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The image shows a black and white photograph of a marbled book cover. The marbling pattern consists of large, irregular, light-colored shapes, possibly representing stones or shells, set against a dark, almost black background. The shapes are separated by thin, dark veins. In the center of the cover, there is a small, rectangular, light-colored label with a thin black border. The label contains the text "Doctor Batty, Fairlight." written in a cursive script. At the bottom center of the cover, there is a white, rectangular sticker with rounded corners, which is blank. The overall appearance is that of an antique book cover.

*Doctor Batty,
Fairlight.*

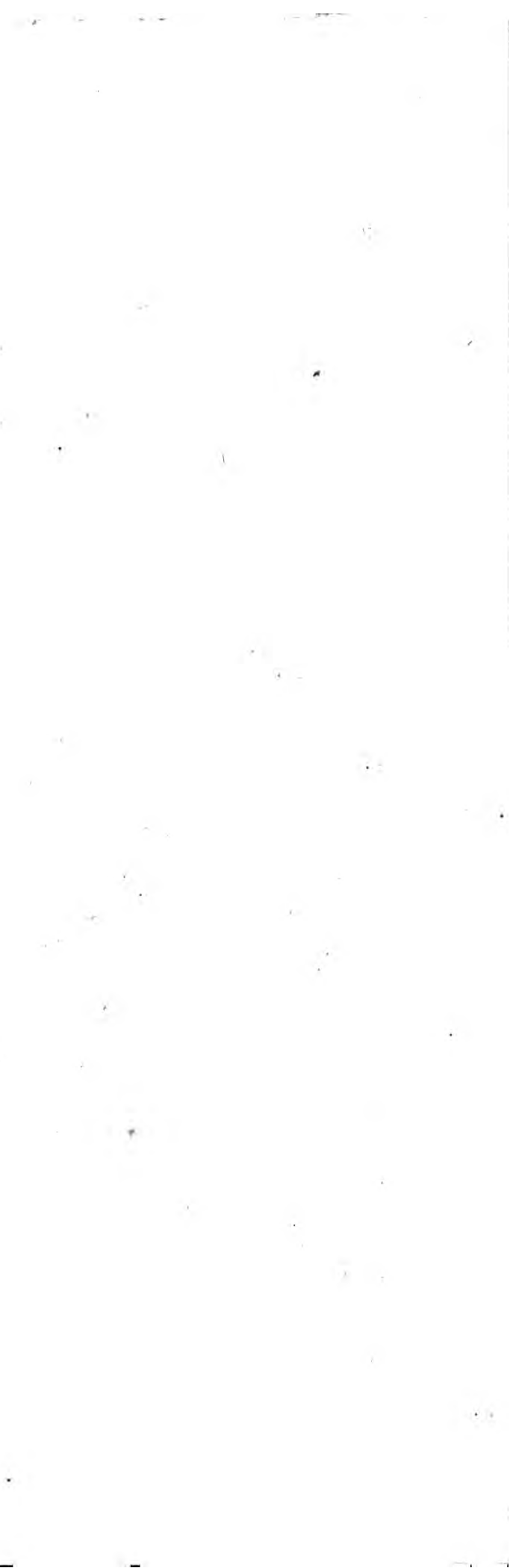
The image features a traditional marbled paper pattern, often used for book covers or endpapers. The pattern consists of large, irregular, organic shapes in shades of dark green and black, set against a lighter background of white and yellow. The overall effect is a complex, cellular, or stone-like texture. A white rectangular box is centered horizontally and vertically, containing the text "CONFINED TO THE LIBRARY." in a bold, red, sans-serif font. The text is all-caps and has a period at the end.

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T H E
W O R K S

O F

Mr. *Francis Beaumont,*

A N D

Mr. *John Fletcher.*

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE,

The DOUBLE MARRIAGE,

The MAID *in the* MILL,

The KNIGHT of MALTA,

LOVE'S CURE; *or, The* MARTIAL MAID,

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Sympfon.

L O N D O N:

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

M D C C I.

E R R A T A.

- Page 136, Line 3, before *I bear Sir* put *Maß*.
Note 29, Line 6, dele *as*
Page 150, in Note, Line 10, for *duell* read *dwell*
163, Note 50, Line 8, for *Titynis* read *Tityrus*
171, in Note, for *Slave-like* read *Slave like*
188, Note 67, Line 4, for *Poets, still* read *Poets Stile*
5, for *that* read *but*
205, Note 3, Line 2, for *any of* read *any change of*
3, for *change* read *one*
285, Note 66, Line 3, after *purpose* instead of *an?* put *a*.
338, Note 34, Line 11, after *of bis to her* add *viz. — no more Rage*
398, Note 5, at the end, add — *unless the Author, or bis Editor, wrote hope*
for holpe, not regarding the Powers of the Letters so much as the Manner of pre-
nouncing them.

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LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

A

C O M E D Y.



VOL. VII.

A



PROLOGUE.

*T*O this Place, Gentlemen, full many a Day
We've bid ye welcome, and to many a Play:
And those whose angry Souls were not diseas'd
With Law, or lending Mony, we have pleas'd;
And make no doubt to do again. This Night
No mighty Matter, nor no light,
We must intreat you look for: A good Tale,
Told in two Hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye: New
I'm sure it is, and handsom: but how true
Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the Women, and I'd know that Man
Follows not their Example? If ye mean
To know the Play well, travel with the Scene,
For't lyes upon the Road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good Men, leave us not i'th' Mire,
Another Bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but hoa,
And we'll stay for ye. When our Journey ends——
Every Man's Pot I hope, and all part Friends.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Governor of Barcelona.
Leonardo, *a noble Genoese, Father to Mark Antonio.*
Don Zanchio, *an old lame angry Soldier, Father to Leocadia.*
Alphonso, *a choleric Don, Father to Theodosia.*
Philippo, *Son to Alphonso, Lover of Leocadia.*
Marc-Antonio, *Son to Leonardo.*
Pedro, *a Gentleman, and Friend to Leonardo.*
Rodorigo, *General of the Spanish Gallies.*
Incubo, *Bailiff of Castel Blanco.*
Diego, *Host of Offuna.*
Lazaro, *Hostler to Diego.*
Host of Barcelona.
Bailiff of Barcelona.
Chirurgions.
Soldiers.
Townsmen.
Attendants.

W O M E N.

Theodosia, *Daughter to Alphonso, } Love-sick Ladies in*
Leocadia, *Daughter to Don Zanchio, } Pursuit of M. Anton.*
Eugenia, *Wife to the Governor of Barcelona.*
Hostess, Wife to Diego.
Hostess, Wife to the Host of Barcelona.

S C E N E *Barcelona and the Road.*

LOVE'S



LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Incubo the Bailiff, and Diego the Host.

INCUBO.



Ignior Don *Diego*, and mine Host, save thee.

Die. I thank you, Mr. Bailly.

Inc. O the Block!

Die. Why, how should I have answer'd?

Inc. Not with that

Negligent Rudeness: But I kifs your Hands,
Signior Don *Incubo de Hambre*, (and then
My Titles;) Master Bailly of *Castel Blanco*;—
Thou ne'er wilt have the Elegancy of an Host;
I sorrow for thee, as my Friend and Gossip:
No smoak, nor steam out-breathing from the Kitchen?
There's little Life i'th' Hearth then.

Die. Ay, there, there,
That is his Friendship, harkening for the Spit,
And sorry that he cannot smell the Pot boil.

Inc. Strange
An Inn should be so curst, and not the Sign
Blasted nor wither'd; very strange, three Days now,
And not an Egg eat in it, nor an Onion. [traps,

Die. I think they ha' strew'd th' High-ways with Cal-
No Horse dares pass 'em; I did never know

6 LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

A Week of so sad Doings, since I first
Stood to my Sign Post.

Inc. Gossip, I have found
The Root of all: (1) Kneel pray, it is thy self
Art cause thereof; each Person is the Founder
Of his own Fortune, good or bad; but mend it,
Call for thy Cloak and Rapier.

Die. How?

Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy Fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Dost thou think
Her good Face e'er will know a Man in *cuervo*?
In single Body, thus? In Hose and Doublet,
The Horse-Boy's Garb? Base Blank, and half Blank *cuervo*?
Did I, or Mr. Dean of *Sevil* our Neighbour
E'er reach our Dignities in *cuervo*, think'st thou,
In squirting Hose and Doublet? Signior, no, [Cassocks,
There went more to't: There were Cloaks, Gowns, and
And other *Paramentos*: Call, I say.
His Cloak, and Rapier here.

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your Worship?

Inc. Bring forth thy Husband's Sword; so, hang it on,
And now his Cloak, here cast it up; I mean,
Gossip, to change your Luck, and bring you Guests.

Hostess. Why! Is there Charm in this?

Inc. Expect; now walk,
But not the Pace of one that runs on Errands;
For, want of Gravity in an Host, is odious:
You may remember, Gossip, if you please,
(Your Wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipsies,
And your self governing a great Man's Mules then)
Me a poor Esquire at *Madrid* attending
A Master of Ceremonies; but a Man, believe it,
That knew his Place to the gold Weight; and such

(1) — *Kneel it is thy self*] The Verb *pray* so absolutely requisite
to complet the Quantity and Sense, I have restor'd from the Folio
of 1647.

Have

Have I heard him oft say, ought ev'ry Host
Within the Catholick King's Dominion
Be, in his own House.

Die. How?

Inc. A Master of Ceremonies;
At least Vice-Master, and to do nought in *cuervo*,
That was his Maxim, I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an Ambassador's Cook,
See a cold bake Meat from a foreign Part
In *cuervo*: Had a Dog but stay'd without,
Or Beast of Quality, as an *English* Cow,
But to present it self, he would put on
His *Savoy* Chain about his Neck, the Ruff
And Cuffs of *Holland*; then the *Naples* Hat
With the *Rome* Hat-band, and the *Florentine* Agat,
The *Milan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa*, set
With *Flemish* Buttons; all his given Pieces
To entertain 'em in, and Complement [*Knock within.*
With a tame Cony, as with th' Prince that sent it.

Die. List, who is there?

Inc. A Guest, and't be thy Will. [ha?

Die. Look Spouse, cry Luck, and we be encounter'd,

Hostess. Luck then, and good, for 'tis a fine brave Guest,
With a brave Horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of *Cuervo*

Enter Theodosia.

As you shall see Occasion; go and meet him.

Theo. Look to my Horse, I pray you, well.

Die. He shall, Sir.

Inc. Oh how beneath his Rank and Call was that now?
Your Horse shall be entreated as becomes
A Horse of Fashion, and his Inches!

Theo. Oh.

Inc. Look to the Cavalier: What ails he? Stay
If it concern his Horse, let it not trouble him,
He shall have all Respect the Place can yield him
Either of Barly, or fresh Straw. *Die.* Good Sir,
Look up. *Inc.* He sinks, somewhat to cast upon him,
He'll go away in *cuervo* else.

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Die. What, Wife!

Oh your hot Waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet Face.

Hostess. Alas,——fair Flower!

[*Exit.*

Inc. Does any Body entertain his Horse?

Die. Yes, *Lazaro* has him.

Enter Hostess with a Glass of Water.

Inc. Go you see him in Person. [*Exit Diego.*

Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this, of mine own Water,
I did distill't my self; sweet Lilly look upon me,
You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.
Faint not upon your Stalk, 'tis firm and fresh,
Stand up, so, bolt upright, you're yet in growing.

Theo. Pray you let me have a Chamber.

Hostess. That you shall, Sir.

Theo. And where I may be private, I entreat you.

Hostess. For that, in troth Sir, we ha' no Choice: Our
House

Is but a (2) Vent of need, that now and then
Receives a Guest between the greater Towns
As they come late; only one Room.

Inc. She means, Sir, it is none
Of those wild, scatter'd Heaps, call'd Inns, where scarce
The Host's heard, though he wind his Horn t'his People,
Here is a competent Pile, wherein the Man,
Wife, Servants, all do live within the whistle.

Hostess. Only one Room——

Inc. A pretty modest Quadrangle
She will describe to you.

Hostess. Wherein stand two Beds, Sir,

Enter Diego.

We have, and where, if any Guest do come,
He must of Force be lodg'd, that is the truth, Sir.

Theo. But if I pay you for both Beds, methinks
That should alike content you.

Hostess. That it shall, Sir.
If I be paid, I'm paid.

(2) *Venta*, an Inn. *Hispanicè.* Mr. *Theobald.*

Theo.

Theo. Why, there's a Ducket,
Will that make your Content?

Hostess. Oh the sweet Face on you:
A Ducket? Yes, and there were three Beds, Sir,
And twice so many Rooms, which is one more,
You should be private in 'em all, in all, Sir;
No one should have a Piece of a Bed with you,
Not Master Dean of *Sevil* himself, I swear.
Though he came naked hither, as once he did,
When h'had like t'have been ta'en a Bed with the *Moor*,
And guelt by'r Master; you shall be as private,
As if you lay in's own great House that's haunted,
Where no Body comes, they say.

Theo. I thank you, Hostess.

Pray you, will you shew me in.

Hostess. Yes marry will I, Sir,
And pray that not a Flea, or a (3) Chinch vex you.

[*Exit Hostess and Theo.*]

Inc. You forget Supper: Gossip, move for Supper.

Die. 'Tis strange what love to a Beast may do, his Horse
Threw him into this fit.

Inc. You shall excuse me,
It was his being in *cuervo* meerly caus'd it.

Die. Do you think so, Sir?

Inc. Most unlucky *cuervo*.
Nought else, he looks as he would eat a Partridge
This Guest; ha' you 'em ready in the House?
And a fine piece of Kid now? and fresh Garlick,

Enter Hostess.

(4) With a *Sardina* and *Zant Oil*? How now?
Has he bespoke? what will he have a brace,
Or but one Partridge, or a short leg'd Hen,
Daintily carbonado'd?

(3) *Chinche* in *Spanish*, signifies a stinking Wall-Louse. Mr. *Theobald*.

(4) *With Sardinia and Zant Oil?*—] I had endeavoured to cure this corrupted Passage long before I saw the Copy of 1647, thus, —*With a Sardiny and Zant Oil?*— And upon collating of that Edition, I found I had done it within a small Trifle. For there the Line runs thus; —*With a Sardina and Zant Oil.* A *Sardina* or *Sardiny*, is an Anchovy.

Hostess.

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Hostess. 'Lafs, the dead
May be as ready for a Supper as he.

Inc. Ha ?

Hostess. He has no mind to eat, more than his shadow.

Inc. Say you.

Die. How does your Worship ?

Inc. I put on

My left Shoe first to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a Bead in faying 'em o'er, else
I could not be thus cross'd: He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his Years, and have
No better a Stomach ?

Hostess. And in such good Cloaths too. [Wife,

Die. Nay, these do often make the Stomach worse,
That is no reason.

Inc. I could, at his Years, Gossips,
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of Ducks, with my half Goose, my Cony,
And drank my whole twelve *Marvedis* in Wine,
As easie as I now get down three Olives.

Die. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
(5) Your Worship would put to't at six and thirty
For a good Wager; and the Meal in too.

Inc. I do not know what mine old Mouth can do,
I ha not prov'd it lately.

Die. That's the grief, Sir.

Inc. But is he without hope then gone to Bed ?

Hostess. I fear so, Sir; h'as lock'd the Door close to him,
Sure he is very ill.

Inc. That is with fasting,
You should ha' told him Gossip, what you had had,
Given him the Inventory of your Kitchen,
It is the Picklock in an Inn, and often

(5) *Your Worship would put to't at six and thirty*] This is not an
Age for a Man to be called old at: *Six and Fifty* I imagine was what
our Authors wrote, tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.
What seems to be a Confirmation of it is the following Speech of
Jacubo,

I do not know what my old Mouth can do.

Opens

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. FI

Opens a close barr'd Stomach: What may he be trow?
Has he so good a Horse?

Die. Oh a brave Jennet,
As e'er your Worship saw.

Inc. And he eats?

Die. Strongly.

Inc. A mighty Solecism, Heav'n give me Patience,
What Creatures has he?

Hostess. None.

Inc. And so well cloath'd,
And so well mounted?

Die. That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he should be; he is attir'd and hors'd
For th' Constable's Son of *Spain*.

Inc. My wonder's more
He should want Appetite: Well, a good Night
To both my Gossips; I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping: In the Morning
Remember him of Breakfast pray you.

Hostess. I shall, Sir.

Die. A hungry time, Sir.

Inc. We that live like Mice
On others Meat, must watch when we can get it. [*Ex. Inc.*]

Hostess. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair Guest
Says, though he eats no Supper he will pay [Health,
For one. *Die.* Good news; we'll eat it Spouse, t' his
'Twas politickly done t'admit no sharers.

Enter Philippo.

Pbi. Look to the Mules there, where's mine Host?

Die. Here, Sir.

Another Fairy?

Hostess. Bless me——

Pbi. From what, sweet Hostess?

Are you afraid o' your Guests?

Host. From Angels, Sir,
I think there's none but such come here to Night,
My House had never so good luck afore
For brave fine Guests; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.

Pbi. No?

Hostess.

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Hostefs. Not lodge you, Sir.

Pbi No, Hostefs?

Hostefs. No in troth, Sir, I do tell you,
Because you may provide in time: my Beds
Are both ta'en up by a young Cavalier
That will and must be private. *Die.* He has paid, Sir,
For all our Chambers. *Hostefs.* Which is one; and Beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two: But, Sir,
So sweet a Creature, I am very sorry [*Aside.*
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him,
You're both the loveliest pieces.

Pbi. What train has he?

Die. None but himself.

Pbi. And will no less than both Beds
Serve him?

Hostefs. H'as given me a Ducket for 'em.

Pbi. Oh,

You give me reason, Hostefs: Is he handsome,
And young, d'you say?

Hostefs. Oh Sir, the delicat'st Flesh
And finest Cloaths withal, and such a Horse,
With such a Saddle.

Pbi. She's in love with all, [*Aside.*
The Horse, and him, and Saddle, and Cloaths, good Woman,
Thou justifiest thy Sex; lov'st all that's brave:

Enter Incubo.

Sure though I lye o'th' ground, I'll stay here now
And have a fight of him: You'll give me House-room,
Fire, and fresh Meat, for Mony, gentle Hostefs;
And make me a Pallat?

Inc. Sir, she shall do reason, ———
I understood you had another Guest, Gossips,
Pray you let his Mule be look'd to, have good Straw,
And store of Bran: And Gossip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for Supper: What good Fowl ha' you?
This Gentleman would eat a Pheasant.

Hostefs. 'Lafs Sir,
We ha' no such.

Inc.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. 13

Inc. I kiss your Hands, fair Sir. [To Philippo.
 What ha' you then? speak what you have? I'm one, Sir,
 Here for the Catholick King, an Officer
 T' enquire what Guests come to these Places; you, Sir,
 Appear a Person of Quality, and 'tis fit
 You be accommodated: Why speak you not,
 What ha' you Woman? are you afraid to vent
 That which you have?

Pbi. This is a most strange Man;
 T'appoint my Meat.

Hostess. The half of a cold Hen, Sir,
 And a boil'd quarter of Kid, is all
 I'th' House. *Inc.* Why all's but cold; let him see't forth,
 Cover, and give the Eye some satisfaction,
 A Trav'ler's Stomach must see Bread and Salt,
 His Belly's nearer to him than his Kindred:
 Cold Hen's a pretty Meat, Sir.

Pbi. What you please,
 I am resolv'd t' obey.

Inc. So is your Kid,
 With Pepper, Garlick, and the juice of an Orange;
 She shall with Sallads help it, and clean Linnen;
 Dispatch. What news at Court, Sir?

Pbi. Faith, new Tires
 Most of the Ladies have, the Men old Suits;
 Only the King's Fool has a new Coat
 To serve you.

Inc. I did guess you came from thence, Sir.

Pbi. But I do know I did not.

Inc. I mistook, Sir.

What hear you of the Archdukes?

Pbi. Troth, your Question.

Enter Hostess and Servants with a Table.

Inc. Of the French Business, What?

Pbi. As much.

Inc. No more?

They say the French: Oh that's well; (6) come, I'll help [you.

(6) —come, I'll help you.] i. e. to lay the Cloth.

Have

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Have you no Jiblets now? Or a broil'd Rasher.
Or some such present Dish t' assist?

Hostess. Not any, Sir.

Inc. The more your fault, you ne'er should be without
Such aids, what Cottage would ha' lack'd a Pheasant
At such a time as this? Well, bring your Hen
And Kid forth quickly.

Pbi. That should be my Prayer,
To scape his Inquisition.

Inc. Sir, the *French*,
They say, are divided 'bout their Match with us,
What think you of it?

Pbi. As of naught to me, Sir.

Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love
To ask after these things, to know the Affections
Of States and Princes, now and then for bettering—

Pbi. Of your own Ignorance.

Inc. Yes, Sir.

Pbi. Many do so.

Inc. I cannot live without it; what d' you hear
Of our *Indian* Fleet; they say they're well return'd.

Pbi. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?

Enter Hostess and Servants with Meat.

Inc. Why do you ask, Sir?

Pbi. 'Cause it might concern you,
It does not me.

Inc. Oh here's your Meat come.

Pbi. Thanks,
I welcome it at any price.

Inc. Some Stools here,
And bid mine Host bring Wine, I'll try your Kid,
If he be sweet: He looks well; yes, he's good;
I'll carve you, Sir.

Pbi. You use me too too Princely,
Taste, and carve too.

Inc. I love to do these Offices.

Pbi. I think you do, for whose sake?

Inc. For themselves, Sir,
The very doing of them is Reward.

Pbi.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. 15

Pbi. 'Had little Faith would not believe you, Sir.

Inc. Gossip, some Wine.

Enter Diego with Wine.

Die. Here 'tis, and right St. *Martin*.

Inc. Measure me out a Glafs.

Pbi. I love th' Humanity

Us'd in this Place.

Inc. Sir, I salute you here.

Pbi. I kiss your Hands, Sir.

Inc. Good Wine; it will beget an Appetite:
Fill him, and sit down, Gossip, entertain
Your noble Guest here, as becomes your Title.

Die. Please you to like this Wine, Sir?

Pbi. I dislike

Nothing, mine Host, but that I may not see,
Your conceal'd Guest; here's to you.

Die. In good faith, Sir,

I wish y' as well as him; would you might see him.

Inc. And wherefore may he not?

Die. 'Has lock'd himself, Sir,

Up, and has hir'd both the Beds o' my Wife
(7) At extraordinary rate.

Pbi. I'll give as much,

If that will do't, for one, as he for both;
What say you mine Host, the Door once open
I'll fling my self upon the next Bed to him,
And there's an end of me till Morning; Noise
I will make none.

Die. I wish your Worship well——but

Inc. His Honour is engag'd: And my she-Gossip
Hath past her Promise, hath she not?

Die. Yes truly.

Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the House:
Well, I will eat a little, and think; how say you, Sir,
Unto this Brawn o'th' Hen?

Pbi. I ha' more mind
To get this Bed, Sir.

(7) *At extraordinary rate.*] We might perhaps read it more fully
thus, *At an extraordinary rate.*

Inc.

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Inc. Say you so? Why then
Give't me again, and drink to me; Mine Host
Fill him his Wine, thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it,
I eat but to teach you the way, Sir.

Pbi. Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this Chamber,
I'll give mine Host two Duckets for his Bed,
And you Sir two Reals; here's to you.

Inc. Excuse me,
I am not Mercenary; Gossip pledge him for me,
I'll think a little more, but ev'n one bit
And then talk on, you cannot interrupt me.

Die. This piece of Wine, Sir, cost me——

Inc. Star, I've found:
This little Morfel, and then, here's excellent Garlick:
Have you not a bunch of Grapes now; or some Bacon,
To give the Mouth a relish?

Die. Wife, d' you hear?

Inc. It is no matter: Sir, give mine Host your Duckets.

Die. How, Sir?

Inc. Do you receive 'em, I will save
Th' honesty of your House; and yours too Gossip;
And I will lodge the Gentleman; shew the Chamber.

Die. Good Sir, d' you hear?

Inc. Shew me the Chamber.

Die. Pray you, Sir,
Do not disturb my Guests.

Inc. Disturb? I hope
The Catholick King, Sir, may command a Lodging
Without disturbing in his Vassal's House,
For any Minister of his, employ'd
In business of the State. Where is the Door?
Open the Door, who are you there? Within?
In the King's Name. [Theodosia within.]

Theo. What would you have?

Inc. Your Key, Sir,
And your Door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Justice, sent
Upon the King's Affairs.

Theo.

Theo. Kings and Necessities

Must be obey'd: The Key's under the Door.

Inc. How now Sir, are you fitted? You secur'd?

Pbi. Your two Reals are grown a piece of Eight.

Inc. Excuse me, Sir.

Pbi. 'Twill buy a Hen, and Wine,
Sir, for to Morrow.

[*Exit Phi.*

Inc. I do kifs your Hands, Sir.

Well, this will bear my Charge yet to the Gallies,
Where I am owing a Ducket, whither this Night
By the Moon's leave I'll march; for in the Morning
Early, they put from Port St. Mary's. [*Exit all but Diego:*

Die. Lazaro.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the Horfes?

Laz. Would you would go and see, Sir,
A——of all Jades, what a clap h'has given me:
As sure as you live Master he knew perfectly
I couzen'd him on's Oats, he lookt upon me,
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, take heed Sirrah:
And when he saw our half Peck, which you know
Was but an old Court Dish, Lord how he stampt;
I thought 't had been for Joy, when suddenly
He cuts me a back Caper with his Heels,
And takes me just o'th' Crupper, down came I,
And all my ounce of Oats: Then he Neigh'd out,
As though h'ad had a Mare by th' Tail.

Die. Faith Lazaro

We are to blame, to use the poor dumb Servitors
So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other Gentleman's Horfe
Keeping our Lady's Eve, the Devil a bit
H'as got since he came in yet; there he stands,
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, Sir,
He shall look lean enough; h'as Hay before him,
But 'tis as big as Hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it butter'd; he had four Shoes
And good ones when he came; 'tis a strange wonder,
With standing still he should cast three.

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Die. O *Lazaro*.

The Devil's in this Trade; Truth never knew it:
And to the Devil we shall travel, *Lazaro*,
Unless we mend our Manners: Once ev'ry Week
I meet with such a knock to mollifie me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my Conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain, Master,
We must use better dealing.

Die. 'Faith for mine own part,
Not to give ill example to our Issues,
I could be well content to steal but two Girths,
And now and then a Saddle-cloth; change a Bridle
Only for Exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there,
There were some hope on's, Master; but the Devil is
We're drunk so early, we mistake whole Saddles;
Sometimes a Horse; and then it seems to us too
Ev'ry poor Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his Ears in clean Straw, and every Bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of Provender,
Not so much Straw as would tye up a Horse Tail,
Nor any thing i'th' Rack, but two old Cobwebs,
And so much rotten Hay as had been a Hen's Nest.

Die. Well, these mistakings must be mended, *Lazaro*,
These Apparitions, that abuse our Senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the Manger,
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot,
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose Horse we ought, in Conscience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A Parson's Horse may suffer
A little greasing in his Teeth, 'tis wholesome,
And keeps him in a sober shuffle; and's Saddle
May want a Stirrop, and it may be sworn
His Learning lay on one side, and so broke it:
H'as ever Oats in's Cloak-bag (8) to prevent us,

(8) —to prevent us.] *Johnson* in his *New Inn*, reads what may be the right here, *to affront us*. The Corruption was easy.

And

And therefore 'tis a meritorious Office
To Tythe him soundly.

Laz. And a Grazier may
(For those are pinching Puckfoysts, and suspicious)
Suffer a Mist before his Eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his Horse eat half a Bushel:
When the truth is, rubbing his Gums with Salt,
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

Die. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial; but good *Lazaro*,
Have you a care of understanding Horses,
Horses that know the World; let them have Meat
Till their Teeth ake, and rubbing till their Ribs
Shine like a Wenches Forehead; they are Devils—

Laz. And look into our Dealings; as sure as we live
These Courtiers Horses are a kind of *Welch* Prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too: I'll no more such Complements
Upon my Crupper.

Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll Repent together,
It will not be above two Days.

Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, Sir.

Die. Why then I'll stay for thee. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Theodosia and Philippo discovered on several Beds.

Theo. Oh,——ho? oh——ho?

Phi. Ha?

Theo. Oh——oh? Heart——heart——heart——heart?

Phi. What's that?

Theo. When wilt thou break?----break, break, break?

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Pbi. Ha?

I would the Voice (9) were stronger, or I nearer.

Theo. Shame, shame, eternal shame? what have I done?--

Pbi. Done?

Theo. And to no end, what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken?-----

Pbi. Journey?

Theo. How, without counsel, care, reason, or fear?

Pbi. Whither will this fit carry?

Theo. Oh my folly.

Pbi. This is no common sickness.

Theo. How have I left
All I should love, or keep? oh Heav'n.

Pbi. Sir.

Theo. Ha?

Pbi. How do you, gentle Sir?

Theo. Alas, my fortune.

Pbi. It seems your sorrow oppresses: please your good-
Let me bear half, Sir; a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.

Theo. Oh!

Pbi. That Sigh betrays
The fulness of your Grief.
Theo. Ay, if that Grief
Had not bereft me of my Understanding,
I should have well remembered where I was,
And in what Company; and clapt a Lock
Upon this Tongue for talking.

Pbi. Worthy Sir,
Let it not add t' your Grief, that I have heard
A Sigh or Groan come from you; that is all, Sir. [fear,

Theo. Good Sir, no more; you've heard too much I
Would I had taken Poppy when I spake it.

Pbi. It seems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke ought
I could interpret. But believe it, Sir,
Had I had means to look into your Breast,

(9) —*were strong*.—] I imagine we should read here for improving
both Metre and Sense thus, —*were stronger, or I nearer*.

And

And ta'en you sleeping here, that so securely
I might have read all that your Woe would hide,
I would not have betray'd you.

Theo. Sir, that Speech
Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.

Pbi. At your own Election,
I dare not make my Faith so much suspected
As to protest again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.

Theo. Sir, I will trust you,
But you shall promise, Sir, to keep your Bed,
And whatsoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beseech you, from me ——

Pbi. Sir, I will not.

Theo. Than I am prone to utter.

Pbi. My Faith for it,

Theo. If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace;
You will be noble?

Pbi. You shall make me so,
If you'll but think me such.

Theo. I do: Then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you've talk'd so long.
I am a most unfortunate lost Woman.

Pbi. Ha?

Theo. Do not stir, Sir; I have here a Sword.

Pbi. Not I, sweet Lady: Of what Blood or Name?

Theo. You'll keep your Faith?

Pbi. I'll perish else.

Theo. Believe then
Of Birth too noble for me, so descended——
I am asham'd, no less than I'm affrighted.

Pbi. Fear not; by all good things I will not wrong you.

Theo. I am the Daughter of a noble Gentleman
Born in this part of *Spain*; my Father's Name, Sir——
But why should I abuse that Reverence,
When a Child's Duty has forsaken me?

Pbi. All may be mended, in fit time too: speak it.

Theo. *Alphonso*, Sir.

Pbi. *Alphonso*? What's your own Name?

Theo. Any base thing you can invent.

Pbi. Deal truly.

Theo. They call me *Theodosia*.

Pbi. Ha? and Love

Is that that hath chang'd you thus?

Theo. Ye've observ'd me

Too nearly Sir, 'tis that indeed: 'tis Love, Sir: [thus?

And Love of him (oh Heav'ns) why should Men deal

Why should they use their Arts to cozen us,

That have no cunning, but our fears, about us?

And ever that too late too; no dissembling

Or double way, but doating, too much loving?

Why should they find new Oaths, to make more Wretches?

Pbi. What may his Name be?

Theo. Sir, a Name that promises,

Methinks, no such ill usage: *Mark-Antonio*,

A noble Neighbour's Son: Now I must desire ye

To stay a while; else my weak Eyes must answer.

Pbi. I will:----Are ye yet ready? What's his Quality?

Theo. His best a Thief, Sir: that he would be known by

Is, Heir to *Leonardo*, a rich Gentleman:

Next, of a handsome Body, had Heav'n made him

A Mind fit to it. To this Man, my Fortune,

(My more than purblind Fortune) gave my Faith,

Drawn to it by as many shews of Service

And signs of Truth, as ever false Tongue utter'd:

Heav'n pardon all-----

Pbi. 'Tis well said: forward, Lady.

Theo. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of Rings

Our Soul's deliver'd: nothing left unfinish'd

But the last work, enjoying me, and Ceremony;

For that, I must confess, was th' first wise doubt

I ever made: Yet after all this Love, Sir,

All this profession of his Faith, when daily

And hourly I expected the blest Priest,

He left me like a dream, (as all this story

Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;

Yet I have called my Conscience to confession,

And every Syllable that might offend

I've had in shrift: yet neither Love's Law, Signior,

Nor

Nor tye of Maiden's duty, but desiring,
 Have I transgressed in:) left his Father too,
 Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
 Can any Tongue resolve me: All my hope
 (Which keeps me yet alive, and would persuade me
 I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me
 A shame to all my modest Sex) is this, Sir,
 I have a Brother and his old Companion,
 Student in *Salamanca*, there my last hope
 If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
 Is left me to recover him: For which Travel
 In this Suit left at home of that dear Brother's
 Thus as you find me, without Fear, or Wisdom,
 I've wander'd from my Father, fled my Friends,
 And now am only Child of hope and danger:
 You are now silent, Sir, this tedious Story
 (That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy,
 'Tis fit you should do so; for that and I
 Can be but troubles.

Pbi. No, I sleep not Lady:

I would I could: Oh Heav'n, is this my Comfort?

Theo. What ail you, gentle Sir?

Pbi. Oh.

Theo. Why d' you groan so?

Pbi. I must, I must; Oh Misery!

Theo. But now, Sir,

You were my Comfort, if any thing afflict ye
 Am not I fit to bear a part on't? And by your own Rule?

Pbi. No; if you could heal, as you've wounded me,
 But 'tis not in your Power.

Theo. I fear Intemperance.

Pbi. Nay, do not seek to shun me; I must see you,
 By Heav'n I must. Ho there mine Host; a Candle:
 Strive not, I will not stir ye.

Theo. Noble Sir,
 This is a breach of Promise.

Pbi. Tender Lady,
 It shall be none but necessary. Ho there,
 Some light, some light for Heav'n's sake.

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Theo. Will ye betray me?
Are ye a Gentleman?

Pbi. Good Woman:

Theo. Sir.

Enter Diego with a Light.

Pbi. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me.

Die. Y'are early stirring, Sir.

Pbi. Give me your Candle,
And so good morrow for a while.

Die. Good morrow, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Theo. My Brother Don *Philipppo*: Nay Sir, kill me,
I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,
I can deserve none: As ye look upon me
Behold in infinite these foul Dishonours,
My noble Father, then your self, last all
That bear the name of Kindred, suffer in me:
I have forgot whose Child I am; whose Sister:
Do you forget the Pity tied to that,
Let not Compassion sway you, you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,
A favourer of my fault; ye have a Sword, Sir,
And such a cause to kill me in.

Pbi. Rise Sister,
I wear no Sword for Women, nor no Anger,
While your fair Chastity is yet untouch'd.

Theo. By those bright Stars, it is, Sir.

Pbi. For my Sister
I do believe ye, and so near Blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your Virtues,
That I will be a Brother to your Griefs too:
Be comforted, 'tis no dishonour, Sister,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a Gentleman
Of as sweet Hopes, as Years, as many Promises,
As there be growing Truths, and great ones.

Theo. O Sir, I——

Pbi. Do not despair.

Theo. Can ye forgive?——

Pbi. Yes Sister,
Though this be no small Error, a far greater.

Theo.

Theo. And think me still your Sister ?

Pbi. My dear Sister.

Theo. And will you counsel me ?

Pbi. To your own peace too.

Ye shall love still.

Theo. How good ye are ?

Pbi. My business,

And duty to my Father, which now drew me

From *Salamanca* (10) I will lay aside,

And only be your Agent. To persuade ye

To leave both Love, and him, and well retire ye——

Theo. O gentle Brother.

Pbi. I perceive 'tis Folly :

(11) Delays in Love, are dangerous.

Theo. Noble Brother !

Pbi. Fear not, I'll run your own way ; and to help you,

Love having rackt your Passions beyond Counsel,

I'll hazard mine own Fame. Whither shall we venture ?

Theo. Alas, I know not, Sir.

Pbi. Come, 'tis bright Morning,

Let's walk out, and consider ; you'll keep this Habit.

Theo. I would, Sir.

Pbi. Then it shall be ; what must I call ye ?

Come, do not blush, pray speak, I may spoil all else.

Theo. Pray call me *Theodoro*.

Enter Diego.

Die. Are ye ready ?

The day draws on apace, once more good Morrow.

(10) —— *I will lay aside,*

And only be your Agent to persuade ye

To leave both Love, and him, and well retire ye——

Theo. O gentle Brother.

Pbi. *I perceive 'tis Folly :*] The Punctuation in the Text was suggested to me by a learned and ingenious Gentleman, and whom I have the Happiness to call my Friend. The Improvement of the Sense of this Passage, by this means, is too clear and obvious to need any farther Explanation.

(11) *Delays in Love, more dangerous.*] More dangerous than what ? Here is nothing seemingly to which this *more* has any relation : I would therefore propose reading thus,

Delays in Love are dangerous.

Theo.

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Theo. Good morrow, gentle Host, now I must thank ye.

Pbi. Who dost thou think this is?

Die. Were you a Wench, Sir,
I think you'd know before me.

Pbi. Mine own Brother.

Die. By th' Mass your Noses are akin; should I then
Have been so barbarous to have parted Brothers?

Pbi. You knew it then.

Die. I knew 'twas necessary
You should be both together: Instinct, Signior,
Is a great matter in an Host.

Theo. I'm satisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Is not mine Host up yet?

Pbi. Who's that?

Die. I'll see.

Pbi. Sister, withdraw your self.

Ped. Signior *Philippo*.

Pbi. Noble Don *Pedro*, where have you been this way?

Ped. I came from Port St. *Maries*, whence the Gallies
Put this last Tide, and bound for *Barcelona*,
I brought *Mark-Antony* upon his way.

Pbi. *Mark-Antony*?

Ped. Who is turn'd Soldier,
And entertain'd in the new Regiment
For *Naples*.

Pbi. Is it possible?

Ped. I assure you.

Pbi. And put they in at *Barcelona*?

Ped. So

One of the Masters told me.

Pbi. Which way go you, Sir?

Ped. Home.

Pbi. And I for *Sevil*: Pray you, Sir, say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the Question;
I have some little business.

Ped. Were it less, Sir,
It shall not become me to lose the caution:
Shall we breakfast together?

Pbi.

Pbi. I'll come to you, Sir.
 Sifter, you hear this; I believe your Fortune
 Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
 Mules of mine Host here; if we can, himself
 To be our Guide, and straight to *Barcelona*.
 This was as happy News, as unexpected.
 Stay you 'till I rid him away.

Theo. I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso and a Servant.

Alpb. **K**NOCK at the Door.

Ser. 'Tis open, Sir.

Alpb. That's all one,
 Knock when I bid you.

Serv. Will not your Worship enter?

Alpb. Will not you learn more Manners, Sir, and do that
 Your Master bids ye; knock ye Knave, or I'll knock
 Such a round Peal about your Pate — I enter
 Under his Roof, or come to say God save ye [me?
 To him, (12) the Son of whose base dealings has undone
 Knock louder, louder yet: I'll starve and rot first,
 This open Air is every Man's.

2 *Serv.* [*within.*] Come in, Sir.

(13) *Enter two Servants.*

Alpb. No, no, Sir, I'm none of these *Come in Sirs,*
 None

(12) — *the Son of whose base dealings—*] The oddness of the
 Phrase. *the Son of base dealings*, and the length of the Line, make me
 mightily inclin'd to believe the Original might have been expressed thus,
To him, whose Son's base dealings has undone me.

(13) *Enter two Servants.* Roul. Ashton.] So the Folio of 1647.
 By letting *Roul. Ashton* stand here so ridiculously, Mr. *Shirley*, the
 Editor of the first Folio, has in a great Measure forfeited my once good
 Opinion of him. For it seems as if he had printed this Play from no
 better Authority than the Prompter's Book, where 'tis necessary to
 have every minute direction set down, both for shifting the Scenes and
 bringing

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None of those Visitants; bid your wise Master
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go, Sir.

2 *Serv.* Your Worship may be welcome.

Alph. Sir, I will not,

I come not to be welcome: my good three Duckets,
My pickled Sprat a day, and no Oil to't,
And once a Year a Cotten Coat, leave prating,
And tell your Master I am here.

2 *Serv.* I will, Sir.

This is a strange old Man.

[*Exit.*

Alph. I welcome to him?

I'll be first welcome to a Pesthouse: Sirrah
Let's have your Valour now cas'd up, and quiet,
When an occasion calls, 'tis Wisdom in ye,
A Servingman's Discretion: if you do draw,

*Enter Leonardo, and Don Zanchio, carried by two
Servants in a Chair.*

Draw but according to your Entertainment;
Five Nobles worth of fury.

Leo. Signior *Alphonso*,

I hope no discontent from my Will given,
Has made ye shun my House;
And credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister Offences.

Alph. O good Signior

I know ye for *Italian* breed, fair Tongu'd;
Spare your Apologies, I care not for 'em,
As little for your Love, Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon ye:
I come to ask my Daughter.

Leo. Gentle Sir!

Alph. I am not gentle, Sir, nor gentle will be
'Till I have Justice, my poor Child restor'd

bringing in of Moveables, as well as to note the Entrance of the
Players at their proper Seasons. And I wish we may not have too
much reason from this careless Oversight, to imagine that a great many
of the Pieces in the whole Collection were not printed from any better
Manuscripts than these (too often sad ones) of the several Prompters.

Your

Your caper-cutting Boy has run away with,
 Young Signior smooth-face ; he that takes up Wenches
 With Smiles and sweet Behaviours, Songs, and Sonnets,
 Your high fed Jennet, that no hedge can hold :
 They say you bred him for a Stallion. [nour

Zanob. Fie Signior, there be Times, and terms of Ho-
 To argue these things in, deciderments able
 To speak ye noble Gentlemen, ways punctual,
 And to the Life of credit, ye're too rugged.

Alph. I am too tame, Sir.

Leo. Will ye hear but reason ?

Alph. No, I will hear no reason : I come not hither
 To be popt off with reason ; reason then.

Zanob. Why Signior, in all things there must be method,
 Ye choak the Child of Honour else, Discretion.
 Do you conceive an Injury ?

Alph. What then, Sir ?

Zanob. Then follow it in fair terms, let your Sword bite
 When time calls, not your Tongue.

Alph. I know, Sir,
 Both when and what to do without Directions,
 And where, and how ; I come not to be tutor'd ;
 My cause is no Man's but mine own : you Signior,
 Will ye restore my Daughter ?

Leo. Who detains her ?

Alph. No more of these slight shifts.

Leo. Ye urge me, Signior,
 With strange injustice, 'cause my Son has err'd—

Zanob. Mark him.

Leo. Out of the heat of Youth, does't follow
 I must be the Father of his Crimes ?

Alph. I say still,
 Leave off your Rhet'rick, and restore my Daughter,
 And suddenly ; bring in your Rebel too,
 Moundragon, he that mounts without Commission,
 That I may see him punished, and severely,
 Or by the Holy Heav'n I'll fire your House,
 And there's my way of Honour.

Zanob. Pray give me leave ;
 Was not Man made the noblest Creature ?

Alph.

Alph. Well Sir.

Zanch. Should not his Mind then answer to his Making,
And to his Mind his Actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our Worths,
And cancel our Discretions, doing those things
To cure Offences, are the most Offences?
We've Rules of Justice in us, to those Rules.
Let us apply our Angers: You can consider
The want in others of these terminations,
And how unfurnish'd they appear.

Alph. Hang others,
And where the Wrongs are open, hang Respects,
I come not to consider.

Leo. Noble Sir,
Let's argue coolly, and consider like Men.

Alph. Like Men!

Leo. Ye are too sudden still.

Alph. Like Men, Sir?

Zanch. It is fair Language, and ally'd to Honour. [renewe

Alph. Why, what strange Beast would your grave Reve-
Make me appear? like Men!

Zanch. Taste but that point, Sir,
And ye recover all.

Alph. I tell thy Wisdom
I am as much a Man, and as good a Man——

Leo. All this is granted, Sir.

Alph. As wise a Man——

Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.

Alph. And a Man

Dares make thee no Man; or at best, a base Man.

Zanch. Fie, fie, here wants much Carriage.

Alph. Hang much Carriage.

Leo. Give me good Language.

Alph. Sirrah Signior, give me my Daughter.

Leo. I am as gentle as your self, as free Born——

Zanch. Observe his way.

Leo. As much respect ow'd to me——

Zanch. This hangs together nobly.

Leo. And for Civil,

A great deal more, it seems: Go look your Daughter.

Zanch. There ye were well off, Signior. *Leo.*

Leo. That rough Tongue
You understand at first: You never think, Sir,
Out of your Mightiness, of my Loss; here I stand
A patient Anvil, to your burning Angers,
Made Subject to your Dangers; yet my Loss equal:
Who shall bring home my Son?

Alph. A whipping Beadle.

Leo. Why, is your Daughter whorish?

Alph. Ha, thou dar'st not;
By Heav'n I know thou dar'st not——

Leo. I dare more, Sir,
If you dare be uncivil.

Alph. Laugh too, Pidgeon.

Zanob. A fitter time for Fame's sake; two weak Nurses
Would laugh at this; are there no more Days coming,
No Ground but this to argue on? No Swords left,
Nor Friends to carry this, but your own Furies?
Alas! it shows too weakly.

Alph. Let it show,
I come not here for Shews: Laugh at me, Sirrah?
I'll give ye Cause to laugh.

Leo. Ye are as like, Sir,
As any Man in *Spain*.

Alph. By Heav'n, I will,
I will, brave *Leonardo*.

Leo. Brave *Alphonso*,
I will expect it then.

Zanob. Hold ye there both,
These Terms are noble.

Alph. Ye shall hear shortly from me.

Zanob. Now discreetly.

Alph. Assure your self ye shall: Do you see this Sword,
He has not cast his Teeth yet. [Sir?

Zanob. Rarely carried.

Alph. He bites deep, most Times mortal: Signior,
I'll hound him at thee fair and home.

Zanob. Still nobly.

Alph. And at all those that dare maintain ye.

Zanob. Excellent.

Leo. How you shall please, Sir, so it be fair, though
I'd rather give you Reason. [certain
Zanob.

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Zanb. Fairly urg'd too.

Alpb. This is no Age for Reason; prick your Reason
Upon your Sword's point.

Zanb. Admirably follow'd.

Alpb. And there I'll hear it: so 'till I please, live, Sir. [*Ex.*

Leo. And so farewell, you're welcome.

Zanb. Th' end crowns all things.

Signior, some little business past, this cause I'll argue
And be a Peace between ye, if't so please ye,
And by the square of Honour to the utmost.
I feel the old Man's master'd by much Passion,
And too high rack'd, which makes him overshoot all
His Valour should direct at, and hurt those
That stand but by as blenchers; this he must know too,
As necessary to his Judgment, doting Women
Are neither safe nor wise Adventurers; conceive me,
If once their Will have wander'd; nor is't then
A time to use our Rages: for why should I
Bite at the Stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that Women are most Wooers,
Though closest in their Carriage? Don't all Men know,
Scarce all the compass of the Globe can hold 'em,
If their Affections be afoot? shall I then covet
The Follies of a She-fool, that by Nature
Must seek her like, by reason be a Woman?
Sink a tall Ship, because the Sails defie me?
No, I disdain that Folly; he that ventures
Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlasting motion in his Scabbard.
I doubt not to make Peace; and so for this time
My best Love and Remembrance.

Leo. Your poor Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Diego, Philippo, *and* Theodosia.

Phi. Where will our Horses meet us?

Die. Fear not you, Sir,

Some half Mile hence my Worship's Man will stay us:

How

How is it with my young Bloods? come, be jovial,
Let's travel like a merry Flock of wild Geese,
Every Tongue talking.

Pbi. We are very merry;
But do you know this way, Sir?

Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks these woody Thickets should harbour Knaves.

Die. I fear none but fair Wenches; those are Thieves,
May quickly rob me of my good Conditions,
If they cry stand once: But the best is; Signiors,
They cannot bind my Hands; for any else,
They meet an equal Knave, and there's my Passport.
I've seen fine Sport in this place: Had these Trees Tongues,
They'd tell ye pretty Matters: Don't you fear though,
They are not every Day's Delights.

Pbi. What Sport, Sir?

Die. Why, to say true, the Sport of all Sports.

Pbi. What was't?

Die. Such turning up of Taffataes; and you know
To what rare whistling Tunes they go, far beyond
A soft Wind in the Shrouds; such stand there, and
Down in the other Place: Such Supplications
And Sub-divisions for those Toys their Honours;
One, as ye are a Gentleman, in this Bush;
And oh, sweet Sir, what mean ye? There's a Bracelet,
And use me, I beseech ye, like a Woman,
And her Petition's heard: Another scratches,
And cries she'll die first, and then swoonds; but certain
She's brought to Life again, and does well after.
Another, save mine Honour, Oh mine Honour!
My Husband serves the Duke, Sir, in his Kitchen,
I have a cold Pye for ye; fie, fie, fie, Gentlemen,
(14) Will nothing satisfie ye, where's my Husband?
Another cries, d'ye see, Sir, how they use me,
Is there no Law for these things?

Theo. And, good mine Host,
Do you call these fine Sports?

(14) So the first Folio. The rest, *Will nothing satisfie, where's, &c.*

Die. What should I call 'em,
They've been so call'd these thousand Years and upwards.

Pbi. But what becomes o'th' Men?

Die. They're stript and bound,
Like so many *Adams*, with Fig-Leaves afore 'em,
And there's their Innocence.

Theo. Would we had known this,
Before we reacht this Place.

Pbi. Come, there's no Danger,
These are but sometimes Chances.

Enter Bailiff.

Die. Now we must through.

Theo. Who's that?

Die. Stand to it Signiors.

Pbi. No it needs not.

I know the Face, 'tis honest.

Bail. What mine Host,
Mine everlasting honest Host?

Die. Mass Bailly :
Now in the Name of an ill Reckoning,
What make you walking this round?

Bail. A——of this round,
And of all Businests too, through Woods, and Rascals,
They've rounded me away a dozen Duckets,
Besides a fair round Cloak : Some of 'em knew me,
Else they had cas'd me like a Cunny too,
As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me,
For they began to baste me soundly : My young Signiors,
You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and hourly,
You set not out so early ; y' had been smoak'd else,
By this true Hand ye had, Sirs, finely smoak'd,
Had ye been Women, smockt too.

Theo. Heav'n defend us.

Bail. Nay, that had been no Prayer ; there were those
That run that Prayer out of Breath, yet fail'd too.
There was a Friar, now ye talk of Prayer,
With an huge Bunch of Beads, like a Rope of Onions,
I'm sure as big, that out of Fear and Prayer,

In half an Hour, wore 'em as small as Bugles,
Yet he was flead too.

Pbi. At what Hour was this?

Bail. Some two hours since.

Theo. D'you think the Passage sure now?

Bail. Yes, a Rope take 'em, as it will, and blefs 'em,
They've done for this Day sure.

Pbi. Are many rifled?

Bail. At the least a dozen,
And there left bound.

Theo. How came you free?

Bail. A Courtesie

They use out of their Rogueships, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a sign from far
(Which is from out of Danger;) he may presently
Release the rest; as I met you, I was going,
Having the sign from yonder Hill to do it.

Theo. Alas poor Men.

Pbi. Mine Host, pray go untie 'em.

Die. Let me alone for Cancelling, where are they?

Bail. In every Bush, like black Birds, you can't miss 'em.

Die. I need not stalk unto 'em.

[*Exit.*

Bail. No, they'll stand ye,

My busie Life for yours, Sir: You would wonder
To see the several Tricks and strange Behaviours
Of the poor Rascals in their Miseries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monstrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, go too, this is no time; he laughs still;
A fourth exhorts to Patience, him a fifth Man
Curses for tameness; him a Friar schools,
All hoot the Friar, here one sings a Ballad,
And there a little Curate confutes him,
And in this Linsley-woolsey way, that would make a Dog
Forget his Dinner, or an old Man fire,
They rub out for their Ransoms: 'Mongst the rest,
There is a little Boy robb'd, a fine Child,
It seems a Page: I must confess my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing in a Man of my place
To shew Compassion) stir'd at him; so finely

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And without Noise he carries his Afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dreamt of losing.

Enter Host and Leocadia, and others as robb'd.

This Boy's the glory of this Robbery,
The rest but shame the Action; now ye may hear 'em.

Host. Come Lads, 'tis Holy-day; hang Cloaths, 'tis hot,
And sweating Agues are abroad.

1. It seems so;

For we have met with rare Physicians
To cure us of that Malady.

Host. Fine footing,
Light and deliver; now my Boys: (15) Master Friar,
How does your Holiness? bear up Man; what
A cup of neat Sack now and a Toast: Ha, Friar,
A warm plaister to your Belly, Father,
There were a Blessing now.

Friar. Ye say your Mind, Sir.

Host. Where's my fine Boy, my Pointer?

Bail. There's the wonder. [follow

Host. A rank Whore scratch their Sides till the Pox
For robbing thee, thou hast a thousand ways
To rob thy self Boy, Dice, and a Chamber-Devil.

Leo. Ye are deceiv'd, Sir.

Host. And thy Master too, Boy.

Phi. A sweet-fac'd Boy indeed; what Rogues were these?
What barbarous, brutish Slaves to strip this Beauty?

Theo. Come hither my Boy: Alas! he's cold; mine Host,
We must intreat your Cloak.

Host. Can ye intreat it?

Phi. We do presume so much, you've other Garments.

Host. Will you intreat those too?

Theo. Your Mule must too,

To the next Town, you say 'tis near; in pity
You cannot see this poor Boy perish. I know
Ye have a better Soul, we'll satisfy ye.

Host. 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have, but I can't help it,

(15) ——— *Master Friar,*

How does your Holiness bear up Man;] The Improvement of
the Sense. by the Punctuation in the Text, will be evident to any ju-
dicious Reader.

I'm

I'm ever cozen'd with mine own Commendations ;
 It is determin'd then I shall be robb'd too.
 To make up vantage to his dozen ; here Sir,
 Heav'n has provided ye a simple Garment
 To set ye off, pray keep it handsomer
 Than you kept your own ; and let me have it render'd,
 Brush'd and discreetly folded.

Leo. I thank ye, Sir.

Host. Who wants a Doublet ?

2. I.

Host. Where will you have it ?

2. From you Sir, if you please.

Host. Oh, there's the point, Sir.

Phi. My honest Friends, I'm sorry for your Fortunes,
 But that's but poor Relief ; here are ten Duckets,
 And to your Distribution, holy Sir,
 I render 'em, and let it be your care
 To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

Host. Plain dealing now my Friends, and Father Friar,
 Set me the Saddle right ; no wringing, Friar,
 Nor Tithing to the Church, these are no Duties ;
 Scour me your Conscience, if the Devil tempt ye
 Off with your Cord, and swinge him.

Friar. Ye say well, Sir.

All. Heav'n keep your Goodness.

Theo. Peace keep you, farewell Friends.

Host. Farewel Light-Horse-men. [*Ex. the robb'd.*]

Phi. Which way Travel you, Sir ?

Bail. To the next Town.

Theo. Do you want any thing ?

Bail. Only Discretion to travel at good Hours,
 And some warm Meat to moderate this matter,
 For I am most outrageous, cruel hungry.

Host. I have a Stomach too, such as it is,
 Would pose a right good Pasty, I thank Heav'n for't.

Bail. (16) Cheese, that would break the Teeth of a new
 Handsaw,

I could endue now like an Ostrich, or salt Beef, That

(16) Cheese——

I could endure now——] What my Host means is plain and
easy, viz. That he could digest Cheese which wou'd break an Hand-
 saw's

That *Cæsar* left in Pickel.

Pbi. Take no care,
We'll have Meat for you, and enough; i'th' mean time
Keep you the Horse way, lest the Fellow miss us,
We'll meet ye at the end o'th' Wood.

Host. Make haste then. [Ex. *Host and Bail.*

Theo. My pretty Sir, till your Necessities
Be full supplied, so please you trust our Friendships,
We must not part.

Leo. Y'have pull'd a Charge upon ye,
Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.

Pbi. Y'have said enough, may I be bold to ask ye,
What Province you were bred in? And of what Parents?

Leo. Ye may Sir: I was Born in *Andaluzia*,
My Name *Francisco*, Son to *Don Henriques*
De Cardinas.

Theo. Our noble Neighbour.

Pbi. Son to *Don Henriques*?
I know the Gentleman: And by your leave, Sir,
I know he has no Son.

Leo. None of his own Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his Brother
Don Zancbio's Children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.

Pbi. Still ye do, Sir,
For neither has *Don Zancbio* any Son;
A Daughter, and a rare one, is his Heir,
Which though I never was so blest to see,
Yet I have heard great good of.

Theo. Urge no further,
He is ashamed, and blushes.

Pbi. Sir,
If't might import you to conceal your self,

saw's Teeth, his Stomach being as strong as that of an Ostrich. But I believe no Dictionary of our Language will furnish us with such a Sense of the Word *endure*. I have therefore taken the Liberty to substitute what I really believe was the original Reading, *viz. endue, or endew*. 'Tis a Term in *Falconry* which *Bloome* explains thus, *Endew*, is when an Hawk digesteth her Meat, that she not only dischargeth her Gorge thereof, but likewise cleanseth her Pannel.

I ask your Mercy, I have been so curious.

Leo. Alas! I must ask yours Sir, for these Lies;
Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble Parents, I believ'd your bounties [men,
Would shew more gracious: The plain Truth is, Gentle-
I am *Don Zancbio's* Steward's Son, a wild Boy,
That for the Fruits of his unhappiness
Is fain to seek the Wars.

Theo. This is a lie too,
If I have any Ears.

Pbi. Why?

Theo. Mark his Language,
And ye shall find it of too sweet a relish
For one of such a breed: I'll pawn my Hand,
This is no Boy.

Pbi. No Boy? What would you have him?

Theo. I know no Boy: I watcht how fearfully,
And yet how suddenly he cur'd his Lies,
The right Wit of a Woman; now I'm sure——

Pbi. What are ye sure?

Theo. That 'tis no Boy: I'll burn in't.

Pbi. Now I consider better, and take Council,
Methinks he shows more sweetness in that Face,
Than his fears dare deliver.

Theo. No more talk on't,
There hangs some great weight by it; soon at Night
I'll tell ye more.

Pbi. Come, Sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.

Leo. All my poor Service
Shall be at your Command, Sir, and my Prayers. [else.

Pbi. Let's walk apace; Hunger will cut their Throats
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

(17) *Enter* Rodorigo, and Marc-Antonio; *two Chairs set out.*

Rod. Call up the Master.

Maft. Here, Sir.

Rod. Honest Master,

Give order all the Gallies with this Tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The Port of *Barcelona*, without parting.

Maft. Your Pleasure's done, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rod. Signior *Marc-Antonio*,

'Till Meat be ready, let's sit here, and prepare
Our Stomachs with Discourses.

Marc. What you please, Sir.

Rod. Pray ye answer me to this doubt.

Marc. If I can, Sir. [*Children,*

Rod. Why should such Plants as you are, Pleasure's
That owe their blushing Years to gentle Objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulness,
Desire the stubborn Wars?

Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
That make their Ease their God, and not their Honour:
But noble General, my end is other,
Desire of Knowledge, Sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my Years, a Man, and makes that more,
Which we call handsome; th' rest is but Boy's Beauty,
And with the Boy consum'd.

Rod. Ye argue well, Sir.

Marc. Nor do I wear my Youth, as they wear Breeches,
For object, but for use; my Strength for Danger,

(17) *Enter* Rodorigo, Marc-Antonio, and a Ship-master,—] But if the latter enter'd with the two former, what occasion for *Rodorigo's* ordering him to be called up? The Direction in the Folio of 1647, is more ridiculous still; because these three Persons are plac'd at the Head of the Scene as in the *Octavo*, and yet the Master is made to answer, *within*.

(Which

(Which is the liberal part of Man,) not Dalliance :
The Wars must be my Mistres, Sir.

Rod. Oh Signior,
You'll find her a rough Wench.

Marc. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter, Sir.

Rod. You can be pleas'd though,
Sometimes to take a tamer ?

Marc. 'Tis a truth, Sir,
So she be handsome, and not ill condition'd.

Rod. A Soldier should not be so curious.

Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat, Sir.

Rod. Nay, there you wrong your Youth too; and
however

You're pleas'd t'appear to me, which shews well, Signior,
A tougher Soul than your few Years can testifie;
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience
When my Spring was, I'm able to confute ye,
And say, y'had rather come to th' shock of Eyes,
And boldly march up to your Mistres Mouth,
Then to the Cannon's.

Marc. That's as their lading is, Sir.

Rod. There be Trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer,
Than where the Bullet plays.

Marc. There's it I doubt, Sir.

Rod. You'll eas'ly find that, faith: But come, be liberal,
What kind of Woman could you make best Wars with ?

Marc. They're all but heavy marches.

Rod. Fie, *Marc-Antonio*,
Beauty in no more Reverence ?

Marc. In the Sex, Sir,
I Honour it, and next to Honour, love it,
For there is only Beauty; and that sweetness
That was first meant for Modesty; sever it
And put it in one Woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a Nature, she too gross
To mingle with it——

Rod. This is a meer Heresie.

Marc.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloss
That cozens us for Beauty, is but Bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more:
For heav'nly Beauty, is as Heav'n it self, Sir,
Too excellent for Object, and (18) what's seen
Is but the Vail, thin, airy Clouds; grant this
It may be seen, 'tis but like Stars in twinklings.

Rod. 'Twas no small study in their Libraries
Brought you to this Experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call Beauty?

Marc. Why? 'tis our Creature, Sir, we give it 'em
Because we like those colours; else 'tis certain
A blue Face with a motley Nose would do it,
And be as great a Beauty, so we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only Beauty,
Is a fair Mind.

Rod. By this Rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.

Marc. Except the dull end, doing.

Rod. Then all to you seem equal?

Marc. Very true, Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth Love.

Rod. How long love ye, Signior?

Marc. 'Till I have other businets.

Rod. Do you never
Love stedfastly one Woman?

Marc. 'Tis a Toil, Sir,
Like riding in one Road perpetually;
It offers no variety.

Rod. Right Youth,
He must needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One Woman can love one Man?

(18) ——— *what is seen*
Is but the Vail then, airy Clouds;—] The Monosyllable
then seems not to have any good Authority for standing here, as
having nothing to which it refers. I suspect a Corruption as well in
the Sense, as in the Pointing, and that it stood originally thus;

————— *what is seen*
Is but the Vail, thin, airy Clouds, &c.

Marc.

Marc. Yes, that may be,
 Though it appear not often; they're things ignorant,
 And therefore apted to that Superstition
 Of doting fondness; yet of late Years, Signior,
 That World's well mended with 'em, few are found now
 That love at length, and to the right mark, all
 Stir now as the time stirs; Fame and Fashion
 Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
 That wiser Ages held Ambition:
 They that cannot reach this may love by Index;
 By every day's surveying who best promises,
 Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
 May come to do again; who appears neatest
 Either in new stamp'd Clothes, or courtesies, [things
 Done but from Hand to Mouth neither; nor love they these
 Longer than new are making, nor that Succession
 Beyond the next fair Feather: Take the City,
 There they go to't by Gold weight, no gain from 'em,
 All they can work by Fire and Water to 'em,
 Profit is all they point at; if there be Love,
 'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a Light, to bear out
 The bracks and old stains in't, that ye may purchase
French Velvet better cheap; all loves are endless.

Rod. Faith, if you have a Mistress, would she heard you.

Marc. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my Place, or swearing
 I meant it but for Argument, as Schoolmen
 Dispute high Questions.

Rod. What a World is this,
 When young Men dare determine what those are,
 (19) Age and the best Experience ne'er could aim at.

Marc. They were thick-ey'd then, Sir; now the Print's
 bigger,
 And they may read their Fortunes without Spectacles.

Rod. Did you ne'er love?

Marc. Faith yes, once after Supper,
 And the fit held 'till Midnight.

Rod. Hot, or shaking?

(19) *Age the best Experience*——] The deficiency of Measure
 I have supply'd from the Folio of 1647.

Marc.

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Marc. To say true, both.

Rod. How did ye rid it?

Marc. Thus, Sir,

I laid my Hand upon my Heart, and blest me,
And then said over certain Charms I'd learn'd
Against mad Dogs, for Love and they're all one;
Last thought upon a Windmil, and so slept,
And was well ever after.

Rod. A rare Physician,
What would your Practice gain ye?

Marc. The Wars ended,
I mean to use my Art, and have these Fools
Cut in the Head like Cats, to save the Kingdom
Another Inquisition.

Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the Wars, I never knew yet practis'd.

Marc. I shall mend every Day; but noble General,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd, Discourses.

Rod. Oh y'are a cunning Gamester.

Marc. Mirths and Toys
To cozen Time withal; for o'my Troth, Sir,
I can Love, I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of Women as they are,
Pretty fantastick things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a Service: I'm so honest,
I wish 'em all in Heav'n, and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great Farthingals.

Rod. Well *Marc Antonio*, I'd not lose thy Company
For the best Galley I command.

Marc. Faith General,
If these Discourses please, I shall fit ye
Once every Day.

Rod. Thou canst not please me better; hark, they call
Below to Dinner; ye're my Cabbin Guest,
My Bosom's, so you please, Sir.

Marc. Your poor Servant.

[*Knock within.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter second Host, and his Wife.

Host. Let 'em have Meat enough Woman, half a Hen ;
There be old rotten Pilchards, put 'em off too,
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a strong Onion, that confounds the stink.

Hostess. They call for more, Sir.

Host. Knock a dozen Eggs down,
But then beware your Wenches.

Hostess. More than this too? [up Wench,

Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em Porridge, pop 'em
But they shall pay for Cullyses.

Hostess. All this is nothing ;
They call for Kid and Partridge.

Host. Well remembered,
Where's the Faulconer's half Dog he left?

