet,
Almost surpriz'd by the *Venetian* Gallies,
Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in Triumph,

How

How lovely in thy honour'd Wounds and Scars
 Thou didst appear, what Worlds of amorous Glances
 The Beauties of the City, where they stood,
 Fix'd like so many of the fairest Stars,
 Shot from their Windows at thee? How it fir'd
 Their Bloods to see (5) the Enemies Captive Streamers
 Born through the Streets? nor could chaste *Juliana*,
 The Duke's fair Neice, though guarded with her Greatness,
 Resist this gallant Charge, but laying by
 Disparity of Fortune from the Object,
 Yielded herself thy Prisoner.

Bap. Pray chuse some other Theme.

Mar. Can there be one more pleasing?

Bap. That Triumph drew on me a greater Torture,
 And 'tis in the Remembrance little less
 Than ever Captive suffer'd.

Mar. How? to gain the Favour of so great a Lady?

Bap. (6) Yes, since it prov'd so fatal; t'have been
 happy, Madam,

Adds to Calamity, and the heavy Loss
 Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
 Turns what you think a Blessing to a Curse,
 Which Grief would have forgotten. *Alber.* I am sorry
 I touch'd upon it. *Mar.* I burn rather, Sir,
 With a Desire to hear the Story of
 Your Loves, and shall receive it as a Favour,
 Which you may grant.

Bap. You must not be deny'd,
 Yet with all Brevity I must report it;
 'Tis true, fair *Juliana*, (*Genoua's* Pride)
 Enamour'd of my Actions, lik'd my Person;
 Nor could I but with Joy meet her Affection;
 Since it was lawful; for my first Wife dead,

(5) ——— *the Enemies Captive Streams*

Born through the Streets? —] *Streams* for *Streamers*, has run through all the Editions, tho' the Corruption was so extremely obvious. Mr. *Theobald* agreed with me in the Correction.

(6) *Yes, since it prov'd fatal; —*] The Particle inserted in the Text improving both Sense and Measure was most probably in the Original.

W' were closely marry'd, and for some few Months
Tasted the Fruits of't ; but malicious Fate,
Envyng our too much Happiness, wrought upon
A faithless Servant, privy to our Plot,
And Cabinet Counsellor to *Juliana*,
Who either for Hope, or Reward, or Fear,
Discover'd us to the incens'd Duke :
Whose Rage made her close Prisoner, and pronounc'd
On me perpetual Banishment : Some three Years
I wander'd on the Seas, since entertain'd
By the great Duke of *Florence* ; but what Fate
Attended her, or *Prospero* my Friend,
That staid at *Genoua*, to expect the Issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alber. From the Duke.

Bap. He's welcome,

To end my forc'd Relation. *Alber.* Signior *Baptista*,
The Great Duke's Will commands your present Care.

Gent. It points indeed at both of you.

Bap. I wait it.

Alber. In *Mariana*, to your Rest:

Bap. Nay leave us,

We must be private.

Mar. Stay not long, *Cesario*.

[*Eneunt.* *Manent* *Cesario*, *Mentivole*.

Ment. So, these old Men being vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak ; and howsoe'er they take
Delight in the Discourse of former Dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present Pleasures.

Cesa. Which if well employ'd,
Will not alone continue, but increase
In us their Friendship.

Ment. How shall we spend the Night ?
To snore it out like drunken *Dutchmen*, would
Sort ill with us *Italians*. We are made
Of other Metal, fiery, quick, and active ;
Shall we take our Fortune ? and while our cold Fathers
(In

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(In whom long since their youthful Heats were dead)
Talk much of *Mars*, serve under *Venus* Ensigns,
And seek a Mistress?

Cesa. That's a Game, dear Friend,
That does admit no Rival in chase of it.
And either to be undertook alone,
Or not to be attempted.

Ment. I'll not press you;
What other Sports to entertain the time with
The following Morning?

Cesa. Any that may become us.

Ment. Is the *Neopolitan* Horse the Viceroy sent you,
In a fit Plight to run?

Cesa. So my Groom tells me.
I can boast little of my Horsemanship;
Yet upon his Assurance, I dare wager
A thousand Crowns, 'gainst any Horse in *Florence*,
For'n eight Mile Course.

Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of Loss:
Else I durst match him with my *Barbary*
For twice the Sum. *Cesa.* You do well to excuse it,
Being certain to be beaten. *Ment.* Tush, you know
The contrary.

Cesa. To end the Controversy
Put it to Trial, by my Life I'll meet you

Enter Clarissa.

With the next rising Sun.

Ment. A Match. But here
Appears a *Cynthia*, that scorns to borrow
A Beam of Light from the great Eye of Heav'n,
She being herself all Brightness; how I envy
Those amorous Smiles, those Kisses, but sure chaste ones,
Which she vouchsafes her Brother?

Cl. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not *Biancha*, leave I pray you;
My Mother will not sleep before she see you,
And since you know her Tenderness, nay Fondness,
In every Circumstance that concerns your Safety,

You

You are not equal to her. *Cesa.* I must leave you,
But will not fail to meet you.

Ment. Soft Sleeps to you.

(7) *Mar.* [*Within.*] *Cesario.*

Cla. You're call'd again.

Cesa. Some Sons

Complain of too much Rigour in their Mothers ;
I of too much Indulgence ; you will follow—— [*Exit.*

Cla. You are her first Care, therefore lead the Way.

Ment. She stays ; blest Opportunity, she stays
As she invited Conference, she was ever
Noble and free ; but thus to tempt my Frailty,
Argues a yielding in her ; or Contempt
Of all that I dare offer ; stand I now

Consulting ? No, I'll put it home. *Cla.* Who waits there ?
More Lights. *Ment.* You need them not, they're as useless
As at Noon-day ; can there be Darknefs, where
Nature, then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd
To lend two Suns ?

Cla. *Hyperboles.*

Ment. No, Truths :

Truths, beauteous Virgin, so my Love-sick Heart
Assures me, and my Understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely ; should I rashly
Press near their scorching Beams, they would consume me :
And on the contrary, should your Disdain
Keep me at too much Distance, and I want
Their comfortable Heat, the Frost of Death
Would seize on all my Faculties.

Cla. Pray you pause, Sir.

This Vehemency of Discourse must else needs tire you.
These gay Words take not me, 'tis simple Faith,
Honest Integrity and lawful Flames
I am delighted with.

Ment. Such I bring with me,
And therefore, Lady——

Cla. But that you took me off
E'er I came to a period ; I had added

(7) *Within. Mariana, Cesario.*] Former Editions.

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A long Experience must be requir'd
 Both of his Faith and Trust, with whom a Virgin
 Trafficks for, what is dearest in this Life,
 Her Liberty and Honour ; I confess
 I oft have view'd you with an Eye of Favour,
 And with your generous Parts the many tenders
 Of doing me all fair Offices, have won
 A good Opinion from me. *Ment.* Oh speak ever,
 I never heard such Musick. *Cla.* A plain Tune, Sir,
 But 'tis a hearty one ; when I perceive,
 By evident Proofs, your Aims are truly noble,
 And that you bring the Engines of fair Love,
 Not of foul Lust, to shake and undermine
 My Maiden Fortrefs : I may then make good
 What now I dare not promise.

Ment. You already,
 In taking notice of my poor Deservings,
 Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
 A frontless Impudence to ask beyond this ;
 Yet qualify, though not excuse my Error,
 Though now I am ambitious to desire
 A Confirmation of it. *Cla.* So it wrong not
 My Modesty to grant it. *Ment.* 'Tis far from me,
 I only am a Suitor, you would grace me
 With some Toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
 To warrant to the World that I usurp not,
 When I presume to stile myself your Servant,
 A Ribbon from your Shoe.

Cla. You are too humble,
 I'll think upon't ; and something of more Value
 Shall witness how I prize you ; it grows late,
 I'll bring you to the Door.

Ment. You still more bind me.—— [Exeunt.

Enter Duke of Florence, Alberto, Baptista, Magistrates and Attendants.

Duke. You find, by this assur'd Intelligence,
 The Preparation of the Turk's against us.
 We've met him oft and beat him ; now to fear him
 Would argue want of Courage, and I hold it
 A safer Policy for us and our Signiories,

To charge him in his Passage o'er the Sea,
Than to expect him here.

Alber. May it please your Highness,
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great Imployment, if I may deliver
My Judgment freely, 'tis not Flattery
Though I say (8) my Opinion waits on yours,
Nor would I give my Suffrage and Consent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great Speaker, though that the denial
Call'd on your heavy Anger. For myself
I do profess thus much, if a blunt Soldier
May borrow so much from the oyl'd tongu'd Courtier,
(That echoes whatsoe'er the Prince allows of)
All that my long Experience hath taught me,
That have spent three parts of my Life at Sea,
(Let it not taste of Arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added Reasons of more Weight
To fortify your Affections, than such
As your Grace out of Observation meerly
Already have propounded. *Bap.* With the Honour
To give the daring Enemy an Affront
In being the first Opposer, it will teach
Your Soldiers boldness; and strike fear in them
That durst attempt you.

1 *Magi.* Victuals and Ammunition,
And Mony too, the Sinews of the War,
Are stor'd up in the Magazine. 2 *Magi.* And the Gallies
New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two Days warning
Fit for the Service. *Duke.* We commend your Care,
Nor will we e'er be wanting in our Counsels,
As we doubt not your Action; you *Baptista*
Shall stay with us; that Merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole Fortunes in one Bottom.
(9) *Alberto* be our Admiral; spare your Thanks,

(8) — *my Opinion waits on you,*] The small Change of *you*
to *yours* takes all Obscurity from this Expression.

(9) *Alber. Be our Admiral,* —] The Continuation of the Duke's
Speech is thus absurdly broke in all the former Editions. The Correction
is extremely obvious, and Mr. *Theobald* had corrected it before me.

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'Tis Merit in you that invites this Honour,
 Preserve it such; e'er long you shall hear more,
 Things rashly undertaken end as ill,
 But great Acts thrive when Reason guides the Will.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen:

1 *Gent.* No Question 'twas not well done in *Cesario*,
 To cross the Horse of young *Mentivole*
 In the midst of this Course.

2 *Gent.* That was not all,
 Th' switching him dull'd him.

3 *Gent.* Would that both the Jades
 Had broke their Necks, when they first started: 'sight,
 We stand here prating, give them leave to whisper,
 And when they have cut one anothers Throats

Enter Mentivole and Cesario.

Make in to part 'em.

2 *Gent.* There is no such Hazard,
 Their Father's Friendship and their Love forbid it;
 See where they come.

1 *Gent.* With Fury in their Looks.

Ment. You have the Wager, with what foul play got
 I'll not dispute.

Cesa. Foul Play?

Ment. I cannot speak it
 In a fairer Language, and if some Respects
 Familiar to myself chain'd not my Tongue,
 I should say more. I should, but I'll sit down
 With this Disgrace; how'er press me no farther.
 For if once more provok'd, you'll understand
 I dare no more suffer an Injury,
 Than I dare do one.

Cesa. Why, Sir, are you injur'd
 In that I take my Right, which I would force,
 Should you detain it?

Ment. Put it to Judgment.

Cesa. No; my Will in this shall carry it.

Ment. Your Will? Nay, farewell Softness then.

3 *Gent.*

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3 *Gent.* This I foresaw. [They suddenly draw.

2 *Gent.* Hold, hold.

Cesa. I'm hurt.

2 *Gent.* Shift for yourself, 'tis Death.

Ment. As you respect me, bear him off with Care,
If he miscarry, since he did the Wrong,
I'll stand the shock of't.

2 *Gent.* Gently, he will faint else——

[*Exeunt Gentlemen with Cefario.*

Ment. And speedily, I beseech you; my Rage over,
That pour'd upon my Reason Clouds of Error,
I see my Folly, and at what dear Loss
I have exchang'd a real Innocence,
To gain a meer fantastical Report,
Transported only by vain popular Wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy Man.

Enter Baptista.

But could I satisfy myself within here,
How should I bear my Father's Frowns? They meet me,
My Guilt conjures him hither.

Bapt. Sirrah.

Ment. Sir.

Bapt. I've met the Trophies of your ruffian Sword:
Was there no other Anvil to make trial
How far thou durst be wicked, but the Bosom
Of him, which under the adulterate Name
Of Friendship thou hast murder'd?

Ment. Murder'd, Sir?

My Dreams abhor so base a Fact; true Valour,
Imploy'd to keep my Reputation fair,
From the austere Judge, can never merit
T' be branded with that Title; you begot me
A Man, no Coward; and but call your Youth
To Memory, when injur'd, you could never
Boast of the Asses Fortitude, Slave-like Patience:
And you might justly doubt I were your Son,
If I should entertain it; if *Cesario*
Recover, as I hope his Wound's not mortal,
A second Trial of what I dare do
In a just Cause, shall give strong Witnesses for me

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I am the true Heir to *Baptista's* Courage,
As to his other Fortunes.

Bapt. Boy, to neither :

But on this strict Condition, which Intreaties
From Saints, nay Angels, shall not make me alter.
A Friendship so began, and so continu'd
Between me and *Alberto* my best Friend,
Your Brawls shall not dissolve ; it is my Will,
And as I am thy Father, I command thee,
That instantly, on any Terms, how poor
Soe'er, it skills not, thou desire his Pardon,
And bring Assurance to me he has sign'd it,
Or by my Father's Soul I'll never know thee,
But as a Stranger to my Blood ; perform it,
And suddenly, without reply ; I've said it.

Ment. And in it given a heavier Sentence on me
Than the most cruel Death ; you are my Father,
And your Will to be serv'd, and not disputed
By me, that am your Son : But I'll obey,
And though my Heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my Faculties are your own.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Albertus, Physician, and a Surgeon.

Phy. **H**A V E Patience, noble Sir ; your Son *Cesaris*
will

Recover, without Question. *Surg.* A slight Wound,
Though't pierc'd his Body, it hath mis'd the Vitals.

Phy. My Life for't, he shall take the Air again
Within these ten Days.

Alber. O but from a Friend,
T' receive this bloody Measure from a Friend !
If that a Man should meet a violent Death,
In a Place where he had taken Sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him ? Such all *Florence* held
Their Friendship, and 'tis that which multiplies

' The

The Injury.

Pby. Have Patience, worthy Signior.

Alber. I do protest, as I am Man and Soldier,
If I had buried him in a Wave at Sea,
(Lost in some honourable Action)
I would not to the saltness of his Grave
Have added the least Tear; but these Quarrels,

Enter Mariana, and Clarissa.

Bred out of Garne and Wine, I had as lief
He should have dy'd of a Surfeit. *Mar.* Oh what Comfort?
How is it with our Son, Sir? *Alber.* His Work-masters
Bear me in hand here, as my Lawyer does,
When I've a crack'd Title, or bad Suit in Law,
All shall go well.

Mar. I pray you, Gentlemen,
What think you of his Wound? *Pby.* 'Tis but a Scratch,
Nothing to danger.

Cl. But he receiv'd it from a Friend,
And the Unkindness ta'en at that, may kill him.

Mar. Let me see him.

Pby. By no means, he slumbers.

Mar. Then I cannot believe you, when you tell me
There's Hope of him.

Alber. And yet many Ladies
Do give more Faith to their Physician
Than to their Confessor.

Cl. O my poor lost Brother,
And Friend more dear than Brother.

Alber. More loud Instruments
T' disturb his Slumbers! Go, go, take Catoch:
And as you love me, you and the Girl retire
T' our Summer-House i'th' Country; I'll be with you
Within these two Days.

Mar. I am yours in all things,
Though with much Sorrow to leave him.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Cl.*]

Alber. I pray you Gentlemen,
With best Observance tend your Patient;
The Loss of my Heir Male lies now a bleeding,

Enter Mentivole.

And think what Payment his Recovery
Shall shower upon you. Of all Men breathing,
[*Exeunt Physician and Surgeon.*

Wherefore do you arrive here? Are you mad?
My Injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you; why this Affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your Hurt was only Danger to my Son, but
Your Sight to me is Death: Why come you hither?
D' you come to view the Wounds which you have made,
And glory in them?

Ment. Rather, worthy Sir,
To pour Oyl into them. *Alber.* I'm a Soldier,
Sir, least part of a Courtier, and understand
By your smooth Oil, your present Flattery.

Ment. Sir, for my Father's sake acknowledge me
To be born a Gentleman, no Slave; I ever
Held Flatterers of that Breed; do not misconstrue,
In your Distaste of me, the true Intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your Son's Hurt.

Alber. Not sorry?

Ment. No, not sorry;
I have to th' lowest Ebb lost all my Fury,
But must not lose my Honesty: 'Twas he
Gave Heat unto the Injury, which return'd
(Like a Petard ill lighted, into th' Bosom
Of him, gave Fire to't) yet I hope his Hurt
Is not so dangerous, but he may recover:
When if it please him, call me to Account
For th' Loss of so much Blood, I shall be ready
To do him noble Reason.

Alber. You are arm'd
Methinks with wondrous Confidence.

Ment. O, with the best, Sir;
For I bring Penitence, and Satisfaction.

Alber. Satisfaction? Why, I heard you say but now,

You

You were not sorry for his Wounds.

Ment. Nor am I :

The Satisfaction which I bring, Sir, is to you.

You are a Gentleman ne'er injur'd me ;

One ever lov'd my Father, the right way,

And most approv'd of noble Amity.

Yet I have run my Sword quite through your Heart,

And slightly hurt your Son ; for't may be fear'd,

A Grief ta'en at these Years for your Son's Loss,

May hazard yours : And therefore I am sent

By him that has most interest in your Sorrow,

(10) Who having chid me almost to my Ruin,

To a Disheritance, for violating

(11) So constant and so sacred a Friendship

Of fifty Winters standing ; such a Friendship,

That ever did continue like the Spring,

Ne'er saw the fall o'th' Leaf ; by him I am sent

To say the Wrong I have done, Sir, is to you,

And that I have quite lost him for a Father,

Until I find your Pardon ; nay, there follows

A weightier Deprivation : His Estate

I could with a less Number of Sighs part with.

(10) *Who having chid me almost to the Ruin,
Of a Disheritance,——]* This can scarce be made Sense ;
to the Ruin of my Inheritance may be allow'd, but in seems better to
put both Substantives in the same Case.

—— to my Ruin,
To a Disheritance, &c.

(11) *So continu'd and so sacred a Friendship
Of fifty Winters standing ; such a Friendship,
That ever did continue &c.]* Here seems a reiterated Tautology
in these Lines very unlike and unworthy of our Authors. Besides
which, the Reader will find the Accents of the first Line falling twice
on wrong Syllables, and utterly spoiling the Verse. This might be
corrected thus,

Such a continu'd, such a sacred Friendship.

But the Tautology still remains. The following, therefore, was more
probably the Original ;

So constant and so sacred a Friendship.

Here *sacred* must be read as three Syllables, a thing very common with
our Poets, and very easy in the Pronunciation. *Constant* in the Sense
of *firm* and *unshaken* by Accidents, keeps clear of the Tautology com-
plain'd of.

Fortune might attend my Youth, and my Deservings
 In any Climate; but a Father's Blessing,
 To settle and confirm that Fortune, no where,
 But only here. Your Pardon, give me that;
 And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that
 Takes from me the Effect of Excommunication;
 A Father's heavy Curse.

Alber. Nay, may that Curse
 Light on himself, for sending thee in this Minute,
 When I am grown as deaf to all Compassion,
 As the cruellest Sea-fight, or most horrid Tempest.
 That I had drown'd i'th' Sea a thousand Duckets,
 Thou hadst not made this Visit; rash young Man,
 That tak'st me in an ill Planet, and hast Cause
 To curse thy Father; for I do protest,
 If I had met thee in any part o'th' World,
 But under my own Roof, I would have kill'd thee.
 Within there;

Enter Physician, Surgeon, and Servants.

Look you! Here's a Triumph sent for
 The Death of your young Master.

Ser. Shall we kill him? *Alber.* No,
 I'll not be so unhospitable; but, Sir,
 B' my Life, I vow to take Assurance from you,
 That right Hand never more shall strike my Son.

Ment. That will be easily protested.

Alber. Not easily,
 When it must be exacted, and a bloody Seal to't.
 Bind him, and cut off's right Hand presently:
 Fair Words shall never satisfy foul Deeds.
 Chop his Hand off.

Ment. You cannot be s' unrighteous
 To your own Honour. *Phy.* O, Sir, collect yourself;
 Recall your bloody Purpose. *Alber.* My Intents
 O' this Nature ever come to action. *Surg.* Then I
 Must fetch another stickler. [Exit.

Alber. Yet I do grieve at Heart;
 And I do curse thy Father heartily,
 That's th' Cause of my Dishonour; sending thee

In such an Hour, when I am apt for Mischief:
Apt as a *Dutchman* after a Sea-fight,
When his Enemy kneels afore him; come, dispatch.

Phy. Intreat him, noble Sir.

Ment. You shall excuse me;
Whatfo'er he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cefario, and Surgeon.

Cefa. Oh, Sir, for Honour's sake stay your foul Purpose,
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no Question in the Wound you give him,
I shall bleed to death for't. *Alber.* Thou art not of
My Temper, what I purpose, can't be alter'd.

Ser. Th' Duke, with all speed expects you. You must
instantly
Ship all your Followers, and to Sea. *Alber.* My Blessing
Stay with thee upon this Condition,
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st
To be accounted for my Son, perform't. [Exit.

Cefa. You hear what I am injoin'd to.

Ment. Pray thee take it;

Only this Ring, this best esteemed Jewel,
I will not give't to th' Hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a Relick. I'll remove it

Nearer my Heart. *Cefa.* Ha, that Ring's my Sister's.
The Ring I enjoin'd her never part withal
Without my Knowledge; come, Sir, we are Friends:
Pardon my Father's Heat, and Melancholy;
Two violent Fevers which he caught at Sea,
And cannot yet shake of: Only one Promise
I must injoin you to, and seriously.

Hereafter you shall never draw a Sword
T' th' prejudice of my Life. *Ment.* By my best hopes
I shall not. *Cefa.* Pray deliver me your Sword
On that Condition.

Ment. I shall, Sir, may it hereafter
Ever fight on your part.

Cefa. Noble Sir, I thank you;
But for Performance of your Vow, I intreat
Some Gage from you.

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Ment. Any, Sir.

Cesa. Deliver me that Ring.

Ment. Ha, this Ring? indeed this Jewel binds me,
If you knew the virtue of it, never more
To draw my Sword against you.

Cesa. Therefore I
Will have it.

Ment. You may not, Sir.

Cesa. Come, you must:
I that by violence could take your Hand,
Can enforce this from you; this is a Token, Sir,
That w^{ch} may prove Friends hereafter. Fare you well.

Phy. Why did you seize his Sword, Sir?

Cesa. To perform
That which my Father bad me, I've for the present
Ta'en 'way his use of fighting. *Phy.* Better so,
Than take that which your Father meant.

[*Exeunt. Manet Mentivole.*

Ment. Was ever the like Usage? O that Ring!
Dearer than Life, whither is Honour fled?

Cesario, thou'rt unmanly in each Part,
To seize my Sword first, and then split my Heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Host and Clown.

Host. Thy Master
That lodges here in my *Osteria*,
Is a rare Man of Art, they say he's a Witch.

Clown. A Witch? Nay, he's one step of the Ladder to
Preferment higher, he's a Conjurer.

Host. Is that his higher Title?

Clown. Yes, I assure you,
F'r a Conjurer's th' Devil's Master, and commands him;
Whereas a Witch is but the Devil's Prentice,
And obeys him. *Host.* Bound Prentice to the Devil!

Clown. Bound and inroll'd I assure you, he can't start;
And therefore I would never wish an' Gentleman
To turn Witch. *Host.* Why, Man? *Clown.* Oh he loses his
Gentility by it, the Devil in this Case cannot help him,
H' must go to the Herald for new Arms, believe it.

Host. As I'm true Inn-keeper, yet a Gentleman born,
I'll

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I'll ne'er turn Witch for that Trick ; and thou hast
Been a great Traveller ? *Clown.* No indeed, not I, Sir.

Host. Come, you are modest. *Clown.* No, I am not
modest,

For I told you a lye, that you might th' better
Understand I have been a Traveller.

Host. So, Sir,

They say your Master's a great Physician too.

Clown. He was no Fool that told you that, I assure you.

Host. And you have been in *England* ? but they say,
Ladies in *England* take a great deal of Physick.

Clown. Both ways, on my Reputation.

Host. So 'tis to be understood :

But they say Ladies there take Physick for fashion.

Clown. Yes, Sir, and many times die to keep fashion.

Host. How ?

Die to keep fashion ! *Clown.* Yes, I have known a Lady
Sick of the Small-pox, only to keep her Face
From Pit-holes, take cold, strike them in again,
Kick up the Heels and vanish. *Host.* There was kicking up
Th' Heels with a witness. *Clown.* No, Sir ; I confess
A good Face 'as many times been the Motive to [not.
The kicking up of the Heels with a witness ; but this was

Enter Hostess and Biancha.

Host. Here comes my Wife and Daughter.

Clown. You have a pretty Commodity of this Night-
worm.

Host. Why, Man ?

Clown. She is a pretty Lure to draw Custom to your
Ordinary.

Host. Dost think I keep her to that purpose ?

Clown. When a Dove-house is empty, there is Cumin-
seed

Used to purloin from the rest of the Neighbours ;
In *England* you have several (12) Adamants,
To draw in Spurs and Rapiers ; one keeps Silk-worms
I' a Gallery : A Milliner has choice

(12) *Adamants,*] i. e. *Loadstones.* See *Skinner* on the Word.

O' Monkies and Paraketoës ; another shews
 Bawdy *East-Indian* Pictures, worse than ever
 Were *Areline's* ; a Goldsmith keeps his Wife
 Wedg'd into his Shop like a Mermaid, nothing of her
 To b' seen (that's Woman) but her upper Part.

Host. Nothing but 'r upper Part ?

Clown. Nothing but her upper Bodies,
 And he lives at th' more Heart's ease. *Host.* What's the
 Reason ?

Clown. Because her nether Part c'n give no Temptation ;
 By your leave, Sir, I'll tend my Master, and instantly
 Be with you for a Cup of *Cberally* this hot Weather.

Host. A nimble-pated Rascal. Come hither, Daughter,
 When was *Cesario* here ?

Bian. Sir, not this Fortnight.

Host. I do not like his Visits, commonly
 He comes by Owl-light, both the Time and Manner is
 Suspicious ; I don't like it.

Bian. Sir, the Gentleman
 Is every way so noble, that you need not
 Question his intent of coming, though you did ;
 Pray Sir preserve that good Opinion of me,
 That though the Custom of the Place I w's born in
 Makes me familiar to every Guest,
 I shall in all things keep myself a Stranger
 To th' Vices they bring with them.

Hostess. Right my Daughter :
 She h's the right Strain of h'r Mother.

Host. Of her Mother ?
 And I would speak, I know from whence she took it.

Hostess. (13) When I was as young, I was as honest—
 leave your prating,

(13) *When I was as young, I was as honest.*] This has been hitherto made the Conclusion of the *Host's* Speech, by which it seems to have lost all its Humour. It evidently belongs to the *Hostess*, who stops her Husband from giving further Hints concerning *Biancha* ; and this is artfully contriv'd with regard to the Audience, whose Curiosities are heightened by a Glimmering of the Plot, but not too soon satisfy'd by a full View of it. To do this judiciously, is one of the greatest Difficulties in almost every Species to Writing.

And

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And study to be drunk: and abuse your Guests over and over.

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Host. Peace, Wife, my honourable Guest.

Foro. My indear'd Landlord,
And the rest of the Complements of the House.

Host. Breakfast is ready, Sir, it waiteth only
The Tide of your Stomach. *Clown.* And mine gapes for't
Like a stale Oyster. E'er you go to Bed,
Fail not of that, I pray.

[*Exeunt all but Forobosco, and Clown.*

Foro. We'll instantly be with you;
Now we're all Fellows.

Nine a Clock, and no Clients come
Yet, sure thou dost not set up Bills enough.

Clown. I've set up Bills i' abundance. *Foro.* What Bills?

Clown. Marry,
For curing all Diseases, recovery of stol'n Goods,
And a thousand such Impossibilities.

Foro. The Place 's unlucky.

Clown. No, certain 'tis scarcity of Mony;
Do not you hear the Lawyers complain of it?
Men have 's much Malice as e'er they had to wrangle,
But they've no Mony: Whither should this Mony
Betravell'd? *Foro.* To the Devil, I think. *Clown.* 'Tis with
His Cofferer I'm certain, that's the Usurer.

Foro. Our cheating does not prosper so well as
'Twas wont to do. *Clown.* No sure, why in *England* we
Cou'd cozen 'em as familiarly, as if
We'd travell'd with a Brief, or a Lottery.

Foro. In the *Low-Countries* we did pretty well.

Clown. So, so: as long as we kept the Mop-headed But-
Ter-boxes sober; marry when they were drunk,
Then they grew Buzzards: You should have them reel
Their Heads together, and deliberate;
Your *Dutchman* when he's foxt, is like a Fox;
For when he's sunk in Drink, quite Earth to a Man's
thinking,

'Tis full Exchange time with him, then he's subtlest;

But

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But your *Switzer*, 'twas nothing to cheat him.

Foro. Nothing?

Clown. No, nor Conscience to be made of it; for since Nature afore-hand cozen'd him of his Wit, 'Twas less Sin f'r us to cozen him of his Mony.

Foro. But these *Italians* are more nimble-pated, We must have some new Trick for them; I protest But that our Hostess's Daughter's a sweet Lais, And draws great Resort to th' House, we were as good Draw Teeth a Horseback.

Clown. I told 'em in the Market-place you could conjure, And no body would believe me; but e'er long I'll make 'em believe you can conjure with such a Figuary.

Foro. What Language shall's conjure in? High *Dutch* I think, that's full in the Mouth. *Clown.* No, no; *Spanish*, That roareth best, and will appear more dreadful.

Foro. Prithee tell me thy Conceit thou hast to gull them.

(14) *Clown.* No, no, I will not stale it; but my dear Jews-trump,

(15) For thou art but my Instrument, I'm the Plotter, And when we have cozen'd 'em most titely, thou Shalt steal away the Inn-keeper's Daughter, I'll Provide myself of another Moveable; And we'll most piously retire ourselves T' *Geneva*.

Foro. Thou art the Compass I sail by. [Exeunt.]

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Bapt. Was ever Expectation of so noble Requital answered with such Contumely! A wild *Numidian*, that had suck'd a Tigress, Would not have been so barbarous; did he threat To cut thy Hand off?

Ment. Yes, Sir, and his Slaves

(14) *Clown.* *No, no, I will not steal it—*] *Steal* in this Place was evidently corrupt, and *stale* as evidently the true Word. Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd with me in the Correction, as they did in the next.

(15) *For thou art by my Instrument—*] We all read *but my Instrument*.

Were

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Were ready to perform't. *Bapt.* What hinder'd it?

Ment. Only his Son's Intreaty.

Bapt. Noble Youth,
I wish thou wert not of his Blood; thy Pity
Gives me a Hope thou art not.

Ment. You mistake, Sir,
The Injury that follow'd from the Son,
Was worse than th' Father's; he did first disarm
And took from me a Jewel, which I prize
Above my Hand or Life.

Bapt. Take thy Sword from thee?
He stole it like a Thief rather, he could not
I'th' Field deprive thee of it.

Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade up,
As if I'd been a Foot-boy.

Bapt. O my Fury!
I now ask thee forgiveness, that my Rashness,
Bred out of too much Friendship, did expose thee
To s' eminent a Danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole Family:
All the Calamities of my whole Life,
My Banishment from *Genoa*, my Wife's Loss,
Compar'd to this Indignity, is nothing;
Their Family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a Plague, when the Dog-Star reigns most hot:
An *Italian's* Revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot.

[*Exit.*

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my Father,
For my Int'rest in *Clarissa*; my Care now
Must be t' untangle this Division,
That our most equal Flames may be united;
And from these various and perturbed Streams,
Rise, like a sweet Morn, after terrible Dreams.

[*Exit.*

Enter Clarissa, and Cefario.

Cl. Brother, I'm happy in your Recovery.

Cef. And I, Sister,
Am ever best pleas'd in your Happiness:
But

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I mis a Toy should be upon your Finger.

Cla. My Ring ;

This Morning when I wash'd I put it off,

'Tis in my Window. *Cesa.* Where's your Looking-glass?

Cla. Here, Sir.

Cesa. 'Tis a fair one.

Cla. 'Tis pure Crystal.

Cesa. Can a Diamond cut in Crystal? Let me see,
I'll grave my Name in't.

(16) *Cla.* Oh, you'll spoil my Glass.

Cesa. Would you not have your Brother in your Eye?
I'd thought he had been planted in your Heart,
Look you,

The Diamonds cut quaintly, you are cozen'd,
Your Crystal is too brittle.

Cla. 'Tis the Ring

I gave unto *Mentivole*, sure the same.

You put me to Amazement, Sir, and Horror ;
How came you by that Ring ?

Cesa. Does the Blood rise?

Cla. Pray, Sir, resolve me, O for Pity do,
And take from me a trembling at the Heart,
That else will kill me ; for I too much fear
Nothing but Death could ravish it from his Hand
That wore it. *Cesa.* Was it given to *Mentivole*
On that Condition? *Cla.* Tell me of his Health first,
And then I'll tell you any thing.

Cesa. By my Life he's well,
In better Health than I am.

Cla. Then it was, Sir.

Cesa. Then shall I ever hate thee. Oh thou false one,
Hast thou a Faith to give unto a Friend,
And break it to a Brother? Did I not,
By all the Ties of Blood, importune thee
Never to part with it without my Knowledge?

(16) *Cla.* Oh, you'll spoil my Glass.