Hostess. It stinks, Sir,
Past all hope that way.

Host. Run it o'er with Garlick,
And make a *Roman* Dish on't.

Hostess. Pray ye be patient,
And get Provision in ; these are fine Gentlemen,
And liberal Gentlemen ; they've *unde quare*
No mangle Muleteers, nor pinching Posts,
That feed upon the parings of Musk-melons
And Radishes, as big and tough as Rafters :
Will ye be stirring in this Business? Here's your Brother,
Mine old Host of *Ossuna*, as wise as you are,
That is, as Knavish ; if ye put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.

Host. I'll be wagging.

Hostess. 'Tis for your own Commodity ; why Wenches?

Ser. [within.] Anon forsooth. [Water?

Hostess. Who makes a Fire there? And who gets in
Let *Oliver* go to the Justice, and beseech his Worship
We may have two Spits going ; and do you hear *Druce*,
Let him invite his Worship, and his Wives Worship,
To the left Meat to Morrow.

Enter

Enter Bailiff.

Bail. Where's this Kitchen?

Hostess. E'en at the next Door Signior; what, old Don?
We meet but seldom.

Bail. Prithee be patient Hostess,
And tell me where the Meat is.

Host. Faith Master Bailly,
How have ye done? And how Man?—

Bail. Good sweet Hostess,
What shall we have to Dinner?

Hostess. How does your Woman,
And a fine Woman she is, and a good Woman;
Lord, how you bear your Years?—

Bail. Is't Veal or Mutton,
Beef, Bacon, Pork, Kid, Pheasant, or all these,
And are they ready all?

Host. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!—

Bail. Hostess,
Dear Hostess do but hear; I am hungry. *Hostess.* Ye
Are merrily disposed, Sir. *Bail.* Monstrous hungry,
And hungry after much Meat, I've brought hither
Right worshipfuls to pay the reckoning,
Mony enough too with 'em, desire enough
To have the best Meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point sweet Wench, and so I kiss thee.

Hostess. Ye shall have any thing, and instantly,
E'er you can lick your Ears, Sir.

Bail. Portly Meat,
Bearing, substantial stuff, and fit for Hunger,
I do beseech ye Hostess first; then some light Garnish,
Two Pheasants in a Dish; if ye have Leverits,
(Rather for way of Ornament, than Appetite,)
They may be look'd upon, or Larks; for Fish,
As there's no great need, so I would not wish ye
To serve above four Dishes, but those full ones;
Ye have no Cheese of *Parma*?

Hostess. Very old, Sir.

Bail. The less will serve us, some ten Pound.

Hostess

Hostefs. Alas, Sir,
We have not half these Dainties.

Bail. Peace good Hostefs,
And make us hope ye have.

Hostefs. Ye shall have all, Sir.

Bail. That may be got for Mony.

Enter Diego, and a Boy.

Die. Where's your Master ?

Bring me your Master, Boy : I must have Liquor
Fit for the *Myrmidons*, no dashing now, Child,
No Conjurings by Candle-light, I know all ;
Strike me the oldest Sack, a Piece that carries
Point blank to this place Boy, and batters ; Hostefs,
I kiss thy Hands through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.

Hostefs. Still mine old Brother.

Die. Set thy Cellar open,

For I must enter, and advance my Colours ; [Duckets,
I've brought thee Dons indeed Wench, Dons with
And those Dons must have dainty Wine, pure *Bacchus*
That bleeds the life Blood ; what, is your cure ended ?

Bail. We shall have Meat, Man.

Die. Then we will have Wine, Man,

And Wine upon Wine, cut and drawn with Wine.

Hostefs. Ye shall have all, and more than all.

Bail. (20) All's well then.

Die. Away, about your Business, you with her
For old acquaintance sake, to stay your Stomach.
And Boy, be you my Guide, *ad inferos*,
For I will make a full descent in Equipage.

[*Exeunt Hostefs and Bailiff.*

Boy. I'll shew you rare Wine.

Die. (21) Stinging Geer.

Boy. Divine, Sir.

[*Boy.*

Die. O divine Boy, march, march my Child, rare Wine

Boy. As any is in *Spain*, Sir.

(20) The other Copies read, *All well then.*

(21) *Stinging Beer.*] Mr. *Theobald* prevented me in the Correction
of this place, by having noted the true reading from the Copy of 1647.

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Die.

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Die. Old, and strong too,
Oh my fine Boy, clear too?

Boy. As (22) Chrystal Sir, and strong as Truth.

Die. Away Boy,

I am enamor'd, and I long for Dalliance;
Stay no where Child, not for thy Father's Blessing,
I charge thee not to save thy Sister's Honour,
Nor to close thy Dames Eyes, were she a Dying
Till we arrive, and for thy Recompence
I will remember thee in my Will.

Boy. Ye have said, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, and second Host.

Pbi. **M**INE Host, is that Apparel got ye spoke of?
Ye shall have ready Mony. *2 Host.* 'Tis come
in Sir,

He has it on Sir, and I think it will
Be fit, and o' my Credit it was never
Worn but once Sir, and for necessity
Pawn'd to the Man I told ye of.

Pbi. Pray bargain for't,
And I will be the Pay-master.

2 Host. I will Sir.

Pbi. And let our Meat be ready when you please,
I mean as soon.

2 Host. It shall be presently.

Pbi. How far stands *Barcelona*?

2 Host. But two Leagues off, Sir,
You may be there by three a Clock.

Pbi. I'm glad on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

(22) — *Chrystal Sir, and as Truth.*] The Epithet *strong*, without which the Sentence would be lame, I have recovered from the Editions of 1647 and 1679. But I suspect that *Diego* here has intrenched upon the *Drawer* above, and that the whole should run thus,

— *rare Wine Boy.*

Boy. As any in Spain, Sir, old and strong too.

Dieg. O my fine Boy! clear too?

Boy. As Chrystal, Sir, and strong as Truth.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Theodofia, and Leocadia.

Theo. Signior *Francisco*, why I draw you hither
To this remote Place marvel not, for trust me
My Innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble Temper, start not
Into Offence, at any thing my Knowledge,
And for your special good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.

Leo. Worthy Sir,
The courtesies you and your noble Brother,
Even then when few Men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, so freely showr'd upon me,
So truly, and so timely minister'd,
Must, if I should suspect those (23) Minds that made 'em,
Either proclaim me an unworthy Taker,
Or worse, a base Believer: Speak your Mind, Sir,
Freely, and what you please, I am your Servant. [tance,

Theo. Then my young Sir, know, since our first Acquain-
Induc'd by Circumstances that deceive not
To clear some doubts I have; nay blush not, Signior,
I have beheld ye narrowly: More blushes?
Sir, ye give me so much light, I find ye
A thing confess'd already: Yet more blushes?
You would ill cover an Offence might sink ye,
That cannot hide your self; why do ye shake so?
I mean no trouble to ye; this fair Hand
Was never made for hardness, nor those Eyes
(Come do not hide 'em) for rough Objects; hark ye,
Ye have betray'd your self, that Sigh confirms me;
Another? and a third too? then I see
These Boys Cloaths do but pinch ye; come, be liberal,
Ye've found a Friend that has found you, disguise not
That loaden Soul that labours to be open:
Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
Your Eyes down laden to the Lids, another
Manifest token that my doubts are perfect;

(23) — *Minds that made 'em,*] i. e. did 'em.

Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
 Why were these holes left open, there was an error,
 A foul one, my *Francisco*, have I caught ye?
 O pretty Sir, the custom of our Country
 Allows Men none in this place: Now the show'r comes.

Leo. Oh Signior *Theodoro*.

Theo. This sorrow shows so sweetly,
 I cannot chuse but keep it Company:
 Take truce and speak, Sir: and I charge your goodness,
 By all those perfect hopes that point at Virtue,
 By that remembrance these fair Tears are shed for,
 If any sad Misfortune have thus form'd ye,
 That either Care or Counsel may redeem,
 Pain, Purse, or any thing within the Power
 And Honour of free Gentlemen, reveal it,
 And have our labours.

Leo. I have found ye noble,
 And ye shall find me true; your Doubts are certain,
 Nor dare I more dissemble; I'm a Woman,
 The great example of a wretched Woman.
 Here you must give me leave to shew my Sex —
 And now to make ye know how much your Credit
 Has won upon my Soul, so't please your Patience
 I'll tell you my unfortunate sad Story.

Theo. Sit down and say on, Lady.

Leo. I am born, Sir,
 Of good and honest Parents, rich, and noble,
 And not to lie, the Daughter of Don *Zanbio*,
 If my unhappy Fortune have not lost me:
 My Name call'd *Leocadia*, e'en the same
 Your worthy Brother did the special Honour
 To name for beautiful, and without Pride
 I have been often made believe so, Signior;
 But that's impertinent: Now to my Sorrows;
 Not far from us a Gentleman of worth,
 A Neighbour and a noble Visitor,
 Had his abode, who often met my Father
 In gentle sports of Chase, and River-Hawking,
 In Course and Riding; and with him often brought
 A Son of his, a young and hopeful Gentleman,

Nobly

Nobly train'd up, in years fit for Affection;
 A sprightly Man, of Understanding excellent,
 Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful;
 And of all Parts, else my Eyes lied, abundant:
 We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
 Nearer into Affection; from Affection
 Into Belief,

Theo. Well.

Leo. Then we durst kifs.

Theo. Go forward.

Leo. (24) But oh, Man, Man unconstant, careless Man,
 Oh subtle Man, how many are thy mischiefs?
 Oh *Marc-Antonio*, I may curse those Kiffes.

Theo. What did you call him, Lady?

Leo. *Marc-Antonio*,
 The name to me of Misery.

Theo. Pray forward.

Leo. From these we bred Desires, Sir; but lose me Heav'n
 If mine were Lustful.

Theo. I believe.

Leo. This nearness
 Made him importunate: When to save mine Honour,
 (Love having full possession of my Powers,)
 I got a Contract from him.

Theo. Sealed?

Leo. And sworn too;
 Which since, for some Offence Heav'n laid upon me,
 I lost amongst my Monies in the Robbery,
 (The loss that makes me poorest;) this won from him,
 Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
 I'pointed him a by-way to my Chamber
 The next Night at an hour.

Theo. Pray stay there Lady; [ye?
 And when the Night came, came he, kept he touch with
 (Be not so shame-fac'd;) had you both your Wishes?
 Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye,
 Were ye in one anothers Arms abed? The Contract

(24) *But oh, Man, unconstant—*] The fine Repetition here which
 the Line wanted in more respects than one, I had from the Copy of
 1647.

52 LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Confirm'd in full joys there? Did he lye with ye?
 Answer to that; ha? Did your Father know this,
 The good old Man, (25) or Kindred privy to't?
 And had ye their consents? Did that Night's promise
 Make ye a Mother?

Leo. Why do you ask so nearly?

Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?

Theo. No, Lady.

Only the Pity why you should be used fo
 A little stirs me, but did he keep his Promise?

Leo. No, no, Signior,

Alas he never came, nor never meant it,
 My Love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
 My Expectation flouted; and gues's you Sir,
 What (26) dor unto a doating Maid this was,
 What a base breaking off?

Theo. All's well then Lady;

Go forward in your Story.

Leo. Not only fail'd, Sir,

Which is a curse in Love, and may he find it
 When his Affections are full-wing'd, and ready
 To stoop upon the Quarry, then when all
 His full Hopes are in's Arms; not only thus, Sir,
 But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
 Within two Days Fame gave him far remov'd
 With a new Love, which much against my Conscience,
 But more against my Cause, which is my Hell,
 I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
 Indeed of admirable Sweetness, Daughter
 Unto another of our noble Neighbours,
 The Thief call'd *Theodosia*, whose Perfections
 I'm bound to ban for ever, curse to Wrinkles,
 As Heav'n I hope will (27) make 'em soon, and Aches;

(25) —or *Kindred privy to't*?] I can't help thinking but that *or* is corrupted for *were*.

(26) *i. e.* Balk, Disappointment. If the Reader would see an account of the several sorts of *Dors*, I will refer him to *Ben. Johnson*, v. 1. page 354, 355, 356, Octavo.

(27) —*make 'em soon, and Aches*;) Mr. *Theobald* puts a Query in his Margin here, whether we should not read *Aches*. I don't think there is a great deal in it either way.

For they have robb'd me poor unhappy Wench
 Of all, of all Sir, all that was my Glory,
 And left me nothing but these Tears, and Travel:
 Upon this certain News, I quit my Father,
 And if you be not milder in Construction
 I fear mine Honour too, and like a Page
 Stole to *Ossuna*, from that Place to *Sevil*,
 From thence to *Barcelona* I was travelling,
 When you o'er-took my Misery, in hope to hear of
 Gallies bound up for *Italy*; for never
 Will I leave off the search of this bad Man,
 This Filcher of Affections, this Love-Pedler;
 Nor shall my Curses cease to blast her Beauties,
 And make her Name as wandring as her Nature,
 'Till standing Face to Face before their Lusts
 I call Heav'n's Justice down.

Theo. This shows too angry,
 Nor can it be her Fault she is belov'd;
 If I give Meat, must they that eat it surfeit?

Leo. She loves again, Sir, there's the Mischief of it,
 And in despite of me, to drown my Blessings,
 Which she shall dearly know——

Theo. Ye are too violent.

Leo. Sh'as Devils in her Eyes, to whose Devotion
 He offers all his Service.

Theo. Who can say
 But she may be forsaken too? He that once wanders
 From such a perfect Sweetness, as you promise,
 Has he not still the same Rule to deceive?

Leo. No, no, they are together, love together,
 Past all Deceit of that side; sleep together,
 Live, and delight together, and such Deceit
 Give me in a wild Desert.

Theo. By your Leave, Lady,
 I see no Honour in this Cunning.

Leo. Honour?

True, none of her part, Honour, she deserves none,
 'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies such as she is,
 So bold and impudent.

Theo. I could be angry,

Extreamly angry now beyond my Nature, [Aside.
 And 'twere not for my Pity: What a Man
 Is this, to do these Wrongs? believe me Lady,
 I know the Maid, and know she is not with him——

Leo. I would you knew she were in Heaven.

Theo. And so well know her, that I think you're cozen'd.---

Leo. So I say, Sir.

Theo. I mean, in her Behaviour; [Credit,
 For trust my Faith, so much I dare adventure for her
 She never yet delighted to do Wrong.

Leo. How can she then delight in him? dare she think,
 Be what she will, as excellent as Angels,
 My Love so fond, my Wishes so indulgent,
 That I must (28) take her Prewnings; stoop at that
 Sh'as tir'd upon? No, Sir, I hold my Beauty,

(28) —take her Prewnings; stoop at that

Sh'as tir'd upon?——] Mr. Theobald, with whom I had the good Fortune to agree, reads *stoop* for *stop*, which is undoubtedly the true Lesson, and is a Term in Falconry that needs no Explanation: I will however beg the Reader's Pardon for stepping one moment out of the way, while I endeavour to correct a Passage in *Shakespeare's Lear*, which this place has suggested to me. 'Tis in Act 2. Scene 10. The old King being turn'd out of Doors by *Goneril* his eldest Daughter, comes to *Regan* his second in the bitterness of his Soul, to complain to her of her eldest Sister's Usage, and says,

———— Beloved Regan

*Thy Sister's naught, oh Regan she hath tied
 Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a Vulture here.*

[Pointing to his Heart.

To tie *sharp-tooth'd Unkindness like a Vulture* to his Heart, seems at first Sight an allusion to the known Story of *Prometheus*; but as it does not occur to my Memory, that his Vulture or Eagle, was confin'd by any Chain or Bond, I suspect a slight corruption of the Word, tho' it is not a small one as to the Sense, and conjecture the Lines shou'd run thus,

———— Beloved Regan

*Thy Sister's naught; oh Regan she hath tir'd
 Sharp-tooth'd Unkindness, like a Vulture here.*

To tire a Hawk or Vulture, in Falconry, is to give him a Leg or a Wing of a Pullet to pluck at; how much then is this Passage heightened by restoring the probably original Term, and making *Lear* say, *That his Daughter had given his Heart to Unkindness as to a Vulture, to be pluck'd at and tore in pieces?*

Wast

Wash but these Sorrows from it, of a Sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my Means as equal,
My Youth as much unblown; and for our Worths
And Weight of Virtue——

Theo. Do not task her so far. [Sir, Vapour :

Leo. By Heav'n she's Cork, and Clouds, light, light,
But I shall find her out, with all her Witchcrafts,
Her Paintings, and her Pouncings; for 'tis Art,
And only Art preserves her, and meer Spells
That work upon his Pow'rs; let her but shew me
A ruin'd Cheek like mine, that holds his Colour
(And writes but sixteen Years) in spite of Sorrows;
And unbathed Body, smiles, that give but Shadows,
And wrinkle not the Face; besides she's little,
A demy Dame, that makes no Object.

Theo. Nay,
Then I must say you err; for credit me,
I think she's taller than your self.

Leo. Why let her,
It is not that shall mate me, I but ask
My Hands may reach unto her.

Theo. Gentle Lady,
'Tis now ill time of farther Argument,
For I perceive your Anger void of Counsel,
Which I could wish more temp'rate.

Leo. Pray forgive me,
If I have spoke uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beseech ye
Impute it Love's Offence, not mine; whose Torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my Crosses,
You must confess are seldom ty'd to Patience,
Yet I could wish I had said less.

Theo. No harm then,
Ye've made a full amends; our Company
You may command, so please you, in your Travels,
With all our Faith and Furtherance; let it be so.

Leo. Ye make too great an Offer.

Theo. Then it shall be.
Go in and rest your self, our wholesome Diet
Will be made ready straight: But hark ye Lady,

One thing I must entreat, your Leave and Sufferance,
That these things may be open to my Brother,
For more Respect and Honour.

Leo. Do your Pleasure.

Theo. And do not change this Habit by no means,
Unless ye change your self.

Leo. Which must not yet be.

Theo. It carries ye concealed and safe.

Leo. I'm counsel'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Pbi. What's done?

Theo. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a Woman,
And of a noble Strain too, guess.

Pbi. I cannot.

Theo. You've heard often of her.

Pbi. Stay, I think not.

Theo. Indeed ye have; 'tis the fair *Leocadia*,
Daughter unto Don *Zanbio*, our noble Neighbour.

Pbi. Nay?

Theo. 'Tis she, Sir, o'my Credit.

Pbi. *Leocadia*,

Pish *Leocadia*, it must not be.

Theo. It must be, or be nothing.

Pbi. Pray give me leave to wonder: *Leocadia*?

Theo. The very same.

Pbi. The Damsel *Leocadia*;

I guess it was a Woman, and a fair one.

I see it through her Shape, transparent, plain;
But that it should be she; tell me directly.

Theo. By Heav'ns 'tis she.

Pbi. By Heav'n then 'tis a sweet one,

Theo. That's granted too.

Pbi. But hark ye, hark ye, Sister,
How came she thus disguis'd?

Theo. I'll tell you that too;

As I came, on the self same Ground, so us'd too.

Pbi. By the same Man?

Theo. The same too.

Pbi. As I live

You Lovers have fine Fancies: Wondrous fine ones.

Theo.

Theo. Pray Heav'n you never make one.

Pbi. Faith I know not,
But in that Mind I am, I'd rather cobble,
'Tis a more Christian Trade; pray tell me one thing,
Are not you two now monstrous jealous
Of one another?

Theo. She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me most unmercifully
And to my Face, and o'my Conscience
Had she but known me, either she or I,
Or both, had parted with strange Faces,
She was in such a fury.

Pbi. *Leocadia?*
Do's she speak handsomely?

Theo. Wondrous well, Sir,
And all she do's becomes her, e'en her Anger.

Pbi. How seem'd she when you found her?

Theo. Had you seen
How sweetly fearful her pretty self
Betray'd her self, how neat her sorrow show'd,
And in what handsome phrase she put her Story,
And as occasion stir'd her how she started,
Tho' roughly, yet most aptly, into anger,
You would have wonder'd.

Pbi. Do's she know ye?

Theo. No,
Nor must not by no means.

Pbi. How stands your difference?

Theo. I'll tell ye that some fitter time, but trust me
My *Marc-Antonio* has too much to answer.

Pbi. May I take knowledge of her?

Theo. Yes, she's willing.

Pbi. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then,
For she's a Woman of a noble-breeding.

Theo. Ye shall not find me wanting.

Pbi. Which way bears she?

Theo. Our way, and to our end.

Pbi. I am glad on't; hark ye,
She keeps her shape?

[*Enter Leocadia.*

Theo.

Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.

Pbi. She's here: By Heav'n a rare one,
An admirable sweet one, what an Eye
Of what a full command she bears, how gracious
All her aspect shows; bless me from a Fever,
I am not well o'th' sudden.

Leo. Noble Friends,
Your Meat and all my Service waits upon ye.

Pbi. Ye teach us Manners, Lady; all which Service
Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Blush not we know ye, for by all our Faiths
With us your Honour is in Sanctuary,
And ever shall be.

Leo. I do well believe it;
Will ye walk nearer, Sir?

[*Exit.*

Theo. She shows still fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my self, and finely
Nourish a Wolf to eat my Heart out: Certain
As she appears now, she appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would she do then
In Woman's helps, in Ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt
She would be held a Miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her: Say what she please;
I know his curious Eye; or say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,
Yet still I fear she keeps the Contract with her,
Not stol'n as she affirms, nor lost by negligence,
She'd lose her self first, 'tis her Life; and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd. O noble Love,
That thou couldst be without this Jealousie,
Without this Passion of the Heart, how heav'nly
Wouldst thou appear unto us? Come what may come,
I'll see the end on't: and since chance has cast her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely shall command, except the Man. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonardo, and Don Pedro.

Leo. Don *Pedro*, do you think assuredly
The Gallies will come round to *Barcelona*
Within these two Days?

Ped. Without doubt.

Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?

Ped. He is Sir,
I saw him at their setting off.

Leo. Must they needs
Touch there for Water, as you say?

Ped. They must Sir,
And for fresh Meat too. Few or none go by it;
Beside so great a Fleet must needs want trimming
If they have met with foul Seas, and no Harbour
On this side *Spain* is able, without danger,
To moor 'em, but that Haven.

Leo. Are the Wars
His only end?

Ped. So he professes.

Leo. Bears he
Any command amongst 'em?

Ped. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.

Leo. Pray Sir tell me,
And as you are a Gentleman be liberal.

Ped. I will Sir, and most true.

Leo. Who saw ye with him?

Ped. None but things like himself; young Soldiers
And Gentlemen desirous to seek Honour.

Leo. Was there no Woman there, nor none disguis'd
That might be thought a Woman? In his Language
Did he not let slip something of suspicion
Touching that wanton way?

Ped. Believe me Sir,
I neither saw, nor could suspect that Face
That might be doubted Woman's, yet I'm sure
Aboard him I saw all that past; and 'tis impossible

Among

Among so many high set Bloods there should be
 A Woman, let her close her self within a Cockle,
 But they would open her ; He must not Love
 Within that Place alone, and therefore surely
 He would not be so foolish, had he any,
 To trust her there ; for his Discourse, 'twas ever
 About his Business, War, or Mirth, to make us
 Relish a Can of Wine well ; when he spoke private,
 'Twas only the remembrance of his Service,
 And hope of your good Prayers for his Health Sir,
 And so I gave him to the Seas.

Leo. I thank ye,
 And now am satisfied, and to prevent
 Suspicions that may nourish dangers, Signior,
 (For I have told you how the mad *Alphonso*
 Chafes like a Stag i'th' toil, and bends his Fury
 'Gainst all, but his own Ignorance ;) I'm determin'd,
 For peace sake and the preservation
 Of my yet untouch'd Honour, and his cure,
 My self to seek him there, and bring him back,
 As testimony of an unsought Injury
 By either of our Actions ; that the World
 And he, if he have Reason, may see plainly
 Opinion is no perfect Guide ; nor all Fames
 Founders of Truths : In the mean time this courtesie
 I must intreat of you, Sir, Be my self here,
 And as my self command my Family.

Ped. Ye lay too much trust on me.

Leo. 'Tis my Love, Sir,
 I will not be long from ye ; if this question
 Chance to be call'd upon e'er my return,
 I leave your care to answer ; so farewell, Sir.

Ped. Ye take a wise way ; all my best Endeavours
 Shall labour in your absence ; peace go with ye. [*Ex.* *Leo.*
 A noble honest Gentleman, free-hearted,
 And of an open Faith, much loving, and much loved,
 And Father of that Goodness only Malice
 Can truly stir against ; what dare befall
 'Till his return I'll answer.

[*Exit Ped.*

Enter

Enter Alphonso, and Servant.

Alph. Walk off, Sirrah,
But keep your self within my call.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Alph. And stir my Horse for taking cold: Within there,
Ho! People; you that dwell there my brave Signior,
What are ye all asleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir, who seek ye?

Alph. Not you, Sir: Where's your Master?

Ped. I serve no Man

In way of pay, Sir.

Alph. Where's the Man o'th' House then?

Ped. What would you have with him, Sir?

Alph. Do you stand here, Sir,
To ask Men questions when they come?

Ped. I would, Sir,

Being his Friend, and hearing such alarms,
Know how Men come to visit him.

Alph. Ye shall, Sir,

Pray tell his Mightiness here is a Gentleman
By Name *Alphonso*, would intreat his Conference
About affairs of State, Sir; are ye answer'd?

Enter Zanchio carried.

Ped. I must be, Sir.

Zanch. Stay, set me down, stay Signior,
You must stay, and ye shall stay.

Alph. Meaning me, Sir?

Zanch. Yes, you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.

Alph. Well, Sir.

Why should I stay?

Zanch. There's Reason.

Alph. Reason, Sir?

Zanch. Ay Reason, Sir,
My wrong is greatest, and I will be serv'd first;
Call out the Man of Fame.

Alph. How serv'd, Sir?

Zanch.

Zanb. Thus, Sir.

Alpb. But not before me?

Zanb. Before all the World, Sir,
As my case stands.

Alpb. I've lost a Daughter, Sir.

Zanb. I've lost another worth five score of her, Sir.

Alpb. Ye must not tell me so.

Zanb. I have, and hark ye,
Make it up five score more: Call out the Fellow,
And stand you by, Sir.

Ped. This is the mad Morriss.

Alpb. And I stand by?

Zanb. I say stand by, and do it.

Alpb. Stand by among thy Lungs.

Zanb. (29) Turn presently
And say thy Prayers, thou art dead.

Alpb. I scorn thee,
And scorn to say my Prayers more than thou dost,
Mine is the most wrong, and my Daughter dearest,
And mine shall first be righted.

Zanb. Shall be righted?

Ped. A third may live I see; pray hear me, Gentlemen.

Zanb. Shall be?

Alpb. Ay, shall be righted.

Zanb. Now?

Alpb. Now.

Zanb. Instantly?

Alpb. Before I stir.

Zanb. Before me?

Alpb. Before any.

[Friends here

Zanb. Dost thou consider what thou say'st? hast thou
Able to quench my Anger, or perswade me
After I've beat thee into (30) one main bruist,
And made thee spend thy state in rotten Apples,
Thou canst at length be quiet; shall I kill thee,
Divide thee like a rotten Pumpion,
And leave thee stinking to Posterity?

(29) So the first Folio: That of 1679 reads *Tuin: The Octavo Tuin.*

(30) —one main bruist] Mr. Theobald reads *bruisse*, which may be the right Lesson, but I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

There's

There's not the least blow I shall give, but does this
Urge me no farther : I am first.

Alph. I'll hang first.

No Goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual Honour, nor Soldadoship,——

Zanch. Set me a little nearer.

Alph. Let him sally ——

(31) Lin'd with your quirks of Carriage and Discretion,
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit,
With all your School points now ? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing ; where are these Toys,
These wise ways, and most honourable courses,
To take Revenge ? how dar'st thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but Squirts,
When Letchery has dry founder'd thee ?

Zanch. Nearer yet,

That I may spit him down, thou look'st like a Man.

Ped. I would be thought so, Sir.

Zanch. Prithee do but take me,
And fling m' upon that Puppy.

Alph. Do for Heav'n's sake,
And see but how I'll hug him.

Zanch. Yet take warning.

Ped. Faith Gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.

Zanch. And d'you desire to make one ?

Ped. As a Friend, Sir,

To tell you all this Anger is but lost, Sir,
For *Leonardo* is from home.

Alph. No, no, Sir.

Ped. Indeed he is.

(31) *Zanch.* Lin'd with your Quirks] I have given to the
Speakers here, what I think they may justly claim, tho' Mr. *Theo-*
bald only makes a Query about it, viz. Their proper Speeches, which
all the former Editions seem to have confounded ; after —— *Soldado-*
ship —— *Alphonso* is interrupted by old *Zanchio* who says,

Set me a little nearer, let him sally —— After which *Alphonso*
goes on to complete his passionate Speech that was broke off at——
not your *Soldadoship* —— thus,

Lin'd with your quirks of Carriage, &c.

After which follows naturally enough,

Zanch. Nearer yet.

Zanch.

Zanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When Men are wrong'd, and come for Satisfactions?

Ped. It seems he has done none, Sir; for his business
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for some time
To *Barcelona*: if he had been guilty,
I know he would have staid, and clear'd all difference
Either by free Confession, or his Sword.

Zanch. This must not be.

Ped. Sure as I live, it is, Sir.

Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever: *Barcelona*!
Why? 'tis the Key for *Italy*, from whence
He stole first hither.

Zanch. And having found his Knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe too
The good Grass Gentleman, for his own ease,
Has taken one o'th' Fillies: Is not his stuff sold?

Alph. I fear his Worship's Shoes too; to escape us,
I do not think he has a Dish within Doors,
A Louse left of his Lineage.

Ped. Ye'are too wide, Sir.

Alph. Or one poor wooden Spoon.

Ped. Come in and see, Sir.

Alph. I'll see his House on fire first. *Ped.* [pleas'd,
Then be
Sir, to give better censure. *Zanch.* I will after him,
And search him like conceal'd Land, but I'll have him,
And though I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.

Alph. I'll bear ye Company.

Zanch. Pray have a care then,
A most especial care, indeed a fear,
Ye do not anger me.

Alph. I will observe ye,
And if I light upon him handsomly.

Zanch. Kill but a piece of him, leave some, *Alphonso*,
For your poor Friends,

Ped. I fear him not for all this.

Alph. Shall we first go home,
For it may prove a Voyage, and dispose
Of things there; Heav'n knows what may follow.

Zanch.

Zanck. No,
I'll kill him in this Shirt I've on : let things
Govern themselves, I'm Master of my Honour
At this time, and no more ; (32) let Wife, and Land,
Lie lay 'till I return.

Alpb. I say Amen to't:
But what care for our Monies ?

Zanck. I'll not spend
Above three Shillings, 'till his Head be here,
Four is too great a Sum for all his Fortunes.
Come, take me up instantly.

Alpb. Farewel to you, Sir,
And if your Friend be in a Featherbed,
Sow'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly,
For no course but his voluntary hanging
Can get our Pardons. [*Exeunt.*

Ped. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em ; two of the old seditious,
When they want Enemies, they are their own Foes :
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em :
'Till when I'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer hunger
For any harm he shall receive : for 'tis as easie,
If he be guilty, to turn these two old Men,
Upon their own Throats, and look on, and live still,
As 'tis to tell five Pound ; a great deal sooner,
And so I'll to my Meat, and then to hawking. [*Exit.*

(32) ——— *let Wife, and Land*
Lie lay 'till —] This Passage is a Confirmation of a Cor-
rection I made in *The Scornful Lady* : Tho' Mr. *Theobald* makes an
unhappy Query whether we should not read

Lie fallow,
But this is the same thing, *Lay*, as you may see in Note 31,
upon *The Scornful Lady*, being *fallow*.

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

Enter Marc Antonio, and a Gentleman.

Marc. SIR, this is Complement; I pray you leave me.
Gent. Sir, it is not. *Marc.* Why? I would only see
 The Town. *Gent.* And only that I come to shew you.

Marc. Which I can see without you.

Gent. So you may
 Plainly, not safely: For such Difference
 As you have seen betwixt the Sea and Earth
 When Waves rise high, and Land would beat 'em back
 As fearful of Invasion: such we find
 When we land here at *Barcelona*.

Marc. Sir.

Gent. Besides our Gen'ral of the Gallies, fearing
 Your hasty Nature, charg'd me not return
 Without you safe.

Marc. O Sir, that *Rodorigo*
 Is noble, and does mistake my Temper,
 There is not in the World a Mind less apt
 To conceive Wrongs, or do 'em; has he seen me
 In all this Voyage, in the which he pleases

Enter Eugenia, and divers Attendants.

To call me Friend, let slip a hasty Word?
 O's light, Sir, yonder is a Lady veil'd,
 For Properness beyond Comparifon,
 And sure her Face is like the rest; we'll see't.

Gent. Why? You are hasty, Sir, already; know you
 What 'tis you go about?

Marc. Yes, I would see
 The Woman's Face.

Gent. By Heav'n you shall not do't:
 You do not know the Custom of the Place:
 To draw that Curtain here, though she were mean,
 Is mortal.

Marc

Marc. Is it? Earth must come to Earth
At last, and by my Troth, I'll try it, Sir.

Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all the Faith
That can be plac'd in Man, 'tis an Attempt
More dangerous than Death, 'tis Death and Shame;
I know the Lady well.

Marc. Is she a Lady?
I shall the more desire to see her, Sir.

Gent. She is *Alonso's* Wife, the Governor,
A noble Gentleman.

Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town, Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous Customs then; for every Lady
Shall be seen daily, (33) and seen over too.

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your Passions bear you
To such wild Enterprizes: Hold you still,
For as I have a Soul, you shall not do't.
She is a Lady of unblemish'd Fame,
And here to offer that Affront, were base:
Hold on your way, and we will see the Town,
And overlook the Ladies.

Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will; but good Sir, see,
She will pass by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.

Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.

Attend. What's the matter?
What would that Fellow have?

Gent. Good Sir, forbear.

Attend. It seems you are new landed; would you beg
Any thing here? *Marc.* Yes, Sir, all Happiness.

(33) ——— and seen over too.] To be *seen over* or *overseen* as
he uses the word *overlook* a lower, is seemingly not what the Poets
intended he should say, but that the Ladies should not only be
seen with, but *without their Veils*; and then we perhaps should
make the Place run thus,

————— *seen daily and seen overt too, i. e. open*,
without the Interposition of any thing betwixt their Faces and us.
So *Chaucer* too uses this Word in his *House of Fame*, Book 2. Line 210.

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To that fair Lady, as I hope.

Gent. *Marc Antonio.*

Marc. Her Face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A fight of.

Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a Tumult.

I Attend. Sirrah, you
Shall see a fitter Object for your Eyes,
Than a fair Lady's Face.

Eug. For Heav'n's sake, raise not
A Quarrel in the Streets for me.

I Attend. Slip in then;
This is your Door.

Eug. Will you needs quarrel then :

I Attend. We must, or suffer
This Outrage : Is't not all your Minds, Sirs ? speak.

All. Yes.

Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my Lord

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Not think the Quarrel about me ; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*

Gent. See happily some of our Gally Soldiers
Are come ashoar.

I Attend. Come on, Sir, you shall see
Faces enough.

Gent. Some one of you call to

Enter certain Townsmen.

Our General, the whole Roar of the Town
Comes in upon us.

Marc. I have seen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd, and will yet

Enter Philipppo, Theodosia, and Leocadia.

See that, or spoil yours.

Phi. On, why start you back ?

Theo. Alas, Sir, they are fighting.

Leo. Let's be gone,

See, see, a handsome Man struck down.

Gent.

Gent. Ho General,
Look out, *Antonio's* in Distress.

Enter Roderigo above.

Theo. *Antonio.*

Leo. *Antonio,* 'tis he.

Rod. [*within.*] Ho Gunner, make a Shot into the Town,
I'll part you, bring away *Antonio* [*A Shot.*
Into my Cabin. [*Exe. Attendants and Townsmen.*

Gent. I will do that Office:
I fear it is the last that I shall do him.

[*Exe. Soldiers and Gentlemen with Marc Antonio.*

Theo. The last! why, will he die?

Leo. Since I have found him; Happiness leave me,
When I leave him. [*Exit.*

Pbi. Why *Theodosia*?

My Sister, wake; alas, I griev'd but now
To see the Streets so full, and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the Band, I might espy some Face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an Errand for a Cordial,
Or *Aquavite*, or a Cup of Sack,
Or a Physician; but to talk of these ———
She breaths: Stand up O *Theodosia*,
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a Sigh,
Which is but th' most unhappy Piece of Life,
And I will ever after worship Sadness,
Apply my self to Grief; prepare and build
Altars to Sorrow.

Theo. O *Philippo*, help me.

Pbi. I do; these are my Arms, *Philippo's* Arms,
Thy Brother's Arms that hold thee up.

Theo. You help me
To Life; but I would see *Antonio*
That's dead.

Pbi. Thou shalt see any thing; how dost thou?

Theo. Better, I thank you.

Pbi. Why, that's well; call up

Thy Senses, and uncloud thy cover'd Spirits.
How now?

Theo. Recover'd ; but *Antonio*,
Where is he ?

Pbi. We will find him ; art thou well ?

Theo. Perfectly well, saving the miss of him ?
And I do charge you here, by our Alliance,
And by the Love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no Kindred ; by that killing Fear,
Mingled with twenty thousand Hopes and Doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lover's Heart,
And in a Virgin's too, when she wants help,
To grant me your Assistance, to find out
This Man alive, or dead ; and I will pay you,
In Service, Tears, or Prayers, a world of Wealth :
But other Treasure I have none : Alas !
You Men have strong Hearts ; but we feeble Maids
Have tender Eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

Pbi. Why dost thou charge me thus ? Have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wishes were ? Have I at any time
Tender'd a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine ? Have I not been,
As if I were a senseless Creature, made
To serve thee without pow'r of questioning,
If so, why fear'st thou ?

Theo. I am satisfied.

Pbi. Come, then let's go : Where's *Leocadia* ?

Theo. I know not, Sir.

Pbi. Where's *Leocadia* ?

Theo. I do not know,

Pbi. *Leocadia* ?

This Tumult made the Streets as dead as Night,
A Man may talk as freely ; what's become
Of *Leocadia* ? *Theo.* She's run away.

Pbi. Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each others Face, till we may, both together,
Fasten our Eyes on her ; accursed be
Those tender cozening names of Charity,

And

And natural Affection, they have loft
 Me only by observing them, what Cost,
 Travel, and fruitless Wishes may in vain
 Search through the World, but never find again.

Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
 Worthy this Banishment.

Pbi. Yes *Leocadia*,
 The Lady so distress'd, who was content
 To lay her Story, and to lay her Heart
 As open as her Story to your self,
 Who was content that I should know her Sex,
 Before dissembled, and to put herself
 Into my conduct, whom I undertook
 Safely to guard, is in this Tumult lost.

Theo. And can I help it, Sir?

Pbi. No, would thou could'st,
 You might have done, but for that zeal'd Religion
 You Women bear to Swoonings; you do pick
 Your times to faint when some Body is by,
 Bound or by Nature, or by Love, or Service,
 To raise you from that well dissembled Death;
 Inform me but of one that has been found
 Dead in her private Chamber by her self,
 Where Sicknefs would no more forbear, than here,
 And I will quit the rest for her.

Theo. I know not
 What they may do, and how they may dissemble;
 But by my Troth, I did not.

Pbi. By my Troth,
 Would I had try'd; would I had let thee lain,
 And followed her.

Theo. I would you had done so,
 Rather than been so angry; where's *Antonio*?

Pbi. Why dost thou vex me with these Questions?
 I'll tell thee where, he's carried to the Gallies,
 There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
 With knotted Ropes, and Pizzels; if he swound,
 He has a dose of Bisket.

Theo. I am glad
 He is alive.

Pbi. Was ever Man thus troubled,
 Tell me where *Leocadia* is? *Theo.* Good Brother
 Be not so haſty, and I think I can :
 You found no Error in me, when I firſt
 Told you ſhe was a Woman, and believe me
 Something I have found out, which makes me think,
 Nay, almoſt know ſo well, that I durſt ſwear
 She follow'd hurt *Antonio*.

Pbi. What do we

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townſmen.

Then lingring here? we will aboard the Gallies,
 And find her.

Gov. Made he a ſhot into the Town?

1 Attend. He did, Sir.

[*vernor*

Gov. Call back thoſe Gentlemen. *1 Attend.* The Go-
 Commands you back. *Pbi.* We will obey him, Sir.

Gov. You gave him cauſe to ſhoot; I know he is
 So far from raſh Offence, and holds with me
 Such curious Friendſhip; could not one of you
 Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an Uproar,
 Before my Door too?

1 Townſ. By my troth Sir, (34) we were ſo buſy in
 the publick cauſe, of our own private falling out, that
 we forgot it; at home we ſee now you were not, but as
 ſoon as the ſhot made us fly, we ran away as faſt as we
 could to ſeek your Honour.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no Man tells the cauſe
 Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.

1 Townſ. For my part Sir, if there were any that I
 knew of, the ſhot drove it out of my Head; do you
 know any, Neighbours?

All. Not we, not we.

Gov. Not we! Nor can you tell?

1 Attend. No other cauſe,

But the old Quarrel betwixt the Town and the Gallies.

Gov. Come nearer Gentlemen; what are your Names?

Pbi. My name *Philippo*.

(34) ——— *we were*] Folio 1647. The other Copies, *we are*.

Theo. And mine *Theodoro*.

Gov. Strangers you are, it seems.

Pbi. Newly arriv'd.

Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.

Pbi. No, Sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

1 Attend. They are not, I can quit 'em.

Theo. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part
Of this Debate, a long fought Friend of ours
Struck down for Dead, and born unto the Gallies,
His name is *Marc Antonio*.

Pbi. And (35) another
Of our own Company, a Gentleman
Of noble Birth, besides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, ravish'd hence
We know not how, in this Diffension.

Gov. Get you home all, and work ; and when I hear
You meddle with a Weapon any more,
But those belonging to your Trades, I'll lay you
Where your best Customers shall hardly find you.

[*Exeunt Townsmen.*]

I'm sorry, Gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both Strangers, by your Tongues, and Looks,
Of worth : To make ye some part of amends,
If there be any thing in this poor Town
Of *Barcelona* that you would command,
Command me.

Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
If it might please you, if your Pow'r and Love
Extend so far, I would be glad to wish
Might be remov'd into the Town for cure :
The Gallies stay not, and his Wound I know
Cannot endure a Voyage.

Gov. Sir, he shall,
I warrant you : Go call me hither, Sirrah,
One of my other Servants. [Exit *1 Attend.*]

Pbi. And besides,

(35) — — another
Of our Company] The first Folio reads as in the Text.

The Gentleman we lost, (36) Signior *Francisco*,
Shall he be render'd too?

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he Sir too: Go Sirrah, bear this Ring
To *Rodorigo*, my most noble Friend,
The General of the Gallies: Tell him this.

[Whispers to his Servant. Exit Servant.]

Theo. Now we shall have 'em both.

Pbi. Blest be thy Thoughts
For apprehending this, blest be thy Breath
For uttering it.

Gov. Come Gentlemen, you shall
Enter my Roof; and I will fend for Surgeons,
And you shall see your Friends here presently.

Theo. His Name was *Marc Antonio*.

Gov. I know it,
And have sent word so.

Pbi. Did you not forget
Francisco's Name?

Gov. Nor his; y'are truly welcome;
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same Word often over: You are welcome. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Marc Antonio carried by two Soldiers; Leocadia
and the Servant following.*

Ser. This is the House, Sir.

Marc. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my Wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.

1 Sold. Heav'n fend you Health, Sir.

Ser. Let me lead you in.

(36) ——— Signior Francisco
Shall be render'd too] I have restor'd the pronoun *he*,
(which had been dropt upon us) from the oldest Copy, and have
added a Note of Interrogation which was wanting before.

Marc. My Wound's not in my Feet; I shall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me so far. [*Exit.* [neral made a

2 Sold. How seriously these Land-men fled, when our Ge-
Shot, as if he had been a Warning to call 'em to their Hall.

1 Sold. I cannot blame 'em. What Man have they now
in the

Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a Matter out
Of square, if need be? O the Quiet Hurly Burlies that I
Have seen in this Town, when we have fought four Hours
Together, and not a Man amongst us so impertinent or
Modest to ask why? But now the Pillars that bare
Up this blessed Town in that regular Debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pity.

2 Sold. Old *Ignatio* lives still. [Man's Liver:

1 Sold. Yes, I know him; he will do prettily well at
But where is there any Man now living in the Town
That hath a steady Hand, and understands *Anatomy*
Well? If it come to a particular matter of the Lungs,
Or the Spleen, why? Alas *Ignatio* is to seek; are
There any such Men left as I have known, that
Would say they would hit you in this Place? Is there
Ever a good Artist, or a Member-Piercer, or a
Small-Gut Man left in the Town, answer
Me that?

2 Sold. Mafs, I think there be not,

1 Sold. No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Gallies. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc Antonio, Philippo,
Theodosia, Leocadia and Attendants.*

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said already,
You may command my House; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you. If the publick Business
Forc'd me not from you, I my self should call it
Unmannerly; but good Sir, do you give it
A milder Name: It shall not be an Hour
E'er I return.

Marc. Sir, I was ne'er so poor
In my own Thoughts, as that I want a Means
To requite this with.

Gov.

Gov. Sir, within this Hour.

[*Exit.*

Marc. Is this the Lady that I quarrel'd for?
O Lust, if Wounds cannot restrain thy Power,
Let Shame; nor do I feel my Hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I pursue it, all the civil World,
That ever did imagine the Content
Found in the Band of Man and Wife unbroke,
The Reverence due to Housholds, or the Blemish
That may be stuck upon Posterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my Forehead;
This is the wounded Stranger, that receiv'd
For Charity into a House, attempted ———
I will not do it.

Eug. Sir, how do you do now?
That you walk off.

Marc. Worse, Madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and rest a while.

Marc. Where are the Surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their Manner,
When they have seen the Wound, especially
The Patient being of Worth, to go consult,
(Which they are now at in another room,)
About the Dressing. *Marc.* Madam, I do feel
My self not well. *Theo.* Alas! *Leo.* How do you, Sir?

Eug. Will you drink Waters?

Marc. No, good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous; but yet there are
Some things that sit so heavy on my Conscience,
That will perplex my Mind, and stop my Cure;
So that unless I utter 'em, a Scratch
Here on my Thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the Room, and come not in
Your selves, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd my self to this most honour'd Lady.

Pbi. We will not.

Theo. O blest! he'll discover now
His Love to me.

Leo.

Leo. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract.

[*Exeunt.*

Eug. I do believe he will confes to me
The Wrong he did a Lady in the Streets ;
But I forgive him.

Marc. Madam, I perceive
My self grow worse and worse. *Eug.* Shall I call back
Your Friends? *Marc.* O no, but e'er I do impart
What burthens me so fore, let me intreat you
(For there is no trust in these Surgeons)
To look upon my Wound; it is perhaps
My last Request: But tell me truly too,
That must be in, how far do you imagine
It will have Pow'r upon me?

Eug. Sir, I will.

Marc. For Heav'n's sake, softly: Oh, I must needs lay
My Head down easily, whilst you do it.

Eug. Do Sir.

'Tis but an ordinary Blow; a Child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well;
Are you faint-hearted?

Marc. Oh!

Eug. Why do you sigh?
There is no Danger in the World in this;
I wonder it should make a Man sit down;
What do you mean, why do you kiss my Breasts?
Lift up your Head, your Wound may well endure it.

Marc. O Madam, may I not express Affection,
Dying-Affection too I fear, to those
That do me Favours, such as this of yours? [kiss

Eug. If you mean so, 'tis well; but what's the Busi-
Lyes on your Conscience?

Marc. I will tell you, Madam.

Eug. Tell me, and laugh?

Marc. But I will tell you true,
Though I do laugh: I know as well as you
My Wound is nothing, nor the Power of Earth
Cou'd lay a Wound upon me in your Presence,
That I could feel; but I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach

Of

Of Men, and wife Men too, we shall deceive 'em,
 Whilst they imagine I am talking here
 With that short Breath I have, ready to swoon
 At every full Point; you my ghostly Mother
 To hear my sad Confession; you and I,
 Will on that Bed within, prepar'd for me,
 Debate the Matter privately.

Eug. Forbear,

Thou wert but now as welcome to this House
 As certain Cures to sick Men, and just now
 This sudden Alteration makes thee look
 Like Plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'st
 How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst intreat
 Those Walls or Posts to help thee to a Hurt,
 Past thy Diffimulation.

Marc. Gentle Madam,
 Call 'em not in.

Eug. I will not yet, this Place
 I know to be within the reach of Tongue
 And Ears, thou canst not force me; therefore hear me
 What I will tell thee quickly; thou art born
 To end some way more disesteem'd than this,
 Or which is worse, to die of this Hurt yet.
 Come Gentlemen.

Enter Leocadia.

Marc. Good Madam.

Eug. Gentlemen.

Leo. Madam, how is't? Is *Marc Antonio* well?
 Methinks your Looks are alter'd, and I see
 A strange Distemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought
 By that dissembling Man, that Fellow, worth
 Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo and Theodosia.

Leo. Gentle Madam, speak
 To me alone, let not them understand
 His Fault, (37) he will repent it I dare swear.

(37) — *will repent it*] So Folio of 1647, other Editions,
He will repent I dare swear.

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.

Pbi. *Marc Antonio,*

How do you?

Marc. Stand farther off I pray you,
Give me some Air.

Theo. Good Brother, will he scape,
The Surgeons say there is no Danger.

Pbi. Scape?

No doubt he will.

Leo. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you:
Besides a Story I shall open to you,
Not put in so good Words, but in it self
So full of Chance, that you will easily
Forgive my Tedioufness, and be well pleas'd
With that so much afflicts me.

Eug. Good Sir, do.

Leo. And I desire no Interruption
Of Speech may trouble me, till I have said
What I will quickly do.

Theo. What will she say?

Eug. Come, Gentlemen, I pray you lend your Ears,
And keep your Voices.

Leo. Signior *Marc Antonio,*

(38) How do you?

Marc. Oh the Surgeons.

Leo. Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,
It is no time to do so; leave the Thoughts
Of this vain World, forget your Flesh and Blood,
And make your Spirit an untroubled way
To pass to what it ought.

Marc. You're not in earnest?

Why I can walk, Sir, and am well.

(38) *How do you do?*] This second *do* is not to be found in the oldest Copy, and as the Sense is no worse, and the Measure a good deal better, I have upon those Accounts thought proper to drop it.

Leo.

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Leo. 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the Nature, as your Surgeons say,
Of these Wounds, for a Man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, 'till his last Hour, his Minute:
For Heav'n's sake, Sir, sit down again.

Marc. Alas,
Where are the Surgeons?

Leo. Sir; they will not come;
If they should dress you, you would die, they say,
(39) E'er one told twenty; trouble not your Mind,
Keep your Head warm, and do not stir your Body,
And you may live an Hour.

Marc. Oh Heav'ns, an Hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the Wrongs that I have done: how short
Then for Contrition, and how least of all
For Satisfaction?

Leo. But you desire
To satisfie?

Marc. Heav'n knows I do.

Leo. Then know
That I am he, or she, or what you will,
Most wrong'd by you, your *Leocadia*;
I know you must remember me.

Marc. Oh Heav'n!

Leo. That lost her Friends, that lost her Father's House,
That lost her Fame in losing of her Sex,
With these strange Garments; there is no Excuse
To hinder me, it is within your Power
To give me Satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of Life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your Conscience sake,
And for our Fame, which I would fain have live

(39) *E'er one wou'd tell twenty;*] As this is a thing that does not depend upon *will* but *power*, I concluded that we should rather read *cou'd* than *wou'd*, but then the Measure which was redundant wou'd still remain so; I therefore consulted Mr. *Shirley's* Edition, found every thing right there, and according to his Authority have reform'd the present Text.

When

When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That Contract, which you have both seal'd and sworn,
Yet e'er you dye, which must be hastily,
Heav'n knows.

Marc. Alas, the sting of Conscience
To death-ward for our faults; draw nearer all,
And hear what I unhappy Man shall say.
First, Madam, I desire your Pardon; next
(I feel my Spirits fail me) Gentlemen,
Let me shake Hands with you, and let's be Friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick
I know not where, that every Man methinks
Should be mine Enemy; forgive me both.
Lastly 'tis true (oh I do feel the Power
Of Death seize on me) that I was contracted
By Seal and Oath to *Leocadia*;
(I must speak fast, because I fear my Life
Will else be shorter than my Speech would be)
But 'tis impossible to satisfy

You *Leocadia*, but by Repentance,
Though I can dyingly and boldly say
I know not your Dishonour, yet that was
Your Virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies th' impossibility,

O *Theodosia*, *Theodosia*,

I was betroth'd to *Theodosia*
Before I ever saw thee; Heav'n forgive me,
She is my Wife this half hour whilst I live.

Theo. That's I, that's I, I'm *Theodosia*;
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have fought for; here is with me
Philippo too, my Brother.

Marc. I am glad;
All Happiness to him; come let me kiss thee,
Beg pardon of that Maid for my Offence,
And let me farther, with a dying Breath,
Tell in thine Ear the rest of my desires.

Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn Women,
If we hold longer talk.

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Leo. Alas there is
No hope for me; that's *Theodofia*,
And that her Brother, I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the World, as careless of my Fortunes,
As they of me, 'till I can meet a curse
To make these almost killing-forrors worse.

[*Exit.*

Theo. Sir, as I live she ly'd, only to draw
A just Confession from you, which she hath,
A happy one for me; ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.

Eug. Sir, she did dissemble,
Your Wound is nothing.

Pbi. *Leocadia's* gone.

[*Exit.*

Theo. Rise up, and stir your self, 'tis but amazement
And your Imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir, now.

Marc. I think 'tis so indeed.

Theo. The Surgeons do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.

Eug. You shall talk with 'em.

[*ther,*

Within, for your own fancy. *Marc.* Where's your Bro-
And *Leocadia*? *Eug.* Within belike.

Marc. I feel my self methinks as well as ever.

Eug. Keep then your Mind so too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me, but here is one
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

Marc. Neither shall she:

When I make Jests of Oaths again, or make
My Lust play with Religion; when I leave
To keep true Joys for her, and yet within
My self true Sorrow for my passed Deeds;
May I want Grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and sudden Punishment.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo.

Pbi. **W**Here is mine Host, did he not see him neither?
Die. Not I, i'faith, Sir.

Pbi. Nor the Muleteer?

Inc. Nay he's past seeing, unless't be in's sleep,
 By this time; all his Visions were the Pots,
 Three hours since, Sir.

Pbi. Which way should she take?

Nay, look you now; d'you all stand still? good Heav'n
 You might have lighted on him, now, this instant?
 For (40) loves sake seek him out, whoever finds him
 I will reward his Fortune as his Diligence;
 Get all the Town to help, that will be hir'd,
 Their Pains I'll turn to annual Holiday,
 If it shall chance, but one bring word of her,
 Pray you about it.

Inc. Her, Sir? who do you mean?

Pbi. I had forgot my self, the Page I meant
 That came along with us.

Die. He you gave th' Cloaths to?

Pbi. I gave the Cloaths to, Rascal?

Die. Nay, good Sir.

Pbi. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my Courtesies,
 Slave?

Die. For your Honour, Sir.

Pbi. Wretch; I was honour'd,
 That she would wear 'em (he, I would say) s'death?
 Go, get (41) and find him out, or never see me;

(40) ——— loves sake see him out whoever find] To see a Person out is a Phrase of a different Import from what the Context here requires; the oldest Folio has it right, *seek*, but still like the Octavo and the rest, reads idly *find* for *finds*, which is absolutely necessary to the Grammar of this Place.

(41) — and find 'em out,] The Folio of 1647 gives the true reading.

I shall betray my Love e'er I possess it,
Some Star direct me, or ill Planet strike me. [*Ex. Phi.*

Inc. Best to divide.

Die. I'll this way.

Inc. And I this.

Die. I, as you, find him for a *Real*.

Inc. 'Tis done.

Die. My course is now directly to some Pie-house,
I know the Pages compass.

Inc. I think rather

The Smock side o'th' Town, the surer Harbour
As his Years to put in.

Die. If I do find

The hungry haunt, I take him by the Teeth now.

Inc. I by the Tail, yet I as you.

Die. No more. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Dear *Leocadia*, where canst thou be fled
Thus like a Spirit hence? and in a moment?
What Cloud can hide thee from my following search
If yet thou art a Body? sure she hath not
Ta'en any House? she did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a Place receiv'd her,
And wou'd, if she had staid, have help'd to right
The wrong her Fortune did her; yet she must
Be enter'd somewhere, or be found, no Street,
Lane, Passage, Corner, Turn, hath scap'd enquiry:
If her Despair had ravish'd her to Air,
She could not yet be rarified so
But some of us should meet her? though their Eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a Lightning for her, and divide
A Mist as thick as ever darkness was,
Nay see her through a Quarry; they do lie,
Lie grossly that say Love is blind; by him,
And Heav'n they lie; he has a sight can pierce
Through

Through Ivory, as clear as it were Horn,
And reach his Object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found.

Pbi. Ha? where? But reach that happy Note again,
And let it relish Truth, thou art an Angel.

Inc. He's here; fast by, Sir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.

Pbi. Where, where; hold thee. [Exit.

Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I'd nought to shew
If he had had the wit t' have gone from's word, [for't;
These direct Men, they are no Men of fashion;
Talk what you will, this is a very Smelt. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonardo with a Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your Art, Sir, and your Faith t' assist it,
Shall I believe you then his Wound's not mortal?

Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less your fear.

Leo. You do restore me, Sir, I pray y' accept
This small remembrance of a Father's thanks
For so assur'd a benefit.

Surg. Excuse me.

Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your Fortune may receive't, except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.

Surg. I crave your pardon, Sir, you teach me Manners.

Leo. I crave your Love and Friendship, and require,
As I have made now both my self and business
A portion of your care, you will but bring me
Under the Person of a call'd Assistant
To his next opening, where I may but see him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me; for I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my self,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpose.

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Surg. Neither
I hope will be your need, Sir; I shall bring you
Both there, and off again, without the hazard. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Philipppo, and Leocadia.

Pbi. Will you not hear me?

Leo. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever; no, *Marc Antonio*,
After thy Sentence, I may hear no more,
Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.

Pbi. Appeal to Reason:
She will reprove you from the power of Grief,
Which rules but in her absence; hear me say
A sovereign Message from her, which in Duty,
And Love to your own Safety, you ought hear:
Why do you strive so? Whither would you fly?
You cannot wrest your self away from Care,
You may from Counsel; you may shift your Place
But not your Person; and another Clime
Makes you no other.

Leo. Oh!

Pbi. For Passions sake,
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here; if you would vary
A Sigh to Tears, or Out-cry, do it here.
No Shade, no Desert, Darkness, nor the Grave
Shall be more equal to your Thoughts than I,
Only but hear me speak.

Leo. What would you say? [*mine,*

Pbi. That which shall raise your Heart, or pull down
Quiet your Passion, or provoke mine own;
We must have both one Balsam, or one Wound.
For know, lov'd Fair, since the first Providence
Made me your Rescue, I have read you through,
(42) And with a wondring Pity look'd on you;]

(42) *And with a wandring pity*] How much the Sense of this
place is heightened by the original Liction, the judicious will see at
first

I have observ'd the method of your Blood,
 And waited on it e'en with Sympathy
 Of a like Red and Paleness in mine own;
 I knew which Blush was Anger's, which was Love's,
 Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
 And could distinguish Honour from Disdain
 In every change, and you are worth my Study,
 I saw your voluntary Misery
 Sustain'd in Travel: A disguised Maid,
 Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost;
 Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by;
 I saw it, and have laid it to my Heart:
 And though it were my Sister which was righted,
 Yet being by your wrong, I put off Nature,
 Could not be glad, where I was bound to Triumph;
 My care for you, so drown'd respect of her;
 Nor did I only apprehend your Bonds,
 But studied your Release; and for that Day
 Have I made up a Ransome, brought you Health
 Preservative 'gainst Chance, or Injury,
 Please you apply it to the Grief; my self.

Leo. Humph.

Pbi. Nay, do not think me less than such a Cure,
Antonio was not; And 'tis possible
Philippo may succeed: My Blood and House
 Are as deep rooted, and as fairly spread,
 As *Marc Antonio's*, and in that all seek,
 Fortune hath given him no Precedency:
 As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
 Incense as much as he; I ever durst
 Walk with *Antonio* by the self-same Light
 At any Feast, or Triumph, and ne'er car'd
 Which side my Lady or her Woman took
 In their survey; I durst have told my Tale too,
 Though his Discourse new ended.

Leo. My Repulse ———

Pbi. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy,

first Sight. I had conjectur'd that this must be the reading, and had
 the Copies of 1647, and 1679, most luckily on my side.

Nor think that Conscience, Fair, which is no shame ;
 'Twas no Repulse, I was your Dowry rather :
 For then methought a thousand Graces met
 To make you lovely, and ten thousand Stories
 Of constant Virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
 In one Example did proclaim you rich :
 Nor do I think you wretched, or disgrac'd,
 After this suff'ring, and do therefore take
 Advantage of your need ; but rather know
 You are the charge and business of those Powers,
 Who, like best Tutors, do inflict hard Tasks
 Upon great Natures, and of noblest Hopes ;
 Read trivial Lessons, and half lines to Slugs ;
 They that live long, and never feel Mischance,
 Spend more than half their Age in Ignorance.

Leo. 'Tis well you think so.

Pbi. You shall think so too,
 You shall, sweet *Leocadia*, and do so.

Leo. Good Sir, no more ; you have too fair a Shape
 To play so foul a Part in, as the Tempter :
 Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
 Who should absolve me of my Vow yet ; ha ?
 My Contract made ?

Pbi. Your Contract ?

Leo. Yes, my Contract :
 Am I not his ? His Wife ?

Pbi. Sweet, nothing less.

Leo. I have no name then ?

Pbi. Truly then, you have not ;
 How can you be his Wife, who was before
 Another's Husband ?

Leo. Oh, though he dispence
 With his Faith given, I cannot with mine.

Pbi. You do mistake, clear Soul ; his Precontract
 Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no Faith
 That ties you in Religion, or Humanity,
 You rather sin against that greater Precept,
 To covet what's another's ; Sweet, you do,
 Believe me, who daren't urge dishonest things ;
 Remove that scruple therefore, and but take

Your

Your dangers now into your Judgment's scale,
 And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither
 Now you can go: What you can do to live:
 How near you ha' bar'd all Ports to your own Succour,
 Except this one that I here open, Love:
 Should you be left alone, you were a Prey
 To the wild Lust of any, who would look
 Upon this shape like a Temptation,
 And think you want the Man you personate,
 Would not regard this shift, which Love put on,
 As Virtue forc'd, but covet it like Vice;
 So should you live the slander of each Sex,
 And be the Child of Error and of Shame,
 And which is worse, even *Marc Antony*
 Would be call'd just, to turn a Wanderer off,
 And Fame report you worthy his Contempt;
 Where if you make new Choice, and settle here,
 There is no further Tumult in this Flood,
 Each Current keeps his Course, and all Suspicions
 Shall return Honours: Came you forth a Maid?
 Go home a Wife: Alone? And in Disguise?
 Go home a waited *Leocadia*:
 Go home, and by the virtue of that Charm
 Transform all Mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
 Turn your offended Father's Wrath to Wonder,
 And all his loud Grief to a silent Welcome?
 Unfold the Riddles you have made; what say you?

Enter Zanchio carried, Alphonso, and Servants.

Now is the time; Delay is but Despair,
 If you be chang'd, let a Kiss tell me so.

Leo. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.

Zanch. Come Sir; you're welcome now to *Barcelona*,
 Take off my Hood.

Pbi. Who be these? Stay, let's view 'em?

Alph. 'Twas a long Journey; ar'nt you weary, Sir?

Zanch. Weary? I could have rid it in mine Armour.

Leo. Alas!

Pbi. What ail you, Dear?

Leo. It is my Father.

Pbi.

Pbi. Your Father? Which?

Leo. He that is carried: Oh
Let us make hence.

Pbi. For Loves sake, good my Heart.

Leo. Into some House before he see me,

Pbi. Dear,

Be not thus frightened.

Leo. Oh his Wrath is Tempest.

Pbi. Sweet, take your Spirit to you, and stay; be't he,
He cannot know you in this Habit, and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.

Alph. Ha? Who is that? My Son *Philippo*?

Pbi. Sir.

Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this *Salamanca*?
And that your Study? ha? Nay stay him too,
We'll see him by his leave.

Ser. You must not strive, Sir.

Alph. No, no, come near.

Zanch. My Daughter: *Leocadia*?

Alph. How Sir, your Daughter?

Zanch. Yes Sir, and as sure

As that's your Son: Come hither: What now? run
Out o' your Sex? Breech'd? Was it not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine Honour,
Unless th' hadst quit thy self too?

Pbi. Sir, what fault.

(43) She can be urg'd of, I must take on me
The Guilt and Punishment.

Zanch. You must, Sir; how

If you shall not, though you must? I deal not
With Boys, Sir; Ay, you have a Father here
Shall do me right.

Alph. Thou art not mad, *Philippo*?

(43) *She can be urg'd of,*] The oddness of the Construction here
inclines me to think that we shou'd read,
urg'd with.

There is no Likeness, tis true, in the trace of the Letters, but
good Sense is often to be look'd upon as the best Manuscript.
And for a Confirmation of this, our Poets, in this present Play,
Act 2d. Scene 1. use the same Phrase.

Leonardo. — *Ye urge me Signior*
With strange Injustice.

Art

Art thou *Marc Antonio*, Son to *Leonardo* ?
Our business is to them.

Zanch. No, no, no, no.

I'll ha' the business now, with you, none else,
Pray you let's speak in private: (carry me to him)
Your Son's the Ravisher Sir, and here I find him:
I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword Sir, as becomes
One Gentleman of Honour to another;
All this is fair Sir, here's the Sea fast by,
Upon the Sands, we will determine,
'Tis that I call you to, let's make no Days on't,
I'll lead your way; to th' Sea-side, Rascals.

Pbi. Sir,

I would beseech your stay, he may not follow you.

Zanch. No, turn, I'll kill him here then: Slaves,
Rogues, Blocks,

Why do'nt you bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my Motions, Logs, so long,
And yet not know to time 'em?

Pbi. Were you, Sir,

Not impotent!

Alpb. Hold you your peace, Boy.

Zanch. Impotent!

'Death, I'll cut his Throat first, and then his Father's.

Alpb. You must provide you then a sharper Razor
Than is your Tongue, for I not fear your Sword.

Zanch. 'Heart bear me to either of 'em.

Pbi. Pray, Sir, your Patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alpb. My curse light on thee if thou stay him.

Pbi. Hold.

Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult
Is this you raise i'th' Street? before my Door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a Weapon here?

Zanch. Yes, and to use it (bear me up t' him, Rogues)
Thus, at a Traitor's Heart.

Alpb. Truer than thine.

Gov. Strike, strike; some of the People disarm 'em,
Kill

Kill 'em if they resist.

Pbi. Nay, generous Sir,
Let not your courtesie turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their Weapons,
I will be worth an answer, e'er we part.

Pbi. 'Tis the Governor, Sir.

Alpb. I yield my self. [thee tell me.

Zanb. My Sword? what think'st thou of me? pray

Attend. As of a Gentleman.

Zanb. No more?

Attend. Of Worth,
And Quality.

Zanb. And I should quit my Sword
There were small Worth or Quality in that, Friend;
Pray thee learn thou more Worth and Quality
Than to demand it.

Gov. Force't, I say.

Attend. The Governor,
You hear, Commands.

Zanb. The Governor shall pardon me.

Pbi. How, *Leocadia* gone again? [Exit *Pbi.*

Zanb. He shall, Friend,
I'th' point of Honour; by his leave, so tell him,
His Person and Authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my Sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen Governors;
That and I dwell together, and must yet,
'Till my Hands part, assure him.

Gov. I say, force it.

Zanb. Stay, hear me. Hast thou ever read *Caranza*?
Understand'st thou Honour, noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more fit dispute.

Zanb. Your Name. Sir?

Gov. You shall know that too, but on colder terms,
Your Blood and Brain are now too hot to take it.

Zanb. Force my Sword from me? this is an Affront.

Gov. Bring 'em away.

Zanb. You'll do me reparation. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Philippo.

Pbi. I have for ever lost her, and am lost
 And worthily, my tameness hath undone me;
 She's gone hence, asham'd of me, yet I seek her;
 Will she be ever found to me again,
 Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing
 In her Defence here? when I should have drawn
 This Sword out like a Meteor, and have shot it
 In both our Parents Eyes, and left 'em blind
 Unto their impotent Angers? Oh I'm worthy,
 On whom this loss and scorn should light to Death;
 Without the pity that should wish me better,
 Either alive, or in my Epitaph. [Exit.

Enter Leonardo, and Marc Antonio.

Leo. Well, Son, your Father is too near himself,
 And hath too much of Nature, to put off
 Any Affection that belongs to you;
 I could have only wish'd you had acquainted
 Her Father, whom it equally concerns,
 Though you'd presum'd on me; it might have open'd
 An easier Gate, and Path to both our Joys:
 For though I am none of those flinty Fathers
 That when their Children do but natural things,
 Turn Rock and Offence straight. Yet, *Marc Antonio*,
 All are not of my quarry.

Marc. 'Tis my Fear, Sir;
 And if hereafter I should e'er abuse
 So great a Piety, it were my Malice.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. We must intreat you, Gentlemen, to take
 Another Room, the Governor is coming
 Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, Zanchio, Alphonso, and Attendants.

Marc. We will give him way.

Zanch. I will have right, Sir, on you; that believe,
 If there be any Marshal's Court in *Spain*.

Gov.

Gov. For that, Sir, we shall talk.

Zanch. ——— Do not slight me,
Though I'm without a Sword.

Gov. Keep to your Chair, Sir.

Zanch.---Let me fall, and hurl my Chair (Slaves) at him.

Gov. You're the more temper'd Man, Sir; let m' intreat
Of you, the manner how this Brawl fell out.

Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;
But here we came, Sir, to this Town together,
Both in one business, and one wrong, engag'd
To seek one *Leonardo*, an old *Genoese*,
I ha' said enough there; would you more? false Father
Of a false Son, call'd *Marc Antonio*,
Who had stole both our Daughters; and which Father
Conspiring with his Son in Treachery,
It seem'd, to flie our Satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this Town,
Here to take Ship for *Italy*.

Leo. You heard

More than was true then; by the Fear, or Falshood.
And though I thought not to reveal my self
(Pardon my Manners in't to you) for some
Important Reasons; yet being thus character'd
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.

Marc. I say he's not worthy
The Name of Man, or any honest Preface,
That dares report or credit such a slander.
Do you, Sir, say it?

Alph. I do say it.

Gov. Hold.

Is this your Father, Signior *Marc Antonio*?
You've ill requited me thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him service.

Enter Eugenia.

Leon. 'Twas not his fault, Sir.

Eug. Where's my Lord?

Gov. Sweet-heart.

Eug. Know you these Gentlemen? they are all the Fa-
Unto

[thers

Unto our Friends.

Gov. So it appears, my Dove.

Zanb. Sir, I say nothing : I do want a Sword.
And 'till I have a Sword I will say nothing.

Eug. Good Sir, command these Gentlemen their Arms,
Entreat 'em as your Friends, not as your Prisoners.
Where be their Swords?

Gov. Restore each Man his Weapon.

Zanb. It seems thou hast not read *Caranza*, Fellow,
I must have reparation of Honour,
As well as this : I find that wounded.

Gov. Sir,
I did not know your Quality, if I had,
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.

Zanb. It is sufficient by *Caranza's* Rule.

Eug. I know it is, Sir.

Zanb. Have you read *Caranza*, Lady?

Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the Duel,
He was my Kinsman.

Zanb. Lady, then you know
By the right noble Writings of your Kinsman,
My Honour's as dear to me as the King's.

Eug. 'Tis very true, Sir.

Zanb. Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.

Eug. What ha' you more?

Gov. None here, good Signior.

Zanb. I will refer me to *Caranza* still.

Eug. Nay Love, I prithee let me manage this.
With whom is't, Sir?

Zanb. With that false Man, *Alphonso*.

Eng. Why he has th' advantage, Sir, in Legs.

Zanb. But I

In Truth, in Hand and Heart, and a good Sword.

Eug. But how if he won't stand you, Sir?

Alph. For that,

Make it no question Lady, I will stick
My Feet in Earth down by him, where he dare.

Zanb. O would thou wouldst.

Alph. I'll do it.

Zanb.

Zanch. Let me kiss him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.

Eug. Why Gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to *Caranza*,
Methinks an easier way, were two good Chairs,
So you would be content, Sir, to be bound,
'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like Weapons,
Pistols and Ponyards, and ev'n end it. If
The difference between you be so mortal,
It cannot be ta'en up.

Zanch. Ta'en up? take off
This Head first.

Alph. Come, come bind me in a Chair.

Eug. Yes, do.

Gov. What mean you, Dove?

Eug. Let me alone,
And set 'em at their distance; when you've done
Lend me two Ponyards; I'll have Pistols ready
Quickly.

[*Exit.*

Enter Philipppo.

Pbi. She's not here. *Marc Antonio*,
Saw you not *Leocadia*?

Marc. Not I, Brother.

[*her.*

Pbi. Brother, let's speak with you; you were false unto

Marc. I was, but have ask'd Pardon: Why d'you urge it?

Pbi. You were not worthy of her.

Marc. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me so.

Pbi. My Sister
Is not so fair

Marc. It skills not.

Pbi. Nor so virtuous.

Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.

Pbi. I would fain ———

Marc. What, Brother?

Pbi. Strike you.

Marc. I shall not bear Strokes,
Though I do these strange Words.

Pbi. Will you not kill me?

Marc.

Marc. For what, good Brother?

Pbi. Why, for speaking well

Of *Leocadia*.

Marc. No indeed.

Pbi. Nor ill

Of *Theodosia*?

*Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodosia, and one with
two Pistols.*

Marc. Neither.

Pbi. Fare you well then.

Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble Seconds too
As ever Duellists had; give 'em their Weapons:
Now St. *Jago*.

Zanb. Are they charg'd?

Eug. Charg'd, Sir?

I warrant you.

Alph. Would they were well discharg'd.

Zanb. I like a Sword much better, I confess.

Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? Shall I mend your Mark?
Strike one another thorough these?

Pbi. My Love.

Alph. My *Theodosia*.

Zanb. I ha' not the Heart.

Alph. Nor I.

Eug. Why here is a Dependance ended.
Unbind that Gentleman; come take here to you
Your Sons and Daughters, and be Friends. A Feast
Waits you within, is better than your Fray:
Lovers, take you your own, and all forbear,
Under my Roof, either to blush or fear.
My Love, what say you? Could *Caranza* himself
Carry a Business better?

Gov. It is well:

All are content I hope, and we well eas'd,
If they for whom we've done all this be pleas'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

1870
The first of the year
was a very cold one
and the snow lay
on the ground for
many days. The
frost was very
severe and the
wind was very
strong. The
people were
very much
concerned
for the
crops. The
government
sent out
a number of
soldiers to
protect the
crops. The
soldiers were
very brave
and they
did a very
good job.
The crops
were saved
and the
people were
very happy.
The year
was a very
good one
for the
country.

DR. JAMES B. BERRY



THE
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A

TRAGEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

FERRAND, *the libidinous Tyrant of Naples.*
Violet, *a noble Gentleman, studious of his Country's Freedom.*

Briffonet, } *Two honest Gentlemen, Confederates with Vi-*
Camillo, } *olet.*

Ronvere, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*

Villio, *a Court Fool.*

Castruccio, *a Court Parasite,*

Pandulpho, *a noble Gentleman of Naples, Father to Violet.*

The Duke of Sesse, an Enemy to Ferrand, proscribed and turn'd Pirate.

Ascanio, *Nephew and Successor to Ferrand.*

Lucio, *Page to Violet.*

Master.

Gunner.

Boat-swain.

Chirurgion.

Sailors.

Doct̄or.

Citizens.

Guard.

Soldiers.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Juliana, *the matchless Wife of Violet.*

Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of Sesse.*

S C E N E N A P L E S.

T H E



THE
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Virolet, and Boy.

V I R O L E T.

BOY.

Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my Wife seek me, tell her that
Designs of Weight, too heavy for her
Knowledge,

Exact my Privacy.

Boy. I shall, Sir,

Vir. Do then,

And leave me to my self.

Boy. 'Tis a raw Morning,

And would you please t' interpret that for Duty
Which you may construe Boldness, I could wish,

(To arm your self against it,) you would use
More of my Service.

Vir. I have heat within here,

A noble heat (good Boy) to keep it off;

I shall not freeze; deliver my excuse,

And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented :
My Lady follows you.

Vir. Since I must be crost then,
Let her perform that Office.

Boy. I obey you.

[*Exit.*

Vir. Prithee to Bed; to be thus fond's more tedious
Than if I were neglected.

Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my Obedience.

Vir. I confess
This tenderness argues a loving Wife,
And more deserves my Heart's best Thanks, than Anger.
Yet I must tell ye, Sweet, you do exceed
In your Affection, if you would ingross me
To your Delights alone.

Jul. I am not Jealous;
If my Embraces have distasted you,
As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak Woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those Graces, some more Fortunate are stor'd with:
Seek any whom you please, and I will study
With my best Service to deserve those Favours,
That shall yield you contentment.

Vir. You're mistaken.

Jul. No, I am patient Sir, and so good Morrow;
I will not be offensive.

Vir. Hear my Reasons.

Jul. Though in your Life a Widow's Bed receives me,
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your Ardor
Last longer to her.

Vir. By the Love I bear,
First to my Country's peace, next to thy self,
To whom compar'd, my Life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice Abstract
Of all the Beauties Nature ever fashion'd,
Or Art gave Ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art Obedient and Loving,
I should contemn and loath her.

Jul.

Jul. (1) I believe ye.

How I am blest in my assur'd Belief.

This is unfeign'd? And why this Sadness then?

Vir. Why? *Juliana*,

Believe me, these my sad and dull Retirements,
My often, nay almost continued Fasts,
(Sleep banisht from my Eyes, all Pleasures Strangers,)
Have neither root nor growth from any Cause
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldst thou be,
As Chastity forbid, false to my Bed,
I should lament my Fortune, perhaps punish
Thy Falshood, and then study to forget thee:
But that, which, like a never-emptied Spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling Grief,
Is what my Country suffers; there's a Ground
Where Sorrow may be planted, and spring up,
Through yielding Rage, and womanish Despair,
And yet not shame the Owner.

Jul. I do believe it true,

Yet I should think my self a happy Woman,

If, in this general and timely Mourning,

I might or give to you, or else receive

A little lawful Comfort.

Vir. Thy Discretion

In this may answer for me; look on *Naples*,
The Country where we both were Born and Bred,
Naples, the Paradise of *Italy*,
As that is of the Earth; *Naples*, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest *Romans*,
When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole World;
This flourishing Kingdom, whose Inhabitants
For Wealth and Bravery, liv'd like petty Kings,
Made subject now to such a Tyranny,
As that fair City that received her Name
From *Constantine* the great, now in the Power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own,

(1) *I do believe*] *Ye*, which makes the Sentence more full. I have recovered from the Folio of 1647. And *do*, which runs thro' all the Copies, I have left out, as being an unnecessary Particle in this Place.

To look with pity on our, Miseries ;
 So far in our Calamities we transcend her.
 For since this *Arragonian* Tyrant, *Ferrand*,
 Seiz'd on the Government, there's nothing left us
 That we can call our own, but our Afflictions.

Jul. And hardly those ; the King's strange cruelty,
 Equals all Precedents of Tyranny.

Vir. (2) Equals, say you ?

He has out-gone the worst ; compar'd to him
 Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionysius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd ;
 They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal Power,
 This as a Merchant ; all the Country's Fat
 He wholly does ingross unto himself ;
 Our Oils he buys at his own Price, then sells them
 To us at dearer Rates ; our Plate and Jewels,
 Under a feign'd Pretence of publick use,
 He borrows ; which deny'd, his Instruments force.
 (3) The Races of our Horses he takes from us,

Yet

(2) *Equal say you ?*

*He has out-gone the worst, compar'd to him ;
 Nor Phalaris, nor Dionysius,
 Caligula, nor Nero can be mentioned ;
 They yet as Kings abus'd their Regal Power ;
 This as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat
 He wholly does ingross unto himself ;*

The reading of *Equals* for *Equal* is requisite to make *Violet's* Answer tally with the latter part of *Juliana's* Speech : The Punctuation in the Octavo Edition, (which Mr. *Seward* too observ'd) has made sad work with the remaining part of this Passage, as the careful Reader will easily observe, by comparing the present with the ancient Pointing. What Stuff is

*This as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat
 He wholly does ingross, &c.*

(3) *The Races of our Horses, &c.*] I suspect the word *Races*. If *Ferrand* took the whole *Neapolitan* Breed of Horses (which are the best, as I remember, in *Italy*) then it is a meer redundancy, *Our Horses he takes from us*, wou'd have been full as expressive. I think the most natural Sentiment is, that the Tyrant seiz'd all their best and most valuable Horses. The old Folio reads *Rases*, so that the present reading is probably only a Conjecture. But as it has Possession I wou'd not disturb it, only offer the following Conjectures to the Reader's Choice. *The choicest*, or the *bravest*, or the *rarest*, or the *Racers* of our Horses. The *Neapolitan* Horses
 are

Yet keeps them in our Pastures ; Rapes of Matrons,
And Virgins, are too frequent ; never Man
Yet thank'd him for a Pardon ; for Religion
It is a thing he dreams not of.

Jul. I've heard,
How true it is, I know not, that he sold
The Bishoprick of *Tarent* to a *Jew*,
For thirteen thousand Duckets.

Vir. I was present,
And saw the Mony paid ; the Day would leave me,
E'er I could number out his impious Actions,
Or what the miserable Subject suffers ;
And can you entertain, in such a time,
A thought of Dalliance ? Tears, and Sighs, and Groans,
Would better now become you.

Jul. They indeed are
The only Weapons our poor Sex can use,
When we are injur'd ; and they may become us ;
But for Men, that were born free, Men of Rank,
(That would be registred Fathers of their Country,
And to have on their Tombs in golden Letters,
The noble Stile of Tyrant-killers, written ;)
To weep like Fools and Women, and not like wise Men
To practice a Redress, deserves a Name,
Which fits not me to give.

Vir. Thy grave Reproof,
If what thou dost desire, were possible
To be effected, might well argue it,
As wise as loving ; but if you consider,
With what strong Guards this Tyrant is defended :
Ruffians, and Male-contents drawn from all Quarters ;
That only know to serve his impious Will :
The Cittadel's built by him in the Neck
Of this poor City ; the invincible Strength,
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this Castle,
And above all his Fear ; admitting no Man
To see him, but unarm'd, it being Death
For any to approach him with a Weapon.

are light, and if this last is not thought too stiff, it seems to bid
fair for having been the Original.

Mr. Seward.

You

You must confess, unless our Hands were Cannons,
To batter down these Walls, our weak Breath Mines
To blow his Forts up; or our Curses Lightning,
To force a Passage to him, and then blatt him:
Our Power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our Misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of Brass resist not
A noble Undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any Bulwark, to make good the Place,
Where Virtue seeks to enter; then to fall
In such a brave Attempt, were such an Honour
That *Brutus*, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers,
Nay, all the Ancestors I am deriv'd from,
As you, in being what you are, are all these;
I'd rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And should be more proud of my Widow-hood,
You dying for the Freedom of this Country,
Than if I were assur'd, I should enjoy
A Perpetuity of Life and Pleasure
With you, the Tyrant living.

Vir. 'Till this Minute,
I never heard thee speak. O more than Woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet to lock a Secret in,
Of equal Trust to thee? All Doubts and Fears,
That scandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest Councils,
And further them with thine.

Jul. I will be faithful.

[to us,

Vir. Know then this Day, stand Heav'n propitious to
Our Liberty begins.

Jul. In *Ferrand's* Death?

Vir. 'Tis plotted, Love, and strongly; and believe it,
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the Thought,
How to proceed in this Design and end it,
That made strange my Embraces.

Jul. Curs'd be she,
That's so indulgent to her own Delights,
That for their Satisfaction, would give

A Stop to such a glorious Enterprize :
For me, I would not for the World, I had been
Guilty of such a Crime ; go on and prosper.
Go on, my dearest Lord, I love your Honour
Above my Life ; nay, yours ; my Prayers go with you ;
Which I will strengthen with my Tears : The Wrongs
Of this poor Country, edge your Sword ; oh, may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrant's Heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty Blood,
I'll wash you clean with Fountains of true Joy.
But who are your Assistants ? Though I am
So covetous of your Glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it.

[Knock.

Vir. Be not curious.

(4) They come ; however you command my Bosom,
To them I would not have you seen.

Jul. I'm gone, Sir ;
Be confident, and may my Resolution
Be present with you.

[Exit.

Vir. Such a Masculine Spirit,
With more than Woman's Virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a King's Fortune.

Enter Briffonet, Camillo, and Ronvere.

Brif. Good Day to you.

Cam. You are an early Stirrer.

Vir. What new Face
Bring you along ?

Ron. If I stand doubted, Sir,
As by your Looks I guess it, you much injure
A Man that loves, and truly loves this Country,
With as much Zeal as you do ; one that hates
The Prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly ;

(4) *They come : however you command my Bosom
To them I would not have you seen.* I would not have you
seen to them, is a Latin Construction, and so stands clear of Non-
sense, but I rather think we should read the Passage thus,

To them I would not have you seem.

Seem so do so, i. e. to command my Bosom.

One

One that dares step as far to gain my Freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a Sword
As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more Comparisons.

Ron. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot; if this deserve then
Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest,
Pursue your own Intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-strip you ———

Bris. Be assur'd, Sir,
A Conscience like this can never be
Ally'd to Treach'ry.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is like us, a Sufferer,
And stands, as we, affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd
And all undone; ev'ry Intelligencer
Speaks Treason with like Licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many Years been train'd
In *Ferrand's* School, a Man in Trust and Favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A Man disgrac'd, and with Contempt thrown off;
Will spur him to Revenge, as swift as they,
That never were in Favour.

Vir. Poor and childish.

Bris. His Regiment is cast, that is most certain;
And his Command i'th' Castle giv'n away.

Cam. That on my Knowledge.

Vir. Groffer still; what Shepherd
Would yield the poor Remainder of his Flock
To a known Wolf; though he put on the Habit
Of a most faithful Dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks.

Cam. Yes, he has Means too.

Vir. I know it to my Grief, weak Men, I know it;
To make his Peace, if there were any War

Between

Between him and (5) his Master, by betraying
Our innocent Lives.

Ron. You're too suspicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my Temper :
Take your own ways, I'll leave you.

Vir. You may stay now ;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for ;
But one word Gentlemen ; have you discover'd
To him alone our Plot ? Bris. To him, and others
That are at his Devotion. Vir. Worse and worse :
For were he only conscious of our Purpose,
Though with the breach of Hospitable Laws,
In my own House, I'd silence him for ever :
But what 'is past my help, is past my care.
I have a Life to lose.

Cam. Have better hopes. [further'd

Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have
Your noble Undertaking, you will swear me
Another Man ; the Guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our noblest Youths,
Attir'd like Virgins, such as Hermits would
Welcome to their sad Cells, prepar'd a Mask ;
As done for the King's Pleasure.

Vir. For his safety
I rather fear ; and as a Pageant to
Usher our Ruin.

Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on these ; but with such Art and Cunning
I have convey'd sharp Poniards in the Wax,
That we may pass, though search'd, through all his Guards
Without suspicion, and in all his Glory
Oppress him, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange ———

Vir. To be effected.

Ron. You are doubtful still.

Bris. But we, resolv'd to follow him, and if you

(5) ——— *his Master, betraying*] I have inserted *by* in the
Text against the Authority of all the Editions. This Passage is de-
ficient without it.

Desist now *Violet*, we'll say 'tis Fear,
Rather than Providence.

Cam. And so we leave you ——— [Exeunt.]

Enter Juliana.

Jul. To your wife Doubts, and to my better Counsels.
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and trust me too;
Let me not like *Cassandra* prophesy Truths,
And never be believ'd, before the Mischief:
I have heard all, know this *Ronvere* a Villain,
A Villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your Ruin, only to make way
T' his hopes in my Embraces; at more leisure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last Minute; if you stay, you're lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark Cave
Within this House, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the Center,
'Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is Air,
More than to keep in Life, *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his Fears are.

Vir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my Head now, 'twas thine own Advice,
My Friends engag'd too.

Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak Men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my Counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your Fancy hath been good, but not your Judgment,
In choice of such to side you; will you leap
From a steep Tow'r, because a desp'rate Fool
Do's it, and trusts the Wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all Mens Eyes
Are fixt on *Violet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their Hopes and ours: You have sworn
often,

That you dare credit me, and allow'd me Wife
Although a Woman; e'en Kings in great Actions
Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir,

Or

The Double Marriage.

III

Or (6) lose your Understanding.

Vir. Thou art constant ;
I an uncertain Fool, a most blind Fool ;
Be thou my Guide.

Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For Torment or Reward, when I am wretched,
My Constancy forsake me.

Vir. I've my safety.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Castruccio and Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus ?

Cast. (7) Peace, thou'rt a Fool.

Vil. But if I were a Flatterer like your Worship,
I should be wise and rich too ;
There are few else that prosper, Bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.

Cast. A shrewd Knave ;
But oh the King, the happy King !

Vil. Why happy ?
In bearing a great Burthen.

Cast. What bears he,
That's borne on Princes Shoulders ?

Vil. A Crown's weight,
Which sets more heavy on his Head, than th' Our
Slaves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.

Cast. Thou worthily art his Fool, to think that heavy
That carries him i'th' Air ; the rev'ence due
To that most sacred Gold, makes him ador'd,

(6) ——— *lose your understanding.*] This Place seems to want an helping Hand. I wou'd propose reading *undertaking*. Kings want Opportunity to perform their Designs in, and so must you, otherwise you will lose your Undertaking. For 'tis not the *Understanding* but *Undertaking* which would be lost.

(7) *Cast.* *Peace, thou art a Fool.*

Vil. *But if I were a Flatterer like your Worship,*

I shou'd be wise and rich too ;] Thus run all the Copies, but there seems to be something wanting in *Castruccio's* Part to correspond with *Villio's* reply ; what I wish the Poets had wrote is this,

Cast. *Peace, thou'rt a poor Fool.*

Vil. *But if I were a flatterer like your Worship,*
I should be wise and rich too.

His

His Footsteps kist ; (8) his Smiles do raise a Beggar
To a Lord's Fortune, and when he but frowns,
The City quakes ———

Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say. I am of a Fool,
Grown a Philosopher, to hear this Parasite.

Cast. The Delicates he's serv'd with, see and envy ———

Vil. I'd rather have an Onion with a Stomach,
Than these without one.

Cast. The Celestial Musick,
Such as the motion of the eternal Spheres [*Still Musick.*
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks Nectar ———

Vil. Here's a fine Knave,
Yet hath too many Fellows. *Cast.* Then the Beauties,
That with variety of choice Embraces [*These pass o'er.*
Renew his Age ———

Vir. Help him to crouch rather, [*way.*
And the *French* Cringe, they're excellent Surgeons that

Cast. Oh Majesty! Let others think of Heav'n,
While I contemplate thee. *Vil.* This is not Atheism,
But Court observance. *Cast.* Now the God appears,
Usher'd with Earthquakes. *Vil.* Base Idolatry. [*Flourish.*

Enter Ferrand, Guard, Women, and Servants.

Fer. These Meats are poison'd, hang the Cooks; no
note more, [*To the Musick.*

On forfeit of your Fingers; do you envy me
A minute's Slumber? what are these? *Guard.* The Ladies
Appointed by your Majesty. *Fer.* To th' purpose;
For what appointed? *Guard.* For your Grace's Pleasure

Fer. To suck away the little Blood is left me,
By my continual Cares; I am not apt now,
Injoy them first, taste of my Diet once;
And your turns serv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them.

Wom. Great Sir, Mercy.

(8) ——— *his Smiles to raise a Beggar*] The easy mistaking of
do for to has palm'd upon us a strange piece of obscurity, unless
'tis salved by a greater Ellipsis than I am willing to admit, *i. e. his*
Smiles are able to raise, &c.

The Double Marriage.

119

Fer. I'm deaf, why stare you? Is what we command
To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you th' Dead
T' upbraid me to my Face.

Cast. Hold Emperor;
Hold mightiest of Kings, I am thy Vassal,
Thy Foot-stool, that durst not presume to look
On thy offended Face?

Fer. *Castruccio*, rise.

Cast. Let not the lightning of thy Eye consume me,
Nor hear that musical Tongue, in dreadful Thunder,
That speaks all Mercy.

Vil. Here's a flattering Rogue!

Cast. *Ferrand*, that is the Father of his People,
The Glory of Mankind.

Fer. No more, no word more;
And while I tell my Troubles to my self,
Be Statues without Motion or Voice;
Though to be flatter'd is an Itch to Greatness,
It now offends me.

Vil. Here's the happy Man;
But speak who dares.

Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could Eat and Sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible
To others, my Guards can't keep Fear from me,
It still pursues me; Oh! my wounded Conscience,
The Bed I would rest in, is stuff with Thorns;
The Ground's strew'd o'er with Adders, and with Aspicks
Where-e'er I set my Foot: But I am in,
And what was got with Cruelty, with Blood
Must be defended, though this Life's a Hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere and Guard.

Ron. My Lord.

Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden Plummet,
With which I found mine En'mies Depths and Angers:
Hast thou discover'd?

Ron. All as you could wish, Sir,
The Plot, and the Contrivers; was made one

Of the Conspiracy.

Fer. Is *Violet* in?

Ron. The head of all, he only scented me;
And from his fear that I plaid false, is fled;
The rest I have in Fetters.

Fer. Death and Hell.

Next to my mortal Foe the Pirate *Sesse*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wise,
A Lover of his Freedom and his Country's;
Dangerous to such as govern by the Sword,
And so to me. No track which way he went,
No means to overtake him?

Ron. There's some hope left;
But with a rough Hand, to be seiz'd upon.

Fer. What is't?

Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his Wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.

Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd,
Go fetch them in, and let my Executioners [*Exit Ron.*
Appear in horror with the Rack.

Vil. I take it, Signior,
This is no time for you to flatter, or me
To fool in. *Cast.* Thou art wise in this, let's off,
It is unsafe to be near *Jove* when he
Begins to Thunder. *Vil.* Good Morality. [*Exit.*

Fer. I that have pierc'd into the Hearts of Men;
Forced them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whose least discovery was Death,
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the Fortrefs
Of a weak Woman's Faith.

*Enter Ronvere, Guard, and Executioners with a Rack,
Camillo, Briffonet, Pandulpho, and Juliana.*

Cam. Whate'er we suffer,
The weight that loads a Traitor's Heart, fits ever
Heavy on thine. *Bris.* As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others. *Fer.* Pish, poor Fools, your Curses
Will ne'er reach me.

Jul.

Jul. Now by my *Violet's* Life,
 Father, this is a glorious stage of Murther.
 Here are fine (9) Properties too, and such Spectators
 As will expect good Action; to the life,
 Let us perform our parts, and we shall live,
 When these are rotten; would we might begin once;
 Are you the Master of the Company?
 Troth you are tedious now.

Fer. She does deride me.

Jul. Thee and thy Power; if one poor Syllable
 Could win me an assurance of thy favour,
 I would not speak it, I desire to be
 The great Example of thy cruelty,
 To whet which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
 Can make discovery where my *Violet* is,
 Whose Life I know thou aim'st at; but if Tortures
 Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forsake me;
 I dare thy worst.

Fer. Are we contemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,
 Thou and thy Minsters; my Life is thine;
 But in (10) the death the Victory shall be mine.

Pand. We have such a Mistress here to teach us Courage,
 That Cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are slow; [She is put on the Rack.
 Begin the Scene, thou miserable Fool,
 For so I'll make thee.

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
 I'm happy in my Sufferings, thou most wretched.

Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet; (11) pluck harder,
 Villains;

(9) ——— *Properties*] A term much used at the Play-houses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation; and they who furnish them are called *Property-Men*. This seems to have arisen from that sense of the word *Property*, which signifies a Blind, a Tool, a Stalking-Horse.

(10) ——— *the Death of Victory*] The *for of* in this Verse is from the Folio of 1647. The one makes Sense, the other confounds it.

(11) ——— *pluck hard, Villains;*] The Measure here as well as Sense call for the Alteration, which both Mr. *Theobald* and my self had lighted on, and which I have thought proper to stand in the Text.

Is she insensible? No Sigh nor Groan?
Or is she dead? *Jul.* No Tyrant, though I suffer
More than a Woman, beyond Flesh and Blood;
'Tis in a Cause so honourable, that I scorn
With any sign that may express a Sorrow
To shew I do repent.

Fer. Confess yet, and
Thou shalt be safe.

Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my Soul,
From whence thou canst not force it.

Fer. I will be
Ten Days a killing thee.

Jul. Be twenty thousand,
My Glory lives the longer.

Ron. 'Tis a Miracle!
She tires the Executioners, and me.

Fer. Unloose her, I am conquer'd, I must take
Some other way; reach her my Chair, in honour
Of her invincible Fortitude.

Ron. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?

Fer. When I seem merciful,
Assure thy self *Ronvere*, I am most cruel. [*Aside.*
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That has chang'd my Severity to Mercy,
Not to thy self alone, but to thy People,
(In which I do include these Men,) my Enemies:
Unbind them.

Pand. This is strange.

Fer. For your Intent
Against my Life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one Service.

Cam. Above Hope.

Fer. There rides a Pirate near, the Duke of *Sesse*,
My Enemy and this Country's, that in Bonds
Holds my dear Friend *Ascanio*; free this Friend,
Or bring the Pirate's Head; besides your Parçon,
And Honour of the Action, your Reward
Is forty thousand Ducates: And because
I know that *Violet* is as bold as wise,

Be he your General. As pledge of your Faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old Man
And this most constant Matron stay with me,
Of whom, as of my self, I will be careful.
She shall direct you where her Husband is.
Make Choice of any Ship you think most useful,
They are rigg'd for you.

[*Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pandulpho.*

Bris. We with Joy accept it.

Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrand* merciful.

[*Exeunt.*

Ron. The Mystery of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your Nature?

Fer. I'll make thee privy to it.

The Lives of these weak Men, and desperate Woman,
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took them;
'Tis *Violet* I aim at; he has Pow'r,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Sesse*,
And he prove Conqueror, I am assur'd
They'll find no Mercy; if that they prove Victors,
I shall recover, with my Friend, his Head
I most desire of all Men.

Ron. Now I have it.

Fer. I'll make thee understand the Drift of all,
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall. [*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Boatswain and Gunner.

Boatsf. LAY her before the wind; up with your Canvas,
And let her Work; the Wind begins to whistle:
Clap all her Streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her bestride the Billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton Heads. Ho, below there.

Sailors within. Ho, ho.

Boatsf. Lay her North-East, and thrust her Miffen out,

The Day grows fair and clear, and the Wind courts us.
Oh for a lusty Sail now, to give chase to.

Gun. A stubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
And change a Broadside bravely.

Boatsf. Where's the Duke?

Gun. I have not seen him stir to Day.

Boatsf. Oh Gunner,
What Bravery dwells in his Age, and what Valour?
And to his Friends, what Gentleness and Bounty?
How long have we been Inhabitants at Sea here?

Gun. Some fourteen Years.

Boatsf. By fourteen Lives I swear then,
This Element ne'er nourish'd such a Pirate,
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his Want, in Act so valiant.
How many Sail of well mann'd Ships before us,
As the *Bonetto* does the flying Fish,
Have we pursu'd and scour'd, that to out-strip us,
They have been fain to hang their very Shirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken;
Whose only Fraughts were Fire, and stern Defiance?
And nothing spoke but Bullets in all these.
How like old *Neptune* have I seen our General
Standing i'th' Poop, and tossing his Steel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to serve him?

Gun. His Daughter too; which is the Honour, Boat-
Of all her Sex; that martial Maid — [Iwain,

Boatsf. A brave Wench.

Gun. How oftentimes, a Fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my Linstock from me,
And crying, now fly (12) right, fir'd all my Chasers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddess,
Her Target brac'd upon her Arm, her Sword drawn,
And Anger in her Eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hail'd the Bark. I've wondred, Boatswain,
That in a Body made so delicate,
So soft for sweet Embraces, so much Fire,

(12) — right and fir'd all] The omission of *and* is authorized by the Copy of 1647, and Mr. Theobald had affix'd a *dele* to it in his Margin.

And manly Soul, not starting at a Danger.

Boats. Her noble Father got her in his Fury,
And so she proves a Soldier.

Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many Strangers as he does,
He uses them with that Respect and Coolness,
Not making Prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his Want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly. Where, if he take
His Countryman, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from Danger, he sure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the Men, ransacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his Fortune. [try,

Boats. The Wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Coun-
(That's all I know) have purchas'd all his Cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly Boys,
The Ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight;
I hope to meet a Sail, Boy, and a right one.

Gun. That's my Hope too, I'm ready for the Pastime.

Boats. I'th' mean time let's bestow a Song upon him,
To shake him from his Dumps, and bid good Day to him.
Ho, in the Hold.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here. *Boats.* To th' Main-Top,
Boy, an' thou ken'st a Ship that dares defie us,
Here's Gold.

Boy. I'm gone.

[*Exit Boy.*

Boats. Come, Sirs, a quaint *Levet.* [*Trump.* a *Levet.*
To waken our brave General. Then t' our Labour.

*Enter Duke of Sesse above, and his Daughter Martia
like an Amazon.*

Sesse. I thank you, loving Mates, I thank you all;
There's to prolong your Mirth; and good morrow to you.

Mart. Take this from me, you're honest, valiant Friends,
And such we must make much of. Not a Sail stirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boats. Without doubt, Lady,
The Wind standing so fair and full upon us,
We shall have Sport anon. But noble General,
Why are you still so sad? You take our Edge off;
You make us dull, and spiritless.

Sesse. I'll tell ye,
Because I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my Cause, 'twill double arm you,
This Woman, never knew it yet, my Daughter,
Some Discontents she has.

Mart. Pray Sir, go forward.

Sesse. These fourteen Years, (13) I've stored it here at
Where the most curious Thought could never find it.

Boats. Call up the Master, and all th' Mates.

Enter Master and Sailors.

Sesse. Good Morrow.

Maft. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that noble Lady all good Wishes.

Mart. I thank you Master.

Sesse. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discovered.
'Till full Revenge had wooed me; but to satisfy
My faithful Friends, thus I cast off my Burthen.
In that short time I was a Courtier,
And followed that most hated of all Princes,
Ferrand, the full Example of all Mischiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my Soul a Stranger,)
It was my Chance one Day to play at Chefs
For some few Crowns, with a Minion of this King,
A mean poor Man, that only serv'd his Pleasures;
Removing of a Rook, we grew to Words;
From this to hotter Anger: To be short,
I got a Blow.

Mart. How, how, my noble Father!

(13) ——— *I have stored it here at Sea.*] Thus the Octavo, and
it may be right; the Edition of 1647 gives it thus,

I've stored here at Sea.

I conjecture we should read with a small addition, *flowed*. So a
little lower the Master says, *Down with 'em, flow 'em in.*

Sesse.

Sesse. A Blow, my Girl, which I had soon repaid,
And sunk the Slave for ever, had not odds
Thrust in 'twixt us. I went away disgrac'd——

Mart. For Honours sake not so, Sir,

Sesse. For that time, Wench;
But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private Friends; knockt at his Valour,
Court'd his Honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my Thoughts made slight on,
And only worth the Fury of my Footman,
Still I pursu'd him nobly ——

Mart. Did he 'scape you?

My old brave Father, could you sit down so coldly?

Sesse. Have Patience, and know all. Pursu'd him fairly,
'Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my Wrongs made May-
games.

By him unjustly wrong'd, (14) should be all Justice;
The Slave protect'd; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he suppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd, durst not be question'd;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor Life, like the Air,
Blown in an empty Bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble Wind of Memory to raise him.
But then began my Misery, I fled,
The King's Frowns following, and my Friends Despair:
No Hand that durst relieve; my Country fearful,
Basely and weakly fearful of a Tyrant,
Which made his bad Will worse, stood still and wondred,
Their Virtues bed-rid in 'em; then my Girl,
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy Nurse,
The Model of thy Father's Miseries,
And some small Wealth as fit for present Carriage,
And got to Sea, where I profess my Anger,
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful Country,

(14) —— *shou'd be all Justice;*] Mr. Theobald here has an ingenious reading, which he wou'd have insert'd in this place, *viz.*
Show'd by all Justice.

I have not however ventur'd to disturb the Text, as I apprehend the present reading is good Sense without any Correction at all.

And

And that bad King, have Blood or Means to quench me.
Now ye know all.

Maft. We know all, and admire all ;
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate.

Mart. Had you done less, or lost this noble Anger,
You had been worthy then, Mens empty Pities,
And not their Wonders. Go on, and use your Justice,
And use it still with that fell Violence,
It first appeared to you ; if you do less,
(15) Or take a doting Mercy to Protection,
Th' Honour of a Father I disclaim in you,
Call back all Duty ; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and base Name of a Whore,
Than Daughter to a great Duke and a Coward.

Sesse. Mine own sweet *Martia*, no ; thou know'st my
It cannot, must not be. [Nature,

Mart. I hope it shall not.
But why, Sir, do you keep alive still, young
Ascanio, Prince of *Rossana*, King *Ferrand's*
Most beloved one, you took two Months ago ?
Why is not he flung over Board, or hang'd ?

Sesse. I'll tell thee, Girl.
It were a Mercy in my Nature now,
So soon to (16) break the Thread of his Afflictions ;
I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die ; that were a Benefit.
Besides, I keep him as a Bait and Diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the King ;
I look each Hour to hear of his *Armados*,
And a hot Welcome they shall have.

Mart. But hark you ?

(15) *Or take a doting Mercy*] I cou'd not, after the most mature Deliberation upon this Passage, think it was right, but imagin'd that *doting* was the word the Sense required ; and, upon consulting the Edition of 1647, found the Text stand so.

(16) ——— *break the Bed of his Afflictions ;*] Here is another strange Corruption, which runs thro' the Copies both ancient and modern ; I hope I have restored the Text to its original Purity by reading *Thread*, which carries a congruous Sense along with it, and so evident, that I need not paraphrase the Passage, to make it more plain.

If you were over-sway'd with Odds——

Sesse. I find you :

I would not yield ; no Girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor fling my self one Hour into their Mercies,
And give the Tyrant Hope to gain his Kingdom.
No. I can sink, Wench, and make shift to die ;
A thousand Doors are open, I shall hit one.
I'm no Niggard of my Life, so it go nobly ;
All Ways are equal, and all Hours, I care not.

Mart. Now you speak like my Father.

Mast. Noble General,

If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the Main-yard light upon us!
No, we can sink too, Sir, and (17) sink low enough,
To pose their cruelties to follow us :
And he that thinks of life, if th' World go that way,
A thousand Cowards suck his Bones.

Gun. Let th' worst come,

I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel : and when sh'as split it,
Every Man knows his way, his own Prayers,
And so good Night, I think.

Mast. We've liv'd all with you,
And will die with you, General.

Sesse. I thank you, Gentlemen.

Boy above. A Sail, a Sail.

Mast. A chearful sound.

Boy. A Sail.

Boatsf. Of whence ? of whence, Boy ?

Boy. A lusty Sail.

Mart. Look right, and look again.

Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And fomes i'th' Mouth.

Boatsf. Of whence ?

Boy. I ken not yet, Sir.

Sesse. Oh, may she prove of *Naples!*

Mast. Prove the Devil,

(17) —— and sink low enough] We might very well spare this latter *sink*, and hurt nothing either in the Sense or Quantity of this Verse.

We'll spit out fire as thick as she.

Boy. Hoy.

Mast. Brave Boy,

Boy. Of *Naples, Naples*, I think of *Naples* Master.

Methinks I see the Arms.

Mast. Up, up another,
And give more certain signs.

[*Exit Sailor.*

Sesse. All to your business,
And stand but right and true——

Boatsf. Hang him that halts now.

Boy. Sh'as us in chase.

Mast. We'll spare her our main Top-sail,
She shall not look us long, we are no Starters,
Down with the Fore-sail too, we'll spoon before her.

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my Honour
Load me but these two Minions (18) in the Chase there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine Eye, and Level, as thy Heart is.

Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out, I'll piss 'em out else.

Sail. *above.* Ho.

Sesse. Of whence now?

Sail. Of *Naples, Naples, Naples.*

I see her Top-Flag, how she quarters *Naples.*

I hear her Trumpets.

Sesse. Down, she's welcome to us.

[*Exeunt Mast. Boatsf. Gun. Sail.*

Every Man to his Charge, Man her i'th' Bow well,
(19) And place your Rakers right. Daughter, be sparing.

(18) — *in the Chape*] The Chape of a Sword is no News, but I fancy that of a Ship will be so to every curious Reader. *Chase* is applicable either to the Prow or Stern of a Ship, and 'tis no matter in which of these Acceptations we understand it here.

(19) *And place your Rakers right.*] And a little lower, the Master says, — *clap in her Stern, and yoke 'em.*] If *Rakers* is the primitive Word, *Yoke 'em* I can't think to be right, nay even supposing *Rakers* wrong, *Yoke*, I'm afraid will stand no Chance to remain in the Text. What I imagine the true reading in both places is this,

And place your Sakers right. And then,

— *clap in her Stern, and rake 'em.*] In the Sea Phrase, *to rake* is to fire the Cannon into the Stern of the Enemy's Ship, and so shoot thro' the whole Length of her.

Mart.

Mart. I swear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is, I'll seek for Honour.
They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons sing amongst us;
Hark how they fail; out of our Shells for shame, Sirs.

Sesse. Now Fortune and my Cause.

Mart. Be bold and conquer. [*Exeunt.*

[*Charge Trumpets and shot within.*

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Mast. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and
valiant. [thers,

Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' Air like Fea-
And made 'em Dance.

Mast. Good Boys, fight bravely, manly.
They come on yet, clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. (20) You should not need, I have Provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.

Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant:

I have a second course of Service for 'em,

Shall make the Bowels of their Bark ake, Boy.

The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*

[*Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.*

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Mast. Down with 'em, stow 'em in.

Boats. Cut their Throats, 'tis Brotherhood to fling
'em into th' Sea.

The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely Daughter *Martia*.

We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have smoak'd us, ne'er such
Plums yet flew. [holes,

Boats. They've rent the Ship, and bor'd a hundred

(20) *You shou'd not need,*] Tho' *should* and *shall*, which is the word I think the Context of this place requires, be nothing alike; yet I can't help thinking but it was the Poets Expression.

She

She swims still lustily. *Mast.* She made a brave fight,
And she shall be cur'd, and make a braver yet.

Gun. Bring us some Cans up, I'm as hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three Cans.

Boatsf. I am sure I am none o'the coolest.

Gun. My Cannons rung like Bells. Here's to my Mistress;
The dainty sweet brass Minion split their Fore-mast,
She never fail'd. *Mast.* Ye did all well and truly,
Like faithful honest Men. *Boatsf.* But is she rich, Master?

[*Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Sesse, Martia, Virolet, and Sailors.

Mast. Rich for my Captain's purpose howsoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he shows,
Heated in Blood and Anger? how do you, Sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope? *Sesse.* No, Master,
But only wear the Livery of fury.

(21) I am hurt, and deep.

Mast. My Mistress too?

Mart. A scratch Man,

(22) My Needle would ha' done as much. Good Sir,
Be provident and careful.

Sesse. Prithee, peace, Girl;

This Wound is not the first Blood I have blusht in:
Ye fought all like tall Men, my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my Purse means, but my Tongue,
Soldiers.

Now, Sir, to you that fought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You're welcome to your Death.

Vir. I do expect it,

(21) *I am hurt and deep.*] Mr. Theobald would read here,
I'm hurt not deep,

But I am afraid it will not be true; for if it was, why shou'd the
Surgeons say to him a little lower,

You grow so angry, Sir, your Wound goes backward.

'Tis only supposing him to speak aside, and the Line is good.

(22) *My Needle wou'd have done as much good. Sir,*

Be provident.] The Alteration in the pointing I find Mr. Theobald had made before me.

And

And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.

Sesse. Thou bor'st the Face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rank'd in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful Spirit, shewed and pointed,
Thy Country's Love; one that advanc'd her Honour,
Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The Tyrant tyes Mens Souls too. Tell me *Violet*,
If shame have not forsok thee, with thy credit —

Vir. No more of these Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor Confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a Monster,
By making my Mind Prisoner; do your worst
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it;
Only those base inflictions fit for Slaves,
Because I am a Gentleman —

Sesse. Thou'rt none.
Thou wast while thou stoodst good, thou'rt now a Villain,
And Agent for the Devil.

Vir. That Tongue lies.
Give me my Sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman,
A Man as fair in Honour; — rate your Prisoners?
How poor and like a Pedagogue it shews?
How far from Nobleness? 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your Victory with foul Language, —

Sesse. Go sling him over-board; I'll teach you, Sirrah —

Vir. You can't teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties,
And make you choak with anger.

Sesse. Away I say.

Mart. Stay, Sir, h'as giv'n you such bold Language,
I am not reconcil'd t' him yet, and therefore
He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly,
To die when he please; I beseech you stay, Sir.

Sesse. Do with him what thou wilt,

Mart. Carry him to th' Bilboes,
And clap him fast there, with the Prince.

Vir. Do, Lady,
For any Death you give, I'm bound to bless you.

[*Exeunt Vir. and Sailors.*

Mart.

Mart. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your rest, the Surgeons wait all for you.

Seffe. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy Fortunes;
Why, sure I have no hurt, I have not fought sure?

Mast. You bleed apace, Sir.

Mart. Ye grow cold too.

Seffe. I must be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepest Wounds scorn Crutches.

All. A brave General. [*Flourish Trumpets, Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Will they not moore her?

2 *Sail.* Not 'till we come to th' Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,
And may hold out another fight. The Ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.

1 *Sail.* She made a brave fight.

2 *Sail.* She put us all in fear.

1 *Sail.* Beshrew my Heart did she.
Her Men are gone to Candy, they are pepper'd,
All but this Prisoner.

2 *Sail.* Sure he's a brave Fellow.

1 *Sail.* A stubborn Knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.
[*He discovers Virolet and Ascanio in the Bilboes.*
Look how he looks now: come, let's go serve his Diet,
Which is but Bread and Water.

2 *Sail.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*

Asca. I must confess I have endur'd much misery,
E'en almost to the ruin of my Spirit,
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my Friend here.

Vir. Had we (23) serv'd our Country,

(23) — serv'd our Country,
[*Or Honesties.*] This Sentence seems to be an Allusion to
the Dying Speech of Cardinal *Wolsey*, and to make it fully so I
imagine we shou'd write thus,

— serv'd our Country,

As Honestly as we have done, &c.

Or

Or *Honesties*, as we have serv'd our *Follies*,
We had not been here now.

Asca. 'Tis too true, *Violet*.

Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your safety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrand's* Will, a base one;
Some service for mine own, some for my Nation,
Some for my Friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durst adventure such a noble Office,
From the most treacherous command of mischief;
You know him now?

Asca. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witness with me,
(And if I lie my Miseries still load me)
With what Tears I have wooed him, with what
Prayers,

What weight of Reasons I have laid, what dangers;
(Then, when the Peoples curses flew like storms,
And every Tongue was whetted to defame him,)
To leave his Doubts, his Tyrannies, his Slaughters,
His fell Oppressions: I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all Mankind that knew him; these Con-
fessions

Do no good to the World, to Heav'n they may.
Let's study to die well, we've liv'd like Coxcombs.

Asca. That my misfortune, should lose you too.

Vir. Yes;

And not only me, but many more, and better:
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours,
And some brave Friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious Death I wish for,
But we must hang or drown like Whelps.

Asca. No Remedy.

Vir. On my part I expect none. I know th' Man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too,
I know his Nature.

Asca. A most cruel Nature.

Vir. His Wrongs have bred him up. I cannot
blame him.

Asca. He has a Daughter too, the greatest scorner,
And most insulter upon Misery.

Vir. For those, they're Toys (24) to laugh at, not to load Men :

A Woman's Mirth or Anger, like a Meteor,
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it ;
Our Miseries would seem like Masters to us,
And shake our manly Spirits into Feavers,
If we respected those ; the more they glory,
And raise insulting Trophies on our Ruins,
The more our Virtues shine in patience.
Sweet Prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live ; nor the loud Torrent
Of all Afflictions, singing as they swim,
A Gall of Heart, but to a guilty Conscience .
Whilst we stand fair, though by a two-edg'd Storm
We find untimely falls, like early Roses,
Bent to the Earth, we bear our Native Sweetness.

Asca. Good Sir, go on.

Vir. When we are little Children,
And cry and fret for every Toy comes cross us ;
How sweetly do we shew, when Sleep steals on us ?
When we grow great, (25) but our Affection greater,
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us ;
And tug and pull, yet still we find a Giant :
Had we not then the privilege to sleep,
Our everlasting Sleep, he'd make us Idiots ;
The Memory and Monuments of good Men
Are more than lives, and tho' their Tombs want Tongues,
Yet have they Eyes that daily sweat their losses,
And such a Tear from stone no time can value.
To die both young and good, are Nature's curses,
As the World says ; ask Truth, they're bounteous Blessings :
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full Virtues,
And fix our selves new Stars, crown'd with our goodness.

(24) ——— *To laugh at, not to load Men :*] Here again Mr. Theobald was beforehand with me, and reads *load* in his Margin, which is undoubtedly the right word. So *Ascanio* a little above says,

And if I lie, my Miseries still load me.

(25) ——— *but our Affections greater,*] *Affection*, as I read, or *Passion*, is the *stubborn twin born with us*, which *wou'd make us Idiots*, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourselves from its Tyranny by the Sleep of Death.

Mr. Seward.

Asca.

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Asca. You've double arm'd me.

(26) Hark, what noise is this?

[*Strange Musick within, Hoboys.*

What horrid noise is the Sea pleas'd to sing!

A hideous *Dirge* to our deliverance?

Vir. Stand fast now.

[*Within strange Cries, horrid Noise, Trumpets.*

Asca. I am fixt.

Vir. We fear ye not,

Let Death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

Enter Martia.

Asca. The Lady now.

Vir. The Face o'th' Mask is alter'd.

Asca. What will she do?

Vir. Do what she can, I care not.

Asca. She looks on you, Sir.

Vir. Rather she looks through me,

But yet she stirs me not.

Mart. Poor wretched Slaves,

Why do you live? or if ye hope for Mercy,

Why do not you howl out, and fill the Hold

With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,

Worthy our scorn?

Vir. Madam, you are mistaken,

We are no Slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;

And if she had her Eyes, and durst be certain,

Certain our Friend, I would not bow unto her;

I would not cry, nor ask so base a Mercy:

If you see any thing in our Appearance,

Worthy your Sexes softness and your own glory,

(26) Hark, what noise is this?

What horrid noise is the Sea pleas'd to sing.

An hideous Dirge to our Deliverance?] If the Reader can pass over *Ascanio's* asking one Question, and answering himself which another, he has his Liberty; but I rather imagine, that by Mistake what was *Violet's* Part has been given to *Ascanio*, and think the Speeches shou'd be separated thus,

Asc. Hark! what noise is this?

What horrid noise is the Sea pleas'd to sing?

Vir. *An hideous Dirge to our Deliverance.*

Do it for that, and let that good reward it :
We cannot beg.

Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.

Vir. Madam, for what ?

Mart. For Life ; and when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your Baseness.

Asca. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour,
And we may ask it too, ask it with Honour ;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be Death ; but when we beg a base Life,
And beg it of your scorn ———

Vir. You're cozen'd, Woman,
Your handsomness may do much, but not this way ;
But for your glorious hate ———

Mart. Are ye so stubborn ?
S'Death, I will make you bow.

Vir. 'T must b' in your Bed then ;
There you may work me to humility.

Mart. Why, I can kill thee.

Vir. If you do it handsomly,
It may be I can thank you, else ———

Mart. So glorious ?

Asca. Her Cruelty now works.

Mart. Yet woot thou ?

Vir. No.

Mart. Wilt thou for Life sake ?

Vir. No, I know your subtilty.

Mart. For Honour sake ?

Vir. I will not be a Pageant ;
My Mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.

Mart. I'll starve thee to it.

Vir. I'll starve my self, and cross it.

Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries ———

Vir. I'll wear 'em,

And with that wantonness, you do your Bracelets.

Mart. I'll be a Month a killing thee.

Vir. Poor Lady,
I'll be a Month a dying then ; what's that ?
There's many a Calenture out-does your cruelty.

Mart.

Mart. How might I do in killing of his Body,
To save his noble Mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sail. Madam.

[you;

Mart. Unbolt this Man, and leave those things behind
And so away: Now put 'em on.

[Exit Sailor.

Vir. To what end?

Mart. To my End, to my Will.

Vir. I will.

Mart. I thank you.

Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more. I'll tell ye,
I am a Servant to your courtesie,
And so far will be woo'd; but if this Triumph
Be only aim'd to make your Mischief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer Shroud upon me,
Which my strong Mind shall suffer in.

Mart. Come hither,
And all thy Bravery put into thy Carriage,
For I'll admire thee.

Vir. Whither will this Woman?

Asca. Take heed, my Friend.

Mart. Look, as thou scorn'dst my Cruelty,
I know thou dost.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

[ried.

Mart. No, if thou hadst, thou'dst died, and I had glo-
I suffer now, and thou which art my Prisoner,
Hast nobly won the free Power to despise me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleness;
And, for thy manly Sufferance, am thy Servant.

Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.

Mart. By Heav'n I love thee;
And by the Soul of Love, am one piece with thee:
Thy Mind, thy Mind! thy brave, thy manly Mind,
That like a Rock, stands all the storms of Fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee:
That lovely Mind I doat on, not the Body;
That Mind has rob'd me of my Liberty;
That Mind has darken'd all my Bravery,
And into poor despis'd things turn'd my Angers.

Receive me to your Love, Sir, and instruct me ;
 Receive me to your Bed, and marry me ;
 I'll wait upon you, blest the hour I knew you.

Vir. Is this a new way ?

Mart. If you doubt my Faith,
 First take your liberty ; I'll make it perfect,
 Or any thing within my power.

Vir. I love you,
 But how to recompence your Love with Marriage ?
 Alas, I have a Wife.

Mart. Dearer than I am ?
 That will adventure so much for your safety ?
 Forget her Father's Wrongs, quit her own Honour,
 Pull on her, for a Stranger's sake, all curses ?

Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too ? Else all
 I love is gone, all my Friends perish. *Mart.* He shall.

Ver. What shall I do ?

Mart. If thou despise my courtesie,
 When I am dead, for grief I am forsaken,
 And no soft Hand left to asswage your Sorrows ;
 Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties.

Asca. Be wise ; if she be true ; no thread is left else,
 To guide us from this Labyrinth of mischief ;
 Nor no way for our Friends.

Vir. Thus then I take you,
 I bind ye to my Life, my Love.

Mart. I take you,
 And with the like Bond tye my Heart your Servant ;
 We're now almost at Harbour, within this hour,
 In the dead Watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready,
 And when I give the word, be sure you enter,
 I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately, [you ;
 (27) And like your selves ; some trusty Man shall wait
 The watch I'll make my own ; only my Love
 Requires a stronger Vow, which I'll administer
 Before we go.

Vir. I'll take it to confirm you.

Mart. Go in, there are the Keys, unlock his Fetters,

(27) *And like your self ;*] The Grammar of this Passage requires a
 Change of Numbers to keep *Martia* from uttering Nonsense.

And

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And arm ye nobly both ; I'll be with you presently ;
And so this loving Kifs.

Asca. Be constant, Lady. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the Duke of Sesse, by Torch-light, Master
and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow so angry, Sir, your Wound goes
backward.

Sesse. I'm angry at the time, at none of you,
That sends but one poor Subject for Revenge ;
I would have all the Court, and all the Villany,
(28) Was ever practis'd under that foul Tyrant
Ferrand, and all to quench my Wrath.

Maft. Be patient,
Your Grace may find occasion every Hour
(For certain they'll seek you) to satisfie,
And to the full, your Anger.

Sesse. 'Death they dare not :
They know that I command Death, feed his Hunger,
And when I let him loose——

Surg. You'll never heal, Sir,
If these extreams dwell in you ; you are old,
And burn your Spirits out with this wild Anger.

Sesse. Thou liest, I am not old, I am as lusty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art ——

Maft. No more of that.

Sesse. And dare seek out a Danger ;
And hold him at the Sword's Point, when thou tremblest
And creep'st into thy Box of Salves to save thee.
Oh Master, I have had a dreadful Dream to Night !
Methought th' Ship was all on Fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To save her Life, leapt into th' Sea ; where suddenly
A Stranger snatcht her up, and swam away with her.

Maft. 'Twas but the heat o'th' Fight, Sir.

[*Boatswain within, and Sailor.*

Boatsf. Look out, what's that ?

Sail. The Long-boat, as I live.

(28) *Was ever practis'd under that foul Ferrand
Tyrant.*] These two last Words have chang'd their places ; we
must read as I have alter'd the place.

Boatsf. (29) Ho, there i'th' Long-boat.

(30) *Sesse.* What Noife is that!

[*Hoy.*

I hear Sir ———

[*Exit Master.*

Boatsf. The Devil or his Dam ; Hail her again Boys.

Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.

Sesse. Why, the Long-boat ?

Where is the Long-boat ?

Boatsf. She is stol'n off.

Enter Master.

Sesse. Who stole her ?

Oh my prophetick Soul !

Maft. Your Daughter's gone, Sir :

The Prifoners and fix Sailors, Rogues !

Sesse. Mifchief, fix thousand Plagues fail with 'em.

They're in her yet, make out.

Maft. We ha' ne'er a Boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this Trick ?

Sesse. Weigh Anchors and away.

Boatsf. We ha' no Wind, Sir,

They'll beat us with their Oars.

Sesse. Then fink 'em Gunner,

Oh fink 'em, fink 'em, fink 'em, claw 'em Gunner ;

As ever thou haft lov'd me.

Gun. I'll do reason,

But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the Lady. [*Exit Gun.*

(29) *Boatsf.* *Ho, there i'th' Leng-boat.*] The Edition of 1647, has made a Stage Direction of what might possibly have been the Text it self once,

She claps on all her Oars.

To which I wou'd prefix the Sailor, who answers the Boatfwain a Speech as before, then the whole will run thus,

Boatsf. *Look out, what's that ?*

Sail. *The Long-boat, as I live ———*

Boatsf. *Ho, there i'th' Long-boat.*

Sail. *She claps on all her Oars.*

(30) *Sesse.* *What Noife is that !*

I hear Sir ———] So the other Copies ; the Text

is from the oldest Folio.

Sesse.

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Sesse. Who knew of this? [*A Piece or two go off.*

Mast, We stand all clear.

Sesse. What Devil

Put this base trick into her Tail? My Daughter,
And run away with Rogues! I hope she's sunk,
[*A Piece or two go off.*

Or torn to Pieces with the Shot. Rots find her,
The Leprosie of Whore stick ever to her,
Oh she has ruin'd my Revenge.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She's gone, Sir.

I cannot reach her with my Shot.

Sesse. Rife Winds,

Blow till ye burst the Air, and swell the Seas,
That they may sink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her;
She's impudently Wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your Surges, cool her, cool her;
She runs hot like a Whore, cool her, cool her;
Oh now a shot (31) to sink her, come cut Cables,
I will away; and where she sets her Foot,
Although it be in *Ferrand's* Court, I'll follow her,
And such a Father's Vengeance shall she suffer —
Dare any Man stand by me?

Mast. All, all.

Boats. All, Sir.

Gun. And the same Cup you taste —

Sesse. Cut Cables then;

For I shall never sleep, nor know what Peace is,
'Till I have pluckt her Heart out.

All o'main there.

[*Within. Exeunt.*

(31) *To sink her: Cut Cables,*] The Folio of 1647 gives the true reading.

ACT

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

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, and Guard.

Ron. **Y**OU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flourish Cornets.*
Fer. You are too careless:

The Creatures I have made, no way regard me:
 Why should I give you Names, Titles of Honour,
 Rob Families to fill your private Houses;
 For your Advancement draw all Curfes on me,
 Wake tedious Winter Nights, to make them happy
 That for me break no slumber?

Ron. What we can,
 We dare do.

Fer. Why's your Sovereign's Life then
 (In which you live, and in whose Fall your Honours,
 Your Wealth, your Pomp, your Pride, and all must suffer)
 No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
 That mark'd me out a King, raising me on
 This Pinnacle of Greatness, only to be
 The nearer blasting!

Vil. What think you now, *Castruccio*?
 Is not this a merry Life?

Cast. Still thou art cozen'd;
 It is a glorious royal Discontentment;
 How bravely it becomes him!

Fer. To be made
 The common Butt, for every Slave to shoot at;
 No peace, no rest I take, but their Alarms
 Beat at my Heart; why do I live, or seek then,
 To add a Day more to these glorious Troubles?
 Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
 Is but the summing up of Fears and Sorrows?
 What Power has my Command, when from my Bosom
Ascanio, my most dear and lov'd *Ascanio*,
 Was snatch'd, spite of my Will, spite of my Succour?
 And by mine own proud Slave retain'd most miserable?

And

And still that Villain lives to nip my Pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him. [hear

Ron. Time may restore all this: (32) and would you
Whose Counsel never fail'd you——

Fer. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my Cares;
And yield my self most wretched.

Ron. On my Knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Fer. Speak, speak, and I thus low, such is my Fortune,
Will hear what thou canst say.

Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a Man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More Pleasure than this King?

Cast. A dull Fool still:
Make me a King, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me Rule,
Command, Obedience, Pleasure of a King,
And let the Devil roar: The greatest Corrosive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear Delight,
Than other Mens whole Lives, let 'em be safe too.

Vil. Think of the mutinous People.

Cast. Hang the People,
Give me the Pleasure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their Wives and States at my Discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the Slaves mumble.

Vil. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?

Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the Bridle here,
And see if they can crack my Girths: Ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun there's nothing so Voluptuous
As riding of this Monster, till he founder.

Fer. Who's that so loud?

(32) Suppose we supplied the Pronoun here, which might easily
have been dropt by the not over-curious Compositor, and write
thus,

—— and wou'd you hear him,
Whose Counsel, &c.

The Passage wou'd be more explicit.

Cast.

Cast. I'm Dumb : Is not this rare ?
Kings Looks make *Pythagoreans* ; is not this
A happiness, *Villio* ?

Vil. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning Sycophant.

Fer. Thou speakest truth in all, [To *Ronvere.*
And Mercy is a Vice, when there needs Rigour,
Which I with all severity will practice ;
And since, as Subjects they pay not Obedience,
They shall be forc'd as Slaves : I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears ;
Go you the fatal Executioners
Of my Commands, and in our Name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private Conferences in the City :
To feast a Neighbour shall be Death ; to talk,
As they meet in the Streets, to hold Discourse
By Writing, nay by Signs ; see this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true Service.

1 Guard. This makes for us.

2 Guard. Ay, now we have Employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be Beggars.

Fer. Ronvere.

[*Exit Guard.*

Ron. My Lord.

Cast. Thou Enemy to Majesty,
What thinkest thou of a Kingdom ?

Vil. As of a Man
That hath power to do ill.

Cast. Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the Gods ;
Observe but with how little Breath he shakes
A populous City, which would stand unmov'd
Against a Whirlwind.

Vil. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the Winds.

Cast. For me I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on Earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrand.*

Fer. Who names me ?

Deliver

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Deliver thy Thoughts, Slave, thy Thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more.

Cast. They rather will deserve
Your Favour than your Fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a Loyal Subject?)
Your Wisdom, Power, your perfect Happiness,
The most blest of Mankind.

Fer. Didst thou but feel
The weighty Sorrows that fit on a Crown,
Though thou shouldst find one in the Streets, *Castruccio*,
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up;
But since thou art enamour'd of my Fortune,
Thou shalt e'er long taste of it.

Cast. But one Day,
And then let me expire.