Would you not have your Brother in your Eye?] This second
Line evidently belongs to *Cesario*, tho' given in the former Editions
to *Clarissa*. Mr. *Sympson* and Mr. *Theobald* concurr'd in this Cor-
rection.

Thou

Thou might'st have given it to a Muleteer,
And made a Contract with him in a Stable,
At as cheap a Price of my Vengeance: Never more
Shall a Woman's Trust beguile me; you are all
Like Relicks: You may well be look'd upon,
But come a Man to th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces.

Cl. Dear Sir, I have no way
Look'd either beneath Reason, or myself,
In my Election; there's Parity in our Blood,
And in our Fortunes; ancient Amity
Betwixt our Parents; to which wants nothing, but
The Fruit of blessed Marriage between us,
To add to their Posterities: Nor does now
Any Impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected Quarrel, which divided
So noble and so excellent a Friendship,
Which as I ne'er had Magick to foresee,
So I could not prevent.

Ces. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing; I shall,
In th' Absence of my Father, be your Guardian;
His Suit must pass through my Office. *Mentivole,*
He has too much o' my Blood already; he has,
And h' gets no more of't—
Wherefore weep you, Mother?

Enter Mariana and a Sailor.

Mar. 'Tis occasion'd by a Sorrow,
Wherein you have a Child's part, and the mainest,
Your Father's dead.

Ces. Dead?

Mar. There is one can
Relate the rest. *Sail.* I can, Sir; your Father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.

Ces. How? In a Tempest?

Sail. No, Sir, in a Calm,
Calm as this Evening; the Gunner being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the Ordnance to their Ports.
When came a sudden Gust, which tumbled them

All

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All to the Starboard side, o'erturn'd the Ship,
And sunk her in a Moment; some six Men
That were upon the Deck were sav'd; the rest
Perish'd wi' your Father.

Cl. O my dearest Father——

Cesa. I pray thee leave us.

Mar. I have a Sorrow of another Nature
Equal to th' former. *Cesa.* And most commonly
They come together.

Mar. Th' Family of the *Baptisti*
Are grown to Faction, and upon distaste
Of th' Injury late offer'd in my House,
Have vow'd a most severe and fell Revenge
'Gainst all our Family, but especially
'Gainst you, my dear *Cesario*.

Cesa. Let them threat,
I am prepar'd t' oppose them.

Mar. Is your Loss then
Of s' easy an Estimation? What Comfort
Have I but in your Life, and your late Danger
Presents afore me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry; therefore I'll advise you,
When th' Funeral is over, you would travel;
Both to prevent their Fury, and wear out
The Injury. *Cesa.* No, Mother, I'll not travel,
So in my Absence he may marry my Sister,
I will not travel certain.

Mar. O my *Cesario*,
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own Life,
Indeed with a kind of Dotage, he shall never
Go forth o' Doors, but the contrary Faction
Will indanger's Life, and then am I most wretched.
I'm thinking of a strange Prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding Eye,
Fondness sometimes is worse than Cruelty.— [Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Host, Hostess and Bianca.

Host. **H**Aunted, my House is haunted wi' Goblins. I shall
Be frightened out o' my Wits, and set up a Sign
Only t' invite Carriers and Foot-pofts; Scar-crows
T' keep off th' Cavalry, and Gentry of the best Rank.
I will nail up my Doors, and wall up my Girl
(Wife) like an Anchorefs; or she will be ravish'd
Before our Faces b' Rascals and Cacafugo's
(Wife) Cacafugo's. *Hostess.* These are your In-comes,
Remember your own Proverb, that, the Savour
Of every Gain smelt sweet; thank no body but your
Self for this Trouble. *Host.* No gauling (dear Spouse)
no gauling,

Every Day's new Vexation abates me
Two Inches in the Waste, terrible Penance
For an Host, Girl, Girl, Girl, which of all this
Gally-maufry of Mans flesh appears tolerable
T' thy Choice? speak shortly, and speak truly: I
Must and will know, must and will; hear ye that?

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my Care and Duty;
I am so far from entertaining Thoughts
Of Liberty, that much more excellent Objects
Than any of such coarse Contents as these are,
Could not betray mine Eye to force mine Heart
Conceive a Wish, of any dearer Happiness
Than your Direction warrants. I am yours, Sir.

Hostess. What thinks the Man now? Is not this strange
At thirteen? *Host.* Very good Words, there's a Tang
in 'em,

And a sweet one, 'tis Musick, Wife, and now
I come t'ye. Let us a little examine
The severall Conditions of our
Paragraphistical Suitors. The first,
A trav'ling Tailor, who by the Mystery
Of's Needle and Thimble hath survey'd the Fashions
Of th' *French*, and *Englisb*; this Signior Ginger-bread,

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Stitch'd up in the Shreds of a gaudy Outside,
Sows Linings with his cross-leg'd Compliment,
Like an Ape doing Tricks over a Staff,
Cringes, and crouches, 'nd kisses his Fore-finger:

Hostess. Out upon him.

Host. A second, a Lavolteere, a Saltatory,
A Dancer with a Kit at's Bum; one that,
By teaching great *Madonnas* t' foot it, has
Miraculously purchas'd a ribanded
Waste-coat, and four clean Pair of Socks: A Fellow
That skippeth as he walketh, and instead
Of sensible Discourse, venteth the curious
Conceit of some new Tune stol'n at a Mask,
Or bawdy Ditty, elevated for
Th' *Pole Arçick* of a Lady's Bed-Chamber;
In that File stands another o' your Inamoratoes.

Hostess. Hang him and his Fiddle together, he ne'er
fiddles

Any Child of ours. *Host.* The third, a Mongrel,
Got by a *Switzer* on an *Italian*; this Puppy,
Being left well estated, comes to *Florence*,
That the World may take notice, how impossible
A thing 'tis for Experience to alter
The Course of Nature; a Fool, Wife; and indeed
A Clown turn'd Gallant, seldom or ne'er proves
Other than a gallant Fool, this Toy prates
To little purpose other than—What's a Clock?
Shall's go drink? Yea forsooth; and thank ye heartily.
I fear no Art in him to catch thee, and
Yet we must be tormented with this Buzzard

Amongst the rest. *Hostess.* 'Tis your own Folly; forbid
him the House.

Host. The fourth a Mule-driver, a stubborn and a harsh
Knave;

The fifth a School-master, a very amorous Pedant,
(17) Run almost mad with Study of new Sonnets,

And

(17) *Run almost mad with Study of Sonnets,*] All the *Host's* Part
in this Scene, as the Conjuror's in others, has been hitherto printed as
Prose; but the Reader will see that without any Strain (for I have
scarce added or struck out a single Expletive) it runs into an affected
hobbling

And Compliments of old Play-ends ; the last
(18) An Advocate's Clerk, that speaks pure Fustian
Law-Terms ;

Excellent Courtiers all, and all as neat
As a *Magnifico's* Post new painted, at
His Entrance to an Office ; thou shalt have
None of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do. I say
Thou shalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your Command to me shall stand a Law.

Host. Now they throng like so many Horse-courfers
At a Fair, in Clusters 'bout the Man of Art,
For Love-Powders, Ingredients, Potions, Counsels,
Postures, and Compliments, Philters, the Devil
And the——How now ? Tumults, Batteries, Noise ?

(19) *Foro.* Ha, get from my Sight.

[*Clown* cries within.

Enter Forobosco, and Clown with his Head bloody.

Clown. Murder me, do,
Pound me to Mummy, do ; see what will come on't.

Foro. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy Tongue out,
Thou unlickt Bear, dar'st thou yet stand my Fury,
My generous Rage ? Yet ! by the sulphureous Damps
That feed the hungry and incessant Darknes,
Which curls around the grim *Alastor's* Back,
Mutter again, and with one powerful Word
I'll call an *Host* up from the *Stygian* Lakes,
Shall waft thee to the *Acherontick* Fens,
Where choak'd with Mists as black as thy Impostures,
Thou shalt live still a dying.

hobbling Verse ; which to me seems to add great Humour to almost every Sentiment, giving a comic Dignity to the whole, which is of all Drollery the most laudable. In this Line a Monosyllable seems evidently dropt, for the Epithet *new* not only fills the Measure, but makes a proper Antithesis to the *old* in the next Line, which is a proof of its having been originally a Verse.

(18) *An Advocate's Clerk, that speaks pure Fustian in Law-Terms ;* The Particle *in*, here, equally hurts the Sense as the Measure, which is another Proof of the Measure's being genuine.

(19) *Ha, get from my Sight.*] This has been made the Conclusion of the *Host's* Speech, which evidently belongs to *Forobosco* as he enters.

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Clown. Conjure me to
The Devil and you can, I live in Hell
On Earth already, and you had any Mercy,
You would not practice on a kind Heart thus.

Host. You have drawn Blood from him,
Signior, is his Offence unpardonable?

Foro. A Lump of Ignorance, pray speak not for him,
A drowsy Grofsness; in all Christian Kingdoms,
The mention of my Art, my Name, my Practice,
Merit and Glory hath begot at once
Delight and Wonder; I'll not be intreated,
Spare Intercession for him, — O thou Scorn
Of Learning, shame of Duty; must thy Sloth
Draw my just Fame in Question? I discharge thee
From my Service; see me no more henceforth.

Clown. Discharge me!
Is that m' Year's Wages? I will not be so answer'd.

Foro. Not, Camel? Sirrah I am liberal to thee;
Thou hast thy Life, be gone.

Clown. Vengeance, sweet Vengeance.

Foro. D'ye mumble?

Clown. I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, suddenly, and
Insatiably: My Bulk begins to swell.

Foro. *Homotolenton, Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax.*

Clown. Call up your Spirits, I defy 'em; well,
I'll have Law for my broken Pate, twelve Ounces
Of pure Blood, Troy-weight. In despite of thee
My Master, and thy Master the grand Devil

Himself, *vindicta, vindicta.* — [Exit.

Host. Signior, you are exceeding mov'd. [talk't?]

Hostess. Mercy upon us, what terrible Words thou

Foro. A Slave, a Cur, — But be not you afrighted
Young Virgin, 'twere an Injury to Sweetness:
(20) Should any rougher Sound draw from your Cheeks

(20) *Should any rough Sound draw from your Cheeks*

The precious Tincture, &c.] Mr. Symphon concurs with me in
reading — *any rougher Sound* — 'Tis necessary to the Verse, and
every Man of the least Taste knows how much more elegant the Com-
parative Degree renders the Expression. The Compliment here is so
extremely beautiful, that I could have wished it had been put in the
Mouth of a *Cesar* or *Mentivole*.

The

The precious Tincture, which makes Nature proud
Of her own Workmanship.

Host. Wife, mark, mark that Wife.

Bian. Shake then your Anger off, Sir.

Foro. You command it

Fair one, mine *Host* and *Hostess*, with your Leaves
I have a Motion jointly to you all.

Hostess. An honest one, I hope.

Host. Well put in, Wife.

Foro. A very necessary one; the *Mess*
And half of *Suitors*, that attend to usher
Their Loves Sir-reverence to your Daughter, wait
With one Consent, which can best please her Eye
In offering at a Dance; I have provided
Musick. And 'twill be something, I dare promise,
Worthy your Laughter. Shall they have Admittance?

Host. By any means, for I'm persuaded
That the Manner will be so ridiculous,
That it will well confirm the Assurance of
Their miserable Fooleries, but no longer
Trouble us with 'em here, than they are in
These May-games. *Foro.* So I am resolv'd. *Hostess.*

Nor any

Wife Word of senseless Love.

Foro. Not any; I have charm'd them; did you see
How they've prepar'd themselves, how they stroak up
Their Foretops, how they juggle for the Looking-glass,
To set their Faces by it; (See they muster)
You would look for some most impossible Antick.

*Enter Tailor, Dancer, Mule-driver, (21) School-master,
Clerk, Coxcomb; all with several Papers, and present
them to Forobosco.*

Host. So, so, so, so, here flutter th' Nest of Hornets,

(21) *School-master, Clerk,*] I have added the *Coxcomb* to the
Number, Mr. *Sympton* having justly observ'd that the *Mess* and a half
of *Suitors* were evidently Six, and as the *Coxcomb* is one of them in
the next Scene in which they appear, and is the second in *Forobosco's*
List, he ought evidently to have a Place here. The Reader will see
how much more humorous my *Host's* next Speech is when printed in
its true Order, as Verse, than it was when the Metre was disregarded.

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The hotch-potch of Rascality ; now, now, now, now,
The Dunghil of Corruption hath yawn'd forth
The Burthen of Abomination. I am
Vext, vext to the Soul, will rid my House
Of this unchristen'd Fry, and never open
My Doors again.

Foro. Some other time, I'll give no Answer now,
But have preferred your Suits, here shew your Cunning.
First, every one in order do his Honour
To the fair Mark you shoot at ; courtly, courtly,
Convey your several Loves in lively Measure ;
Come, let us take our Seats, some sprightly Musick.

Host. Dance all and part, 'tis a very necessary Farewel.

They all make ridiculous Congees to Biancha, rank themselves and dance in several Postures ; during the Dance, Enter Cesario, and stands off.

Host. Well done my lusty Bloods, precisely well done,
One lusty Rouse of Wine, and take leave on all Sides.

Cesa. Thanks for your Revels, Gentlemen ; accept
This Gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

Host. My noble Lord *Cesario* ! clear the Rooms, Sirs.

Foro. Away ; attend your Answers.

[Exeunt Foro. and those that danc'd.]

Cesa. With your Favour,

Rolando, I would change a Word or two

With your fair Daughter. *Host.* At your Lordship's
Pleasure ;

Come Wife, no muttering, have a care Girl ; my Love,
Service and Duty unto your good Lordship.

[Exeunt Host and Hostess.]

Cesa. My often Visits, sweet *Biancha*, cannot
But constantly inform thy Judgment, wherein
Thy Happiness consists ; for to steal Minutes
From great Employments, to converse with Beauty,
Lodg'd in so mean a Fortune, to lay by
Consideration of the unequal Distance
Between my Blood and thine, to shun Occasions
Of Courtship with the Ladies of the time,
Noble and fair, only for Love to thee,

Must

Must of necessity invite a Tenderness,
As low as Nature could have stamp'd a Bondwoman's,
To entertain quick Motions of rare Gratitude
For my uncommon Favours. *Bian.* 'Deed, my Lord,
As far as my Simplicity can lead me,
I freely thank your Courtesies. *Cesa.* To thank them,
Is to reward them, pretty one. *Bian.* Then teach me
How I may give them back again ; in truth
I never yet receiv'd a Pair of Gloves,
A trifling Ring from any that expected
An equal Satisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the Gift unto the Owner,
As he bestow'd it. *Cesa.* But I pour before thee
Such Plenties, as it lies not in the Ability
Of thy whole Kindred, to return proportionable
One for a thousand.

Bian. You, my Lord, conclude
For my Instruction, to ingage a Debt
Beyond a Possibility of Payment,
I ever thought a Sin ; and therefore justly,
Without Conceit of Scorn, or curious Rudeness,
I must refuse your Bounty.

Cesa. Canst thou love ?

Bian. Love ! is there such a Word in any Language
That carries honest Sense ?

Cesa. Never dwelt Ignorance
In so sweet-shap'd a Building : Love, *Bianca*,
Is that firm Knot which ties two Hearts in one :
Shall ours be ty'd so ?

Bian. Use a plainer Word,
My Lord ; instead of ties, say, marries Hearts,
Then I may understand.

Cesa. Their Hearts are marry'd,
Whose interchange of Pleasures, and Embraces,
Soft Kisses, and the Privacies of Sweets,
Keeps constant League together ; when Temptation
Of great Mens Oaths and Gifts shall urge Contempt,
Rather than batter Resolution. Novelty
Of Sights, or Taste of new Delights in Wantonness,
Breeds Surfeit more than Appetite in any

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Reserv'd to noble Vows ; my excellent Maid,
 Live thou but true to me, and my Contents,
 Mine only, that no Partner may partake
 The Treasure of those Sweets thy Youth yet glories in,
 And I will raise thy Lowness to abundance
 Of all Varieties, and more Triumph
 In such a Mistress, than great Princes doating
 On truth-betraying Wives.

Bian. Thus to yield up then
 The Cottage of my Virtue, to be swallow'd
 By some hard-neighbouring Landlord, such as you are,
 Is in effect to love. A Lord so vicious !
 O where shall Innocence find some poor Dwelling,
 Free from Temptation's Tyranny ?

Cesa. Nay prithee.

Bian. Gay Cloaths, high Feeding, easy Beds of Lust,
 Change of unseemly Sights, with base Discourse,
 Draw Curfes on your Palaces ; for my Part,
 This I will be confirm'd in, I will eat
 The bread of Labour, know no other Rest
 Than what is earn'd from honest Pains, e'er once more
 Lend ear (22) to your vile Toils : Sir, would you were
 As noble in Desires, as I could be
 In knowing Virtue. Pray do not afflict
 A poor Soul thus. *Cesa.* I swear——to me ? ——

[*Bianca steals off.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Duke, my Lord, commands your speedy
 Prefence

(23) For answering Aggrievances late urg'd

Against

(22) —— *to your vile Toils : ——*] *Mr. Symphon* would read *Tales* for *Toils*, which I cannot assent to; for small Inconsistencies in Metaphor are too common with all nervous Writers to be suppos'd Corruptions of the Press: Neither is the Expression of *lending an ear to Toils* absolutely indefensible. For *Toils* are the Snares the Bird-catchers spread, which are generally accompany'd with Decoy-birds, or Decoy-pipes. Let these Birds, or Pipes, then be taken into the Idea of the Word *Toils*, and the Metaphor is perfectly just.

(23) *For answering Grievances lately urg'd*] How many ways does the Metre of our old Writers suffer in our late Editions? They have generally follow'd the modern instead of the ancient Spelling, and this frequently

Against you by your Mother?

Cesa. By my Mother.

Gent. The Court is near on sitting.

Cesa. I wait on it, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Duke, Magistrate, Secretary, Baptista, Attendants, Mentivole; (they sit) Mentivole stands by.

Duke. What waste of Blood, what Tumults, what Divisions,

What Outrages, what Uprores in a State,
Factions, though issuing from mean Springs at first,
Have (not restrain'd) flow'd to, the sad Example
At Rome, between the *Ursins* and *Colonnas*:
Nay, here at home, in *Florence*, 'twixt the *Neris*
And the *Bianchi*, can too mainly witness.
I sit not at the Helm, my Lords, of Sovereignty
Deputed Pilot for the Common-wealth,
To sleep while others steer, as their wild Fancies
Shall counsel, by the Compass of Disorders.

Baptista, this short Preface is directed
Chiefly to you; the petty Brawls and Quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' *Alberti* and your Family,
Must, yes, and shall, like tender unknit Joints,
Fasten again together of themselves:
Or like an angry Surgeon, we will use
The roughness of our Justice, to cut off
The stubborn Rancour of the Limbs offending.

Bapt. Most gracious *Florence*.

Duke. Our Command was signified,
That neither of the Followers of each Party
Should appear here with Weapons.

Bapt. 'Tis obey'd, Sir,
On my side,

Duke. We must leave the general Cause
Of State Employments, to give ear to Brawls

frequently alters even the Number of Syllables. It would be too much trouble to reduce the whole to the old Spelling; but where it is necessary to the Measure we carefully do it. The Hobbling of this Verse made me consult the old Folio, where I find true Measure by reading — *Aggrievances late urg'd*, instead of — *Grievances lately urg'd*.

Of

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Of some particular Grudges, politick Government
For tutor'd Princes, but no more henceforth.

*Enter Mariana and Clarissa at one Door, Cesario
at the other.*

Our Frown shall check Presumption, not our Clemency.

Mar. All Blessings due unto impartial Princes,
Crown *Florence* with eternity of Happiness.

Cesa. If double Prayers can double Blessings, great Sir,
Mine join for your Prosperity with my Mother's.

Duke. Rise both; now briefly, Lady, without Cir-
cumstance,

Deliver those Aggrievances, which lately
Your Importunity possest our Counsel
Were fit for Audience, wherein you petition'd
You might be heard without an Advocate,
Which Boon you find is granted.

(24) *Mar.* Though divided
I stand between the Laws of Truth and Modesty,
Yet let my Grievs have vent: Yet the clearness
Of strange Necessity requires Obedience
To Nature and your Mercy, in my Weeds
Of Mourning, Emblems of too dear Misfortunes,
Badges of Grievs, and Widowhood, the Burthen
Of my charg'd Soul, must be laid down before you;
Wherein, if strict Opinion cancel Shame,
My Frailty is my Plea. Stand forth young Man,
And hear a Story that will strike all Reason
Into amazement. *Cesa.* I attend. *Mar. Albertus,*
Peace dwell upon his Ashes, still the Husband
Of my Remembrance and unchanging Vows,
Has, by his Death, left to his Heir Possession
Of fair Revenue, which this young Man claims
As his Inheritance. I urg'd him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this Estate to her who owns it all,
This his supposed Sister.

(24 *Mar. Though divided &c.*] *Mariana's* disowning *Cesario* for
her Son, and the *Duke's* Injunction to marry him, is related by *Cau-
sin* in his *Holy Court*, and is transcribed by *Wanley* in his *History of
Man*, Fol. Book 3. Chap. 26.

Bapt.

Bapt. How? suppos'd?

Cesa. Pray Madam recollect yourself.

Mar. The relish

Of a strange Truth begins to work like Physick
Already : I have bitterness to mingle
With these Preparatives, so deadly loathsome,
It will quite choak Digestion ; shortly hear it
Cesario, for I dare not rob unjustly
The poor Soul of his Name ; this, this *Cesario*
Neither for Father had *Alberto*, me
For Mother, nor *Clarissa* for his Sister.

Cla. Mother, Mother !

Ment. I am in a Dream sure.

Duke. No Interruptions. Lady, on.

Mar. Mistake not,

Great Duke of *Tuscany*, or the Beginning
Or Process of this Novelty ; my Husband,
The now deceas'd *Alberto*, from his Youth
Inur'd to an Impatiency, and Roughness
Of Disposition, when not many Months
After our Marriage were worn out, repin'd
At the unfruitful Barrenness of Youth,
Which, as he pleas'd to term it, cut our Hopes off
From blessing of some Issue ; to prevent it
I grew ambitious of no fairer Honour
Than to preserve his Love, and as Occasions
Still call'd him from me, study'd in his Absence
How I might frame his Welcome home with Comfort,
At last I feign'd myself with Child ; the Message
Of Freedom, or Relief, to one half starv'd
In Prison, is not utter'd with such Greediness
Of Expectation, and Delight, as this was to
My much affected Lord ; his Care, his Goodness,
(Pardon me that I use the Word) exceeded
All former Fears ; the Hour of my Deliverance,
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd
(25) My Birth-Rites at a Country Garden House,

Where

(25) *My Birth-Rights*—] Mr. *Sympson* would read either *Birth-Nights*, or *Birth* (i. e. Labour or Delivery) *right at a Country Garden House*. But this only shews that in any Correction, if we miss the true
one,

Where then my Faulkner's Wife was brought a-bed
Of this *Cesario*; him I own'd for mine;
Presented him unto a joyful Father.

Duke. Can yo' prove this true?

Mar. Proofs I have most evident;
But oh the Curse of my Impatience! shortly,
E'er three new Moons had spent their borrow'd Lights,
I grew with Child indeed; so just is Heav'n,
The Issue of which Burthen was this Daughter:
Judge now most gracious Prince, my Lords and you,
What Combats then, and since, I have endur'd,
Between a Mother's Piety, and Weakness
Of a Soul-trembling Wife; to have reveal'd
This Secret to *Alberto*, had been danger
Of Ruin to my Fame, besides the conflict
Of his Distractions; now to have suppress'd it,
Were to defeat my Child, my only Child,
Of her most lawful Honours, and Inheritance.
Cesario, thou'rt a Man still, Education
Hath moulded thee a Gentleman, continue so;
Let not this fall from Greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy Thoughts may warrant, yet disclaim
All Interest in *Alberto's* Blood, thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.

Duke. Produce your Witness.

Mar. The Faulkner's Wife his Mother,
And Women such as waited then upon me,
Sworn to the Privacy of this great Secret.

Duke. Give them all their Oaths.

Cesa. O let me crave forbearance, gracious Sir,
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Duke. Speak, *Cesario*.

Cesa. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness
Attended the Relation of my Fall,
From a fair Expectation; what I fear'd

one, Ingenuity of Conjecture only carries us further out of our way. Where Words have the same Sound, as *Rights* and *Rites*, nothing is so common with Transcribers as to mistake one for the other; to rectify the Spelling therefore is all that is here wanted.

(Since

(Since the first Syllable this Lady utter'd
 Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates
 Have eas'd me of ; (26) for to be basely born,
 If not base-born, detracts not from the Bounty
 Of Nature's Freedom, or an honest Birth.
 Nobility claim'd by the Right of Blood,
 Shews chiefly, (27) that our Ancestors deserv'd
 What we inherit ; but that Man whose Actions
 Purchase a real Merit to himself,
 And ranks him in the file of Praise and Honour,
 Creates his own Advancement ; let me want
 The Fuel which best feeds the Fires of Greatness,
 Lordly Possessions, yet shall still my Gratitude
 By some Attempts, of mention not unworthy,
 Endeavour to return (28) a fit Acquittance
 To that large Debt I owe your Favours, Madam,
 And great *Alberto's* Memory and Goodness ;
 O that I could as gently shake off Passion
 For th' Loss (29) of that great brave Man, as I can
 shake off
 Remembrance of what once I was reputed ;

(26) ——— for to be basely born,
 Is not base-born, ———] Mr. *Sympson* justly read, *If not base-*
born—— which gives the Author's Meaning much more clearly, *viz.*
 To be born of mean Parents, if in Wedlock, is no Detraction to any
 Man.

(27) ——— that our Ancestors desir'd
 What we inherit ; ———] *Desir'd* is undoubtedly corrupt, and
 so appear'd to us all. Mr. *Sympson* reads *acquir'd*, but I believe he
 will readily allow *deserv'd* (in which Mr. *Theobald* and I concurr'd)
 to be the better Reading.

(28) ——— a fit Acquittance] This is only the gross Mistake of
 the late Editions : Mr. *Theobald* and I concurr'd in the Emendation,
 without knowing it to be confirm'd by the old Folio.

(29) ——— of that great brave——
 ——— of that once I——] I suspected the second *that* should
 have been *what*, and found in the old Folio an odd Confirmation of it.
 The two Lines there run thus :

———— of what great brave ———
 ——— of that once I ———

Here *that* and *what* evidently had chang'd Places, which the latter
 Editors did not perceive, though they saw the Absurdity of *what* in
 the first Line.

I have not much to say, this Princely Presence
Needs not too strictly to examine farther
The Truth of this Acknowledgment ; a Mother
Dares never disavow her only Son,
And any Woman must come short of Piety,
That can, or dis-inherit her own Issue,
Or fears the Voice of Rumour for a Stranger.
Madam, you have confess'd, my Father was
A Servant to your Lord and you : By interest
Of being his Son, I cannot but claim justly
The Honour of continuing still my Service
To you and yours ; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be dismiss'd.

Duke. Bold Spirit.

Bapt. I love thee now with pity.

Duke. Go not yet——

A sudden Tempest that might shake a Rock,
Yet he stands firm against it ; much it moves me,
He, not *Alberto's* Son, and she a Widow,
And she a Widow,—— Lords, your Ear.

Omnes. Your Pleasure.

[*Whispers.*]

Duke. So, Lady, what you have avouch'd is Truth.

Mar. Truth only, gracious Sir.

Duke. Hear then our Sentence.

Since from his Cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cesario as your Son, and train'd him up
To hopes of Greatness ; which now in a Moment
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
We with our Counsel are resolv'd, you being
A Widow, shall accept him for a Husband.

Mar. Husband to me, Sir ?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raise him

To Honours, and his Virtues will deserve 'em.

Mar. But Sir, 'tis in no Prince, nor his Prerogative,
To force a Woman's Choice against her Heart.

Duke. True, if then you appeal to higher Justice,
Our Doom includes this Clause upon refusal,
Out of your Lord's Revenues shall *Cesario*
Assure to any, whom he takes for Wife,
Th' Inheritance of three Parts ; the less remainder

Is Dowry large enough to marry a Daughter ;
 And we, by our Prerogative, which you question,
 Will publickly adopt him into th' Name
 Of your deceas'd *Albertus*, that the Memory
 Of so approv'd a Peer may live in him
 That can preserve his Memory ; 'less you find out
 Some other means, which may as amply satisfy
 His Wrong, our Sentence stands irrevocable :
 What think you, Lords ?

Omnes. The Duke is just and honourable.

Bapt. Let me embrace *Cesario*, henceforth ever
 I vow a constant Friendship. *Ment.* I remit
 All former Difference. *Cesa.* I am too poor
 In Words to thank this Justice. Madam, always
 My Studies shall be Love to you, and Duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. *Cesario* wait on us.

[*Exeunt. Manent Ment. Bapt. Mar. and Cla.*

Bapt. Mentivole.

Ment. My Lord,

Bapt. Look on *Clarissa*,
 She's noble, rich, young, fair. *Ment.* My Lord, and
 virtuous.

Bapt. Mentivole, and virtuous.— Madam. *Mar.*
 Tyranny

Of Justice, I shall live Report's Derision,
 That am compell'd t' exchange a graceful Widow-hood
 For a continual Martyrdom in Marriage,
 With one so much beneath me.

Bapt. I'll plead for ye
 Boldly and constantly, let your Daughter only
 Admit my Son her Servant at next Visit,
 Madam, I'll be a Messenger of Comfort.

Mentivole, be confident and earnest. [Exit.

Mar. Married again, to him too ! better 't had been
 The young Man should have still retain'd the Honours
 Of old *Alberto's* Son, than I the Shame
 Of making him Successor of his Bed ;
 I was to blame. *Ment.* Indeed without Offence,
 Madam, I think you were.

Cla. You urge it fairly,

And

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And like a worthy Friend.

Mar. Can you say any thing
In commendation of a Mushroom withered,
As soon as started up?

Ment. You scorn an Innocent
Of noble growth, for whiles your Husband liv'd
I've heard you boast, *Cesar* in all Actions
Gave matter of Report, of Imitation,
Wonder and Envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few Days estrange a sweet Opinion
Of Virtue, chiefly when, in such Extremity,
Your Pity, not Contempt, will argue Goodness.

Mar. O Sir.

Cl. If you would use a thriving Courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerful Language,
That I shall listen to with greater Greediness,
Than th' Argument you prosecute; this speaks you
A Man compleat and excellent.

Ment. I speak not,
They are his own Deserts. *Mar.* Good Sir, forbear,
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent Lethargy, whose deadlines
Locks up all Reason, I shall never henceforth
Remember my past Happiness.

Ment. These Clouds
May be dispers'd.

Mar. I fear continual Night
Will over-shroud me, yet poor Youth his Trespas
Lies in his Fortune, not the Cruelty
Of the Duke's Sentence.

Cl. I dare think it does:

Mar. If all fail, I will learn then to conquer
Adversity with Sufferance.

Ment. You resolve nobly.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Cefario and a Servant.

Cefa. **L**ET any Friend have Entrance.

Serv. Sir, a' shall.

Cefa. Any, I except none.

Serv. We know your Mind, Sir. [*Exit.*

Cefa. Pleasures admit no Bounds. I'm pitch'd so high,
To such a Growth of full Prosperities,
That to conceal my Fortunes were an Injury
To Gratefulness, and those more liberal Favours
By whom my Glories prosper. He that flows
In gracious and swoln (30) Tides of blest Abundance,
Yet will be ignorant of his own Fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten ;
The Harvest of my Hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd, I can fatten Youth
With choice of Plenty, and supplies of Comforts,
My Fate springs in my own Hand, and I'll use it.

Enter two Servants and Biancha.

1 Serv. 'Tis my Place.

2 Serv. Yours? Here fair one, I'll acquaint
My Lord. *1 Serv.* He's here, go to him boldly. *2 Serv.*
Please you

To let him understand how readily
I waited on your Errand? *1 Serv.* Saucy Fellow ;
You must excuse his Breeding. *Cefa.* What's the matter?
Biancha, my *Biancha,* to your Offices. [*Exeunt Serv.*
This Visit, Sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much th' more timely : Witness this free Welcome,
Whate'er Occasion led thee.

Bian. You must guess, Sir,
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one,

(30) — *Tides of best Abundance,*] Former Editions. Mr. Symphon
concurr'd with me in the Correction.

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Cesa. Prithee speak it,
My honest virtuous Maid.

Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your Misfortunes, and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of Joy or Sadness,
To know they are a Truth.

Cesa. What Truth, *Biancha*?
Misfortunes, how, wherein? *Bian.* You are disclaim'd
For being the Lord *Alberto*'s Son, and publickly
Acknowleg'd of as mean a Birth as mine is,
It cannot chuse but grieve ye. *Cesa.* Grieve me? Ha,
ha, ha, ha?

Is this all? *Bian.* This all? *Cesa.* Thou art sorry for't
I warrant thee: Alas good Soul, *Biancha*,
That which thou call'st Misfortune is my Happiness,
My Happiness, *Biancha*.

Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.

Cesa. May it? I will love thee.
My good, good Maid, if that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.

Bian. Without Breach then
Of Modesty, I come to claim the Interest
Your Protestations, both by Vows and Letters,
Have made me Owner of; from the first Hour
I saw you, I confes I wish'd I had been,
Or not so much below your Rank and Greatness,
Or not so much above those humble Flames
That should have warm'd my Bosom with a temperate
Equality of Desires in equal Fortunes.
Still as you utter'd Language of Affection,
I courted Time to pass more slowly on,
That I might turn more Fool to lend Attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for:
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.

Cesa. Didst thou in troth, Wench?

Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myself to hopeless Bondage.

Cesa. A good Girl,
I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy Answer was.

Bian.

Bian. But as I am a Maid, Sir, and i'faith
You may believe me, for I am a Maid,
So dearly I respected both your Fame
And Quality, that I would first have perish'd
In my sick Thoughts, than e'er have given consent
To have undone your Fortunes, by inviting
A Marriage with so mean a one as I am.
I should have died sure, and no Creature known
The Sicknes that had kill'd me.

Cesa. Pretty Heart,
Good Soul, alas, alas. *Bian.* Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your Birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our Estates, if any be,
The Advantage is on my side, I come willingly
To tender you the first Fruits of my Heart,
And am content t'accept you for my Husband,
Now when you are at lowest.

Cesa. For a Husband?
Speak sadly, dost thou mean so?

Bian. In good deed, Sir,
'Tis pure Love makes this Proffer.

Cesa. I believe thee,
What Counsel urg'd thee on, tell me, thy Father
My worshipful smug Host? Was't not he, Wench?
Or Mother Hostess? Ha?

Bian. D'ye mock my Parentage?
I do not scorn yours. Mean Folks are as worthy
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,
As some whose only Fame lies in their Blood.
O, y'are a proud poor Man: All your Oaths Falshood,
Your Vows deceit, your Letters forg'd and wicked.

Cesa. Thou'dst be my Wife, I dare swear.

Bian. Had your Heart,
Your Hand and Tongue been Twins, you had reputed
This Courtesy a Benefit.

Cesa. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me? Why, *Biancha*,
Report has cozen'd thee, I am not fallen
From my expected Honours or Possessions,
Though from the Hope of Birth-right.

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Bian. Are you not?
Then I am lost again; I have a Suit too,
You'll grant it if you be a good Man.

Cesa. Any thing.

Bian. Pray do not talk of ought what I have said t'ye.

Cesa. As I wish Health I will not.

Bian. Pity me,
But never love me more.

Cesa. Nay, now y'are cruel,
Why all these Tears?——Thou shalt not go.

Bian. I'll pray for ye
That you may have a virtuous Wife, a fair one,
And when I'm dead——

Cesa. Fie, fie.

Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With Mercy for this Trespas.

Cesa. Let us kiss
At parting, as at coming.

Bian. This I have
As a free Dower to a Virgin's Grave,
All Goodness dwell with ye.

[*Exit.*

Cesa. Harmless *Biancha!*
Unskill'd! What handsome Toys are Maids to play with?

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

How innocent? But I have other Thoughts
Of nobler Meditation.—My Felicity,
Thou com'st as I could wish; lend me a Lip
As soft and melting as when old *Alberto*,
After his first Night's Trial, taking farewell
Of thy Youth's Conquest, tasted.

Mar. You're uncivil.

Cesa. I will be Lord of my own Pleasures, Madam,
Y'are mine, mine freely; come, no whimpering henceforth,
New con the Lessons of Loves best Experience,
That our Delights may meet in equal Measure
Of Resolutions and Desires; this Sullenness
Is scurvy, I like it not.

Mar. Be modest;
And do not learn, *Cesarino*, how to prostitute

The

The Riot of thy Hopes to common Folly ;
Take a sad Woman's Word, howe'er thou doat'st
Upon the present Graces of thy Greatness,
Yet I'm not fallen so below my Constancy
To Virtue, nor the Care which I once tendred
For thy Behoof, that I prefer a Sentence
Of Cruelty before my Honour.

Cesa. Honour!

Mar. Hear me, thou seeëst this Girl! Now the
Comfort,

Of my last Days. She is the only Pledge
Of a Bed truly noble: She had a Father
(I need not speak him more than thou remembrest)
Whom to dishonour by a meaner Choice,
Were Injury and Infamy.

Cl. To Goodness,
To Time and virtuous Mention.

Mar. I have vow'd,
Observe me now, *Cesario*, that how-e'er
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no Tyranny,
Persuasions, Flattery, Gifts, Intreats, or Tortures,
Shall draw me to a second Bed.

Cl. 'Tis just too.

Mar. Yes, and 'tis just, *Clarissa*. I allow
The Duke's late Sentence, am resolv'd young Man
To be thy Wife; but when the Ceremony
Of Marriage is perform'd, in Life I will be,
Though not in Name, a Widow.

Cesa. Pray a Word t'ye,
Shall I in earnest never be your Bedfellow?

Mar. Never, O never; and 'tis for your good too.

Cesa. Prove that.

Mar. Alas, too many Years are numbred
In my Account to entertain the Benefit
Which Youth in thee, *Cesario*, and Ability
Might hope for and require, it were Injustice
To rob a Gentleman-deserving Memory
Of Issue to preserve it.

Cesa. No more; herein
You are an excellent Pattern of true Piety,

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Let me now turn your Advocate. Pray look into
The Order of the Duke injoin'd; admit
I satisfy the Sentence, without Marriage
With you, how then?

Mar. Cesario.

Cesa. If I know

How to acquit your Fears, yet keep th' Injunction
In every Clause whole and intire, your Charity
Will call me still your Servant.

Mar. Still my Son.

Cesa. Right, Madam, now you have it, still your Son
The Genius of your Blessings hath instructed
Your Tongue oraculously, we'll forget
How once I and *Clarissa* interchang'd
The Ties of Brother and of Sister, henceforth
New stile us Man and Wife.

Cl. By what Authority?

Cesa. Heav'n's great Appointment. Yet in all my Dotage
On thy Perfections, when I thought, *Clarissa*,
We had been Pledges of one Womb, no loose,
No wanton Heat of Youth desir'd to claim
Priority in thy Affections, other
Than Nature might commend. Chastly I tender'd
Thy Welfare as a Brother ought; but since
Our Bloods are Strangers, let our Hearts contract
A long Life-lasting Unity, for this way
The Sentence is to be observ'd, or no way.

Mar. Then no way. *Cesa.* I expected other Answer,
Madam, from you. *Mar.* No, every Age shall curse me,
The Monster, and the Prodigy of Nature,
Horrors beyond Extremity.

Cl. Pray Mother,

Confine the Violence of Grief. *Cesa.* Yes, Mother,
Pray do. *Mar.* Thus some catch at a Matron's Honour
By flying Lust, to plot incestuous Witchcrafts,
More terrible than Whoredoms; cruel Mercy!
When to preserve the Body from a Death
The Soul is strangled.

Cesa. This is more than Passion,
It comes near to Distraction.

Mar.

Mar. I am quieted.

Cesario, thou mayest tell the Duke securely
Alberto's Titles, Honours and Revenues,
The Duke may give away, enjoy them thou.
Clarissa's Birth-right, *Mariana's* Dower
Thou shalt be Lord of; turn us to the World
Unpity'd and unfriended; yet my Bed
Thou never sleep'st in: As for her, she hears me,
If she as much as in a Thought consent,
That thou may'st call her Wife, a Mother's Curse
Shall never leave her.

Cla. As a Brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble Friend yet honour ye,
But for a Husband, Sir; I dare not own you,
My Faith is giv'n already.

Cesa. To a Villain,
I'll cut his Throat.

Mar. *Why this is more than Passion?*
It comes near a Distraction.

Cla. Call to mind, Sir,
How much you have abated of that Goodness
Which once reign'd in ye, which appear'd so lovely
That such as Friendship led to Observation,

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Courted the great Example.

Cesa. Left, and flatter'd
Into a broad Derision? *Mar.* Why d'ye think so?
My Lord *Baptista*, is your Son grown cold
In hasting on the Marriage, which his Vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd Daughter?

Bapt. We come, Lady,
To consummate the Contract. *Cesa.* With *Mentivole*?
Is he the Man? *Ment.* *Clarissa's* Troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a Character
So plain and certain, that except the Hand
Of Heav'n, which writ it first, would blot it out again,
No humane Power can raze it.

Cesa. But say you
So too, young Lady? *Cla.* I should else betray

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My Heart to Falshood, and my Tongue to Perjury.

Cesa. Madam, you know the Sentence.

Bapt. From the Duke

I have particular Comforts, which require
A private Ear.

Mar. I shall approve it gladly :

We are resolv'd, *Cesario.*

Bapt. Be not insolent

Upon a Prince's Favour.

Gla. Lose no Glory,

Your younger Years have purchast:

Ment. And deserved too,

You've many worthy Friends.

Bapt. Preserve and use them. [*Exeunt. Manet Cesario.*

Cesa. Good, very good, why here's a Compliment
Of Mirth in desperation, I could curse

My Fate : O with what speed Men tumble down

From Hopes that soar too high. *Biancha* now

May scorn me justly too, *Clarissa* married,

Alberto's Widow resolute, *Biancha*

Refus'd, and I forsaken : Let me study,

I can but die a Batchelor that's the worst on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Host, Taylor, Muleteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.

Host. Come, Gentlemen,

This is the Day that our great Artift hath

Promis'd t' give all your several Suits satisfaction.

Dan. Is he yet stirring ?

Host. He hath been at his Book

These two Hours. *Ped.* He's a rare Physician.

Host. Why I'll tell you, were *Paracelsus* the *German* now

Living, he would take up his single Rapier

Against his terrible long Sword, he makes it

A matter o' nothing to cure the Gout, sore Eyes

He takes out as familiarly, washes them,

And puts them in again, as you'd blanch Almonds,

Tay. They say he can make Gold.

Host. Ay, ay, he learnt it

Of *Kelly* in *Germany*. There's not a Chymist

In Christendom that can go beyond him

For multiplying. *Ped.* Take heed then he get not

Your

Your Daughter's Belly up, my Host. *Host.* You are
A merry Gentleman, and the Man of Art
Will love you th' better. *Dan.* Does he love Mirth and
Crotchets?

Host. Oh he's the most courteous Phyfician, you
May drink or drab in's Company freely, the better
He knows how your Disease grows, the better he
Knows how to cure it. *Dan.* But I wonder my Host,
He has no more refort of Ladies to him.

Host. Why, Sir?

Dan. O divers of 'em have great Belief
In Conjurers: Leachery is a great help
To th' Quality. *Host.* He's scarce known to be
In Town yet,
E'er long we shall have 'em come
Hurrying hither in Feather-beds.

Dan. How? Bedridden?

Host. No, Sir, in Feather-beds that move upon
(31) Four Wheels, *Spanish Caroches.* *Ped.* Pray acquaint
him

We give Attendance. *Host.* I shall, Gentlemen.
I'd fain be rid o' these Rascals, but that they
Raife Profit to my Wine-Cellar. When I have
Made use of them sufficiently, I'll intreat
The Conjurer to tie Crackers to their Tails,
And fend them packing.

Enter Forobosco as in bis Study.

Foro. Come hither, mine Host,
Look here.

Host. What's that?

Foro. A Challenge from my Man.

Host. For breaking's Pate?

Foro. He writes here, if I meet him not
I'th' Field
Within this half Hour, I shall

(31) *Four Wheels* in *Spanish Caroches.*] Former Editions. The
Largeness and Ease of *Spanish Coaches* makes the *Host* here call them
Feather-beds; the second *in* was repeated from the Line above, and
hurts both Sense and Measure.

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Hear more from him.

Host. O, Sir, mind your Profit,
Ne'er think of the Rascal; here are the Gentlemen.

Foro. 'Morrow my worthy Clients,
What are you all prepared of your Questions;
That I may give my Resolution of them?

All. We are, Sir.

Ped. And have brought our Mony.

Foro. Each then
In Order, and differ not for Precedency.

Dan. I'm buying of an Office, Sir,
And to that Purpose
I would fain learn t' dissemble cunningly.

Foro. Do you come to me for that? you should rather
've gone
T' a cunning Woman. *Dan.* Ay, Sir, but their Instruc-
tions

Are but like Woman, pretty well, but not
To th' depth, as I would have it: You're a Conjuror,
The Devil's Master, and I would learn it from
You so exactly—— *Foro.* That the Devil himself
Might not go b'yond you. *Dan.* You are i'th' right, Sir.

Foro. And so your Mony for your Purchase might
Come in again within a twelve Month. (32) *Dan.* I
Would be a Graduate, no Fresh-man. *Foro.* Here's my
Hand, Sir,

I'll make yo' dissemble so methodically,
As if the Devil should be sent from the
Great Turk, in th' Shape of an Ambassador,
T' fet all th' Christian Princes at variance.

Dan. I can't with any Modesty desire more;
There's your Mony, Sir.

Foro. For the Art of dissembling.

Cox. My Suit, Sir, will be News to you when I tell it.

Foro. Pray on.

(32) *Dan.* *I would be a Graduate, Sir, no Fresh-man.*] This whole Scene which was printed as Prose, like all the comic Parts of this Play, has certainly a droll hobbling Measure, and I have found no Difficulty in restoring it. Here there is a Syllable too much, and the *Sir* probably crept in from the Line below.

Cox.

Cox. I would set up a Press here in *Italy*,
To write all the Coranto's for Christendom.

Foro. That's new indeed,
And how would you imploy
Me in it? *Cox.* Marry, Sir, from you I would
Gain my Intelligence. *Foro.* I conceive yo'. You'd have
Me furnish you with a Spirit to inform you.

Cox. But with as quiet a Devil as the Woman,
The first Day and a half after she's married,
I can b' no means endure a terrible one.

Foro. No, no, I'll qualify him, he shall not fright you,
It shall be th' Ghost o' some lying Stationer,
(33) A Sp'rit shall look as Butter would not melt
In's Mouth. A new *Mercurius Gallo-belgicus*.

Cox. O there's a Captain was rare at it,

Foro. Ne'er think of him.
Th' Captain writ a full Hand Gallop, and
Wasted indeed more harmless Paper than
Ever did laxative Physick, yet will I
Make you t' out-scribble him, and set down what
You please, the World shall better believe you.

Cox. Worthy Sir,
I thank you, there is Mony. *Foro.* A new Office
For writing pragmatistical Coranto's, *Ped.* I am
A School-master, Sir, and would fain confer with you
About erecting four new Sects o' Religion
At *Amsterdam*. *Foro.* What th' Devil should new
Sects of Religion do there? *Ped.* I assure you
I'd get a great deal of Mony by't. *Foro.* And what are
The four new Sects o' Religion you would plant there?

Ped. Why that's it I come about, Sir, 'tis a Devil
O' your raising must invent 'em, I confess
I am too weak to compass it. *Foro.* So, Sir,
Then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them Tolerated. *Ped.* Trouble not
Yourself for that; Let but your Devil set them

(33) A Spirit—] The old *English* Poets very often make Spirit
but one Syllable, as,

Be thou a Sp'rit of Health or Goblin damn'd.

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Afoot once, I have Weavers, and Ginger-bread makers,
 And mighty *Aquavita*-men, shall set them
 A going. *Foro.* This is somewhat difficult,
 And 'll ask some Conference with the Devil. *Ped.* Take
 Y'r own leasure, Sir, I have another Business too,
 'Cause I mean t' leave *Italy*, and bury myself in
 (34) Those nether Parts 'th' *Low-Countries.* *Foro.* What's
 that, Sir?

Ped. Marry, I would fain make nine Days to th' Week,
 For the more ample Benefit of the Captain.

Foro. You have a shrewd Pate, Sir.

Ped. But how this might
 Be compass'd? *Foro.* Compass'd easily; it is
 But making a new Almanack, and dividing
 The compass of th' Year into larger Penny-worths,
 (35) As a Chandler with his Compass makes a Geo-
 Metrick Proportion of the *Holland Cheese*
 H' retails by Stivers. But for getting it licenc'd?

Ped. Troubl' not yourself with that, Sir; there's your
 Mony.

Foro. For four new Sects of Religions,
 And nine Days to the Week.

Ped. To be brought in
 At general Pay-days, write I beseech you. *Foro.* At
 General Pay-days. *Tay.* I'm by Profession
 A Taylor, you have heard of me. *Foro.* Yes, Sir,
 And will not steal from you the least Part of
 That Commendation I've heard utter'd. *Tay.* I
 Take measure of your Worth, Sir, and because
 I'll not afflict you with any larger Bill
 Of Circumstances, I'll snip off Particulars.
 I'd fain invent some strange and exquisite [Yes, Sir,
 New Fashions. *Foro.* Are you not travell'd, Sir. *Tay.*

(34) *Those nether Parts of the Low-Countries.*] Former Editions.
 The Poets meant to call the *Low-Countries* the nether Parts of the
 World.

(35) *As a Chandler with his Compass makes
 A Geometrick Proportion of the Holland Cheese*] I believe the
 Poets design'd to add to the Drollery of their Measure by dividing the
 Word Geometrick into the two Lines, as *Hudibras* does *Aristotle*.
 I therefore so print it.

But

But have observ'd all we can see, or invent,
Are but old ones with new Names to 'em, now
I would some way or other grow more curious. [you

Foro. Let m' see ; to devise new Fashions——Were
Ne'er in the Moon? *Tay.* In the Moon Tavern!—yes, Sir,
Often. *Foro.* No, I do mean in the new World,

In th' World that's in the Moon yonder. *Tay.* How?
A new World i'th' Moon? *Foro.* Yes, I assure you.

Tay. And peopled? *Foro.* O most fantastically peopled.

Tay. Nay certain then there's work for Taylors? *Foro.*

That

There is I'ffure you. *Tay.* Yet I have talked
With a *Scotch* Taylor that never discover'd
So much to me, though he has travell'd far,
And was a Pedlar in *Poland.* *Foro.* That
Was out of's way, this lieth beyond *China* :
You'd study new Fashions you say? Take
My Counsel, make a Voyage, and
Discover that new World. *Tay.* Shall I be a Moon-man?

Foro. I'm of Opinion, th' People of that World,
If they be like the Nature of that Climate
They live in, do vary th' Fashion of their Cloaths
Oft'ner than any Quick-silver'd Nation
In *Europe.* *Tay.* Not unlikely ; but what should that be
We call the Man in th' Moon then? *Foro.* Why, it is
Nothing but an *Englishman* that standeth there
Stark naked, with a Pair of Sheers in one Hand,
And a great Bundle of Broad-cloth in t'other
(Which resembles the Bush of Thorns) cutting out of
New Fashions. *Tay.* I have heard somewhat like
This, but how shall I get thither? *Foro.* I will
Make a new Compass shall direct you. *Tay.* Certain?

Foro. Count m' else for no Man of Direction.

Tay. There's twenty Duckets in Hand, at my Return
I'll give yo' a hundred.

Foro. A new Voyage t' discover
New Fashions.

Mul. I've been a Traveller too, Sir,
That 've shew'd strange Beasts in Christendom,
And got Mony by them, but I find the Trade to decay.

Your

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Your Camelion, or *East-Indian* Hedge-hog
 Gets very little Mony, and your Elephant
 Devours so much Bread, brings so little Profit,
 His Keeper were far better every Morning
 Cram fifteen Taylors with white Manchet: Now
 I would have some new Spectacle, and one
 That might be more attractive. *Foro.* Let me see,
 Were yo' ever in *Spain*? *Mul.* Not yet, Sir. *Foro.* I would
 have you

Go to *Madrid*, and against some great Festival,
 When the Court lieth there, provide a great
 And spacious *English* Ox, and roast him whole,
 Wi' a Pudding in's Belly; that would be the eighth
 Wonder of the World in those Parts I assure you.

Mul. A rare Project without question.

Foro. Go beyond all their
 Garlick *Olla podridas*, though you sod one
 In *Garaguantua's* Cauldron, bring in more Mony
 Than all th' Monsters of *Africk*. *Hofst.* Good Sir, do
 Your best for him; he's o' my acquaintance, and one
 If ye knew him—— *Foro.* What is he? *Hofst.* He was
 once

A Man of infinite Letters. *Foro.* A Scholar? *Hofst.*
 No, Sir,

A Packet-Carrier, which is always a Man
 Of many Letters, you know; then he was
 A Mule-driver, now he's a Gentleman,
 And feeds Monsters. *Foro.* A most ungrateful Calling.

Mul. There's Mony f'r your direction; the Price of
 The Ox, Sir? *Foro.* A hundred *French* Crowns, for it
 must be

A *Lincolnsbire* Ox, and a prime one: For
 A rare and monstrous Spectacle, to be seen
 At *Madrid*.

Enter Clown, Hofstess, and Biancha.

Hofstess. Pray forbear, Sir, we shall have a new Quarrel:
Clown. You durst not meet me i'th' Field, I am there-
 Fore come to spoil your Market. *Foro.* What's the News
 With you, Sir? *Clown.* Gentlemen, you that come hither

T'

T' be most abominably cheated, listen,
And be as wise as your Planet will suffer you,
Keep your Mony, be not gull'd, be not laugh'd at.

Ped. What means this? would I had my Mony again in
my Pocket.

Host. The Fellow's full of Malice, do not mind him.

Clown. This profess'd cheating Rogue was m' Master, and
I confess myself a more preternor-
torious Rogue than himself, in so long keeping
His villainous Counsel.

Foro. Come, come, I'll not hear you.

Clown. No Coz'ner, thou'ft not hear me, I do but
Dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou
And all thy Devils spit Fire, and spout *Aqua-fortis*.

Foro. Speak on, I freely permit thee. *Clown.* Why then
Know all you simple Animals, you whose Purfes
Are ready t' cast the Calf; if they have not
Cast it already, if you give any credit to
This juggling Rascal, you are worse than simple
Widgins, and will be drawn into the Net
By this Decoy-duck, this tame Cheater.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha. Pray mark him.

Clown. He does profess *Phyfuck*, and conjuring;
F'r's *Phyfuck*, he's but two Medicines for all manner of
Diseases; when he was in the *Low-Countries*,
H' us'd nothing but butter'd Beer, colour'd with Allegant,
F'r all kind of Maladies, and that he call'd
His Catholick Med'cine; sure the *Dutch* (36) smelt out
'Twas butter'd Beer, else they would never have
Endur'd it for the Name's sake: then does he minister
A grated Dog's-Turd 'stead of Rubarb, many times
Of Unicorn's Horn, which working strongly with
Th' Conceit of the Patient, would make them bescummer

(36) ——— *smelt out*

'Twas Butter'd Beer, —] Mr. *Sympton* seems to have mis-
taken the Drollery of this Passage. He says, that the Reason given
requires us to read ——— *smelt not out*. But the true intent of the Pas-
sage seems plainly this. The *Dutch* would never have endur'd a Me-
dicine call'd *Catholick*, for the Antipathy they bore to the most *Catbo-
lick King*, as well as the Religion falsely so call'd, had not they by
some Instinct smelt out the *butter'd Beer* which they are so fond of.

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To th' height of a mighty Purgation.

Foro. The Rogue has studied this Invective. *Clown.*

Now

F'r his conjuring, the Witches of *Lapland* are
The Devil's Chair-Women to him, for they
Will sell a Man a Wind t' some purpose; he
Sells Wind, and tells you forty Lies over
And over.

Hostess. I thought what we should find of him.

Host. Hold you your prating, be not you an Heretick.

Clown. Conjure! I'll tell you, all th' Dev'ls he calls
on are

But fustian Names, gather'd out of *Welch* Heraldry;
In brief, he is a Rogue of six Reprieves,
Four Pardons o' course, thrice Pilloried, twice sung *La-*
crymæ

To th' Virginals of a Cart's Tail, h'as five times
Been in the Gallies, and will never truly
Run himself out of Breath, 'till h' comes to th' Gallows.

Foro. You have heard, worthy Gentlemen, what this
Lying, detracting Rascal now has vomited.

Tay. Yes, certain, but we've a better trust in you,
For you have ta'en our Mony. *Foro.* I have so,
Truth is he was my Servant, and f'r some Chastisement
I gave him, he does practise thus upon me;
Speak truly, Sirrah, art certain I can't conjure?

Clown. Conjure! ha, ha, ha.

Foro. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

Clown. Sure of it? why I'll make a Bargain with thee,
'Fore all these Gentlemen, use all thy Art
And all thy Roguery, and make me do any thing
'Fore all this Company I've not a mind to,
I'll first give thee leave to claim me for thy Bond-slave,
And when thou hast done hang me. *Foro.* 'Tis a match,
Sirrah, I'll make you caper i'th' Air presently.

Clown. I have too solid a Body, and my Belief
Is like a Puritan's on *Good-Friday*, too high fed
With Capon. *Foro.* I will first send thee to *Green-land*
F'r a Haunch of Venison, just of the thickness
Of thine own Tallow.

Clown.

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Clown. Ha, ha, ha, I'll not stir an Inch for thee.

Foro. Thence to *Amboyna* i'th' *East-Indies*, for Pepper
To bake it. *Clown.* To *Amboyna*? so I might
be pepper'd. *Foro.* Then will I convey thee stark
Naked to *Dev'ling* to beg a Pair of *Brogs*,
To hide thy mountainous *Buttocks*. *Clown.* And no

Doublet

To 'em? *Foro.* No, Sir, I intend to send you of
A sleeveless Errand; but before you vanish,
I regard you say I cannot conjure, and are
So stupid and opinionated a Slave,
That neither I nor my Art can compel you to
Do any thing that's beyond your own Pleasure,
The Gentlemen shall have some sport you (37) cannot
Endure a Cat, Sirrah? *Clown.* What's that to thee,
Juggler? *Foro.* Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

Clown. I'll be hang'd first. *Foro.* Sit, Gentlemen,
And whatsoever you see, be not afrighted.

Hostess. Alas I can endure no Conjuring.

Host. Stir not, Wife.

Bian. Pray let me go, Sir, I'm not fit for these Fooleries.

Host. Move not, Daughter. [frog.]

Foro. I will make you dance a new Dance call'd Leap-

Clown. Ha, ha, ha.

Foro. And as naked as a Frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, I defy thee.

[*Forobosco* looks in a Book, strikes
with his Wand, Musick plays.]

Enter Four Boys shap'd like Frogs, and dance.

Ped. Spirits of the Water in the likeness of Frogs.

Tay. He has fish'd fair, believe me.

Mul. See, see, he sweats and trembles.

Foro. Are you come to your Quavers?

Clown. Oh, ho, ho.

(37) ——— cannot

Endure a Cat, Sirrah?] One would think from the Sequel
that *Cat* here should have been *Frog*: I have known several Changes
as great as this.

Foro. (38) I'll make you run Division on that Oh,
Or e'er I leave you ; look you here are the Play-Fellows
That are f' indear'd to you ; come, Sir, first uncase,
And then dance ; nay I'll make him Dance stark naked.

Host. Oh let him have his Shirt on, and his *Mogol's*
Breeches, here 're Women i'th' House.

Foro. Well, for their Sakes he shall.

Clown tears off his *Doublet*, making strange Faces as if
compell'd to it, falls into the Dance.

Tay. He dances, what a lying Rogue was this
To say the Gentleman could not conjure? *Foro.* He does
Prettily well, but it is voluntary, I assure you,
I've no Hand in't. *Clown.* As you are a Conjurér,
And a rare Artist, free me from these Couplets ;
Of all Creatures I cannot endure a Frog.

Foro. But your dancing's voluntary, I can compel you
To nothing. *Hostess.* O me, Daughter, let's take heed of
This Fellow, he'll make us dance naked, an'
We vex him. [Exeunt *Hostess* and *Biancha*.

Foro. Now cut Capers, Sirrah, I'll plague [roasted.
That Chine of yours. *Clown.* Ho, ho, ho, my Kidneys are
I drop away like a Pound of Butter roasted.

Tay. He'll dance himself to Death. *Foro.* No matter,
I'll sell his Fat to the Apothecaries,
And repair my Injury that way.

Host. Enough in Conscience.

Foro. Well, at your entreaty, vanish. And now I'll
Only make him break his Neck
In doing a *Somerset*, and that's all the Revenge
I mean to take of him. *Clown.* O Gentlemen,
What a Rogue was I to belye f' approv'd a Master
In th' noble dark Science? You can witness,
This I did only to spoil his Practice, and

(38) *I'll make you run Division on that or e'er I leave you ;*] The
Neglect of Measure here has made the Editors drop a Monosyllable
equally necessary to the Sense. What is — *run Division on that or*
e'er— It is an Answer to the *Clown's* Roar, *Oh, ho, ho*, one of which
should be inserted, which just compleats the Verse.

I'll make you run Division on that Oh,
Or e'er I leave you ;

Deprive you of the Happiness of enjoying
His worthy Labours ; Rogue that I was to do it,
Pray, Sir, forgive me. *Foro.* With what Face canst thou
Ask it? *Clown.* With such a Face as I deserve,
With a hanging Look, as all here can testify.

Foro. Well, Gentlemen, that you may perceive
The Goodness of my Temper, I will entertain
This Rogue again in hope of his Amendment,
For should I turn him off, he would be hang'd.

Clown. You may read that in this foul Copy.

Foro. Only with
This Promise, you shall ne'er cozen any of
My Patients.

Clown. Never.

Foro. And remember henceforward,
That tho' I cannot conjure, I can make you
Dance, Sirrah ; go get yourself into
The Cottage again.

Enter Cefario.

Clown. I will ne'er more dance Leap-frog: Now
I have got you into Credit, hold it up,
And cozen them in abundance. *Foro.* Oh rare Rascal.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Cesa. How now, a *Frankford* Mart here, a Mountebank,
And his worshipful Auditory ?

Host. They are my Guests, Sir.

Cesa. A—— upon them, shew your juggling Tricks in
Some other Room. *Host.* And why not here, Sir ? *Cesa.*

Hence,

Or Sirrah, I shall spoil your Figure flinging,
And all their radical Questions.

All. Sir, we vanish.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Host and Cefario.

Host. Signior *Cefario*, you make bold with me,
And somewhat I must tell you to a Degree of
Ill-manners ; they're my Guests, and Men I live by,
And I would know by what Authority you
Command thus far. *Cesa.* By my Interest in

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Your Daughter. *Host.* Interest do you call't? As I remember

I never put her out to Usury
On that Condition.

Cesa. Pray thee be not angry,

Enter Biancha and Hostess.

I'm come to make thee happy, and her happy :
She's here; alas my pretty Soul, I'm come
To give Assurance that's beyond thy Hope,
Or thy Belief, I bring Repentance 'bout me,
And Satisfaction, I will marry thee.

Bian. Ha?

Cesa. As I live I will, but do not entertain't
With too quick an Apprehension of Joy,
For that may hurt thee, I have heard some die of't.

Bian. Don't fear me.

Cesa. Then thou think'st I feign
This Protestation; I will instantly
Before these testify my new Alliance,
Contract myself unto thee, then I hope
We may be more private.

Host. But thou shalt not, Sir,
For so has many a Maidenhead been lost,
And many a Bastard gotten. *Cesa.* Then to give you
The best of any Assurance in the World,
Entreat thy Father to go fetch a Priest,
We will instantly to Bed, and there be married.

Bian. Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see, though
Prosperity has.

Host. Sir, you're too confident
To fashion to yourself a Dream of Purchase,
When you're a Beggar.

Cesa. You are bold with me.

Hostess. Do we not know your Value is cried down
Fourscore i'th' Hundred.

Bian. Oh, Sir, I did love you
With such a fixed Heart, that in that Minute
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I took a Vow t' obey your last Decree,

And

And never more look up at any Hope
Should bring me Comfort that way ; and though since
Your Foster-Mother, and the fair *Clarissa*
Have in the way of Marriage despis'd you,
That hath not any way bred my Revenge,
But my Compassion rather. I have found so
Much Sorrow in the way to a chaste Wedlock
That here I will sit down, and never wish
To come to th' Journey's End. Your Suit to me
Henceforth be ever silenc'd.

Cesa. My *Biancha*.

Hostess. Henceforward pray forbear her and my House:
She's a poor virtuous Wench, yet her Estate
May weigh with yours in a gold Balance. *Host.* Yes,
And her Birth too in any Herald's Office
In Christendom. *Hostess.* It may prove so, when you'll say,
You've leapt a Whiting. [Exit.

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Cesa. How far am I
Grown behind-hand with Fortune?

Bapt. Here's *Cesario*!

My Son, Sir, is to Morrow to be marry'd
Unto the fair *Clarissa*.

Cesa. So.

Ment. We hope
You'll be a Guest there.

Cesa. No, I will not grace
Your Triumph so much.

Bapt. I'll not tax your Breeding,
But it alters not your Birth, Sir ; fare you well.

Ment. Oh, Sir, do not grieve him,
He has too much Affliction already. [Exit.

Enter a Sailor.

Cesa. Every way scorn'd and lost! Shame follow you,
For I am grown most miserable.

Sail. Sir, do you know
A Lady's Son in Town here they call *Cesario*?

Cesa. There's none such, I assure thee.

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Sail. I was told
You were the Man.

Cesa. What's that to thee?

Sail. A——on't.

You're melancholy, will you drink, Sir? *Cesa.* With whom?

Sail. With me, Sir; despise not this pitch'd Canvas,
The Time was, we have known them lin'd with *Spanish*
Duckets; I've News for you.

Cesa. For me!

Sail. Not unless

You'll drink; we are like our Sea Provision,
Once out of Pickle, we require abundance
Of Drink: I've news to tell yo', that were you Prince,
Would make you send your Mandate
To have a Thousand Bonfires made i'th' City,
And pist out again with nothing but *Greek Wine.*

Cesa. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.

Sail. And upon these Terms I will utter my Mind to
you. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Alberto, Prospero, Juliana, and Sailors.

Sail. **S**Hall we bring your Necessaries ashore, my
Lord?

Alber. Do what you please,
I'm Land-sick, worse by far
Than e'er I was at Sea.

Prosp. Collect yourself.

Alber. O my most worthy *Prospero*, my best Friend,
The noble Favour I receiv'd from thee,
In freeing me from the *Turks*, I now account
Worse than my Death; for I shall never live
To make Requital. What do you attend for?

Sail. To understand your Pleasure.

Alber.

Alber. They do mock me;
I do protest I have no kind of Pleasure
In any thing i'th' World, but in thy Friendship,
I must ever except that.