Fer. Go to my Wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear, cull out
What thou think'st fit: Do you attend him, Sirrah.

Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his Elbow,
The Fool will never leave him. [*Ex. Vil. and Cast.*

Cast. Made for ever. [*A Shout within.*

Fer. What Shout is that, draw up our Guards.

Enter Virolet, Ascanio, and a Servant.

Ron. Those rather
Speak Joy than Danger. (33) *Vir.* Bring her to my House.
I would not have her seen here.

Fer. My *Ascanio!*
The most desir'd of all Men, let me die
In these Embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?

Asca. Sir, this is my Preserver.

Fer. At more Leisure
(34) I will enquire the Manner, and the Means:
I cannot spare so much time now from my

(33) *Ron.* *Bring her to my House,*
I wou'd not have her seen here.] This is evidently
a Direction of *Virolet's* relating to *Martia*, and to him it shou'd
be restored. *Mr. Seward.*

(34) *I will enquire the Manner and the Means,*
I cannot spare so much time now] I suspect that *I cannot*
shou'd be read *Yet cannot.* The reason is plain.

More

More strict Embraces: *Violet*, welcome too,
 This Service weighs down your intended Treason.
 You long have been mine Enemy; learn now
 To be my Friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
 And live as free as *Ferrand*. Let him have
 The Forty thousand Crowns I gladly promis'd
 For my *Ascanio*'s Freedom; and deliver
 His Father and his Wife to him in Safety.
 Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,
 But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my *Ascanio*,
 And reap the Harvest of my Winter-Travels.
 My best *Ascanio*, my lov'd *Ascanio*.

[*Flourish Cornets. Ex. Fer. Ascanio.*

Vir. My Lord, all former Passages forgot,
 I am become a Suitor.

Ron. To me, *Violet*?

Vir. To you, yet will not beg the Courtesie,
 But largely pay you for it.

Ron. To the purpose.

Vir. The Forty thousand Crowns the King hath given
 I will bestow on you, if by your means
 I may have Liberty for a Divorce
 Between me and my Wife.

Ron. Your *Juliana*?

That for you hath endur'd so much, so nobly?

Vir. The more my Sorrow; but it must be so.

Ron. I will not hinder it. Without a Bribe,
 For mine own Ends, I would have further'd this.
 I will use all my Power.

(35) *Vir.* 'Tis all I ask.

Oh my curs'd Fate, that ever Man should hate
 Himself for being belov'd, or be compell'd
 To cast away a Jewel Kings would buy,
 Tho' with the Loss of Crown and Monarchy! [*Exeun*

(35) *Ron.* 'Tis all I ask.] That *Ronwere* can't be the Speaker he is too plain; *Violet* is the real Person, and to him I have given this Speech, and was confirm'd in it by the Folio of 1647, and that of 1679.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner.

Sesse. How do I look?

Mast. You are so strangely alter'd,
We scarce can know you; so young again, and utterly
From that you were, Figure, or any Favour;
Your Friends cannot discern you.

Sesse. I have none,
None but my fair Revenge, and let that know me!
You're finely alter'd too.

Boatsf. To please your Humour:
But we may pass without Disguise, our Living
Was never in their Element.

Gun. This *Jew* sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad Knave.

Sesse. Oh! a most excellent Fellow. [Snow off,

Gun. How he has mew'd your Head, has rubb'd the
And run your Beard into a Peak of Twenty.

Boatsf. Stopt all the Crannies in your Face.

Mast. Most rarely. [sparkling,

Boatsf. And now you look as plump, your Eyes as
As if you were to leap into a Lady's Saddle.
Has he not set your Nose awry?

Sesse. The better.

Boatsf. I think't be th' better, but 'tis awry sure;
North and by East, ay, there's the Point it stands in;
Now half a *Point to the Southward*.

Sesse. I could laugh,
But that my Business requires no Mirth now.
Thou art a merry Fellow.

Boatsf. I would the *Jew*, Sir, [in't,
Could steer my Head right; for I've such a Swimming
Ever since I went to Sea first.

Mast. Take Wine and purge it.

Boatsf. I've had a thousand Pills of Sack, a thousand,
A thousand Pottle-Pills.

Gun. Take more.

Boatsf. Good Doctor,
Your Patient is easily perswaded.

Mast. The next fair open Weather.

Methinks

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Methinks this *Jew*,
 If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
 And decay'd Ladies, that have lost their Fleeces
 On ev'ry Bush, might pick a pretty Living. [him:

Boatsf. The best of all (36) our Gallants now be glad of
 For if you mark their Marches, they are tender,
 Soft, soft, and tender; then but observe their Bodies,
 And you shall find them cemented by a Surgeon,
 Or some Physician, for a Year or two,
 And then to th' Tub again, for a new Pickle.
 This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here.

Enter two Citizens at opposite Doors, saluting afar off.

Sesse. Who're these?
 Stand close and mark.

Boatsf. These are no Men, th' are Motions.

Sesse. What sad and ruthful Faces!

Boatsf. How they duck!

This senseless, silent Courtesie, methinks,
 Shews like two *Turks* saluting one another,
 On two *French* Porters Backs.

Sesse. They are my Country-men,
 And this, some forc'd Infliction from the Tyrant;
 What are you, why is this? Why move thus silent,
 As if you were wandring Shadows? Why so sad?
 Your Tongues seal'd up: Are ye of several Countries?
 You understand not one another?

Gun. That's an *Englishman*.
 He looks as though h'ad lost his Dog.

Sesse. Your Habits
 Shew ye all *Neapolitans*; and your Faces
 Deliver you opprest Things: Speak boldly.
 Do you groan and labour under this stiff Yoak?

Mast. They shake their Heads and weep.

Sesse. Oh Misery!
 Give plenteous Sorrows and no Tongue to shew 'em!
 This is a study'd Cruelty.

(36) So the Folio of 1647. The Editions of 1679 and 1711,
 ——— our Gallants shou'd be glad of him.

1 Cit. Begone, Sir,
It seems you are a Stranger, and save your self.

2 Cit. You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you speak so openly and boldly,
The King's Command being publish'd to the contrary;
'Tis Death here, above two to talk together;
And that must be but common Salutation neither,
Short, and so part.

Boatsf. How should a Man buy Mustard,
If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?

Wilbin. Clear all the Streets before the King.

1 Cit. Get off, Sir,
And shift, as we must do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sesse. I will see his Glory.

Mastf. Stand fast now, and like Men. [*Flourish Colours.*]

*Enter Castruccio, like the King, in the midst of a
Guard; and Villio.*

Cast. Begin the Game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row of Houses there,
They hide the View o'th' Hill; and sink those Merchants,
Their Ships are foul, and stink.

Mastf. This is a sweet Youth.

Cast. All that are taken in Assemblies,
Their Houses and their Wives, their Wealths are forfeit,
Their Lives at your Devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and shake, I'll make you kneel, Rogues.
How brave 'tis to be a King?

Gun. Here's fine Tumbling.

Cast. No Man shall sit i'th' Temple near another.

Boatsf. Nor lye with his own Wife.

Cast. All upon Pain
Of present Death, forget to write.

Boatsf. That's excellent,
Carriers and Footposts will be arrant Rebels.

Cast. No Character, or Stamp, that may deliver
This Man's Intention, to that Man i'th' Country.

Gun. Nay, and you cut off, After my hearty Commen-
Your Friend and *Oliver.* No more. [*dations,*]

Cast. No Man smile,

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K

And

And wear a Face of Mirth : That Fellow's cunning,
And hides a double Heart ; he's your Prize, smoke him.

*Enter Virolet, Ronveré, Ascanio, and Martia,
passing over.*

Sesse. What base Abuse is this ? Ha ? 'tis her Face sure.
My Prisoners with her too ? By Heav'n, (37) wild Whore,
Now is my time.

Maft. Do what you will.

Sesse. Stay, hold yet,
My Country shall be serv'd first, let her go ;
We'll have an Hour for her, to make her tremble.
Now shew our selves, and bless you with your Valours.

Guard. Here's a whole plump of Rogues.

[*Virolet, &c. go off again.*]

Sesse. Now for your Country.

Cast. Away with 'em and hang 'em ; shew no Mercy,
I say no Mercy.

Sesse. Be it so, upon 'em.

Guard. Treason, Treason, Treason.

Boatsf. Cut the Slaves to Giggets.

Gun. Down with the Bullbeefs.

Sesse. Hold, hold, I command you, — look here.

Cast. A miserable thing ; I am no King, Sir.

Sesse. Sirrah, your Fool's Face has preserv'd your Life.
Wear no more King's Coats, you have scap'd a scouring.

Boatsf. Is't not the King ?

Sesse. No, 'tis a prating Rascal,

The Puppy makes him Mirth. *Cast.* Yes, Sir, I am
A Puppy. *Boatsf.* I beseech you let me hang him,
I'll do't in my Belt straight.

Cast. As you're honourable, —

It is enough, you may hang me. *Gun.* I'll hang
A Squib at his Tail that shall blow both his
Buttocks, like a Petard. *Cast.* Do any thing.
But do not kill me, Gentlemen.

(37) — *wild Whore.*] I have a small Suspicion here that *wilde* is
the true reading, but I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

Enter

Enter Citizens.

Boats. Let's flea him, [Lives.
And have him Fly-blown. *Cit.* Away, and save your
The King himself is coming on; if you stay,
You're lost for ever; let not so much Nobleness
Wilfully perish.

Sesse. How near?

2 Cit. He's here behind you.

Sesse. We thank you. Vanish. [Exeunt.

Enter Ferrand, and Ronvere. Flourish Cornets.

Fer. Double the Guards, and take in Men that dare,
These Slaves are frightened; where are the proud Rebels?
To what Protection fled? What Villain leads 'em?
Under our Nose disturb'd our Rest?

Ron. We shall hear,
For such a Search I've sent, to hunt the Traitors.

Fer. Yet better Men I say, we stand too open.
How now, *Castruccio*? How d'you like our Glory?

Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my
This open Glory agrees not with my Body; [Match, Sir;
But if it were i'th' Castle, or some Strength,
Where I might have my swing.

Vil. You have been swing'd, Brother;
How these Delights have tickled you? You itch yet?
Will you walk out again in Pomp?

Cast. Good Fool.

Vil. These Rogues must be rebuk'd, they are too sawcy,
These peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out, Sir,
And take the Remnant of your Coronation?
The People stay to see it.

Fer. Do not vex him,
H'as Grief enough in's Bones; you shall to th' Citadel,
And like my self command, there use your Pleasure;
But take heed to your Person.

Vil. The more Danger,
Still the more Honour, Brother.

Cast. If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou shalt know it, Fool,

And thou shalt feel it, Fool.——

Vil. Fools still are Freemen,

I'll sue for a Protection, 'till thy Reign's out.

Fer. The People have abus'd the Liberty

I late allow'd, I now proclaim it straiter.

No Men shall walk together, nor salute;

For they that do shall die.

Ron. (38) You hit the right, Sir;

That Liberty cut off, you're free from Practice.

Fer. Renew my Guards.

Ron. I shall.

Fer. And keep strict Watches;

One Hour of Joy I ask.

Ron. You shall have many. [*Exeunt. Flourish Cornets:*

*Enter Pandulpho, and Juliana, led by two of the Guards,
as not yet fully recovered.*

2 Guard. You're now at Liberty, in your own House,
And here our Charge takes end. [*Lady,*

Pan. 'Tis now a Custom,

We must e'en woe those Men deserve worst of us,

And so we thank your Labours; there's to drink,

For that and Mischief are your Occupations,

And to mean well to no Man, your chief'st Harvests.

2 Guard. You give liberally; we hope, Sir, er't be long,

To be oftner acquainted with your Bounty,

And so we leave you.

Pan. Do, for I doat not on ye.

Jul. But where's my Husband? What should I do here,

Or what Share have I in this Joy, call'd Liberty,

Without his Company? Why did you flatter me,

And tell me he was return'd, his Service honour'd?

1 Guard. He is so, and stands high in the King's Favour,
His Friends redeemed, and his own Liberty,

From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his Service,

To his own Wish, rewarded: So farewell, Lady.

[*Exe. Guard.*

(38) *You hit the right, Sir;*] The most usual Expression is
white, but I have been unwilling to make any Alteration.

Pan.

Pan. Go persecute the Good; and hunt, ye Hell-hounds;
Ye Leeches of the Time, suck 'till ye burst, Slaves;
How does my Girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of Comfort.

Pan. Sit down, and take some Rest.

Jul. My Heart's whole, Father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my *Violet*,
My Dear, my Life, has conquer'd his Afflictions.

Pan. Those rude Hands, and that bloody Will that did
That durst upon thy tender Body print [this,
These Characters of Cruelty; hear me Heav'n.

Jul. O Sir, be sparing.

Pan. I'll speak't, tho' I burst;
And tho' the Air had Ears, and serv'd the Tyrant,
Out it should go: O hear me thou great Justice;
The Miseries that wait upon their Mitchiefs,
Let them be numberless, and no Eye pity
Them, when their Souls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded through, and through, with guilt and
horror,

As mine is now with Grief; let Men laugh at 'em [em,
Then, when their monstrous Sins, like Earth-quakes, shake
And those Eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,
(The bloody Alarms of the Conscience beating,)
Let Mercy fly, and Day struck into Darkneis,
Leave their blind Souls, to hunt out their own Horrors.

Jul. Enough, enough, we must forget dear Father;
(39) For then we're glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,
When

(39) *For then we're glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,*] If we are glorious Forms of Heaven, then we live such to be sure; tho' by *live* here join'd to *are* one wou'd imagine the Poets design'd to affix different Senses to these two Verses, and be understood thus, — we must forget, for then we not only are, but continue or remain to be *glorious Forms of Heav'n when*, &c. Yet I suspect (and Mr. *Seward* too) that the Line might be wrote originally thus,

For then we glorious Forms of Heav'n live,

live here answering to the Latin *Vivo*, which oftentimes is no more than *Sum*: Thus *Plautus*, in the Prologue to *Amphytrio*, Line 75, and elsewhere has,

*Virtute dixit nos rectius vivere,
Non ambitione neque perfidia.*

When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.
But where's my Lord? Methinks I've seen this House,
And have been in't before.

Pan. Thine own House, Jewel.

Jul. Mine, without him? Or his, without my Company
I think it cannot be, it was not wont, Father. [Heav'n

Pan. Some business with the King, (let it be good,
Retains him sure.

Enter Lucio.

Jul. It must be good and noble,
For all Men, that he treats with, taste of Virtue;
His Words and Actions are his own, and Honour's,
(40) Not brought, nor compell'd from him.

Pan. Here's the Boy.

He can confirm us more; how sad the Child looks?
Come hither, *Lucio*, how, and where's thy Master?

Jul. Speak, gentle Boy.

Pan. Is he return'd in safety?

Jul. If not, and that thou knowest is miserable,
Our hopes and happiness' declin'd for ever;

So too *Horace* in his *Sermones*, Lib. 2. 5. 28.

*Vivet uter locuples sine natis, improbus ultra
illius esto*

Defensor.

And that our Authors alone may not be charged with the Crime
of innovating in their own Language; the great *Spenser*, their Con-
temporary, has us'd *dwell* in the Sense of *to be*, more than once.
So *Fairy Queen*, B. 1. C. 2. 26.

*In this sad Plight, friendless, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidesa duell,*

Crawing of you, in pity of my State,

To do none ill, if please you not do well.

He in great Passion all the while did dwell, &c.

So again, B. 3. C. 10. 49.

So closely as he cou'd (Malbecco) to them he crept,

When weary of their Sport to Sleep they fell;

And to his Wife, that now full soundly slept,

He whisper'd in her Ear, and did her tell,

That it was he which by her Side did dwell,

And therefore pray'd her wake to hear him plaine.

(40) So the oldest Folio. The other Copies,
Not brought, or compell'd from him.

Study a Sorrow excellent as thy Master,
Then if thou canst live, leave us:

Luc. Noble Madam,
My Lord is safe return'd, safe to his Friends, and Fortune,
Safe to his Country, entertain'd with Honour,
Is here within the House.

Jul. Do not mock me.

Luc. But such a Melancholy hangs on's Mind,
And in his Eyes inhabit such sad Shadows;
But what the cause is ———

Pan. Go tell him we are here, Boy,
There must be no cause now.

Jul. Hast thou forgot me?

Luc. No, noblest Lady.

Jul. Tell him I am here,
Tell him his Wife is here, sound my Name to him,
And thou shalt see him start; speak *Juliana*,
And like the Sun that labours through a Tempest,
How suddenly he will disperse his sadness?

Pan. Go I command thee instantly,
And charge him on his Duty.

Jul. On his Love, Boy;
I'd fain go to him.

Pan. Away, away, you're foolish.

Jul. Bear all my Service, sweet Boy ———

Pan. Art thou here still? [thee.

Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall become

Pan. I'th' House, and know we're here. [*Exit Lucio.*

Jul. No, no, he did not;

I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His Love had less than Wings, (had he but seen me,)
His strong Affection any thing but Fire
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my Flame, and made one Body?
If ever Heav'n's high Blessings met in one Man,
And there erected to their holy Uses
A sacred Mind fit for their Services,
Built all of polish'd Honour, 'twas in this Man:
Misdoubt him not.

Pan. I know he's truly Noble;

But why this sadness, when the general Cause
Requires a Jubile of Joy?

Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet and Lucio.

Pan. Pray Heav'n you find it not.

Jul. I hope I shall not:

O here he comes, and with him all my Happiness;
He stays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave.

[They stand off.]

Pan. I do not like this sadness.

Vir. O hard Condition of my Misery!

Unheard of Plagues! When to behold that Woman,
That chaste and virtuous Woman, that preserv'd me,
That pious Wife, wedded to my Afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my Dangers,
O Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making,
The noble Building of a Man demolish'd,
And flung me headlong, on a Sin so base
Man and Mankind contemn, e'en Beasts abhor it;
A Sin more dull than Drink, a Shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from Faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry it self out loud, Ingratitude.
Your Blessing, Sir.

Pan. You have it in abundance;
So is our Joy, to see you safe.

Vir. My Dear one.

Jul. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you, Sir.

Vir. Must this be added to encrease my Misery,
That she must weep for Joy, and lose that Goodness?
My *Juliana*, e'en the best of Women,
Of Wives the perfectest; let me speak this,
And with a Modesty declare thy Virtues,
Chaster than Chrystal, on the *Scythian* Clifts,
The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice;
And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living,
Producest Miracles; and Women daily,
With crooked and lame Souls creep to thy Goodness,
Which having toucht at, they become Examples.

The

The Fortitude of all their Sex (41) is fable,
 Compar'd to thine ; and they that fill'd up Glory,
 And Admiration, in the Age behind us,
 Out of their celebrated Urns are started,
 To stare upon the Greatness of thy Spirit ;
 Wondring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
 To fill the Times with Truth, and ease their Stories :
 Being all these, and excellent in Beauty,
 (For noble things dwell in the noblest Buildings)
 Thou hast undone thy Husband, made him wretched,
 A miserable Man, my *Juliana*,
 Thou'lt made thy *Violet*.

Jul. Now Goodness keep me ;
 Oh ! my dear Lord.

Pan. She wrong you ? what's the meaning ?
 Weep not, but speak, I charge you on Obedience ;
 Your Father charges you ; she make you miserable ?
 That you your self confes.

Vir. I do, that kills me ;
 And far less I have spoke her than her Merit.

Jul. It is some sin of Weakness, or of Ignorance ?
 For sure my Will —

Vir. No, 'tis a sin of Excellence :
 Forgive me Heav'n, that I prophane thy Blessings :
 Sit still, I'll shew you all. [Exit *Vir.*

Pan. What means this Madness ?
 For sure there is no taste of right Man in it ;
 Grieves he our Liberty, our Preservation ?
 Or has the greatness of the deed he has done,
 Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
 And looking down upon us, scorn the benefit ?
 Well *Violet*, if thou beest proud, or treacherous —

Jul. He cannot, Sir, he cannot ; he will shew us,
 And with that reason ground his Words —

(41) — *is fable,*] Tho' a slight Corruption has quite chang'd the Word, yet as it has left some Sense remaining, it has escap'd the Observation of former Editors ; but *feeble* being in proper Antithesis to Fortitude, is undoubtedly the true Reading. Mr. Seward.

Enter Virolet, Martia, and Ronvere.

Pan. He comes.

What Masque is this? what admirable Beauty?

Pray Heav'n his Heart be true.

Ful. A goodly Woman.

Vir. Tell me, my Dear, and tell me without flattery,
As you are nobly honest, speak the Truth;
What think you of this Lady?

Ful. She's most excellent.

[one,

Vir. (42) Might not this Beauty, tell me that, it's a sweet
Without more setting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Mistress than meer Nature,
Stagger a constant Heart?

Pan. She's full of wonder!

But yet; yet *Virolet* —

Vir. Pray by your leave, Sir!

Ful. She would amaze.

Vir. O! would she so? I thank you.

Say to this Beauty, she have all Additions,
Wealth, noble Birth —

Pan. O hold there.

Vir. All Virtues,

A Mind as full of Candor as the Truth is,
Ay, and a loving Lady.

Ful. She must needs

(I'm bound in Conscience to confess) deserve much.

Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious,
That e'en on Slaves condemn'd she shower her Benefits,
And melt their stubborn Bolts with her soft Pity,
What think you then?

Pan. For such a noble Office,
At these Years I should dote my self. Take heed, Boy.

Ful. If you be he that have receiv'd these Blessings,

(42) *Might not this Beauty tell me, that it's a sweet one,*] Thus reads the Folio of 1647. The Copies of 1679, and 1711, in this manner,

Might not this Beauty, tell me, it's a sweet one,

But I have rectified the Pointing in the present Text, which the other Editions greatly wanted, to make the Line both clear and easy.

And

And this the Lady, love her, honour her ;
You cannot do too much to shew your Gratitude,
Your greatest Service will shew off, too slender.

Vir. This is the Lady, Lady of that Bounty,
That Wealth, that noble Name, that all, I spoke of:
(43) The Prince *Ascanio*, and my self, the Slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by her Goodness,
And of our Liberties you taste the Sweetness.
E'en you she has preserv'd too, lengthen'd your Lives.

Jul. And what Reward do you purpose ? It must be a
main one ;

If Love will do't, we'll all so love her, serve her —

Vir. It must be my Love.

Jul. Ha !

Vir. Mine, only my Love,
My everlasting Love.

Pan. How ?

Vir. Pray have Patience.

The Recompence she ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her Husband. Then I vow'd it,
And since I've made it good.

Pan. Thou durst not.

Vir. Done't, Sir.

[with me,

Jul. Be what you please, (44) this Happiness yet stays
You have been mine : Oh, my unhappy Fortune !

Pan. Nay, break and die.

Jul. It cannot yet : I must live,
'Till I see this Man blest in his new Love,
And then —

Pan. What hast thou done, thou base one, tell me ?
Thou barren thing of Honesty, and Honour,
What hast thou wrought ? Is not this she, look on her,
Look on her with the Eyes of Gratitude,
And wipe thy false Tears off : Is not this she,
That three times on the Rack, to guard thy Safety,

(43) *The Prince of Ascanio.*] I have omitted *of* upon the Authority of the Edition of 1647.

(44) ——— *his Happiness, &c.*] The omission of a single Letter has made Nonsense of this, in all the former Editions.

Mr. Seward.

When

When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the Tyrant;
 Thy aged Father here, that shames to know thee,
 Ingag'd i'th' Jaws of Danger; was not this she,
 That then gave up her Body to the Torture?
 That tender Body, that the Wind sings through;
 And three times, when her Sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
 The Beauties of her Body turn'd to Ruins;
 Even then, within her patient Heart she lock'd thee,
 Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then preserv'd thee;
 And canst thou be that Slave?

Mart. This was but Duty,
 She did it for her Husband, and she ought it;
 She'as had the Pleasure of him, many an Hour,
 And if one Minute's Pain cannot be suffered —
 Mine was above all these, a nobler Venture,
 I speak it boldly, for I lost a Father,
 (45) She has one still, I left my Friends, she'as many;
 Expos'd my Life and Honour to a Cruelty,
 That if it had seiz'd on me, — racks and tortures,
 Alas, they are Triumphs to't; and had it hit,
 For this Man's Love, it should have shew'd a Triumph,
 Twice lost, I freed him; *Rossana* lost before him,
 His Fortunes with him, and his Friends behind him;
 Twice was I rack'd my self for his Deliverance,
 In Honour first and Name, which was a Torture
 The Hangman never heard of; next at Sea,
 In our Escape, where the proud Waves took Pleasure
 To toss my little Boat up like a Bubble,
 Then like a Meteor in the Air he hung,
 Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of Darkness;
 The Cannon from my incens'd Father's Ship,
 Ringing our Knell, (and still as we peep'd upward,
 Beating the raging Surge,) with Fire and Bullet,
 And I stood fix'd for this Man's sake, and scorn'd it;
 Compare but this.

Vir. 'Tis too true; O my Fortune!
 That I must equally be bound to either.

(45) *He has one still — he has many;*] *Martia* is pleading
 that her Merits are superior to those of *Juliana*, it was therefore
 a gross Mistake to let *He* stand in this Line. Mr. Seward.

Jul.

Jul. You have the better, and the nobler Lady,
And now I'm forc'd, a lover of her Goodness:
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my Title.
But how with honesty? (for (46) I'm poor, Lady,
In all my duteous service but your shadow,
Yet would be just;) how with fair Fame and Credit,
May I go off? I would not be a Strumpet:

O my dear Sir, you know —

Vir. O Truth, thou knowest too.

Jul. Nor have the World suspect, I fell to mischief.

Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
A fair Divorce, 'tis honest too.

Pan. The Devil,
Honest? to put her off?

Law. Most honest, Sir,
And in this point most strong.

Pan. The cause, the cause, Sir?

Law. A just cause too —

Pan. As any is in Hell, Lawyer.

Law. For Barrenness, she never brought him Children.

Pan. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canst not get 'em,
Thy Neighbours, thy rank Neighbours. O base juggling,
Is she not young?

Jul. Women at more Years, Sir,
Have met that Blessing; 'tis in Heav'n's high Power.

Law. You never can have any.

Pan. Why, quick Lawyer?
Why Philosophic Lawyer.

Law. Th' Rack has spoil'd her.
The distention of those parts hath stopt all Fruitfulness.

Pan. O I could curse.

Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
That (47) mine own Piety must make me wretched?

No

(46) — *I'm poor, Lady.*] So the Copy of 1647. The rest,
I am a poor Lady.

(47) — *mine own Pity*] By this reading the Verse has lost
one of its Syllables; and as the roundness of Expression too was by
this

No Cause against me, but my Love and Duty?
 Farewel, Sir, like Obedience, thus I leave you;
 My long Farewel. I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;
 And if that be offensive, I can die,
 And then you're fairly free. Good Lady, love him.
 You have a noble and an honest Gentleman;
 I ever found him so, the World has spoke him,
 And let it be your part still to deserve him,
 Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,
 And Heav'n shall bless you: You shall bless my Ashes;
 I give you up the House, the Name of Wife,
 Honour, and all Respect I borrow'd from him,
 And to my Grave I turn: One Farewel more,
 Nothing divide your Loves, not want of Children,
 Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful:
 Grow like two equal Flames, rise high and glorious,
 And in your honour'd Age burn out together.
 To all I know, Farewel.

Ron. Ben't so griev'd, Lady,
 A nobler Fortune —

Jul. Away, thou Parasite.

Disturb not my sad Thoughts; I hate thy Greatness.

Ron. I hate not you; I'm glad she's off the Hinges,
 Come, let's pursue. [*Ex. Ronvere and Law.*]

Pan. If I had Breath to curse thee,
 Or could my great Heart utter — Farewel, Villain,
 Thy House nor Face again — [*Exit Pand.*]

Mart. (48) Let 'em all go.
 And now let us rejoyce, now freely take me,
 And now embrace me, *Violet*; give the Rites
 Of a brave Husband to his Love.

Vir. I'll take my Leave too.

Mart. How? take your Leave too?

Vir. Th' House is furnish'd for you;
 You're Mistress, may command.

this means a little disconcerted, I supposed *Piety* was the true Word
 and found Mr. *Theobald* read so; and Mr. *Seward* communicated to
 me the same Correction.

(48) *Let 'em all go*] So Folios of 1647, 1679. The other Copies
Let 'em go.

Mart

Mart. Will you to bed, Sir?

Vir. As soon to Hell, to any thing I hate most:
You must excuse me, I have kept my Word.
You are my Wife, you now enjoy my Fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your Bounty:
But to yield up those chaste Delights and Pleasures,
Which are not mine, but my first Vows ———

Mart. You jest.

Vir. You will not find it so — to give you those
I have Divorc'd, and lost with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that Nature ———

Mart. Are you a Husband?

Vir. (49) To jest on hers, and satisfy your Flames,
That held an equal Beauty, equal Bounty ———
Good Heav'n forgive! no, no, the strict forbearance
Of all those Joys, like a full Sacrifice,
I offer to the Sufferings of my first Love.
Honour, and Wealth, Attendance, State, all Duty,
Shall wait upon your Will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted Mind, (you must give leave, Lady,)
My weary Trunk must wander.

Mart. Not enjoy me?
Go from me too?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you:
And howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy. [*Exit Vir.*

Mart. Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts
Thou miserable Fool, thou Fool to pity; [too,
And such a rude, demolish'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my Revenge; for foolish Love, farewell now,
And Anger, and the spite of Woman enter,
That all the World shall say, that read this Story,
My Hate, and not my Love, begot my Glory.

[*Exit Martia.*

(49) *To question hers, &c.]* If the Reader can affix any clear Idea to the old Text, he will do more than I can. The Sense requir'd seems to be an Exclamation at the Thought of quitting his former Wife's chaste Embraces, to satisfy *Martia's* Flames. As her suppos'd Barrenness was the Cause alledg'd, my Conjecture makes good Sense, and keeps very close to the trace of the Letters,
To jest on hers, and satisfy your Flames. Mr. Seward.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sesse, Boatswain, Master and Gunner.

Sesse. **H**E that fears Death, or Tortures, let him leave me.

The stops that we have met with, crown our Conquest.
Common Attempts are fit for common Men;
The rare, the rarest Spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have smil'd at Sea at certain Ruins,
Which Men on Shore but hazarded would shake at:
We that have liv'd free, in despite of Fortune,
Laught at the out-stretch'd Arm of Tyranny,
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No my brave Mates, I know your fiery Temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as Men;
Calamity, that severs worldly Friendships,
Could ne'er divide us, you are still the same;
The constant followers of my banisht Fortunes;
The Instruments of my Revenge, the Hands
By which I work, and fashion all my Projects.

Maft. And such we will be ever.

Gun. 'Slight Sir, cram me

Into a Cannon's Mouth, and shoot me at
Proud *Ferrand's* Head; may only he fall with me,
My Life I rate at nothing.

Boatsf. Could I but get

Within my Sword's length of him, and if then
He scape me, may th' account of all his Sins
Be added unto mine.

Maft. 'Tis not to die, Sir,
But to die unreveng'd, that staggers me:
For were your ends serv'd, and our Country free,
We would fall willing Sacrifices.

Sesse. To rise up
Most glorious Martyrs.

Boatsf. But the reason why

We wear these Shapes ?

Sesse. Only to get access ;
Like honest Men, we never shall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And fashioning our Language to our Habits,
(Bold, bloody, desp'rate,) we may be admitted
Among his Guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thousand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various Shapes, but I will reach his Heart,
And seal my Anger on't.

Enter Ronvere and the Guard.

Maft. The Lord *Ronvere*.

Boatf. Shall we begin with him ?

Sesse. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you see me begin,
With all care imitate.

Gun. We are instructed.

Boatf. Would we were at it once.

Ron. Keep a strict Watch,
And let the Guards be doubled, this last Night
The King had fearful Dreams.

Sesse. 'Tis a good *Omen*
To our Attempts.

Ron. What Men are these? what seek you ?

Sesse. Imployment.

Ron. Of what nature ?

Sesse. We are Soldiers;
We have seen Towns and Churches set on fire ;
The Kennels running Blood, coy Virgins ravish'd ;
The Altars ranfack'd, and the Holy Relicks,
Yea, and the Saints themselves, made lawful Spoils
To th' Conquerors ; but these good days are past,
And we made Beggars, by this idle Peace,
For want of Action. I am, Sir, no Stranger
To th' Government of this State, I know the King
Needs Men, that only do what he Commands,
And search no farther : it is the Profession
Of all our Nation, to serve faithfully,
Where they're best payed ; and if you'll entertain us,

I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.

Ron. A goodly Personage!

Mast. And if you have an Enemy, or so,
That you would have dispatch'd —

Gun. They're here can fit you.

Boats. Or if there be an Itch, though to a Man —

Sesse. You shall tye
Our Consciences in your Purse-strings.

Ron. Gentlemen,
I like your freedom; I am now in haste,
But wait for my return. I like the Rascals,
They may be useful.

Sesse. We'll attend you, Sir.

Ron. Do, and be confident of Entertainment;
I hope you will deserve it. [*Exe. Ron. and Guard.*]

Sesse. O, no doubt, Sir:
Thus far we're prosperous; we'll be his Guard;
'Till Tyranny and Pride find full Reward. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pandulpho and Juliana.

Pan. My Blessing? no, a Father's heavy curse,
Pursue and overtake him.

Jul. Gentle Sir.

Pan. My Name, and Family, end in my self,
Rather than live in him.

Jul. Dear Sir, forbear;
A Father's curses hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murdering piece aims not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some Bullet may return upon your self too,
Though against Nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.

Pan. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other Women are:
Thy Injuries would teach Patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a Dove. *Jul.* I know not Malice,
But like an Innocent, suffer. *Pan.* More miraculous!
I'll have a Woman Chronicled, and for Goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,

I have no Son t' inherit after me;
 Him I disclaim.
 What then? I'll make thy Virtues my sole Heir;
 Thy Story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
 In Prose and Verse, and by the (50) ablest Doers:
 A word or two of a kind Step-father
 I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens shall buy it.
 And if the Actions of ill great Women,
 And of the modern times too, are remembered,
 That have undone their Husbands and their Families,
 What will our Story do? It shall be so,
 And I will straight about it. [Exit Pan.

Jul. Such as love
 Goodness for Glory, have it for Reward;
 I love mine for it self: let Innocence
 Be written on my Tomb, though ne'er so humble,

(50) ——— *ablest Doers:*] The *English* word *Doers* here, is a literal Translation of the *Greek* ποιητής, which means not only simply a *Maker* or *Doer*, but a *Maker of Verses*: The Custom of using *English* Words in a *Greek* and a *Latin* Sense, was highly in vogue in our Authors Time; *Spenser* has not only taken the Liberty to do so with the one, but the other too: So *Shepherd's Calendar*, *June*, *Colin* says to *Hobbinel*,

*The God of Shepherds Titynis is dead,
 Who taught me, homely as I can, to make.*

And for the use of *English* Words in a *Latin* Sense, take this Instance from the same Eclogue. *Colin* says to *Hobbinel*,

Thy lovely Lays here mayest thou freely boast.

Taken from *Virg. Alexis*, line 4.

——— *ibi hæc incondita solus
 Montibus & silvis studio jactabat inani.*

But this practice was not confin'd to our Author's Days; *Milton* has made a fine use (tho' somewhat sparingly) of it in his *Paradise Lost*: That the *Latins* took the same Privilege before us of using their Words in a *Greek* Sense take two Instances, out of the many that might be brought to prove my Assertion. *Phædra* in her Letter to *Hippolytus*, Line 75. says thus,

*Sint procul à nobis juvenes, ut sæmina compti:
 Fine coli modico forma virilis amat.*

And *Virg. Æn.* 7. 766. speaking of the same, *Hippolytus* has these Lines,

*Namque ferunt formâ Hippolytum, postquam arte novercæ
 Occiderit, patriasque explerit sanguine pœnas,
 Turbatus distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
 Ætheria & superas cæli venisse sub auras, &c.*

'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my Vows.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. 'Fore me you are not modest,
Nor is this Court-like. Would you take it well,
If she should rudely press into your Closet,
When from your several Boxes you chuse Paint,
To make a this days Face with?

Jul. What's the matter?

Luc. Pray know her Pleasure first.

Jul. To whom speak you, Boy?

Luc. Your Ladyship's Pardon. That proud Lady-Thief,
That stole away my Lord from your Embraces,
(Wrinkles at two and twenty on her Cheeks for't,
Or *Merc'ry* unallayed, make Blisters on it)
Would force a Visit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more.
Attend her with all Reverence and Respect;
The want in you of Manners, my Lord may
Construe in me for Malice. I will teach you
How t' esteem and love the Beauty he doats on:
Prepare a Banquet ———

Enter Martia.

Madam, thus my Duty
Stoops to the favour; you vouchsafe your Servant,
In honouring her House.

Mart. Is this in scorn?

Jul. No, by the Life of *Violet*: Give me leave
To swear by him, as by a Saint I worship,
But am to know no farther, my Heart speaks that:
My Servants have been rude, and this Boy, doating
Upon my Sorrows, hath forgot his Duty;
In which, that you may think I have no share,
Sirrah, upon your Knees, desire her Pardon

Luc. I dare not disobey you.

Mart. Prithee rise
My Anger never looks so low: I thank you,

And

And will deserve it ; if we may be private ———
I came to see and speak with you.

Jul. Be gone.
Good Madam sit.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Mart. I rob you of your place then.

Jul. You have deserv'd a better, in my Bed ;
Make use of this too : Now your Pleasure, Lady.
If in your Breast there be a worthy Pity,
That brings you for my Comfort, you do nobly ;
But if you come to triumph in your Conquest,
Or tread on my Calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other Excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of Men,
And that I am forsaken.

Mart. He the best ?

The scum and shame of Mankind. *Jul. Virolet,*
Lady ? *Mart.* Blest in him ? I would my Youth had
Chosen consuming Fevers, Bed-rid Age,
For my Companions, rather than a thing,
To lay whose Baseness open, would e'en poison
The Tongue that speaks it.

Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deserves this ; and I tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,
I should not hear this.

Mart. He's an impudent Villain,
Or a malicious Wretch ; to you ungrateful ;
To me beyond Expression barbarous.
I more than hate him ; from you he deserves
A Death most horrid : From me, to die for ever,
And know no end of Torments. Would y' have Comfort ?
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you,
In being refus'd ? Would you redeem your Fame,
Shipwrack'd in his base Wrongs ? If you desire this,
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a noble Anger, making way
To a most brave Revenge, we may call Justice ;
Our Injuries are equal ; join with me then,
And share the Honour.

Jul. I scarce understand you,

L 3

And

And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the Man, I still must love and honour.

Mart. This foolish Dotage in soft-hearted Women,
Makes proud Men insolent; but take your way,
I'll run another Course.

Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his Offence.

Mart. He has denied
The Rites due to a Wife.

Jul. O me most happy,
How largely am I paid for all my Sufferings?
Most honest *Violet*, thou just Performer
Of all thy Promises: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those Joys you speak of,
In a chaste Bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should survive me,
(Which then I knew he wisht not) never Woman
Should taste of his Embraces; this one act
Makes me again his Debtor.

Mart. And was this
The cause my Youth and Beauty were contemn'd?
If I sit down here! well ———

Jul. I dare thy worst,
Plot what thou canst, my Piety shall guard him
(51) Against thy Malice. Leave my House and quickly,
Thou wilt infect these innocent Walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed Head;
Believe't I will.

[*Exit Juliana.*

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set my self to Sale, and live a Strumpet;
Forget my Birth, my Father, and his Honour,
Rather than want an Instrument to help me
In my Revenge. The Captain of the Guard;
Blest Opportunity courts me.

(51) So the Folios. Octavo, *Against my Malice.* —

Enter

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?

How brave her Anger shews? How it sets off
Her natural Beauty? Under what happy Star
Was *Violet* born, to be belov'd and fought to,
By two incomparable Women? Noblest Lady,
I've heard your Wrongs, and pity them; and if
The service of my Life could give me hope
To gain your Favour, I should be most proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad Servant.

Ron. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not Preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtship.
He that desires to reap the Harvest of
My Youth and Beauty, must begin in Blood,
And right my Wrongs.

Ron. I apprehend you, Madam,
And rest assur'd 'tis done; I am provided
Of Instruments to fit you: To the King
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than Man,
That to achieve your Favour, would not do
Deeds, Fiends would fear to put their Agents to. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Violet Reading*.

Vir. *Quod invitatus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an Axiome.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her Life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy Husband;
Was full of Children, her Afflictions,
That I begot; that when our Age must perish,
And all our painted Frailties (52) turn to Ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our Honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange Beauty 'twas an useful one —
How? to my Lust? If it be so, I'm sinful,

(52) ——— turn'd to Ashes,] The oldest Folio gives the Text.

And guilty of that Crime I would fling from me.
 Was there not in it this fair course of Virtue,
 This pious Course? to save my Friends, my Country,
 That e'en then had put on a mourning Garment,
 And wept the desolation of her Children,
 Her noblest Children. Did not she thrust me on,
 And to my Duty clapt the spur of Honour?
 Was there a way, without this Woman, left me
 To bring 'em off? The marrying of this Woman?
 If not, why am I stung thus? Why tormented?
 Or had there been a wild Desire join'd with it,
 How easily, both these, and all their Beauties
 Might I have made mine own? Why am I toucht thus,
 Having perform'd the great Redemption,
 Both of my Friends and Family? Fairly done it,
 Without base and lascivious ends; O Heav'n,
 Why am I still at War thus? Why this a Mischief,
 That Honesty and Honour had propounded,
 Ay, and absolv'd my tender Will, and chid me,
 Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana and Lucio.

Luc. He's here, Madam;
 This is the melancholy Walk he lives in,
 And chuses ever to increase his sadness.

Jul. Stand by.

Vir. 'Tis she; how I shake now and tremble?
 The Virtues of that Mind are Torments to me.

Jul. Sir, if my hated Face shall stir your Anger,
 Or this forbidden Path I tread in vex you;
 My Love and fair Obedience left behind me,
 Your Pardon asked, I shall return and bless you.

Vir. Pray stay a little, I delight to see you;
 May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
 And set an envious stop between our Pleasures,
 Look thus one at another? Sigh and weep thus?
 And read in one another's Eyes, the Legends,
 And Wonders of our old Loves? Be not fearful,
 Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
 May I not take this Hand, and on it sacrifice

The

The sorrows of my Heart? White seal of Virtue!

Jul. My Lord, you wrong your Wedlock.

Vir. Were she here,

And with her all severe Eyes to behold us,

We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,

And to the reverence of that Name, bow thus:

I might sigh *Juliana*, she was mine once;

But I too weak a Guard for that great Treasure——

And whilst she has a Name, believe me, Lady,

This broken Heart shall never want a Sorrow.

Jul. Forget her, Sir, your Honour now commands you,

You are another's, keep those Grievs for her,

She richly can reward 'em. I'd have spoke with you.

Vir. What is your Will? For nothing you can ask,

So full of Goodness are your Words and Meanings,

Must be denied: Speak boldly.

Jul. I thank you, Sir. I come not

To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd;

That I desire: For I shall tell a Story,

So far from seeming Truth, yet a most true one;

(53) So horrible in Nature, and so horrid;

So beyond Wickedness, that when you hear it,

It must appear the practice of another,

The Cast and Malice of some one you've wrong'd much;

And me you may imagine, me accuse too,

Unless you call to Mind my daily Sufferings,

The infinite Obedience I have borne you,

That hates all Name and Nature of Revenge,

My Love, that nothing but my Death can sever,

Rather than hers I speak of.

Vir. *Juliana*,

To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,

After my full experience of your Virtues,

Were to distrust Providence; to think you can lie,

Or being wrong'd, seek after foul repairings;

To forge a Creed against my Faith.

(53) *So horrible in Nature, and so horrid;*] This is so wretched and tautological a Line, that I can't think it our Authors. The place wou'd be much better without it, as the judicious Reader will easily perceive.

Jul.

Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your Life, Sir;
And if that word may stir you, hear and prosper:
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.

Vir. What few Friends have I found, that dare deliver
This loaden Trunk from his Afflictions?
What pitying Hand, of all that feels my Miseries,
Brings such a Benefit?

Jul. Be wise and manly,
And with your Honour fall, when Heav'n shall call you,
Not by a hellish Mischief.

Vir. Speak, my blest one.
How weak and poor I am, now she is from me?

Jul. Your Wife.

Vir. How's that?

Jul. Your Wife.

Vir. Be tender of her, I shall believe else ———

Jul. I must be true; your Ear, Sir,
For 'tis so horrible, if the Air catch it,
Into a thousand Plagues, a thousand Monsters,
It will disperse it self, and fright Resistance. [*Whispers.*]

Vir. She seek my Life with you? Make you her Agent?
Another Love? O speak but Truth.

Jul. Be patient,
Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.

Vir. Forward; 'tis well, it shall be welcome to me;
I've liv'd too long, numbred too many Days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my Service,
And hunt for that my Youth and Honour aims at,
The Sun sets on my Fortune red and bloody,
And everlasting Night begins to close me.
'Tis time to Die.

Enter Martia and Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her self.

Ron. Believe Lady,
And on this Angel Hand your Servant seals it,
You shall be Mistress of your whole Desires,
And what ye shall command.

Mart. Ha Minion,

My

My precious Dame, are you there? Nay go forward,
Make your Complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,
(54) Slave-like to him you serve; I'm the same still,
And what I purpose, let the World take witness,
Shall be so finish'd, and to such Example,
Spite of your poor preventions, my dear Gentleman,
My honourable Man, are you there too?
You and your hot Desire? Your mercy, Sir,
I had forgot your Greatness.

Jul. 'Tis not well, Lady. [sp'rately

Mart. Lord, how I hate this Fellow now; how de-
My Stomach stands against him; this base Fellow,
This gelded Fool!

Jul. Did you ne'er hear of Modesty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and so believ'd it,
Thou bloodless, brainless Fool.

Vir. How?

Mart. Thou despis'd Fool,
Thou only Sign of Man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven Worthy in a Piece of Arras,
Fit only to enjoy a Wall; thou Beast
Beaten to use: Have I preserv'd a Beauty,
A Youth, a Love, to have my Wishes blasted?
My Dotings, and the Joys I came to offer,
Must they be lost, and slighted by a Dormouse?

Jul. Use more Respect, and Woman, 'twill become you;
At least, less Tongue.

Mart. I'll use all Violence,
Let him look for it.

Jul. Dare you stain those Beauties,
Those heav'nly Stamps, that raise up Men to Wonder,
With harsh and crooked Motions? Are you she
That overdid all Ages, with your Honour;
And in a little Hour dare lose this Triumph?
Is not this Man your Husband?

Mart. He's my Halter;
Which (having sued my Pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my Anger,

(54) All the Books read, *Slave-like to him.*

Which I will nourish to the Desolation,
Not only of his Folly, but his Friends,
And his whole Name.

Vir. 'Tis well, I have deserv'd it.

And if I were a Woman, I would rail too.

Mart. Nature ne'er promised thee a thing so noble.
Take back your Love, your Vow, I give it freely;
I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please:
That, that the dulness of thy Soul neglected,
Kings sue for now. And mark me, *Violet*,
Thou Image of a Man, observe my Words well.
At such a bloody rate I'll sell this Beauty,
This Handsomness thou scorn'st and fling'st away,
Thy proud ungrateful Life shall shake at; take your House,
The petty things you left me, give another;
And last, take home your (55) Trinket: Fare you well, Sir.

Ron. You have spoke like your self; y'are a brave Lady.

[*Exeunt Ronvere and Martia.*

Jul. Why do you smile, Sir?

Vir. O my *Juliana*,

The Happiness this Woman's Scorn has giv'n me,
Makes me a Man again; proclaims it self,
In such a general Joy, through all my Miseries,
That now methinks —————

Jul. Look to your self, dear Sir,
And trifle not with Danger that attends you;
Be joyful when y'are free.

Vir. Did you not hear her?

She gave me back my Vow, my Love, my Freedom;
I am free, free as Air; and though to morrow
Her bloody Will meet with my Life, and sink it,
And in her Execution tear me piecemeal:
Yet have I time once more to meet my Wishes,
Once more t' embrace my best, my noblest, truest,
And Time that's warranted.

Jul. Good Sir, forbear it;
Though I confess, equal with your Desires
My Wishes rise, as covetous of your Love,

(55) *Trinket*:] Here means the Divorce he had procured a little above.

And

And to as warm Alarms spur my Will to ;
Yet pardon me, the Seal o'th' Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning Flame between us,
We must not meet, I dare not.

Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only strong Necessity thrust on you,
Not Crime, nor studied Cause of mine ; how sweetly,
And nobly I will bind again and cherish ;
How I will recompence one dear Embrace now,
One free Affection ? How I burn to meet it !
Look now upon me.

Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my Credit
The Love you first had was preserv'd with Honour,
The last shall not cry Whore ; you shall not purchase
From me a Pleasure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair Fame as you, at such a Rate,
Your Honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt ;
If I had lov'd your Lust, and not your Lustre,
The glorious Lustre of your matchless Goodness,
I (56) would compel you now to Bed : — forgive me,
Forgive me, Sir, how fondly still I love you !
Yet nobly too ; make the way straight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax, upon the Rack again,
E'en in the Bed of all Afflictions,
Where nothing sings our Nuptials but dire Sorrows,
With all my Youth and Pleasure, I'll embrace you,
Make Tyranny and Death stand still affrighted,
And at our meeting Souls amaze our Mischiefs ;
'Till when, high Heav'n defend you, and Peace guide you.
Be wise and manly, make your Fate your own,
By being Master of a Providence,
That may controul it.

(56) — *wou'd compel you now to be ! —*] To be what ?
There we have a Dash, and a very unhappy one it is. But by the
good Leave of my Readers, if we must have a Dash, let us restore
Sense first, and then our Dash may be lengthened to what size you
please ; I read therefore, and Mr. *Theobald* with me,

— *compel you now to Bed :* —

Vir.

Vir. Stay a little with me.

My Thoughts have chid themselves : May I not kiss you?
(57) Upon my truth I'm honest.

Ful. I believe ye ;

But yet what that may raise in both our Fancies,
What Issues such warm Parents breed —

Vir. I obey you,

And take my Leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable Love.

Ful. I'll pray for ye,

And when you fall, I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, at one Door ;
Martia and Ronvere, at another.*

Sesse. Now we have got free Credit with the Captain.

Maft. Soft, soft, he's here again : Is not that Lady—
Or have I lost mine Eyes? a salt Rhume seizes 'em ;
But I should know that Face.

Boatsf. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the Woman ; steer a Lar-board.

Maft. He will not kill her.

Boatsf. Any thing he meets ;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes ;
Nothing but Blood and Horror.

Maft. I'd save the Lady,
For such another Lady —

Boatsf. There's the Point ;
And you know there want Women of her Mettle.

Maft. 'Tis true, they bring such Children now,
Such Demi-lances.

Their Father's Socks will make them christning Cloaths.

Gun. No more, they view us.

Sesse. You shall play a while,
And fun your self in this Felicity,

(57) Upon my truth I am an honest.] This reading the Octavo only exhibits. The true one is from the Folio's.

You shall you glorious Whore, I know you still.
But I shall pick an Hour when most securely —
I say no more.

Ron. Do you see those? those are they
Shall act your Will; come hither my good Fellows.
You're now the King's. Are they not goodly Fellows?

Mart. They've Bone enough, if they have stout

Mast. Still the old Wench. [Heart to it.

Sesse. Pray Captain, let me ask you
What noble Lady's that? 'Tis a rude Question,
But I desire to know.

Ron. She's for the King, Sir;
Let that suffice for Answer.

Sesse. Is she so, Sir?
In good time may she curse it.
Must I breed Hacknies for his Grace?

Ron. What wouldst thou do
To merit such a Lady's Favour?

Sesse. Any thing. [tunes?

Ron. That can supply thy Wants, and raise thy For-

Sesse. Let her command, and see what I dare execute.
I keep my Conscience here; if any Man
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,
Whole Families between her and her Wishes —

Mast. We have seen bleeding Throats, Sir, Cities sack'd,
(58) And Infants stuck upon their Pikes —

Boats. Houses a fire, and handfom Mothers weeping.

Sesse. Which we have heap'd upon the Pile like
Sacrifices.

Churches and Altars, (59) Priests and all Devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude Chaos.

Gun. We know no Fear, Sir, but want of Employment.

Sesse. Nor other Faith but what our Purfes preach.
To gain our Ends we can do any thing,
And turn our Souls into a thousand Figures;

(58) *And Infants stuck upon their Pikes.*] If I might be allow'd
liberty, I wou'd propose reading either
— upon these, or the, or our Pikes.

(59) — *Priests and all Devotions.*] Devotions here means the
same as devoted or holy Things.

But when we come to do——

Mart. I like these Fellows.

Ron. Be ready and wait here, within this Hour
I'll shew you to the King, and he shall like ye :
And if you can devise some Entertainment
To fill his Mirth, such as your Country uses,
Present it, and I'll see it grac'd.
After this *Comick Scene* we shall employ you,
For one must die.

Sesse. What is he, Sir? speak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.

Ron. This Lady's Husband ;
His Name is *Violet*.

Sesse. We shall dispatch it. [*Exe. Martia and Ronvere.*
O damned, damned thing : A base Whore first,
And then a Murtherer ! I'll look to you.

Boatsf. Can she be grown so strange ?

Sesse. She has an itch ;
I'll scratch you my dear Daughter, I'll so claw you ;
I'll curry your hot Hide ; married and honour'd ?
And turn those holy Blessings into Brothels ?
Your Beauty into Blood ? I'll hunt your Hotness.
I'll hunt you like a Train.

Mast. We did all pity her.

Sesse. Hang her, she is not worth Man's Memory ;
She's false and base, and let her fright all Stories.
Well, though thou be'st mine Enemy I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.

Boatsf. Faith, Sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.

Sesse. We'll take all,
And like a Torrent sweep the Slaves before us.
You dare endure the worst ?

Mast. You know our Hearts, Sir,
And they shall bleed the last, e'er we start from ye.

Gun. We can but die, and e'er we come to that,
We shall pick out some few Examples for us.

Sesse. Then wait the first Occasion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the Gulph before you, fearless leap it :
Then follow me like Men, and if our Virtues

May buoy our Country up, and set her shining
In her first State; our fair Revenges taken,
We have our noble Ends, or else our Ashes. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Ascanio, and Martia above.

Mart. **A**S you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a Stranger's Fortune:
For when the King shall find I am his Daughter
He ever holds most Ominous, and hates most;
With what Eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his Fears and Cruelties?

Asca. I've found you;
Suspect not, I am bound to what you like best;
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now; and what you are, lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand, and Ronvere above.

The King comes, make your Fortune, I shall joy in't.

Ron. All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry;
And such a King, you shall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't, for I've need of Mirth.

Ron. The Lady, Sir.

Fer. Now as I am a King, a sprightly Beauty,
A goodly sweet Aspect! My Thanks *Ronvere*,
My best Thanks, on your Lips I seal your Wishes,
Be, what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
And now sit down and smile; come, my *Ascanio*,
And let this Monarch enter.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.

Ron. These are th' *Switzers*,
I told your Grace of.

Fer. Goodly promising Fellows,
With Faces to keep Fools in awe, I like 'em;
Go guard the Presence well, and do your Duties,

To Morrow I shall take a further View.

Sesse. You shall, Sir,

Or I shall lose my Will; how the Whore's mounted?
How she sits thron'd? thou blazing muddy Meteor,
That fright'ft the under World with lustful Flashes,
How I shall dash thy Flames? Away, no Word more.

[*Exe. Sesse and his Company. Flourish Cornets.*

Enter Villio, Castruccio, Doctor, and a Guard.

Fer. Now, here he comes in Glory; be merry, Masters,
A Banquet too? [*Meat brought in.*

Ron. O, he must sit in State, Sir!

Asca. How rarely he is usher'd? Can he think now
He is a King indeed?

Ron. Mark but his Countenance.

Cast. Let me have Pleasures infinite, and to the Height,
And Women in abundance, many Women:

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my Grace, stand there and long for me:
What, have ye brought me here? Is this a Feast
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? Are these things,
These Preparations, ha? ———

Doct. May't please your Grace? [*Marchpanes,*

Cast. It does not please my Grace: Where are the
The Custards double Royal, and the Subtilties?

Why, what weak things are you to serve a Prince thus?
Where be the delicates o'th' Earth and Air?

Th' hidden Secrets of the Sea? Am I a Plow-man,
You pop me up with Porridge? Hang the Cooks.

Fer. O most Kingly:

What a Majestick anger?

Cast. Give me some Wine.

Asca. He cools again now.

Cast. Fool, where are my Players?

Let me have all in Pomp; let 'em play some Love matter,
To make the Ladies itch. I'll be with you anon, Ladies;
You black Eyes, I'll be with you:

Give me some Wine I say,

And let me have a Mask of Cuckolds enter,

Of

Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let them come in, peeping and rejoicing,
Just as I kiss their Wives, and somewhat glorying.
Some Wine I say, then for an excellent Night-piece,
To shew my Glory to my Loves, and Minions,
I will have some great Castle burnt.

Vil. Hark you, Brother ;
If that be to please these Ladies, ten to one
The Fire first takes upon your own, look to that ;
Then you may shew a Night-piece.

Cast. Where's this Wine ?
Why, shall I choak ? d'ye long all to be tortur'd ?

Doct. Here, Sir.

Cast. What is this ? (*tastes*) why, Doctor.

Doct. Wine and Water, Sir.

'Tis Sovereign for your heat, you must endure it.

Vil. Most excellent to cool your Night-piece, Sir.

Doct. You're of a high and cholerick Complexion,
And you must have allays.

Cast. Shall I have no sheer Wine then ?

Doct. Not for a World : I tender your dear Life, Sir ;
And he's no faithful Subject ———

Vil. No, by no means ;
Of this you may drink, and ne'er hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the Fool ; this Liquor's merciful.

Cast. I'll sit down and eat then : Kings, when they're
May eat, I hope ? [hungry,

Doct. Yes, but they eat discreetly.

Cast. Come, taste this Dish, and cut me liberally ;
I like Sauce well.

Doct. Fie, it is too hot, Sir ;
Too deeply season'd with the Spice, away with't ;
You must acquaint your Stomach with those Diets
Are temperately nourishing.

Cast. But pray stay, Doctor,
And let me have my Meat again.

Doct. By no means :
I have a charge concerns my Life.

Cast. No Meat neither ;
Do Kings never eat, Doctor ?

Doct. Very little, Sir,
And that too very choice.

Vil. Your King ne'er sleeps, Brother,
He must not sleep, his Cares still keep him waking.
Now he that Eats and Drinks much, is a Dormouse;
The third part of a Wafer's a Week's Diet.

Cast. Appoint me something then.

Doct. There.

Cast. This I feel good,
But it melts too suddenly; yet --- how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you. [Take away.

Doct. For your Health, Sir,
A little quickens Nature, much depresses.

Cast. Eat nothing for my Health? that's a new Diet.
Let me have something, something has some favour.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, shall I hang thee?

Doct. 'Tis better, Sir, than I should let you surfeit:
My Death were nothing.

Vil. To lose a King, were terrible.

Cast. Nay, then I'll carve my self, I'll stay no Ceremonies.
This is a Partridge Pye, I'm sure that's nourishing,
Or *Galen* is an Ass: 'tis rarely season'd:
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there?

Vil. What ails thy Grace? [Take away.

Cast. Retrieve those Partridges.

Or as I am a King ———

Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They're flown too far.

Vil. These are breath'd Pies an't please you,
And your Hawks are such Buzards.

Cast. A King, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!

Vil. What think you of a Pudding?
A Pudding Royal?

Cast. To be royally starv'd;
Whip me this Fool to Death, he is a Blockhead.

Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a
'Twill be enough. [King:

Cast. As for you dainty Doctor, th' Table ta'en away,
All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,

With-

(59) Without my Wits, being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy Treason? I tell thee Doctor,
I tell it thee, in earnest, and in Anger,

(60) I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.
Vil. A hungry Grace is fittest to no Meal, Sir.

Doct. Some two hours hence, you shall see more: but
You must retain an excellent and strict Diet. [still, Sir,

Vil. It sharpens you, and makes your Wit so poynant, Sir,
Your very words will kill.

Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger than a Pea.

Vil. And that well butter'd,
The Air thrice purified, and three times spirited,
Becomes a King: your rare Conserve of nothing
Breeds no Offence.

Cast. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
And keep my Court i'th' Air?

Fer. They vex him cruelly. [the Women,

Asca. In two days more they'll starve him. *Fer.* Now
There's no Food left but them. *Asca.* They'll prove
small Nourishment;

Yet h'as another Stomach and a great one,
I see by's Eye.

Cast. (61) I'll have mine own Power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no Tutor.
Doctor, this is no Diet.

(59) *Without my Wits,*] This odd Passage gives room for Suspi-
cion, that it has had some foul Play either from the Transcriber
or Editor: Let the Reader consider it, and then think if, with
Mr. *Seward* and myself, it shou'd not run thus,

Without my Will, —

Tho' there are two or three more ways of altering it, but none of
'em satisfactory.

(60) *I'm damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.*] A slight
Transposition will set this place right.

My Grace is very hungry —

To which answers *Villio*, right enough,

A hungry Grace is fittest to no Meal.

(61) *I'll have mine own Power here;*] Tho' *have* is not easily
corrupted into *use*, yet I cannot help imagining but it has undergone
such a Change. To *have one's Will*, is common; To *have one's Power*,
not so.

Doct. It may be, Sir.

Vil. By'r Lady, it may turn to a dry Diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that —

Cast. Stand off, Doctor;
And talk to those that want Faith.

Fer. Hot and mighty.

Asca. He will cool apace, no doubt.

Cast. *Fair, plump, and red,*
A Forehead high, an Eye revives the dead;
A Lip like ripest Fruit, inviting still.

Vil. *But O, the rusby Well, below the Hill,*
Take heed of that, for though it never fail,
Take heed I say, for thereby hangs a Tale.

Cast. I'll get ye all with Child.

Vil. With one Child, Brother,
So many Men in a Blue Coat.

Cast. Had I fed well,
And drunk good store of Wine, ye had been blest all,
Blest all with double Births; come kifs me greedily,
And think no more upon your foolish Husbands,
They're transitory things; (62) a King's Fame meets you.

Doct. Vanish away.

[*Ex. Women.*]

Cast. How, they gone too? my Guard there;
Take me this Devil Doctor, and that Fool there,
And sow 'em in a Sack; bring back the Women,
The lovely Women; drown these Rogues, or hang 'em.

Asca. (63) He is in earnest, Sir.

(62) *A King's Fame meets you.*] The Reader is left to interpret *Fame* here in what Sense he pleases; but I rather think that *Flame* is the true reading; the mistaking of one for the other was easy, and so probably gave occasion to this slight Corruption.

(63) *Asca.* *He is in earnest, Sir,*
I needs must take him off.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, Gunner and Sailors.

Fer. *In serious earnest.*] From this and such like Mistakes one wou'd imagine that the Editors of the Octavo Edition had collated the first Folio in a very negligent manner. The Change of the Speakers, as well as Transposition of the Speeches, which are undoubtedly right, in the present Text, are from the Copy of 1647.

Fer.

Fer. In serious earnest,
I needs must take him off.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, Gunner and Sailors.

Sesse. Now, now be free.
Now Liberty, now Country-men shake from ye
The Tyrant's Yoke.

All. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!

Guard. Treason, Treason, Treason.

Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry 'Treason,
And raise our faithful Friends; O my *Ascanio*.

Asca. Make haste, we have way enough.

Guard. Treason, Treason.

[*Ex. Fer. Asca. and Guard.*

Sesse. Spare none, put all to th' Sword: A vengeance
shake thee,

Art thou turn'd King again?

Cast. I am a Rascal:

Spare me but this time, if e'er I see King more,
Or once believe in King.

Sesse. The Ports are ours,
The Treasure and the Port, fight bravely Gentlemen;
Cry to the Town, cry Liberty and Honour;

[*Some go off crying Liberty and Freedom.*

Waken their persecuted Souls, cry loudly,

We'll share the Wealth among ye.

Cast. Do you hear, Captain?

If e'er you hear me name a King —————

Sesse. You shall not.

Cast. Or though I live under one, obey him —

Gun. This Rogue again.

Sesse. Away with him, good Gunner.

Cast. Why look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge;
I'll never eat.

Gun. I'll take a course, you shall not;
Come, no more words.

*The Double Marriage.**Enter Boatswain.**Cast.* Say nothing when you kill me.

(64) *Sesse.* He's ta'en to th' Tower's strength ;
 Now stand sure Gentlemen,
 We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us,
 The rest o'th' Castle's ours ; Liberty, Liberty !
 What, is the City up ?

Boatsf. They are up and glorious,
 And rouling like a storm they come ; their Tents
 Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom.
 The Women are in Arms too.

Sesse. Let 'em come all ;
 Honour and Liberty.

All. Honour and Liberty.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Juliana.*

Jul. This Woman threatens, her Eyes, e'en red with fury,
 Which like prodigious Meteors foretold
 Assur'd Destruction, are still before me.
 Besides I know such Natures unacquainted
 With any mean, or in their Love, or Hatred ;
 And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him,
 Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
 Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
 Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
 And openly profess'd 'em ; that in me
 Was but a cold Affection ; Charity
 Commands so much to all ; for *Violet*,
 Methinks I should forget my Sexes weakness,
 Rise up, and dare beyond a Woman's strength ;

(64) *Sesse.* He's ta'en to th' Tow'rs strength ;] But how cou'd
Sesse know that ? Surely by nothing but Inspiration : I can't help
 thinking but the Stage Direction, two Lines above, of

Enter Boatswain, is wrong, and that he shou'd come in and bring
 the News of *Ferrand's* having retir'd into the strongest part of the
 Citadel, and then we shall have the Dialogue go on clear and easy.
 Thus,

Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.

Enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. He's ta'en to th' Tower's strength.

Sesse. Now stand sure Gentlemen, &c.

Then

Then do, not counsel : He is too secure,
And in my judgment, 'twere a greater Service
To free him from a deadly Enemy,
Than to get him a Friend. I undertook too
To cross her Plots ; oppos'd my Piety,
Against her Malice ; and shall Virtue suffer ?
No, *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed,
I have a cause, spite of thy masculine Breeding,
That would assure the Victory : My Angel
Direct and help me.