*Prof.** Pray leave him, leave him. [*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Alber. The News I heard related since my landing
Of the Division of my Family,
How is it possible for any Man
To bear't with a set Patience?

Prof. You have suffer'd,
Since your Imprisonment, more weighty Sorrows.

Alber. Ay, then I was Man of Flesh and Blood,
Now I'm made up of Fire, to the full height
Of a deadly Calenture: O these vild Women
That are so ill Preservers of Mens Honours,
They cannot govern their own Honesties.
That I should thirty and odd Winters feed
My Expectation of a noble Heir,
And by a Woman's Falshood find him now
A Fiction, a meer Dream of what he was,
And yet I love him still.

Prof. In my Opinion
The Sentence, on this Trial, from the Duke
Was noble, to repair *Cesario's* Loss
With th' Marriage of your Wife, had you been dead.

Alber. By your Favour but it was not, I conceive 'twas
Disparagement to my Name, to have my Widow
Match with a Faulkner's Son, and yet believe't
I love the Youth still, and much pity him.
I do remember at my going to Sea,
Upon a Quarrel, and a Hurt receiv'd
From young *Mentivole*, my Rage so far
O'er-topt my nobler Temper, I gave Charge
To have his Hand cut off, which since I heard,
And to my Comfort, brave *Cesario*,
Worth'ly prevented.

Prof. And 'twas nobly done.

Alber. Yet the Revenge, for this Intent of mine
Hath bred much Slaughter in our Families,

And yet my Wife (39) (which infinitely moans me)
Intends to marry my sole Heir, *Clarissa*,
To the Head Branch of the other Faction.

Prof. It is the mean to work a Reconcilement.

Alber. 'Tween whom?

Prof. Yourself and the worthy *Baptista*.

Alber. Never.

Prof. O you have been of a noble and remarkable
Friendship,

And by this Match 'tis generally in *Florence*
Hop'd, will be fully reconcil'd; to me
'T would b' absolute Content.

Ful. And to myself,

I have main Interest in it. *Alber.* Noble Sir,
You may command my Heart to break for you,
But never to bend that way; poor *Cesario*,
When thou put'st on thy mournful Willow-Garland,
Thy Enemy shall be suited, I do vow,
In the same Livery, my *Cesario*
Lov'd as my Foster-Child, though not my Son,
(40) Which in some Countries formerly not barbarous,
Was a Name held most affectionate; thou art lost,
Unfortunate young Man, not only slighted
Where thou receiv'dst thy Breeding, but since scorn'd
Ith' way of Marriage, by the poor *Biancha*
The Inn-Keeper's Daughter.

Prof. I have heard of that too;
But let not that afflict you; for this Lady
May happily deliver at more Leasure
A Circumstance may draw a fair Event,

(39) — (*which infinitely moans me*)] *Moans* here is used actively,
causes me to moan, as *grieves*, a Word of the like import, often is;
but perhaps this is a single Instance of using *moans* in this manner;
for which Reason Mr. *Sympson* proposes to read, — *moves me*.

(40) *Which in some Countries formerly were barbarous,*
Was a Name held most affectionate; —] It would be a
poor Reason for *Alberto's* Love of *Cesario* as a *Foster-Child*, because
barbarous Nations held adopted Children in the most affectionate
Esteem. Neither is the Fact true. The Adoption of Children was a
thing extremely usual in ancient *Rome*, but I don't at least remember
any Instance of it recorded amongst Barbarians.

Better

Better than you can hope for. For this present
We must leave you, and shall visit you again
Within these two Hours.

Enter Cefario.

Alber. Ever to me most welcome.——
O my *Cefario*. *Cefa.* I am none of yours, Sir,
So 'tis protested; and I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your Power to preserve me
An' longer in a noble Course of Life,
Give me a worthy Death.

Alber. The Youth is mad.

Cefa. Nay, Sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honourably.

Alber. That were most strange.

Cefa. I'm turning Pirate, You may be employ'd
By th' Duke to fetch me in; and in a Sea-fight
Give me a noble Grave.

Alber. Questionless he's mad;
I would give any Doctor a thousand Crowns
To free him from this Sorrow.

Cefa. Here's the Physician—— [Shews a Poniard.

Alber. Hold, Sir, I did say
To free you from the Sorrow, not from Life.

Cefa. Why, Life and Sorrow are unseparable.

Alber. Be comforted *Cefario*, *Mentivole* shall not
Marry *Clarissa*. *Cefa.* No, Sir, e'er he shall,
I'll kill him.

Alber. But you forfeit your own Life then.

Cefa. That's worth nothing.

Alber. *Cefario*, be thyself, be mine, *Cefario*:
Make not thyself incapable of that Portion
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,
By falling into Madness; bear thy Wrongs
With noble Patience, the afflicted's Friend,
Which ever in all Actions crowns the End.

Cefa. You've well awak'd me, nay recover'd me
Both t' Sense and full Life; O most noble Sir,
Though I have lost my Fortune, and lost you
For a worthy Father; yet I will not lose

My

My former Virtue, my Integrity
 Shall not forsake me; but as the wild Ivy
 Spreads and thrives better in some pitious Ruin
 Of Tower, or defac'd Temple, than it does
 Planted by a new Building; so shall I
 Make my Adversity my Instrument
 To wind me up into a full Content.

Alber. 'Tis worthily resolv'd; our first Adventure's
 To stop the Marriage; for thy other Losses,
 Practis'd by a Woman's Malice, but account them
 Like Conjurers Winds rais'd to a fearful Blast,
 And do some Mischief, but do never last. [Exeunt.]

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Clown. Now, Sir, won't you acknowledge that I have
 Mightly advanc'd your Practice? *Foro.* 'Tis confess,
 And I will make thee a great Man for it.

Clown. I take a Course t' do that myself, for I drink
 Sack in abundance.

Foro. O my rare Rascal! We must remove.

Clown. Whither?

Foro. Any whither:

Europe's too little to be cozen'd by us,
 I am ambitious to go to the *East-Indies*,
 And thou and I to ride on our Brace of Elephants.

Clown. And for my part I long to be in *England*
 Again; you'll ne'er get so much as in *England*; we
 Have shifted many Countries, and many Names,
 But trace the World o'er you shall never purse
 Up so much Gold as when you were in *England*
 And call'd yourself Doctor *Lamb-stones*. *Foro.* It was
 An attractive Name I confess, Women were then
 My only Admirers. *Clown.* And all their Visits
 Were either to further their Lust, or revenge Injuries.

Foro. You should have forty in a Morning beleaguer
 My Closet, and strive who should be cozen'd first;
 'Mong'st fourscore love-sick Waiting-women that have
 come

To me in a Morning to learn what Fortune should
 Betide 'em i' their first Marriage, I have found

'Bove

'Bove ninety-four to've lost their Maidenheads.

Clown. By their own Confession ;
But I was fain to be your Male Midwife,
And work it out of them by Circumstance.

Foro. Thou wast, and yet for all this frequent Resort
Of Women, and thy handling of their Urinals
And Cafes, thou'rt not given to Letchery,
What should be th' Reason of it ? Thou'st wholesome Flesh
Enough about thee ; and methinks the Devil
Should tempt thee to it. *Clown.* What need he do that ?
When he makes me his Instr'ment to tempt others.

Foro. Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good Parts ?
Thou wast an excellent Bawd I acknowledge. *Clown.* Well,
And what I have done that way, I'll spare to speak
Of all you and I have done, Sir, and though we should—

Foro. We will for *England*, that's for certain. *Clown.* We
Shall never want there. *Foro.* Want ? Their Court of
Wards

Sh'll want Mony first ; for I profess myself
Lord Paramount o'er Fools and mad Folks. *Clown.* Do
But store yourself with Lies enough against
You come thither. *Foro.* Why that is all
The familiarity I ever had with the Devil,
My Gift of Lying, they say he's the Father of Lies ;
And though I cannot conjure, yet I profess
Myself to b' one of his poor Gossips. I will
Now reveal to thee a rare piece of Service.

Clown. What is it my most worshipful Doctor *Lamb-*
stones ?

Foro. There is a Captain come lately from Sea,
They call *Prosper*, I saw him this Morning
Through a Chink of Wainscot that divides my Lodging,
And the Host of the House, withdraw my Host, and
Hostess,

The fair *Biancha*, and an ancient Gentlewoman,
Into their Bed-chamber ;
I could not over-hear their Conference,
But I saw such a mass of Gold and Jewels,
And when he had done he lock'd it up in a Casket ;
Great Joy there was amongst them, and forth they're gone
Into

Into the City, and my Host told me
 At's going forth he thought he should not return
 Till after Supper: Now, Sir, in their Absence
 Will we fall to our Pick-locks, enter the Chamber,
 Seize on the Jewels, make an escape from *Florence*,
 And we are made for ever. *Clown*. But if they
 Should go to a true Conjuror, and fetch us
 Back in a Whirl-wind? *Foro*. Don't believe there is
 Any such fetch in Astrology, and this may be
 A means to make us live honest hereafter. *Clown*. 'Tis
 But an ill Road to't that lies through the High-way
 Of Thieving. *Foro*. For indeed I'm weary of
 This Trade of Fortune-telling; and mean to give
 All over, when I come into *England*, for
 It is a very ticklish Quality.

Clown. And in the End will hang by a twine Thread.

Foro. Besides, the Island has too many of the Profession,
 They hinder one another's Market. *Clown*. No, no,
 The Pillory hinders their Market. *Foro*. You know there
 The juggling Captain. *Clown*. Ay, there's a sure Card.

Foro. Only

The Foreman of their Jury's dead, but he
 Died like a *Roman*. *Clown*. Else tis thought he had
 Made work for the Hang-man. *Foro*. And the very (41) *Ball*,
 Of your false Prophets, he's quasht too. *Clown*. He did
 Measure the Stars with a false Yard, and may now
 Travel to *Rome*, with a Morter on's Head, to see
 If he can recover his Mony that way. *Foro*. Come, come,
 Let's fish for this Casket, and to Sea presently.

Clown. We shall never reach *London*, I fear; my Mind
 Runs so much of hanging, and of landing at *Wapping*.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. This well may be a day of Joy long-wish'd for
 To my *Clarissa*, she is innocent,

(41) *Ball*,] i. e. *Baal*. The juggling Captain so much spoke of in
 this Play, as a News-writer and Conjuror, Mr. *Sympson* takes to be
 one *Banks*, whom *Ben Johnson* ludicrously calls the *English Pytha-*
goras.

Nor

Nor can her Youth but with an open Bosom
Meet *Hymen's* pleasing Bounties ; but to me,
That am environ'd with black Guilt and Horror,
(42) It does appear a Funeral ; though promising much
In the Conception were hard to manage
But sad in the Event ; it was not Hate
But fond Indulgence in me to preserve
Cesario's threaten'd Life in open Court
Then forc'd me to disclaim him, chusing rather
To rob him of his Birth-right, and Honour,
Than suffer him to run the hazard of
Inrag'd *Baptista's* Fury ; while he lives,
I know I have a Son, and the Duke's Sentence
A while deluded, and this Tempest over,
When he assures himself Despair hath seiz'd him,

[*Knock within.*]

Enter Baptista.

I can relieve and raise him——Speak, who is it
That presses on my Privacies ? Sir, your Pardon,
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were
To read my secret Thoughts.

Bapt. Lady, to you

Mine shall be ever open ; Lady, said I,
That Name keeps too much distance, Sister rather
I should have stild you, and I now may claim it,
Since our divided Families are made one
By this bless'd Marriage ; to whose Honour comes
The Duke in Person, waited on by all
The Braveries of his Court, to witness it,

(42) *It does appear a Funeral ; though promising much
In the Conception were hard to manage
But sad in Event ; —*] A whole Line seems to have been
lost here ; the Intention of the Passage may be easily gather'd. “ Her
“ Scheme, which promis'd much in the Conception, prov'd hard to
“ manage, and sad in the Event.” I shall not venture my Conjecture
into the Text, but propose it as the best that yet occurs.

*It does appear a Funeral. My Design
Tho' promis'ng much in the Conception
Was far too hard to manage, and doth prove
But sad in the Event : It was not Hate. &c.*

And

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And then to be our Guests ; is the Bride ready
To meet and entertain him ?

Mar. She attends
The coming of your Son.

Bapt. Pray you bring her forth.
The Duke's at hand—Mufick, in her loud Voice,
Speaks his arrival.

Mar. She's prepar'd to meet it. [Exit.

*Enter Mariana, Clarissa led by two Maids : at the other Door,
Baptista meets with Mentivole led by two Courtiers, the
Duke, Bishop : divers Attendants : A Song, whilst they
salute.*

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you Joy,
Since all Joys dwell about you, *Hymen's Torch*
Was never lighted with a luckier *Omen*,
Nor burnt with so much Splendor ; to defer
With fruitless Compliment, the means to make
Your certain Pleasures lawful to the World,
Since in the Union of your Hearts they are
Confirm'd already, would but argue us
A Boaster of our Favours ; to the Temple,
And there the sacred Knot once ty'd, all Triumphs
Our Dukedom can afford, shall grace your Nuptials.

Enter Alberto and Cefario.

Bapt. On there.

Ment. I hope it is not in the Power
Of any now to cross us.

Alber. But in th' Breath
Of a wrong'd Father, I forbid the Banes.

Cesa. What, do you stand at gaze ?

Bapt. Ris'n from the dead !

Mar. Although the Sea had vomited up the Figure
In which thy better Part liv'd long imprison'd,
True Love, despising Fear, runs thus to meet it.

Cl. In Duty I kneel to it.

Alber. Hence vile Wretches,
To you I am a Substance incorporeal,
And not to be prophan'd with your vile Touch,

That

That cou'd so soon forget me ; but such things
Are neither worth my Anger, nor Reproof.
To you, great Sir, I turn myself, and these
Immediate Ministers of your Government ;
And if in my rude Language I transgress,
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of
My Services, and not my rugged Temper,

Duke. Speak freely, be thy Language ne'er so bitter,
To see thee safe, *Alberto*, signs thy Pardon.

Alber. My Pardon ? I can need none, if it be not
Receiv'd for an Offence, I tamely bear
Wrongs, which a Slave-born *Muscovite* would check at.
Why if for Treason I had been deliver'd
Up to the Hangman's Ax, and this dead Trunk
Unworthy of a Christian Sepulchre ;
Expos'd a Prey to feed the ravenous Vulture,
The Memory of the much I oft did for you,
Had you but any touch of Gratitude,
Or Thought of my deservings, would have stopp'd you
From these unjust Proceedings.

Duke. Hear the Motives
That did induce us.

Alber. I have heard them all,
Your Highness' Sentence, the whole Court abus'd,
By th' Perjuries and Practice of this Woman.
(43) (Weepest, thou Crocodile?) my hopeful Son,
Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of
The Honours that descended to him from me :
And from that, in his Love scorn'd by a Creature
Whose base Birth, though made eminent by her Beauty,
Might well have mark'd her out *Cesario's* Servant :
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot ;
But that my Daughter with my whole Estate
So hardly purchas'd, is assign'd a Dower,

(43) (*We pest, thou Crocodile*)——] When I first saw this, I thought it only an accidental Omission of a Vowel in the first Word by the Ink's not touching the Type, but by looking into the other Editions I find the first Folio to have accidentally disjoin'd the Word, and wrote *Wee pest*, and the latter Editors by way of Correction read, *We pest*.

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To one whose Father, and whose Family
I so detest; that I would lose my Effence,
And be transformed to a Basilisk
To look them dead, to me's an Injury
Admits no Satisfaction. *Bapt.* There's none offer'd.

Alber. Nor would not be accepted, though upon
Thy Knees 'twere tender'd.

Mar. Now the Storm grows high.

Bapt. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy Death
The briny Ocean had entomb'd thy Name;
I would have sought a Wife in a *Bordello*
For my *Mentivole*, and gladly hugg'd
Her spurious Issue as my lawful Nephews,
Before his Blood should e'er have mix'd with thine;
So much I scorn it.

Alber. I'll not bandy Words,
But thus dissolve the Contract.

Bapt. There I meet thee,
And seize on what's mine own.

Alber. For all my Service,
Great Sir, grant me the Combat with this Wretch,
That I may scourge his Insolence.

Bapt. I kneel for it.

Cesa. And to approve myself *Alberto's* Son,
I'll be his Second upon any odds,
'Gainst him that dare most of *Baptista's* Race.

Ment. Already upon honourable Terms,
In me thou'st met thy Better, for her sake
I'll add no more.

Alber. Sir, let our Swords decide it.

Mar. Oh stay, Sir, and as you would hold the Title
Of a just Prince, e'er you grant Licence to
These Mad-mens Fury, lend your private Ear
To th' most distress'd of Women.

Duke. Speak, 'tis granted. [*He takes Mariana aside.*]

Cl. In the mean time, let not *Clarissa* be
A patient Looker-on, though as yet doubtful
To whom to bend her Knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in Duty, and would wash
The Dust of Fury with my Virgin Tears,

From

From his blest'd Feet, and make them beautiful
That would move to Conditions of Peace,
Though with a Snail-like pace; they all are wing'd
To bear you to Destruction: Reverend Sirs,
Think on your ancient Friendship cemented
With so much Blood, but shed in noble Action,
Divided now in Passion for a Brawl,
The Makers blush to own; much lov'd *Cesario*,
Brother, or Friend, (each Title may prevail,)
Remember with what tenderness from our Childhood
We lov'd together, you preferring me
Before yourself, and I so fond of you
That it begot suspicion in ill Minds,
That our Affection was incestuous.
Think of that happy time, in which I know
That with your dearest Blood you had prevented
This Shower of Tears from me; *Mentivole*,
My Husband, registred in that bright Star-Chamber,
Though now on Earth made Strangers, be the Example,
And offer in one Hand the peaceful *Olive*
Of Concord, or if that can be denied
By powerful Intercession in the other
Carry the *Hermian* Rod, and force Atonement.
Now we will not be all Marble; Death's the worst then,
And he shall be my Bridegroom. [*Offers to kill herself.*]

(44) *Ment.* Hold, *Clarissa*,
This loving Violence I needs must offer
In spite of Honour——

[*He snatches away her Knife, and sets it to
his own Breast, she stays his Hand.*]

Duke. Was it to that End then,
On your Religion?

Mar. And my hope in Heav'n, Sir.

Duke. We then will leave Intreaties, and make use
Of our Authority; must I cry Aim
To this unheard-of Insolence? In my Presence
To draw your Swords, and as all Reverence

(44) *Ment.* Hold, *Clarissa*, his loving Violence needs must offer in
spite of Honour——} Former Editions.

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That's due to Majesty were forfeited,
 Cherish this Wildness! sheath them instantly,
 And shew an Alteration in your Looks,
 Or by my Power——

Alber. Cut off my Head.

Bapt. And mine ;

Rather than hear of Peace with this bad Man,
 I'll not alone give up my Throat, but suffer
 Your Rage to reach my Family.

Enter Prospero, Juliana and Bianca.

Alber. And my Name

To be no more remembred. *Duke.* What are these ?

Cesa. *Biancha*, 'tis *Biancha*, still *Biancha* :

But strangely alter'd.

Bapt. If that thirteen Years

Of Absence could raze from my Memory
 The Figure of my Friend, I might forget thee ;
 But if thy Image b' graven on my Heart,
 Thou art my *Prospero*.

Prof. Thou my *Baptista*.

Duke. A sudden Change !

Bapt. I dare not ask, dear Friend,

If *Juliana* live! for that's a Blessing
 I am unworthy of ; but yet deny not
 To let me know the Place she hath made happy,
 By having there her Sepulchre.

Prof. If your Highness

Please to vouchsafe a patient Ear, we shall
 Make you a true Relation of a Story
 That shall call on your Wonder.

Duke. Speak, we hear you.

Prof. *Baptista's* Fortune in the *Genoa* Court,
 His Banishment, with his fair Wife's Restraint,
 You are acquainted with ; what since hath follow'd
 I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight Moons
 After *Baptista's* Absence were compleat,
 Fair *Juliana* found the Pleasures, that
 They had enjoy'd together, were not barren,
 And blushing at the Burthen of her Womb,
 No Father near to own it, it drew on

A violent Sickness, which call'd down Compassion
From th' angry Duke, then careful of her Health,
Physicians were enquir'd of, and their Judgment
Prescrib'd the Baths of *Lucca* as a means
For her Recovery ; to my Charge it pleas'd her
To be committed ; but as on the way
We journey'd, those Throws, only known to Women,
Came thick upon her, in a private Village.

Bapt. She died?

Prof. Have patience : She brought to the World
A hopeful Daughter ; for her Body's Sickness
It soon decay'd, but the Grief of her Mind
Hourly increas'd, and Life grew tedious to her,
And desperate e'er to see you ; she enjoin'd me
To place her in a *Greekish* Monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty Daughter.

Bapt. What Monastery ? as a Pilgrim bare-foot,
I'll search it out.

Prof. Pray you interrupt me not,
Now to my Fortunes ; the Girl well dispos'd of
With a faithful Friend of mine, my cruel Fate
Made me a Prisoner to the *Turkish* Galleys,
Where for twelve Years these Hands tugg'd at the Oar ;
But Fortune tir'd at length with my Afflictions,
Some Ships of *Malta* met the *Ottoman* Fleet,
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.
With my Deliverers I serv'd, and got
Such Reputation with the Great Master,
That he gave me Command over a tall
And lusty Ship, where my first happy Service
Was to redeem *Alberto*, rumour'd dead,
But was like me surpris'd by *Cortugogly*.

Alber. I would I had died there.

Prof. And from him learning
Baptista liv'd, and their dissolved Friendship,
I hois'd up Sails for *Greece*, found *Juliana*
A Votary at her Beads ; having made known
Both that you liv'd, and where you were, she borrow'd
So much from her Devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you ; if the Object please you,

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With joy receive her.

Bapt. Rage and Fury leave me

[*Throws away his Sword.*]

I am so full of Happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you ; oh my long lost Jewel,
Light of mine Eyes, my Soul's Strength.

Jul. My best Lord,
Having embrac'd you thus,
Death cannot fright me.

Bapt. Live long to do so, though I should fix here.
(45) But pardon me, tho' of *Prospero* I enquire
My Daughter's Fortune.

Prof. That your Happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!

Cesa. Bianca, Daughter to a Princess.

Prof. True ;

Wi' my faithful Host I left her, and with him
'Till now she hath resided, ignorant
Both of her Birth and Greatness. *Bapt.* Oh my blest one,
Joy upon Joy o'erwhelms me. *Duke.* Above Wonder.

Alber. I do begin to melt too, this strange Story
Works much upon me.

Duke. Since it hath pleas'd Heav'n
To grace us with this Miracle, I that am
Heav'n's Instrument here, determine thus ; *Alberto,*
Be not unthankful for the Blessings shown you,
Nor you, *Baptista* ; Discord was yet never
A welcome Sacrifice ; therefore, Rage laid by,
Embrace as Friends, and let pass'd Difference
Be as a Dream forgotten.

Bapt. 'Tis to me.

Alber. And me, I thus confirm it.

Duke. And to tie it

(45) *Pardon me, Prospero, tho' I enquire*] I see no Reason for asking *Prospero's* Pardon for enquiring after his Daughter ; he might think *Juliana* might expect to engross his whole Thoughts, and would therefore naturally ask her Pardon for taking them from her ; especially as he had just before said, that he could even fix himself for ever to the Spot where she stood. I therefore put into the Text what seems a more natural Reading.

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In Bonds not to be broken, with the Marriage
Of young *Mentivole* and fair *Clarissa*,
So you consent, great Lady, your *Biancha*
Shall call *Cesario* Husband.

Ful. 'Tis a motion
I gladly yield to. *Cesa.* One in which you make
A sad Man happy. [Offers to kneel.]

Bian. Kneel not, all's forgiven.

Duke. Wi' th' Duke your Uncle I will make Atonement,
And will have no denial.

Enter Host, Forobosco, Clown, and Officers.

Mar. Let this Day
Be still held sacred. *Host.* Now if you can conjure,
Let th' Dev'l unbind you. *Foro.* We are both undone.

Clown. Already we feel it.

Host. Justice, Sir.

Duke. What are they?

Prof. I can resolve you, Slaves freed from the Gallies
By the Viceroy of *Sicilia*.

Duke. What's their Offence?

Host. The robbing me of all my Plate and Jewels,
I mean the attempting of it.

Clown. Please your Grace,
I'll now discover this Varlet in earnest,
This honest pestilent Rogue profess'd the Art
Of Conjuring, but all the Skill that e'er
He had in the black Art, was but in making
A Sea-cole fire; only with wearing
Strange Shapes, he begot Admiration
'Mongst Fools and Women. *Foro.* Wilt thou peach,
thou Varlet?

Duke. Why does he goggle with his Eyes, and stalk so?

Clown. This 's one of his Magical Raptures.

Foro. I do vilify
Your Censure, you demand if I am guilty,
Whir— says my Cloak by a Trick of Legerdemain,
Now I'm not guilty, I am guarded with
Innocence, pure Silver-Lace I assure you.

Clown. Thus have I read to you your Virtues, which
Notwithstanding I would not have you proud of.

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Foro. Out thou concealment of Tallow, and counterfeit
Mummy.

Duke. To th' Gallies with them both.

Clown. The only Sea-phyfick
For a Knave, is to be basted in a Galley,
With th' Oil of a Bull's Peeffel. *Foro.* And will not you
Make a four Face at the same Sauce, Sirrah? I hope
To find thee so lean in one Fortnight, thou
Mayst be drawn by the Ears through the Hoop of a Firkin.

Duke. Divide them, and away with them to th' Gallies.

Clown. This will take down your Pride, Juggler.

Duke. This Day

That hath giv'n birth to Blessings beyond Hope,
Admits no criminal Sentence: To th' Temple,
And there with humbleness, praise Heaven's Bounties;
For Blessings ne'er descend from thence but when
A Sacrifice in Thanks ascends from Men.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



C U P I D's



C U P I D's

REVENGE.



D d 4

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CUPID.

Leontius, *the old Duke of Lycia.*

Leucippus, *Son to the Duke.*

Ismenus, *Nephew to the Duke.*

Telamon, *a Lycian Lord.*

Dorialus, }
Agenor, } *Courtiers.*
Nifus, }

Timantus, *a villainous Sycophant.*

The Priest of Cupid.

Four young Men and Maids.

Nilo, *sent in Commission to pull down Cupid's Image.*

Zoilus, *Leucippus's Dwarf.*

Four Citizens.

W O M E N.

Hidaspes, *Daughter to the Duke.*

Cleophila and Hero, *her Attendants.*

Bacha, *a Strumpet.*

Urania, *her Daughter.*

Bacha's Maid.

Urania's Maid.

Servants and Attendants.

T H E



CUPID'S REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor and Nifus.

A G E N O R.



TRUST me, my Lord *Dorialis*, I had mis'd of this, if you had not call'd me ; I thought the Princess's Birth-day had been to Morrow.

Nif. Why, did your Lordship sleep out the Day ?

Dor. I marvel what the Duke meant to make such an idle Vow.

Nif. Idle, why ?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his Daughter any thing she shall ask on her Birth-day ? she may ask an impossible thing ; and I pray Heav'n she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other ; 'tis dangerous trusting a Man's Vow upon the Discretion of one's Daughter.

Agen. I wonder most at the Marquis her Brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her Desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Agen. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

Dor. So is *Leucippus* her Brother.

Nif. She's twenty Years old, I wonder She ask not a Husband.

Dor.

Dor. That were a Folly in her, having refus'd
All the great Princes in one part of the World ;
She'll die a Maid.

Agen. She may ask but one, may she ?

Nis. A hundred times this Day if she will ;
And indeed, every Day is such a Day, for though
The Duke has vow'd it only on this Day,
He keeps it every Day ; he can deny
Her nothing.

[*Cornets.*

Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantus,
and Tellamond.

Leon. Come, fair *Hidaspes*, thou art Dutches to Day ;
Art thou prepar'd to ask, thou know'st my Oath
Will force Performance. And, *Leucippus*, if
She now ask ought that shall, 'r would have Performance
After my Death, when by the help of Heav'n
This Land is thine, accursed be thy Race,
May every one forget thou art my Son,
And so their own Obedience——

Leu. Mighty Sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal Hour,
That is to make me King ; but if I do,
I shall most heartily, (and like a Son)
Perform your Grant to all, chiefly to her.
Remember that you ask what we agreed on.

Leon. Are you prepar'd ? Then speak.

Hid. Most Royal Sir,
I am prepar'd, nor shall my Will exceed
A Virgin's Bounds, what I request shall both
At once bring me a full Content.

Leon. So't ever does :
Thou only Comfort of my feeble Age,
Make known thy good Desire, for I dare swear
Thou lov'st me.

Hid. This is it I beg,
And on my Knees. The People of your Land,
The *Lycians*, are through all the Nations
That know their Name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless Superstition ;

So

So much more hateful, that it bears the shew
Of true Religion, and is nothing else
But a false-pleasing bold Lasciviousness.

Leon. What is it?

Hid. Many Ages before this,
When every Man got to himself a Trade,
And was laborious in that chosen Courfe,
Hating an idle Life, far worse than Death:
Some one that gave himself to Wine and Sloth,
Which breed lascivious Thoughts, (1) and found himself
Condemn'd for that by every painful Man,
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself
A God, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest, for a Name
He call'd him *Cupid*. This created God,
Man's Nature (2) being ever credulous
Of any Vice that takes part with his Blood,
Had ready Followers enow; and since
In every Age they grew, especially
Amongst your Subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsy Deity,

(1) *And found himself conjoin'd*

For that by every painful Man,] I know no Meaning of the Word *conjoin'd* that will suit the Context, *condemn'd* is the natural Word. Our Poets Scheme in this Play (which has many excellent things in it) seems to me quite amazing. That this just Speech should be esteem'd such an Act of real Impiety, as to receive the most shocking Punishment ending in the Murder and utter Extirpation of the whole Family, is surely a strange Outrage on poetical Justice, as well as on all the Circle of moral Virtues. I find Mr. *Theobald* has prevented me in the Correction above, and Mr. *Sympson* has since sent me his Reading, *contemn'd*.

(2) ——— *being ever credulous*

Of any Vice that takes part with his Blood,] Mr. *Sympson* says, that *credulous of any Vice* is not *English*. If it is not, an Emendation has occur'd that is extremely near the Trace of the Letters.

————— *being ever credulous*

Of any Advice that takes part with his Blood.

This is certainly easier, yet as the Worship of such a God as *Cupid*, was certainly a *Vice*, Poetry, like Idolatry, will personate that *Vice*, and he that is overcome by its Temptations may be said to be *credulous of it*.

Which

Which Drink invented ; (3) and the winged Boy,
 (For so they call him) has his Sacrifices,
 And these loose naked Statues through the Land,
 In every Village, nay the Palace self
 Is not free from 'em. This is my Request,
 That these erected obscene Images
 May be pluckt down and burnt, and every Man
 That offers to 'em any Sacrifice,
 May lose his Life. *Leon*. But be advis'd,
 My fairest Daughter, if he be a God,
 He will express it upon thee, my Child :
 Which Heav'n avert.

Leu. Sir, there is no such Power :
 But the Opinion of him fills the Land
 With lustful Sins ; every young Man and Maid,
 That feel the least Desire to one another,
 Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
 Blind *Cupid's* Motion ; and he is a God.

Leon. This makes our Youth unchaste. I am resolv'd :
 Nephew *Ismenus*, break the Statues down
 Here in the Palace, and command the City
 To do the like, let Proclamations
 Be drawn, and hastily sent through the Land
 To the same purpose.

Ism. Sir, I will break down none
 Myself, but I'll deliver your Command :
 Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.

Leon. Go and command it. Pleasure of my Life,
 Wouldst thou ought else? Make many thousand Suits,
 They must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else. [Exit *Ismenus*.]

Leon. But go and meditate on other Suits,

(3) ——— and the winged Boy,
 (For so they call him) has his Sacrifices,
 These loose naked Statues through the Land,
 And in every Village, nay the Palace

Is not free from 'em.—] Here are certainly Deficiencies both
 in Measure and Sense : The Change of Points, the removal of the *and*
 from the Beginning of one Line to the Line above it, and the Addi-
 tion of a Particle that adds strength to the Sentiment seems the most
 probable Method of restoring the Original.

Some

Some six Days hence I'll give thee Audience again,
 And by a new Oath, bind myself to keep it :
 Ask largely for thyself, dearer than Life,
 In whom I may be bold to call myself,
 More fortunate than any in my Age,
 I will deny thee nothing.

Leu. 'Twas well done, Sister.

[*Exeunt all but the three Lords.*]

Nis. How like you this Request, my Lord ?

Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder, we shall be
 Gods ourselves

Shortly, an' we pull 'em out of Heav'n o' this fashion.

Agan. We shall have Wenches now when we can catch
 'em.

An' we transgress thus. *Nis.* And we abuse the Gods once,
 'Tis Justice we should be held at hard Meat ; for my part,
 I'll e'en make ready for mine own Affection,
 I know the God incenst must send a hardness
 Through all good Women's Hearts, and then we have
 Brought our Eggs and Muscadine to a fair market :
 Would I had giv'n an hundred Pound for a Toleration,
 That I might but use my Conscience in mine own House.

Dor. The Duke he's old and past it, he would never
 Have brought such a Plague upon the Land else, 'tis worse
 Than Sword and Famine : Yet to say Truth,
 We have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly,
 Every Man at his Livery, and wou'd that
 Wou'd have suffic'd us ; we murmur'd at
 This Blessing, that was nothing ; and cry'd out
 To th' God for endless Pleasures, he heard us, and
 Supplied us, and our Women were new still
 As w' needed 'em ; and yet we like Beasts [give us
 Still cry'd, (4) poor Men can number their Whores,

(4) *Poor Men can number their Woers,*—] *Woers* for Mistresses is uncommon, but a Word very near it is quite suitable to the Character of the Speaker, *Whores*. After I had inserted this in the Text, I found in Mr. *Theobald's* Margin another Conjecture, *Weathers* for *Woers*, with a *Latin* Quotation, *Pauperis est numerare pecus*, as a Proof of it. But my Conjecture is much nearer the Trace of the Letters, as well as a more natural Expression ; for *Weathers* being of the Masculine Gender will never suit this Place, tho' *Pecus* might.