Enter Violet like Ronvere.

Vir. The State in Combustion,
Part of the Citadel forc'd, the Treasure seiz'd on ;
The Guards corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected Master ; *Ferrand* fled too,
And with small strength, into the Castle's Tower,
The only *Aventine*, that now is left him ?
And yet the Undertakers, nay, Performers,
Of such a brave and glorious Enterprize,
Are yet unknown ; they did proceed like Men,
I like a Child ; and had I never trusted
So deep a practice unto shallow Fools,
Besides my Soul's peace, in my *Juliana*,
The Honour of this Action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. *Ronvere* ! 'tis he, a thing, next to the Devil
I most detest, and like him terrible ;
Martia's right Hand, the Instrument I fear too,
That is to put her bloody Will in act.
Have I not Will enough, and Cause too mighty ?
Weak Womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this Habit,
This Likeness to *Ronvere*, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my Glory ;
Or sinks me and my Miseries together ;
Either concludes me happy——

Jul. He stands musing,

Some

Some Mischief is now hatching :
 In the full meditation of his Wickedness,
 I'll sink his cursed Soul : Guide my Hand, Heav'n,
 And to my tender Arm give Strength and Fortune,
 That I may do a pious deed, all Ages
 Shall bless my Name for ; all remembrance crown me.

Vir. It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not ; take that Token, [Stabs him,
 And bear it to the lustful Arms of *Martia*,
 Tell her, for *Violet's* dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. O I am happy, let me see thee, that I
 May bless the hand that gave me Liberty ;
 O courteous Hand, nay thou hast done most nobly,
 And Heav'n has guided thee, 'twas their great Justice ;
 O blessed Wound that I could come to kiss thee !
 How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st !

Jul. Oh !

Vir. Sigh not,
 Nor weep not, Dear, shed not those sovereign Balsams
 Into my Blood, which must recover me ;
 Then I shall live again to do a mischief,
 Against the mightiness of Love and Virtue,
 Some base unhallow'd Hand shall rob thy right of.
 Help me, I faint : so.

Jul. O unhappy Wench !
 How has my Zeal abus'd me ; you that guard Virtue,
 Were ye asleep ? or do you laugh at Innocence,
 You suffer'd this mistake ? O my dear *Violet* !
 An everlasting curse follow that form
 I struck thee in, his Name be ever blasted ;
 For his accursed shadow has betray'd
 The sweetness of all Youth, the Nobleness,
 The Honour, and the Valour ; wither'd for ever
 The Beauty and the Bravery of all Mankind :
 O my dull Devil's Eyes.

Vir. I do forgive you,
 By this, and this, I do : I know you were cozen'd ;
 The Shadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aim'd at,
 And not at me ; but 'twas most necessary
 I should be struck, some Hand above directed you ;

For

For *Juliana* could not shew her Justice,
 Without depriving high Heav'n of his Glory,
 (65) Or any Subject fit for her, but *Violet* :
 Forgive me too, and take my last Breath, sweet one,
 This the new Marriage of our Souls together ;
 Think of me, *Juliana*, but not often,
 For fear my Faults should burthen your Affections,
 Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. O stay a little,

A little, little, Sir.

[Offers to kill herself.

Vir. Fie, *Juliana*.

Jul. Shall I out-live the Virtue, I have murder'd ?

Vir. Hold, or thou hast my Peace ; give me the Dagger,
 On your Obedience, and your Love, deliver it.

If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heav'n, Sweet ;
 No guilty Blood comes there ; kill your Intentions,
 And then you conquer ; there where I am going,
 Would you not meet me, Dear ?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And still love me ?

Jul. And still behold you.

Vir. Live then 'till Heav'n calls you.

Then ripe and full of Sweetness you rise fainted.

Then I that went before you to prepare,
 Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you

(66) With Hymns of holy Love — I go out :
 Give me your Hand ; farewell, in Peace farewell,
 Remember me, farewell.

[Dies.

(65) Or any Subject, &c.

This the new Marriage,] We should certainly read,

On any Subject, &c.

'Tis the new Marriage, or the Sentence will be as much nonsensical, as elliptical.

(66) With Hymns of holy Love — I go out :] The Colon at the end of the Line seems greatly to injure the Sense of this Passage, as the ——— to have swallow'd up a Word which is requisite to complete both that and the Measure : I imagine we shou'd fill up and point thus,

With Hymns of holy Love. — 'fore I go out

Give me your Hand ; &c.

The judicious Reader will easily see the Reason of both.

Jul.

The Double Marriage.

Jul. (67) Sleep you sweet Glasses,
 An everlasting Slumber crown those Crystals;
 All my Delight adieu, farewell, dear *Violet*,
 Dear, dear, most dear; O I can weep no more,
 My Body now is Fire, and all consuming.
 Here will I sit, forget the World and all things,
 And only wait what Heav'n shall turn me to,
 For now methinks I should not live. [*She sits down.*]

Enter Pandulpho.

Pan. O my sweet Daughter,
 The Work is finish'd now, I promis'd thee:
 Here are thy Virtues shew'd, here register'd,
 And here shall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it,
 I have no Virtue, hateful I'm as Hell is.

Pan. Is not this *Violet*?

Jul. Ask no more Questions;
 Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pan. O my Son,
 Nature turns to my Heart again, my dear Son,
 Son of my Age, would'st thou go out so quickly?
 So poorly take thy Leave, and never see me?
 Was this a kind Stroke, Daughter? Could you love him,
 Honour his Father, and so deadly strike him?
 O wither'd timeless Youth! are all thy Promises,
 Thy goodly Growth of Honours, come to this?
 Do I halt still i'th' World, and trouble Nature,
 When her main Pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter Lucio, and other Servants.

Luc. He does weep certain: What Body's that lyes by
 him?

(67) This Passion of *Juliana* calls for, and deserves our highest
 Admiration: 'tis drawn with so masterly an Hand, that a Person
 must be endued with a very small share of Taste not to be touch'd
 at the reading of it: Our Poets, still in the Pathetic, appear suffi-
 ciently plain thro' the Body of their Plays, that here it flames out,
 and perhaps has not its superior in any part of their Master *Shake-*
spear's Compositions.

How

(68) How do you, Sir ?

Pan. O look there, *Lucio*,
Thy Master, thy best Master !

Luc. Woe is me.
They've kill'd him, slain him basely ; O my Master !
Pan. Well Daughter, well ; what (69) Heart had you
to do this ?

I know he did you Wrong ; but 'twas his Fortune,
And not his Fault ; for my sake that have lov'd you —
But I see now you scorn me too.

Luc. O Mistres ?
Can you sit there, and his cold Body breathless ?
Basely upon the Earth ?

Pan. Let her alone, Boy,
She glories in his end.

Luc. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you loved, — ha ! Good Sir, come,
Come hither quickly, heave her up ; O Heav'n ! Sir,
O God, my Heart ! she's cold, cold and stiff too,
Stiff as a Stake, she's dead.

Pan. She's gone, ne'er bend her.
I know her Heart, she could not want his Company :
Blessing go with thy Soul, sweet Angels shadow it,
O, that I were the third now, what a Happiness ?
But I must live, to see you laid in Earth both,
Then build a Chapel to your Memories,
Where all my Wealth shall fashion out your Stories.
Then dig a little Grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks, her Eyes are open smiling,
I thought sh'ad been alive. You are my Charge, Sirs,
And amongst you, I'll see his Goods distributed.
Take up the Bodies, mourn in Heart, my Friends,
You've lost two noble Succours ; follow me,
And thou, sad Country, weep this Misery. [Exeunt.

(68) *How do you do, Sir ?*] The latter *do* which spoils the Measure, I have dropt upon the Authority of Folio 1647.

(69) ——— *Heart had you*] So Octavo Edition of 1647, thus,
——— what Heart you had.

'Tis no matter which way we read, either will do.

Enter

Enter Sesse, Boatswain, Master, Gunner, Citizens, and Soldiers.

Sesse. Keep the Ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter
But such as are known Patriots.

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Sesse. 'Tis a substantial Thing, and not a Word,
You Men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other Blessings leave us; 'tis a Jewel
Worth purchasing, at the dear rate of Life,
And so to be defended. O remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be Slaves,
And Properties to *Ferrand's* Pride and Lust,
Take noble Courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 Cit. Our great Preserver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched Bondage.

2 Cit. And might be known, to whom we owe our Free-
We to the Death would follow him. [dom,

3 Cit. Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.

Sesse. That's not my end.
'Twas not Ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful Friends, nor hope of Spoil:
For when we did possess the Tyrant's Treasure,
By Force extorted from you, and employed,
To load you with most miserable Thraldom,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of these, to get you Liberty,
That for the same Price kept you in Subjection.
Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Country Men,
But *Neapolitans*: Now eye me well;
And tho' the reverend Emblems of mine Age,
My silver Locks are shorne, (70) my Beard cut off,
Partaking

(70) ——— my Beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;] This is a glaring
Contradiction indeed, for if his Beard was cut off, the Colour of it
cou'd not possibly be adulterate: If we do but remember what we
are told of this Duke's having his Beard run into a *Peak of*
Twenty, we may read the Passage thus with *Mr. Seward*,

— my

Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho' fourteen Yeers you have not seen this Face,
You may remember it, and call to Mind
There was a Duke of *Sesse*, a much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand*.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Sesse*.

Sesse. I thank you.

The Injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,
Made me forget the Love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I've given Satisfaction,
In being the first that stir'd, to give it Freedom;
And with your Loves and furtherance, will call back
Long banisht Peace, and Plenty, to this People.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all Dangers.

*Enter Pandulpho, the Bodies of Virolet and Juliana,
upon a Hearse.*

Sesse. What solemn Funeral's this?

Pan. There rest a while,

And if't be possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just Revenge,
Hear (if my Tears will give way to my Words)
In brief a most sad Story.

Sesse. Speak, what are they?

———— my Beard cut sharp,

Or as I think nearer the traces of the Letters thus,

———— my Beard cut half.

'Tis well known that *dying* of Beards was a frequent Custom in our Poets Time, and upon this Practice I will undertake to correct a corrupted Passage in *Shakespear's Measure for Measure*, Act 4. Scene 7.

Duke. *Ob Death's a great disguiser*, and you may add to it; Shave the Head and *tie* the Beard, and say it was, &c. to make it appear that *tie* is a Corruption here, and that *dye* is the original Word, we need only quote another place from Scene 9. of this same Act. *The Provost* says,

There dy'd this Morning —————

One Ragozine —————

*A Man of Claudio's Years; his Beard and Head
Just of his Colour.*

I know thee well, *Pandulpho*.

Pan. My best Lord?

As far as Sorrow will give Leave, most welcome;
This *Violet* was, and but a Son of mine,
I might say, the most hopeful of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll speak him no further. Look on this,
This Face, that in a Savage would move Pity,
The Wonder of her Sex, and having said
'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want Words
To set out her deservings; this blest Lady,
That did endure the Rack to save her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thousand Tortures; by what Practice,
I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad Examples
Of *Ferrand's* Tyranny. Convey the Bodies hence.

Sesse. Express your Sorrow

In your Revenge, not Tears, my worthy Soldier;
That fertile Earth, that teem'd so many Children
To feed his Cruelty, in her wounded Womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.

Boats. We are cold, [vered
Cold Walls shan't keep him from us. *Gun.* Were he co-
With Mountains, and room only for a Bullet
To be sent level at him, I would speed him. [con's

Mast. Let's scale this pretty Tower; at Sea we're Fal-
And fly unto the Main-Top in a Moment.
What then can stop us here?

1 *Cit.* We'll tear him Piece-meal.

2 *Cit.* Or eat a Passage to him.

Sesse. Let Discretion

Direct your Anger; that's a Victory,
Which is got with least Loss, let us make ours such;
And therefore Friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your Scalado on the other side,
But enter'd wreak your Suff'rings,

[Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers]

1 *Cit.* In our Wrongs
There was no Mean _____

2 *Cit*

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full Revenge
Will we know any.

Sesse. Be appeas'd, good Man, [To Pandulpho.
No Sorrow can redeem them from Death's Prison;
What his inevitable Hand hath seiz'd on,
The World cannot recover. All the Comfort
That I can give to you, is to see Vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the Author's Head,
Of which their Ashes may be sensible,
That have faln by him. [Sound a Parley.

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Afcanio, and Ronvere above.

Pan. They appear.

Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious Traitors
Worthy an Answer to their proudest Summons,
That we vouchsafe our Presence, or t' exchange
One Syllable with 'em; but to let such know,
Though circled round with Treason, all points bent
As to their Center at my Heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, Villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as absolute, as when
He trod upon your Necks, and as much scorns you.
And when the Sun of Majesty shall break through
The Clouds of your Rebellion, every Beam,
Instead of comfortable Heat, shall send
Consuming Plagues among you, and you call
That Government which you term'd Tyrannous,
Hereafter, gentle.

Sesse. Flatter not thy self
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel Beast,
Thou art i'th' toil, and the glad Huntsman prouder,
By whom thou'rt taken, of his Prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his Forest.

Fer. What art thou?

Sesse. To thy horror, Duke of *Sesse*.

Fer. The Devil.

Sesse. Reserv'd for thy Damnation.

Fer. Why shakes my Love?

Mart. O I am lost for ever;
Mountains divide me from him, some kind Hand

Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the steep Rock, whose rugged Brows are bent
Upon the swelling Main; there let me hide me:
And as our Bodies then shall be divided,
May our Souls never meet.

Fer. Whence grows this, Sweetest?

Mart. There are a thousand Furies in his Looks;
And in his deadly silence more loud Horror,
Than when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my Father.

Sesse. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my Revenge. It is my Daughter, *Ferrand*;
My Daughter thou hast whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in't:

To know she's thine, affords me more true Pleasure,
Than the Act gave me, when e'en at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin Zone. Her shame dwell on thee,
And all thy Family; may they ne'er know
A female Issue, but a Whore; *Ascanio*,
Ronvere, look cheerful; be thou a Man too,
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,
And in our Ruins swallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whole World, and make a second *Chaos*.
And if from thence a new Beginning rise,
Be it Recorded this did end with us;
And from our Dust hath Embryon.

Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will die with you; your Example makes me
Equally bold.

Asca. And I resolv'd to bear
Whate'er my Fate appoints me.

Sesse. They are ours,
Now to the Spoil.

Boats. Pity the Lady, to all else be deaf. [Exeunt.

Wilkin. Kill, kill, kill.

[Alarum, Flourish Trumpets, Retreat.

Enter

Enter Sesse with Ferrand's Head, the Citizens, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in Ascanio and Martia.

Sesse. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends ;
And the best Sacrifice to Heav'n for Peace,
Is Tyrants Blood, and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd Instruments in his commands to Mischief,
With him dispatch'd.

Boatsf. They are cut off.

Sesse. 'Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of *Sesse.*

Sesse. Pay that to Heav'n,

And for a general Joy, give general Thanks :
For Blessings ne'er descend from Heav'n, but when
A grateful Sacrifice ascends from Men.

To your Devotion ; leave me, there's a Scene
Which I would act alone ; yet you may stay,
For wanting just Spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The rest forbear me.

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty !

Mart. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I stand above it ; how I tremble !
Thrice happy they that died, I dying live
To stand the Whirlwind of a Father's Fury.
Now it moves toward me.

Sesse. Thou I want a Name
By which to stile thee : All artic'late sounds
That do express the mischief of vile Woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the height. Witch ! Parricide !
For thou, in taking leave of Modesty,
Hast kill'd thy Father, and his Honour lost ;
He's but a walking Shadow to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy Father ; then set free
His Foes, whose Slavery he did prefer
Above all Treasure, was a strong defeazance
To cut off e'en the surest bonds of Mercy.
After all this, having given up thy self
Like to a sensual Beast, a slave to Lust,

To play the Whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me)
 To find out none to quench thy Appetite,
 But the most cruel King, whom next to Hell
 Thy Father hated, and whose black Embraces
 Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of Furies;
 What canst thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, and the Bodies borne on the Hearse.

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
 To hurt me farther; my old Resolution,
 Take now the place of Fear; in this I liv'd,
 In this I'll die, your Daughter.

Pan. Look but here;
 You had, I know, a guilty Hand in this;
 Repent it, Lady.

Mart. *Juliana* dead?
 And *Violet*?

Pan. By her unwilling Hand.

Mart. Fates, you are equal. What can now fall on me,
 That I will shrink at? Now unmov'd I dare
 Look on your Anger, and not bend a Knee
 To ask your Pardon; let your Rage run higher
 Than Billows rais'd up by a violent Tempest,
 And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties;
 They're dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
 All my desires are sum'd up.

Sesse. Impudent too?
 Die in it, Wretch.

Boatsf. Stay, Sir.

[Boatswain kills her.]

Sesse. How dar'st thou, Villain,
 Snatch from my Sword the honour of my Justice?

Boatsf. I never did you better Service, Sir,
 Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
 That she deserv'd to die, but by whose Hand?
 Not by a Father's. Double all her Guilt,
 It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
 In me 'tis Murder, in you 'twere a Crime
 Heav'n could not pardon. Witness that I love you,
 And in that Love I did it.

Sesse. Thou art noble,

I thank thee for't, the thought of her die with her.

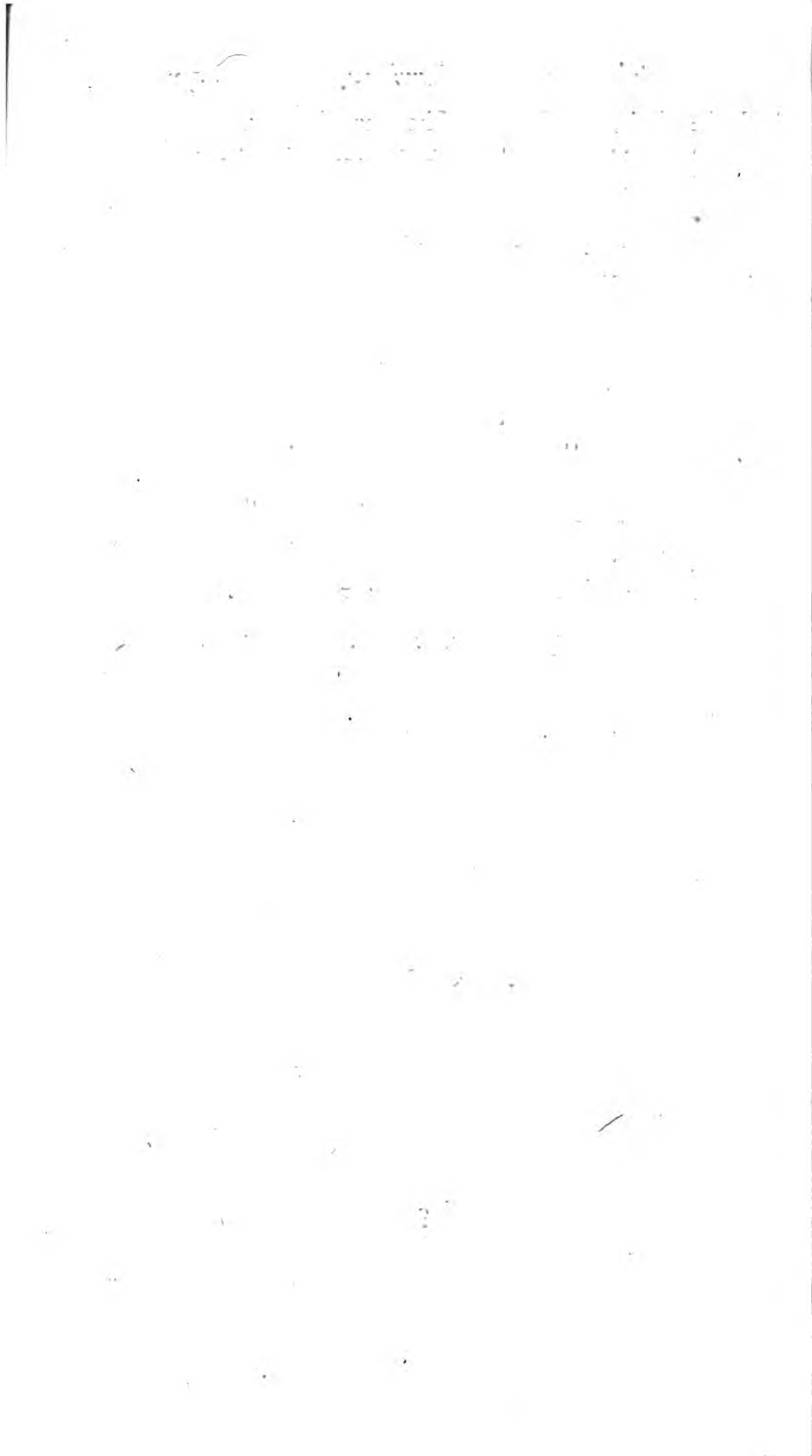
Asca. My turn is next; since she could find no Mercy,
What am I to expect?

Cit. With one Voice, Sir,
The Citizens salute you with the Stile
Of King of *Naples*.

Seffe. I must be excus'd,
The Burden is too heavy for my Shoulder,
Bestow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Ascanio*,
It does belong to you; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the Example of your Uncle,
Learn that you are to govern Men, not Beasts;
And that it is a most improvident Head,
That strives to hurt the Limbs that do support it.
Give burial to the Dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know
The Place, which in my Birth first gave me Woe.

[*Flourish Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*







T H E

M A I D

I N T H E

M I L L.

A

C O M E D Y.



N 4

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DON Philippo, *King of Spain.*
Otrante, *a Spanish Count, in love with Florimel.*
Julio, *a Nobleman, Uncle to Antonio.*
Bellides, *Father to Ismenia, Enemy to Julio.*
Lisauo, *Brother to Ismenia, Bellides' Son.*
Terzo, *Kinsman to Lisauo, and Friend to Bellides.*
Antonio, *in love with Ismenia, an Enemy to Bellides.*
Martino, *Friend to Antonio, and his secret Rival.*
Gerafto, *Friend to Otrante.*
Pedro, } *Two Courtiers.*
Moncado, }
Gostanzo, }
Girardo, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to Julio.*
Philippo, }
Vertigo, *a French Taylor.*
Lords attending the King in Progress.
Franio, *a Miller, supposed Father to Florimel.*
Bustopha, *Franio his Son, a Clown.*
Pedro, *a Songster.*
Constable.
Officers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Ismenia, *Daughter to Bellides, Mistress of Antonio.*
Aminta, *Cousin to Ismenia, and her private Competetrix in Antonio's Love.*
Florimel, *supposed Daughter to Franio, Daughter to Julio, stolen from him a Child.*
Gillian, *Franio the Miller's Wife.*
Country Maids.

S C E N E S P A I N.

THE



THE
M A I D *in the* M I L L.

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

Enter Lifauro, Terzo, Ismenia, *and* Aminta.

L I S A U R O.



ET the Coach go round, we'll walk along
these Meadows, [Sister,
And meet at Port again: Come my fair
These cool Shades will delight ye.

Amin. Pray be merry,

The Birds sing as they meant to entertain ye,
Ev'ry thing smiles abroad; methinks the River,
As he steals by, curls up his Head, to view ye:
Ev'ry thing is in Love.

Ism. You'd have it so.

You that are fair, are easie of belief, Cousin,
The theam slides from your Tongue ———

Amin. I fair? I thank ye,

Mine's but a Shadow when your Sun shines by me.

Ism. No more of this; you know your worth, *Aminta.*
Where are we now?

Amin. Hard by the Town, *Ismenia.*

Ter. Close by the Gates.

Ism. 'Tis a fine Air.

Lif. A delicate;

The way so sweet and even, that the Coach

Would

Would be a tumbling trouble to our Pleasures :
Methinks I'm very merry.

Ism. I am fad.

Amin. You're ever so when we entreat ye, Cousin.

Ism. (1) I have no reason: such a trembling here
Over my Heart methinks ———

Amin. Sure you are fasting,
Or not slept well to Night; some Dream, *Ismenia*?

Ism. My Dreams are like my Thoughts, honest and
innocent,

Yours are unhappy; who are these that coast us?
You told me th' Walk was private.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ter. 'Tis most commonly. [ness,

Ism. Two proper Men: It seems they have some busi-
With me none sure; I do not like their Faces;
They are not of our Company.

Ter. No, Cousin.

Lisauuro, we are dog'd.

Lif. I find it, Cousin.

Ant. What handsome Lady?

Mar. Yes, she's very handsome;
They're handsome both.

Ant. *Martino,* stay, we're cozen'd.

Mar. I will go up; a Woman is no Wild-fire.

Ant. Now by my Life she's sweet: Stay good *Martino.*
They're of our Enemies, the House of *Bellides*;
Our mortal Enemies.

Mar. Let 'em be Devils,
They 'pear so handfomly, I will go forward;
If these be Enemies, I'll ne'er seek Friends more.

Ant. Prithee forbear, the Gentlewomen ———

Mar. That's it, Man,

(1) *I have no reason: such a trembling here*] The Gentleman,
to whom my Readers are indebted for some Remarks upon *The*
Knight of the Burning Pestle, points thus,

I have (no reason) such a trembling here,

Which I think clears and heightens the place, tho' I have not
ventur'd to disturb the old pointing, which is certainly Sense.

That

That moves me like a Gin.

'Pray ye stand off, Ladies —

Lis. They're both our Enemies, both hate us equally ;
By this fair Day our mortal Foes.

Ter. I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
They shall have gaping work.

Ism. Why your Swords, Gentlemen?

Ter. Pray ye stand you off, Cousin,
And good now leave your whistling, we're abus'd all ;
Back, back, I say.

Lis. Go back.

Ant. We are no Dogs, Sir,
To run back on Command.

Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.

Ant. Having a civil Charge of handsome Ladies,
We are your Servants ; pray ye no Quarrel, Gentlemen,
There's way enough for both.

Lis. We'll make it wider. [at ye.

Ant. If you will fight ; arm'd from this Saint, have

Ism. O me unhappy ! are ye Gentlemen
Discreet, and civil, and in open View thus —

Amin. What will Men think of us ; nay you may kill us.
Mercy o'me, through my Petticoat ; what bloody Gentle-
men ! [nocent ;

Ism. Make way through me, y'had best, and kill an In-
Brother, why Cousin by this Light I'll die too.
This Gentleman is temperate ; be you merciful :
Alas, the Swords !

Amin. You had best run me through,
'Twill be a valiant Thrust.

Ism. I faint amongst ye.

Ant. Pray ye ben't fearful : I have done, sweet Lady,
My Sword's already aw'd, and shall obey ye :
I come not here to violate sweet Beauty,
I bow to that.

Ism. Brother, you see this Gentleman,
This noble Gentleman.

Lis. Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk.

Ant.

Ant. The Lady may command, Sir,
She bears an Eye more dreadful than your Weapon.

Ism. What a sweet Nature this Man has? dear Brother,
Put up your Sword.

Ter. Let them put up, and walk then. [us:

Ant. No more loud Words, there's time enough before
For shame put up, do Honour to these Beauties.

Mar. Our way is this, we will not be deny'd it.

Ter. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.

Ant. What e'er your way is, Lady, 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude Hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. [Exeunt.

Ism. I thank ye, Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly; a brave Enemy!
Here's a sweet Temper now: This is a Man, Brother;
This Gentleman's anger is so nobly seated,
That it becomes him, yours proclaim ye Monsters.
What if he be our House-Foe? we may brag on't;
We've ne'er a Friend in all our House so honourable:
I'd rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy distances (2) and modest deference,
Than from a Race of empty Friends, loud nothings:
I'm hurt between ye.

Amin. So am I, I fear too. Dear Cousin,
Why look ye pale? Where are ye hurt?

Ism. I know not,
But here methinks.

Lif. Unlace her, gentle Cousin.

Ism. My Heart, my Heart, and yet I bless the hurter.

Amin. Is it so dangerous?

Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.

Amin. Here is no Blood that I find, sure 'tis inward.

Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle Weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.

Lif. The Coach there.

(2) — and modest difference,] The Sense of this place requires evidently a Lesson different from any the other Editions exhibit: I propos'd reading thus,

— and worthy deference,

i. e. respect, before Mr. Seward communicated to me the same conjectural Lesson, and so have not scrupled to reject the old Text.

Amin.

Amin. May be a fright.

Ism. *Aminta*, 'twas a sweet one,
And yet a cruel.

Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handsome Gentleman ———

Ism. Oh no deeper:
Prithee be silent, Wench, it may be thy case. [*Cousin*;

Amin. You must be search'd; the Wound will rancle,
And of so sweet a Nature ———

Ism. Dear *Aminta*,
Make it not forer.

Amin. And on my Life admires ye.

Ism. Call the Coach, Cousin.

Amin. The Coach, the Coach.

Ter. 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.

Lis. Well my brave Enemies, we shall yet meet ye,
And our old Hate shall testify ———

Ter. It shall, Cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonino and Martino.

Ant. Their Swords, alas, I weigh 'em not, dear Friend,
The Indiscretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The Fury of the House affrights not me,
It spends it self in Words: Oh me, *Martino*,
There was a two-edg'd Eye, a Lady carry'd;
A Weapon that no Valour can avoid,
Nor Art, the Hand of Spirit, put aside.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a Bullet
Wrapt in a Cloud of Fire; (3) that Point, *Martino*,
Dazled my Sense, and was too subtle for me;

Shot

(3) ——— *that Point*, *Martino*,

Dazled my Sense,] I don't approve any of the Text where it is good Sense before, otherwise a small change in the Letters wou'd perhaps keep closer to the Metaphor that is carry'd on thro' the Speech. I therefore only mention it as a meer Query, whether the Poet might not possibly have wrote

Baffled my Fence, ———

There is this Reason to render it probable; in both Folios *Sence* is spelt in the latter part with a *c*, as *Fence* is. Now suppose the *f*

Shot like a Comet in my Face, and wounded
(To my Eternal Ruin,) my Heart's Valour.

Mar. Methinks she was no such Piece.

Ant. Blaspheme not, Sir,

She is so far beyond weak Commendation,
That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.

Mar. I see it not, and yet I had both Eyes open,
And I could judge; I know there is no Beauty
'Till our Eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome;
What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green Face else; and methinks such another —

Ant. Peace thou lewd Heretick; thou Judge of Beauties?
Thou hast an excellent Sense for a Sign-Post, Friend,
(4) Didst thou not see, (I'll swear thou art stone blind else,
As blind as Ignorance;) when she appear'd first,
Aurora breaking in the East, and through her Face,
(As if the Hours and Graces had strew'd Roses,)
A Blush of Wonder flying? (5) when she was frighted
At our uncivil Swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the Purity of Snow
The soft Wind drives, whiteness of Innocence,
Or any thing that bears celestial Paleness,
Sh' appear'd o'th' sudden? Didst thou not see her Tears
When she entreated? O thou Reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient Tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A set, *Martino*,

to have been accidentally changed, (and 'tis the least change a Letter can undergo) the Editors wou'd then naturally alter *Baffled* to *Dazled*.

Mr. Seward.

(4) *Doft thou not see, — soon blind else,*] This Line labours under two Corruptions; the first is the wrong Tense of the Verb in the front of the Line, which the unknown Gentleman alters with me thus,

Didst thou not see — The other is,

Thou art soon blind else, a Passage which *Mr. Theobald* and *Mr. Seward* saw with me ought to be wrote,

Thou art stone blind else. And accordingly I have ventur'd to insert the Passage thus corrected into the present Text.

(5) — *when he was frighted*] As the Discourse is solely about a Lady, the reading in the Text, which is from the Copy of 1644 and my Correspondent's Conjecture, is undoubtedly genuine.

Of such sanctified Beads, and a holy Heart to love,
I could live ever a religious Hermit.

Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was o'th' lowest Stature.

Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep. Nature's chief Art, *Martino*,
Is to reserve her Models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such an one
For fear she should exceed upon her Matter,
Has she fram'd this; (6) oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,
And where they 'pear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention spoils 'em:
Martino learn this, th' narrower that our Eyes
Keep way unto our Object, still the sweeter
That comes unto's: Great Bodies are like Countries,
Discovering still, Toil and no Pleasure finds 'em.

Mar. A rare Cosmographer for a small Island.
Now I believe she's handsome.

Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy Belief, though long a coming, save thee.

Mar. She was, certain, fair.

Ant. But hark ye, Friend *Martino*,
Do not believe your self too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.

Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
D'you show me Meat, and stich my Lips, *Antonia*?
Is that fair Play?

Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me ———
And yet I know thee for an arrant Wencher,
A most immod'rate thing, thou canst not love long——

Mar. A little serves my turn, I fly at all Games,
But I believe ——

Ant. How if we never see her more?
She is our Enemy.

(6) —— *Oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,*
And when they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great;] If this be genuine, *Flame*,
when apply'd to Beauty, mult be a term of Contempt, whereas it
is, I believe, universally apply'd to it as a term of Excellence. I
verily think the Original was, *not flame*, and then the Reason that
follows is just, *because Extention spoils 'em.* Mr. Seward.

Mar.

Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive she hates our whole House.

Ant. Yet, good *Martino* —

Mar. Come, come, I've mercy on ye:
You shall enjoy her in your Dream, *Antonio*,
And I'll not hinder; though now I persuade my self—

Enter Aminta with a Letter.

Ant. Sit with Persuasion down, and you deal honestly;
I will look better on her.

Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?

Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?

Mar. Yes; a Letter —

She brings no Challenge sure; if she do, *Antonio*,
I hope she'll be a Second too; I'm for her.

Amin. A good Hour, Gentlemen.

Ant. You're welcome, Lady;

'Tis like our late rude Passage has pour'd on us
Some Reprehension.

Amin. No, I bring no Anger,
Though some deserv'd it.

Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part, in all Humility
And with no little Shame, I ask your Pardons;
Indeed I wear no Sword to fright sweet Beauties.

Amin. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye view't, Sir,
And my Commission's done.

Mar. Have ye none for me, Lady?

Amin. Not at this time.

Mar. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Amin. I'm glad; but Sir, to keep you in your Exercise
You may chance meet with one ill written.

Mar. Thank ye,
So't be a Woman's, I can pick the Meaning,
For likely they've but one end.

Amin. You say true, Sir.

Ant. *Martin's*, my Wishes are come home and loader
Loaden with brave Return; most happy, happy;
I am a blest'd Man; where's the Gentlewoman?

Mar. Gone, the Sp'rits gone, what News?

Ant. 'Tis from the Lady ;
From her we saw ; from that same Miracle,
I know her Name now ; read but these three Lines ;
Read with Devotion, Friend, the Lines are holy.

Martino reads.

*I dare not chide ye in my Letter, Sir,
'Twill be too gentle : If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair Stone Window
(6) Carved with white Cupids ; there I'll entertain ye :
Night and Discretion guide ye. Call me Ismenia.*

Ant. Give't me again : Come, come, fly, fly, I'm all Fire!

Mar. There may be Danger.

Ant. So there is to drink,
When Men are thirsty, to eat hastily
When we are hungry : So there is in Sleep, Friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us ;
(7) We may die laughing, choak'd e'en at Devotions :
An Apoplexy, or a sudden Palsie,
May strike us down.

Mar. 'T may be a Train to catch ye.

Ant. Then I am caught ; and let Love answer for't,
'Tis not my Folly, but his Infamy.
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things.—

Mar. Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy Spell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a Villany.
'Tis almost Night ; away Friend.

Mar. I am ready,

(6) *Carved with white Cupid ;*] The Text is from 1647, and 1679 Editions ; and so reads too my unknown Friend.

(7) *We may die laughing, choak'd e'en at Devotions : An Apoplexy, &c.*] Here the false Pointings have depriv'd us of a beautiful compound Word, and apply'd *choaking* to Devotions, which cannot in a serious Sense have any tendency to kill a Man in that way. I read,

*We may die laughing-choak'd, e'en at Devotions,
An Apoplexy, or a sudden Palsy
May strike us down. &c.*

Mr. Seward.

I think I know the House too.

Ant. Then we're happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. Did you meet him?

Amin. Yes.

Ism. And did you give my Letter?

Amin. To what end went I?

Ism. Are ye sure 'twas he?

Was it that Gentleman?

Amin. D'you think I was blind?

I went to seek no Carrier, nor no Midwife.

Ism. What kind of Man was he? Thou may'ft be deceiv'd, Friend. [Eyes too,

Amin. A Man with a Nose on's Face: I think he had And Hands, for sure he took it.

Ism. What an Answer? [troubled?

Amin. What Questions are these to one that's hot and Do you think me a Babe? Am I not able, Cousin, At my Years and Discretion, to deliver A Letter handsomely? Is that such a hard thing? Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it: A Sempster's Girl, or a Tailor's Wife won't miss it: A Puritan Hostess, Cousin, would scorn these Questions. My Legs are weary.

Ism. I'll make 'em well again.

Amin. Are they at Supper?

Ism. Yes, and I'm not well,

Nor desire no Company: Look out, 'tis darkish.

Amin. I see nothing yet; assure your self, *Ismenia*, If he be a Man, he will not miss.

Ism. It may be he is modest, And that may pull him back from seeing me; Or has made some wild Construction of my Easiness: I blush to think what I writ.

Amin. What should ye blush at?

Blush when you act your Thoughts, not when you write 'em: Blush

Blush soft between a Pair of Sheets, sweet Cousin.
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I can't think
He's so unnatural to leave a Woman,
(A young, a noble, and a beauteous Woman,)
Leave her in her Desires : Men of this Age
Are rather prone to come before they're sent for.
Hark, I hear something : Up to th' Chamber, Cousin,
You may spoil all else.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ism. Let me see, they're Gentlemen ;
It may be they.

Amin. They are they ; get ye up,
(9) And like a Land-star draw him.

Ism. I'm shame-fac'd.

[*Exit.*

Ant. This is the Street.

Mar. I'm looking for the House :
Close, close, pray ye close — here.

Ant. No, this is a Merchant's ;
I know the Man well. —

Mar. And this a Pothecary's : I've lain here many times,
For a looseness in my Hilts.

Ant. Have ye not past it ?

Mar. No sure :
There is no House of mark that we have scaped yet.

Ant. What place is this ?

Mar. Speak softer, 'may be Spies ;
If any, this, a goodly Window too,
(10) Carv'd fair above, that I perceive ; 'tis dark,
But she has such a Lustre.

(9) *And like a Land-star —*] Mr. *Theobald* here reads
Land-star, and so does Mr. *Seward* ; the former upon what Authority I know not, but the latter upon that of Sir *John Davies* in his
Poem upon the Soul,

Land-stone to Hearts, and Land-star to all Eyes.

(10) *Carv'd fair above,*] I read by a slight Alteration *fair*, so
just before,

————— a fair stone Window

Carv'd with white Cupids.

And so reads likewise my anonymous Correspondent.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above with a Taper.

Ant. Yes *Martino*,

So radiant she appears ———

Mar. Else we may miss, Sir : [clear :
The Night grows vengeance black, pray Heav'n she shine
Hark, hark, a Window, and a Candle too.

Ant. Step close, 'tis she ; I see the Cloud disperse,
And now the beauteous Planet.

Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the soul of Love a Divine Creature.

Ism. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Most blessed Lady.

Ism. 'Pray ye stand out.

Amin. You need not fear, there's no Body now stirring.

Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite strangely taken.

Amin. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble Body :
I love him heartily.

Ism. 'Tis the right Gentleman ;
But what to say to him. Sir ———

[*Afide.*

Amin. Speak.

Ant. I wait still,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this House, so it please you.

Ism. Speak softly,
And 'pray ye speak truly too.

Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.

Ism. And do not think me impudent to ask ye ;
I know ye are an Enemy ; speak low,
But I would make y' a Friend.

Ant. I'm Friend to Beauty ;
There is no Handfomness, I dare be Foe to.

Ism. Are ye married ?

Ant. No.

Ism. Are ye betrothed ?

Ant. No, neither.

Ism. Indeed, fair Sir ?

Ant. Indeed, fair Sweet, I am not.

Mo

Most beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.

Ism. That may be, Sir, then ye are miserable,
For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the Bonds that hold ye ;
Or do you put them on your self for Pleasure ?
Sure they be sweeter far than Liberty :
There is no blessedness but in such Bondage.
Give me that freedom, Madam, I beseech ye,
(Since you have question'd me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you're bound to ; he must be certain
More than Human, that bounds in such a Beauty :
Happy that happy Chain, such Links are Heav'nly.

Ism. Pray ye don't mock me, Sir.

Ant. Pray ye, Lady, tell me.

Ism. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye ?
And not scorn what I speak ?

Ant. I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you say, I dare swear to.

Ism. I'll set the Candle by, for I shall blush now ;
Fie, how it doubles in my Mouth ? It must out,
'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Speak that word again.
I understand ye not.

Ism. 'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Here is another Gentleman.

Ism. 'Tis you, Sir.

Amin. He may be lov'd too.

Mar. Not by thee, first curse me.

Ism. And if I knew your Name ———

Ant. Antonio, Madam.

Ism. Antonio, take this Kiss, 'tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. And when I set ye free, may Heav'n forsake me,
Ismenia.

Ism. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You've learn'd my Name.

Ant. Hear but some Vows I'll make to ye :
Hear but the Protestations of a true Love.

Ism. No, no, not now : Vows should be cheerful things ;
Done in the clearest Light, and noblest Testimony :

No Vow, dear Sir ; tie not my fair Belief
 To such strict Terms : those Men have broken Credits,
 Loose and dismembred Faiths, my dear *Antonio*,
 That splinter 'em with Vows : Am I not too bold ?
 Correct me when you please.

Ant. I'd rather hear ye,
 For so sweet Musick never struck mine Ears yet :
 Will you believe now ?

Ism. Yes.

Ant. I am yours.

Ism. Speak louder,
 If ye answer th' Priest so low, you'll lose your Wedding.

Mar. Would I might speak, I'd hollow.

Ant. Take my Heart,
 And if he be not firm and honest to you,
 Heav'n ———

Ism. Peace, no more : I'll keep your Heart and credit it.
 Keep you your word ; when will you come again, Friend ?
 For this time we have woo'd indiff'rently.
 I would fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why any Night ; only, dear noble Mistress,
 Pardon three Days, my Uncle *Julio*
 Has bound me to attend him upon Promise,
 Upon expectation too ; we have rare Sports there,
 Rare Country Sports, I would you could but see 'em.
 Dare ye so honour me ?

Ism. I dare not be there,
 You know I dare not, no, I must not, Friend ;
 Where I may come with honourable Freedom ———
 Alas, I'm ill too, we in Love ———

Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Trust me, I do not ; I speak truth, I'm sickly,
 And am in Love, but you must be Physician.

Ant. I'll make a Plaster of my best Affection.

Ism. Be gone, we've supp'd, I hear the People stir,
 Take my best Wishes ; give me no cause, *Antonio*,
 To curse this happy Night.

Ant. I'll lose my Life first :
 A thousand Kisses.

Ism.

Ism. Take ten thousand back again.

Mar. I'm dumb with Admiration ; shall we go, Sir ?

[*Exeunt.*

Ism. Dost thou know his Uncle ?

Amin. No, but I can ask, Cousin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to Bed both,
And give me handsome Dreams, Love, I beseech thee.

Amin. 'Has giv'n y' a handsome Subject.

Ism. Pluck to th' Windows.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. **T**HE thund'ring Seas, whose wat'ry Fire washes
the (11) Whiting-Mops.

The gentle Whale whose Feet so fell flies o'er the Mountains tops.

Fra. [within.] Boy.

Bust. The thund'ring ———

Fra. Why, Boy, *Bustopha.*

Bust. Here I am ; *The gentle Whale* ———

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir ? where's your Sister ?

Bust. *The gentle Whale flies o'er the Mountains tops*—

Fra. Where's your Sister, Man ?

Bust. *Washes the Whiting-Mops* ———

Fra. Thou ly'st, she has (12) none to wash. Mops ?
The Boy is half way out of his Wits, sure :

(11) ——— *Whiting-Mops.*] A sort of Fish so called ; our Authors have the same Term in the *Martial Maid*, Act 2. Scene 2.

—— they will tread you their Measures like
Whiting-Mops, &c.

So in the Guardian of *Philip Messenger*, *Camillo* says,

If it were a Fish-day,

I have a Stomach and wou'd content my self

With this pretty Whiting-Mop. Meaning *Mirtilla*.

(12) ——— *none to wash Mops ?*] My nameless Friend wou'd have *Mops* left out in the Text, but I think without reason : By the present pointing *Mops* heightens the Sneer, and makes the repetition in this place necessary.

Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. *The thund'ring Seas* ———

Fra. Mad, stark mad.

Bust. Will you not give a Man leave to Con?

Fra. Yes, and 'fefs too, ere I have done with you,

Sirrah. Am I your Father?

Bust. The Question is too hard for a Child, ask me any thing that I have learn'd, and I'll answer you.

Fra. Is that a hard Question? Sirrah, am not I your Father?

Bust. If I had my Mother's wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a Thief?

Bust. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Bust. Let it go by Eldership. *The gentle Whale* —

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish Study there, And beat your Brains about your own Affairs: or ———

Bust. I thank you; you'd have me go under the Sails, and beat my Brains about your Mill? a natural Father you are. ———

Fra. I charge you go not to the Sports to Day; Last Night I gave you leave, now I recant.

Bust. Is the Wind turn'd since last Night?

Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill; There's my Command upon you.

Bust. I may go round about then as your Mill does: I will see your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in Steaks, ere I deceive the Country so; have I not my part to study? How shall the Sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their Fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.

Bust. Consider that, and go your self.

Fra. I have fears, Sirrah, that I cannot utter: You go not, nor your Sister; there's my Charge.

Bust. The price of your golden Thumb can't hold me.
[*Hounds in full Cry.*] (13) *Fra.* Ay, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd,

(13) *Fra.* *I, this was sport, &c.*] Without the Stage Direction which Mr. *Seward* and I have affix'd here, this abrupt Speech wou'd not be understood by any Reader.

I could have kept Company with the Hounds —

Bust. You are fit for no other Company yet.

Fra. Run with the Hare, and been in the Whore's
rail i'faith :

Bust. That was before I was born, I did ever mistrust
I was a Bastard, because *Lapis* is in the singular number
with me.

Enter Otrante and Gerafto.

Otr. Leave thou that Game, *Gerafto*, and chase here ;
Do thou but follow it with my desires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I'm prepar'd,
My Lord, with all Advantages ; and see
Yonder's the Subject I must work upon.

Otr. Her Brother 'tis : Methinks it should be easie :
(14) That gross Compound cannot but diffuse
The Soul, in such a Latitude of ease,
As to make dull her Faculties, and lazie :
What Wit above the least, can be in him,
That Reason ties together ?

Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it : I have the way
To make him follow me a Hackney-pace,
With all that Flest about him ; yes, and dragg
His Sister after him : This baits the old one,

[*Cry of Hounds.*

Rid you but him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*

Otr. 'Tis well : Oh *Franio*, the good Day to you ;
You were not wont, to hear this Musick, standing ;
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the first rank of Huntsmen.

(15) *Bust.* The Dogs cry out for him now.

(14) *That gross Compound*] The Sense and Measure both seem
here to be incomplete : The deficiency I wou'd remedy thus,

For *this gross.* &c.

Mr. Seward so,

Sure *this gross.* The Reader may take his Choice of either.

(15) *Bust.* *The Dogs cry out of him now.*] I read for : Without
this trifling Change, I see no Humour in *Bustopha's* Answer. *The*
very Dogs cry out against him, does not suit the rest of his Drolle-
ries ; but *the Dogs cry out for him as Carrion proper for 'em*, is quite
in his Stile.

Mr. Seward.

Fra.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you else.

Bust. Cur? Cur?

Fra. Slave, do'tt call me Dog?

Otr. Oh fie, Sir, he speaks *Latin* to you, he would know why you'll bite him. [Lord.]

Bust. *Responde, cur?* You see his Understanding, my

Fra. I shall have a time to curry you for this :

But, my Lord, to answer you, the Days have been
I must have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the Stones grind empty : But those Dancings
Are done with me ; I have good will to't still,
And that's the best I can do.

Otr. Come, come, you shall be hors'd,
Your Company deserves him ; though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Bust. He'll do't o'th' purpose, my Lord, to bring him
up to the Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my Lord.

Otr. There is a foot i'th' Stirrop ; I'll not leave you
Now : You shall see the Game fall once again.

Fra. Well, my Lord, I'll make ready my Legs for
you, and try 'em once a Horseback. (16) Sirrah, my
Charge, keep it. [Exit.]

Bust. Yes, when you pare down your dish for Consci-
ence sake, when your Thumb's coin'd into *bonæ & le-
galis*, when you are a true Man, Miller.

Otr. What's the matter, *Bustopha* ?

Bust. My Lord, if you have e'er a drunken Jade that
has the Staggers, that will fall twice the height of our
Mill with him, set him o'th' back on him ; a galled
Jennet that will winch him out o'the Saddle, and break
one on's Necks, or a shank of him ; (there was a Fool
going that way, but the Afs had better luck ;) or one
of your brave *Barbaries*, that would pass the Straits, and

(16) ——— *Sirrah, my Charge, keep it.*] My unknown Friend
fills up the Ellipsis here thus, *Sirrah, remember my Charge and keep
it*, tho' I believe it not necessary. The old Miller is in an hurry
to get ready for the Chace, and he may easily be suppos'd to be
concise upon that account.

run into his own Country with him ; the first *Moor* he met, would cut his Throat for Complexions sake ; there's as deadly feud between a *Moor* and a Miller, as between Black and White.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural, *Bustopha*, Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be Judge, my Lord, I am studied in my Part ; the *Julian* Feast is to Day, the Country expect me, I speak all the dumb shews ; my Sister's chosen for a Nymph. *The gentle Whale whose feet so fell.* Cry mercy, that was some of my part ; but his Charge is, to keep the Mill, and disappoint the Revels.

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee, the Country expecting.

Bust. Ay, and for mine own Grace too.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main Speaker too.

Bust. The main ? Why all my Speech lies in the Main, and the dry Ground together :

The thund'ring Seas whose— [demn'd else.

Otr. Nay, then we must go, thou'lt be much content then o'th' other side, Obedience.

Bust. Obedience ? But speak your Conscience now, my Lord, am not I past asking Blessing at these Years ? Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your Father.

Otr. I must yield to you, *Bustopha* ; your Reasons are so strong, I cannot contradict : This I think, if you go, your Sister ought to go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now : She is not at Age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.

Bust. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's Woman's ripe Age ; as full as thou art at one and twenty : She's manable, is she not ?

Bust. I think not ; poor Heart, she was never try'd, in my Conscience. 'Tis a coy thing ; she will not kiss you a Clown, not if he would kiss her —

Otr. What, Man ?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

Otr.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected; well, Sir, I'll leave you to your own; (17) but my Opinion is, you may take her along: This is half way:
The rest, *Geraſto*, and I hunt my Prey.—— [Exit.

Buſt. Away with the old Miller, my Lord, and the Mill strikes fail preſently.

Enter Pedro, with Geraſto blind, ſinging.

S O N G.

Ger. Come follow me, you Country Lasses,
And you ſhall ſee ſuch Sport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing;
Pedro, he ſhall rub the String;
Each ſhall have a looſe-bodied Gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lye down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Buſt. O ſweet *Diego*, the ſweeteſt *Diego*; ſtay, Siſter *Florimel*.

Flo. What's that, Brother?

Buſt. Didſt not hear *Diego*? Hear him, and thou'lt be raviſh'd.

Flo. I have heard him ſing, yet am unraviſh'd, Brother.

Buſt. You had the better Luck, Siſter. I was raviſh'd by my own Conſent; come away, for the Sports.

Flo. I have the Fear of a Father on me, Brother.

Buſt. Out; the Thief is as ſafe as in his Mill; he's hunting with our great Landlord, the Don *Otrante*. Strike up, *Diego*.

Flo. But ſay he return before us, where's our Excuse?

Buſt. Strike up, *Diego*. Haſt no Strings to thy Apron?

Flo. Well, the Fault lye upon your Head, Brother.

Buſt. My Faults never mount ſo high, Girl; they riſe but to my Middle at moſt. Strike up, *Diego*.

(17) *But my Opinion is,*] So the Folios. The Octavo, *But Opinion is.*

Ger.

Ger. Follow me by the Ear, I'll lead thee on, *Bustopha*,
and pretty *Florimel* thy Sister; oh that I could see her.

Bust. Oh *Diego*, there's two Pities upon thee; great
Pity thou art blind; and as great a Pity, thou canst
not see.

S O N G.

Ger. You shall have Crowns of Roses, Daisies,
Buds, where the (18) *Hony-maker* grazes;
You shall taste the golden Thighs,
Such as in *Wax-Chambers* lyes.
What Fruits please you, taste, freely pull,
'Till you have all your Bellies full.

Come follow me, &c.

Bust. Oh, *Diego*, the Don was not so sweet when he
perfum'd the Steeple. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Mar. Why, how now, Friend, thou art not lost again?

Ant. Not lost? Why, all the World's a Wilderness;
Some Places peopled more by braver Beasts
Than others are; but Faces, Faces, Man,
May a Man be caught with Faces?

Mar. Without Wonder,
'Tis Odds against him: May not a good Face
Lead a Man about by the Nose? alas,
The Nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two Faces
Should be so twinn'd in Form, Complexion,
Figure, Aspect? that neither Wen, nor Mole,
The Table of the Brow, the Eyes Lustre,
The Lips cherry; neither the Blush nor Smile

(18) ——— *Hony-maker grazes* ;] The Nonsense of this Passage
Mr. Theobald, as well as myself, saw might easily be remedied by
the Insertion of a single Letter, thus,

————— *Hony-maker grazes.*

Should

Should give the one Distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in Molds?

Mar. Ay, altogether.

We're all one Mold, one Dust.

Ant. Thy Reason's mouldy.

I from the Form speak, thou the Matter. Why?

Was it not ever one of Nature's Glories,
Nay, her great Piece of wonder, that amongst
So many Million Millions of her Works
She left the Eye Distinction, to cull out

Th' one from th' other; yet all one Name, the Face?

Mar. You must compare 'em by some other part of
the Body, if the Face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her Name?

Mar. Yes, and who gave it her;

And what they promis'd more, besides a Spoon,
And what Apostles Picture; She is christen'd too,
In Token whereof she's called *Isabella*,
The Daughter of a Country plow-Swain by:
If this be not true, she lyes.

Ant. She cannot:

It would be seen a Blister on her Lip,
Should Falshood touch it, it is so tender:
Had her Name held, 't had been *Ismenia*,
And not another of her Name.

Mar. Shall I speak? [like?

Ant. Yes, if thou wilt speak truth: Is she not wondrous

Mar. As two Garments of the same Fashion,
Cut from the same Piece; yet if any excel,
(19) This has the first; and in my Judgment 'tis so.

(19) *This has the first;*] This is a kind of Latinism which is no where else made use of, as I remember, thro' the rest of our Authors Plays; but we have one of the same Family introduced into our Language by two fine Writers, Contemporaries with our Authors, Mr. *Fairfax* and Mr. *Spencer*. The one in *Tasso*, Book 2. St. 24.

The Wretch of new enraged at the same.

The other in *Fairy Queen*, Book 6. C. 11. St. 43.

The whiles fair Pastorell —

*Was almost dead, misdoubting lest of new
Some Upvove were like that, which lately she did view.*

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis my Opinion.

Mar. Were it the Face

Where on mine Eyes should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.

Ant. (20) And yet the other is the Case of this.

Had I not look'd upon *Ismenia*,
I ne'er had staid beyond good Morrow's time
In view of this.

Mar. Would I could leave him here, [Aside.
'Twere a free Passage to *Ismenia* :
I must now blow, as to put out the Fire,
Yet kindle't more. You not consider, Sir,
The great Disparity is in their Bloods,
Estates and Fortunes : There is the rich Beauty,
Which this poor Homeliness is not endow'd with ;
There's difference enough.

Ant. The least of all.

Equality is no Rule in Love's Grammar :
That sole Unhappiness is left to Princes
To marry Blood : We are free Disposers,
And have the Pow'r to equalize their Bloods
Up to our own ; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due Debt from us.

Mar. Ay, Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with your self at your Pleasure ;
But as it is ———

Ant. As it is ; it is nothing :

(21) Their Pow'rs will come too late, to give me back
The Yesterday I lost.

Mar.

(20) *And yet the other is the Case of this.*] If this has any Sense at all, it is a repetition of what had been so often said, That *Ismenia* was the very Picture and Image of *Isabella*. But who, to express this wou'd say, *that one was the Case of the other* ? I believe the loss of a Letter has depriv'd us of a more proper Sentiment, as well as Expression. *Antonio* is afraid of being guilty of Inconstancy, in being so enamour'd with *Isabella*, and says therefore that *Ismenia* herself was the Cause of it, for

Had I not look'd, &c.

Mr. Seward.

(12) *Their Pow'rs will come too late, to give me back*

The Yesterday I lost.] Tho' this is a true Sentiment, I cannot see its Connection with the Context. My Father and Uncle cannot

Mar. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your Opposition from the other part
Is of more Force ; there you run the hazard
Of every Hour a Life, had you Supply ;
You meet your dearest Enemy in Love
With all his Hate about him : 'Twill be more hard
For your *Ismenia* to come home to you,
Than you to go to Country *Isabel*.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush, 'tis not Fear removes me.

Mar. No more ; your Uncle.

Jul. Oh, the good Hour upon you, Gentlemen :
Welcome my Nephew ; speak it to your Friend, Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his Acceptance.

Ant. I made bold, good Uncle,
To do't before ; and I think he believes it.

Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.

Jul. Here are Sports, Dons,
That you must look on with a loving Eye,
And without Censure, unless it be giving
My Country Neighbours Loves their yearly Off'rings,
That must not be refus'd ; though't be more Pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor ;
It will abide no more Test than the Tinsel
We clad our Masks in for an Hour's wearing,
Or the Liv'ry Lace sometimes on the Cloaks of
A great Don's Followers : I speak no further
Than our own Country, Sir.

Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.

Jul. You'll find the Guest you look for : I heard, Cousin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other Day.

Ant. Not late, Sir.

Jul. Oh fie ! Must I be plainer ? You chang'd the Point

cannot hinder me from being in Love, because they can't recal the
Hours that I have lost. I believe we shou'd read,

——— *what Yesterday I lost.*

Meaning, *his Heart and Affections.*

Mr. Seward.

With

With *Terzo* and *Lisauro*, two o'th' Stock
Of our Antagonists, the *Bellides*.

Ant. A meer Proffer, Sir; the Prevention was quick
with us: We had done somewhat else; this Gentleman
was engaged in't.

Jul. I am the Enemy to his Foe for't: That wild-fire
will crave more than fair Water to quench it I suspect:
Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle Reconciliation,
But I do fear I shall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the Sports are coming on us;
nay, I have more Guests to grace it: Welcome Don
Gostanzo, *Giraldo*, *Philippo*; Seat, seat all. [Musick.

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a Fire, (22) therefore you may lament him.

Mar. Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench
him?

Jul. He's not without those Members, fear him not.

Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my Eyes are out. [before.

Mar. I never heard Love give Reason for what he did

Enter Bustopha, for Paris.

Cup. Let such as can see see, such as cannot: Behold
Our Goddesses all three strive for the Ball of Gold:
And here fair Paris comes, the hopeful Youth of Troy,
Queen Hecuba's darling Son, King Priam's only Joy.

(22) — *Therefore you may lament him.*] The Rhyme by this
reading is preserv'd 'tis true, but I am afraid the Sense is lost;
for where is the Congruity between *Love's being a fire*, and our la-
menting of him? Besides, the next Line contradicts this, which
runs so,

Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench him?

I imagine therefore that we shou'd read as the Line quoted gives us
Licence,

— *Therefore you may quench him.*

Mar. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for *Hector* rather.

Bust. *Paris* at this time: Pray you hold your prating.

Ant. *Paris* can be angry.

Jul. Oh at this time

You must pardon him; he comes as a Judge.

Mar. — Mercy on all that look upon him, say I.

Bust. *The thund'ring Seas whose wat'ry Fire washes the Whiting-Mops.* [tains Tops.

The gentle Whale, whose Feet so fell, flies o'er the Moun- No Roars so fierce, no Throats so deep; no Howls can bring such Fears,

As Paris can, if Garden from, he call his Dogs and Bears.

Mar. Ay, those they were that I fear'd all this while.

Bust. *Yes Jack-an-Apes* —

Mar. I thank you, good *Paris*. [o'th' way then:

Bust. You may hold your Peace, and stand further out The Lines will fall where they light, [Mirth, *Yes Jack-an-Apes, he hath to Sports, and Faces make like Whilst bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts, do toss from Ground to Earth:*

(23) *Blind Bear there is, as Cupid blind* —

Ant. That Bear shou'd be whipp'd for losing of his Eyes.

Bust. *Be-whipped Men may see,* [be.

But we present no such Content, but Nymphs such as they

Ant. These are long Lines.

Mar. Can you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in 'em.

Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminta, Florimel.

(as Juno, Pallas, Venus) and three Nymphs attending.

Bust. Go Cupid blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must not speak here.

Let Shepherds sing with dancing Feet, and Cords of Musick break here.

(23) *Blind Bear there is, &c.]* Mr. Seward is of Opinion that a Line here is got out of its place, and that *Antonio* drolls upon whipping the Bear before the whipping was spoke of, and proposes reading thus,

Bust. *Blind Bear there is, as Cupid blind be-whipped Man may see.*

Ant. *That Bear shou'd be whipp'd for losing of his Eyes.*

Bust. *But we present, &c.*

SONG.

S O N G.

*Now Ladies fight, with Heels so light,
By Lot your Luck must fall,
Where Paris please, to do you Ease,
And give the golden Ball.*

[Dance.

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now, *Antonio*, where would you bestow it?

Ant. I prithee, Friend, take the full Freedom of Thought, but no Words.

Mar. I protest there's a third, which by her Habit should personate *Venus*, and by Consequence of the Story, receive the Honour's Prize: And were I *Paris*, there it should be. Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine Eye's so fix'd, I cannot move it.

Cup. *The Dance is ended; now to Judgment, Paris.*

Bust. *Here Juno, here — but stay, I do espy*

A pretty Gleek coming from Pallas' Eye:

Here Pallas, here — yet stay again; methinks

I see the Eye of lovely Venus winks:

Oh close them both; shut in those golden Ey'n,

And I will kiss those sweet blind Cheeks of thine.

Juno is angry; yes and Pallas frowns;

Would Paris now were gone from Ida's Downs.

They both are fair, but Venus has the Mole,

The fairest Hair, and sweetest dimple Hole:

To her, or her, or her, or neither;

Can one Man please three Ladies altogether?

No; take it Venus, tofs it at thy Pleasure,

Thou art the Lover's Friend beyond his Measure.

Jul. *Paris* has done what Man can do, pleas'd one,
Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another Person.

Enter Geraſto, as Mars.

Ger. *Come lovely Venus, leave this lower Orb,
And mount with Mars, up to his glorious Sphere.*

Bust. How now, what's he?

Flo. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver Yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt fly thorough Apollo's Beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with Mars a sweet Conjunction. [Exit.

Bust. Ha! What Fellow's this? h'as carry'd away
my Sister *Venus*: He never rehears'd his Part with me
before.

Jul. What follows now, Prince *Paris*?

Flo. [Within.] Help, help, help.

Bust. Hue and Cry, I think, Sir, this is *Venus*'s Voice,
mine own Sister *Florimel*'s.

Mar. What, is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Bust. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus*
are in the old Conjunction, it seems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*
Never cries out when she conjoins with *Mars*.

Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of their Parts
sure, it may be 'tis the Book-holder's Fault, I'll go see—
[Exit.

Jul. How like you our Country Revels, Gentlemen?

All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

Ant. Methinks now *Juno* and *Minerva* should take
Revenge on *Paris*, it cannot end without it.

Mar. I did expect,
Instead of *Mars*, th' Storm-Goaler *Æolus*;
And *Juno* proff'ring her *Deiopeia*
As satisfaction to the blustering God,
To send his Toffers forth.

Jul. It may so follow,
Let's not prejudicate the History.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Jul. So here's a Passion towards.

Bust. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,
my *Venus*, she's stollen away.

Jul. The Story changes from our Expectation.

Bust. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me else,
God *Mars* is a bawdy Villain; he said she should ride upon
Doves: She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.

Mar. Sure I think he's serious. [Bust.]

Buf. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horse in the Breech of her; the poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none of you will help.

Jul. Speak, is it the Show, or dost thou bawl?

Buf. A pox on the Ball: My Sister bawls, and I bawl, either bridle Horse and follow, or give me a Halter to hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a Hog.

Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Country with pursuit, but I will find the Thief; my House thus abus'd? [Exit.

Buf. 'Tis my House that's abus'd, the Sister of my Flesh and Blood; oh! oh! [Exit.

1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all shift for our selves, if this be serious.

2 *Wench.* Howe'er I'll be gone.

3 *Wench.* And I.

[Exeunt.

Ant. You need not fright your Beauties, pretty Souls, With the least pale Complexion of a Fear. [discreet.

Mar. *Juno* has better Courage, and *Minerva's* more

Ism. Alas, my Courage was so counterfeit, It might have been struck from me with a Feather.

Juno ne'er (24) had so weak a Presenter.

Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for *Minerva*, That I find yet about me.

Ism. My Dwelling, Sir? [Antonio whispers Ismenia. 'Tis a poor Yeoman's Roof, scarce a League off, That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle Pardon: I vow my erring Eyes had almost cast you For one of the most mortal Enemies That our Family has.

Ism. I'm sorry, Sir, I am so like your Foe: 'Twere fit I hasted From your offended Sight.

Ant. Oh, mistake not, It was my Error, and I do confess it: You'll not believe you're Welcome; nor can I speak it,

(24) ——— *had so weak a Presenter.*] As the Measure here halts, the Reader may perhaps like to set this crippled Verse sound, and read with my anonymous Correspondent and myself thus,

————— *had ne'er so weak a Representer.*

But there's my Friend can tell you, pray hear him.

Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the Employ-

Ant. A Kinswoman to that Beauty. [ment.

Amin. A Kin to her, Sir,

But nothing to her Beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it, it is not far behind her.

Amin. Her hinder Parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.

Mar. Let me but kifs you with his Ardour now,
You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh forbear:

'Tis not the Fashion with us; but would you
Persuade me that he loves me?