'Bundance,

'Bundance, we had it, and this Curse withal.

Agem. By'r lady we are like to have a long *Lent* on't,
Flesh shall be Flesh now ; Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the Gods, than that blind Gunner.
I remember once the People did but slight him
In a Sacrifice, and what follow'd ? Women kept
Their Houses, grew good Huswives, honest forsooth !
Was not that fine ? (5) wore their own Faces, nay,
They let us wear gay Cloaths without surveying ; and,
Which was most lamentable, they lov'd their Husbands.

Nis. I do remember it to my Grief, young Maids
Were 's cold as Cowcubers, and much of that
Complexion : Bawds were abolisht ; and, to which
Mis'ry 't must come again, there were no Cuckolds.
Well, we'd need pray to keep these Devils from us,
The Times grow mischievous. There he goes ;—Lord !

Enter one with an Image.

This is a Sacrilege I have not heard of :
Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows.

Agem. And I too. You shall see within these few Years,
A fine Confusion i'th' Country, mark it :
Nay, and we grow for to depose the Powers,
And set up Chastity again, well, I have done.
A fine new Goddess certainly, whose Blessings
Are Hunger and hard Beds. *Nis.* This comes of fulness,
A Sin too frequent with us ; I believe now
We shall find shorter Commons. [vour ;

Dor. Would I were married, somewhat has some Sa-
The Race of Gentry will quite run out now,
'Tis only left to Husbands ; if younger Sisters
Take not the greater Charity, 'tis lawful.

(5) *Wore their own Faces,
Though they wear gay Cloaths without surveying,
And which was most lamentable,
They lov'd their Husbands.]*

The Reader will find the Metre here easily restor'd, but the Sense, which seems quite lost in the second Line, is not so readily recover'd. The only Conjecture that seems tolerable is what I venture into the Text with great diffidence, but the Reader had better have even a false Reading with Sense, than one without it.

Agem.

Agen. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
 And as the Plague falls, I will shape myself :
 If Women will be honest, I'll be found.
 If the God be not too unmerciful,
 I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
 And thank him, and say nothing.

Nis. This ill Wind yet may blow the City good,
 And let them (if they can) get their own Children,
 They have hung long enough in doubt ; but howsoever,
 The old way was the surer, then they had 'em.

Dor. Farewel my Lords, I'll e'en take up what Rent
 I can before the Day, I fear the Year
 Will fall out ill.

Agen. We'll with you, Sir : And, Love, so favour us,
 As we are still thy Servants. Come my Lords ;
 Let's to the Duke, and tell him to what Folly
 His doting now has brought him. [Exeunt:

Priest of Cupid, with four young Men and Maids.

Priest. Come my Children, let your Feet
 In an even Measure meet :
 And your chearful Voices rise,
 To present this Sacrifice ;
 To great *Cupid*, in whose Name,
 I his Priest begin the same.
 Young Men rake your Loves and kifs,
 Thus our *Cupid* honour'd is.
 Kifs again, and in your kissing,
 Let no Promises be missing :
 Nor let any Maiden here,
 Dare to turn away her Ear,
 Unto the whisper of her Love,
 But give Bracelet, Ring, or Glove,
 As a Token to her Sweeting,
 Of an after secret Meeting :
 Now, Boy, sing to stick our Hearts
 Fuller of great *Cupid's* Darts.

S O N G.

Lovers rejoice, your Pains shall be rewarded,
 The God of Love himself grieves at your crying :
 No more shall frozen Honour be regarded,
 (6) Nor the coy Faces of a Maid denying.
 No more shall Virgins sigh, and say " we dare not,
 " For Men are false, and what they do they care not.
 All shall be well again, then do not grieve,
 Men shall be true, and Women shall believe.

Lovers rejoice, what you shall say henceforth,
 When you have caught your Sweet-hearts in your Arms,
 Shall be accounted Oracle, and Worth :
 No more faint-hearted Girls shall dream of Harms,
 And cry they are too young. The God hath said,
 Fifteen shall make a Mother of a Maid :
 Then wise Men, pull your Roses yet unblown,
 Love hates the too ripe Fruit that falls alone.

After a Measure, Enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this, here break your Rites for ever,
 The Duke commands it so : Priest, do not stare,
 I must deface your Temple, though unwilling,
 And your God *Cupid* here must make a Scare-crow
 For any thing I know, or at the best,
 Adorn a Chimney-piece.

Priest. Oh Sacrilege unheard of !

Nilo. This will not help it, take down the Image
 And away with 'em.

Priest, change your Coat you had best, all Service now
 Is given to Men : Prayers above their hearing
 Will prove but Babblings ; learn to lie and thrive,
 'Twill prove your best Profession, for the Gods,
 He that lives by 'em now, must be a Beggar.
 There's better Holiness on Earth they say,
 Pray God it ask not, greater Sacrifice. Go home,

(6) *Nor the coy Faces of a Maid's denying.*] Mr. Symphon has improv'd this Line by striking off the 's from *Maid's*.

And

And if your God be n't deaf as well as blind,
He will make some smoke for it.

Gent. Sir——

Nilo. Gentlemen,

There is no talking, this must be done and speedily ;
I have Commission that I must not break.

Gent. We're gone, to wonder what shall follow. *Nilo.* On
To the next Temple. [*Exeunt.*

Cornets.

Descendit Cupid.

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd ? Is my all-doing Will
And Power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,
Now look'd into by less than Gods ? and weaken'd
Am I, whose Bow struck Terror through the Earth,
No less than Thunder, and in this, (7) exceeding
Even Gods themselves, whose Knees before the Altars,
Now shook off ; and contemn'd by such, whose Lives
Are but my Recreation ! Anger rise,
My Sufferance and myself are made the Subject
Of Sins against us. (8) Go thou out, Displeasure,
Displeasure of a great God, sling thyself

(7) —— exceeding

*Even Gods themselves, whose Knees before the Altars,
Now shook off ;*] There is evidently a great Deficiency here
both in Grammar and Sense, and reason to suspect a whole Line to
have been lost, which might have been something like the following.

*Ev'n Gods themselves, whose Knees before the Altars
Of Cupid oft in Supplication bow'd.*

Or,

——— *whose Knees before my Altars*

In zealous Supplication oft have bent.

Beside these conjectural Additions, we may render it Sense by a small
Change of the Words.

Of Gods themselves, who knelt before my Altars.

From such a phantastick Deity as this, would any one expect more than
a comic Revengé, like the Distresses of the *Fairy Queen* in *Midsum-
mer-Night's Dream* ? And, indeed, what Pity is it that such noble
Lines as the following should be thus misapply'd ?

(8) —— *Go thou out, Displeasure,*

——— *fling thyself*

Through all this Kingdom ; ——] I found here a very happy
Conjecture of Mr. *Theobald's* *fling* instead of *fling*, which carries Con-
viction as soon as seen ; for it improves both Sense and Measure.
Mr. *Sympson* has since sent me the same Conjecture.

Cupid's Revenge.

Through all this Kingdom; sow whatever Evils
 Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these Rebels;
 And on the first Hearts that despise my Greatness,
 Lay a strange Misery, that all may know
Cupid's Revenge is mighty; with this Arrow
 Hotter than Plagues or mine own Anger, will I
 Now nobly right myself; nor shall the Prayers
 Nor sweet Smokes on my Altars hold my Hand,
 Till I have left this a most wretched Land. [Exit.

Enter Hidaspes and Cleophila.

Hid. *Cleophila*, what was he that went hence? *Cleo.*
 Whom

Means your Grace now? *Hid.* I mean that handsome Man,
 That something more than Man I met at Door.

Cleo. Here was no handsome Man.

Hid. Come, he's some one
 You would preserve in private, but you want
 Cunning to do it, and my Eyes are sharper
 Than yours, and can with one neglecting Glance
 See all the Graces of a Man. Who was it?

Cleo. That went hence now?

Hid. That went hence now, ay, he.

Cleo. Faith here was no such one as your Grace thinks.
Zoilus your Brother's Dwarf went out but now.

Hid. I think 'twas he; how bravely he pass'd by;
 Is he not grown a goodly Gentleman?

Cleo. A goodly Gentleman, Madam?
 He's th' most deformed Fellow in the Land.

Hid. Oh Blasphemy; he may perhaps to thee
 Appear deformed, for he is indeed
 Unlike a Man; his Shape and Colours are
 Beyond the Art of Painting; he is like
 Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
 When rising from his Bed, he stirs himself,
 And shakes Day from his Hair.

Cleo. He resembles *Apollo's* Recorder.

Hid. *Cleophila*, go send a Page for him,
 And thou shalt see thy Error, and repent. [Exit *Cleo.*
 Alas,

Alas, what do I feel, my Blood rebels,
 And I am one of those I us'd to scorn,
 (9) My Maiden-thoughts are fled : against myself
 I harbour Traitors: My Virginity,
 That from my Childhood kept me Company,
 Is heavier than I can endure to bear ;
 Forgive me, *Cupid*, for thou art a God,
 And I a wretched Creature ; I have sinn'd,
 But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
 (10) I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love.

Enter Cleophila and Zoilus.

Cleo. *Zoilus* is here, Madam.

Hid. He's there indeed.

Now be thine own Judge ; see thou worse than Mad,
 Is he deformed ? look upon those Eyes,
 That let all Pleasure out into the World,
 Unhappy that they cannot see themselves ;
 Look on his Hair, that like so many Beams,
 Streaking the *East*, shoot Light o'er half the World ;
 Look on him altogether, who is made
 As if two Natures had Contention
 About their Skill, and one had brought forth him.

Zoil. Ha, ha ; Madam, though Nature hath not
 giv'n me
 So much as others in my outward shew ;
 I bear a Heart as loyal unto you
 In this unfightly Body (which you please
 To make your Mirth) as many others do

(9) *My Maiden-thoughts are fled against myself ;
 I harbour Traitors in my Virginity,
 That from my Childhood kept me Company,
 Is heavier than I can endure to bear ;*] These were the absurd
 Pointings and Reading of the former Editions. When the natural
 Points are restor'd, it will evidently appear that the Particle *in* in the
 second Line was an Interpolation. Mr. *Sympson* too has sent me the
 same Reading.

(10) *I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.*] As the Address
 is to *Love*, a Comma and a great Letter was a material Corruption
 here: To ask *Cupid* to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy
 was a ridiculous Request, but to let her enjoy what he would have her
 love is the common Prayer of all Worshippers of *Cupid*.

That are far more befriended in their Births ;
 Yet I could wish myself much more deformed
 Than yet I am, so I might make your Grace
 More merry than you are. Ha, ha, ha.

Hid. Beshrew me then

If I be merry ; but I am content
 Whilst thou art with me : Thou that art my Saint :
 By hope of whose mild Favour I do live
 To tell thee so : I pray thee scorn me not ;
 Alas what can it add unto thy Worth
 To triumph over me, that am a Maid,
 Without deceit ? whose Heart doth guide her Tongue ?
 Drown'd in my Passions ? yet I will take leave
 To call it Reason that I dote on thee.

Cleo. The Princess is beside her Grace I think,
 To talk thus with a Fellow that will hardly
 Serve i'th' dark when one is drunk.

Hid. What Answer wilt thou give me ?

Zoil. If it please your Grace to jest on, I can abide it.

Hid. If it be Jest, not to esteem my Life,
 Compar'd with thee : If it be Jest in me,
 To hang a thousand Kisses in an Hour
 Upon those Lips, and take 'em off again ;
 If it be Jest for me to marry thee,
 And take Obedience on me whilst I live ;
 Then all I say is Jest :
 For every part of this, I swear by those
 That see my Thoughts, I am resolv'd to do.
 And I beseech thee, by thine own white Hand,
 (Which Pardon me, that I am bold to kiss
 With so unworthy Lips) that thou wilt swear
 To marry me, as I do here to thee,
 Before the Face of Heav'n.

Zoil. Marry you ? Ha, ha, ha.

Hid. Kill me or grant, wilt thou not speak at all ?

Zoil. Why I will do your Will for ever.

Hid. I ask no more ; but let me kiss that Mouth
 That is so merciful ; that is my Will ;
 Next go with me before the King in haste,
 That is my Will ; where I will make our Peers

Know,

Know, that thou art their Better.

Zoil. Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. Madam, what means your Grace?

Consider for the Love of Heav'n to what
You run thus madly ; will you take this Viper
Into your Bed ?

Hid. Away, hold off thy Hands ;
Strike her, sweet *Zoilus*, for it is my Will ;
Which thou hast sworn to do.

Zoil. Away, for shame.

Know you no manners ? Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cleo. Thou know'st none I fear.

This is just *Cupid's* Anger ; *Venus* look
Down mildly on us : And command thy Son
To spare this Lady once, (11) and let me be
In Love with all ; and none in Love with me. [Exit.]

Enter Ismenus and Timantus.

Tim. Is your Lordship for the Wars this Summer ?

Ism. *Timantus*,

Wilt thou go with me ? *Tim.* If I had a Company,
My Lord. *Ism.* Of Fidlers ; Thou a Company ?
No, no, keep thy Company at home, and cause Cuckolds ;
The Wars will hurt thy Face, there are no Semsters,
Shoemakers, Taylors, nor Almond-milk i'th' Morning,
Nor poach'd Eggs to keep your Worship soluble,
No Man to warm your Shirt, and blow your Roses ;
Nor none to reverence your round lace Breeches ;
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a Cafe
F'r thy Captainship, a Shower will spoil thee else.
Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your Lordship's wondrous witty,
Very pleasant believe't.

[Exit.]

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus, and Leontius.

Leon. No News yet of my Son ?

(11) *And let me be in Love with all ; and none in Love with me*]
The Measure in this, as in all other Plays, has been greatly neglected :
It is generally restor'd here as well as in the rest ; and the Reader
will find even Rhime as well as Measure had been overlook'd in
this Passage.

Tela. Sir, there be divers out in search ; no doubt
They'll bring the Truth where h' is, or the Occasion
That led him hence. *Tim.* They must have good Eyes
then.

Leon. The Gods go with them ; who be those that
wait there ?

Tela. The Lord *Ismenus*, your General for his dispatch.

Leon. Oh, Nephew ; we've no use to imploy your
Virtue

In our War ; now the Province is well settled.

Hear you ought of the Marquis ?

Ism. No, Sir.

Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus :
These five Days he was not seen.

Tim. I'll hold my Life, I could bolt him in an Hour.

Leon. Where is my Daughter ?

Dor. About the purging of the Temples, Sir.

Leon. She's chaste and virtuous ; fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last Request, without repenting me. [*Exit Nifus.*
Be 't what it will ; she is wife, *Dorialis*,
And will not press me farther than a Father.

Dor. I pray the best may follow ; yet if your Grace
Had taken the Opinions of your People,
At least of such, whose Wifdoms ever wake
About your Safety, I may say it, Sir,
Under your noble Pardon ; that this Change
Either had been more Honour to the Gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the Princess.

Enter Hidaspes, Nifus, and Zoilus.

Leon. Oh my Daughter, my Health !
And did I say, my Soul, I ly'd not ;
Thou art so near me, speak, and have whatever
Thy wife Will leads thee to ; had I a Heav'n,
It were too poor a Place for such a Goodness.

Dor. What's here ?

Agen. An Ape's Skin stuff I think, it is so plump.

Hid. Sir, you have past your Word,
Still be a Prince, and hold you to it. Wonder

Not

Not that I press you, my Life lies i' your Word ;
 If you break that, you've broke my Heart, I must ask
 That that's my Shame, and your Will not deny me ;
 Now for Heav'n's sake be not forsworn.

Leon. By the Gods

I will not, I cannot, were there no other
 Pow'r than my Love call'd to a Witness of it.

Dor. They have much Reason to trust, you have for-
 sworn

One of 'em out o'th' Country already.

Hid. Then this is my Request : This Gentleman.
 Be not asham'd, Sir ; you are worth a Kingdom.

Leon. In what ?

Hid. In th' way of Marriage.

Leon. How ?

Hid. In the way of Marriage, it must be so,
 Your Oath is ty'd to Heav'n ; as my Love
 To him. *Leon.* I know thou dost but try my Age,
 Come ask again. *Hid.* If I should ask all
 My Life-time, this is all still. Sir, I'm serious, I
 Must have this worthy Man without enquiring why ;
 And suddenly, and freely ; do not look
 For Reason or Obedience in my Words ;
 My Love admits no Wisdom : Only Haste
 And Hope hangs on my Fury. Speak, Sir, speak,
 But not 's a Father, I'm deaf and dull to Counsel ;
 Inflamed Blood hears nothing but my Will ;
 For God's sake speak.

Dor. Here's a brave Alteration.

Nis. This comes of Chastity.

Hid. Will not you speak, Sir ?

Agen. The God begins his Vengeance ; what a sweet
 Youth he has sent us here, with a Pudding in's Belly ?

Leon. Oh let me never speak,
 Or with my Words let me speak out my Life ;
 Thou Pow'r abus'd ; great Love, whose Vengeance now
 We feel and fear, have mercy on this Land.

Nis. How does your Grace ?

Leon. Sick, very sick, I hope.

Dor. Gods comfort you.

Hid. Will not you speak? Is this your Royal Word?
Do not pull Perjury upon your Soul.
Sir, you are Old, and near your Punishment;
Remember.

Leon. Away, base Woman.

Hid. Then be no more my Father, but a Plague,
I'm bound to pray against; be any Sin
May force me to despair, and hang myself,
Be thy Name never more remembred, King,
But in Example of a broken Faith,
And curst ev'n to Forgetfulness; may thy Land
Bring forth such Monsters as thy Daughter is?
I'm weary of my Rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him, will you, Noble Sir?

Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heav'n:
Thou Heir of all Dishonour, shamest thou not
To draw this little Moisture left for Life,
Thus rudely from me? Carry that Slave to Death.

Zoil. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, it is no Fault of mine,
That she will love me.

Leon. To Death with him, I say. [him:

Hid. Then make haste, Tyrant, (12) or I'll be before
This is the way to Hell.

Leon. Hold fast, I charge you
Away with him,

Hid. Alas old Man, Death hath more Doors than one,
And I will meet him. [Exit *Hid.*

Leon. *Dorialis*, pray
See her i' her Chamber, and lay a Guard about her;
The greatest Curse the Gods lay on our Frailties,
Is Will and Disobedience in our Issues,
Which we beget as well as them to plague us,
With our fond Loves; Beasts you are only blest
That have that happy Dulness to forget
What you have made, your young ones grieve not you,
They wander where they list, and have their ways

(12) ——— or I'll be for *him*:] The Princess here attempts to kill herself, and the natural Reading is equally necessary to the Measure. Mr. *Theobald* concurs with me in this Correction, as does Mr. *Sympton* too.

Without dishonour to you ; and their Ends
 Fall on 'em, without Sorrow of their Parents,
 (13) Or after-ill Remembrance : Oh this Woman,
 Would I had made myself a Sepulcher,
 When I made her : Nephew, where is the Prince ?
 Pray God he have not more part of her Baseness
 Than of her Blood about him. Gentlemen,
 Where is he ? *Ism.* I know not, Sir. H'as his ways by
 himself,

Is too wise for my Company. *Leon.* I don't like
 This hiding of himself, (14) from such Society
 As suits his Person, some of you needs must know.

Ism. I'm sure not I, nor have known twice these ten
 Days,

Which if I were as proud as some of 'em,
 I should take scurvily ; but he's a young Man,
 And let him have his swinge, 'twill make him——

[*Timantus whispers to the Duke.*

There's some good matter now in Hand :
 How the Slave jeers and grins ; the Duke is pleas'd,
 There's a new Pair of Scarlet Hose now, and as much
 Mony to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn,
 A Hat and Cloak to go out in to Morrow :
 Garters and Stockings come by Nature.

Leon. Be sure of this.

Tim. I durst not speak else, Sir.

(13) Or after ill Remembrance : ——] The neglect of a Hyphen
 to make *after-ill* a compound Adjective render'd this Passage very
 obscure.

(14) From such Society as his Person,

Some of it ye needs must know.] Former Editions. The Changes
 now introduced render both the Sense and Measure tolerably easy. I
 find Mr. *Theobald's* Conjecture on the Passage so near mine, that it
 is of no Consequence which is inserted : He reads,

—— as fits his Person.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Cornets. Cupid Descends.

Cup. **L** *Euippus*, thou art shot through with a Shaft
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a World of helpless Misery
In this unhappy Kingdom; dost thou think
Because thou art a Prince, (15) to make a Party
Against my Power; but it is all the Fault
Of thy old Father, who believes his Age
Is cold enough to quench my burning Darts,
But he shall know e'er long, that my Dart loose
Can thaw Ice, and inflame the wither'd Heart
Of *Nestor*; thou thyself art lightly struck,
But his mad Love shall publish that the Rage
Of *Cupid*, has the Power to conquer Age. [Exit.

Enter Leucippus and Bacha.

Leu. Why, what's the matter?

Bacha. Have you got the Spoil
You thirsted for? Oh Tyranny of Men!

Leu. I pray thee leave.

Bacha. Your Envy is, Heav'n knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble Sex:
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine Honour? You might still
Have been a Prince, and still this Country's Heir,
That innocent Guard which I till now had kept,
For my Defence, my Virtue, did it seem
So dangerous in a State, that you yourself
Came to suppress it? *Leu.* Dry thine Eyes again,
I'll kiss thy Tears away, this is but Folly,
'Tis past all help. *Bacha.* Now you have won the
Treasure,

(15) ——— to make a part
Against my Power;] Mr. *Sympson* seems to have hit on the
true Reading here: To make a Party being a much more natural
Expression than the old Reading.

'Tis

'Tis my request that you would leave me thus :
 And never see these empty Walls again,
 I know you will do so, and well you may :
 For there is nothing in 'em that is worth
 A glance, I loath myself, and am become
 Another Woman ; One methinks with whom
 I want acquaintance.

Leu. If I do offend thee,
 I can be gone, and though I love thy sight,
 So highly do I prize thine own Content,
 That I will leave thee.

Bacha. Nay, you may stay now ;
 You should have gone before : I know not now
 Why I should fear you : All I should have kept
 Is stol'n ; nor is it in the Power of Man
 To rob me farther ; if you can invent,
 Spare not ; no naked Man fears robbing less
 Than I do, now you may for ever stay.

Leu. Why, I could do thee farther Wrong.

Bacha. You have
 A deeper reach in ev'l than I : 'Tis past
 My Thoughts. *Leu.* And past my Will to act,
 But trust me I could do it. *Bacha.* Good Sir do,
 That I may know there is a wrong beyond
 What you have done me. *Leu.* I could tell all the World
 What thou hast done.

Bacha. Yes, you may tell the World,
 And do you think I am so vain to hope
 You will not ? You can tell the World but this,
 That I'm a Widow, full of Tears in shew,
 (My Husband dead, and one that lov'd me so,
 Hardly a Week) forgot my Modesty,
 And caught with Youth and Greatness, gave myself
 To live in Sin with you ; this you may tell :
 And this I do deserve. *Leu.* Why dost thou think me
 So base to tell ! These Limbs of mine shall part
 From one another on a Rack,
 E'er I disclose ; but thou dost utter Words
 That much afflict me ; you did seem as ready,
 Sweet *Bacha*, as myself,

Bacha.

Cupid's Revenge.

Bacha. You are a right Man,
When they have 'witch'd us into Misery,
Poor innocent Souls, they lay the Fault on us :
But be it so, for Prince *Leucippus's* sake
I will bear any thing.

Leu. Come weep no more,
I wrought thee to it, it was my Fault :
Nay, see if thou wilt leave? Here take, this Pearl,
Kiss me sweet *Bacha*, and receive this Purse.

Bacha. What should I do with these? They will not deck
My Mind. *Leu.* Why keep 'em to remember me.
I must be gone, I have been absent long :
I know the Duke my Father is in Rage,
But I will see thee suddenly again.
Farewel my *Bacha*.

Bacha. Gods keep you, do you hear Sir,
Pray give me a Point to wear. *Leu.* Alas, good *Bacha*,
Take one, I pray thee where thou wilt. *Bacha.* Coming
From you, this Point is of as high Esteem
With me, as all Pearl and Gold ; nothing but good
Be ever with or near you. *Leu.* Fare thee well,
Mine own good *Bacha* ; I will make all haste. [Exit.

Bacha. Just as you are a Dozen I esteem you :
No more, does he think I would prostitute
Myself for Love? It was the love of these Pearls
And Gold that won me, I confess I lust
More after him than any other,
And would at any rate, if I had store,
Purchase his Fellowship ; but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his Body and his Purse,
And he a Prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, and Timantus.

Leon. Nay, you must back and shew us what it is,
That 'witches you out of your Honour thus.

Bacha. Who's that?

Tim. Look there, Sir.

Leon. Lady, ne'er fly,
You are betray'd.

Bacha. Leave me my Tears a while,

And

And to my just Rage give a little place :
 What faucy Man are you, that without leave
 Enters upon a Widow's mournful House ?
 You hinder a dead Man from many Tears,
 Who did deserve more than the World can shed,
 Though they should weep themselves to Images.
 If not for Love of me, yet of yourself
 Away, for you can bring no Comforts to me.
 But you may carry hence, you know not what.
 Nay, Sorrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thyself

Art grown infectious; wouldst thou know my Name?
 I am the Duke, Father to this young Man
 Whom thou corrupt'st.

Bacha. Has he then told him all ?

Leu. You do her wrong, Sir.

Bacha. O he has not told.

Sir, I beseech you pardon my wild Tongue,
 Directed by a weak distemper'd Head
 Madded with Grief: Alas I did not know
 You were my Sovereign; but now you may
 Command my poor unworthy Life,
 Which will be none I hope, e'er long.

Leon. All thy dissembling

Will never hide thy Shame: And wer't not more
 Respecting Woman-hood in general,
 Than any thing in thee, thou shouldst be made
 Such an Example, that Posterity,
 When they would speak most bitterly, should say,
Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.

Bacha. Sir, though you be my King, whom I will serve
 In all just Causes, yet when wrongfully
 You seek to take my Honour, I will rise
 Thus, and defy you; for it is a Jewel
 Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,
 (Though in this lowly House) I shall esteem
 Myself above the Princes of the Earth
 That are without it. If the Prince your Son,
 Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak
 Dishonour of me, if he do not do it,

The Plagues of Hell light on him, may he never
 Govern this Kingdom, here I challenge him
 Before the Face of Heav'n, my Liege, and these,
 To speak the worst he can ; if he will lye,
 To lose a Woman's Fame, I'll say he is
 Like you (I think I cannot call him worse.)
 He's dead, that with his Life would have defended
 My Reputation, and I forc'd to play
 (That which I am) the foolish Woman, and use
 My liberal Tongue. *Leu.* Is't possible !
 We Men are Children in our Carriages,
 Compar'd with Women ; 'wake thyself for shame,
 And leave not her whose Honour thou should'st keep
 Safe as thine own, alone to free herself :
 But I am prest I know not how, with Guilt,
 And feel my Conscience (never us'd to lye)
 Loath to allow my Tongue to add a Lye
 To that too much I did ; but it is lawful
 To defend her, that only for my Love
 Lov'd evil. *Leon.* Tell me, why did you, *Leucippus*,
 Stay here so long ? *Leu.* If I can urge ought from me
 But Truth, Hell take me. *Leon.* What's the matter,
 Why speak you not ?

Tim. Alas, good Sir, forbear
 To urge the Prince, you see his shamefacedness.

Bacha. What does he say, Sir ? If thou be a Prince
 Shew it, and tell the Truth.

Ism. If you've lain with her,
 Tell y'r Father ; no doubt but he has done as Ill
 Before now : The Gentlewoman will be proud on't.

Bacha. For God's sake speak.

Leu. Have you done prating yet ?

Ism. Who prates ?

Leu. Thou know'st I do not speak to thee *Ismenus* :
 But what said you, *Timantus*, concerning my Shame-
 facedness ?

Tim. Nothing, I hope, that might displease your
 Highness.

Leu. If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers
 This thousand Years, had been as chaste as she,

It would have made thee honefter ; I stay'd
 To hear what you wou'd fay ; ſhe is, by Heav'n,
 Of the moſt ſtrict and blameleſs Chafteity
 That ever Woman was : (Good Gods forgive me)
 Had *Tarquin* met with her, ſhe had been kill'd
 With a Slave by her, e'er ſhe had agreed :
 I lie with her ! wou'd I might periſh then.
 Our Mothers, whom we all muſt reverence,
 Could ne'er exceed her for her Chafteity,
 Upon my Soul, for by this Light ſhe is
 A moſt obſtinate modeſt Creature.

Leon. What did you then

With her ſo long, *Leucippus* ? *Leu*. I'll tell you, Sir :
 You ſee ſhe's beautiful. *Leon*. I ſee it well.

Leu. Mov'd by her Face, I came with luſtful Thoughts,
 Which was a Fault in me : but telling Truth,
 Something more pardonable, (and for the World
 I will not lye to you :) Proud of myſelf,
 I thought a Prince's Name
 Had power to blow 'em down flat of their Backs ;
 But here I found a Rock not to be ſhook :
 For as I hope for good, Sir, all the Battery
 That I could lay to her, or of my Perſon,
 My Greatneſs or my Gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. 'Tis very ſtrange, being ſo young and fair.

Leu. She's almoſt thirty, Sir.

Leon. How do you know

Her Age ſo juſt ? *Leu*. She told it me herſelf
 Once when ſhe went about to ſhew by Reason
 I ſhould leave wooing her.

Leon. She ſtains the ripeſt Virgins of her Age.

Leu. If I had fin'd with her, I would be loath
 To publiſh her Diſgrace ; but by my Life
 I would have told it you, becauſe I think
 You would have pardon'd me the rather for it :
 (16) And I will tell you farther : By this Light, Sir,

(16) *And I will tell your Father: —*] I doubted whether we
 ſhould read *you, Father, or you farther* ; and in Mr *Theobald's* Mar-
 gin I found the former quoted from the old Quartos, and the latter as
 his own Conjecture. Mr. *Symphon* too has ſince ſent me *farther* as
 his Reading, and it is moſt probably the true one.

(But

(But that I never will bestow myself
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.

Leon. How's that, *Leucippus!*

Leu. Sir, will you pardon me one Fault, which yet
I have not done, but had a Will to do,
And I will tell it? *Leon.* Be't what it will
I pardon thee.

Leu. I offered Marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it?

Leu. With that earnestness,
And almost scorn to think of any other
After her lost Mate, that she made me think
Myself unworthy of her. *Leon.* You have stay'd
Too long, *Leucippus.* *Leu.* Yes, Sir, forgive me Heav'n,
What Multitude of Oaths have I bestow'd
On Lies, and yet they were officious Lies,
There was no Malice in 'em. *Leon.* She's the fairest
Creature that ever I beheld; and then
So chaste, 'tis wonderful, the more I look
On her, the more I am amaz'd. I've long
Thought of a Wife, and one I would have had,
But that I was afraid to meet a Woman
That might abuse my Age, but here she is
Whom I may trust to; of a Chastity
Impregnable, and approv'd so by my Son:
The meanness of her Birth will still preserve her
In due Obedience; and her Beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to Youth.
My Son once sent away, whose Rivalship
I have just Cause to fear, if Power, or Gold,
Or Wit, can win her to me, she is mine.
Nephew *Ismenus*, I have new intelligence
Your Province is unquiet still.

Ism. I am glad on't.

Leon. So dangerously, that I must send the Prince
In Person with you. *Ism.* I'm glad of that too, Sir,
Will you dispatch us, we shall wither here
For ever. *Leon.* You shall be dispatch'd within

This

This Hour : *Leucippus*, never wonder, nor ask,
It must be thus. Lady, I ask your Pardon,
Whose Virtue I have flubber'd with my Tongue,
And you shall ever be
Chaste in my Memory hereafter ; but
We old Men often doat ; to make amends
For my great Fault, receive that Ring : I'm sorry for
Your Grief, may it soon leave you : Come, my Lords,
Let us be gone. [Exeunt.]

Bacha. Heav'n bless your Grace. One that had
But so much Modesty left, as but to blush,
Or shrink a little at his first Encounter,
Had been undone ; where I come off with Honour,
And Gain too : They that never wou'd be tract
In any Course, by the most subtle Sense
Must bear it through with frontless Impudence. [Exit.]

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nifus.

Dor. This, Gentlemen, is a strange piece of Justice,
To put the wretched Dwarf to Death because
She doated on him ; is she not a Woman,
And subject to those mad Figaries her whole
Sex is infected with ? Had she lov'd you, or you,
Or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more
The merrier still with them) must we therefore
Have our Heads par'd with a Hatchet ? So she may love
All the Nobility out o'th' Dukedom in
A Month, and let the Rascals in.

Nif. You will not, or you do not see the need
That makes this just to the World ?

Dor. I cannot tell, I would be loth to feel it ;
But the best is, she loves not proper Men,
We three were in wise Cases else ; but make me know
This need. *Nif*. Why yes : He being taken away,
This base Incontinence dies presently,
And she must see her Shame and Sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she do ; but was the Sprat beheaded,
Or did they swing him about like a Chicken, and
So break his Neck ? *Agen*. Yes, he was beheaded,
And a solemn Justice made of it. *Dor*. That might
Have been deducted.

Agen. Why how would you have had him died ?

Dor. Faith I would have had him (17) roasted like a
Warden

In a brown Paper, and no more talk on't ; or
A Feather stuck in's Head like a Quail ; or a hanged him
In a Dog-collar ; why should he be beheaded ?
We shall ha' it grow so base shortly, Gentlemen
Will be out of love with it.