Mar. I'll warrant you he dies in't, and that were Wit-
ness enough on't.

Ism. Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what Reason?

Mar. Fie, will you ask me? that which you've about

Ism. I know nothing, Sir. [you.

Mar. Let him find it then;

He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely Beauty.

Ism. So Sir; pray you

Show me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?

(I know you are his Bosome Counsellor.)

Nay then I see your Answer is not ready;

I'll not believe you, if you study farther.

Mar. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ism. Or speak no more.

Mar. There was a Smile thrown at him, from a Lady,
Whose Deserts might buy him treble, and lately

He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it —

In this Face of yours: I know his Heart's within you.

Ism. May I know her Name?

Mar. In your Ear you may,

With vow of Silence.

Amin. He'll not give over, Sir.

If he speak for you, he'll sure spe'd for you.

Ant. But that is not the Answer to my Question.

Amin. You are the first upon my Virgin-Conscience
That ever spoke Love to her: Oh, my Heart!

Ant.

Ant. How do you?

Amin. Nothing, Sir; but would I had a better Face.
How well your Pulse beats.

Ant. Healthfully, does it not?

Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.

Ism. Alack, I hear it
With much Pity: How great is your Fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?

Mar. You forget
The difficult Passage he has to her,
A Hell of Feud's between the Families.

Ism. And that, has often Love, wrought by Advantage
To peaceful Reconcilement.

Mar. There impossible.

Ism. This way 'tis worser; 't may Seed again
In her unto another Generation:
For where, poor Lady, is her Satisfaction?

Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her,
(I'll go no farther for Comparifon,)
As dear as he loves you.

Ism. How if she love not?

Mar. Tush, be that my Pains: You know not what Art
I have those ways.

Ism. Beshrow you, you have practis'd upon me;
Well, speed me here, and you with your *Ismenia*.

Mar. Go, the Condition's drawn, and ready dated,
There wants but your Hand to't.

Amin. Truly you have taken great Pains, Sir.

Mar. A friendly part, no more, sweet Beauty.

Amin. They're happy, Sir, have such Friends as you are,
But do you know you have done well in this?
How'll his Allies receive it? She though I fay't,
Is of no better Blood than I am.

Mar. There I leave it, I am at farthest that way.

Ism. You shall extend your Vows no larger now.
My Heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unaluted long
Either by Pen or Person.

Ant. You may discourse

With me, when you think y'are alone, I shall
Be present with you.

Ism. Come, Cousin, will you walk?

Amin. Alas, I was ready long since: In Conscience,
You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dst been so blind.

Mar. You'll answer this, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Ant. If e'er 't be spoke on:
I purpose not to propound the Question.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor Knave said; some Ravisher,
Some of Lust's Blood-Hounds have seiz'd upon her:
The Girl is hurry'd, as the Devil were with 'em,
And help'd their Speed.

Mar. It may be not so ill, Sir.
A well-prepared Lover may do as much
In hot Blood as this, and perform't honestly.

Jul. What? steal away a Virgin 'gainst her Will?

Mar. It may be any Man's Case; despise nothing:
And that's a Thief of a good Quality,
Most commonly he brings his Theft home again,
Though with a little Shame.

Jul. There's a Charge by't
Fall'n upon me: *Paris* (the Miller's Son)
Her Brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better Tidings follow of his Sister.

Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the Mischance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I should as soon
Have stoll'n him as his Sister: Marry then,
To render him back in the same Plight he is
May be costly; his Flesh is not maintain'd with little.

Jul. I think the poor Knave will pine away,
He cries all-to-be-pitied yonder.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, let's go see him: I should laugh
To see him cry, sure.

Jul. Well, you're merry, Sir.

Antonio, keep this Charge; (I have Fears
Move me to lay it on yon:) Pray forbear

The ways of your Enemies, the *Bellides*.
I have Reason for my Injunction, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Aminta as a Page, with a Letter.

Ant. To me, Sir? From whom?

Amin. A Friend, I dare vow, Sir.

Though on the Enemies part: The Lady *Ismenia*.

Mar. Take heed, blush not too deep; let me advise you
In your Answer, 't must be done heedfully.

Ant. I should not see a Masculine, in peace,
Out of that House.

Amin. Alas, I'm a Child, Sir,
Your Hates cannot last 'till I wear a Sword.

Ant. Await me for your Answer.

Mar. He must see her,
To manifest his Shame; 'tis my Advantage;
While our Blood's under us, we keep above,
But then we fall, when we do fall in Love. [Exeunt.

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

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. **M**Y Lord, my Lord, your House hath injur'd me,
(25) Rob'd me of all the Joys I had on Earth.

Jul. Where wert thou brought up, Fellow?

Fran. In a Mill.

You may perceive it by my loud Exclaims,
Which must rise higher yet.

Jul. Obstrep'rous Carle,
If thy Throat's Tempest could o'er-turn my House,
What Satisfaction were it for thy Child?
Turn thee the right way to thy Journey's end.
Wilt have her where she's not?

(25) *Rob'd me, &c.*] Thus reads the Copy of 1647, which confirms my Correspondent's Conjecture. The other Books, against both Sense and Measure,

Rob'd of all Joys, &c.

Fra.

Fra. Here was she lost,
 And here must I begin my footing after ;
 From whence, until I meet a Pow'r to punish,
 I will not rest : You are not quick to Grief.
 Your hearing's a dead Sense ; were yours the Loss,
 (26) Had you a Daughter stol'n, perhaps be-whor'd,
 (For to what other end should come the Thief?)
 You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high,
 But being not a Sorrow of your own,
 You have no help nor pity for another.

Jul. Oh, thou hast op'd a Sluce was long shut up,
 And let a Flood of Grief in ; a buried Grief
 Thy Voice hath wak'd again, a Grief as old
 As likely 'tis thy Child is ; Friend, I tell thee,
 I did once lose a Daughter.

Fra. Did you, Sir ?
 Beseech you then, how did you bear her Loss ?

Jul. With thy Grief trebled.

Fra. But was she stol'n from you ?

Jul. Yes, by devouring Thieves, from whom cannot
 Ever return a Satisfaction :

The wild Beasts had her in her swathing Cloaths.

Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.

Jul. (27) Away tough Churl.

Fra. Why, she was better, eaten, than my Child,
 Better by Beasts, than beastly Men devoured :
 They took away a Life, no Honour from her ;
 Those Beasts might make a Saint of her ; but these
 Will make my Child a Devil. But was she, Sir,
 Your only Daughter ?

Enter Gilian.

Jul. I ne'er had other, Friend.

(26) The Text is from the oldest Copy. The others,
Had you a Daughter perhaps be-whor'd. Mr. Theobald.

(27) *Away tough Churle.*] Mr. Seward proposes reading *rough*
Churle, as much properer to the Occasion. I can't, with Submis-
 sion, think a Change here necessary, as we have this Expression a
 little lower.

— *The Miller has a stout Heart,
 Tough as his Toal-pin.*

Gil.

Gil. Where are you, Man? Your Business lyes not here,
Your Daughter's in the Pound, I have found where;
'Twill cost you dear, her Freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down, and free her without pay:
Horfe-Locks nor Chains shall hold her from me.

Ful. I'll take this Relief.

I now have time to speak alone with Grief. [Exit.]

Fra. [Gil. *whispers him.*] How? My Landlord? He
is Lord of my Lands,

But not my Cattle: I'll have her again, *Gil.*

Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.

Fra. No, *Gil.* I have been mad these five Hours:
I'll sell my Mill, and buy a roaring.

I'll batter down his House, and make a Stews on't.

Gil. Will you gather up your Wits a little,
And hear me? The King is near by, in Progress,
Here I have got our Supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.

Fra. Give it me, *Gil.*

I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own Hands, God blefs him, will I give it,
And he shall fet the Law upon their Shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a Hand in it.

Gil. Where is your Son?

Fra. He shall be hang'd in Fitches: The Dogs shall
eat him in *Lent*, there's Cats Meat and Dog's Meat
enough about him.

Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the Count's Whore by this
time.

Fra. If she be the Count's Whore, the Whore's Count
shall pay for't. He shall pay for a new Maiden-Head.

Gil. You are so violous: This I'm resolv'd,
If she be a Whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every Man had his Right, she's
None of our Child, but a meer Foundling.
(And I can guess the Owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her.

Fra. *Gil.*, no more of that,
I'll cut your Tongue out, if you tell those Tales.

Hark,

Hark, hark, these *Toaters* tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lifauro, Terzo, Pedro, and Moncado.

Lif. Does the King remove to Day?

Ter. So say the Harbingers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the Progress.

Ped. He hunts this Morning, Gentlemen,
And dines i'th' Fields: The Court is all in Readiness.

Lif. Pedro, did you send for this Tailor? or you
Moncado?

This light *French* Demi-Lance that follows us?

Ped. No, I assure ye on my Word, I'm guiltless,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Mon. I am not quit I'm sure: There is a Reck'ning
(Of some four scarlet Cloaks, and two lac'd Suits.)
Hangs on the File still, like a fearful Comet,
Makes me keep off.

Lif. I'm in too, Gentlemen,
I thank his Faith, for a Matter of three hundred.

Ter. And I for two: What a Deel makes he this Way?
I do not love to see my Sins before me.

Ped. 'Tis the Vacation, and these things break out
To see the Court, and glory in their Debtors.

Ter. (28) What do you call him? for I never love
To remember their Names I owe Mony to,
'Tis not gentile; I shun 'em like the Plague ever.

Lif. His Name's *Vertigo*; hold your Heads, and wonder,
A *Frenchman*, and a Founder of new Fashions:
The Revolutions of all Shapes and Habits
Run madding through his Brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Mon. He's very brave.

(28) *What did you call him for? I never love*] This Passage is a direct Contradiction to what was said above: Tho' the Fault is only in the Punctuation, which is amended, I hope, in the present Edition.

Lif.

Lif. The Shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Make him a mighty Man: He comes, have at ye.

Ver. Save ye together, my sweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking ———

Ter. Not for Mony, Sir?
You know the hard time.

Ver. Pardon me, sweet Signior, [Gentlemen,
Good Faith the least Thought in my Heart; your Love,
Your Love's enough for me: Mony, hang Mony:
Let me preserve your Love.

Lif. Yes marry shall ye,
And we our Credit; you would see the Court?

Mon. He shall see ev'ry Place.

Ver. Shall I i'faith, Gentlemen?

Ped. The Cellar, and the Butt'ry, and the Kitchen,
The Pastry, and the Pantry.

Ter. Ay, and taste too
Of ev'ry Office, and be free of all too;
That he may say, when he comes home in Glory——

Ver. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too: Shall I see the King also?

Lif. Shalt see him every Day: (29) Shalt see the Ladies
In their *French* Cloaths, shalt ride a hunting with them,
Shalt have a Mistress too. We must fool handsomly [*Aside.*
To keep him in Belief we honour him,
He may call on us else.

Ped. A Pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own House for salt Butter.

Ver. And when the King puts on a new Suit ——

Ter. Thou shalt see it first,
And dissect his Doublet, that thou may'st be perfect.

Ver. The Wardrobe I wou'd fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe.

Lif. Thou shalt see it,
And see the Secret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations

(29) —— *Shalt see the Ladies*
—— *Shalt ride a hunting with him*] As *him* has no-
thing to refer to but Ladies, I wou'd alter the number, and read,
—— *a hunting with them.*

Of Fashions five Years hence.

Ver. Ye honour me,

Ye infinitely honour me.

Ter. Any thing i'th' Court, Sir,

Or within the Compass of a Courtier ———

Ver. My Wife shall give ye Thanks.

Ter. You shall see any thing.

The privat'st place, the Stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your Bounties, Gen-
In such abundance. [Gentlemen,

Lif. I will shew thee presently

The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open View, that thou may'st tell thy Neighbours
Over a Shoulder of Mutton, thou'st seen something,
Nay thou shalt, present the King for this time——

Ver. Nay, I pray, Sir. [belong to't;

Lif. That thou may'st know what State there does
Stand there I say, and put on a sad Count'nance,
Mingled with height: Be cover'd, and reserv'd;
Move like the Sun, by soft Degrees, and glorious.
Into your Order, Gentlemen, uncover'd,
The King appears; we'll sport with you a while, Sir,
I'm sure you're merry with us all th' Year long, Tailor,
Move softer still, keep in that fencing Leg, *Monsieur*,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franio out of Breath.

Ter. What's this that appears to him?

Lif. Has a Petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we're made.

Fra. This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay Clothes.

Lif. Now bear your self, that you may say hereafter——

Fra. I have recover'd Breath, I'll speak to him presently
May it please your gracious Majesty to consider
A poor Man's Case?

Ver. What's your Will, Sir?

Lif. You must accept, and read it.

Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my Life for't.

Ped. How he mumps and bridles: He'll ne'er cu
Clothes again. *Ver.*

Ver. And what's your Grief?

Mon. He speaks i'th' Nose like his Goose. [Sir,

Fra. I pray you read there; I'm abus'd and frumpt,
By a great Man that may do ill by Authority;
Poor honest Men are hang'd for doing less, Sir:
My Child is stol'n, the Count *Otrante* stole her;
(29) A pretty Child she is, although I say it,
A handsome Mother, he means to make a Whore of her,
A filken Whore, his Knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd Knaves, that do him beastly Offices:
I kneel for Justice. Shall I have it, Sir?

Enter King Philipppo, and Lords.

Phil. What Pageant's this?

Lif. The King:

Tailor, stand off, here ends your Apparition:
Miller, turn round, and there address your Paper
There, there's the King indeed.

Fra. May't please your Majesty.

Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that Fellow?

Fra. In good Faith, Sir,
I thought h'ad been a King, he was so gallant,
There's none here wears such Gold.

Phil. So foolishly?
You've golden Business sure; because I'm homely
Clad, in no glitt'ring Suit, I am not look'd on.
Ye Fools that wear gay Cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your End calls on you?
Will Gold preserve ye from the Grave? Or Jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings:
Unto your Bodies minister warm Raiments,
Wholesome and good; glitter within, and spare not.
Let my Court have rich Souls, their Suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took such State upon ye?

(29) *A pretty Child she is, —*
A handsome Mother,] Mr. *Theobald* proposes changing *Mo-*
ther for *Mauther*, a word us'd now in *Suffolk* for a *Girl*. But there
is no occasion at all for this Change. Sir. *Henry Spelman* in his
Glossary tells us *Mother* is a Corruption of the *Danish* word *Moer*,
which signifies a *Girl*. *Vide in Voce Moer.*

Are ye a Prince?

Lif. The Prince of Tailors, Sir:

We owe some Mony to him, and't like your Majesty.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more; be modefter,
And you less faucy, Sir; and leave this Place:
Your Pressing-Iron will make no perfect Courtier.
Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor Neighbours;
Show such another Pride, I'll have ye whipt for't;
And get worse Clothes, these but proclaim your Fellony.
And what's your Paper?

Fra. I beseech you read it.

[Villany,

Phil. What's here, the Count *Otrante* task'd for a base
For stealing of a Maid?

Lord. The Count *Otrante*? Is not the Fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my Lord,

I'm in my Wits, I am a labouring Man,
And we have seldom Leisure to run mad;
We've other Business to employ our Heads in.
We've little Wit to lose too: If we complain,
(30) And if a heavy Lord lye on our Shoulders,
Worse than a Sack of Meal, and oppres our Poverties,
(31) We are mad straight, and whip'd, and ty'd in Fetters,
Able to make a Horse mad, as you use us;
You're mad for nought, and no Man dare proclaim it,
In you a Wildness is a noble Trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all Men must love it?
Oppressions of all sorts, fit like new Cloaths,
Neatly and handsomely upon your Lordships;
And if we kick but when your Honours spur us,
We're Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Justice;
I'm a true Miller.

Phil. Then thou art a Wonder.

2 Lord. I know the Man reputed for a good Man,

(30) *And if a heavy Load, &c.*] I was doubtful about the reading of this place, and suspected that *Lord* might bid fair to be the Text, and found my Conjecture confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(31) *We are mad straight, and whop'd,*] This slight Corruption here my Friend alters and amends thus with me,

We are mad straight, and whip'd.

An honest and substantial Fellow.

Phil. He speaks Sense,
And to the Point : Greatness begets much Rudeness.
How dare you, Sirrah, 'gainst so main a Person,
A Man of so much noble Note and Honour,
Put up this base Complaint? Must ev'ry Peasant
Upon a saucy Will affront great Lords?
All Fellows, Miller?—

Fra. I have my Reward, Sir.
I was told one Greatness, would protect another,
As Beams support their Fellows ; now I find it :
If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I'm ready,
'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief dispatch'd :
Though I steal Bread, I steal no Flesh to tempt me.
I have a Wife, and't please him to have her too,
With all my Heart ; 'twill make my Charge the less, Sir,
She'll hold him play awhile : I have a Boy too,
He's able (32) to instruct his Honour's Hogs,
Or rub his Horses Heels ; when't please his Lordship
He may have him his Slave too, or his Bawd :
The Boy is well bred, can exhort his Sister :
For me, the Prison, or the Pillory,
To lose my Goods, and have mine Ears cropt off ;
Whipt like a Top, and have a Paper stuck before me,
For abominable Honesty to his own Daughter,
I can endure, Sir ; the Miller has a stout Heart,
Tough as his Toal-pin,

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly,
Is it his Daughter that the People call
The Miller's fair Maid?

Lord. It should seem so, Sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i'th' right, Sirrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,
Be sure you hang me, I will ask no Courtesie :
Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir.
She may be fair, and she may be abus'd too ;
(A King is not exempted from these Cases,)

(32) ——— to instruct his Honour's Hogs.] Here the Gentleman so often mention'd, says we ought to read *Dogs*. The Reader is left to his Choice.

Stol'n from your loving Care ———

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heav'n forbid she should be in that Venture
That mine's in at this Hour : I'll assure your Grace
Th' Lord wants a Water-Mill, and means to grind with her:
Would I'd his Stones to set, I'd fit him for it. [ther,

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye far-
And keep this private all, upon your Loyalties :
To Morrow Morning, though I'm now beyond him,
And th' less lookt for, I'll break my Fast with the good
Count.

No more, away, all to our Sports, be silent. [Exeunt.

Ver. What Grace shall I have now ?

Lif. Chuse thine own Grace,
And go to Dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*,
We must needs follow th' King.

Ter. You heard the Sentence.

Mon. If you stay here,
I'll send thee a shoulder of Venison ;
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the Dogs. [Monkey,

Ped. Or thou shalt be special Tailor to the King's
'Tis a fine place ; we cannot stay.

Ver. No Mony,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen ?

Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor,
The King hasn't broke his Fast yet.

Ver. I shall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.

Ped. Thou shalt not miss us :
Prethee provide some Cloaths, and dost thou hear *Vertigo*
Commend me to thy Wife : I want some Shirts too.

Ver. I've Chambers for ye all.

Lif. They are too musty,
When they are clear we'll come.

Ver. I must be patient
And provident, I shall ne'er get home else. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante and Florimel.

Otr. Prithee be wiser Wench, thou canst not scape me,
Let me with Love and Gentlenefs enjoy that
That may be still preserv'd with Love, and long'd for :
If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee,
And after I've enjoy'd thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me
I shall despise thee, cast thee off —

Flo. I pray ye Sir,
Begin it now, and open your Doors to me,
I do confefs I'm ugly ; let me go, Sir :
A Gipsy-girl : Why would your Lordship touch me ?
Fie, 'tis not noble : I am homely bred,
Course, and unfit for you ; why do you flatter me ?
There be young Ladies many, that will love ye,
That will dote on ye : (34) You're a handsome Gentle-
man :

What will they say when once they know your Quality ?
A Lord, a Miller ? Take your Toal-Dish with ye,
(35) You that can deal with Gudgeons, and course Flower,
'Tis pity you should taste what Manchet means ;
Is this fit, Sir, for your Repute and Honour ?

Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flo. You cannot, there's no Sympathy
Between our Births, or Breeding, Arts, Conditions ;
And where these are at Difference, there's no liking :

(34) ——— *You're an handsome]* I have chose to read thus with the
Edition of the oldest Date, rather than with the rest, thus,

You a handsome, &c.

(35) *You that can deal with Gudgeons.]* This Reading has the Au-
thority of all the Copies, and as such I have not dared to displace or
dispossess it : Yet still I suspect a latent Corruption, and that the Au-
thor's own Manuscript run originally thus,

You that can deal with Gurgeons,

which is explained by the Words that immediately follow,
————— *and course Flower.*

Mr. Seward reads the Line, as supposing it corrupted, thus,

You that can deal with Cutlins, &c.

Cutlins being a Word us'd in the West for *Greets* or *Oats* cleared of the
Husks.

This Hour it may be I seem handsome to you,
 And you are taken with Variety
 More than with Beauty,
 To-morrow when you have enjoyed me,
 Your Heat and Lust affwag'd, and come t' examine
 Out of a cold and penitent Condition [with,
 What you have done, whom you have shar'd your Love
 Made Partner of your Bed, how it will vex ye,
 How you will curse the Devil that betray'd ye,
 And what shall come of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flo. As hafty as you were then to enjoy me,
 As precious as this Beauty shew'd unto ye,
 You'll kick me out of Doors, you'll whore, and ban me;
 And if I prove with Child with your fair Issue,
 Give me a Pension of five Pound a Year
 To breed your Heir withal, and so good speed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a Woman.

Flo. I'll keep my self, Sir,
 Keep my self honest, Sir, there's the brave keeping:
 If you will marry me ———

Otr. Alas, poor *Florimel*.

Flo. I do confes I am too course and base, Sir,
 To be your Wife, and it is fit you scorn me;
 Yet such as I, have crown'd the Lives of great ones:
 To be your Whore I'm sure I am too worthy,
 (For by my troth, Sir, I am truly honest)
 And that's an Honour equal to your Greatness.

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flo. Tempt me no more then:
 Give me that Peace, and then you give me abundance.
 I know you do but try me, ye are noble,
 All these, are but to try my Modesty,
 If you should find me easie, and once coming,
 I see your Eyes already how they'd fright me;
 I see your honest Heart how it would swell,
 And burst itself into a Grief against me;
 Your Tongue in noble Anger, now, e'en now, Sir,
 Ready to rip my loose Thoughts to the Bottom,
 And lay my Shame unto my self, wide open:

You

You are a noble Lord, you pity poor Maide;
The People are mistaken in your Courtes:
You, like a Father, try 'em to the uttermost,
As they do Gold, you purge the Dross from them,
And make them shine.

Otr. This Cunning cannot help ye :

(36) I love ye to enjoy ye : I have stol'n ye
T' enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with Circumstance.
Yield willingly, or else ——

Flo. What ?

Otr. I will force ye.

I will not be delay'd ; a poor base Wench
That I, in curtesie, make offer to,
Argue with me ?

Flo. Do not, you'll lose your Labour,
Do not, my Lord, it will become ye poorly :
Your Courtesie may do much on my Nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender :
If you compel, I have my Strengths to flye to,
My honest Thoughts, and those are Guards about me :
I can cry too, and Noise enough I dare make,
And I have Curses, that will call down Thunder ;
For all I am a poor Wench, Heav'n will hear me :
My Body you may force, but my Will never ;
And be sure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no Tongue to tell your beastly Story,
For if I have, and if there be a Justice ——

Otr. Pray ye go in here : I'll calm my self for this time,
And be your Friend again.

Flo. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*

Otr. You cannot scape me yet, I must enjoy ye ;
I'll lye with thy Wit, though I miss thy Honesty ;
Is this a Wench for a Boor's hungry Bosom ?
A morsel for a Peasant's base Embraces ?
And must I starve, and the Meat in my Mouth ?
I'll none of that,

(36) *I love ye to enjoy ye :*]This reading which makes the Sense
more explicit, and the Line run better, is from the Edition of 1647 :
The others,

I love ye to enjoy : I have &c.

Q 3

Enter

Enter Gerafto.

Ger. How now, my Lord, (37) how sped ye?
Have ye done the Deed?

Otr. No, pox upon't, she's honest.

Ger. Honest, what's that? You took her bare denial.
Was there e'er a Wench brought up in a Mill, and honest?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle.

Is your Belief so large? What did she say to ye?

Otr. She said her Honesty was all her Dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how dishonourable 't would seem in me
To act my Will, popt me i'th' Mouth with Modesty —

Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? That's their
trick ever.

Otr. And then discoursed to me very learnedly,
What Fame and loud Opinion would tell of me:
A Wife she touch'd at —

Ger. Out upon her Varlet.

Was she so bold? These (38) home-spun things are Devils,
They'll tell y' a thousand Lies, if you'll believe 'em,
And stand upon their Honours like great Ladies;
They'll speak unhappily too, Good words to cozen ye.
And outwardly seem Saints; they'll cry down-right also,
But 'tis for Anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with Child?

Otr. She touch'd at it.

Ger. The trick of an arrant Whore to milk your Lord-
And then a Pension nam'd?

Otr. No, no, she scorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing, but she refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident Hate.

Ger. You thought so,

(37) ——— *How sped ye?*] I have inserted this reading from
the first Folio Copy; and as the Sense is chang'd here upon the Au-
thority of that Edition, I have upon my own alter'd *take her bare*
denial into *took*, three Lines below: The other Copies read,

My Lord, how speed ye!

(38) ——— *home-spun things are Evils,*] *Devils*, which I have
inserted into the Text, seem'd to me manifestly the reading the Con-
text required, and the Copy of 1647, confirm'd me in it.

Yo

You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th' strength of all her Resolution, flatter'd her,
And shak'd her stubborn Will; she would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely: They must seem
modest,

It is their Parts; if you had plaid your part, Sir,
And handl'd her as Men do * unman'd Hawks,
Cast her, and malde her up in good clean Linnen,
And there have coyed her, you had caught her heart-strings,
These tough Virginities {they blow like white Thorns,
In Storms and Tempests.

Otr. She's beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Crystal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, she longs to be ravish'd,
Some have no Pleasure but in Violence;
To be torn in pieces is their Paradise:
'Tis ord'nary in our Country, Sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their Sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they swear they'll hang the Man comes near 'em,
And swear it on his Lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing,
I have another Course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and d' you command your Fellows,
That when you see her next, ye disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out o'th' Doors o'th' sudden,
And leave her to Conjecture, then seize on her.
Away, be ready straight.

Ger. We shall not fail, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Otr. *Florimel.*

Enter Florimel.

Flo. My Lord,

Otr. I'm sure you've now consider'd,
And like a wise Wench weigh'd a Friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud Thoughts, and cast your Scorn off.

Flo. My Lord, I am not proud, I was ne'er beautiful.
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can ye love yet? You told me
Kindness would far compel ye: I'm kind to ye,

* *Metaphors from Falconry.*

Mr. Theobald.

And mean t' exceed that way.

Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with Modesty,
With Honour, and with Honesty I'd yield to ye :
Good my Lord, take some other Theme ; for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden, Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his most mystick Art, 'tis most impossible ;
Nay, to begin with Lust, which is an Heresie,
A foul one too ; to learn that in my Childhood :
O good my Lord.

Otr. You will not out of this Song,
Your Modesty, and Honesty, is that all ?
I will not force ye.

Flo. Y'are too noble, Sir.

(39) *Otr.* Nor play the childish Fool, and marry ye:
I'm not yet mad.

Flo. If ye did, Men wou'd imagine.

Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.

Flo. I expect your Pardon,
And a Discharge, my Lord, that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for Love.

Flo. 'Tis a healthful Year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o' doors, and scorn ye.

Flo. Thank ye, my Lord.

Otr. A proud slight Peat I found ye,
A Fool, it may be too —

Flo. An honest Woman,
Good my Lord think me.

Otr. And a base I leave ye,
So fare ye well.

[*Exit Otrante.*

(40) *Flo.* Blessing attend your Lordship.

This

(39) *Otr. Nor play, &c.*] These two Speeches I have recover'd from the first Folio ; and I am from hence farther confirm'd in my Opinion, touching the Octavo Edition of 1711, that it was only a bare Transcript of the Folio of 1679.

(40) *Flo. Blessing attend, &c.*] This whole Speech has been dropt upon us ever since the Year 1647. I thought necessary to restore it to its ancient undoubted Inheritance, as the latter part prepares us for

This is hot Love that vanisheth like Vapours ;
His Ague's off, his burning Fits are well quench'd,
I thank Heav'n for't. His Men — they will not force me.

Enter Geraſto and Servants.

Ger. What doſt thou ſtay for? doſt thou not know
Thou baſe unprovident Whore? [the way,

Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.

1 Ser. Has my Lord ſmoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken, that you ſtand ſo uſeleſs?

2 Ser. An impudent Quean, upon my life ſhe's un-
wholeſome,

Some baſe diſcarded thing my Lord has found her,
He'd not have turn'd her off o'th' ſudden elſe.

Ger. Now againſt every Sack, my honeſt Sweet-heart,
With every (41) *Smig* and *Smug*.

Flo. I muſt be patient.

Ger. And every greaſie Gueſt, and ſweaty Raſcal
For his Royal hire between his Fingers, Gentlewoman.

1 Ser. I fear thou'ſt giv'n my Lord the — thou damn'd

2 Ser. I've ſeen her in the Stews. [thing.

Ger. The Knave her Father

Was Bawd t' her there, and kept a Tipling-Houſe ;
You muſt e'en to't again : a modeſt Function !

Flo. If ye had Honesty, ye would not uſe me
Thus baſely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye ;
But he that knows —

Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You Meat for every Man : A little Meal
Flung in your Face, makes ye appear ſo proud.

Flo. This is inhuman. Let theſe Tears perſuade you,
(If ye be Men,) to uſe a poor Girl better ;
I wrong not you, I'm ſure, I call you Gentlemen.

for the rude Behaviour of *Geraſto*, and thoſe Servants who are
Bullies for their Lord, and deſignedly Promoters of the ruin of *Flo-
rimel's* Chafſtity.

(41) — *Smig* and *Smug*.] The Copy of 1679, and the Octavo
read ſo, but the oldeſt Folio, *Sim* and *Smug* : Perhaps the Reader
might not think the various reading worth a Note.

Enter

Enter Otrante

Otr. What business is here? away, aren't you gone yet?

Flo. My Lord, this is not well, (altho' you hate me, For what I know not;) to let your People wrong me, Wrong me maliciously, and call me——

Otr. Peace,

And mark ye what we say, advisedly,
Mark, as you love that, that you call your Credit.
Yield now, or you're undone; your good Name's perish'd.
(42) Not all the World can buy your Reputation,
'Tis sunk for ever else; these Peoples Tongues will
poison ye,

Though you be white as Innocence, they'll taint ye;
They will speak terrible and hideous things,
And People in this Age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a Woman;
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll save ye.

Flo. How?

Otr. I'll show ye;

Their Mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is hon'able and honest of ye,
And Saintlike they shall worship ye: They're mine,
And what I charge them, *Florimel*——

Flo. I'm ruin'd;

Heav'n will regard me yet, they're barbarous Wretches:
Let me not fall, my Lord.

Otr. You shall not, *Florimel*:

Mark how I'll work your Peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

(42) *Not all the World can buy your Reputation,*

'Tis sunk for ever else;] It seems as if the Poets had a mind to keep up a Contrast here, and if that really was their Design, then the Execution of it is chargeable only upon the Editors, for they must have indisputably express'd themselves so,

—— can buoy your Reputation;

'Tis sunk for ever.

Thus the Antithesis is neatly preserv'd, and the Confusion of the Metaphors manifestly clear'd up.

Enter

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, Sir.

Otr. Who dare say this sweet Beauty is not heav'nly?
This Virgin, the most pure, the most untainted,
The holiest thing?

Ger. We know it, my dear Lord,
We are her Slaves; and that proud Impudence
That dares disparage her, this Sword, my Lord —

1 Ser. They are Rascals base, the Sons of common
Women,

That wrong this Virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her; when we slight her,
Hang us, or cut's in Pieces; let's tug i'th' Gallies.

2 Ser. Brand us for Villains.

Flo. Why sure I dream; these are all Saints.

Otr. Go, and live all her Slaves.

Ger. We're proud to do it. [*Exeunt.*

Otr. What think ye now? Am not I able, *Florimel*,
Yet to preserve ye?

Flo. I'm bound to your Lordship,
Ye are all Honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Until to Morrow, leave to weigh my Fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing,
Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy ye.

Otr. Take your good time; this Kiss, till then farewell,
Sweet. [*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Antonio, Martino, and Bustopha.

Mar. **B**Y all means discharge your Follower.

Ant. If we can get him off; Sirrah, *Bustopha*,
Thou must needs run back.

Bust. But I must not, unless you send a Bier, or a
Lictor at my Back, I do not use to run from my Friends.

Ant. Well, go, will serve the turn; I have forgot —

Bust.

Bust. What, Sir?

Ant. See if I can think on't now.

Bust. I know what 'tis now.

Ant. A Pistolet of that.

Bust. Done; you have forgot a Device to send me away, you're going a smocking perhaps.

Mar. His own, due, due i'th' Antonio,
The Pistolet is his own.

Ant. I confess it,
There 'tis; now if you could afford out of it
A reasonable Excuse to mine Uncle ———

Bust. Yes, I can; but an Excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a Lye; a full Lye, 'twill do no good else; if you'll go to the price of that?

Ant. Is a Lye dearer than an Excuse?

Bust. Oh, treble; this is the price of an Excuse; but a Lye is two more; look, how many Foils go to a fair Fall, so many Excuses to a full Lye, and less cannot serve your turn, let any Tailor i'th' Town make it.

Mar. Why 'tis reasonable, give him his Price;
Let it be large enough now.

Bust. I'll warrant you, to cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Bust. What? (43) stale my Invention beforehand? you shall Pardon me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.

Ant. By no means, I cannot come to Night, Man.

Bust. I know that too, you do not know a Lye when you see it.

Mar. Remember it must stretch for all Night.

Bust. I shall want stuff, I doubt 'twill come to the other *Pistolet*.

(43) ——— Scale *my Invention*] *Scale* is a word, that has by mistake been put into a wrong place, once in *Shakespear's Coriolanus*, and twice in our Authors, *viz.* in *Bonduca*, and this Play; and as what has been substituted for it there will do full as well here, I make no Scruple to correct the place thus,

What, stale my Invention.

I must add farther, that my anonymous Friend propos'd the same Alteration.

Ant.

Ant. Well, lay out, you shall be no loser, Sir.

Bust. It must be faced, you know, there will be a yard of Diffimulation at least, City-measure, and cut upon an Untruth or two: (44) lined with Fables, that must needs be, cold Weather's coming; if it had a Galloon of Hypocrisie, 'twould do well; and hooked together with a Couple of Conceits, (45) that's necessity; well, I'll bring in my Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lye by that time I have done with it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can swear to, if he would betray his Lord and Master. [Exit.

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mar. I would you had bought an Excuse of him Before he went; you'll want one for *Ismenia*.

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no Suspicion yet, And I'll be arm'd before the next Encounter, In a fast tye with my fair *Isabel*.

Enter *Bustopha*.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your Errand is before you now.

Bust. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are Men of another World else; your Enemies are upon you; the old House of the *Bellides* will fall upon your Heads: Signior *Lisauro*.

Ant. *Lisauro*?

Bust. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman: Yet he has but a Yeoman's Name. *Don Terzo*, *Terzo*, *Terzo*, and a dozen at their Heels.

Ant. *Lisauro*, *Terzo*; nor a dozen more Shall fright me from my Ground; nor shun my Path,

(44) lined with Fables ——— if it had a Gallon of Hypocrisie,] Mr. *Theobald* dislikes the reading of *Fables* here, and proposes to correct *Sables*, as being the better lining, I suppose for cold Weather. But this was only correcting an imaginary Corruption in this, at the same time that he slip'd over a real one in the next Line, and that is measuring Hypocrisy by the Gallon. I read *Galoon* before I saw the oldest Edition which has *Galloon*, and so have accordingly reform'd the Text.

(45) ——— that's necessity;] The reading of *necessary* as suggested by the anonymous Gentleman, is, I think pretty, and bids fair for being right.

Let

Let 'em come on in all their ablest fury.

Mar. 'Tis worthily resolved; I'll stand by you, Sir,
This way, I am thy true Friend.

Bust. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell
what's become of you. Put up, put up; will you never
learn to know a Lye from an *Æsop's* Fable? There's a
Taste for you now. [Exit.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Mar. Look, Sir, what time of Day is it?

Ant. I know not,
My Eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now;
I prethee tell me, *Martin'*, if thou can'st,
Is that *Ismenia* or *Isabella*?

Mar. This is the Lady, forget not *Isabella*.

Ant. If this Face may be borrowed and lent out,
It can shift Shoulders, and take other Tyres,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it —

Ism. Be sudden. [Exit Aminta.
I cannot hold out long.

Mar. Believe't, she frowns.

Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't;
How prettily it woos me to come nearer?
(46) How do you, Lady, since yesterday's Pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith —

Ism. I think you were.

Ant. What, Lady?

Ism. Weary of your Faith; it is a burthen
That Men faint under, though they bear little of it.

Mar. So, this is to the purpose.

Ant. You came home
In a fair hour, I hope.

Ism. From whence, Sir?

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without desires to
speak with you.

(46) *How do you do, Lady,*] The second *do*, which is the reading
of the Octavo, and Copy of 1679, I have rejected upon the Au-
thority of the old Folio.

Ant.

Ant. They were pretty homely Toys; but your Pre-
Made them illustrious. [sence

Ism. My Cousin speaks to you.

Amin. A Gentlewoman, Sir, *Isabella*
She names her self.

Mar. So, so, it hits finely now. [please,

Ant. Name your self how you please; speak what you
I'll hear you chearfully.

Ism. You are not well,
Request her in, she may have more acquaintance
With his Passions, and better cure for 'em.

Amin. She's nice in that, Madam; poor Soul, it seems
She's fearful of your Displeasure.

Ism. I'll quit her
From that presently, and bring her in my self. [Exit.

Mar. How carelessly do you behave your self,
When you should call all your best Faculties
To counsel in you? how will you answer
The breach you made with fair *Ismenia*?
Have you forgot th' retrograde Vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll die upon your shame, you need no more
Enemies of the House, but th' Lady now:
You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that Face,
And I am satisfied, upon whose Shoulders
So e'er it grows; *Juno*, deliver us
Out of this amazement; Beseech you Goddess
Tell's of our Friends, how does *Ismenia*?
And how does *Isabella*? both in good Health
I hope, as you your self are.

Ism. I'm at farthest [Aside.
In my counterfeit; my *Antonio*,
I've matter against you may need a Pardon,
As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you, Sir,
What Evidence is come 'gainst me? What think you
The *Hydra*-headed Jury will say to't?

Mar.

Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My Hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.
'Tis labour for the House of *Bellides*;
I must not seem so yet; but in sooth, Lady,
Did you imagine your changeable Face
Hid you from me? By this Hand I knew you.

Ant. I went by th' Face: and by these Eyes I might
Have been deceiv'd. *Ism.* You might indeed, *Antonio*,
For this Gentleman did vow to *Isabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Ismenia*,
And not *Antonio*.

Mar. (47) Good, and was not that
A manifest Confession that I knew you?
I else had been unjust unto my Friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out,
And speak your Conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest?

Ism. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio* wedded *Isabella*,
Ismenia had not been lost, there had been her Lover.

Ant. Why much good do you Friend; take her to you;
I crave but one, here have I my Wish full,
I am glad we shall be so near Neighbours.

Mar. Take both, Sir, *Funo* to boot, three Parts in one;
(48) *St. Hilarie* blefs you! now Opportunity
Beware to meet with Falshood, if thou canst
Shun it, my Friends Faith's turning from him.

Ism. Might I not justly accuse *Antonio*
For a Love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confes Troth now?

Ant. Here was my Guide, where-e'er I find this Face
I am a Lover, marry, I must not mis
This Freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this Dimple, nor a Silk from this Brow,
I carry th' full Idea ever with me:

(47) *Good was not that*] See the Octavo and the later Folio: The
Text is restored from 1647 Copy.

(48) *St. Hilarie blefs you,*] Here I think *Martino's* Speech shou'd
end, and *Antonio* speak the Remainder,

My Friend's Faith's turning from him,
Plainly appears to be *Antonio's* upbraidings to *Martino*.

Mr. Seward.

If Nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.

Ism. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our Love must now
Come to our En'mies Hands, where neither Part
Will ever give Consent to it.

Ant. Most certain:
For which Reason it must not be put to 'em
Ha'n't we Prevention in our own Hands?
Shall I walk by the Tree, desire the Fruit,
(49) Yet be so nice to pull 'till I ask Leave
O'th' churlish Gardiner, that will deny me?

Ism. O Antonio!

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When Grace is said.

Ism. That holy Act's to come.

Mar. You may ope an Oyster or two before Grace.

Ant. Are there not double Vows, as valuable
And as well spoke as any Friar utters?
Heaven has heard all.

Ism. Yes; but stays the Blessing,
'Till all dues be done; Heav'n's not serv'd by halves,
We shall have ne'er a Father's Blessing here,
Let us not lose the better from above.

Ant. You take up Weapons of unequal Force,
It shows you cowardly; hark in your Ear.

Amin. Have I lost all Employment? Would this Proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it with
A reasonable Penance. *Mar.* Have I past
All thy Fore-Lock, Time? I'll stretch a long Arm
But I'll catch hold again; (do but look back
Over thy Shoulder,) and have a pull at thee.

Ism. I hear you, Sir, nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th' accustom'd Place

(49) *Yet be so nice to pull till, &c.*] Here seems to be an El-
lipsis to my anonymous Friend, which he fills up thus,

Yet be so nice to pull not,
But to make up the Line full, as to the Sense methinks we shou'd
read so,

Yet be so nice as not to pull.

Of our Night-parley ; if you can ascend,
The Window shall receive you ; you may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.

Ant. I'd meet no other Man.

Ism. *Aminta*, you hear this.

Amin. With Joy, Madam, because it pleases you.
It may be mine own Case another time :
Now you go the right way, ask the Banes out,
Put it past Father, or Friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your *Hymen Taper*
I'll light up for you ; the Window shall show you
The way to *Sestos*.

Ant. I will venture drowning.

Mar. The Simile holds not ; 'tis hanging rather.
You must ascend your Castle by a Ladder ;
To the Foot I'll bring you,

Ant. Leave me to climb it.

Mar. If I do turn you off ?

Ant. 'Till Night farewell : Then better. *Ism.* Best
'T should be ;

But peevish Hatred keeps back that Degree. [*Exeunt.*]

Mar. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose :
And then beware : Knave is at worst of Knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My Mind's unquiet ; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my Heart's not at home,
Only my Fears stay with me ; bad Compnay!
But I cannot shift 'em off. This Hatred
Betwixt the House of *Bellides* and us ?
Is not fair War ; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near Neighbours, were, of Love as near,
'Till a cross Misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder :
I would 'twere reconciled ; it has lasted
Too many Sun-sets, if Grace might moderate :

Man

Man should not lose so many Days of Peace,
To satisfy the Anger of one Minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The Knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no Comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. No, I must not ———

Jul. Ha, he's come.

Bust. I must not, 'twill break his Heart to hear it —

Jul. How? there's bad Tidings: I must obscure and hear
He'll not tell me for breaking of my Heart, [it ;
It is half split already.

Bust. I have spy'd him: Now to knock down a Don
with a Lie, a silly harmless Lie; 'twill be valiantly done,
and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Bust. O the bloody Days that we live in; the envi-
ous, malicious, deadly Days that we draw Breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Bust. (50) The Children that never shall be born may
rue it; for Men that are slain now, might have liv'd to
have got Children, that might have curs'd their Fa-
thers.

Jul. Oh, my Posterity is ruin'd.

Bust. Oh sweet *Antonio*!

Jul. O dear *Antonio*!

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both Parts: When
he and *Lisauro* met ———

Jul. Oh, Death has parted 'em!

Bust. Welcome my mortal Foe, says one; Welcome
my deadly Enemy, says th' other; off go their Doublets,
they in their Shirts, and their Swords stark naked; here
lyes *Antonio*, here lyes *Lisauro*; he comes upon him with

(50) *The Children that ever shall be born*] As *Bustopha* is pour-
ing out his Nonsense to the no small Laughter of his Auditors, I
cou'd not help thinking that in this place he was design'd to be all of
a Piece, and therefore read in my Margin,

——— *that never shall be, &c.*

And found my Conjecture turn'd to a Certainty by the Folio of 1647.

an *Embrocado*, that he puts by with a *punta reversa*; *Lisauo* recoils me two Paces, and some six Inches back, takes his Career, and then oh——

Jul. Oh.

Bust. Runs *Antonio* quite through——

Jul. Oh Villain!

Bust. Quite through between the Arm and the Body so; yet he had no Hurt at that Bout.

Jul. Goodness be prais'd.

Bust. But then, at next Encounter, he fetches me up *Lisauo*; *Lisauo* makes out a Long at him, which he thinking to be a *Passado*, *Antonio's* Foot slipping, down, oh down——

Jul. O now thou art lost!

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both Gentlemen, both *Spanish* Christians, yet one Man to shed——

Jul. Say his Enemies Blood.

Bust. His Hair, may come by divers Casualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe; but a Man to lose nine Ounces and two Drams of Blood at one Wound, thirteen and a Scruple at another, and to live 'till he die in cold Blood—yet the Surgeon, that cur'd him, said if *Pia mater* had not been perish'd, he had been a lives Man 'till this Day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Fra. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the Point——

Jul. Ay, the Point, that's deadly; the ancient Blow Over the Buckler, ne'er went half so deep.

Bust. Yet Pity bids me keep in my Charity; for me to pull an old Man's Ears from his Head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! No, be silent Tale—Furthermore, there is the Charge of Burial; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the least Finger dipt in his Blood, though ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-Plums and Sweet-Breads; yet I say, the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Jul. What motly Stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth,
What

What hath befall'n my dear *Antonio*?
Restrain your Pity in concealing it:
Tell me the Danger full; take off your Care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my Death; what thou keep'st back from Truth
Thou shalt speak in Pain; do not look to find
A Limb in his right Place, a Bone unbroke,
Nor so much Flesh unbroil'd of all that Mountain,
As a Worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatch'd.

Bust. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a
Man of God's making to this Hour, 'tis not two since I
left him so.

Ful. Where didst thou leave him? [from you,

Bust. In the same Cloaths he had on when he went

Ful. Does he live?

Bust. I saw him drink.

Ful. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a Cut i'th' Leg by this time; for
Don Martino and he were at whole slashes.

Ful. Met he not with *Lisauero*?

Bust. I do not know her.

Ful. Her? *Lisauero* is a Man, as he is.

Bust. I saw ne'er a Man like him.

Ful. Didst thou not discourse a Fight (51) betwixt
Antonio and *Lisauero*?

Bust. Ay, to my self; I hope a Man may give himself
the Lie if it please him.

Ful. Didst thou lye then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Ful. I live the happier by it: When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten
Days at farthest.

Ful. Ten Days? he's not wont to be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not, he said he would be at
home to Morrow, but I love to speak within my Com-
pass.

(51) *Betwixt Antonio and Lisander?*] Mr. Theobald and my
Correspondent read with me *Lisauero*; 'tis odd to mistake so soon,
where but a Line or so above, *Lisauero's* Name is wrote at length.

Jul. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this Fellow into Custody, keep him safe, I charge you.

Bust. Safe? Do you hear? take notice what Plight you find me in, if there want but a Collop or a Steak o'me look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in Health to Morrow, thou goest to the Rack.

Bust. Let me go to th' Manger first; I had rather eat Oats than Hay. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bellides with a Letter.

Bel. By your Leave, Sir. *Jul.* For ought I know yet, you

Are welcome, Sir. *Bel.* Read that, and tell me so; Or if thy Spectacles be not easie,

Keep thy Nose unfadled, and ope thine Ears;

I can speak thee the Contents, I made 'em;

'Tis a Challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:

I scorn to hire my Second to deliver't,

I bring't my self: Dost know me, *Julio*?

Jul. *Bellides*?

Bel. Yes, is not thy Hair on end now?

Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash Hardiness;

How durst thou come so near thine Enemy?

Bel. Durst?

I dare come nearer; thou art a Fool, *Julio*.

Jul. Take it home to thee, with a Knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy Teeth again; and all that's quit:

Give me not a Fool more than I give thee,

Or if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an Encounter's this?

Bel. A noble one:

My Hand is to my Words, thou hast it there,

There I do challenge thee, if thou dar't be

Good Friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul

Jul. Be Friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't :

A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of Discretion,
The Rules of Grammar to unwilling Youth
To take out Lessons by : we that should check
And quench the raging fire in others Bloods,
We strike the Battel to Destruction ?
Read 'em the black Art? and make 'em believe
It is Divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy Conscience, how hast thou slept this Month,
Since this Fiend haunted us?

Jul. Sure some good Angel

Was with us both last Night : speak thou Truth now,
Was it not last Night's motion ?

Bel. 'Dost not think

I would not lay hold of it at first proffer ?
Should I ne'er sleep again ?

Jul. Take not all from me ;

I'll tell the Doctrine of my Vision.
Say that *Lisauro*, best of all thy Blood,
Or any one, the least allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Antonio's* Sword,
Or any of the House of *Bellides* ?

Bel. Mine was the just inversion ; on, on, on. [row,

Jul. How would thine Eyes have emptied thee in Sor-
And left the Conduit of Nature dry ?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the Balls,
And broke the Glasses? with thine own curses
Have torn thy Soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next Posterity ?

Bel. Yes, and thou causer : so it said to me, [Friends,
They fight but your mischiefs ; th' young Men were
As is the Life and Blood coagulate,
And curded in one Body ; but this is yours,
(52) An 'Heritance that you have gather'd for 'em,

A

(52) *An Inheritance which, &c.*] Mr. Theobald has put a pom-
pous L. T. in his Margin to 'Heritance for Inheritance, as thinking
perhaps the Measure mended (for that only can be so) by it ; but

A Legacy of Blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not so?

Jul. Word for word.

Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.

Jul. 'Tis far enough; let us atone it here;
And in a reconciled Circle fold
Our Friendship new again.

Bel. The Sign's in *Gemini*,
An auspicious House, 'thas join'd both ours again.

Jul. You can't proclaim me Coward now, Don *Bellides*.

Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant Fellow, so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this Hug, to the last Leg
I have to stand on, or Breath or Life left.

Jul. This is the Salt unto Humanity,
And keeps it sweet.

Bel. Love! oh Life stinks without it.
I can tell you News.

Jul. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some Proof on't.
(So far as a Love-Epistle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my Daughter
Ismenia are very good Friends before us.

Jul. That were a double Wall about our Houses,
Which I could wish were builded. *Bel.* I'd it from
Antonio's Intimate, Don *Martino*:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly Part
To show it me.

Jul. Perhaps 'twas his Consent:
Lovers have Policies as well as Statesmen:
They look not always at the Mark they aim at.

Bel. We'll take up Cudgels, and have one bout with 'em,
They shall know nothing of this Union,
And 'till they find themselves most desperate,
Succour shall never see 'm.

Jul. I'll take your part, Sir.

Bel. It grows late; there's a happy Day past us.

Jul. The Example I hope to all behind it. [Exeunt.]

the Reader knows this is a Change which is quite unnecessary, 'tis
but slurring the two first Syllables in the Pronunciation, and the Bu-
siness is over.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Aminta above, with a Taper.

Amin. (53) Stand fair, light of Love, which Epithet
and Place

Adds to thee Honour, to me 'twould be Shame,
We must be weight in Love, no Grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his Darknes?
(54) Love's a Jewel (some say) inestimable,
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not our selves.
I speak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer Document;
Alas, the ignorant desire to know:
Some say, Love's but a Toy, and with a but ———
Now methinks I should love it ne'er the worse;
A Toy is harmless sure, and may be plaid with,
It seldom goes without his adjunct, Pretty,
A pretty Toy we say, 'tis metre to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad Night yet, for all this,
Here's a Priest ready, and a Lady ready;
A Chamber ready, and a Bed ready;
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done:
My Lady is my Cousin; I my self;
Which is nearest then? My Desires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worser cause —

(53) *Stand fair, light of Love,*] Mr. Theobald says in his Margin, *Light Love.* The Reader is left to his Choice.

(54) *Love is a Jewel, (some say) inestimable,*
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own sight,] What the Poets design'd to say seems to be this, *viz.* *That the Jewel of Love being hung at the Ear, is unseen by them that affix'd it there;* but as this is not possible to be made of the words as they stand, I imagine the Line might originally run thus,

Love is a Jewel ———

But hung at th' Ear is depriv'd our own sight.

I must go question with my Conscience :
I have the word ; Centinel, do thou stand.
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [Exit.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'st thou, Friend?

Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.

Ant. There are that bite

And bark not, Man; methought I spy'd two Fellows
That through two Streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their Eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mar. Your Jealousie, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us; who knows
But about the like business? but for your fears sake,
I'll advise and intreat one courtesie.

Ant. What is that, Friend?

Mar. I will not be denied, Sir,
Change your upper Garments with me.

Ant. It needs not.

Mar. I think so too, but I will have it so,
If you dare trust me with the better, Sir.

Ant. Nay then.

Mar. If there should be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me ———

Mar. Tush, the General
Must be safe, howsoe'er the Battel goes
See you the Beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes, we're near shore.

*Enter two Gentlemen with Weapons drawn, they set upon
Martino: Antonio pursues them out in rescue of Mar-
tino.*

Mar. Come, land, land, you must clamber by the Cliff,
Here are no Stairs to rise by.

Ant. Ay, are you there. [Fight, and Exit.

Enter Aminta above, and Martino return'd again ascends.

Amin. Antonio?

Mar. Yes, Ismenia.

Amin.

Amin. Thine own.

Mar. Quench th' light, thine Eyes are guides illustrious.

Amin. 'Tis necessary.

[*Exeunt.*]

(55) *Enter Antonio.*

Ant. Your Legs have sav'd your lives, who'er you are.
Friend? *Martin*? where art thou? not hurt I hope:

Sure I was farthest i'th' pursuit of 'em:

My Pleasures are forgotten through my Fears.

The Light's extinct, it was discreetly done:

They could not but have notice of the Broil,

And fearing that might call up Company,

Have carefully prevented, and clos'd up:

I do commend the heed; oh, but my Friend,

I fear he's hurt: Friend? Friend? it cannot be

So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, Friend?

A groan, or any thing that may discover thee:

Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee:

I'll lay mine Ear as low as thou canst fall:

Friend, *Don Martino*, I must answer for thee,

'Twas in my cause thou fell'st, if thou be'st down—

Such Dangers stand betwixt us and our Joys,

That should we forethink e'er we undertake,

We'd sit at home, and save — What a Night's here?

Purpos'd for so much Joy, and now dispos'd

To so much Wretchedness? I shall not rest in't:

If I had all my Pleasures there within,

I should not entertain 'em with a Smile.

Good-night to you: Mine will be black and sad,

A Friend cannot, a Woman may be had.

[*Exit.*]

(55) *Enter Antonio.*

Mar. *Your Legs have sav'd your, &c.*] What a glaring Contradiction is here, *Enter Antonio*, and yet not he, but *Martino*, who was safe within, and deceiving his Friend as he thought, begins the Soliloquy. I have therefore without any Scruple given the true Speaker his own Part, and turn'd *Martino* out of Possession, tho' he has kept it since the Year 1647, and I must add with Pleasure that my kind Correspondent concurr'd in the same Change.

ACT

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

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. O Thou false —
Amin. Do your daring't, he's mine own,
 Soul and Body mine, Church and Chamber mine,
 Totally mine.

Ism. Darest thou face thy Falshood?

Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my Wishes
 Come home so sweetly? Farewel, your Company
 'Till you be calmer, Woman ——— [Exit.

Ism. Oh what a heap
 Of Misery has one Night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your shame from me?
 You're a blind Adulterers, you know you are.

Ism. How's that, *Antonio*?

Ant. 'Till I have Vengeance,
 Your Sin's not pardonable: I will have him,
 If Hell hide him not; you've had your last of him. [Ex.

Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not,
 He call'd me a foul Name, it was not mine,
 He took me for another sure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha? are
 You there? Where is your Sweetheart? I have found you,
 Traytor to my House: wilt league with mine Enemy?
 You'll shed his Blood, you'll say: hah! will you so?
 And fight with your Heels upwards? No, Minion,
 I have a Husband for you, since you're so rank,
 And such a Husband as thou shalt like him,
 Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio*?

Ism. It Thunders with the Storm now.

Bel.

Bel. And to Night

I'll have it dispatch'd ; I'll make it sure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
(56) Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an Out-cry : Go, I'll ha'ye before me :
Shough, shough, up to your Coop, Pea-hen.

Ism. Then I'll try my Wings.

[*Exit.*

Bel. Ay, are you good at that ? stop, stop Thief, stop
there. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

First S O N G.

Flo. Now having Leisure, and a happy Wind,
Thou mayst at Pleasure cause the Stones to grind,
Sails spread, and Grist here ready to be ground,
Fie, stand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus ? why so merry ?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me ?
And kifs my Hands ?

Flo. If I were high enough,
I'd kifs your Lips too.

Otr. Do, this is some kindness,
This tastes of willingness ; nay, you may kifs still,
But why o'th' sudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoffer'd, or uncompel'd ? why these sweet Curt'sies ?
E'en now you would have blush'd to death to kifs thus :
Prithee let me be prepar'd to meet thy Kindness,

(56) *Shall not be worth a Chicken,*] In this place the unknown
Gentleman reads thus,

— *worth a Chequin,*

And adds that Sir *Isaac Newton* in his Tables of Gold and Silver
Coins says, *Sequin, Chequin, or Zacheen* is a Gold *Venetian* Coin,
worth Nine and Sixpence. It may be so, but yet my Friend will
I hope pardon me if I have not alter'd the Line according to his
Direction, for I am not sure, that there is not a double Entendre
couch'd under this Word, which will be lost by his propos'd Cor-
rection of the Text.

I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, Wench :
 Stay now a little, and delay your Blessings ;
 If this be Love, methinks it is too violent :
 If you repent you of your Strictness to me,
 It is so sudden, it wants Circumstance.

Flo. Fie, how dull ?

Second S O N G.

*How long shall I pine for Love ?
 How long shall I sue in vain ?
 How long, like the Turtle-Dove,
 Shall I heavily thus complain ?
 Shall the Sails of my Love stand still ?
 Shall the Grists of my Hopes be unground ?
 Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
 Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.*

Otr. Prithee be calm a little,
 Thou mak'st me wonder ; thou that wert so strange,
 And read such pious Rules to my Behaviour
 But yesternight ; thou that wert made of Modesty,
 Shouldst in a few short Minutes turn thus desp'rate.

Flo. You are too cold.

Otr. I do confess I freeze now,
 I am another thing, all over me :
 It is my part to woo, not to be courted :
 Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
 That now o'th' instant e'er I can expect,
 E'er I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
 A separation of your honest Carriage
 From the desires of Youth, thus wantonly,
 Thus beyond expectation——

Flo. I will tell ye,
 And tell ye seriously, why I appear thus,
 To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded.
 I have no Modesty, I'm truly wanton :
 I'm that you look for, Sir ; now come up roundly :
 If my strict Face and counterfeited Stateliness
 Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way,

And

The Maid in the Mill. 271

And you should ne'er have come t'have known who
hurt ye.

Prithee, sweet Count, be more familiar with me.
However we are open in our Natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't:
I saw you touch not at the bait of Chastity,
And that it grew distasteful to your Palate
T'appear so holy, therefore I take my true shape:
Is your Bed ready, Sir? you shall quickly find me.

Third S O N G.

*On the Bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid
To try the Rights that belong to Love?
No, no, there I'll woo thee with a Crown,
Crown our Desires,
Kindle the fires,
When Love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
If thou com'st short, for thee I'll stay;
If thou unskilful art, (57) the Ground,
I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.*

Otr. Are ye no Maid?

Flo. Alas, my Lord, no certain;
I'm sorry you're so innocent to think so.
Is this an Age for silly Maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They're (58) peevish, pettish things, that hold no Game up
No Pleasure neither, they are sport for Surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:

(57) ——— on the Ground,] The omission of *on* is upon the credit of the first Folio.

(58) ——— peevish, pettish things,] So reads 1647 Edition, Others, peevish, petty, &c.

A fair and easie way Men travel right in,
 And with Delight, discourse, and twenty Pleasures,
 Th' enjoy their Journey, mad Men creep thro' Hedges.

Otr. I'm metamorphos'd; why do you appear,
 I conjure ye, beyond Belief thus wanton?

Flo. Because I would give ye Pleasure beyond belief.

Fourth S O N G.

*Think me still in my Father's Mill,
 Where I have oft been found-a
 Thrown on my Back,
 On a well-fill'd Sack,
 While the Mill has still gone round-a :
 Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
 And again let the Mill go round-a.*

Otr. Then you have Traded?

Flo. Traded? how should I know else how to live, Sir,
 And how to satisfie such Lords as you are,
 Our best Guests and our richest? *Otr.* How I shake now?
 You take no base Men? *Flo.* Any that will offer,
 All manner of Men, and all Religions, Sir,
 We touch at in our time; all States and Ages,
 We exempt none.

Fifth S O N G.

*The young one, the old one,
 The fearful, the bold one,
 The lame one, though ne'er so unsound,
 The Jew or the Turk,
 Have leave for to work,
 The whilst that the Mill goes around.*

Otr. You are a common thing then?

Flo. No matter, since you have your private Pleasure,
 And have it by an Artist excellent;
 Whether I am thus, or thus, your Men can tell ye.

Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,

And

And am on Ice : do I bite at such an Orange ?
After my Men? I am preferr'd.

Flo. Why stay ye?

Why do we talk, my Lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for Lips, and sweet Embraces,
Let Lawyers use their Tongues. (59) (Pardon me,
Modesty,) [*Aside.*]

This desp'rate way must help ; or I am miserable.

Otr. She turns, and wipes her Face, she weeps for certain,
Some new way now, she cannot be thus beastly,
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent :
She knows the Elements of common looseness, [*Sir.*
(60) The art of lewdness: That, that, that — how now,

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The King, and't please your Lordship, is alighted
Close at the Gate. *Otr.* The King ?

Ser. And calls for ye, Sir,
Means to breakfast here too. *Flo.* Then I'm happy.

Otr. Stollen so suddenly ? Go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not see her,
Lock her up closely, Sirrah, in my Closet.

Ser. I will, my Lord, what, does she yield yet? [*Ex.*]

Otr. Peace :
She's either a damn'd Devil, or an Angel.
No noise, upon your Life, Dame, but all silence.

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, and Terzo.

Otr. Your Majesty heaps too much Honour on me,
With such delight to view each several corner

(59) — [*Pardon my Modesty,*] How much finer is the Text which
is from the Folio of the oldest date.

(60) *The art of lewdness* :—] However *Florimel's* Language shews
that she had heard of the Elements at least of Looseness, yet I think
Otrante shou'd say, that he did not believe she knew the practical
part of it, and so I wou'd read,

Not th' Art of Lewdness —

Or rather thus,

Not th' Act of Lewdness. *Art* and *Act* being often con-
founded both in *Shakespeare* and our Authors. *Mr. Seward.*

Of a rude Pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the Rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd: the Gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet: What Rooms are these?

Otr. They're fluttish ones.

Phil. Nay, I must see.

Otr. Pray ye do, Sir,
They're Lodging-chambers o'er a homely Garden.

Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well: and those?

Otr. Those lead to th' other side o' th' House, and't like

Phil. Let me see those. [ye.

Otr. Ye may, the Doors are open.

(61) What shou'd this View mean? I am half suspicious.
[Aside.

Phil. This little Room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a Place for trash, Sir,
For rubbish of the House.

Phil. I would see this too?

I will see all.

Otr. I do beseech your Majesty,
The Savour of it, and the coarse Appearance —

Phil. 'Tis not so bad, you'd not offend your House
Come, let me see. [with't;

Otr. Faith, Sir.

Phil. I'faith I will see.

Otr. My Groom has th' Key, Sir, and 'tis ten to one—

Phil. But I will see it: Force the Lock, my Lords,
There be Smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep some rare things here, you would not show, Sir.

Florimel discover'd.

Ter. Here's a fair Maid indeed.

Phil. By my Faith is she;

A handsome Girl: Come forward, do not fear, Wench.

Ay marry, here's a Treasure worth concealing:

Call in the Miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd.

(61) *What would this View, &c.] Would I have chang'd for
shou'd, from the Authority of Folio 1647.*

I'll confes all before the Miller comes, Sir,
'Twas but Intention, from all Act I'm clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your Daughter?

Fra. Yes, and't please your Highness,
This is th' Shape of her; for her Substance, Sir,
Whether she be now honourable or
Dishonourable, whether she be now
A white Rose, or a Canker, is the Question.
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If she be for your Pace, y'had best preserve her, Sir,
She's tender-mouth'd, let her be broken handsomely.

Phil. Maid, were you stol'n?

Flo. I went not willingly,
And't please your Grace, I was ne'er bred so boldly.

Phil. How has he us'd ye?

Flo. Yet, Sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure ye tell Truth; and be sure, my Lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell ye
You've lost me, and your self too; speak again, Wench.

Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I'm yet a Maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir:
Only I suffer'd under strong Temptations
The Heat of Youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no Whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd else,
I had been miserable, but I forgive ye.

Phil. What Recompence for this?

Otr. A great one, Sir,
First a Repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, Sweet.

Flo. I do, my Lord.

Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and these; all I have, *Florimel.*

Flo. No, good my Lord, these often corrupt Maidens,
I dare not touch at these, they're Lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me——

Otr. Any thing in my Power,

Or in my Purchase.

Flo. Take heed, noble Sir,
You'll make me a bold Asker.

Otr. Ask me freely.

Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
I've kept ye from a crying Sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your Credit,
That would have dy'd to all Posterity:
Curfes of Maids shall never now afflict ye,
Nor Parents bitter Tears make your Name barren:
If he deserves well that redeems his Country,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
To be your Friend, that have preserv'd your Honour?

Otr. You are, and thus I take ye; thus I seal ye
Mine own, and only mine.

Phil. Count, she deserves ye,
And let it be my Hapipness to give ye ———

[Gives her to Otrante.