Nis. I wonder from whence this Love of the Dwarf's
first sprung ?

Dor. From an old lecherous pair of Breeches, that
Lay upon a Wench to keep her warm ; for certainly
They are no Man's work ; and I'm sure a Monkey
Would get one of the Guard to this Fellow,
He was no bigger than a small Portmanteau,
And much about that making if 'tad Legs.

Agen. But, Gentlemen, what say you to the Prince ?

Nis. Ay, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dor. Why then he will come home I know not when ;
You shall pardon me, I will talk no more of
This Subject, but say, the Gods be with him
Where-e'er he is, and send him well home again :
For why he is gone, or when he will return,
Let them know that directed him : Only this,
There's mad Morisco's in the State ;
But what they are, I'll tell you when I know.
Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing. *Agen.* Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Timantus and Telamon.

Tel. Timantus, is the Duke ready yet ?

Tim. Almost.

Tel. What ails him ?

Tim. Faith I know not, I think he has dreamt
He's but Eighteen ; has been worse since he sent you
Forth for the frizzling Iron. *Tel.* That cannot be,

(17) ——— roasted like a Warden

[*In a brown Paper,——*] What a *Warden* is, or, if a Cor-
ruption, what the true Word should be, I must refer to the Learned in
the Art of Cookery.

He

He lay in Gloves all Night, and this Morning I
Brought him a new Periwig, with a Lock at it, and
Knockt up a Swing in's Chamber. *Tim.* O but since,
His Taylor came, and they have fallen out
About the Fashion of his Cloaths; and yonder's
A Fellow come, has bor'd a Hole in's Ear;
And h' has bespoke a Vaulting-horse, you shall see him
come

Forth presently; he looks just like Winter,
Stuck here and there with fresh Flowers. *Tel.* Will
he not

Tilt, think you?

Tim. I think he will.

Tel. What does he mean to do?

Tim. I know not;

But by this Light I think he is in love;
He wou'd ha' been shaved but for me. *Tel.* In love
With whom? *Tim.* I could guess, but you shall pardon me;
He will take me along with him some whither.

Tel. I over-heard him ask your Opinion of
Some Bodies Beauty.

Tim. Yes, there it goes, that makes him
So youthful, and he has laid by his Crutch,
And halts now with a leading Staff.

Enter Leontius, with a Staff and a Looking-glass.

Leon. Timantus.

Tim. Sir.

Leon. This Feather is not large enough.

Tim. Yes faith,

'Tis such an one as the rest of the young Gallants wear.

Leon. Telamon, does it do well?

Tel. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rare-
liest—

Leon. Away, dost think so?

Tel. Think, Sir, I know it. Sir, the Princess is past
all hope of Life since the Dwarf was put to Death.

Leon. Let her be so, I have other matters in Hand;
but this same Taylor angers me, he has made my Doublet
so wide; and see, the Knave has put no Points at my Arm.

Tim. Those will be put to quickly, Sir, upon any Occasion.

Leon. *Telamon*, have you bid this Dancer come a Mornings?

Tel. Yes, Sir.

Leon. *Timantus*, let me see the Glafs again; Look you how careless you are grown, is this Tooth Well put in?

Tim. Which, Sir?

Leon. This, Sir.

Tim. It shall be.

Tel. Methinks that Tooth should put him In mind on's Years; and *Timantus* stands, as if (Seeing the Duke in such a youthful Habit) H' were looking in his Mouth how old he were.

Leon. So, so.

Tel. Will you have your Gown, Sir?

Leon. My Gown?

Why, am I sick? bring me my Sword, and let

[*Exit Tel.*

A couple of the great Horses be brought out for us.

Tim. He'll kill himself. Why, will you ride, Sir?

Leon. Ride?

Dost think I cannot ride? *Tim.* O yes, Sir,

I know it; but as I conceive your Journey,

You'd have it private; and then you were better take

A Coach. *Leon.* These Coaches make me sick; yet 'tis

No matter, let it be so.

Enter Telamon with a Sword.

Tel. Here's your Sword, Sir.

Leon. O well said; let me see it, I could methinks, Why *Telamon*, bring me another; what, think'st thou I'll wear a Sword in vain?

Tel. He has not strength Enough to draw it.

A Yoke of Fleas ty'd to a Hair would have drawn it. 'Tis out, Sir, now, the Scabbard is broke.

Leon. O put it up again, and on with it; Methinks I'm not drest till I feel my Sword on.

Telamon,

Telamon, if any of my Council ask for me,
Say I am gone to take the Air.

Tim. (18) He has not
Been dress't this twenty Years thus; if this Vein
Hold but a Week, he'll learn to play o'th' Base-viol
And sing to't: He's poetical already;
For I have spy'd a Sonnet of his making
Lie by his Bed's side. I'll be so unmannerly
To read it.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hidaspes, Cleophila, and Hero; Hidaspes in a Bed.

(19) *Hid.* He's dead, he's dead, and I am following.

Cleo. Ask *Cupid* mercy, Madam.

Hid. O my Heart.

Cleo. Help! stir her, *Hero*.

Hid. O, O!

Cleo. She's going, wretched Women that we are;
Look to her, and I'll pray the while. [She kneels.

Hero. Why, Madam?—

Cleo. *Cupid*, pardon what is past,
And forgive our Sins at last,
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy Deity adore;
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a Dance at Night.
In the Fields, or by the Fire,
With the Youths that have desire---- How does she yet?

Hero. O, ill!

Cleo. Given Ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our Lovers Hair,
Which they on our Arms shall twist,
With their Names carv'd, on our Wrist;
All the Mony that we owe,
We in Tokens will bestow;

(18) *He has not been dress't this twenty Years then,*] Former Editions.

(19) *He's dead, he's dead, and I am following.*] This Line was absurdly put in the former Scene, and made the End of *Timantus's* Speech. Every Reader, as well as *Mr. Theobald* and myself, must have seen the Absurdity at first Glance, and that it belong'd to the Princess.

Cupid's Revenge.

And learn to write, that when 'tis sent,
 Only our Loves know what it meant :
 O then pardon what is past,
 And forgive our Sins at last. ——— What, mends she ?

Hero. Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you shou'd sing.
 Leave, leave, 'tis now too late.

Cleo. Why ?
 Is she dead ?

Hero. Her last is breathed:

Cleo. What shall we do ?

Hero. Go run,
 And tell the Duke ; and whilst I'll close her Eyes.

Thus I shut thy faded Light,
 And put it in eternal Night.
 Where is she can boldly say,
 Though she be as fresh as *May*,
 She shall not by this Corps be laid,
 E'er to Morrow's Light do fade ?
 Let us all now living be,
 Warn'd by thy strict Chastity ;
 And marry all fast as we can,
 'Till then we keep a piece of Man,
 Wrongfully from them that owe it.
 Soon may every Maid bestow it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha and a Maid,

Bacha. Who is it ?

Maid. Forsooth there's gallant Coach at the Door,
 And the brave old Man in't, that you said was the Duke.

Bacha. *Cupid*, grant he may be taken. Away.

Maid. He's coming up, and looks the swaggeringst,
 And has such glorious Cloaths.

Bacha. (20) Let all the House seem sad, and see all handsome.

Enter Leontius and Timantus, with a Jewel and a Ring.

Leon. Nay, Widow, fly not back, we come not now

(20) *Let all the House see me sad, —*] Both the Sense and Measure confirm a very just Emendation of Mr. *Theobald's* here ; *seem* for *see me*. Mr. *Sympsen* has since sent me the same Correction.

To

To chide, stand up and bid me freely welcome.

Bacha. To a poor Widow's House, that knows no end
Of her ill Fortune, your Highness is most welcome.

Leon. Come kiss me then, this is but Manners, Widow :
Ne'er fling your Head aside, I have more cause
Of Grief than you ; my Daughter's dead : but what ?
'Tis nothing. Is the rough *French* Horse brought to th'
Door ?

They say he is a high Goer, I shall soon try
His Mettle. *Tim.* He will be, Sir, and the gray
Barbary, they're fiery both. *Leon.* They are the better :
Before the Gods I'm lightsome, very lightsome :
How doest thou like me, Widow ? *Bacha.* As a Person
In whom all Graces are. *Leon.* Come, come, ye flatter ;
I'll clap your Cheek for that, and you shall not
Be angry. Hast no Musick : Now could I cut
Three times with ease, and do a cross Point, should
Shame all your Gallants. *Bacha.* I do believe you, and
Yourself too :

Lord what a fine old *Zany* my Love has made him ?

'Is mine, I'm sure : Heav'n make me thankful for him.

Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweet
Heart ?

Tim. Your Grace will sure not buy her, she may trip, Sir ?

Bacha. My Sorrow shows me elder than I am
By many Years. *Leon.* Thou art so witty I
Must kiss again. *Tim.* Indeed her Age lies not
In h'r Mouth ; ne'er look it there, Sir, she has
A better Register, if't be not burnt.

Leon. I will kiss thee ; I am afire, *Timantus.*

Tim. Can you chuse, Sir, having such heav'nly Fire
Before you ?

Leon. Widow, guess why I come, I prithee do.

Bacha. I cannot, Sir, unless you be pleas'd to make
A Mirth out of my Rudeness ; and that I hope
Your Pity will not let ye, the Subject is
So barren : Bite, King, Bite, I'll let you play a while.

Leon. Now as I'm honest Man, I'll tell thee truly ;
How many Foot did I jump yesterday,
Timantus ?

Tim. Fourteen of your own, and some three Fingers.

Bacha. This Fellow lies as lightly, as if he were in cut Taffata,

Alas good Almanack get thee to bed,
And tell what Weather we shall have to Morrow.

Leon. Widow, I'm come in short to be a Suitor.

Bacha. For whom?

Leon. Why, by my Troth, I come to wooe thee Wench ;
And win thee for myself : Nay, look upon me ;
I have about me that will do it. *Bacha.* Now

Heav'n defend me, (21) your Whore I shall be never :
I thank the Gods, I have a little left me

To keep me warm and honest ; if your Grace
Take n't that, I seek no more. *Leon.* I am so far
From taking any thing, I'll add unto thee.

Bacha. Sir, such Additions may be for your Ease,
Not for my Honesty ; I am well enough
In being single, good Sir, seek another,
I am no Meat for Mony.

Leon. Shall I fight for thee ?
This Sword shall cut his Throat, that dares lay claim
But to a Finger of thee, but to a Look,
I would see such a Fellow. *Bacha.* It would be

But a cold fight to you : This is the Father of
St. George a Foot-back, can such dry Mummy talk ?

Tim. Before the Gods, your Grace looks like *Aeneas*.

Bacha. He looks like his old Father upon his Back,
Crying to get Aboard.

Leon. How shall I win thy Love, I pray thee tell me ?
I'll marry thee if thou desirest that :

That is an honest Course, I'm in good earnest,
And presently within this Hour, am mad for thee :
Prithee deny me not, for as I live
I'll pine thee, but I'll have thee.

Bacha. Now he is in the Toil, I'll hold him fast.

Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a Queen,

(21) ——— your Whore shall never :] The Sense and Measure being both defective, I have put in the natural Words that supply both.

(22) Go to, you're mad, else what th' old Man falls short of,

There's others can eech out, when you please to call on 'em.

Bacha. I understand you not; Love, I adore thee,
Sir on my Knees I give you hearty thanks,
For so much honouring your humble Hand-maid
Above her Birth: far more her weak deservings,
I dare not trust the envious Tongues of all
That must repine at my unworthy rising.
Beside, you've many fair ones in your Kingdom,
Born to such worth: O turn yourself about,
And make a noble choice.

Leon. If I do, let me famish; I will have thee,
Or break up House, and board here.

Bacha. Sir, you may
Command an unwilling Woman to obey ye;
But Heav'n knows—— *Leon.* No more:
These half a dozen Kisses, and this Jewel,
And every thing I have, and away with me,
And clap it up; and have a Boy by Morning.

Timantus,
Let one be sent Post for my Son again;
And for *Ismenus*; they're scarce twenty Miles
On their way yet, by that time we'll be married.

Tim. There shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor and Nifus.

Nif. I S n't this a fine Marriage?

Agen. Yes, yes, let it alone.

Dor. Ay, ay, the King may marry whom he list,
Let's talk of other Matters. *Nif.* Is the Prince
Coming home certainly? *Dor.* Yes, yes, he was

(22) Go too you Maid,——] Mr. *Theobald* and I concurr'd in the
Conjecture on this Passage, which I believe will be assented to by every
Reader. Mr. *Sympson* too sent me the same.

Sent

Sent Post for yesterday, let's make haste we'll see
How his new Mother-in-law will entertain him.

Nis. Why well, I warrant you; did you not mark
How humbly she carried herself to us on
Her Marriage-day, acknowledging her own
Unworthiness, and that she would be our Servant?

Dor. But mark what's done.

Nis. Regard not shew.

Agen. O God!

I knew her when I have been off'red her
T' be brought t' my Bed for five Pounds; whether
It could have been perform'd or no, I know not.

Nis. Her Daughter is a pretty Lady. *Dor.* Yes;
And having had but a mean bringing up,
It talks the prettiest and innocentiest,
The Queen will be f' angry t' hear her betray
Her Breeding by her Language; but I'm perswaded
She's well dispos'd.

Agen. I think better than her Mother.

Nis. Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.

Ism. How now, Man, strook dead with a Tale? *Leu.* No,
But with a Truth. *Ism.* (23) Stand of yourself; can you
endure Blows,

And shrink at Words? *Leu.* Thou know'st I've told
thee all.

Ism. But that's all nothing t' make you thus; your Sister
Is dead. *Leu.* That's much, but not the most.

Ism. Why, for the other
Let h'r marry and hang, it is no purpos'd Fault
Of yours; and if your Father will needs have
Your cast Whore, you shall shew the Duty of
A Child better in being well contented,
And bidding much good do his good old Heart with her,
Than in repining thus at it; let her go, what?
There are more Wenches, Man, we'll have another.

Leu. O thou art vain, thou know'st I do not love her:

(23) *Stand off yourself;*] Former Editions.

What shall I do? I would my Tongue had led me
 To any other thing, but Blasphemy,
 So I had mis'd commending of this Woman,
 Whom I must reverence now, she is my Mother;
 My Sin, *Ismenus*, has wrought all this Ill:
 And I beseech thee, to be warn'd by me,
 And do not lye, if any Man should ask thee
 But *How thou dost*, or *What a Clock 'tis now*,
 Be sure thou do not lye, make no excuse
 For him that is most near thee; never let
 The most officious Falshood scape thy Tongue,
 For they above (that are intirely Truth)
 Will make that Seed which thou hast sown of Lies,
 Yield Miseries a thousand fold
 Upon thine Head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Your Highness, Sir, is welcome home, the Duke
 And Queen will presently come forth to you.

Leu. I'll wait on them.

Tim. Worthy *Ismenus*, I pray you,
 Have you sped in your Wars?

Ism. This Rogue mocks me. Well, *Timantus*, pray how
 Have you sped here at home at Shovelboard?

Tim. Faith reasonable. How many Towns have you
 Tak'n in this Summer? *Ism.* How many Stags have you
 Been at the death of this Grass? *Tim.* A number: 'Pray
 How is the Province settled? *Ism.* Prithee how
 Does the dun Nag?

Tim. I think you mock me, my Lord.

Ism. Mock thee? Yes by my Troth do I, why what
 Wouldst thou have me do with thee; art good for
 Any thing else?

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus,
 and Telamon.*

Leu. My good *Ismenus*, hold me by the Wrist:
 And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
 For I shall swoon again else——

[*Kneels.*

Leon. Welcome my Son; rise, I did send for thee

Back

Back from the Province, by thy Mother's Counsel,
By thy good Mother's here, who loves thee well :
She would not let me venture all my Joy
Amongst my Enemies : I thank thee for her,
And none but thee. I took her on thy Word.

Leu. Pinch harder.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome ; I have now
Some near Affairs, but I will drink a Health
To thee anon : Come, *Telamon* ; I'm grown
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married ;
I can stand now alone, why, *Telamon*,
And never stagger. [*Exeunt Leontius and Telamon.*]

Bacha. Welcome most noble Sir, whose Fame is come
Hither before you : Out, alas, you scorn me,
And teach me what to do. *Leu.* No, you're
My Mother. *Bacha.* Far unworthy of that Name,
God knows : But trust me, here before these Lords,
I am no more but Nurse unto the Duke ;
Nor will I breed a Faction in the State,
It is too much for me that I am rais'd
Unto his Bed, and will remain the Servant
Of you that did it.

Leu. Madam, I will serve you
As shall become me. O dissembling Woman !
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy Quiver,
Sure-aim'd *Apollo*, one of thy swift Darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden Beams,
And let it melt this Body into Mist,
That none may find it.

Bacha. Shall I beg, my Lords,
This Room in private for the Prince and me ?
[*Exeunt all but Leucippus and Bacha.*]

Leu. What will she say now ?

Bacha. I must still enjoy him :
Yet there is still left in me a spark of Woman,
That wishes he should move it, but he stands
As if he grew there with his Eyes on Earth.
Sir, you and I when we were last together
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.

Leu.

Leu. Madam, 'tis true,
Heav'n pardon it.

Bacha. Amen, Sir, you may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange Marriage.

Leu. 'Tis past now.

Bacha. But it was no Fault of mine :
The World had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The King, nor laid I any Train to catch him,
It was your own Oaths did it.

Leu. 'Tis a Truth,
That takes my Sleep away ; but would to Heav'n,
If it had been so pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Though I had gratify'd that Courtesy
With having you myself : But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth ; and not abuse his credulous Age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know alas too well
Is ty'd within me, here it will fit like Lead,
But shall offend no other, it will pluck me
Back from my Entrance into any Mirth,
As if a Servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some Friend's Death ; but I will bear myself,
To you, with all the due Obedience
A Son owes to his Mother ; more than this,
Is not in me, but I must leave the rest
To the just Gods, who in their blessed time,
When they have given me Punishment enough
For my rash Sin, will mercifully find
An unexpected Means to ease my Grief
As they did now to bring it.

Bacha. Grown so godly ?
This must not be. And I will be to you
No other than a natural Mother ought,
And for my Honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.

Leu. Bless me ! I should urge you ?

Bacha. Nay, but swear then that I may be at peace,
For I do feel a Weakness in myself,

That

That can deny you nothing, if you tempt me,
I shall embrace Sin as it were a Friend,
And run to meet it.

Leu. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an Oath,
But for your Satisfaction, when I tempt you.—

Bacha. Swear not. I cannot move him, this sad talk
Of Things past help, does not become us well.
Shall I send one for my Musicians, and we'll dance?

Leu. Dance, Madam?

Bacha. Yes, a *Lavolta*.

Leu. I cannot dance, Madam.

Bacha. Then let's be merry.

Leu. I am as my Fortunes bid me.
Do not you see me fowr?

Bacha. Yes.

And why think you I smile?

Leu. I am so far

From any Joy myself, I cannot fancy
A Cause of Mirth.

Bacha. I'll tell you, we're alone.

Leu. Alone?

Bacha. Yes.

Leu. 'Tis true, what then?

Bacha. What then? You make my smiling now
Break into laughter, what think you is
To be done then? *Leu.* We shou'd pray to Heav'n
For Mercy. *Bacha.* Pray? That were a way indeed
To pass the time; but I will make you blush,
To see a bashful Woman teach a Man
What we should do alone; try again
If you can find it out.

Leu. I dare not think
I understand you. *Bacha.* I must teach you then;
Come, kiss me.

Leu. Kiss you?

Bacha. Yes, be not ashamed:
You did it not yourself, I will forgive you.

Leu. Keep you displeas'd Gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked Woman,

As she is now my Mother, haste within me,
Left I add Sins to Sins, till no Repentance
Will cure me.

Bacha. Leave these melancholy Moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy Lips
A thousand times.

Leu. Pray leave this wicked Talk,
You do not know to what my Father's Wrong
May urge me.

Bacha. I am careless, and do weigh
The World, my Life, and all my after Hopes
Nothing without thy Love, mistake me not :
Thy Love, as I have had it, free and open
As Wedlock is, within itself ; what say you ?

Leu. Nothing.

Bacha. Pity me, behold a Dutchess
Kneels for thy Mercy, and I swear to you
Though I should lie with you, it is no Lust,
For it desires no Change, I could with you
Content myself ; what Answer will you give ?

Leu. They that can answer must be less amaz'd,
Than I am now ; you see my Tears deliver
My Meaning to you.

Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd ?
Thou art a Beast, worse than a Savage Beast,
To let a Lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right Man would offer.

Leu. 'Tis your Will, Heav'n ;
But let me bear me like myself, how ever
She does.

[hence ?

Bacha. Were you made an Eunuch, since you went
Yet they have more Desire than I can find
In you : How fond was I to beg thy Love ?
I'll force thee to my Will. Dost thou not know
That I can make the King dote at my list ?
Yield quickly, or by Heav'n I'll have thee kept
In Prison for my Purpose.

Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee
Fed with such Meats as best shall fit my Ends,
And not thy Health ; why dost not speak to me ?

And

And when thou dost displease me, and art grown
 Less able to perform, then I will have thee
 Kill'd and forgotten: Are you stricken Dumb?

Leu. All you have nam'd, but making of me fin
 With you, you may command, but never that;
 Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me,
 If you speak, I will not follow your Counsel,
 Neither will I tell the World to your Disgrace,
 But give you the just Honour that is due
 From me t' my Father's Wife. *Bacha.* Lord, how full
 Of wise Formality you're grown of late;
 But you were telling me you could have wish'd
 That I had marry'd you. If you will swear so yet,
 I'll make away the King.

Leu. You are a Strumpet.

Bacha. Nay, I care not
 For all your Railings: They will batter Walls
 And take in Towns, as soon as trouble me:
 Tell him, I care not, I shall undo you only,
 Which is no matter. *Leu.* I appeal to you
 Still, and for ever; that are and cannot
 Be other, Madam, I see 'tis in your Power
 To work your Will on him: And I desire you
 To lay what Trains you will for my wish'd Death,
 But suffer him to find his quiet Grave
 In Peace; alas, he never did you wrong.
 And farther I beseech you pardon me
 For the ill Word I gave you; for however
 You may deserve, it became not me
 To call you so, but Passion urges me
 I know not whither; my Heart break now,
 And ease me ever.

Bacha. Pray you get you hence
 Wi' your goodly Humour, I am weary of you
 Extreemly.

Leu. Trust me, so am I of myself too:
 Madam, I'll take my leave, Gods set all right.

[*Exit.*

Bacha. Amen, Sir, get you gone;
 Am I deny'd? It does not trouble me
 That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:

I've

I've lost my Patience : I will make him know
 Lust is not Love, for Lust will find a Mate
 While there are Men, and so will I, and more

Enter Timantus.

Than one, or twenty : Yonder is *Timantus*,
 A Fellow void of any worth to raise himself,
 And therefore like to catch at any Evil
 That will but pluck him up ; him will I make
 Mine own. *Timantus.* *Tim.* Madam?

Bacha. Thou know'st well

Thou wert, by chance, a means of this my raising :
 Brought the Duke to me, and though 'twere but chance
 I must reward thee. *Tim.* I shall bend my Service
 Unto your Highness.

Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every thing,
 And tell me, could'st thou now think that thing
 Thou wouldst not do for me?

Tim. No, by my Soul, Madam.

Bacha. Then thou art right.

Go to my Lodging, and I'll follow thee. [*Exit Timantus.*
 With my Instruction I do see already,
 This Prince that did but now contemn me, dead :
 Yet will I never speak an evil Word
 Unto his Father of him, till I have won
 A belief I love him, but I'll make
 His Virtues his Undoing, and my Praises
 Shall be so many Swords against his Breast ;
 Which once perform'd, I'll make *Urania*
 My Daughter, the King's Heir, and plant my Issue
 In this large Throne, nor shall it be withstood :
 They that begin in Lust, must end in Blood. [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nifus.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, Gentlemen.

Nif. And a fine Duke, that through his doting Age
 Suffers himself to be a Child again,
 Under his Wife's Tuition. *Age.* All the Land
 Holds in that Tenure too, in Woman's Service :

Sure we shall learn to spin. *Dor.* No, that's too honest,
 We shall have other liberal Sciences
 Taught us too soon; lying, and flattering,
 Those are the Studies now: and Murder shortly
 I know, will be Humanity, Gentlemen,
 If we live here we must be Knaves, believe it:

Nis. I cannot tell, my Lord *Dorialis*,
 Though my own Nature hate it, yet if all
 Determine to be Knaves, I'll try what I
 Can do upon myself, that's certain,
 I will not have my Throat cut for my Goodness,
 The Virtue will not quit the Pain.

Age. But pray you tell me,
 Why is the Prince now ripe and full experient,
 (24) Not made a Doer in the State?

Nis. Because he's honest.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Goodness attend your Honours.

Dor. You must not be amongst us then.

Tim. The Dutches,
 Whose humble Servant I am proud to be,
 Would speak with you. *Age.* Sir, we are pleas'd to wait;
 When is it? *Tim.* An Hour hence, my good Lords,
 And so I leave my Service. [*Exit.*] *Dor.* This is one
 Of h'r Ferrets that she bolts business out
 Withal; this Fellow, if he were well ript,
 Has all the linings of a Knave within him,
 How sly he looks? *Nis.* Have we nothing about
 Our Clothes that he may catch at?

Age. O my Conscience,
 There's n' Treason in my Doublet, if there be,
 My Elbows will discover it, they're out. *Dor.* Faith,
 And all the harm that I can find in mine
 Is, that they are not pay'd for; let him make what
 He can of that, so he discharge it. Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

(24) *Not made a Door in the State?*] *Mr. Theobald* very justly
 reads *Doer* for *Door*, and *Mr. Sympson* concurr'd with him in the
 Emendation.

Enter

Enter Bacha, Leontius, and Telamon.

Bacha. And you shall find, Sir, what a blessing Heav'n
Gave you in such a Son. *Leon.* Pray Gods I may,
Let's walk and change our Subject.

Bacha. O Sir, can any thing
Come sweeter to you, or strike a deeper joy
Into your Heart, than your Son's Virtue? *Leon.* I
Allow his Virtues, but 'tis not handsom thus
To feed myself with such immoderate Praises
Of mine own.

Bacha. The Subject of our Commendations
Is itself grown so infinite in Goodness,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Though we should open Volumes of his Praises,
Is a mere Modesty in his Expression,
And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought Piece
Wanting Proportion.

Leon. Yet still he's a Man and subject still
To more inordinate Vices, than our Love
Can give him Blessings. *Bacha.* Else he were a God;
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heav'n,
That we may see so far as Flesh can point us
Things only worthy them; and only these
In all his Actions.

Leon. This is too much, my Queen.

Bacha. Had the Gods lov'd me; that my unworthy
Womb
Had bred this brave Man.

Leon. Still you run wrong.

Bacha. I would have liv'd upon the Comfort of him,
Fed on his growing Hopes.

Leon. This touches me.

Bacha. I know no Friends, nor Being, but his Virtues.

Leon. You've laid out Words enough upon a Subject.

Bacha. But Words cannot express him, Sir; why, what
a shape

Heav'n has conceiv'd him in, oh Nature made him up!

Leon. I wonder, Dutchess.

Bacha. So you must; for less

G g 2

Than

Than Admiration loses this God-like Man.

Leon. Have you done with him?

Bacha. Done with? O good Gods

(25) What Virtues thus pass by us without Reverence?

Leon. I see no such Perfection.

Bacha. O dear Sir, you're a Father, and those Joys
To you, speak in your Heart, not in your Tongue.

Leon. This leaves a taste behind it worse than Physick.

(26) *Bacha.* Then for his Wisdom, Valour, and good
Fortune,

And all those Friends of Honour, they're in him
As free and natural, as Passions in a
Woman.

Leon. You make me blush at all these Years,
To see how blindly you have flung your Praises
Upon a Boy, a very Child, and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these Honours.

Bacha. I would not have my Love, Sir, make my
Tongue

Shew me so much a Woman; as to praise
Or dispraise, where my Will is, without Reason,
Or general Allowance of the People.

Leon. Allowance of the People, what allow they!

(25) *What Frailties thus pass by us without Reverence?*] *Frailties* seems the very Reverse of the Idea requir'd by the Context. She designs to continue her Encomium on the Prince's Excellencies, and 'tis difficult to understand the Words in that Light— *Do we thus pass by even Frailties without Reverence?* This is very stiff, — and by *Leontius's* Answer, something that implies *Perfections* would be the natural Word. *Virtues* therefore seems to bid fairest for it, tho' it is to be wish'd it was nearer the trace of the Letters. Had this whole Plot, a Father marrying his Son's Whore, the Son's Penitence and Distress, and her Plots for his Destruction been wrought into a Tragedy, without the idle Machinery of *Cupid* and his Revenge, it would have afforded sufficient Matter to such Geniuses as our Authors. Mr. *Sympson* reads *Qualities* for *Frailties*, which is rather nearer the trace of the Letters, and perhaps may be the true Word; tho' *Virtues* seems rather more proper to the Context.

(26) *Bacha.* Then for all his Wisdom, Valour,
Good Fortune, and all those Friends of Honour,
They are in him as free and natural, as Passions
In a Woman.] The Measure here was quite lost, and the

Sense hurt, by inserting the *all* from the second Line into the first.

Bacha.

Bacha. All I have said for Truth, and they must do it,
And doat upon him ; love him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that ?

Bacha. (27) For in his Youth and noble Forwardness
All things are bound together that are kingly,
A Fitness to bear Rule.

Leon. No more.

Bacha. And Sovereignty
Not made to know Command. *Leon.* I have said,
No more. *Bacha.* I've done, Sir, though unwillingly,
And pardon me.

Leon. I do, not a Word more.

Bacha. I've giv'n thee Poison
Of more Infection than the Dragon's Tooth,
Or the gross Air o'er-heated.

Leon. *Timantus*, when saw you the Prince ?

Tim. I left him now, Sir.

Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free Opinion without courting.
How do you like him ? *Tim.* How I like him. *Leon.* Yes ;
For you in Conversation may see more
Than a Father.

Bacha. It works.

Tim. Your Grace has chosen out an ill Observer.

Leon. Yes, I mean of his Ill ; you talk rightly.

Tim. But you take me wrong : All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly : He is the Store-house
And head of Virtue ; your great self excepted,
That feeds the Kingdom.

Leon. These are Flatteries ;
Speak me his Vices, there you do a Service
Worthy a Father's Thanks. *Tim.* Sir, I cannot.
If there be any, sure they are the times,
Which I could wish less dangerous. But pardon me,
I am too bold. *Leon.* You are not, forward
And open what these Dangers are.

Tim. Nay, good Sir.

Leon. Nay, fall not off again, I will have all.

(27) For in this Youth——] Former Editions.

Tim. Alas, Sir, what am I, you should believe
My Eyes or Ears, so subtle to observe
Faults in a State ; all my main Business
Is Service to your Grace, and Necessaries
For my poor Life.

Leon. Do not displease me, Sirrah,
But that you know tell me, and presently.

Tim. Since your Grace will have it
I'll speak it freely ; always my Obedience
And Love preserv'd unto the Prince.

Leon. Prithee to the matter.

Tim. For, Sir, if you consider
How like a Sun in all his great Employments,
How full of heat.

Leon. Make me to understand
What I desire.

Tim. And then at his Return.

Leon. Do not anger me.

Tim. Then thus, Sir : All mislike ye,
As they would do the Gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

Leon. What ?

Tim. Talk and prate, Sir, as their ignorant Rages
Lead 'em, without Allegiance or Religion.
For Heav'n's sake have a care of your own Person ;
I cannot tell, their Wickedness may lead
Farther than I dare think yet.

Leon. O base People.

Tim. Yet th' Prince, for whom this is pretended, may
Persuade 'em, and no doubt will : Virtue's ever watchful,
But be you still secur'd and comforted.

Leon. Heav'n ! how have I offended, that this Rod,
So heavy and unnatural, should fall on me
When I am old and helpless.

Tim. (28) Poor brave Gentleman !

(28) *Brave Gentleman !*] A Syllable being wanting to the Measure gives reason to suspect a Monosyllable lost here : As an Adjective of Pity, join'd to one of Admiration, would add great Propriety and Beauty, *Unhappy* would perhaps be the best Word ; but as the Measure excludes that, probably the Original might have been,

Poor brave Gentleman !

That

That such a madding Love should follow thee,
To rob thee of a Father ; all the Court
Is full of dangerous Whispers. *Leon.* I perceive it,
And 'spight of all their strengths will make my Safety ;
I'll cut him shorter——

I'll cut him shorter first, then let him rule.

Bacha. What a foul Age is this, when Virtue's made
A Sword to smite the Virtuouſ? Alas, alas.

Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.

Tim. By no means, Sir,
Rather make more your Love,
And hold your Favour to him ; for 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his Thoughts,
(As I muſt ne'er believe) run with their Rages——
(29) (He ever was ſo innocent) — but what Reaſon
His Grace has to withdraw his Love from me,
And other good Men that are near your Perſon,
I cannot yet find out ; I know my Duty
Has ever been attending. *Leon.* 'Tis too plain :
He means to play the Villain, I'll prevent him,
Not a Word more of this, be private. [Exit *Leon.*

Tim. Madam, [with
'Tis done. *Bacha.* He can't eſcape me. Have you ſpoken
The Noblemen? *Tim.* Yes, Madam, they are here: I wait
A farther Service. *Bacha.* (30) Still beſet the Prince,

(29) *He ne'er was ſo innocent,——*] This may be made Senſe, tho' neither eaſy nor very conſiſtent with the Art of *Timantus*, nor the diſjunctive Particle *but* which follows. “ If he encourages the
“ People's Rage, he never was ſo innocent as the Queen and I be-
“ liev'd him. Inſtead of this, *ever* for *ne'er* compleats the Meaſure
and gives a very artful Senſe, pretending a very high Opinion of his
Innocence, whiſt he inſinuates Reaſons to believe him guilty. The
dividing one Parentheſis into two, and making them connect together,
tho' part of another Sentence intervenes, is perfectly in the Stile of
the *Voces ambiguae*, of the inſinuating Treason-Forger.