I've giv'n a virtuous Maid now, I dare say it,
'Tis more than Blood; I'll pay her Portion, Sir,
And't shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll sell my Mill,
I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fidlers,
And we'll have all i'th' Country at this Wedding,
Pray let me give her too; here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my Heart, and kifs her freely;
Would I could give you all this Hand has stoll'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The Wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.

Ver. She must have new Cloaths.

Ter. Yes.

Ver. Yes marry must she.

If't please ye, Madam, let me see the State of your Body,
I'll fit you instantly.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet?

[now,

Ver. And't please your Grace, a Gown, a handsome Gown
An orient Gown.

Phil. Nay, take thy Pleasure of her.

Ver. Of Cloth of Tiffew I can fit ye, Madam:

(My

(My Lords, stand out o'th' Light, a curious Body,—
The neatest Body in *Spain* this Day;) with embroider'd
A clinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff, [Flowers,
To catch the Eye: I have a thousand Fashions.
O Sleeve, O Sleeve: I'll study all Night, Madam,
To magnifie your Sleeve.

Otr. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye've more time.

Flo. Make me no more than Woman, and I'm thine.

Otr. Sir, happily my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot.
But if the Fashion be not there, you marr her.

Enter Antonio, Constable and Officers.

Ant. Is my Offence so great, e'er I be convict,
To be torn with Rascals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild Horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that?

[*Grace.*

Con. This is a Man suspected of Murther, if it please your

Phil. It pleases me not, Friend; but who suspects him?

Con. We that are your Highness' extraordinary Officers,
We that have taken our Oaths to maintain you in Peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great Charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great Charge indeed; but then we call our
Neighbours to help us. This Gentleman and another were
fallen out (yet that's more than I am able to say, for I heard
no Words between 'em, but what their Weapons spoke,
clash, and clatter) which we seeing, came with our Bills
of Government, and first knock'd down their Weapons,
and then the Men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the Peace?

Con. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down
to keep the Peace: This we laid hold on, the other
we set in the Stocks. That I could do by mine own
Power, without your Majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, Sir?

Con. I am a Shoemaker by my Trade.

Amin. (62) Oh my Husband!
 Why stands my Husband as a Man endanger'd?
 Restore him me, as you are merciful.
 I'll answer for him.

Ant. What Woman's this? what Husband? hold thy
 I know thee for no Wife. *Amin.* You married
 Me last Night. *Ant.* Thou ly'st: I neither was in Church
 Nor House last Night, nor saw I thee; a thing
 That was my Friend, I scorn to name now, was with
Ismenia, like a Thief, and there he violated
 A sacred Trust. This thou may'st know, *Amin.*

Amin. Are not you he?

Ant. No, nor a Friend of his:
 Would I had killed him; I hope I have.

Amin. That was my Husband, Royal Sir, that Man,
 That excellent Man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That Villain, that Thief.

Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken.
 This is mine Enemy: Pardon, my Sovereign.

Phil. Good Charity, to crave Pardon for your Enemy.

Bel. Mine own Pardon, Sir, for my Joy's Rudeness.
 In what Place better could I meet my Foe,
 And both of us so well provided too?
 He with some black blood-thirsty Crime upon him,
 That (e'er the Horse-Leech burst) will suck him dry:
 I with a second Accusation,
 Enough to break his Neck, if need should be,
 And then to have e'en (63) Justice self to right us;
 How should I make my Joys a little civil,

(62) *Ant.* *Oh my Husband!*] Mr. Theobald has here restor'd the true Speaker, and 'tis confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(63) — *Justice self to right us:*] Is from the most ancient Edition; the Octavo has it

Justice it self, &c.

The reading in the Text completes the Measure here, and I wish I cou'd have done the same by the assistance of all the Copies through the rest of the Play, for great part of it is so far from being Verse, that it has no pretence to any such thing, and indeed in a multitude of places is neither better nor worse than *Prose run mad.*

They

They might not keep this Noise?

Ant. Here is some Hope.

Should th' Ax be dull, the Halter is preparing.

Phil. What is your Accufation, Sir? We've heard the former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine, my Lord? A strong one.

Jul. A false one, Sir,

At least malicious; an Evidence
Of hatred and despight: He would accuse
My poor Kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw, the stealing of his Daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.

Antonio, speak, didst thou e'er see her? *Ant.* Yes, Sir,
I have seen her. *Bel.* Ah, ha, Friend *Julio*.

Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful Eye,
An accidental View, as Men see Multitudes,
That the next Day dare not precisely say
They saw that Face, or that, amongst 'em all.
(64) Didst thou so look on her?

Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His Looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your Patience, Gentlemen.
I pray you tell me if I be in Error,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some Show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it; pray you speak,
(It seems no more) Is't any thing but a Show?

Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my Daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough:
She is fled me, and I accuse this Thief for't.
Don *Martin*' his own Friend, 's my Testimony;
A practis'd Night-Work.

Phil. That *Martin*'s the other

(64) *Didst thou so look on her?*] Here I wou'd insert a negative Particle, and read

Didst not thou so look on her?

The Sense and the Measure I think will thus be equal gainers.

In your Custody ; he was forgotten ;
Fetch him hither.

Con. We'll bring the Stocks and all else, and't please
your Grace.

Enter Buftopha *and* Ismenia.

Amin. That Man's my Husband certain, 'stead of this:
(65) Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Bust. So ho, Miller, Miller, look out Miller ; is there
ne'er a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen ?

Ter. Yes, Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen,
A Gentleman Miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then ; there went but a
Pair of Sheers and a Bodkin between us. Will you to
work, Miller ? Here's a Maid has a Sack full of News
for you : Shall your Stones walk ? Will you grind,
Miller ?

Phil. S'this your Son, *Franio* ?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my Rebel Son, my Lord.

Bust. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This Villain (of my own Flesh and Blood) was
accessary to the stealing of my Daughter.

Bust. Oh Mountain, shalt thou call a Molehil a Scab
upon the Face of the Earth ? Though a Man be a Thief,
shall a Miller call him so ? Oh egregious !

Jul. Remember, Sirrah, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a Miller, a Thief in Grain ; for
he steals Corn : He that steals a Wench, is a true Man
to him.

Phil. Can you prove that ? you may help another
Cause that was in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly. He that steals Corn, steals
the Bread of the Commonwealth ; he that steals a Wench,
steals but the Flesh.

(65) *Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.*] What de-
ceiv'd and beguil'd too ? *Aminta* purpos'd no such Tautology, but
only that she and *Martino* were two designing Cheats, and had been a-
well fitted for their purpos'd Knavery. But as the old reading does
not, nay cannot make out this Sense, I suspect we shou'd write thus
Both (i. e. of us) *would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd.*

Phil

Phil. And how is the Bread stealing more criminal than the Flesh?

Bust. He that steals Bread, steals that which is lawful every Day: He that steals Flesh, steals nothing from the fasting Day: *Ergo*, to steal the Bread is the arranter Theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose.

Bust. Again, he that steals Flesh steals for his own Belly full: He that steals Bread, robs the Guts of others: *Ergo*, the arranter Thief, the Bread stealer.

Again, he that steals Flesh, steals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other steals every Day, without Satisfaction: To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more capital Crime, for what he steals he puts in at the Head: he that steals Flesh (as the *Dutch* Author says) puts it in at the Foot (the lower Member.) Will you go as you are now, Miller?

Phil. How has this satisfied you, Don Bellides?

Bel. Nothing, my Lord, my Cause is serious. I claim a Daughter from that loving Thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ha, ha, *Julio*.

[Daughter?

Jul. How said you, *Antonio*? Wish you, you had his

Ant. With all my Soul I wish her; and my Body shall perish, but I will enjoy my Soul's Wish. I would have slain my Friend for his Deceit, But I do find his own Deceit hath paid him.

Jul. Will you vex my Soul forth? no other Choice But where my Hate is rooted? Come hither, Girl, Whose pretty Maid art thou?

Ism. The Child of a poor Man, Sir.

Jul. The better for it. With my Sovereign's Leave, I will wed thee to this Man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love Enforcer, I use no Power of mine unto those Ends.

Jul. Wilt thou have him?

Ism. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewel all other Beauties, I settle here: You are *Ismenia*. [Aside to *Ismenia*.

Ism. The same I was; better, nor worse, *Antonio*.

Ant.

Ant. I shall have your Consent here, I am sure, Sir.

Bel. With all my Heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this Kindness to mine Enemy,
And give her as a Father.

Ant. She'll thank you as a Daughter,
Will you not, *Ismenia*?

Bel. How? *Ismenia*?

Ism. Your Daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is't possible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you'd caught th' old ones; you wade, you
In shallow Fords, we can swim, we; look here, [wade
We made the Match; we are all Friends, good Friends;
Thin, thin; why the Fool knew all this, this Fool.

Bust. Keep that to your self, Sir; what I knew I
knew. This Sack is a Witness. Miller, this is not for
your thumming. Here's gold Lace; you may see her in
her Holiday Cloaths if you will; I was her Wardrobe
Man.

Enter Martino, Aminta, Constable and Officers.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.

Mar. Did you speak to me, Sir?

Ant. It might seem to you, *Martino*, your Conscience
has quick Ears.

Mar. My Sight was a little dim i'th' Dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better Understander now,
I know my Wife wants nothing of a Woman?
There you're my *Junior*.

Ant. You are not hurt?

[see,

Mar. Not shrewdly hurt; I have good Flesh to heal you
Good round Flesh: these Cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack Stones and all; I should not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the Weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mar. A little scratch; but I shall claw't off well enough.

Enter

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free Conscience: My Liege, your Pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this Woman?

Fra. I best, my Lord, I've been acquainted with her
these forty Summers, and as many Winters, were it
Spring again; she's like the Gout, I can get no cure
for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio*?

Fra. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed, my Lord, a painful
stitch to my side; would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your silence.

Bust. Will you be older and older every day than
other? the longer you live the older still? Must his
Majesty command your Silence, e'er you'll hold your
Tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
Pray Sir, will you be silent?

Bust. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but
Age will have his course, and his weakneses —

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that
cannot hold his Tongue e'er he be bidden —

Phil. Why Sirrah?

Bust. But I believe your Majesty will not be long trou-
bled with him: I hope that Woman has something to
confess will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Destiny upon you,
If you cease not, the sooner.

Bust. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves
me that I should call that Man Father, that should
be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his
Tongue —

Phil. To th' Porter's Lodge with him.

Bust. I thank your Grace, I have a Friend there.

Phil. Speak, Woman,

If any interruption meet thee more, it shall
Be punish'd sharply. *Gill.* Good my Liege, I dare not
Ask you the question why that old Man weeps.

Phil.

Phil. Who? Count *Julio*? I observed it not.
You hear the question, Sir, will you give the cause?

Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get passage,
(It is a Sorrow of that greatness grown,)
'Lefs it dissolve in Tears, and come by Parcels.

Gill. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You lost a Daughter.

Jul. 'Twas that recounted Thought brought forth these
Sorrows.

Gill. She's found again. Know you this Mantle, Sir?

Jul. Hah?

Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you
This did enwrap your Child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when Nurse *Amaranta*,
In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*,
Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,
She was the Ravin's Prey, as Heav'n so would,
He with his booty fill'd, forsook the Babe;
All this was in my sight; and so long I saw,
Until the cruel Creature left my sight,
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To rescue the sweet Lamb: I did it, Sir,
And ever since I have kept back your Joy,
And made it mine: but Age hath wearied me,
And bids me back restore unto the Owner
What I unjustly kept these fourteen Years.

Jul. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many Years from me,
And made me young as 'twas her Birth-day to me.
Oh, good my Liege, give to my Joys a pardon,
I must go pour a blessing on my Child,
Which here would be too rude and troublesome. [Ex.

Phil. *Franio*, you knew this before.

Bust. Oh, oh; *Item* for you, Miller.

Fra. I did, my Liege, I must confess I did,
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that Woman's Tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have Comforts, Sir,
As well as great; this is no strange fault, Sir,
There's many Men keep other Men's Children,

As though they were their own.

Bust. It may stretch farther yet ; I beseech you, my Liege, let this Woman be a little farther examin'd ; (66) let the wounds of her Conscience be search'd, I would know how she came by me : I am a lost Child, if I be theirs : though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind, methought, to be a greater Man.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gill. Ay, ay, Boy ; thou art mine own Flesh and Blood, born of mine own Body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a Body should bear me ; There's no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my Father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he a Knight, Squire, or Captain ; less he should not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own Child, Boy.

Bust. And was the Miller my Father ?

Gill. Wouldst thou make thy Mother a Whore, Knave ?

Bust. Ay, if she make me a Bastard. The Rack must make her confess, my Lord, I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful Mind in me sure ; methinks I do scorn poor Folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day :
Love-yoak'd with Love, the best Equality,

(66) *Let the words of her Conscience be search'd,*] This wou'd be as odd a search as a Man cou'd well be put upon, and as little to any good Purpose ? *Gillian*, (the words of whose Conscience are here propos'd to be search'd,) had a little above made a grand Discovery, the Secret of which had laid so hard, and so long upon her Mind, that she cou'd not possibly contain it longer ; in allusion to this therefore, *Bustopha*, to speak Sense, was probably made to say thus,

Let the wounds of her Conscience, &c.

Thus we get rid of a most nonsensical Passage, and the Poets are clear'd from the Error of the Press.

Without

Without the (67) level of Estate or Person.

Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully,
We'll be a-kin too; Brother and Sister
Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Bust. Thank you, Uncle, my Sister is my Cousin yet
at the last cast : Farewel, Sister-foster. If I had known
the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had
another manner of Husband than thou hast, but much
good do thee ; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiss the Bride,
and so.

Jul. Why, how now, Sirrah ?

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my Sister.

It was a Miller and a Lord

That had a Scabbard and a Sword,

He put it up in the Country word,

The Miller and his Daughter.

She has a Face, and she can sing,

She has a Grace, and she can spring,

She has a Place with another thing,

Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish Brother of yours, my Lord.

Bust. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor,
noble Brother.

Otr. You may, there he is : mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir,
I fitted the Lady.

Bust. My Sister, Tailor ? what fits her will hardly
fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you, Sir, the Tailor can do
both.

(67) ——— *level of Estate or Person.*] In the Business of Match-
making, generally the chief Consideration turns not on the Qua-
lity of the Persons, but the Quantity of their Means. If so, then
possibly the Poets made the King express himself thus,

Without the level of Estate or Portion.

So in this very Play, Act II. Scene 2. *Martino* says to *Antonio*,

————— *You not consider, Sir,*

The great Disparity is in their Bloods,

Estates, and Fortunes.

Unless the Reader will say that *Person* above may mean the Qua-
lity of Blood. On that Supposition indeed the Line may stand with-
out any Alteration,

Bust.

Bust. You have a true Yard, Tailor.

Ver. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust. Then, Tailor, march with me away,
I scorn these Robes, I must be gay,
My noble Brother he shall pay

Tom Tailor. [Exeunt

Phil. Your recovered Friendships are found, Gentlemen?

Bel. At Heart, at Heart, my Lord, the Worm shall not
Beyond many Ages find a Breach to enter at.

Phil. These Lovers Unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our Progress then,
To be the witness of such fair Accords?

Come, now we'll eat with you, my Lord *Otrante*,
'Tis a Charge sav'd; you must not grudge your Guest,
'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feast.

[Exeunt omnes.



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THE
K N I G H T
OF
M A L T A.



VOL. VII.

F

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

VALETTA, *the grand Master of Malta.*
Miranda, *an Italian Gentleman, Candidate for the Order of Malta.*

Astorius, }
Castriot, } *Two Knights of the Order.*

Mountferrat, *a Knight of the Order, but a Villain.*

Gomera, *a deserving Spanish Gentleman.*

Norandine, *a valiant merry Dane, Commander in chief of the Gallies of Malta.*

Colonna, *alias Angelo, a Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beloved of Miranda.*

Rocca, *Servant and Instrument to Mountferrat.*

Two Bishops.

Soldiers.

Corporal.

Prisoners.

Two Marshals.

Doctor.

One of the Esguard.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Oriana, *Sister to Valetta, and Wife of Gomera.*

Velleda, *Attendant on Oriana.*

Zanthia, *alias Abdella, a Moor Servant to Oriana.*

Lucinda, *a beautiful Turkish Woman, contracted to Angelo, Prisoner to Miranda.*

Two Gentlewomen.

S C E N E M A L T A.

T H E



THE
KNIGHT OF MALTA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat.

MOUNTFERRAT.

DARES she despise me thus? me that with Spoil
And hazardous Exploits, full sixteen Years
Have led (as Hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the *Maltezi* call my Servitors?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them
Out-lighten'd Light'ning in my Chivalry; [calm,
Rid (tame as Patience) Billows that kick'd Heav'n,
Whistled enraged *Boreas* 'till his Gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not show the Air my Keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright Eyes,
(Which though they blaze, both comfort, and invite)
Neither by Force, nor Fraud, pass through her Ear
(Whose Guard is only blushing Innocence)
To take the least Possession of her Heart:
(1) Did I attempt her with a Thread-bare Name,
Un-napt

{1) *Did I attempt her with a Thread-bare Name,*
Unapt with, &c.] The Metaphor in this Passage, coarse as
it is, will be strangely confus'd, if we don't read as I have reform'd

Un-napt with meritorious Actions,
 She might with Colour disallow my Suit:
 But by the Honour of this Christian Cross
 (In Blood of Infidels so often dy'd)
 Which mine own Soul and Sword hath fixed here,
 And neither Favour, nor Birth's Privilege,
Oriana shall confess, (although she be
Valetta's Sister, our Grand-master here,)
 The Wages of scorn'd Love is baneful Hate,
 And if I rule not her, I'll rule her Fate.
Rocca, my trusty Servant, welcome.

Enter Rocca.

Roc. Sir,

I wish my News deserv'd it: hapless I
 That being lov'd, and trusted, fail to bring
 The loving Answer that you do expect. [send forth

Mount. Why speak'st thou from me? thy pleas'd Eyes
 Beams brighter than the Star that ushers day,
 Thy Smiles restore sick expectation.

Roc. I bring you, Sir, her Smiles, not mine.

Mount. Her Smiles?

Why they are Presents for Kings eldest Sons;
 Great *Solyman*, that wearies his hot Eyes
 But to peruse his deck'd *Seraglio*,
 When from the number of his Concubines,
 He chuseth one for that Night, in his Pride
 Of them, Wives, Wealth, is not so rich as I
 In this one Smile, from *Oriana* sent.

Roc. Sir, fare ye well.

Mount. Oh *Rocca!* thou art wise,
 And wou'dst not have the torrent of my Joy

the Text from Mr. *Seward's* and my own Conjecture, confirm'd by
 the Folio of 1647. The Restoration of Sense, by the connecting of
 the old pointing, is owing to Mr. *Seward*. The other Copies point
 thus,

*And yet I cannot conquer her bright Eyes,
 Which though they blaze both Comfort, and invite,
 Neither by Force, nor Fraud pass through her Ear
 (Whose Guard is only blushing Innocence)
 To take the least Possession of her Heart:*

Ruin

Ruin me headlong ; aptly thou conceiv'st
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Cast me into ? I felt, my dearest Friend,
(No more my Servant,) when I imploy'd thee
That knew'st to look, and speak as Lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy Master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold Heart ;
And all my Labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold Prize.

Roc. Will you yet hear me ?

Mount. Yes ;

But take heed, gentle *Rocca*, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine Ears
With her consent, now to embrace my love ;
For thou well know'st I've been so plung'd, so torn
With her resolved Reject, and Neglect :
That to report her soft Acceptance now,
Will stupifie Sense in me, if not kill :
Why shew'st thou this Distemper ?

Roc. Draw your Sword,

And when I with my Breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it ;
I bring you Smiles of Pity, not Affection,
For such she sent.

Mount. Oh ! can she pity me ?

Of all the Paths lead to a Woman's Love,
Pity's the straightest.

Roc. Waken Sir, and know

That her Contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still ; she bids you throw your Pearl
Into strong Streams, and hope to turn them so,
E'er her to foul Dishonour ; (2) write your Complaints
In Rocks of Coral grown above the Sea,
Them hope to soften to Compassion,
Or change her modest Blush to love-sick Pale,

(2) ——— write your Complaints

In Rocks of Coral ———

Than hope] *Them* which I have substituted, for this nonsensical *Than*, from the first Folio, is undoubtedly the original reading.

E'er work her to your impious Requests;
 All your loose Thoughts she chides you home again,
 But with such calm Behaviour, and mild Looks —
 She gentlier denies than others grant,
 For just as others love, so doth she hate:
 She says, that by your Order you are bound
 From marrying ever, and much marvels then
 You would thus violate her and your own Faith,
 That being the Virgin you should now protect;
 Hitherto she professes sh'as conceal'd
 Your lustful Batt'ries, but the next she vows,
 (In open Hall, before the honour'd Cross,
 And her great Brother,) she will quite disclose,
 Calling for Justice, to your utter Shame,

Mount. Hence, find the *Blackamoor* that waits upon her,
 Bring her unto me, she doth love me yet,
 And I must her now, at least seem to do:
Cupid, thy Brands that glow thus in my Veins,
 I will with Blood extinguish ——— Art not gone?

[*Exit Rotta.*

Shall my Desires, like Beggars, wait at Door,
 Whilst any others revel in her Breast?
 Sweat on my Spirits; know, thou trick'd-up Toy,
 My Love's a violent Flood, where thou art fall'n,
 Playing with which Tide thoud'ft been gently to's'd,
 But crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd, and lost.

Enter Astorius and Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good Day.

Asto. Good morrow, valiant Knight,
 What, are you for this great Solemnity
 This Morn intended?

Mount. What Solemnity?

Asto. Th' investing of the Martial *Spaniard*,
Peter Gomera, with our Christian Badge.

Cast. And young *Miranda* the *Italian*,
 Both which with wondrous Prowess, and great Luck,
 Have dar'd and done for *Malta* such high Feats,
 That not one Fort in it, but rings their Names
 As loud as any Man's.

Mount.

Mount. As any Man's?

Why, we have fought for *Malta*.

Asto. Yes, *Mouniferrat*,

No bold Knight ever past you, but we wear
The Dignity of Christians on our Breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our Conquests;
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.

Mount. *Astorius*, you're a most indulgent Knight,
Detracting from your self, to add to others,
You know this Title is the Period
To all our Labours, the Extremity
Of that tall Pyramid, where Honour hangs.
Which we with Sweat and Agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a Wreath to every cheap Desert.

Cast. How is this *Frenchman* chang'd, *Astorius*?
Some sullen Discontent possesses him,
That makes him envy, what he heretofore
Did most ingenuously but emulate.

Mount. O furious Desire, how like a Whirlwind
Thou hurriest me beyond mine Honour's Point? [*Aside.*
Out of my Heart, base Lust, or Heart, I vow
Those Flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.

Asto. Do ye observe him?

Mount. What News of the *Dane*,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?

Cast. He fights still,
In View o'th' Town; he plays the Devil with 'em,
And they, the *Turk* with him. *Mount.* They're well met
then,

'Twere Sin to sever 'em, Pish—Woman—Memory—
Would one of ye would leave me.

Asto. Six fresh Gallies
I in *St. Angelo* from th' Promontory
This Morn descry'd, making a Girdle for him,
But our great Master doth intend Relief
This present Meeting; will you walk along?

Mount. Hum---I have read, Ladies enjoy'd, have been
The Gulphs of worthiest Men, buried their Names,
Their former Valour, Bounty, Beauty, Virtue,

And sent 'em stinking to untimely Graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her Disdain,
Am like to prove as wretched ; Woman then
Checking, or granting, is the Grave of Men.

Asto. He's saying of his Prayers sure.

Cast. Will you go, Sir ?

Mount. I cry you Mercy: I am so transported
(Your Pardon, noble Brothers) with a Business
That doth concern all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf.
Lust neither sees nor hears ought but it self,
But I will follow instantly: your Cross.

Asto. Not mine.

[*Cross Dropt.*

Cast. Nor mine, 'tis yours.

Asto. Cast. Good morrow, Brother.

[*Exeunt.*

Mount. White innocent Sign, thou dost abhor to dwell
So near the dim Thoughts of this troubled Breatt,
(3) And grace those graceless Projects of my Heart.

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella, with two Letters.

Yet I must wear thee to protect my Crimes,
If not for Conscience, for Hypocrisie ;
Some Churchmen so wear Cassocks: Oh my *Zanthia*.
My Pearl, that scorns a Stain! I must repent
All my Neglect ; let me, *Ixion* like,
Embrace my black Cloud, since my *Juno* is
So wrathful, and averse ; thou art more soft
And full of Dalliance than the fairest Flesh,
And far more loving.

Zan. Ay, you say so now ;

But like a Property, when I have serv'd
Your Turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign somewhere.

Mount. May my Life then forsake me,
Or from my expected Blifs, be cast to Hell.

Zan. My Tongue, Sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,

(3) *And grace those graceless]* For what reason this Line which I have restor'd from the Copy of 1647, was omitted in the Edition of 1679, and so on to the Octavo of 1711, must be left to the Judgment of the learned Reader.

Nor

Nor my black Cheek put on a feigned Blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am.
This Ground-Work will not bear adult'rate Red,
Nor artificial White, to cozen Love.
These dark Locks are not purchas'd, nor these Teeth,
For ev'ry Night, they are my Bedfellows ;
No Bath, no blanching Water, smoothing Oils,
Doth mend me up ; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
I am as full of Pleasure in the Touch
As e'er a white-fac'd Puppet of 'em all.
Juicy, and firm ; unfledge 'em of their Tires,
Their Wires, their Partlets, Pins, and Periwigs,
And they appear like bald Cootes, in the Nest ;
I can as blithly work in my Love's Bed,
And deck thy fair Neck, with these jetty Chains,
Sing thee asleep, being weary'd ; and refresh'd,
With the same Organ, steel Sleep off again. [Plush,

Mount. Oh (4) my black Swan, sleeker than Cygnets
Sweeter than is the Sweet of Pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling *Lymon-Trees*,
Strait as young Pines, or Cedars in the Grove!
Quickly descend Lover's best Canopy,
Still Night, for *Zantbia* doth enamour me
Beyond all Continnence ; perpetrate, dear Wench,
What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,
Malta, I'll leave in it my Honours here,
And in some other Country, *Zantbia* make
My Wife, and my best Fortune.

Zan. From this Hope,
Here is an Answer to that Letter, which
I lately shew'd you sent from *Tripoly*,
By the great *Basba*, which importunes her
Love unto him, and Treachery to th' Island ;
Which will she undertake, by *Mahomet*
The *Turk* there vows, on his blest *Alcoran*,
Marriage unto her : This the Master knows,
But is resolv'd of her Integrity,

(4) ——— my black Swan, sleeker than Cygnets Plush.] The
1647 Folio differs here, but whether that reading be better than
the other, the Reader is to determine,

——— Silkner than Cygnets plush.

(5) As well he may, sweet Lady ; yet for Love,
 For Love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh ! what Chains
 Of Deity, or Duty can hold Love ?)
 I have this Answer fram'd, so like her Hand
 As if it had been moulded off ; returning
 The *Basha's* Letter safe into her Pocket ;
 What you will do with it, your self best knows ;
 Farewel, keep my true Heart, keep true your Vows. [*Exit.*

Mount. 'Till I be Dust, my *Zanbia*, be confirm'd,
 Sparrows, and Doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy Lips.
 It is not Love, but strong Libidinous Will
 That triumphs o'er me, and to satiate that,
 What Diff'rence 'twixt this *Moor*, and her fair Dame ?
 Night makes their Hues alike, their Use is so ;
 Whose Hand's so subtle, he can Colours name,
 If he do wink, and touch 'em ? Lust being blind,
 Never in Women did distinction find. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* But i'faith dost thou think my Lady was never
 in Love ?

(6) 2 *Gent.* I rather think she was ever in Love, in
 perfect Charity. I mean with all the World.

1 *Gent.* A most Christian Answer, I promise you.
 But I mean in Love with a Man.

2 *Gent.* With a Man ? What else ? would'st have her
 in Love with a Beast ?

1 *Gent.* You are somewhat quick ; but if she were, it
 were no Prefident ; did you never read of *Europa*, the
 fair, that leapt a Bull, that leapt the Sea, that swum to
 Land, and then leapt her ?

(5) So the oldest Edition. The others thus,
As well as he may,

Which both spoils the Sense and hurts the Measure.

(6) 2 *Gent.* *I rather think she was ever in Love, in perfect*

1 *Gent.* *I mean, with all the World.* (*Charity.*)

2 *Gent.* *A most christian Answer, I promise you.*

2 *Gent.* *But I mean in Love with a Man:]* Mr. Theobald and
 Mr. Seward saw with me the Confusion of the Speakers in this part
 of the Dialogue, and read the whole as I have given it in the Text.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Oh Heav'ns, a Bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white Bull.

2 *Gent.* Lord, how could she sit him? Where did she hold?

1 *Gent.* Why, by the Horn, since which time, no Woman, almost, is contented, 'till she have a Horn of her own, to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou art very knavish.

1 *Gent.* And thou very foolish; but Sirrah, why dost not thou marry?

2 *Gent.* Because I would be no Man's Looking-Glass?

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus, there is no Wife, if she be good and true, will honour, and obey, but must reflect the true Countenance of her Husband upon him; if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him: If he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully, else she is a false Glass and fit for nothing but breaking: (7) His Anger must be her Discontent; his Pleasure her Delight: If he weep, she must cry: If he laugh, she must show her Teeth; if he be sick, she must not be in Health; if he eat Caudles, she must eat Pottage, she must have no proper Passion of her own; and is not this a Tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith, Marriage may well be called a Yoak; Wives then are but like superficial Lines in Geometry, that have no proper Motion of their own, but as their Bodies their Husbands move; yet I know some Wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their Husbands.

2 *Gent.* That's because the Moon governs 'em, which hath more Light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the Sun; and contrary, is more fullen, dim, and shows least Splendor, when it is nearest.

(7) *His Anger must not be her Discontent;* } But if that is the Case, I am sure this Passage is a glaring Contradiction to the Speech throughout; only strike out the negative Particle *not*, as I read before I saw the first Folio Edition, and then the Description of the good Wife will be like that of the true Friend, in whom the same Sympathies and Antipathies are, or ought always to be found. Mr. *Seward* too propos'd the same Emendation.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate Fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

2 *Gent.* And I the wisest Man I could get for Money, because I had rather follow the clear-sighted; bless me from a Husband that fails by his Wife's Compass.

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his Head in her Youth, and when she is old she'll never leave (8) 'till she has broke his Back too —

But what scurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hift, Wenches, my Lady calls, she's entring the Terrafs, to see the Show.

1 *Gent.* Oh black Pudding!

2 *Gent.* My little Labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*, that when they are dub'd take their Oath of Allegiance to live poor, and chafly, ever after?

2 *Gent.* 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poor as ours; marry where one of 'em has

(8) 2 *Gent.* — 'till she has broke his Back too. *But what scurvy, &c.*
Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hift, Wenches, &c.

1 *Gent.* Oh black Pudding!

2 *Gent.* My little Labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* *But what scurvy Knights, &c.*

2 *Gent.* 'Faith many] In this Scene, till *Zanthia* enters, we have but two Ladies upon the Stage, and yet by some strange Mistake they ask each other the self-same Question,

But what scurvy, &c.

in less than a Minute's Time. To remedy this I imagine the Text run thus,

2 *Gent.* — 'till she has broke his Back too —

1 *Gent.* *But what scurvy, &c.*] Here *Zanthia* appears, and interrupts her Question, which is resum'd four or five Speeches lower with great Propriety, and takes away that Confusion or Tautology with which the old Text was justly chargeable.

taken

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taken the Oath of Chastity, we want a new *Columbus* to find out.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, and two Gentlewomen; beneath, Valetta, Mountferrat, Astorius, Castriot, Gomera, Miranda, Attendants of Knights, &c.

Mount. Are you there, Lady?

Ori. Thou'rt a naughty Man,
Heav'n mend thee.

Val. Our great Meeting, princely Brothers,
Ye holy Soldiers of the *Christian-Cross*,
(9) Is to relieve our Captain *Norandine*,
Now fighting 'fore *Valetta* with the *Turk*,
A valiant Gentleman, a noble *Dane*
As e'er the Country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh Supply of * head-bound Infidels.
Much means, much Blood this warlike *Dane* hath spent
T' advance our Flag, above their horned Moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable Conquest:
We must not see him perish in our View,
How far off fight they?

Mir. Sir, within a League.

Val. 'Tis well; our next Occasion of conventing

(9) *Is to relieve our Captain Norandine,*
Now fighting for Valetta with the Turk,] But was *Norandine* then fighting only for the Grand Master? Had he no Cause to defend but his? Surely the Poets cou'd not be so inconsistent with themselves: Read as I have corrected the Text, and as our Poets give us Authority to do.

Now fighting 'fore Valetta with the Turk.

So *Colonna*, toward the close of the fifth Act says,

We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again

By the same Gallies, 'fore Valetta fought.

Valetta is not only the Grand Master's Name, but that of a Town in the Island of *Malta*: Thus Act I. Sc. 1.

Mount. What News of the *Dane*,
The valiant Captain Norandine?

Cast. He fights still
In view o'th' Town Valetta.

* i. e. *Turban'd*, as in *Othello*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Are

Are these two Gentlemen, standing in your Sight.
 (Ye noble Props of *Malta*,) royally
 (10) Descended are they both, valiant as War,
Miranda, and *Gomera*, full ten Years
 They've serv'd this Island, perfected Exploits
 Matchless, and infinite, they're honest, wise,
 Not empty of one Ornament of Man:
 Most eminent Agents were they in that slaughter,
 That marvellous great slaughter of the *Turks*,
 Before St. *Elme*, where five and twenty thousand
 Fell, for five thousand of our Christians:
 These ripe Considerations moving us,
 Having had your allowance on their Worths,
 Here we would call 'em to our Brotherhood;
 If any therefore can their Manners tax,
 Their Faith, their Chastity, any part of Life,
 Let 'em speak now.

Asto. None does.

All. None can, great Master.

Val. (11) The Dignity then dignifie, by them,
 As their Reward: Tender *Miranda* first
 Because he is to succour *Norandine*,
 Our sacred Robe of Knighthood, our white Cross.

(10) ——— royally

Descended are they both valiant as War,] *Valiant as War* is
 an unusual Expression, at least to me; I suspect there has been a
 Change of one Letter, and a Mutilation of another in this Word,
 and to set it right we must turn the *W* upside down, and add an *s*,
 and then the Sense will turn out thus,

Valiant as Mars,

Or if the Reader thinks this Alteration violates Decorum in com-
 paring a Christian Knight to a Heathen God, he may read thus,

Valiant in War,

Or if such a Liberty may be allow'd, a *valiant Pair*, and then their
 Names will follow naturally.

(11) *The Dignity then dignifie, by them,*

As their Reward.] The 1647 Copy thus,

——— *then dignifie by them,*

Is their Reward.

Which I think by a small addition without any Change (as in the
 Octavo) may come nearer to the old Text,

——— *then dignify'd by them,*

Is their Reward.

Tho' 'tis no great matter, either way may do.

(The holy Cognizance of him we serve,
The Sword, the Spurs.

Mir. Grave, and most honour'd Master,
With humble Duty, and my Soul's best Thanks
To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
Let me with Modesty refuse acceptance
Of this high Order : I, alas, am yet
Unworthy, and incapable of such Honour ;
That Merit, which with favour you enlarge
Is far, far short, of this propos'd Reward.
Who takes upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure Thoughts, and a gathered Mind,
That time nor all occasions ever may
After disperse, or stain ; did this Title here
Of Knighthood, ask no other Ornaments
Than other Countries glitt'ring show, poor Pride,
A gingling Spur, a Feather, a white Hand,
(12) A frizled Hair, Powder, Perfumes, and Lust,
Drinking sweet Wines, Surfeits, and Ignorance,
Rashly and eas'ly should I venture on't ;
But this requires another kind of Man.

Mount. A staid and mature Judgment, speak on, Sir.

Mir. May't please you then t' allow me some small time
To rectifie my self for that high Seat,

(12) *A frizled Hair, powder'd perfumes, &c.*] Mr. Seward reads with me thus,

A frizled Hair, Powder, Perfumes, &c.

The Reader may perhaps be no whit displeas'd with his Note upon this Passage, which I shall here transcribe. — There are two ways of rendring this Verse Sense, either by striking out the first Comma, and making it,

A frizled Hair powder'd,

Or by retaining the Comma, and making the Adjective a Substantive.

A frizled Hair, Powder, Perfumes, and Lust.

I make no doubt of preferring the latter, because without a Pause after *Hair*, it is really no Verse, and with a Pause after it, it is one, which every Reader who has any Ear may perceive,

A frizled Hair powder'd, Perfumes, and Lust.

This is a Particularity that I believe escaped the Observation of all the Writers on the *English Measure*. I have already given the reason of it, in the fifth Note on *Wit without Money*, to which I refer the Reader, if he thinks it worth his Enquiry.

Or give my Reasons to the contrary.
 Pth' mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
 Of *Norandine* : My Ships ride in the Bay
 Ready to disembogue, tackled, and mann'd
 Even unto my wishes.

Mount. His Request
 Is fair and honest.

Val. At your pleasure go.

Mir. I humbly take my leave of all : Of you
 My noble Friend *Mountferrat* ; Gracious Mistress,
 Oh that auspicious Smile doth arm your Soldier !
 Who fights for those Eyes, and this sacred Cross,
 Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss.

[*Exit.*

Ori. The mighty Master of that Livery,
 Conduct thee safely to these Eyes again.

Mount. Blows the Wind that way ?

Val. Equally belov'd,
 Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
 Without Excuse receive that Dignity,
 Which our Provincial Chapter hath decreed you.

Gom. Great Master of *Jerusalem's* Hospital,
 From whence to *Rhodes* this blest Fraternity
 Was driven, but now among the *Maltese* stands,
 Long may it flourish, whilst *Gomera* serves it,
 But dares not enter farther.

All. This is strange.

Val. What do ye object ?

Gom. Nothing against it, but my self, fair Knights ;
 I may not wear this Robe.

Val. Express your Reasons ;
 Doth any hid Sin goar your Conscience ?

Asto. Are you unstedfast in Religion ?

Cast. Or do y' intend to forsake *Malta* now,
 And visit your own Country, fruitful *Spain* ?

(13) *Gom.* Never, good Sir.

Val.

(13) *Gom.* *Never, good Sir.*] *Gomera's* Answer seems by what follows to have referred to the three Questions, nor do I know any reason why he shou'd declare never to see *Spain* again, whether he was Knighted or not ; the Knights of *Malta* are not confin'd to the Island,

Val. Then explicate your Thoughts.

Gom. Thus then : I should be perjur'd to receive it.
Once in *Malita*, your next City here,
When I was younger, read I the Decrees
Touching this point; being ambitious then
T' approach it once; None but a Gentleman
Can be admitted ———

Val. That's no Obstacle
In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it;
No married Man ———

Mount. You never felt that Yoak.

Gom. None, that hath been contracted ———

Cast. Were you ever?

Gom. Nor married; nor contracted—None that ever
Hath vow'd his Love to any Womankind,
Or finds that secret fire within his Thoughts:
Here I am cast, this Article my Heart
Objects against the Title of my Fame;
I am in Love; laugh not, though time hath set
Some wrinkles in this Face, and these curl'd Locks
Will shortly dye into another hew,
Yet, yet I am in Love: (i'faith you smile)
What Age, what Sex, or what Profession
Divine, or Human, from the Man that cries
(14) For Alms in the high way, to him that sings
At the high Altar, and doth Sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is Love?

Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd; with whom, *Gomera*?
Name the Lady, (15) that with all advantage
We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you, Sir?

Val. Now by our holy Rock, were it our Sister:

Island, or its Neighbourhood, but are permitted at times to visit
what Countries they please. I read therefore,

Neither, good Sir.

Mr. Seward.

(14) For Alms in the high way,] So the oldest Copy: The rest,
From Alms the high-way.

(15) — that with all advantage] The 1647 Edition so.
The later Copies,

—— that with all the advantage.

Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.

Gom. Be Master of your word ; it is she, Sir,
The matchless *Oriana*.

Val. Come down, Lady.

You've made her blush, let her consent, I will
Make good my Oath.

Mount. Is't so ? stay ; I do love
So tenderly, (16) *Gomera*, your bright Fame,
As not to suffer your Perdition.

Gom. What means *Mountferrat* ?

Enter Guard.

Mount. This whole *Auberge* hath,
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
Ta'en publick notice of the *Basha's* Love
Of *Tripoli* unto her, and consented
She should return this answer, as he writ
For her Conversion, and betraying *Malta*,
She should advise him betray *Tripoly*,
And turning Christian, he should marry her.

All. All this was so.

Mount. How weakly does this Court then
Send Vessels forth to Sea, to guard the Land,
Taking such special care to save one Bark,
Or strive to add fam'd Men unto our Cloak,
When they lurk in our Bosoms would subvert
This State and us, presuming on their Blood,
And partial Indulgence to their Sex ?

Val. Who can this be ?

Mount. Your Sister, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove : demand the *Basha's* Letter.

Ori. 'Tis here, nor from this Pocket hath been moy'd,
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd, by —

Mount. Do not swear,
Cast not away your fair Soul, to your Treason

(16) ——— *Gomera, your bright Flame.*] Thus run all the Copies from top to bottom, but I imagine the judicious Reader will wish with Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Seward*, and myself, that they had dash'd out a Letter and read thus,

Your bright Fame.

Add

Add not foul Perjury: Is this your Hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mount. May it please the Master,
Confer these Letters, and then read her Answer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me,
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous Treachery,
E'en in your Sister, since in it I save
Malta from Ruin: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable, and withal
Know our great Master to this Country firm,
As was to th' *Roman Marcus*, who spar'd not
As dear a Sister in the publick cause.

Val. I am amaz'd, attend me.

Reads the Letter.

*Let your Forces by the next Even be ready, my Brother
feasts then; put in at St. Michaels, the Ascent at that Port
is easiest; the Keys of the Castle you shall receive at my
Hands. That possess'd, you are Lord of Malta, and may soon
destroy all by fire, than which I am hotter, 'till I embrace
you. Farewel.*

Your Wife

O R I A N A.

From this time let me never read again.

Gentlew. 'Tis certainly, her Hand.

Val. This Letter too,
So close kept by her self, could not be answer'd
To every Period thus, but by her self.

Ori. Sir, hear me.

Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of Flowers,
Under whose Beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
Wert thou akin to me, in some new Name
Dearer than Sister, Mother, or all Blood,
I would not hear thee speak: Bear her to Prison,
So gross is this, it needs no formal course,
Prepare thy self, to Morrow thou shalt dye.

Ori. I dye a Martyr then, and a poor Maid,
Almost i'faith as innocent as born, [thee. [*Ex.*
Thou know'st thou'rt wicked, *Frenchman*, Heav'n forgive

All. This Scene's turn'd strangely.

Val. Yet can Nature be
So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat should perceive my Sister had
A Brother, would not live to see her dye
Unfought for, since the Statutes of our State
Allow, in case of Accusations,
A Champion to defend a Lady's Truth.
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy Wife,
Death pleads a Precontract.

Gom. I've lost my Tongue,
My Sense, my Heart, and every Faculty :
Mountferrat, go not up; with Reverence
To our great Master, and this Consistory
(I have considered it, it cannot be)
Thou art a Villain, and a Forger,
A Blood-sucker of Innocence, an Hypocrite,
A most unworthy Wearer of our Cross ;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'st, that Gage,
And arm'd at all points like a Gentleman,
Meet me to Morrow Morning, where the Master
(17) And this Fraternity shall design, where I
Will cram this Slander back into thy Throat,
And with my Sword's point thrust it to thy Heart,
The very Nest where Lust and Slander breeds.
Pardon my Passion ; I will tear those Spurs
Off from thy Heels, and stick 'em in thy Front,
As a mark'd Villain.

Mount. This I look'd not for :
Ten times more Villain, I return my Gage,
And crave the Law of Arms.

Gom. 'Tis that I crave.

All. It cannot be deny'd.

Gom. Do not I know,
With thousand Gifts and Importunacies,
Thou often hast sollicitated this Lady,
(Contrary to thy Oath of Chastity,)

(17) *And this Fraternity shall design,*] This word has its original
Signification to *Appoint or Decree*, in Latin, *Designare*, from whence
Designator, an Herald. Mr. Sewall

Who ne'er (18) disclosing this thy hot-reign'd Lust,
 Yet tender to prevent a publick Scandal,
 That Christendom might justly have impos'd
 Upon this holy Infitution,
 Thou now hast drawn this Practice 'gainst her Life,
 To quit her Charity.

Mount. Spaniard, thou liest.

Asto. No more, *Gomera*, thou art granted Combat,
 And you *Mountferrat* must prepare against
 To Morrow Morning in the Valley here
 Adjoining to *St. George's* Port: A Lady
 In case of Life, 'gainst whom one Witness comes,
 May have her Champion.

Val. And who hath most right
 With, or against our Sister, speed in fight. [*Flourish. Ex.*]

Enter *Rocca*.

Mount. *Rocca*, the first News of *Miranda's* Service
 Let me have notice of.

Roc. You shall: The *Moor*
 Waits you without.

Mount. (19) Admit her; ha, ha, ha.
 Oh, how my Fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*

(18 ——— disclosing this thy hot-reign'd Lust,] *Hot-reign'd*
 as a Compound may signify that has *reign'd hotly*, nor do I there-
 fore discard it, tho' there is a more natural reading extremely near
 the trace of the Letters, and 'tis this,

Who ne'er disclosing this thy not rein'd Lust. Mr. Seward.
 Since the Communication of my Friend's Correction, a Suspicion has
 occur'd to me, that the Text ought to be reform'd thus,

Who no'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd Lust.
i. e. Having hot Reins, Kidneys.

(19) Admit her; ha, ha, ha.] Laughter which is always thus
 express'd, seems by no means suited to *Mountferrat's* present Cir-
 cumstances. The Whirls of his Brain between his Fears and Plots
 of Prevention, are what *Shakespear* has finely described in *Julius*
Cesar.

*Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first Motion, all the interim is
 Like a Phantasma, or an hideous Dream.*

Troubled Gesture and sudden Starts wou'd express this, but not
 Laughter. The Poets therefore most probably wrote it,

Admit her — Ha? — ha? — ha? — Mr. Seward,

Loves *Oriana* ; she, as I should guess,
 Affects *Miranda* ; these are two dear Friends,
 As firm, and full of fire, as Steel and Flint.
 To make 'em so now, one against the other

Enter Zanthia.

Stay, let me lick it better — *Zanthia*,
 First tell me this, did *Don Gomera* use
 To give his Visits to your Mistress ?

Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too, but sev'rally.

Mount. Which did she most apply to ?

Zan. Faith to neither :

Yet infinitely I've heard her praise 'em both,
 And in that manner, that were both one Man,
 I think she was in love with't.

Mount. Zanthia,

Another Letter you must frame for me
 Instantly, in your Lady's Character,
 To such a purpose as I'll tell thee strait ;
 Go in, and stay me : Go my Tinder-box,
 Cross lines I'll cross ; so, so, my after-game
 I must play better : Woman, I will spread
 My Vengeance over *Malta*, for thy sake :
Spaniard, *Italian*, like my Steel and Stone,
 I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
 To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
 And wink, to save the sparkles from mine Eyes. [*Exeunt.*]

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

A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, Soldiers, and Gentlemen.

Mir. **H**O W is it, Sir ?

Nor. Pray set me down ; I cool,
 And my Wounds smart,

Mir. I hope yet,

Thoug

Though there be many, there's none dangerous.

Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward Fool; but I hope the Surgeons
Will take an order I shan't leave 'em so;
I make the Rogues more work than all the Island,
And yet they give me th' hardest words for my Mony.

Mir. I'm glad ye are so sprightly; ye fought bravely:
(Go call the Surgeons, Soldiers;) wondrous nobly,
Upon my Life, I have not seen such Valour,
Maintained so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong against ye too.

Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely Succour:
By th' Mefs it came i'th' nick, Sir, and well handled;
Stoutly, and strongly handled; we had duck'd else,
My *Turk* had *Turk'd* me else; but he's well paid for't.
Why what a sign for an Almanack h'as made me?

Enter Astorius.

Asto. I'm glad to find ye here, Sir, of necessity
I must have come Aboard else; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your fair Victory,
And all the Island speaks your Valour nobly.
Have ye brought the *Turk* in that ye took?

Mir. He rides there.

Nor. If he were out again, the Dev'l should bring him.
H'as truly Circumcis'd me.

Asto. I've a business
Which much concerns ye, presently concerns ye;
But not this Place nor People: Pray ye draw off, Sir,
For 'tis of that weight to ye ———

Mir. I'll wait on ye.
I must crave leave a while; my Care dwells with ye,
And I must wait my self ———

Nor. Your Servant, Sir.

Mir. Believe I shall, and what my Love can minister;
Keep your stout Heart still.

Nor. That's my best Physician.

Mir. And I shall keep your Fame fair.

[*Exit.*

Nor. Y'are too noble.

A brave young Fellow of a matchless Spirit ;
 He brought me off like Thunder, charg'd and boarded,
 As if he had been shot to save mine Honour :
 And when my fainting Men, tyr'd with their labour,
 And lack of Blood, gave to the *Turk* assurance
 The Day was his ; when I was cut in shreds thus,
 And not a corn of Powder left to bless us ;
 Then flew his Sword in, then his Cannon roar'd,
 And let fly (20) Blood, and Death, in Storms amongst 'em.
 Then might I hear their sleepy Prophet howl too,
 And all their silver Crescents then I saw
 Like falling Meteors spent, and set for ever
 Under the Cross of *Malta* ; Death so wanton
 I never look'd upon, so full of revel.

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be dress'd yet : Methought that Fellow
 Was fit for no Conversation, nor no Christian
 That had not half his Brains knockt out, no Soldier.
 Oh valiant young Man, how I love thy Virtue.

1 Sold. Pray ye Sir be dress'd, alas ye bleed apace yet.

Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of Honour, alas ! thou Milk-sop,
 Thou Man of *March*-pane, canst thou fear to see
 A few light Hurts, that blush they are no bigger,
 A few small Scratches ? Get y' a Cawdle, Sirrah,
 Your Finger akes, and let the old Wiyes watch thee :
 Bring in the Booty, and the Prisoners ;
 By Heav'n I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
 Before I have a drop of Blood wip'd from me ; go.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Surg. You'll faint, Sir.

Nor. No, ye lye, Sir, like an Ass, Sir ;
 (21) I have no such Pigs hurt in my Belly.

(20) The first Folio thus ; the other Editions,
 ——— *Blood, and Death, and Storms.*

(21) *I have no such Pigs hurt in my Belly.*] The Captain would seemingly say that he has more Courage than to faint at such slight Wounds as he had receiv'd, but as the Words are incapable in appearance of conveying any such Sense, may we not suppose the Poets made him say,

I have no such Pigs heart in my Belly.

Surg.

Surg. By my Life, Captain,
These Hurts are n't to be jested with.

Nor. If thou hadst 'em ;
They're my Companions, Fool, my Family :
I cannot eat nor sleep without their Company.
Dost take me for St. Davy, that fell dead
With seeing of his Nose bleed ?

Enter Soldiers with Booty.

Surg. Here they come, Sir ;
But would you would be drefs'd.

Nor. Pox, dress thy self first,
Thou faint'st a great deal faster : What's all this ?

1 Sol. The Mony and the Merchandize ye took, Sir.

Nor. A goodly Purchase ; is't for this we venture
Our Liberties and Lives ? What can all this do ?

(22) Get me some dozen Surfeits, some seven fresh
Whores,

And twenty Pot-Allies, and then I'm virtuous.

Lay th' Knight's Part by, and that to pay the Soldier :
This is mine own, I think I have deserv'd it : [maid,
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a Chamber-
I'll neither start nor squeak ? What's that i'th' Truiss there ?

2 Sol. 'Tis Cloth of Tissue, Sir, and this is Scarlet.

Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me,
And as a Captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that Crack, Surgeon ?

Surg. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, Sir.

Nor. There's for your Plaster.

A very learned Surgeon : What's in that Pack there ?

1 Sol. 'Tis *English* Cloth.

Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong, and rich ; but yet it has a Virtue

(22) Get me ——— some seven fresh Whores,

And twenty Pot-Allies, and then I'm virtuous.] The oldest
Copy reads thus,

And twenty Pot-Allies and to : and then, &c.

Which would induce one to think the Original might run so,

And twenty Pot-Allies, and two.

Two is often mistakenly wrote *too* in the oldest Edition, and possibly
might have been so here.

A Twang of the own Country, that spoils all ;
 A Man shall ne'er be sober in't. Where are the Gentlemen
 That ventur'd with me, both their Lives and Fortunes?
 Come forward, my fair Spirits; *Norandine*
 Forgets his Worth, when he forgets your Valours.
 You've lost an Eye, I saw ye face all Hazards:
 You've one left yet, to chuse your Mistres.
 You have your Leg broke with a Shot; yet sitting,
 I saw you make the Place good with your Pike still.
 And your Hand's gone; a good Heart wants no Instru-
 Share that amongst ye, there's an Eye, an Arm, [ments,
 And that will bear you up, when your Legs cannot.
 Oh, where's the honest Sailor? (23) That poor Fellow,
 Indeed that bold brave Fellow, that with his Musket
 Taught them new Ways how to put their Caps off,
 That stood the fire of all the Fight, twice blown,
 And twice I gave him drown'd; welcome ashore Knave;
 Give me thy Hand, if they be not both lost; [come;
 Faith thou art welcome, my tough Knave, thou'rt wel-
 Thou'lt not shrink i'th' washing;
 Hold, there's a Piece of Scarlet, get thee handsome.
 And this to buy thee Buttons.

Sail. Thank ye Captain.
 Command my Life at all Hours.

Nor. Thou durst give it.
 You have deserv'd too.

3 Sold. We have seen the Fight, Sir.

Nor. Yes, coil'd up in a Cable, like salt Eels,
 Or buried low i'th' Ballast, d'you call that fighting?
 Where be your Wounds? Your Knocks? your want of
 Limbs, Rogues?

Art not thou he that ask'd the Master-Gunner
 Where thou might'st lye safest? and he strait answer'd,
 Put thy Head in that Hole, new bor'd with a Cannon,

(23) ——— *That poor Fellow,*
Indeed that bold brave Fellow] The ascent from *poor* to *bold*
 and *brave Fellow* seems to be too sudden, and I imagine the Authors
 might have given it thus,

That pure Fellow,
Indeed that bold, &c.

For it was an hundred to one, another Shot would not hit
Your Wages you shall have, but for Rewards [there:
Take your own ways, and get ye to the Taverns;
There, when y'are hot with Wine, 'mongst your Ad-
mirers.

Take Ships, and Towns, and Castles at your Pleasures,
And make th' great *Turk* shake at your Valours. Bring in
The Prisoners; now (24) my brave Muslemen.

Enter Prisoners, and Lucinda.

You that are Lords o'th' Sea, and scorn us Christians,
Which of your mangy Lives is worth this Hurt here?
Away to Prison with 'em, see 'em safe;

You shall find we have Gallies too, and Slaves too.

1 *Sold.* What shall be done with this Woman, Sir?

Nor. Pox take her,

'Twas she that set me on to fight with these Rogues,
[*Surgeons dress him.*

That Ring-Worm, rot it; what can you do now
With all your Paintings, and your Pouncings, Lady,
T' restore my Blood again? You, and your *Cupid*.
That have made a Carbonado of me — Plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye Rogue — this is thy Work, Woman,
Thou lowfie Woman — 'death, you go too deep still —
The seeing of your simpering Sweetness: — ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one Night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, Sweet-heart, and oh my dear Chicken,
Scratching my Head, or fumbling with my Fore-mast,
Do me good now? Ye've powder'd me for one Year,
I am in souce I thank ye; thank your Beauty,
Your most sweet Beauty; pox upon those Goggles.
We cannot fight like honest Men, for Honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the Devil's Holiness
And you must have a Dance: away with her,
She stinks to me now.

1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, Captain?

2 *Sold.* Or I?

(24) The Copy of 1647 has it,
my brave Musulmans.

3 *Sold.* I'll marry her ———

4 *Sold.* Good Captain, I.

3 *Sold.* And make her a good Christian ; lay Hands off
I know she's mine. [her ;
[ners,

2 *Sold.* I'll give my full Share for her ; have ye no Man-
To thrust the Woman so ?

Nor. Share her among ye ;
And may she give y'as many Hurts as I have,
And twice as many Aches.

Luc. Noble Captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from these Soldiers Wildness,
'Till I but speak two Words.

Nor. Now for your Maidenhead,
You have your Book, proceed.

Luc. Victorious Sir,
Seldom are seen in Men so valiant,
Minds so devoid of Virtue ; he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his Conquest,
'Tis but a base Theft else. Valour's a Virtue,
Crown of Mens Actions here ; yours, as you make it.
And can you put so rough a Foil as Violence,
As wronging of weak Woman, to your Triumph ?

Nor. Let her alone.

Luc. I've lost my Husband, Sir ;
You feel not that : Him that I love ; you care not :
When Fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too :
My Liberty I kneel not for ; mine Honour
(It ever virtuous Honour touch'd your Heart yet)
Make dear and precious, Sir ; you had a Mother —

Nor. The roguy thing speaks finely, neat ; who took ye ?
For he must be your Guard.

Luc. I wish no better :
A noble Gentleman, and nobly us'd me,
They call'd his Name *Miranda*.

Nor. You are his then ?
Ye've light upon a young Man worth your Service,
I free ye from th' rest, and from all Violence ;
He that doth offer't, by my Head he hangs for't :
Go see her safe kept, 'till the noble Gentleman
Be ready to dispose her ; thank your Tongue,

You

You have a good one, and preserve it good still.
Soldiers, come wait on me, I'll see ye paid all. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Miranda and Astorius.

Asto. I knew ye lov'd her, virtuously ye lov'd her,
Which made me make that haste: I knew ye priz'd her,
As all fair Minds do Goodness.

Mir. Good *Astorius*,
I must confess I do much Honour her,
And worthily I hope still.

Asto. 'Tis no doubt, Sir,
For on my Life she's much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely,
And I as much tormented I was absent.

Asto. You need not fear, *Peter Gomera's* Noble,
Of a try'd Faith and Valour.

Mir. This I know too:
But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd,
Whilst Virtue suffer'd, Friend.—Oh how it loads me!
Whilst Innocence and Sweetness sunk together——
How cold it sits here? If my Arm had fought for her,
My Youth, though naked, stood against all Treasons,
My Sword here grasp'd, Love on the Edge, and Honour,
And but a Signal (25) from her Eye to seal it;
If then she had been lost. — I brag too late,
And too much I detract from the noble *Peter*.
Yet some poor Service I would do her Sweetness,
Alas she needs it, my *Astorius*,
The gentle Lady needs it.

Asto. Noble Spirit.

Mir. And what I can---prithee bear with this Weakness,

(25) —— *from her Eye to seal it;*] *To seal a Sword* seems a very odd Metaphor. I think it therefore highly probable that the true word was *Steel*. The Propriety and Elegance of which might be prov'd by forty Passages in *Shakespear* and our Authors, where 'tis us'd in the same Sense; and the Reader will find it twice before the end of this Act.

Mr. Seward.

Often I do not use these Womens Weapons,
But where true Pity is — I am much troubled,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet.

Asto. I'll take my Leave, Sir, I shall but disturb ye.

Mir. An't please you for a while; and pray to Fortune
To smile upon this Lady.

Asto. All my Help, Sir. [Exit.

Mir. *Gomera's* old and stiff, and he may lose her,
The Winter of his Years and Wounds upon him,
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:

Mountferrat's Fury's in his Heat of Summer,
The whistling of his Sword like angry Storms,
Renting up Life by th' Roots: I've seen him scale
As if a Falcon had run up a Train,
Clashing his warlike Pinions, his steel'd Curafs.
And at his Pitch (26) innew the Town below him.
I must do something.

Enter Colonna.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heav'n sake
Take Pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one Affliction to another.

Mir. Boldly you ask that, we are bound to give
From what Affliction, Sir?

Col. From Cold and Hunger,
From Nakedness and Stripes.

Mir. A Prisoner?

Col. A Slave, Sir, in the *Turkish* Prize, new taken;
That in the Heat of Fight, when your brave Hand
Brought the *Dane* Succour, got my Irons off,
And put my self to mercy of the Ocean.

Mir. And swum to Land?

Col. I did, Sir, Heav'n was gracious;
But now a Stranger, and my Wants upon me,
(Though willingly I would preserve this Life, Sir,
With Honesty and Truth,) I am not look'd on;
The Hand of Pity that should give for Heav'n's sake,

(26) ——— *innew the Town below him.*] Mr. Theobald would
have the Line corrected thus,

The Fowl below him.

And

And charitable Hearts, are grown so cold, Sir,
Never remembering what their Fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou say'st too true; of what Profession art thou?

Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve truly,
Where Trust is laid on me.

Mir. A handsome Fellow;
Hast th' then e'er bore Arms?

Col. I've trod full many a March, Sir,
(27) And some Hurts have to shew; before me too, Sir.

Mir. Pity this thing shou'd starve, or, forc'd for Want,
Come t' a worse End. I know not what thou may'st be,
But if thou think'st it fit to be a Servant,
I'll be a Master, and a good one to thee,
If ye deserve, Sir.

Col. Else I ask no Favour.

Mir. Then, Sir, to try your Trust, because I like you,
Go to the *Dane*, of him receive a Woman,
A *Turkish* Prisoner, for me receive her,
I hear she is my Prize, look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho' now my Prisoner,
The Christians need no Schoolmasters for Honour.
Take this to buy thee Cloaths, this Ring, to help thee
Into th' Fellowship of my House; y'are a Stranger,
And my Servants will not know ye else; there keep her,
And with all Modesty preserve your Service.

Col. A foul Example find me else; Heav'n thank ye,
Of Captain *Norandine*?

Mir. The same.

Col. 'Tis done, Sir:

And may Heav'n's Goodness ever dwell about ye.

Mir. Wait there 'till I come home.

Col. I shall not fail, Sir. [Exeunt.]

(27) *And some Hurts have to shew; before me too, Sir.]* I have
a small Quarrel to me here; *Shakespear* does not write so, in the
last Scene of *Mackbeth*: Old *Siward*, upon hearing his Son was
dead in Battle, asks *Rosse*, who told him the heavy News,

Had he his Wounds before.

So here I wou'd strike out me, and read the Line thus,

And some Hurts have to shew, before too, Sir.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Mountferrat with a Letter, and Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully; most unmanly.

Mount. Let me alone.

Abd. Thus leadenly?

Mount. ——— Take ye.

Abd. At every childish Fear? At every Shadow?
Are you *Mountferrat*, that have done such Deeds?
Wrought through such bloody Fields, Men shake to
speak of?

Can ye go back? Is there a Safety left yet
But fore-right? Is not Ruin round about ye? [whole?
Have ye not still these Arms, that Sword, that Heart
Is't not a Man ye fight with, and an old Man,
A Man half kill'd already? Am not I here?

As lovely in my Black to entertain thee,
As high and full of Heat to meet thy Pleasures? —

Mount. I'll be alone.

Abd. Ye shall; farewell, Sir;
And do it bravely, never think of Conscience;
There is none to a Man resolv'd; be happy. [Exit.

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No, most unhappy Wretch as thou hast made me
More Devil than thy self, I am.

Mir. Alone,

And troubled too, I take it; how he starts?
All is not handsome in thy Heart, *Mountferrat*.
God speed ye, Sir, I have been seeking of ye?
They say you are to fight to Day.

Mount. What then?

[Sir.

Mir. Nay, nothing but good Fortune to your Sword,
Ye have a Cause requires it, th' Island's Safety,
The Order's, and your Honour's.

Mount. And do you make a Question
I will not fight it nobly?

Mir.

Mir. Ye dare fight,
Ye have, and with as great Confidence as Justice,
I've seen ye strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mount. Why are these Questions then?

Mir. I'll tell ye quickly.

Ye have a Lady in your Cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on Ground, a nobler —

Mount. Do ye come on so fast? I have it for ye.

[*Aside.*

Mir. The Sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

Mount. These I grant ye;

Nor dare I against Beauty heave my Hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir; too much unmanly :
But when these Excellencies turn to Ruin,
To Ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em ;
When Virtue's lost, Lust and Dishonour enter'd ;
Loss of our selves and Souls basely projected —

Mir. Do you think 'tis so ?

Mount. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be?

Can it be thought, *Mountferrat*, so much Sweetness,
So great a Magazine of all things precious,
A Mind so heav'nly made? ——— prithee observe me.

Mount. I thought so too ; now by my holy Order,
He that had told me, ('till Experience found
Too bold a Proof) this Lady had been vicious ———
I wear no dull Sword, Sir, nor hate I Virtue.

Mir. Against her Brother? To the Man has bred her?
Her Blood and Honour? ———

Mount. Where ambitious Lust,
(Desire to be above the Rule prescrib'd her,)
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chastity, cold Duty,
Like Fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on Blood and Mischief, Death and Ruin,
To raise her new-built Hopes, new Faith to fasten her :
Ma'foy, she is as foul, as Heav'n is beauteous.

Mir. Thou ly'st, thou ly'st *Mountferrat*, thou ly'st basely ;
Stare not, nor swell not with thy Pride ; thou ly'st,
And this shall make it good.

Mount. Out with your Heat, first

Ye shall be fought withal.

Mir. By ——— that Lady,
The Virtue of that Woman, were all th' good deeds
Of all thy Family, bound in one Fagot,
From *Adam* to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that wisp, and turn it to light Ashes.

Mount. Oh pitiful young Man, struck blind with Beauty?
Shot with a Woman's smile : poor, poor *Miranda*;
Thou hopeful young Man once, but now thou lost Man;
Thou naked Man of all that we call Noble,
How art thou cozen'd? Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear Honour, (mark me Fool)
Which like a Father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender Honour is abus'd — but fight first,
And then too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou ly'st still.

Mount. Stay, now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee.
I love thee so dear, Time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that. [Gives him a Letter.]

Mir. It is her Hand ; it is most certain ;
Good Angels keep me ; that I should be her Agent
To betray *Malta*, and bring her to the *Basha*,
That on my tender love lay all her Project !
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow ;
Did the Devil do this ?