(30) *Till yet be the Prince,*] When abſolute Darkneſs overſhades
the Text, one may venture to inſert ev'n a dubious Conjecture.
Still beſet, for *till be yet*, is near enough to the Trace of the Letters,
and the Verb inſerted will either ſignify to watch and obſerve the
Prince, or to *beſet him* with the ſame Snares they had begun to lay for
him. Either of theſe will ſuit the Context. Mr. *Symphon* conjectures,
Still let it be the Prince; but the former ſeems better to ſuit the
Context.

You need no more Instructions.

Tim. No, I have it.

[*Exit Tim.*]

Enter Dorialus, Nifus and Agenor.

Bacha. That Fool that willingly provokes a Woman,
Has made himself another evil Angel,
And a new Hell, to which all other Torments
Are but mere Pastime.— Now, my noble Lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We've broke your private Business.

Agen. Your good Grace
May command us, and— *Bacha.* Faith, my Lord *Agenor*,
It is so good a Cause, I'm confident
You cannot lose by it.

Dor. Which way does she fish now?
The Devil's but a Fool to a right Woman.

Nif. Madam, we must needs win in doing Service
To such a gracious Lady.

Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the Business,
So I may have your helps, never be doubtful,
For 'tis so just a Cause, and will to you
Upon the Knowledge seem so honourable,
That I assure myself your willing Hearts
Will straight be for me in it.

Agen. If she should prove
Good now, what were it like? *Dor.* Thunder in
January;

Or a good Woman—that's stranger than all *Africk*.

Bacha. It shall not need your Wonder; this it is;
The Duke you know is old, and rather subject
To Ease and Prayers now, than all those Troubles,
Cares and continual Watchings, that attend
A Kingdom's Safety; therefore to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing Estate
As this has been, and to put off
The Murmur of the People that increase
Against my Government, which the Gods know
I only feel the Trouble of, I present
The Prince unto your Loves, a Gentleman
In whom all Excellencies are knit together,

All

All pieces of a true Man ; let your Prayers
Win from the Duke half his Vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose Discretion
I must confess, though it be from the Father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern.
'Tis not my own Desire, but all the Land's,
I know the Weakness of it.

Nis. Madam, this noble care and love (30) has won us
For ever to your Loves ; we'll to the King,
And since your Grace has put it in our Mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st Words we can.

Dor. I was never cozen'd in a Woman before,
For commonly they are like Apples : If once they bruise
They will grow rotten through, and serve for nothing
But to 'swage Swellings.

Bacha. Good Lords
Delay no time, since it is your good Pleasures
To think my Counsel good ; and by no means
Let the Prince know it, whose Affections
Will mainly stir against it ; besides his Father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward Will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy.

Dor. Well, I'd not be chronicl'd
As thou'lt be for a good Woman, for all the World.

Nis. (32) Madam, we kiss your Hand, and so inspir'd
Nothing but Happiness can crown our Prayers.

[*Exeunt.*

(31) ——— has won us
For ever to your Lives ;] *Lives* was visibly a Corruption,
and *Love* or *Loves* seem'd the true Reading ; and upon searching the
old Quartos, I found the latter in the third of them, and in that only
of all the Editions.

(32) *Madam, we kiss your Hand, and so inspire.*
Nothing but Happiness can crown our Prayers.] The Omission
of a Letter and the Insertion of a false Point, which turn part of these
Lines into Nonsense, has pass'd through all the Editions. Mr. *Sympson*
has sent me the same Correction.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.

Leu. **A**ND thus she has us'd me, is't not a good Mother?

Ism. Why kill'd you her not?

Leu. The Gods forbid it.

Ism. S'light,

If all the Women i'th' World were barren
She 'ad dy'd.

Leu. But 'tis not Reason directs thee thus.

Ism. Then have I none at all, for all I've in me
Directs m': Your Father's in a pretty Rage.

Leu. Why?

Ism. Nay, 'tis well if he know himself, but some
Of the Nobility have deliver'd a
Petition to him; what's in't I know not, but it has
Put him t' his Trumps; he has taken a Month's Time
To answer it, and he chafes like himself.

Enter Leontius, Bacha and Telamon.

Leu. He's here, *Ismenus.*

Leon. Set me down *Telamon.* *Leucippus.*

Leu. Sir.

Bacha. Nay, good Sir, be at peace, I dare swear
He knows not of it. *Leon.* You are foolish; peace.

Bacha. All will go ill, deny it boldly, Sir,
Trust me he cannot prove it by you.

Leu. What?

Bacha. You'll make all worse too with your facing it.

Leu. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'st thou that Petition?

Look on it well; would'st thou be joyn'd with me?

(33) Unnatural Child! to be thus weary of me

(33) *Unnatural Child to be weary of me,*] *Child*, in all the old Quartos, has a final *e*, *Childe*; whether therefore it should be pronounc'd as two Syllables, as it was in *Chaucer's* Age, or an Expletive is wanting to compleat the Verse, is uncertain. It might have been,

Unnatural Child! to be thus weary of me.

E'er

E'er Fate esteem me fit for other Worlds?

Bacha. May be he knows not of it.

Leu. Oh strange Carriages!

Sir, as I've Hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my Usages
Which have been (but it is no matter what)
Have put me so far from the Thought of Greatness,
That I should welcome it like a Disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my Enemies that gave you this,
And yet they call me Friend, and are themselves
I fear abus'd. I'm weary of my Life,
For God's sake take it from me; it creates
More Mischief in the State than it is worth.
The Usage I have had, I know would make
Wisdom herself run frantick through the Streets,
And Patience quarrel with her Shadow. Sir,
This Sword——

Bacha. Alas! help for the love of Heav'n,
Make way through me first, for he is your Father.

Leon. What, would he kill me?

Bacha. No, Sir, no.

Leon. Thou always makes the best on't, but I fear——

Leu. Why do you use me thus? who is't can think
That I would kill my Father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you? Here, Sir, is my Sword;
I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you; let me not have Mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest Servant. Let these Faults
Be mended, Madam; if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.

Bacha. I told the Duke as much before.

Leu. What? what did you tell him?

Bacha. That it was only an Ambition,
Nurst in you by your Youth, provok'd you thus,
Which Age would take away.

Leon. It was his doing then? come hither, Love.

Bacha. No indeed, Sir.

Leu. How am I made, that I can bear all this?

If any one had us'd a Friend of mine near this,
My Hand had carried Death about it.

Leon. Lead me hence, *Telamon* ; come, my dear *Bacha*,
I shall find time for this.

Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before
The King ; but you know well, if not, I'll tell you,
You're the most wicked'st, and most murderous Strumpet,
That ever was call'd Woman.

Bacha. My Lord, what can I do for him ? he shall
command me.

Leon. I know thou art too kind ; away I say.

[*Exeunt Leon. Bacha, Tim. and Tel.*

Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream, this cannot be.

Leu. Oh that we did, my Wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.

[*Urania passes over the Stage.*

Ism. Look, do you see who's there ? your virtuous
Mother's

Issue ; kill her yet, take some little piddling
Revenge. *Leu.* Away, the whole Court calls her virtuous ;
For they say,
She is unlike her Mother, and if so,
She can have no Vice

Ism. I'll trust none of 'em
That come of such a Breed.

Leu. But I have found
A kind of Love in her to me ; alas,
Think of her Death ! I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad Mother's full. She was brought up
I'th' Country, as her Tongue will let you know,

Enter Urania.

If you but talk with her, with a poor Uncle,
Such as her Mother had.

Ism. She's come again.

Ura. I would fain speak to the good Marquis,
My Brother, if I but thought he could abaid me.

Leu. Sister, how do you ?

Ura. Very well I thank you.

Ism.

Ism. How does your good Mother?

Leu. Fie, fie, *Ismenus*,

For shame, mock such an innocent Soul as this.

Ura. Feth a she be no good, God may her so.

Leu. I know you wish it with your Heart, dear Sister,
But she is good I hope. *Ism.* Are you so simple,
To make so much of this? do you not know,
That all her wicked Mother labours for,
Is but to raise her to your Right, and leave her
This Dukedom?

Ura. I, but ne'er, Sir, be afred;
For though she take th' ungainest weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.

Leu. I should hate myself, *Ismenus*,
If I should think of her Simplicity,
Ought but extreamly well.

Ism. Nay, as you will.

Ura. And though she be my Mother,
If she take any Course to do you wrong,
If I can see't, you'll quickly hear on't, Sir:
And so I'll take my leave.

Leu. Farewel, good Sister,
I thank you.

[*Exit Urania.*

Ism. You believe all this?

Leu. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Ism. A good Faith doth well, but methinks
It were no hard matter now, for her Mother to send her:
Yonder's one you may trust if you will too.

Leu. So I will, if he can shew me as apparent Signs
Of Truth as she did; does he weep, *Ismenus*?

Ism. Yes, I think so, some good's happen'd I warrant:
Do you hear, you? What honest Man has scap'd Misery,
That thou art crying thus? *Tim.* Noble *Ismenus*,
Where is the Prince?

Ism. Why there: Hast wept thine Eyes out?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

Leu. Well, speak on.

Ism. Why, will you hear him?

Leu. Yes, *Ismenus*, why?

Ism. I would hear Blasphemy as willingly.

Leu.

Leu. You are to blame.

Tim. No, Sir, he is not to blame.

If I were as I was. *Ism.* Nor as thou art,
I'faith awhit to blame.

Leu. What is your Business?

Tim. Faith Sir, I am ashamed to speak before you,
My Conscience tells me I have injur'd you,
And by the earnest Instigation
Of others, have not done you to the King
Always the best and friendliest Offices;
Which pardon me, or I will never speak.

Ism. Then never pardon him, and silence a Knave.

Leu. I pardon thee.

Tim. Your Mother sure is naught.

Leu. Why should'st thou think so?

Tim. Oh noble Sir, your honest Eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to; shame upon her,
And what fell Miseries the Gods can think on,
Show'r down upon her wicked Head, she has plotted
I know too well your Death; would my poor Life,
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd
Like Sacrifices up for your preserving,
What free Oblations would she have to glut her,
But she is merciless, and bent to Ruin;
If Heav'n and good Men step not to your Rescue,
And timely, very timely: Oh this Dukedom!
(34) I weep, I weep for the poor Orphans in
This Country, left without or Friends or Parents.

Leu. Now *Ismenus*, what think you of this Fellow?
This was a lying Knave, a Flatterer;
Does not this Love still shew him so?

Ism. This Love? This Halter; if he prove not yet

(34) *I weep, I weep for the poor Orphans i' th' Country*

Left with but Friends or Parents.] The Villany of *Timantus* will not allow him to talk absurdly; his Art imposes on the Prince, and he should therefore at least speak sense. And indeed how easy was the Mistake of *without* to *with but*? This being made, the Repetition of the *or* was absurd, and being left out the Measure was spoilt, and consequently believ'd to be no measure at all. This Process of the Corruption seems natural, and therefore I hope I have only restor'd the original. Mr. *Sympson* joins in correcting *with but* to *without*.

The

The cunning'st rankest Rogue that ever canted, [Rogue
(35) I'll ne'er seem Man again; (36) I know him to b' a
And can interpret ev'ry new Face he makes;
Look how he wrings, like a good Stool, for a Tear:
Take heed,

Children and Fools first feel the Smart, then weep.

Leu. Away, away, such an unkind Distrust,
Is worse than a Dissembling, if it be one,
And sooner leads to Mischief; I believe it;
And him an honest Man, he could not carry
Under an evil Cause, so true a Sorrow.

Ism. Take heed, this is your Mother's Scorpion,
That carries Stings ev'n in his Tears, whose Soul
Is a rank Poison thorough: Touch not at him,
If you do, you're gone, if you'd twenty Lives:
I knew him for a roguish Boy,
When he would poison Dogs, and keep tame Toads,
He lay with his Mother, and infected her,
And now she begs i' th' Hospital, with a patch
Of Velvet where her Nose stood, like the Queen of Spades,
And all her Teeth in her Purse: The Devil and
This Fellow are so near, 'tis not yet known
Which is the ev'ler Angel.

Leu. Nay, then I see 'tis Spite: Come hither, Friend.
Hast thou not heard the Cause yet that incens'd
My Mother to my Death, for I protest
I feel none in myself?

Tim. Her Will, Sir, and Ambition, as I think,

(35) *I'll ne'er see Man again;*] *i. e.* If *Timantus* does not still prove an arrant Rascal I'll put out my Eyes. We are often extravagant in our Asseverations, but this is much too absurd for a Man of *Ismenus's* Understanding. I cannot therefore doubt of its being a Corruption, because the Addition of a single Letter gives a Sense that is perfectly consonant to the Character and Context. I read, — *I'll ne'er seem Man again.* *i. e.* If I am mistaken in this Fellow's Roguery, I'll never again pretend to be a Man of Sense and Sagacity.

(36) — *I know him to bring,*
And can interpret ev'ry new Face he makes;] Unless a whole Line be left out after *bring*, or the first Part be made an imperfect Sentence, which would be very improper here, this seems quite unintelligible. I read, — *I know him to b' a Rogue*, which is much nearer the Trace of the Letters than it seems in the Pronunciation; *Ring* and *Rogue* having two of the same Letters, and a third, *u* and *n*, extremely like each other.

Are the Provokers of it, as in Women
 Those two are ever powerful to Destruction,
 Beside a hate of your still growing Virtues,
 She being only wicked. *Leu.* Heav'ns defend me
 As I am innocent, and ever have been
 From all immoderate Thoughts and Actions,
 That carry such Rewards along with 'em.

Tim. Sir, all I know, my Duty must reveal,
 My Country and my Love command it from me,
 For which I'll lay my Life down; this Night coming,
 A Counsel is appointed by the Duke,
 To sit about your Apprehension:
 If you dare trust my Faith, which by all good things
 Shall ever watch about you, go along,
 And to a Place I'll guide you, where no Word
 Shall scape without your hearing, nor no Plot,
 Without discovering to you; which once known,
 You have your Answers and Prevention.

Ism. You're not so mad to go; shift off this Fellow,
 You shall be rul'd once by a wise Man: Ratsbane,
 Get you gone, or ———

Leu. Peace, peace for shame, thy Love is too suspicious,
 'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my Life,
 And I will take it: Be my Guide, *Timantus*,
 And do not mind this angry Man, thou know'st him;
 I may live to requite thee. *Tim.* Sir, this Service
 Is done for Virtue's sake, not for Reward,
 However he may hold me.

Ism. The great Pox on you, but thou hast that Curse
 So much, 'twill grow a Blessing in thee shortly.

Sir,
 For Wisdom's sake court not your Death, I am
 Your Friend and Subject, and I shall lose in both;
 If I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and see you
 Run your Neck into the Noose, and cry a Woodcock.

Leu. So much of Man, and so much fearful; fie,
 Pr'ythee have Peace within thee: I shall live yet
 Many a golden Day to hold thee here
 Dearest and nearest to me: Go on, *Timantus*,
 I charge you by your Love no more, no more.

[*Exeunt Leu. and Tim.*

Ism.

Ism. Go, and let your own Rod whip you: I pity you,
And, Dog, if he miscarry thou shalt pay for't,
I'll study for thy Punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious Winter,
Till thou Blasphem'st, and then thou die'st and damn'st.

[Exit.

Enter Leontius and Telamon.

Leon. I wonder the Dutchess comes not.

Tel. She has heard, Sir, your Will to speak with her:
But there is something leaden at her Heart;
(Pray God it be not mortal) that ev'n keeps her
From Conversation with herself.

Enter Bacha.

[me?

Bacha. (37) Whither will you my cross Affections pull
O Fortune, Fate, and you whose Pow'rs direct
Our Actions, and dwell in us, you that 're Angels
Guiding to Virtue, wherefore have you given
So strong a Hand to Evil? wherefore suffer'd
A Temple of your own, you Deities
Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your Goodness,
Thus to be soil'd with Sin?

Leon. Heav'n bless us all.

From whence comes this Distemper? Speak, my fair one.

Bacha. And have you none, Love and Obedience,
You ever faithful Servants to employ
In this strange story of Impiety,
But me a Mother; must I be your Strumpet?

(37) *Oh whither will my cross Affections pull me?*

Fortune, Fate, and you whose Powers direct our Actions,

And dwell within us, you that are Angels, &c.] In the old

Quartos the first of these Lines runs thus,

O whither will you my cross Affections pull me?

The late Editions, to correct the Measure, left out the *you*, and so render'd the Line less poetical, and, for the two following, they made no Attempt to recover the Measure. The real Corruption seems to be the Transposition of the *O*, from the beginning of the second Line to the first, a Mistake of all others the most common. When this is rectify'd the Passage will appear very beautiful.

Whither will you my cross Affections pull me?

O Fortune, Fate, and you whose Pow'rs direct

Our Actions, and dwell in us; you that 're Angels &c.

(38) To lay black Treason open, and in him
 In whom all Sweetness was; in whom my Love
 Was prov'd to have a Being; in whom Justice,
 And all the Gods (39) for all our Imaginations
 Can work into a Man, were more than Virtues,
 Ambition down to Hell, where thou wert foster'd,
 Thou'st poison'd the best Soul, the purest, whitest,
 (40) And meekest Innocence itself that ever
 Mens greedy hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is still stranger, lay this Treason open
 To my Correction.

Bacha. Oh what a combat Duty and Affection
 Breeds in my Blood!

Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
 Beside my Death, the Curses of the Country,
 Troubles of Conscience, and a wretched End,
 Bring thee unto a poor forgotten Grave.

Bacha. (41) My Being, for another Tongue to tell it!
 O! ease a Mother some good Man that dares
 Speak for his King and Country; I am full
 Of too much Woman's pity; yet oh Heav'n,
 Since it concerns the Safety of my Sovereign,
 Let it not be a Cruelty in me,

(38) *To lay black Treason upon,* —] The Correction made here is very obvious and self-evident. Mr. *Theobald* concurr'd with me in it.

(39) ——— *for all our Imaginations*] This is barely intelligible, and may signify, *as far as we are able to imagine.* But Mr. *Sympson* has certainly a very happy Conjecture—*Imitations*—Which giving a much better, as well as easier Sense, was probably the true Reading.

(40) *And meekest innocent'st*——] Mr. *Theobald* had prevented me in this Correction.

(41) *My Being for another Tongue to tell it,*
Cease a Mother! some good Man that dares
Speak for his King and Country, I am full
Of too much Woman's Pity;——] Few Emendations have given me so much Pleasure as that of this Passage. The Corruption lay in the loss only of about a fifth part of a Letter, and yet it utterly spoil'd both Metre and Sense, where both were very beautiful. It cost me two or three Turns before I could hit upon it, but when mention'd it carries immediate Conviction. Instead of *Cease a Mother*, it is only turning the *C* into an *O*.

O! ease a Mother some good Man that dares
Speak for his King and Country;——

Nor draw a Mother's Name in question.
 'Mongst unborn People, to give up that Man
 To Law and Justice, that unrighteously
 Has fought his Father's Death; be deaf, be deaf, Sir,
 Your Son is the Offender: Now you have all,
 Would I might never speak again. *Leon.* My Son!
 Heav'n help m'. No more! I thought it,
 And since his Life is grown so dangerous:
 Let them that gave him, take him, he shall die,
 And with him all my Fears.

Bacha. Oh use your Mercy,
 You've a brave Subject to bestow it on.
 I will forgive him, Sir; and for his Wrong
 To me, I'll be before ye. *Leon.* Durst his Villany
 Extend to thee?

Bacha. Nothing but Heats of Youth, Sir.

Leon. Upon my Life he fought my Bed.

Bacha. I must confess he loved me
 Somewhat beyond a Son; and still pursu'd it
 With such a Lust, I will not say Ambition,
 That clean forgetting all Obedience,
 And only following his first Heat unto me,
 He hotly fought your Death, and me in Marriage,

Leon. Oh Villain!

Bacha. But I forget all, and am half asham'd
 To press a Man so far.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Where is the Duke?

For God's sake bring me to him. *Leon.* Here I am,
 Each Corner of the Dukedom sends new Affrights forth,
 What would'st thou? Speak. *Tim.* I cannot, Sir, my Fear
 Ties up my Tongue.

Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take
 Thy courage to thee, and boldly speak, where are
 The Guard? In the Gods Name, out with it.

Tim. Treason, Treason.

Leon. In whom?

Bacha. Double the Guard.

Tim. There is a Fellow, Sir:

H h 2

Leon.

Leon. Leave shaking, Man.

Tim. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

Leon. Well.

Tim. There is a Fellow, Sir,
Close in the Lobby: You o' the Guard,
Look to the Door there.

Leon. But let me know the Business.

Tim. Oh that the Hearts of Men should be so harden'd
Against so good a Duke! For God's sake, Sir,
Seek means to save yourself; this wretched Slave
Has his Sword in his Hand, I know his Heart:
Oh it hath almost kill'd me with the thoughts of it.

Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard.

Tim. I' th' Lobby, Sir, close in a Corner:
Look to yourselves for Heav'n's sake, methinks
He's here already. Fellows of the Guard be valiant.

Leon. Go Sirs, and apprehend him; Treason shall
Never dare me in mine own Gates.

Tim. 'Tis done. [*Guard bring the Prince in.*]

Baccha. And thou shalt find it to thy best Content.

Leon. Are these the Comforts of my Age? They're
happy

That end their Days contented with a little,
And live aloof from Dangers, to a King
Every content doth a new Peril bring.
Oh let me live no longer! shame of Nature,
Bastard to Honour, Traitor, Murderer,
Devil in a human Shape. Away with him,
He shall not breathe his hot Infection here.

Leu. Sir, hear me.

Leon. Am I or he your Duke? Away with him
To a close Prison; your Highness now shall know,
Such Branches must be cropt before they grow.

Leu. Whatever Fortune comes, I bid it welcome,
My Innocence is my Armour: Gods preserve you. [*Exit.*]

Baccha. Fare thee well,
I shall ne'er see so brave a Gentleman,
Would I could weep out his Offences. *Tim.* Or

I could weep out mine Eyes. *Leon.* Come Gentlemen,
We will determine presently about
His Death, we cannot be too forward in our
Safety, I'm very sick, lead me unto my Bed. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, go fetch my Fox from the Cutlers:
There's Money for the Scowring: Tell him I stop
A Groat since th' last great Muster, he had in Stone-Pitch
For th' bruise he took, with the recoiling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cit. And do y'u hear? when you come, take down my
Buckler,
And sweep the Cobwebs off, and grind the pick on't,
And fetch a Nail or two, and tack on Bracers;
Your Mistrefs made a Pot-lid on't, I thank her,
At her Maid's Wedding, and burnt off the Handle.

Boy. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Cit. Who's within here, hoe Neighbour, not stirring
yet?

2 Cit. Oh, good Morrow, good Morrow,
What News, what News?

1 Cit. It holds, he dies this Morning.

2 Cit. Then happy Man be his Fortune, I'm resolv'd.

1 Cit. And so am I, and forty more good Fellows,
That will not give their Heads for the Washing, I take it.

2 Cit. 'Sfoot Man, who would not hang in such good
Company,

And such a Cause? A Fire, a Wife and Children!
'Tis such a Jest, that Men should look behind 'em
To th' World, and let their Honours, Neighbours, slip.

1 Cit. I'll give thee a Pint of Bastard and a Roll
For that bare Word. *2 Cit.* They say, that we Tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our Geese hatch us:
I'll make some of 'em feel they are Geese o'th' Game then.
I'fack, take down my Bill, 'tis ten to one I use it.
Take a good Heart, Man, all the low Ward is ours,
With a wet Finger.

And lay my cut-fing' red Gantlet ready for me,
That, that I us'd to work in, when the Gentlemen

Were up against us, and beaten out of Town,
 And almost out o' Debt too, for a Plague on 'em
 They never paid well since ; and take heed Sirrah,
 Your Mistress hears not of this Business,
 She's near her time ; yet if she do, I care not,
 She may long for Rebellion, for she has
 A devilish Spirit.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's call up the new Ironmonger,
 He is as tough as Steel, and has a fine Wit
 In these Resurrections ; are you stirring, Neighbour ?

3 *Cit.* [*within.*] Oh, Good-morrow Neighbours,
 I'll come to you presently.

2 *Cit.* Go to, this is his Mother's doing ; she's a Polecat.

1 *Cit.* As any is in the World.

2 *Cit.* Then say I've hit it, and a Vengeance on her,
 Let her be what she will. 1 *Cit.* Amen say I,
 She's brought things to a fine pass with her Wisdom,
 Do you mark it ?

2 *Cit.* One thing I am sure she has, the good old Duke,
 She gives him Pap again they say, and dandles him,
 And hangs a Coral and Bells about his Neck,
 And makes him believe his Teeth will come again ;
 Which if they did, and I he, I would worry her
 (42) As never Curr was worried : I would Neighbour,
 Till my Teeth met I know where, but that's Counsel.

Enter third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Good-morrow Neighbours, hear you the sad News ?

1 *Cit.* Yes, would we knew as well how to prevent it.

3 *Cit.* I cannot tell, methinks 'twere no great matter,
 If Men were Men, but —

2 *Cit.* You do not twit me with my Calling, Neighbour ?

3 *Cit.* No surely ; for I know your Spirit to be tall,
 Pray be not vext. 2 *Cit.* Pray forward with your Counsel ;
 I'm what I am, and they that prove me shall
 Find me to their Cost ; do you mark me Neighbour,
 T' their Cost I say.

(42) *As never Curr was worried —*] As this is Sense I don't change
 it, but *Cat* is a much more common, as well as more proper Compa-
 rison, than *Curr* to a Shrew.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Nay, look how soon you're angry?

2 *Cit.* They shall, Neighbours; yes, I say they shall.

3 *Cit.* I do believe they shall.

1 *Cit.* I know they shall.

2 *Cit.* Whether you do or no I care not two Pence.

I am no Beast, I know mine own strength, Neighbours;
God bless the King, your Companies is fair.

1 *Cit.* Nay, Neighbour, now ye err, now I must tell you so,
And ye are twenty Neighbours. 3 *Cit.* You had best

Go peach, do, peach. 2 *Cit.* Peach; I scorn the motion.

3 *Cit.* Do, and see what follows; I'll spend an hundred
Pound,

And't be two I care not; but I'll undo thee.

2 *Cit.* Peach, Oh disgrace! Peach in thy Face, and do
The worst thou can't; I am a True-man, and a Free-man;
Peach!

1 *Cit.* Nay, look, you will spoil all.

2 *Cit.* Peach!

1 *Cit.* Whilst you two brawl together,
The Prince will lose his Life.

3 *Cit.* Come, give me your Hand,
I love you well, are you for the Action? 2 *Cit.* Yes,
But Peach provokes me, 'tis a cold Fruit, I feel it
Cold in my Stomach still.

3 *Cit.* No more, I'll give you Cake to digest it.

Enter a fourth Citizen.

4 *Cit.* Shut up my Shop, and be ready at a call Boys,
And one o' you run o'er my old Tuck with a few Ashes,
'Tis grown odious with toasting Cheese; and burn
A little Juniper in my Murrin, the Maid made it
Her Chamber-pot; an Hour hence I'll come again;
And as you hear from me, send me a clean Shirt.

3 *Cit.* The Chandler by the Wharf, and it be thy Will.

2 *Cit.* Gossip, Good-morrow.

4 *Cit.* Oh Good-morrow, Gossip;
Good-morrow all, I see ye of one Mind,
You cleave so close together; come 'tis time,
I have prepared an hundred if they stand.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis well done; shall we sever, and about it?

H h 4

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* First, let's to the Tavern, and a Pint apiece
Will make us Dragons. 2 *Cit.* I will have no Mercy,
Come what will of it. 4 *Cit.* If my Tuck hold, I'll spit
The Guard like Larks with Sage between 'em.

2 *Cit.* I have
A foolish Bill to reckon with 'em, will make
Some of their Hearts ake, and I'll lay it on ;
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.

3 *Cit.* Come, I'll do something for the Town to talk of
When I am rotten ; pray God there be enough
To kill, that's all. [Exeunt.

Enter Dorialus, Nifus and Agenor.

Agen. How black the Day begins!

Dor. Can you blame it, and look
On such a Deed as shall be done this Morning?

Nif. Does the Prince suffer to Day?

Dor. Within this Hour, they say.

Agen. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe ;
'Twill be a strange Justice, and a lamentable,
Gods keep us from the too soon feeling of it.

Dor. I care not if my Throat were next ; for to live still,
And live here, were but to grow fat for the Shambles.

Nif. Yet we must do't, and thank 'em too, that our Lives
May be accepted. *Agen.* Faith I'll go starve myself,
Or grow diseas'd to shame the Hangman ; for
I'm sure he shall be my Herald, and quarter me.

Dor. Ay, a Plague on him, he's too excellent at Arms.

Nif. (43) Will you go see this sad Sight, Lord *Agenor*?

Agen. I'll make a Mourner.

Dor. If I could do him any good, I would go,
The bare Sight else will but afflict my Spirit,
My Prayers shall be as near him as your Eyes ;
As y' find him settled, remember my Love and Service
T' his Grace.

Nif. We will weep for you, Sir : Farewel. [Exeunt.

Dor. Farewel ;
To all our Happiness, a long Farewel.

* (43) *Will you go see this said Sight, --*] Former Editions. Mr. Theobald
concurr'd in the Emendation.

Thou angry Power, whether of Heav'n or Hell,
Thou laist this sharp Correction on our Kingdom
For our Offences, infinite and mighty !

Oh hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With Pity to draw back thy Vengeance,

Too heavy for our Weakness ; and accept
(Since it is your Discretion, heav'nly Wisdoms,
To have it so) this Sacrifice for all,

That now is flying to your Happiness,
Only for you most fit ; let all our Sins
Suffer in him.

[*A shout within.*

Gods, what's the matter ? I hope
'Tis Joy ; how now, my Lords ?

Enter Agenor and Nifus.

Nif. I'll tell you with that little Breath I have ;
More Joy than you dare think, the Prince is safe
From Danger.

Dor. How !

Agen. 'Tis true, and thus it was ; his Hour was come
To lose his Life, he ready for the Stroke,
Nobly, and full of Saint-like Patience,
Went with his Guard ; which when the People saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with Tears,
That bred Desires, and Whispers to each other,
To do some worthy Kindness for the Prince,
And e'er they understood well how to do,
Fury stept in, and taught them what to do,
Thrusting on every Hand to rescue him,
As a white Innocent ; then flew the roar
Through all the Streets, of *Save him, save him, save him :*
And as they cry'd, they did ; for catching up
Such sudden Weapons as their Madness shew'd them,
In short, they beat the Guard, and took him from 'em,
And now march with him like a Royal Army.

Dor. Heav'n, Heav'n I thank thee, what a Slave was I
To have my Hand so far from this brave Rescue,
'T'ad been a thing to brag on when I was old.
Shall w' run for a Wager to the next Temple, and give
thanks ?

Nif.

Nis. As fast as Wishes.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus ; *the People within stop.*

Leu. Good Friends go home again, there's not a Man
Shall go with me. *Ism.* Will you not take revenge?
I'll call them on.

Leu. All that love me, depart :
I thank you, and will serve you for your Loves ;
But I will thank you more to suffer me
To govern 'em ; once more I do beg of ye,
For my sake to your Houses.

All [within.] Gods preserve you.

Ism. And what House will you go to ?

Leu. *Ismenus*, I will take the wariest Courses
That I can think of to defend myself,
But not offend.

Ism. (44) Yo' may kill your Mother, and ne'er offend
your Father,

Or any honest Man. *Leu.* Thou know'st I can
Scape now, that's all I look for ; I will leave——

Ism. *Timantus*, a Pox take him, would I had him here,
I'd kill him at his own Weapon single sithes.

We've built enough on him ; Plague on't, I'm out of
All Patience ; discharge such an army as this,
That would have followed you without paying, Oh Gods!

Leu. To what end should I keep 'em? I am free.

Ism. Yes, free o'th' Traitors, for you are proclaim'd one.

Leu. Shou'd I therefore make myself one? *Ism.* This
is one of

Your moral Philosophy, is it? Heav'n bless me
From Subtilties to undo myself with ; but I know,
If Reason herself were here, she would not part
With her own Safety.

Leu. Well, pardon, *Ismenus*, for I know
My Courses are most just ; nor will I stain 'em
With one bad Action ; for thyself thou know'st,

(44) *You may kill your Mother, and ne'er offend your Father, an honest Man.*] Former Editions. Both Sense and Measure require the Emendation.

That though I may command thee, I shall be
A ready Servant to thee if thou needst ;
And so I'll take my leave.

Ism. Of whom ?

Leu. Of thee.

Ism. Heart, you shall take no leave of me

Leu. Shall I not ?

Ism. No, by the Gods shall you not ; nay, if you have
No more Wit but t' go absolutely alone,
I'll be in a little. *Leu.* Nay, prithee, good *Ismenus*
Part with me. *Ism.* I wo'n't i' faith, ne'er move it any more ;
For by this good Light I wo'not.

Leu. This is an ill time to be thus unruly.

Ismenus, you must leave me. *Ism.* Yes, if you can
Beat me away ; else the Gods refuse me,
If I will leave you till I see more Reason ;
You shan't undo yourself.

Leu. But why wilt n't leave me ?

Ism. Why, I will tell you : Because when you are gone,
Then——Life, if I have not forgot my Reason
——Hell take me ; you put me out of Patience so ;
Oh! marry, when you are gone, then will your Mother
(A Pox confound her) she ne'er comes in my Head,
But sh' spoils my Memory too : there are a hundred Reasons.

Leu. But shew me one.

Ism. Shew you ; what a stir here is ;

Why I will shew you : Do you think, well, well,
I know what I know, I pray come, come. 'Tis in vain,
—But I am sure. Devils take 'em ; what do I meddle
with them ?

You know yourself——Soul, I think I am ;
Is there any Man i'th' World ? as if you knew not this
Already better than I. Pish, pish, I'll give no Reason.

Leu. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay ;
I have not one Friend in the Court but thou,
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
Any Intelligence ; and if thou lov'st me
Thou wilt do this, thou need'st not fear to stay,
For there are new-come Proclamations out,
Where all are pardon'd but myself. *Ism.* 'Tis true,

And

And i'th' same Proclamation, your fine Sister
Urania, whom you us'd s' kindly, 's proclaim'd Heir
 Apparent to the Crown.

Leu. What though, thou may'st stay at home without
 Danger?

Ism. Danger, hang Danger, what tell you me of Danger?

Leu. Why if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Ism. I dare not; if you speak it in earnest, you are
 A Boy.

Leu. Well, Sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Ism. Why so you shall, I will stay.

Leu. Why God-a-mercy ——

Ism. You know I love you but too well.

Leu. Now take these few Directions, and farewell;
 Send to me by the wariest ways thou can'st;
 I have a Soul tells me we shall meet often.
 The Gods protect thee.

Ism. Pox o' myself for an Ass,
 I'm crying now— God be with you, if I never
 See you again; why then pray get you gone,
 For Grief and Anger wo'not let me know
 What I say, I'll to the Court
 As fast as I can, and see the new Heir apparent.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Urania and her Woman.

Ura. **W**HAT, hast thou found him?

Woman. Madam, he is coming in.

Ura. God blefs my Brother, wherefoe'er he is;
 And I beseech you keep me fro the Bed
 Of any naughty Tyrant, whom my Mother
 Would ha'me have to wrong him.

Enter Ismenus.

Ism. What would her new Grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us a while. My Lord *Ismenus*, [*Exit Wom.*]

I pray for the Love of Heav'n and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can do weel.

Ism. Where's her fain Grace?

Ura. You know me weel inough, but that you mock,
I'm the my Sen. *Ism.* God blefs him that shall be
Thy Husband, if thou wear'st the Breeches thus soon,
Thou'lt be as impudent as thy Mother.

Ura. But will you
Tell me this one thing? *Ism.* What is it? if it
Be no great matter whether I do or no,
Perhaps I will.

Ura. Yes faith, 'tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

Ura. I pray you let m' know where th' Prince my
Brother is.

Ism. I'faith you shan be hang'd first, is your Mother
So foolish as to think that your good Grace
Can sift it out of me? *Ura.* If you've any Mercy
Left in you to a poor Wench, tell me. *Ism.* Why,
Would'st thou not have thy Brains beat out for this,
To follow thy Mother's Steps so young?

Ura. But believe me, she knows none of this.

Ism. Believe you?

Why do you think I never had my Wits?
Or that I am run out of them? how should it
Belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Ura. Why I will tell you, and if I speak false
Let the De'il ha'me: yonder's a bad Man,
Come from a Tyrant to my Mother, and what Name
They ha' for him, good faith I cannot tell.

Ism. An Ambassador.

Ura. That's it; but he would carry me away,
And have me marry his Master; and I'll day
E'er I will ha' him.

Ism. But what's this to knowing
Where the Prince is?

Ura. Yes, for y' know all my Mother does;
Agen the Prince, is but to ma me great.

Ism. Pray, (I know that too well) what then? *Ura.* Why
I

I would go to the good Marquis my Brother,
And put myself into his Hands, that so
He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh that thou hadst no Seed of thy Mother in thee,
And could'st mean this now. *Ura.* Why, ifeth I do,
Wou'd I might ne'er stir more if I do not.

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous Fool, I'll be damn'd else;
Hang me if I don't half believe thee. *Ura.* By my Troth
You may.

Ism. By my Troth I do: I know I'm an Ass for't,
But I can't help it.

Ura. And won you tell me then?

Ism. Yes faith will I, or any thing else i'th' World;
For I think thou art as good a Creature as
Ever was born.

Ura. But ail go i'this Lad's Apparel;
But you mun help me to Silver.

Ism. Help thee? why the Pox take him
That will not help thee to any thing i'th' World,
I'll help thee to Mony, and I'll do't presently too,
And yet—Soul, if you should play the scurvy Harlotry,
The little pocky Baggage now and cozen me,
What then? *Ura.* Why, an I do, wou'd I might ne'er
See Day again. *Ism.* Nay, by this Light, I do not think
Thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee
Mony and a Letter. [Exit *Ism.*

Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my Brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall ne'er know who I am;
For he must hate me then for my bad Mother;
I'll say I'm a Country Lad that want a Service,
And have straid on him by chance, lest he discover me;
I know I must not live long, but that taimé
I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him.
And though my Mother seek to take his Life away,
(45) In ai Day my Brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught. [Exit.
Enter

(45) *In a Day my Brother shall be taught*] As the next Line
rhimes to this, it cannot be thought that the Measure would be here
neglected.

Enter Bacha and Timantus: Bacha reading a Letter.

Bacha. Run away! the Devil be her Guide.

Tim. Faith she's gone: there's a Letter, I found it in her Pocket,

Would I were with her, she's a handsome Lady,
A Plague upon my Bashfulness, I had bobb'd her
Long ago else.

Bacha. What a base Whore is this, that after all
My ways for her Advancement, should so poorly
Make Virtue her Undoer, and chuse this time,
The King being deadly-sick, and I intending
A present Marriage with some Foreign Prince,
To strengthen and secure myself. She writes here,
Like a wise Gentlewoman, she will not stay:
And the Example of her dear Brother, makes her
(46) Fear for herself, to whom she means to fly.

Tim. Why, who can help it?

Bacha. Now Poverty and Leachery, which is thy End,
Rot thee, where-e'er thou goest with all thy Goodness.

Tim. Berla'y they'll bruise her, and she were of Brass,
I'm sure they'll break Stone Walls: I've had Experience
O' them both, and they have made me desperate.

But there's a Messenger, Madam, come from the Prince
With a Letter to *Ismenus*, who by him

Returns an Answer. *Bacha.* This comes 's pat as Wishes;
Thou'lt presently away, *Timantus.* *Tim.* Whither, Madam?

Bacha. To the Prince, and take the Messenger for
Guide.

Tim. What shall I do there? I have done too much
Mischief to be believ'd again; or indeed, to scape
With my Head on my Back, if I be once known.

Bacha. Thou'rt a weak shallow Fool, get thee a Disguise,
And withal when thou com'st before him, have a Letter
Feign'd to deliver him, and then, as thou

neglected. The oldest Quarto reads, *In ai Day*,— and it was probably a Continuation of *Urania's* pretty rusticity; tho' no Word occurs that is very near the Trace of the Letters. It might have been, *In after Day*,— or, *In thaten Day*.

(46) *Fear herself*,—] Former Editions.

Haft

Haſt ever hope of Goodneſs by me, or after me,
Strike one home ſtroke that ſhall not need another ;
Dar'ſt thou ſpeak, dar'ſt thou? If thou falleft off,
Go be a Rogue again, and lye and pander
T' procure thy Meat. Dar'ſt thou? Speak to me?

Tim. Sure I ſhall never walk when I am dead :
I have no Spirit, Madam, I'll be drunk
But I will do it, that is all my Refuge. [Exit.]

Bacha. Away, no more ; then I will raiſe an Army
Whiſt th' King yet lives, if all the Means and Power
I have can do it, I cann't tell.

Enter Iſmenus and three Lords.

Iſm. Are you inventing ſtill? We'll eaſe your Studies.

Bacha. Why how now, you faucy Lords?

Iſm. Nay, I'll ſhake ye ; yes, Devil, I will ſhake ye.

Bacha. Do not you know me, Lords?

Niſ. Yes, deadly Sin, we know ye, would we did not.

Iſm. Do you hear, Whore, a plague a God upon thee,
The Duke is dead. *Bacha.* Dead! *Iſm.* Ay,
Wild-fire and Brimſtone take thee ; good Man he
Is dead, and paſt thoſe Miſeries which thou
Thou ſalt infection-like, like a Diſeaſe
Flungeſt upon his Head. Doſt thou hear, and 'twere
Not more reſpect to Womanhood in general
Than thee, becauſe I had a Mother, who—
I will not ſay ſhe w's good, ſhe liv'd ſo near
Thy Time, I would have thee in Vengeance of
This Man whoſe Peace is made in Heav'n by this time,
Tied to a Poſt, and dried i'th' Sun ; and after
Carried about, and ſhewn at Fairs for Mony,
With a long Story of the Devil thy Father,
That taught thee to be Whoriſh, Envious, Bloody.

Bacha. Ha, ha, ha.

Iſm. You fleeing Harlot, I'll have a Horſe to leap thee,
And thy baſe Iſſue ſhall carry Sumpters. Come, Lords,
Bring her along, we'll to the Prince all, where
Her Hell-hood ſhall wait his Cenſure : and if he ſpare
Thee, She-Goat, may he lie with thee again ; and beſide,
May'ſt thou lay to on him ſome naſty foul Diſeaſe,

That

That Hate still follows, and his End a dry Ditch.
Lead, you corrupted Whore, or I'll draw a Goad
Shall make you skip; away to the Prince. *Bacha.* Ha,
ha, ha.

I hope yet I shall come too late to find him. [*Cornets.*

(47) *Cupid above.*

Cup. The Time now of Revenge draws near,
Nor shall it lessen as I am a God,
With all the Cries and Prayers that have been,
And those that be to come, though they be infinite
In need and number.

Enter Leucippus and Urania.

Leu. Alas, poor Boy, why dost thou follow me?
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

Ura. In good feth I shall be weel and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you.

Leu. Why dost thou chuse out me, Boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for Pity take another Master,
That may be able to deserve thy Love
In breeding thee hereafter; me thou knowest not,
More than my Misery; and therefore canst not
Look for Rewards at my Hands; would I were able,
My pretty Knave, to do thee any Kindness;
Truly, good Boy, I would upon my Faith,
Thy harmless Innocency moves me at Heart;
Wilt thou go save thyself? why dost thou weep?
Alas I do not chide thee. *Ura.* I cannot tell,
If I go from you, Sir, I shall ne'er draw Day more:
Pray if you can, (I will be true to you)

(47) *Cornets.* *Cupid from above.*

Enter Leucippus and Urania: Leucippus with a bloody Handkerchief] Here we have the Directions of the Prompter's Book inserted; for the bloody Handkerchief is only to be us'd when *Urania* is stabb'd. Beside this, *Cupid* is made to appear without speaking, and the Speech he makes at the Conclusion much more properly suits this Place; and therefore I believe the Reader will think it necessary to have it restor'd. The *Cornets* must either belong to *Cupid*, in which I see no Propriety, or they belong to the End of the last Scene, when *Ismenus* and the Lords go out triumphant with *Bacha* Prisoner, and to proclaim *Leucippus*. I have therefore plac'd them there.

Let me wait on you; if I were a Man,
I would fight for you: Sure you have some Ill-willers,
I'd slay 'em. *Leu.* Such harmless Souls are ever Prophets:
(48) Well, take thy Wish, thou shalt be with me still:
But prithee eat, my good Boy; thou wilt die,
My Child, if thou fast one Day more. These four Days
Thou'lt tasted nothing: Go into the Cave
And eat, thou shalt find something for thee there
To bring thy Blood again, and thy fair Colour.

Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you. But I'll eat
To Morrow. *Leu.* Thou't be dead by that time. *Ura.* I
should be

Well then, for you'll not love me. *Leu.* I'deed I will.
This is the prettiest Passion e'er I felt yet;
Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?

Ura. You've fair Eyes, Master. *Leu.* Sure the Boy
dotes:

Why dost thou sigh, my Child? *Ura.* To think that such a
Fine Man should live, and no gay Lady love him.

Leu. Thou wilt love me?

Ura. Yes sure till I die, and when
I am in Heav'n, I'll e'en wish for you there.

Leu. And I'll come to thee, Boy. This is a Love
I never yet heard tell of. Come, thou'rt sleepy, Child;
Go in, and I'll sit with thee: Heav'n, what portends this?

Ura. You're sad, but I'm not sleepy, would I could
Do ought to make you merry; shall I sing?

Leu. If thou wilt, good Boy. Alas, my Boy, that thou
Should'st comfort me, and art far worse than I!

Enter Timantus with a Letter, disguised.

Ura. Law, Master, there is one, look to yourself.

Leu. What art thou that into this dismal Place,
Which nothing could find out but Misery,
Thus boldly stepst? Comfort was never here,
Here is no Food, nor Beds, nor any House
Built by a better Architect than Beasts;

(48) *Well, I take thy Wish,——*] The Measure and Sense both
require us to expunge the *I.* This whole Scene, and indeed much the
greatest Part of the Play, has been always hitherto printed as Prose.

And

And e'er you get dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it ; if you conquer him,
He is your Meat ; if not, you must be his.

Tim. I come to you (for if I not mistake,
You are the Prince) from that most noble Lord
Ismenus with a Letter. *Ura.* Alas, I fear
I shall be now discover'd. *Leu.* Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal things.
Where is he that receives such Courtesies,
But he has means to shew his Gratefulness
Some way or other ? I have none at all :
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these Trees.

Tim. His Letters speak him, Sir——

Ura. Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die.
Ay me, sure I cannot live a Day.

[*Leucippus opening the Letter, the whilst Timantus runs
at him, and Urania steps before.*

Oh thou foul Traitor :
How do you, Master ?

Leu. How dost thou, my Child ? Alas ! look on this,
It may make thee repentant, to behold
Those innocent Drops that thou hast drawn from thence.

Ura. 'Tis nothing, Sir, and you be well.

Tim. Oh pardon me,
Know you me now, Sir ?

Leu. How could'st thou find me out ?

Tim. We intercepted
A Letter from *Ismenus*, and the Bearer
Directed me.

Leu. Stand up, *Timantus*, boldly,
The World conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers Treasons to the State and me :
But oh far be it from the Innocence
Of a just Man, to give a Traitor Death
Without a Trial ; here the Country is not
(49) To purge thee or condemn thee ; therefore take

(49) *To purge thee or condemn thee ; therefore
A nobler Trial than thou dost deserve,]* Here a Verb is evi-
dently left out, being equally necessary to the Sense and Measure.

A nobler Trial than thou dost deserve,
 Rather than none at all; here I accuse thee
 Before the Face of Heav'n, to be a Traitor
 Both to the Duke my Father and to me,
 And the whole Land; speak, is it so or no?

Tim. 'Tis true, Sir, pardon me.

Leu. Take heed, *Timantus*,
 How thou dost cast away thyself, I must
 Proceed to Execution hastily
 If thou confests it; speak once again, is't so or no?

Tim. I am not guilty, Sir.

Leu. Gods and thy Sword

Acquit thee, here it is. [Gives him his Sword.]

Tim. I'll not use any Violence
 Against your Highness. *Leu.* At thy Peril then,
 For this must be thy Tryal; and from henceforth
 Look to thyself.

[*Timantus draws his Sword, they fight, Timantus falls.*]

Tim. I do beseech you, Sir,

Let me not fight. *Leu.* Up, up again, *Timantus*,
 There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—
 Fie, fie, *Timantus*, is there no Usage can
 Recover thee from Baseness? wert thou longer
 T' converse with Men, I'd have chid thee for this:
 Be all thy Faults forgiven.

Tim. Oh spare me, Sir, I am not fit for Death.

Leu. I think thou art not, yet trust me, fitter than
 For Life: Yet tell me e'er thy Breath be gone,
 Know'st of any other Plots against me?

Tim. Of none.

Leu. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou
 hadst kill'd me?

Tim. I would have ta'en your Page, and married her.

Leu. What Page?

Tim. Your Boy there——

[Dies.]

[*Urania swoons.*]

Leu. Is he fall'n mad in Death, what does he mean?
 Some good God help me at the worst; how dost thou?
 Let not thy Misery vex me, thou shalt have
 What thy poor Heart can wish: I am a Prince,

And

And I will keep thee in the gayest Cloaths,
And th' finest things, that ever pretty Boy
Had given him.

Ura. I know you well enough,
Feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

Leu. But stir up thyself; look what a Jewel here is,
See how it glisters; what a pretty shew
Will this make in thy little Ear? ha, speak,
Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

Leu. I prithee mind thy Health; why that's well said,
My good Boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile till Death
An I see you, I am *Urania*,
Your Sister-in-law,

Leu. How?

Ura. I am *Urania*.

Leu. Dulness did seize me, now I know thee well;
Alas, why cam'st thou hither? *Ura.* Feth for love,
I would not let you know till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my Mother was
So naught. *Leu.* I will love thee, or any thing;
What? wilt thou leave me as soon as I know thee?
Speak one Word to me; alas she's past it,
She never will speak more.
What noise is that? 'tis no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.

Comes on me now. What worse than mad are you
That seek out Sorrows? if you love Delights
Begone from hence. *Ism.* Sir, 'tis for you we come,
As Soldiers to revenge the Wrongs you've suffer'd
Under this naughty Creature; what shall be done with her;
Say, I am ready. *Leu.* Leave her to Heav'n, brave Cousin,
And they shall tell her how she 'as sinn'd against 'em,
My Hand shall ne'er be stain'd with such base Blood?
Live, wicked Mother; that reverend Title be
Your Pardon, I'll use no extremity
Against you, but leave you to Heav'n.

Baccha. Hell take you all, or if there be a Place

OF

Of Torment that exceeds that, get you thither ;
 And till the Devils have you, may your Lives
 Be one continu'd Plague, and such a one
 That knows no Friends nor Ending. May all Ages
 That shall succeed, curse you as I do ; and
 If it be possible, I ask it Heav'n,
 That your base Issues may be ever Monsters,
 That must for shame of Nature and Succession,
 Be drown'd like Dogs.

Would I had Breath to please you.

Leu. Would you had Love within you, and such Grief
 As might become a Mother ; look you there,
 Know you that Face ? that was *Urania* ;
 These are the Fruits of those unhappy Mothers,
 That labour with such horrid Births as you do ;
 If you can weep, there's Cause ; poor Innocent,
 Your Wickedness has kill'd her ; I'll weep for you.

Ism. (50) Monstrous Woman,
Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.

Leu. Here lies your Minion too, slain by my Hand,
 I will not say you are the Cause ; yet certain,
 I know you were to blame, the Gods forgive you.

Ism. See, she stands now as if she were inventing
 Some new Destruction for the World.

Leu. *Ismenus*,
 Thou'rt welcome yet to my sad Company.

Ism. I come to make you somewhat sadder, Sir.

Leu. You cannot, I am at the height already.

Ism. Your Father's dead.

Leu. I thought so, Heav'n be with him :
 Oh Woman, Woman, weep now or never, thou
 Hast made more Sorrows than we've Eyes to utter.

Bacha. Now let Heav'n fall, I'm at the worst of Evils,
 A thing so miserably wretched, that

(50) *Ism.* *Monstrous Woman*,
Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.] As a Syllable
 is wanting to make any sort of Measure, I suspect the Original to
 have been,

Ism. *Monster of Women*, *Mars would weep at this*,
And yet she cannot.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry thing, ev'n the last of human Comforts
 Hath left me ;
 I will not be so base and cold, to live
 And wait the Mercies of these Men I hate,
 No, it is just I die, since Fortune 'th left me, [home,
 (51) My steep Descent attends me ; Hand, strike thou
 I've Soul enough to guide ; and let all know,
 As I have stood a Queen, the same I'll fall,
 And one with me.

[*She stabs the Prince with a Knife, and then herself.*

Leu. Ho.

Ism. How do you, Sir ?

Leu. Nearer my Health, than I think any here,
 My Tongue begins to falter ; what is Man ?
 Or who would be one, when he sees a poor
 Weak Woman can in 'n instant make him none ?

Dor. She's dead already. *Ism.* Let her be damn'd
 Already as she is ; post all for Surgeons.

Leu. Let not a Man stir, for I am but dead :
 I've some few Words which I would have you hear,
 And am afraid I shall want Breath to speak 'em :
 First t' you, my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is
 (52) Undoubted Heir of *Lycia*, I do beseech you all,
 When I am dead, to shew your Duties to him.

Lords. We vow to do't.

Leu. I thank you.

Next to you,
 Cousin *Ismenus*, that shall be the Duke,

(51) *My steep Descent attends me ;*] This Expression, if genuine, is extremely obscure. *My Step-Descent* may signify the Fall of a *Step-Mother* ; or *step* may have its original Signification, *rigid*, and then the Sense may be ; *Since Fortune hath left me, the rigid Descent of Death next attends me.* But I believe Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symson have, by Conjecture, hit upon the true Reading, *steep Descent*, which finely expresses the Death of a wicked Person, who by the Heathens, as well as Christians, were believed to be detrued down to the Depths of Hell.

————— *ubi Tartarus ipse*
Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque, sub umbras,
Quantus ad ætherium Cæli suspectus Olympum.

Æneid. Lib. 6.

(52) *Undoubtedl; Heir*————] Former Editions.

(53) I pray you let the broken Images
Of *Cupid* be re-edified, I know
All this is done by him. *Ism.* It shall be so.

Leu. Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-law
May have a Burial according to—— [Dies.

Ism. To what, Sir?

Dor. There's a full point.

Ism. I will interpret for him; she shall have burial
According to her own Deserts, with Dogs.

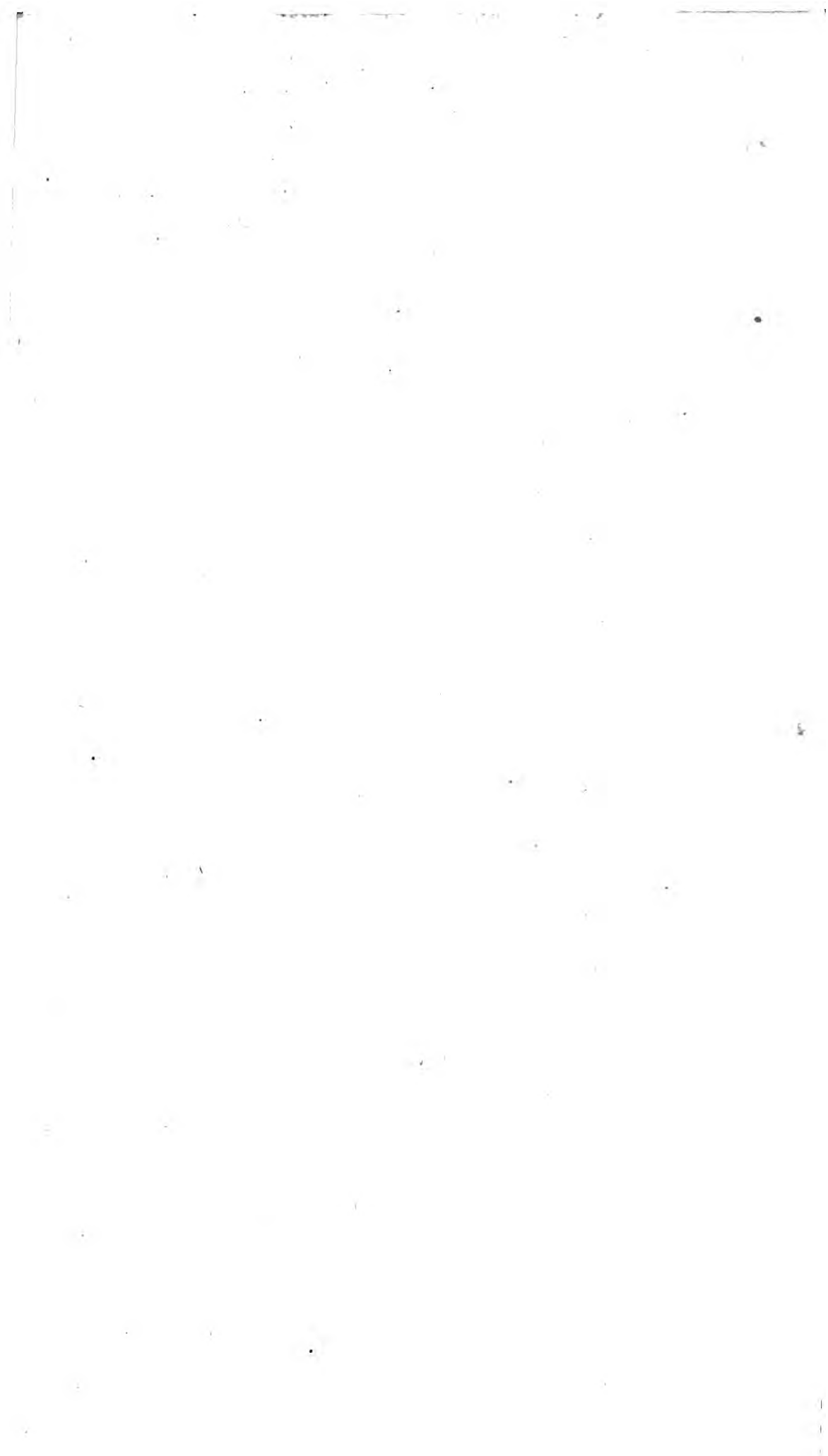
Dor. I would your Majesty would haste for settling of
the People.

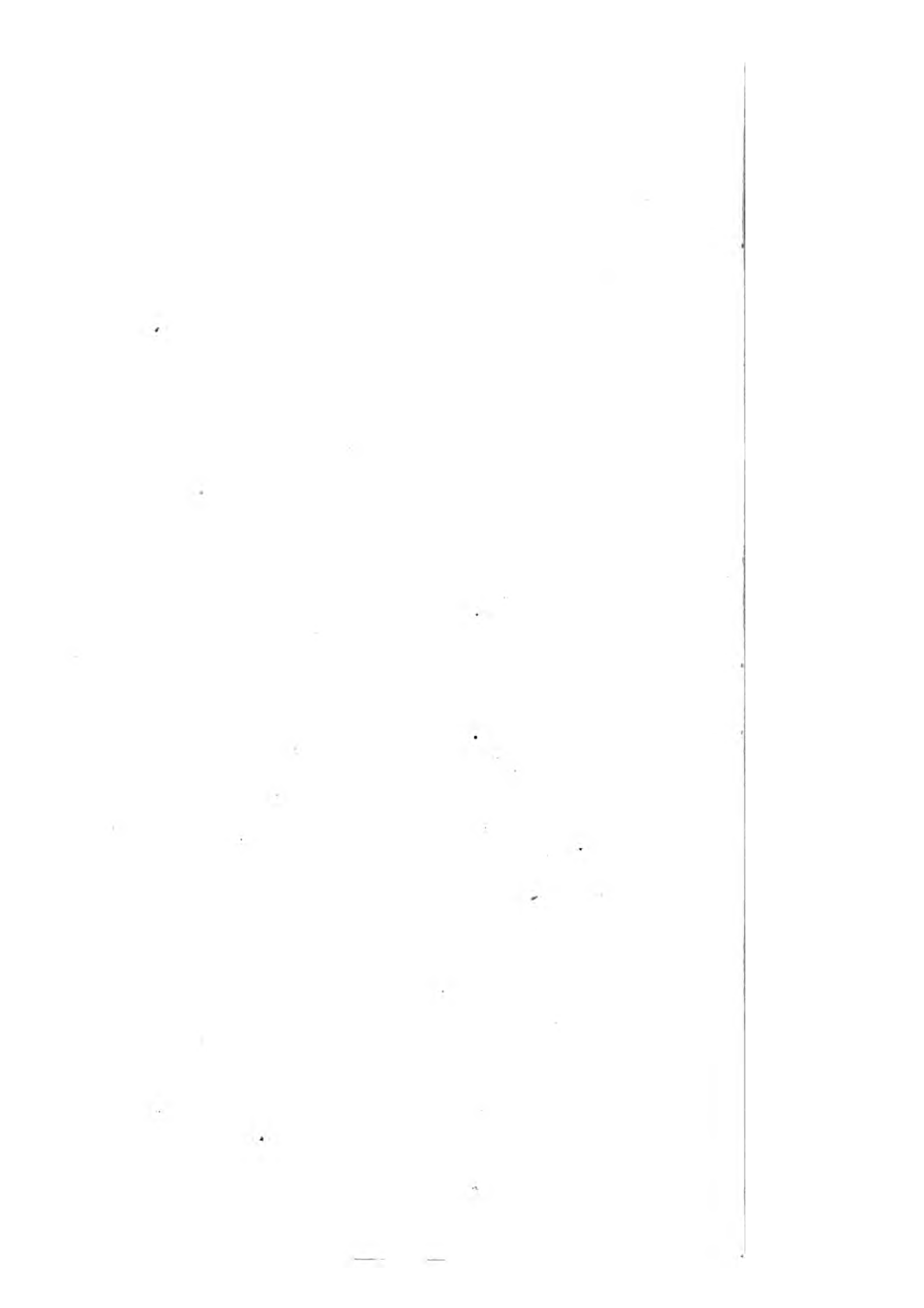
Ism. I'm ready.

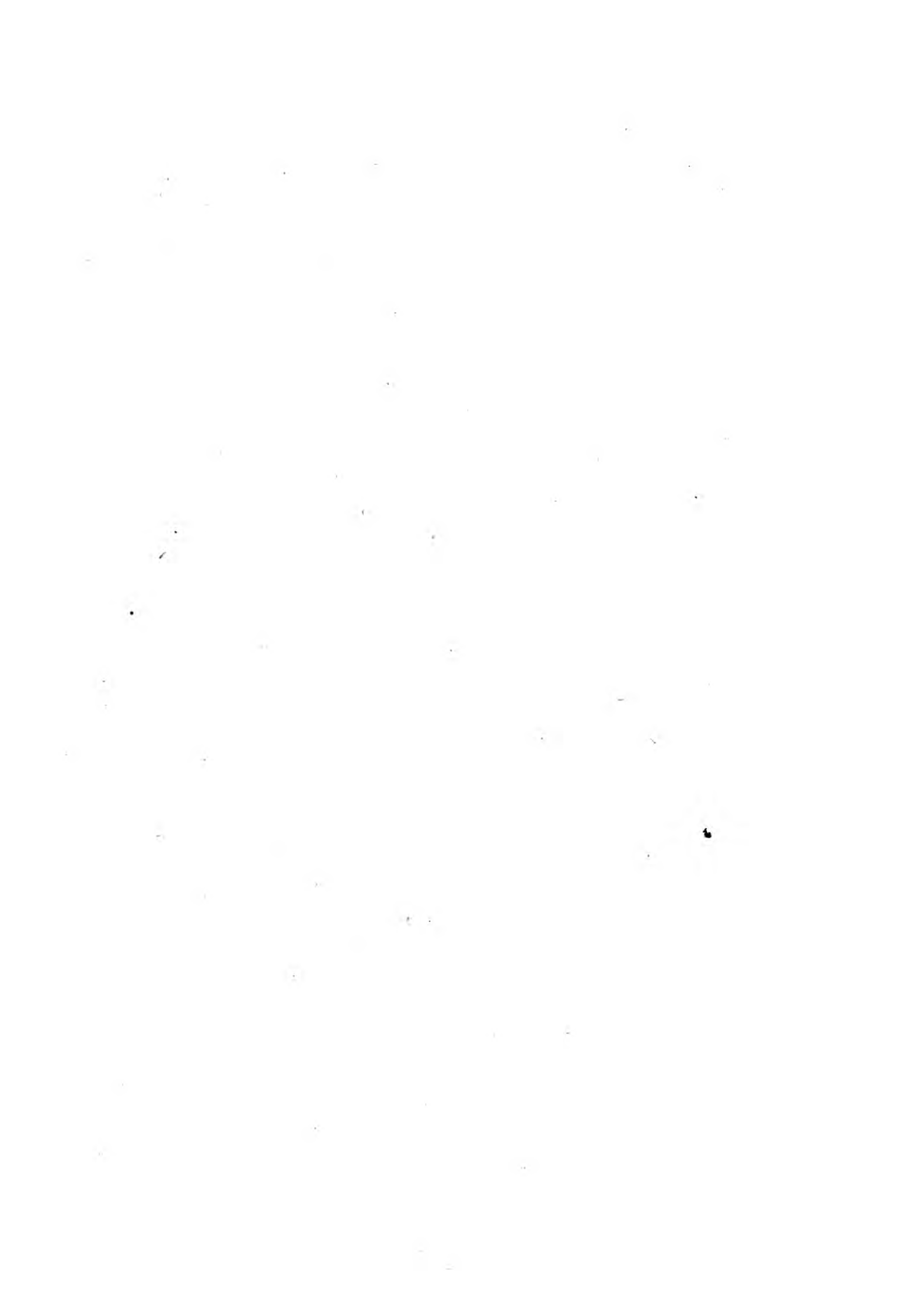
Agan. Go, and let the Trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the Body
Of this unhappy Prince unto the Court,
And of that virtuous Virgin to a Grave:
But drag her to a Ditch, where let her lie,
Accurst, whilst one Man has a Memory. [Exeunt.

(53) *I pray you let the broken Image of Cupid
Be re-edified,——*] I cannot take leave of this Play without
again regretting the farcical Intermixture of the Machinery of *Cupid*,
from whence it takes its Name. Without this, and the ridiculous
Death of the Princess, what a noble Tragedy would our Authors have
left us? The Character of the King from his ridiculous Dotage on his
Children, to a still more ridiculous Dotage on a wanton Wife; the
Misfortunes of a virtuous young Prince from taking one vicious Step,
and endeavouring to conceal it by a Falshy, are finely describ'd; but
how is the just Moral arising from thence spoil'd, by making this only
Cupid's Revenge?

The End of the Ninth Volume.









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