Mount. No, but his Dam did it,
The virtuous Lady that you love so dearly ;
Come, will ye fight again ?

Mir. No, prithee kill me,
For Heav'n's sake, and for Goodness' sake dispatch me,
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me.

Mount. Why, are ye guilty ?

Mir. I have liv'd, *Mountferrat*,
To see Dishonour swallow up all Virtue,
And now would die : By Heav'n's eternal Brightness,
I am as clear as Innocence.

Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all Knowledge,
And this my Sword from Anger, ye had dy'd else.
And yet I lye, and basely lye.

Mir.

Mir. O Virtue!

Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left us to abuse our Frailties,
In shape of Goodness?

Mount. Come, take Courage, Man,
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your Actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your Loves; take comfort,
There be more Women.

Mir. And more Mischief in 'em.

Mount. The Justice I shall do, to right these Villanies,
Shall make ye Man again: I'll strike it sure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely, put this puling Passion
Out of your Mind; one knock for thee, *Miranda*,
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When she accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy absence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyish, and too tender, to adventure:
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young Spark.

Mir. Boy, did he call me?

Gomera call me Boy?

Mount. It pleas'd his Gravity,
To think so of ye then: they that do Service,
And honest Service, such as thou and I do,
Are either Knaves or Boys.

Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?

How look'd he when he said it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a virtuous Gentleman,
Humane and sweet.

Mount. Yes when he will, he can be;
But let it go, I would not breed Dissention,
'Tis an unfriendly Office; and had't been
(28) To any of a higher strain than you, Sir,

The

(28) *To any of an higher strain than you are,*] At first glance,
the Reader may think as I once did with Mr. *Seward*, that *lighter*,
or *lower*, or some such word shou'd supply the place of *higher*.
But possibly the Passage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even*

The well known, well approved, and lov'd *Miranda*,
I had not thought on't: hap'ly 'twas his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A Traitor and a Boy too?

Shame take me if I suffer't; puff, farewell Love.

Mount. Ye know my business, I must leave ye, Sir,
My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your Goodness
Have granted me one courtesie: ye say ye love me?

Mount. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that Courtesie
Nothing concern mine Honour.

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mount. What is it?
It shall be great that puts ye off; pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to day, good, dear *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and bold *Gomera*——

Mount. Fie, *Miranda*,
D'ye weigh my Worth so little?

Mir. On my Knees,
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy Friend conceiv'd, as ever Honour lov'd thee ——

Mount. Shall I turn Recreant now?

Mir. 'Tis not thy Cause,
Thou hast no Reputation wounded in't;
Thine's but a general zeal: death, I am tainted,
The dearest twyn to life, my Credit's murder'd,
Baff'd and boy'd.

Mount. I'm glad ye've swallow'd it. [Aside.
I must confess I pity ye; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these Injuries:
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to do't,
And Man, as much as Man may: but *Miranda*, ——
Why do ye kneel?

Temper and Disposition of Miranda, and means that had he been of
an hot fiery Temper prone to Passion, &c. he shou'd not have dis-
covered a Secret, which might possibly breed Dissension betwixt *Go-
mera* and him. This I only offer the Reader, in order to give the
Text fair Play, if he does not approve of the Explanation, *lighter*
or *lower* are still at his Service.

Mir.

Mir. By——I'll grow to th' Ground here,
And with my Sword dig up my Grave, and fall in't,
Unless thou grant me——Dear *Mountferrat*, Friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The Honour shall be yours.

Mount. I love ye dearly,
Yet so much I should tender——

Mir. I'll preserve all:
By——I will; or all the Sin fall with me,
Pray let me.

Mount. Ye have won; I'll once be Coward
To pleasure you.

Mir. I kiss your Hands, and thank ye.

Mount. Be tender of my Credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the Fire that flames.

Mount. I'll send mine Armour,
My Man shall presently attend ye with it,
For you must arm immediately, the hour calls,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate; farewell, y' are fitted:
I'm glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best *Mountferrat*.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Norandine and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the Combat, that's the truth on't,
If I had ne'er a Leg, I'd crawl to see it.

Doct. You're most unfit, if I might counsel ye,
Your Wounds so many, and the Air——

Nor. The Halter;
The Air's as good an Air, as fine an Air——
Wouldst thou have me live in an Oven?

Doct. Beside the noise, Sir,
Which to a tender Body——

Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My Body must be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a Drum-head in my Broth; I never prosper,
With Knuckles o' Veal, and Birds in Sorrel Sops,

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Cawdles, and Cullyffes, they wash me away
Like a Horse had eaten Grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled Herring, and a pottle of Sack, Doctor,
(29) And half a dozen Trumpets——

Doct. You're a strange Gentleman——

Nor. As e'er thou knew'st; wilt thou give m' another
Glisten,

That I may fit cleanly there like a *French Lady*,
When she goes to a Mask at Court: Where's thy Hoboy?

Doct. I'm glad y' are grown so merry.

Nor. Welcome, Gentlemen.

Enter Astorius, and Castriot.

Asto. We come to see you, Sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your Health.

Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doct. Nay, thank your self, Sir,

For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He ne'er observes any of our Prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my Mony again then, good sweet Doctor;
Wilt thou have twenty Shillings a day for vexing me?

Doct. That shall not serve ye, Sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, Sir,

And that will make ye speak well: Hark, the Drums.

[*Drums afar off: A low March.*

Cast. They begin to beat to th' Field: Oh noble *Dane*,
Never was such a Stake, I hope, of Innocence,
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in Blood, before.

Asto. It makes us hang our Heads all.

Nor. A bold Villain;

If there be Treason in it—— Accuse poor Ladies?
And yet they may do mischief too—— I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say——

Asto. Come, lean on us, Sir.

Nor. I thank ye, Gentlemen: and *Domine Doctor*,
Pray bring a little sneezing Powder in your Pocket,

(29) Mr. *Theobald* has explain'd this in his first Note on *The Scornful Lady*.

For

For fear I swoon (30) when I see Blood.

Doct. You're pleasant.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the Combatants come in?

[*The Scaffold set out, and the Stairs.*

2 *Marsh.* Yes.

1 *Marsh.* Make the Field clear there.

2 *Marsh.* That's done too.

1 *Marsh.* Then to the Prisoner, the grand Master's coming,

Let's see that all be ready there.

2 *Marsh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very Ends are?

Alas, sweet Lady, if she be innocent,

[*Flourish.*

No doubt but Justice will direct her Champion.

Away, I hear 'em come.

1 *Marsh.* Pray Heav'n she prosper.

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astorius, Castriot, &c.

Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a Chair.

Nor. I thank your Lordship.

Val. Sit, Sir, and take your ease; your Hurts require it:

You come to see a Woman's Cause decided,

(That's all the Knowledge now, or Name I've for her:)

They say a false, and base, and treach'rous Woman,

And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity't should be so:

And if your Lordship durst ask my Opinion,

Sure I should answer No; so much I honour her:

And answer't with my Life too: But *Gomera*

Is a brave Gentleman; the other valiant,

And if he be not good, Dogs gnaw his Flesh off,

And one above 'em both will find the Truth out.

He never fails, Sir.

(30) All the other Books, but the first Folio, read,
———when I see my Blood.

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How Nature and his Honour struggle in him!
A sweet, clear, noble Gentleman.

[*Within, make room there.*

Guard. Make room there.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, and Guard.

Ori. Thus I ascend; nearer I hope to Heav'n;
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black Mansion,
The Image of my Grave, each foot we move
Goes to it still; each hour we leave behind us,
Knolls sadly toward it: My noble Brother,
For yet mine Innocence dares call ye so,
And you the Friends to Virtue, that come hither,
The Chorus to this Tragick Scene, behold me,
Behold me with your Justice, not with Pity,
(My Cause was ne'er so poor to ask Compassion,)
Behold me in this spotless White I wear,
The Emblem of my Life, of all my Actions,
So ye shall find my Story, though I perish:
Behold me in my Sex, I am no Soldier,
Tender and full of fears our blushing Sex is,
Unhardned with relentless Thoughts; (31) unhatcht
With Blood and bloody Practice: 'las, we tremble
But when an angry Dream afflicts our Fancies,
Die with a Tale well told; had I been practis'd,
And known the way of Mischiefe, travell'd in it,
And giv'n my Blood and Honour up to reach it;
Forgot Religion, and the Line I sprung of;
Oh Heav'n! I had been fit then for thy Justice,
And then in black, as dark as Hell, I'd howl'd here.
Last, in your own Opinions weigh mine Innocence;
Amongst ye I was planted from an Infant,
(Would then, if Heav'n had so been pleas'd, I'd perish'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear Fruit,
The honourable Fruit of Marriage:
And am I blasted in my Bud, with Treason?

(31) See Note 51 on *The Custom of the Country.*

Boldly and basely of my fair Name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my Rest in Ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all Wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me: I've spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, Heav'n will protect ye,
And so I leave ye to his Sword strikes for ye;
Farewel.

Ori. Oh that went deep, farewel dear Brother,
And howsoe'er my Cause goes, see my Body
(Upon my Knees, I ask it) buried chafely;
For yet, by holy Truth, it never trespass'd.

Asto. Justice sit on your Cause, and Heav'n fight for ye.

Nor. Two of ye, Gentlemen, do me but the Honour
To lead me to her; good my Lord, your Leave too.

Val. You have it, Sir.

Nor. Give me your fair Hand fearless,
As white as this I see your Innocence,
As spotless, and as pure, be n't afraid, Lady,
You are but here brought to your nobler Fortune,
To add unto your Life immortal Story:
Virtue, through hardest things arrives at Happiness,
Shame follow that blunt Sword that loses you;
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A Curse or two for him: Once more your fair Hand,
I ne'er brought ill Luck yet; be fearless happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the Knights severally.

Enter severally, Gomera and Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my Champion,
And then to Heav'n and him I give my Cause up.

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Ori. I have not much, Sir.

Noble *Gomera*, from your own free Virtue,
You've undertaken here a poor Maid's Honour,
And with the hazard of your Life; and happily
You may suspect the Cause, though in your true Worth
You will not shew it; therefore take this Testimony,
(And as I hope for Happiness, a true one,)

And

And may it steel your Heart, and edge your good Sword:
Ye fight for her, as spotless of these Mischiefs,
As Heav'n is of our Sins, or Truth of Errors,
And so defie that treacherous Man, and prosper.

Nor. Blessing o' thy Heart, Lady.

Val. Give the Signal to 'em. [Low Alarms.

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought; *Gomera*, follow that blow,—
Well struck again, Boy——look upon the Lady,
And gather Spirit: brave again—lye close,
Lye close, I say—he fights aloft, and strongly;
Close for thy life—a——o' that fell Buffet:
Retire and gather Breath; ye've Day enough, Knights—
Look lovely on him, Lady; to't again now.
Stand, stand, *Gomera*, stand—one blow for all now.
Gather thy strength together; God bless th' Woman:
Why, where's thy noble Heart? Heav'n bless the Lady:

All. Oh, oh!

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it. [quer'd—

Hold, hold—he yields: hold thy brave Sword, he's con-
He's thine, *Gomera*; now be joyful, Lady:
What could this Thief have done, had's Cause been equal?
He made my Heart-strings tremble.

Val. Off with's Cask there;

And Executioner, take you his Head next.

Abdel. Oh cursed Fortune! [Aside.

Gom. Stay, I beseech ye, Sir, and this one Honour
Grant me, I have deserv'd it; that this Villain
May live one day, to envy at my Justice,
That he may pine and die, before the Sword fall,
Viewing the Glory I have won her Goodness.

Val. He shall, and you the Harvest of your Valour
Shall reap, brave Sir, abundantly.

Gom. I've fav'd her,

(32) Preserv'd her spotless Worth from black Destruction,
(Her

(32) *Preserv'd her spotless Worth from black Destruction,*] If by
Worth the Poets mean her *worthy self*, to save that from Destruc-
tion, wou'd be only saying the same thing, with preserving

Her Youth, and Sweetness, from a timeless Ruin,

Three Lines below. But if by Worth be meant her *Fame and Cha-
racter,*

(Her white Name to Eternity deliver'd,
Her Youth, and Sweetness from a timeless Ruin.
Now, Lord *Valetta*, if this bloody Labour
May but deserve her Favour——

Mir. Stay, hear me first.

Val. Off with his Cask, this is *Miranda's* Voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine Eyes abuse me,
What makes he here thus?

Ori. Ah! the young *Miranda*?
Is he mine En'my too?

Mir. None has deserv'd her,
If Worth must carry it, and Service seek her,
But he that sav'd her Honour.

Gom. That's I, *Miranda*.

Mir. No, no, that's I, *Gomera*, be n't so forward;
In bargain for my Love, ye cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it; which is nobler?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did; fought it? that's a poor Desert, Sir,
They're bound to that; but then to make that Fight
sure,

To do as I did, take all Danger from it,
Suffer that Coldness, that must call me now
Into Disgrace for ever, into Pity——

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve her from Hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no Hazard should come near her.

Gom. 'Twas I defy'd *Mountferrat*.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You'd had a dark Day else; 'twas I defy'd
His Conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave Defiance.

Gom. My Life and Honour
At stake I laid.

Mir. My Care, and Truth lay'd by it,
Lest that Stake might be lost: I have deserv'd her,

after, I then should think *Destruction* a Corruption, and would propose reading the Line so,

Preserv'd her spotless Worth from black Detraction.

And

And none but I; the Lady might have perish'd,
 Had fell *Mountferrat* struck it, from whose Malice
 With Cunning and bold Confidence I catch'd it,
 And 'twas high time—and such a Service, Lady,
 For you, and for your Innocence—for who knows
 Not th' all-devouring Sword of fierce *Mountferrat*?
 I shew'd what I could do, had I been spiteful,
 Or Master but of half the Poison he bears, [Madam,
 (Hell take his Heart for't) and beshrew these Hands,
 With all my Heart, I wish a Mischief on 'em,
 They made ye once look sad; such another Fright
 I would not put ye in; (33) to own the Island;
 Yet pardon me, 'twas but to shew a Soldier,
 Which, when I'd done, I ended your poor Coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base Knight, *Mount-*
ferrat——

Abd. I hope he's far enough, if's Man be trusty;
 [Aside.

This was a strange Misfortune; I must not know it.

Val. That most deboshed Knight—— come down sweet
 Sister,

My spotless Sister, now pray thank these Gentlemen,
 They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of ye,
 Both excellently, dearly, both all th' Honour,
 All the Respect and Favour——

Ori. Both shall have it;

And as my Life, their Memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye're both true Knights, and both most worthy
 Lovers;

Here stands a Lady ripen'd with your Service,
 Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable:
 'Tis my Will she shall marry, marry now, [sets
 And one of you; (she cannot take more nobly) your De-
 Begot this Will, and bred it; both her Beauty
 Cannot enjoy; dare ye make me your Umpire?

Gom. Mir. With all our Souls.

(33) Thus the first Folio: The Octavo,

—— to owe the Island;

'Tis no matter which way we read, they are equally good.

Val.

Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.

Gom. Oh that were, Sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little Sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.

Comera, you're a brave accomplish'd Gentleman;
A braver no where lives than is *Miranda*.

In the white way of Virtue, and true Valour,
Ye've been a Pilgrim long; yet no Man farther
Has trod those thorny Steps, than young *Miranda*:
You're gentle, he is Gentleness it self; Experience
Calls you her Brother; this her hopeful Heir.

Nor. The young Man now, an't be thy Will.

Val. Your Hand, Sir;
You undertook first; nobly undertook
This Lady's Cause; you made it good, and fought it,
You must be serv'd first, take her and enjoy her,
I give her to you, kiss her; are you pleas'd now?

Gom. My Joy's so much I cannot speak.

Val. Nay, fairest Sir,
You must not be displeas'd; you break your Promise.

Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, Sir,
Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I've provided
A bitter Match for you, more full of Beauty;
I'll wed ye to our Order: There's a Mistress,
Whose Beauty ne'er decays, Time stands below her,
Whose Honour, *Ermin-like*, can never suffer
Spot, or black Soil, and whose eternal Blue
Fame brings up at her Breasts, and leaves 'em fainted,
Her you shall marry.

Mir. I most humbly thank ye.

Val. Saint *Thomas' Fort*, a Charge of no small Value,
I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble Spirits; and to breed ye pious,
I'll send ye a Probation Robe, wear that
Till ye shall please to be our Brother—how now?

Enter Astorius.

Asto. *Mountferrat's* fled, Sir.

Val.

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Val. Let him go a while
 'Till we have done these Rites, and seen these coupled:
 His Mischief now lyes open: Come all, Friends now,
 And so let's march to th' Temple, sound those Instruments,
 That were the Signal to a Day of Blood,
 Evil beginning Hours may end in good. [Flourish.]

Nor. Come, we'll have Wenches, Man, and all brave
 things;

— Let her go, we'll want no Mistresses,
 Good Swords, and good strong Armours.

Mir. Those are best, Captain.

Nor. And fight 'till Queens be in Love with us, and
 run after us,

I'll see ye at the Fort within these two Days,
 And let's be merry prithee.

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why that's well said; I like a good Heart truly.
[Exeunt.]

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

*Enter Norandine and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers
 above.*

Ser. THE Day's not yet broke, Sir.

Nor. 'Tis th' cooler riding,
 I must go see *Miranda*; bring my Horse
 Round to the South Port: I'll out here at th' Beach,
 And meet ye at the end o' th' Sycamores:
 'Tis a sweet Walk, and if the Wind be stirring
 Serves like a Fan to cool.

Ser. Which walk?

Nor. Why that, Sir,

Where the fine City Dames meet to make Matches.

Ser. I know it. [Exit.]

[Corporal and Watch above, singing.]

SONG.

S O N G.

1. **S**IT Soldiers, sit and sing, the Round is clear,
And Cock-a-looodle-looe tells us the Day is near.
Each tofs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
2. To thee a full Pot, my little Lance-presado,
And when thou'st done, a Pipe of Trinidado.
Our Glass of Life runs Wine, the Vintner slinks it,
Whilst with his Wife the frolick Soldier drinks it.
3. The Drums beat, Ensigns wave, and Cannons thump it;
Our Game is Ruffe, and the best Heart doth trump it:
Each tofs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
4. I'll pledge thee my Corporal, were it a Flagon,
After Watch fiercer, than George did the Dragon;
What Blood we lose i' th' Town, we gain i' th' Tuns,
Furr'd Gowns, and flat Caps, give the Wall to Guns.
Each tofs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.

Nor. Speed ye then; what Mirth is this?
The Watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it:
These are brave careless Rogues; I'll hear the Song out:
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry Companions:
Here's notable Order, now for a Trick to tame ye——
Owgh, owgh.

1 Watch. Hark, hark, what's that below us, who goes
there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

2 Watch. 'Tis a Bear broke loose; pray call the Corporal.

1 Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat Sow. 2 Watch. I
see her now,

And five fine Pigs. Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Enter Corporal.

Cor. Now what's the Matter?

1 Watch. Here's the great fat Sow, Corporal,
The Dutchman's Sow, and all the Pigs, brave fat Pigs;
You have been wishing long, she would break loose.

Nor.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. 'Tis she indeed, there's a white Pig now fucking?
Look, look, d'you see it, Sirs?

1 Watch. Yes, very well, Sir.

Cor. A notable fat whoreson; come two of ye,
Go down with me, we'll have a tickling Breakfast.

2 Watch. Let's eat 'em at the *Cross*.

Cor. There's the best Liquor.

Nor. I'll liquour some of ye, ye lazy Rogues,
Your Minds are of nothing but eating and swilling:
What a sweet Beast they've made of me? A Sow?
Hog upon Hog, I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Cor. Go softly, and fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

1 Watch. Bless me.

Cor. Why, what's the Matter?

1 Watch. Oh the Devil!

The Devil, as high as a Steeple.

2 Watch. There he goes, Corporal,

His Feet are cloven too. *Cor.* Stand, stand, I say:
Death, how I shake? Where be your Muskets?

1 Watch. There's no good of them:

Where be our Prayers, Man?

2 Watch. Lord, how he stalks: speak to him Corporal.

Cor. Why, what a Devil art thou.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. A dumb Devil,

The worst Devil that could come, a dumb Devil.

Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me,

I' th' Name of—speak, what art thou? —speak Devil,

Or I'll put a Plumb in your Belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

Cor. Fie, fie, in what a Sweat am I! Lord bless me,
My Musket's gone too, I am not able to stir it.

Nor. Who goes there? Stand, speak.

Cor. Sure I am enchanted.

Yet here's my Halbert still; nay, who goes there, Sir?

What, have I lost my self? What are ye?

Nor. The Guard.

Cor.

Cor. Why, what are we then? he's not half so long now,
Nor h'as no Tail at all; I shake still damnably.

Nor. The Word.

Cor. Have Mercy on me, what Word does he mean?
I prithee Devil, if thou be'st the Devil, do not
Make an Ass of me, for I remember yet
As well as I am here, I am the Corporal,
I'll lay my Life on't, Devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd.

Cor. That's all one; but am not I th' Corporal?
I'd give a thousand Pound to be resolv'd now;
Had I Soldiers here?

Nor. No, not a Man,
Thou art debosh'd, and cozen'd.

Cor. That may be,
It may be I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my Hand?

Nor. No, 'tis a *May-pole*.

Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.

Nor. Ye are an arrant Rascal;
You Corporal of a Watch? *Cor.* 'Tis the *Dane's* Voice;
You are no Devil then. *Nor.* No, nor no Sow, Sir.

Cor. Of that I am right glad, Sir, I was ne'er
So frighted in my Life, as I am a Soldier.

Nor. Tall Watchmen,
A Guard for a Goose, you sing away your Centries.
A careful Company; let me out o' th' Port here,
I was a little merry with your Worships;
And keep your Guards strong, tho' the Devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring y' into your Wits again.
Go off no more to hunt Pigs; such another Trick,
And you will hunt the Gallows.

Cor. Pray Sir, pardon us:
And let the Devil come next, I'll make him stand
Or make him stink.

Nor. Do, do your Duty truly.

(34) Come let me out, and come away ; no more Rage.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Abdella with a Letter, and Rocca.

Abd. Write thus to me? h'ath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own Cause ; yet to free himself,
He now ascribes the Fault to me.

Rock. I know not
What he hath done ; but what he now desires,
His Letters have inform'd you.

Abd. Yes, he is
Too well acquainted with the Power he holds
Over my mad Affections: I want time
To write ; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong Resolutions,
Than he hath shown himself in his ; or thought
There was a Hell hereafter, or a Heav'n
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further ; bid him yet take Comfort ;
(35) For something I will do, the Devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this Nuptial Knot of Love,
And make way for his Wishes ; in the mean time

(34) *Come let me out, and come away ; no more Rage.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Abdella with a Letter and Rocca.

Abdella. *Write thus to me ?*] If this latter part of the Line belong to *Norandine*, 'tis strangely odd ; for why must he say *no more Rage*? This implies, that the Corporal and the Guard had been in one before, which the Reader knows is so far from true, that they were frighted with the mimic Grunt of a Hog, and took it for the Devil ; but supposing *Abdella* had been storming at *Mountferrat's* Letter, some time before *Rocca's* and her coming upon the Stage, these mollifying words of his to her will be exceedingly in Character, and highly proper to introduce the angry Speech of *Abdella*.

(35) *For something I would do, —*] *Would*, which confounds the Sense, I have changed for *will*, upon the Authority of the 1647 Edition.

Let

Let him lye close, for he is strictly fought for,
And practice to love her, that for his Ends
Scorns Fear and Danger.

Enter Oriana and Velleda.

Roc. All this I will tell him. [*Exit Rocca.*]

Abd. Do so; farewell. My Lady, with my Fellow,
So earnest in Discourse! What-e'er it be,
I'll second it.

Vel. He's such a noble Husband,
In every Circumstance so truly loving,
That I might say, and without Flatt'ry, Madam,
The Sun sees not a Lady but yourself
That can deserve him.

Abd. Of all Men I say
That dare (for 'tis a desperate Adventure)
Wear on their free Necks the sweet Yoak of Woman,
(For they that do repine, are no true Husbands)
Give me a Soldier.

Ori. Why, are they more loving
Than other Men?

Abd. And love too with more Judgment;
For, but observe, your Courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly, than his Lady:
His Baths, Perfumes, nay Paintings too, more costly,
Than his Frugality will allow to her;
His Cloaths as chargeable, and grant him but
A thing without a Beard, and he may pass
At all times for a Woman, and with some
Have better Welcome: Now, your Man of Lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant
Breaks oftner for the Debt he owes his Wife,
Than with his Creditors, and that's the Reason
She looks elsewhere for Payment: Now your Soldier —

Vel. Ay marry, do him right.

Abd. First, who has one,
Has a Perpetual Guard upon her Honour;
For while he wears a Sword, Slander herself
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home

Like a great Queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her Tribute from all parts ; which being brought home,
He lays it at her Feet, and seeks no further
For his Reward, than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own Exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest.

Abd. Why, we may speak of that we're glad to taste of,
Among our selves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, Madam ? You have found it some-
thing ;

Or with the raising up this pretty Mount here,
My Lord hath dealt with Sprites.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours absent ?

Gom. Thy Pardon, Sweet : I have been looking on
The Prize that was brought in by the brave *Dane*,
The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought something,
That may be thou wilt like of ; but one kiss,
And then possess my Purchase : There's a piece
Of Cloth of Tissue, this of purple Velvet,
And as they swear, of the right *Tyrian* dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit :
If they are worth thy use, wear them ; if not,
Bestow them on thy Women.

Abd. Here's the Husband.

Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea,
Thou shalt want nothing ; 'tis a Soldier's glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His Mistress in full Lustre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the Prize dispos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assur'd, it would have been
A welcome Present.

Ori. Pray you say, what was it ?

Gom. A *Turkish* Captive of incomparable Beauty,
And without question, in her Country noble ;

Which

Which, as Companion to thy faithful *Moor*,
I would have giv'n thee for thy Slave. *Ori.* But was she
Of such an exquisite form? *Gom.* Most Exquisite.

Ori. And well descended?

Gom. So the Habit promis'd,
In which she was ta'en.

Ori. Of what Years?

Gom. 'Tis said
A Virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might ha' th' means
T'entertain her gently.

Gom. She is now *Miranda's*,
And I've heard, made it her suit to be so.

Ori. *Miranda's*? then her Fate deserves not Pity,
But Envy rather.

Gom. Envy, *Oriana*?

Ori. Yes, and their Envy that live free.

Gom. How's this?

Ori. Why, she's fall'n into the hands of one,
So full of that, which in Men we stile Goodness,
That in her being his Slave, she's happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the *Sultan's* Mistrefs.

Gom. *Miranda* is indeed a Gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes, but yet
He hath his Equals.

Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for Travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the Scale, or parallell'd,
In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*;
His Knowledge in all Services of War
And ready Courage to put into act
That knowing Judgment, as you are a Soldier
You best may speak of. Nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And Heav'n did well, in such a lovely Feature
To place so chaste a Mind; for he is of
So sweet a Carriage, such a winning Nature,
And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd Behaviour;

And to all these, h'as such a charming Tongue,
That if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental Trophies might he raise,
Of his free Conquests, made in Ladies favours?

Gom. Yet did not you resist him, when he was
An earnest Suitor to you.

Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again fought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the Fate
That did appoint me yours, than any Power
Which I can call mine own.

Gom. E'en so?

Abd. Thanks, Fortune,
The Plot I'd, to raise in him Doubts of her,
Thou hast effected.

Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him, with what reason.
In thankfulness, he may expect from me
All due observance; but I pass that; as
A benefit, for which, in my behalf,
You are his Debtor.

Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.

Ori. He is not in the City,
Is he, my Lord?

Gom. Who, Lady?

Ori. Why *Miranda*,
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?

Gom. This is somewhat more [*Aside.*
Than Love to Virtue.

Ori. Faith when he comes hither,
(As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him,)
Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori. To Dine with us,
Or Sup.

Gom. And then to take a hard Bed with you;
Mean you not so?

Ori. If you could win him to it,

'Twould

'Twould be the better ; for his Entertainment,
Leave that to me, he shall find noble Usage,
And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never
Heard of a *Roman Lady, Oriana,*
Remembred as a Precedent for Matrons,
(Chast ones, I pray you understand) whose Husband,
Tax'd for his sow'r Breath by his Enemy,
Condemn'd his Wife, for not acquainting him
With his Infirmary?

Ori. 'Tis a common one ;
Her Answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general Disease
All Men were subject to ; but what infer you
From that, my Lord ?

Gom. Why, that this virtuous Lady
Had all her Thoughts so fix'd upon her Lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing Praises
Of any other ; nor would she imploy
Her Husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an Instrument
To bring home younger Men that might delight her
With their Discourse, or——

Ori. What, my Lord ?

Gom. Their Persons,
Or if I should speak plainer——

Ori. No it needs not,
You've said enough to make my Innocence know
It is suspected.

Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion ; could you else,
To me that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discov'ry, that your Lust
Had sold that Heart, I thought mine, to *Miranda* ?
Or rise to such a height in Impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The Wittal, or the Pander ?

Ori. Do not study
To print more Wounds, (for that were Tyranny)

Upon a Heart that is pierc'd through already.

Gom. Thy Heart? thou hast pierc'd thro' mine Honour, false one,

The Honour of my House; Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked Woman: For thy sake, vile Creature,
(36) For all I have done well in, in my Life,
I've dig'd a Grave, all buried in a Wife;
For thee I have defy'd my constant Mistress,
That never fail'd her Servant, glorious War;
For thee refus'd the Fellowship of an Order
Which Princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from *Jerusalem*:
And am I thus rewarded?

Vel. By all Goodness

You wrong my Lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best: Repent your Rashness,
'Twill show well in you.

Abd. Do, and ask her Pardon.

Ori. No, I have liv'd too long, to have my Faith,
My try'd Faith, call'd in question, and by him
That should know true Affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin;
Study Ingratitude, all, from my Example;
For to be thankful now, is to be false.
But be't so, let me dye, I see you wish it;
Yet dead for truth, and pitie's sake, report
What Weapon you made choice of, when you kill'd me.

Vel. She faints.

Abd. What have ye done?

Ori. My last Breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my Death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn delivered for the doubtful Issue
Of a suspected Mother. [*She swoons.*

Vel. Oh, she's gone.

(36) *For all I have done well, in my Life,]* The deficient Measure
of this Verse I have filled up from the Copy of the earliest Date.

Abd.

Abd. For ever gone. Are you a Man?

Gom. I grow here.

Abd. Open her Mouth, and pour this Cordial in it;
If any spark of Life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.

Vel. 'Tis all in vain,
She's stiff already: Live I, and she dead?

Gom. How like a Murtherer I stand? look up,
And hear me curse my self, or but behold
The Vengeance I will take for't, *Oriana*,
And then in peace forsake me: Jealousie,
Thou loathsome Vomit of the Fiends below,
What desp'rate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my Heart, and Soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in Death find ease; and does my fault then
Deserve no greater Punishment? No, I'll live
To keep thee for a Fury to torment me,
And make me know what Hell is on the Earth:
All Joys and Hopes forsake me; all Men's Malice,
And all the Plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me: let my Tears be laught at,
And may mine En'mies smile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitied of none. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you, Sir, why was th' Ordnance o' the Fort
Discharg'd so suddenly?

Col. 'Twas the Governor's pleasure,
In honour of the *Dane*, a Custom us'd,
To speak a Soldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one:
But is my Master here too?

Col. Three days since.

Luc. Might I demand without offence so much,
Is't Pride in him (however now a Slave)
That I am not admitted to his Prefence?

Col. His courtesie to you, and to Mankind,
May easily resolve you, he is free

From

From that poor Vice which only empty Men
Esteem a Virtue.

Luc. What's the Reason then,
As you imagine, Sir?

(37) *Col.* Why I will tell you ;
You are a Woman of a tempting Beauty,
And he, however virtuous is a Man,
Subject to human frailties ; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant ; and therefore chuses
With care t'avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare Temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto

Luc. This much increases
My strong Desire to see him.

Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worship,
That you are such a Man's, who though he may
Do any thing which Youth and heat of Blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them :
Your Entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present Fortune ; and if all those Tears
Which made Grief lovely in you, i' th' relation
Of the sad Story that forc'd me to weep too,
Your Husband's hard Fate, were not counterfeit ;
You should rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaste Life to his Memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he liv'd, he could not taste of ;
But if you wantonly bestow them on
Another Man, you offer violence
To him, though dead ; and his griev'd Sprite will suffer
For your immodest Looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,
My willingness to look on him, to whom
I owe my Life and Service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too,

(37) *Col.* *Why I will tell you ;*] We are again beholden here to the
Folio of 1647. The other Books write,

Why I tell you.

And

And in the Confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This Night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his Chamber, (38) to what end
I easily should guess, was I *Lucinda*;
And therefore, though I can yield little reason,
(But in a general love to Womens goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your Honour,
I willingly would bestow some Counsel of you,
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve you.

Col. My Advice then
Is, that you would not, (as most Ladies use
When they prepare themselves for such Encounters)
Study to add, by artificial Dressings,
To native Excellence; yours, without help,
But seen as it is now, would make a Hermit
Leave his Death's Head, and change his after hopes
Of endless Comforts, for a few short Minutes
Of present Pleasures; to prevent which, Lady,
Practice to take away from your Perfections,
And to preserve your Chastity unstain'd;
The most deform'd Shape that you can put on,
To cloud your Body's fair Gifts, or your Mind's,
(It being laboured to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest Ornament.

Luc. To take from
The Workmanship of Heav'n is an Offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which, I'll not be guilty: Chastity
That lodges in Deformity, appears rather
A Mulct impos'd by Nature, than a Blessing;

(38) ————— to what end

I easily should guess, were I Miranda;] Before we condemn this *Miranda*, let us put the Sense of this Passage into plain Prose. You are intended to be brought into *Miranda's* Chamber this Night, says *Calenna* to *Lucinda*, and if I was *Miranda*, I cou'd easily guess for what end, &c. i. e. if I sent for you, I could surely tell why I sent for you. Is not this mighty elegant? I doubt not but my reader sees where the Fault lies, and has made the Correction for me,

I easily should guess, was I Lucinda.

And's

348 *The Knight of Malta.*

And's commendable only when it conquers,
 Though ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance :
 For me, I'll therefore so dispose my self,
 That if I hold out, it shall be with Honour ;
 Or if I yield, *Miranda* shall find something
 To make him love his Vict'ry.

[*Exit.*

Col. With what cunning
 This Woman argues for her own Damnation?
 Nor should I hold it for a Miracle,
 Since they are all born *Sophisters* to maintain
 That Lust is lawful, and the end and use
 Of their Creation ; would I never had
 Hop'd better of her, or could not believe ;
 Though seen the Ruin, I must ever grieve.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Servants with Lights.

Mir. I'll see you in your Chamber.

Nor. Pray ye no farther :

It is a Ceremony I expect not,
 I am no Stranger here, I know my Lodging,
 And have slept soundly there, when the *Turks* Cannon
 Play'd thick upon it : O 'twas Royal Musick,
 And to procure a sound Sleep for a Soldier,
 (39) Worth forty of your Fiddles. As you love me,
 Press it no farther.

Mir. You will overcome.

Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I've took, since Supper,
 A Rouse or two too much, and by——
 It warms my Blood.

Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.

Nor.——On't, I should, had but I a kind Wench
 To pull my Boot-hose off, and warm my Night-Cap,
 There's no Charm like't : I love old *Adam's* way ;
 Give me a diligent *Eve*, to wait towards bed-time,

(39) *Worth forty of our Fiddles.*——] I have given what I take
 to be the true Reading from the oldest Folio.

Hang

Hang up your smooth Chin Page ; and now I think on't,
Where is your *Turkish* Pris'ner ?

Mir. In the Castle,
But yet I never saw her.

Nor. Fie upon you :
See her for Shame ; or hark ye, if you would
Perform the Friend's part to me, the Friend's part,
It being a Fashion of the last Edition,
From Panderism far, now send her to me——
(40) You look strange on't, no Entertainment's perfect
Without it on my Word, no Livery like it ;
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his Fee,—There's no Suit got without it,
Gold is an As to't.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed.

Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her ;
If not, the Sin lye on your Head. Good night.

[*Exit Nor. and Servants.*]

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

Col. There you shall find him, Lady ; you know what
I've said,
And if you please you may make use.

Luc. No doubt, Sir.

Col. From hence I shall hear all. [*He retires.*]

Mir. Come hither young one——
Beshrew my Heart, a handsome Wench ; come nearer,——
A very handsome one ; do not you grieve, Sweet,
You are a Prisoner ?

Luc. The loss of Liberty,
No doubt, Sir, is a heavy and sharp Burden

(40) *Nor.* *You look strange on't, no Entertainment's perfect
Without it on my Word, no Livery like it ;*

The Passage

*I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his Fee——*

which I have recovered from the Folio of the oldest date is not to be found in the succeeding Editions ; but I must confess I don't understand the latter part of the Speech any more than I know reason why the Editors of the Copies of 1679 and 1711, thought proper to drop it.

To

To them that feel it truly : But your Servant,
Your humble Handmaid, never felt that Rigour,
Thanks to that noble Will ; no Want, no Hunger
(Companions still to Slaves) no Violence,
Nor any unbecoming Act, we start at,
Have I yet met with ; all Content and Goodness,
Civility, and Sweetness of Behaviour
Dwell round about me ; therefore, worthy Master,
I cannot say I grieve my Liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a Soldier,
Too obstinate an Enemy to Youth,
That had so fair a Jewel in my Cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can she say now ?

Luc. Sir I desir'd to see ye,
And with a longing Wish——

Col. There's all her Virtue.

Luc. Pursu'd that full Desire to give ye Thanks, Sir,
The only Sacrifice I've left, and Service,
For all the virtuous Care you've kept me safe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty Fool speaks finely :
Come, sit down here.

Luc. O Sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mir. I'll have it so ; sit close, now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet ?

Luc. (41) My Years will answer that, Sir.

Mir. And did you then love truly ?

Luc. So I thought, Sir.

Mir. Can ye love me so ?

Col. Now !

Luc. With all my Duty ;

(41) *My Years will answer that, Sir.*] But what will her Years answer ? Is it a Consequence, that because she is young, therefore she must have been in Love ? The Alteration of a Letter, which is but a small Change, will seemingly set all right :

My Tears will answer that,——

i. e. Her Tears for the Loss of her Husband, which 'tis natural to suppose she might burst into, upon *Miranda's* Question,

Did you e'er love yet ?

I were unworthy of those Favours else,
You daily shower on me.

Mir. What think'st thou of me?

Luc. I think ye are a truly worthy Gentleman,
A Pattern, and a Pride to th' Age ye live in,
Sweet as the Commendations all Men give ye. [Man

Mir. A pretty flatt'ring Rogue, dare ye kiss that sweet
Ye speak so sweetly of? Come.

Col. Farewel Virtue. [more.

Mir. What hast thou got between thy Lips? kiss once
Sure thou hast a Spell there.

Luc. More than e'er I knew, Sir.

Col. All Hopes go now. [hear me,

Mir. I must tell you a thing in your Ear, and you must
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too,
'Twill not be worth my asking else.

Luc. It must be
A very hard thing, Sir, and from my Power,
I shall deny your Goodness

Mir. 'Tis a good Wench; I must lye with ye, Lady.

Luc. 'Tis something strange:
For yet in all my Life I knew no Bedfellow.

Mir. You'll quickly find that Knowledge.

Luc. To what end, Sir?

Mir. Art thou so innocent, thou canst not guess at it?
Did thy Dreams ne'er direct thee?

Luc. 'Faith none yet, Sir. [sure;

Mir. I'll tell thee then; I'd meet thy Youth, and Plea-
Give thee my Youth for that; by Heav'n she fires me;
And teach thy fair white Arms, like wanton Ivies,
A thousand new Embraces.

Luc. Is that all, Sir?
And say I should try, may not we lye quietly?
Upon my Conscience I could.

Mir. That's as we make it. [then?

Luc. Grant that, that likes ye best, what would ye do

Mir. What would I do? certainly I'm no Baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine Ear.

Luc. Fie, fie, Sir.

Mir. I would get a brave Boy on thee,
A warlike Boy.

Luc.

Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.

Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.

Luc. Sweet Master.

Col. Never belief in Woman come near me more.

Luc. My best and noblest Sir, if a poor Virgin,
(For yet by—I'm so) should chance so far
(42) (Seeing your Excellence, and able Sweetness)
To forget herself, and slip into your Bosome,
Or to your Bed, out of a doating on ye,
Take it the best way; have you that cruel Heart,
That murd'ring Mind to?—

Mir. Yes, by my troth, Sweet, have I,
To lye with her.

Luc. And do you think it well done? [Wench,

Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done; come to bed,
For thou'rt so pretty, and so witty a Companion,
We must not part to Night. *Luc.* Faith let me go,
Sir, and think better on't. *Mir.* I'faith thou shalt not;
I warrant thee I'll think on't.

Luc. I've heard 'em say here,
You are a Maid too.

Mir. I am sure I am, Wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc. I have seen a Wonder.
And would you lose that, for a little Wantonness,
(Consider my sweet Master, like a Man, now)
For a few hony'd Kiffes, slight Embraces,
That Glory of your Youth? that Crown of Sweetness
Can ye deliver? That unvalued Treasure
Would ye forsake, to seek your own Dishonour,
What gone, no Age recovers, nor Repentance,
To a poor Stranger?

Col. Hold there again, thou'rt perfect.

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mir. And I know
I'll try y' a great deal farther; prithee to bed:

(42) (*Seeing your Excellence, and able Sweetness*)] I have not any clear Idea of *able Sweetness*, perhaps we shou'd read *amiable*, 'tis true the Measure reclaims against, tho' the Sense seems to demand it. But the Reader is left to his choice.

I love thee, and so well—Come kiss me once more ;
Is a Maiden-head ill bestow'd o' me ?

Luc. What's this, Sir ? *[Taking hold of his Cross.*

Mir. Why, 'tis the Badge, Sweet, of that holy Order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of *Malta.*

Luc. What Virtue has it ?

Mir. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first ?

Mir. He that gave all, to save us.

Luc. Why then 'tis holy too ?

Mir. True Sign of Holiness,

The Badge of all his Soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The Badge of all his Soldiers that profess him !
Can't save in Dangers ?

Mir. Yes,

Luc. In Troubles, comfort ?

Mir. You say true, Sweet.

Luc. In Sicknes, restore Health ?

Mir. All this it can do.

Luc. Preserve from Evils that afflict our Frailties ?

Mir. I hope she will be Christian ; all these truly.

Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to Death with Lust ?
In danger to be lost ? No holy Thought,
In all that Heart ? nothing but wandring Frailties
Wild as the Wind, and blind as Death or Ignorance,
Inhabit there.

Mir. Forgive me Heav'n, she says true: *[ness ?*

Luc. Dare ye profess that badge, prophane that Good-

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thy self again, most rarely.

Luc. That Holiness and Truth ye make me wonder at ?
Blast all the Bounty Heav'n gives ? that Remembrance—

Col. O excellent Woman.

Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
If ye be thus resolv'd ; I see a Virtue
Appear in't like a Sword, both Edges flaming,
That will consume ye, and your Thoughts, to Ashes :
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of Thought, that build the Cross,
Not those that break it ; by——if ye touch me,
Ev'n in the Act, I'll make that Cross, and curse ye.

Mir. You shall not, Fair; I did dissemble with ye,
And but to try your Faith, I fashion'd all this;
Yet something you provok'd me: This fair Cross,
By me (if he but please to help, first gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a Heart corrupted;
Go to your Rest, my modest, honest Servant,
My fair and virtuous Maid, and sleep secure there,
For when you suffer, I forget this Sign here.

Col. A Man of Men too: O most perfect Gentleman!

Luc. All sweet Rest to you, Sir; I'm half a Christian,
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, Sir.

Mir. This is the foulest Play I'll shew; good night,
Sweet. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Mountferrat and Rocca.

Mount. **T**HE Sun's not set yet?

Roc. No, Sir.

Mount. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the World.
And yet, to what vain Purpose do I wish it,
Since though I were environ'd with thick Mists,
Black as *Cymerian* Darknes, or my Crimes,
There is that here, upon which as an Anvil
Ten thousand Hammers strike, and every Spark
They force from it, to me's another Sun
To light me to my Shame?

Roc. Take Hope and Comfort.

Mount. They're Aids indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: This Cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature, in this solid Rock
To be a Den for Beasts, alone receives me,
And having prov'd an Enemy to Mankind,
All human helps forsake me.

Roc. I'll ne'er leave you,
And wish you would call back that noble Courage,

That

That old invincible Fortitude of yours
That us'd to shrink at nothing.

Mount. Then it did not,
But 'twas when I was honest ; then i' th' height
Of all my Happiness, of all my Glories,
Of all Delights, that made Life precious to me,
I durst die, *Rocca* ; Death itself then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The Fame of a good Knight would ever live
Fresh on my Memory ; but since I fell
From my Integrity, and dismiss'd those Guards,
Those strong Assurances of Innocence,
That Constancy fled from me, and what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to my self ; and Life
A Burthen to me, rack'd with sad Remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present Horrors
Unfufferable to me, tortur'd with Despair
That I shall ne'er find Mercy : Hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched Being.

Enter Abdella.

Roc. To see this would deter a doubtful Man
(43) From mischievous Intents, much more the Practice
Of what is wicked : Here's the *Moor*, look up Sir,
Some Ease may come from her.

Mount. New Trouble rather,
And I expect it.

Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat* ?
Rise up for Shame, and like a River dry'd up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea,
Receive those Tides of Comfort that flow to you ;
If ever I look'd lovely, if Desert
Could ever challenge welcome ; if Revenge,
And unexpected Wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the Giver of such Blessings,
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,

(43) *From mischievous Events, —*] Tho' this reading may be defended, yet I have chose to adopt *Intents* from the first Folio Edition.

Make Challenge of those so long wish'd Embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto deny'd me.

Mount. Why, what have you done for me?

Abd. Made Gomera

As truly mis'erable, as you thought him happy;
Could you wish more?

Mount. As if his Sickness could
Recover me; the Injuries I receiv'd
Were *Oriana's*.

Abd. She has paid dear for 'em,
She's dead.

Mount. How?

Abd. Dead; my Hate could reach no farther:
Taking Advantage of her in a Swoon,
Under Pretence to give a Cordial to her
I poison'd her: What stupid Dulness is this?
What you should entertain with Sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?

Mount. Bloody Deeds

Are grateful Offerings, pleasing to the Devil,
And thou, in thy black Shape, and blacker Actions,
Being Hell's perfect Character, art delighted
(44) To do what I, though infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear; thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All Means to make amends with Penitence,
To her wrong'd Virtues, and dispoil'd me of
The poor Remainder of that Hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.

Abd. I did it for the best.

Mir. For thy worst Ends,
And be assur'd but that, I think, to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy Despair must force thee
To do unto thy self, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd Damnation, thou wert dead now.
But get thee from my Sight; and if Lust of me
Did ever fire thee (Love I cannot call it)

(44) *To do what I thought*—] This nonsensical Reading both
Mr. Seward and my self rejected for *though*, before we saw the Copy
of 1647, which happily confirmed our Conjecture.

Leap down from those steep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next Tree to hang thy self, and then
I may laugh at it. *Abd.* In the mean time I must
Be bold, to do so much for you ; ha, ha.

Mount. Why grin'st thou, Devil ?

Abd. That 'tis in my power
To punish thy Ingratitude ; I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I
Know I'm us'd only for a Property,
I can and will revenge it to the full.
For understand in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.

Mount. Why, lives she ?

Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy Possession,
As to remove this Rush ; which yet despair of :
For by my much wrong'd Love, Flattery, nor Threats,
Tears, Prayers, nor Vows, shall ever win me to it :
So with my Curse I leave thee.

Mount. Prithee stay,
Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me.

Abd. To persuade me
To break my Neck, to hang, then damn my self,
With you are Trifles.

Mount. 'Twas my Melancholy
That made me speak I know not what ; forgive,
I will redeem my fault.

Roc. Believe him, Lady.

Mount. A thousand times I will demand thy Pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy Lips with Kisses.

Abd. There's something else, that would prevail more
with me.

Mount. Thou shalt have all thy wishes, do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad Desires
For once in *Oriana*, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my best *Abdella*.

Abd. Were I assur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her——

Mount. Any thing: make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.

Mount. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.

Abd. Then know
It was not Poison, but a sleeping Potion
Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her Senses, that no sign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,
In her best Habit, as the Custom is
You know in *Malta*, with all Ceremonies
She's buried in her Family's Monument,
I' th' Temple of St. *John*; I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguis'd; some six hours hence
The Potion will leave working.

Roc. Let us haste then.

Mount. Be my good Angel, guide me.

Abd. But remember
You keep your Oath.

Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake.

Abd. I ask no more.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E H.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Colonna.

Col. Here, Sir, I've got the Key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the Door is open.

Mir. Look to the Horses then, and please the Fellow.
After a few Devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off, there may be some use of ye,
Give me the Light: Come Friend, a few good Prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, e'en from you, Sir.
Men that are bred in Blood, have no way left 'em,

No

No Bath, no Purge, no Time to wear it out
Or wash it off, but Penitence, and Prayer :
I am to take the Order, and my Youth
Loaden I must confes with many Follies,
Circled and bound about with Sins as many
As in the House of Memory live Figures.
My Heart I'll open now, my Faults confes,
(45) And rise a new Man, Heav'n, I hope, t' a new life.

Nor. I have no great Devotion, at this instant,
But for a Prayer or two, I will not out Sir ;
Hold up your Finger when you've pray'd enough.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I shall ne'er pray alone sure,
I have been so us'd to answer the Clerk : would I had a
Cushion, for I shall ne'er make a good Hermit, and kneel
'till my Knees are Horn ; these Stones are plaguy hard ;
where shall I begin now ? for if I do not observe a method,
I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. What's that, Sir ? did ye hear ?

Mir. Ay ; to your Prayers.

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts, (46) 't has put me clean awry
now, I shall ne'er get in again—ha,— By Land, and
Water, all Children and all Women ; ay, there it was
I left.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Ne'er tell me, Sir,
Here's something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a Groan,
A dismal one,—— Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir ;
A Devil in the Wall.

Mir. 'Tis some Illusion
To fright us from Devotion—— Ori. Oh, oh.

(45) *And rise a new Man,*——] So Mr. Seward with me corrected the Text, and so reads the Copy of 1647.

(46) *'t has put me clean away now,*] To put one *away* from one's Prayers, is an odd Expression for putting out ; I conjectur'd that to make the Passage plainer we should read *awry*, but durst not have proposed it had it not been confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

Nor. Why 'tis here,

(47) The Spirit of a Huntsman choak'd with Butter :
Here's a new Tomb, new Trickments too.

Mir. For certain,

This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a Tablet

With Rhimes upon't.

Mir. I prithee read 'em, *Norandine.*

Nor. An Epi--- an Epi---taph, I think 'tis ; ay 'tis
taph, an Epitaph upon the most excell, excel---lent-
and---

Mir. Thou canst not read.

Nor. I've spoil'd mine Eyes with Gun-powder.

Mir. An Epitaph upon the most virtuous, and excel-
lent Lady, the Honour of Chastity, *Oriana.*

Nor. The grand Master's Sister? how a devil came she
here? when slipt she out o' th' way? the Stone's but half
upon her.

Mir. It is a sudden change : certain the mischief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her Heart-strings.

Nor. Would he were here, I'd be the Clerk my self,
And by this little light, I'd bury him alive here :
Here's no lamenting now. *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. There 'tis.

Mir. Sure from the Monument, the very Stone groans
for her.

Oh, dear Lady, blessing of Women, virtue of thy Sex ;
How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us.

Babbling and prating now converse with Women.

Nor. Sir, it rises, it looks up. [*She rises up.*]

Mir. Heav'n bless us.

Nor. It is in Woman's Cloaths, it rises higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders ; sure she lives, Sir.
'Tis she, 'tis *Oriana*, 'tis that Lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her? *Ori.* Where am I!

Mir. Stand still.

(47) *The Spirit of a Huntsman choak'd with Butter :*] As I can
see no Humour in an *Huntsman's being choak'd with Butter*, I make
no doubt of its being a Corruption for *Dutchman*, who are always
laugh'd at for eating such Quantities of oyl'd Butter. *T. Seward.*

Ori,

Ori. What Place is this?

Nor. She is as live as I am.

Ori. What smell of Earth, and rotten Bones, what dark Place?

Lord, whither am I carried?

Nor. How she stares,
And sets her Eyes on him.

Mir. How is't, dear Lady?
D' you know me? how she shakes?

Ori. You are a Man.

Mir. A Man that honours you.

Ori. A cruel Man,
Ye are all cruel; are you in your Grave too?
For there's no trusting cruel Man, above ground.

Nor. By'r Lady that goes hard.

Mir. To do you Service,
And to restore ye to the Joys you were in——

Ori. I was in Joys indeed, and hope——

Mir. She sinks again,
Again she's gone, she's gone; gone as a Shadow,
She sinks for ever, Friend.

Nor. She is cold now,
She's certainly departed, I must cry too.

Mir. The blessed Angels guide thee; put the Stone to,
Beauty thou'rt gone to Dust, Goodness to Ashes.

Nor. Pray take it well; we must all have our hours, Sir.

Mir. Ay, thus we are, and all our painted Glory,
A bubble that a Boy blows into th' Air,
And there it breaks.

Nor. I am glad ye fav'd her Honour yet.

Mir. Would I had fav'd her Life now too: Oh Heav'n,
For such a Blessing, such a timely Blessing!

O Friend, what dear content 'twould be, what Story
To keep my Name from Worms? *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. She lives again.

'Twas but a Trance.

Mir. Pray ye call my Man in presently,
Help with the Stone first, oh she stirs again.

Oh call my Man, away.

Nor. I fly, I fly, Sir.

[*Exit.*
Mir.

Mir. Upon my Knees, O Heav'n, O Heav'n, I thank thee,

Enter Colonna, and Norandine.

The living heat steals into every Member ;
Come, help the Coffin out softly, and suddenly ;
Where is the Clerk ?

Col. Drunk above ; he is sure, Sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your Soul, Sir.

Mir. Softly good Friend, take her into your Arms.

Nor. Put in the cruff again.

Mir. And bring her out there, when I am a Horseback
My Man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort ; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what Enquiry's for the Body.

Nor. Well, Sir.

Mir. And when y' have done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh softly.

Nor. She grows warmer still, Sir.

Col. What shall I do with th' Key ?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now,

Leave it i'th' Door, go get the Horses ready. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, and Abdella with
a dark Lanthorn.*

Roc. The Door's already open, the Key in it.

Mount. What were those past by ?

Roc. Some scout of Soldiers, I think.

Mount. It may well be so, for I saw their Horses :
They saw not us, I hope. *Abd.* No, no, we were close,
Beside they were far off. *Mount.* What time of Night is't ?

Abd. Much about twelve, I think.

Roc. Let me go in first,
For by the leaving open of the Door here,
There may be some Body i'th' Church ; give me the
Lanthorn.

Abd. You'll love me now, I hope.

Mount.

Mount. Make that good to me
Your Promise is engag'd for.

Abd. Why she's there
Ready prepar'd, and much about this time
Life will look up again.

Roc. Come in, all's sure,
Not a Foot stirring, nor a Tongue.

Mount. Heav'n bless me,
I ne'er enter'd, with such unholy Thoughts,
This Place before.

Abd. Ye are a fearful Fool,
If Men have Appetites allowed 'em,
And warm Desires, are there not ends too for 'em?

Mount. Whither shall we carry her?

Roc. Why, to the Bark, Sir,
I have provided one already waits us ;
The Wind stands wondrous fair too for our Passage.

Abd. And there when ye've enjoy'd her, for ye've that
liberty,
Let me alone to send her to feed Fishes :
I'll no more figs for her.

Mount. Where is the Monument ?
Thou'rt sure she will awake about this time? *Abd.* Most
sure,

If she be n't knockt o'th' Head : give me the Lanthorn,
Here 'tis ; how's this, the Stone off?

Roc. Ay, and nothing
Within the Monument, that's worse ; no Body
I'm sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty Coffin.

Mount. No Lady ?

Roc. No, nor Lord, Sir,
This Pye has been cut up before.

Abd. Either the Devil
Must do these tricks ———

Mount. Or thou, thou damn'd one, worse
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud, of all my Afflictions ;
Thou night Hag, gotten when the bright Moon suffer'd ;
Thou Hell it self confin'd in Flesh ; what trick now ?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy mischief

Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
 Thou hast remov'd her Body, or by this holy Place
 This Sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
 A thousand thousand, strow thee o'er the Temple
 A Sacrifice to thy black Sire, the Devil.

Roc. Tell him, you see he's angry.

Abd. Let him burst,

Neither his Sword nor Anger do I shake at,
 Nor will I yield, to feed his poor Suspicions,
 His idle Jealousies, and mad Dogs heats,
 One thought against my self: Ye've done a brave deed,
 A manly, and a valiant piece of Service:
 When ye've kill'd me, reckon't amongst your Battels;
 I'm sorry y' are so poor, so weak a Gentleman,
 Able to stand no Fortune: I dispose of her?
 My Mischief make her away? a likely Project,
 I must play booty 'gainst my self; if any thing cros ye,
 I am the Devil, and the Devil's Heir,
 All Plagues, all Mischiefs——

Mount. Will ye leave and do yet?

Abd. I've done too much,

Far, far too much, for such a thankless Fellow:
 If I be Devil, you created me;
 I never knew those Arts, nor bloody Practices
 (——o' your cunning Heart, that Mine of mischief)
 Before your Flatt'ries won 'em into me.
 Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
 About this Hour to wake again.

Mount. Where is she?

This is the last demand.

Abd. Did I now know it,

And were I sure, this were my latest minute,
 I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curse thee.

Roc. I see a Light, stand close, and leave your angers,
 We all miscarry else.

Enter Gomera, and Page with a Torch.

Abd. I am now careless.

Mount. Peace, prithee peace, Sweet, peace, all Friends.

Abd. Stand close then.

Gom,

Gom. Wait there, Boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee :
 In darkness was my Soul and Senses clouded
 When my fair Jewel fell, the night of Jealousie
 In all her blackness drawn about my Judgment ;
 No light was let into me, to distinguish
 Betwixt my sudden Anger and her Honour ;
 A blind sad Pilgrimage shall be my Penance,
 No comfort of the day will I look up at :
 Far darker than my jealous Ignorance,
 Each place of my aboad shall be : My Prayers
 No ceremonious lights shall set off more :
 Bright Arms, and all that carry Lustre, Life,
 Society, and Solace, I forsake ye.
 And were it not once more to see her Beauties,
 (For in her Bed of Death, she must be sweet still,)
 And on her cold sad Lips seal my Repentance ;
 (48) Thou Child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not
 miss thee.

Mount. I know the Tongue, would I were out again.
 I've done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Abd. There is no shifting now, Boldness and Confidence
 Must carry't now away ; he's but one neither,
 Naked as you are, of a Strength far under.

Mount. But h'as a Cause above me.

Abd. That's as you handle it.

Roc. Peace, he may go again, and never see us.

(48) *Thou Child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not miss thee.*]
 Mr. Seward proposes reading here, — *I would not use thee*, and
 owns, indeed, that the Change made is a large one. But either some
 Sense of the old Text has escaped him, or else it hath no sort of Co-
 herence with the rest of the Sentence, or the evident Intention of *Go-
 mera*. And adds farther, that if a Change be necessary, he believes
 what he has made will bid fair for being the Original, and that this
 is the greatest Certainty we can arrive at, in verbal Criticisms, when
 all the former Editions concur in the Corruption.

I must beg leave to dissent from my good Friend here, for though
 I think there is occasion for a Change, yet such a large one as he re-
 commends, I can by no means allow of. What *Gomera* intends to say
 is only this ; that unless it was to see the Beauty of his (supposed)
 dead Wife, &c. he never should *desire* or *want light more*. Now
 this by an easy Change may be made out thus,

— *fair Light, I shou'd not miss thee.*

Gom.

Gom. I feel I weep apace, but where's the Flood,
The torrent of my Tears, to drown my Fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden Cloud,
Begotten in the moist South, drop to nothing.
Give me the Torch, Boy.

Roc. Now he must discover us.

Abd. He has already, never hide your Head,
Be bold and brave, if we must die together——

Gom. Who's there? What Friend to Sorrow? th' Tomb
wide open,
The Stone off too? the Body gone? by——
Look to the Door Boy: Keep it fast, who are ye?
What sacrilegious Villains? False *Mountferrat*,
The Wolf to Honour, has thy hellish Hunger
Brought thee to tear the Body out o'th' Tomb too?
Has thy foul Mind so far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a Villany

[To Abdella.

I never dream'd of yet, (49) thou sinful Usher,
Bred from that Rottenness, thou Bawd to Mischief,
D' you blush through all your Blackness? Won't that
hide it?

Abd. I cannot speak.

Gom. You're well met, with your Dam, Sir;
Art thou a Knight? Did ever on that Sword,
The Christian Cause sit nobly? Could that Hand fight,
Guided by Fame and Fortune? That Heart inflame thee,
With virtuous Fires of Valour?—— To fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such Foulness,
As the false Angels did, from all their Glory?
Thou art no Knight, Honour thou never heard'st of,
Nor brave Desires could ever build in that Breast.
Treason, and tainted Thoughts, are all the Gods

(49) —— *thou sinful Usher,*

Bred from that Rottenness, that Bawd to Mischief,]. The
Bawd plainly implies *Mountferrat*, but the Reader can't but know
this to be a Contradiction: For not *Mountferrat*, but *Abdella* claim
that Character. We must read, therefore, *thou*, as Mr. *Seward* and
my self conjectured, and for which we have the Concurrence of the
Folio of 1647.

Tho

Thou worship'st, all the Strength thou hadst, and Fortunes ;
Thou didst things out of Fear, and false Heart, Villain,
Out of close Traps and Treach'ries, they have raised thee.

Mount. Thou rav'st, old Man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
Hadst thou the Glory of thy first Fights on thee,
Which thou hast basely lost, thy noblest Fortunes,
And in their greatest Lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confes, (nay kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for Mercy, crying :)
Thou art the recreant'st Rogue time ever nourish'd,
(50) Thou art a Dog, I'll make thee swear, a Dog,
A mangy Cur Dog ; d' you creep behind the Altar ?
Look how it sweats, to shelter such a Rascal :
First, with thy ven'mous Tooth infect her chaste Life,
And then not dare to do ; next, rob her Rest,
Steal her dead Body out o'th' Grave——

Mount. I have not.

Gom. Prithee come out, this is no Place to quarrel in,
Valiant *Mountferrat*, come.

Mount. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy Sword about thee,
That good Sword that ne'er fail'd thee ; prithee come,
We'll have but five Stroaks for it ; on, on Boy,
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee, [Sir,
Wou'd wondrous fain cleave that Calves Head of yours,
Come, prithee let's dispatch, the Moon shines finely :
Prithee be kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd else ;
But it may be, thou longest to be hang'd.

Roc. Out with him, Sir,
You shall have my Sword too ; when he's dispatch'd once,
We have the World before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk Fellow,

(50) *Thou art a Dog, I'll make thee swear, a Dog,*] The first Folio Copy has an Addition to this Verse, which is wrote there thus,

——— *I'll make thee swear a Dog star'd.*

But what business *star'd* has here I can't discover ; a *star'd Dog* in the Bear-garden Language, I believe, is no more than a Dog taken off the Bear, by wrenching his Mouth open to make him leave his hold. Possibly the Poets might have wrote it thus, *a Dog starv'd*, and then *A mangy Cur Dog* may follow agreeably enough.

I never knew a Rogue hang Arse-ward so,
And such a desp'rate Knave too.

Abd. Pray go with him.

Something I'll promise too.

Mount. You would be kill'd then?

No Remedy, I see.

Gom. If thou darst do it?

Mount. Yes now I dare; lead out, I'll follow presently,
Under the Mount I'll meet ye.

Gom. Go before me,
I'll have ye in a String too.

Mount. As I'm a Gentleman,
And by this holy Place I will not fail thee,
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my Word for it
I will not fail.

Gom. If thou scap'st thou hast Cats Luck.
The Mount?

Mount. The same; make haste, I'm there before else.

Gom. Go get ye home; now if he scape I'm Coward.

Mount. Well, now I am resolv'd, and he shall find it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, and Colonna.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?

Luc. Sir, as well

As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the Curse the divine Justice laid
On the first sinful Woman.

Mir. Is sh' in Travel?

Luc. Yes, Sir, and yet the Troubles of her Mind
Afflict her more, than what her Body suffers;
For in th' Extremity of her Pain, she cries out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord *Gomera*?
Then sometimes names *Miranda*, and then sighs,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her Inj'ry.

Col. Heav'n's sweet Mercy
Look gently on her.

Mir.

Mir. Prithee tell her, my Prayers
Are present with her, and good Wench provide
That she want nothing : What's thy Name ?

Luc. Lucinda.

Mir. Lucinda ? There's a prosperous Omen in it,
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring Word
That she is safe deliver'd of her Burthen,
And thy Reward's thy Liberty : Come *Colonna*
We will go see how th' Engineer has mounted
The Cannon the great Master sent ; be careful
To view the Works, and learn the Discipline
That is us'd here : I am to leave the World,
And for your Service, which I have found faithful,
The Charge that's mine, if I have any Power,
Hereafter may concern you.

Col. I still find

A noble Master in you.

Mir. 'Tis but Justice,

Thou dost deserve it in thy Care, and Duty. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella
with a Pistol.

Gom. Here's even Ground, I'll stir no Foot beyond it,
Before I have thy Head:

Mount. Draw, *Rocca.*

Gom. Coward,

Hath inward Guilt robb'd thee as well of Courage
As Honesty ? that without Odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single En'my ?

Mount. All Advantage
That I can take, expect.

Roc. We know you're valiant ;
Nor do we purpose to make farther Trial
Of what you can do now, but to dispatch you.

Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together.

Gom. Villains,
Whose Baseness, all disgraceful Words made one,

Cannot express; so strong is the good Cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with Horror
To your proud Hopes, what strength is in that Arm,
Though old, that holds a Sword made sharp by Justice.

Abd. You come then here, to prate? [*Fight.*

Mount. Help, *Rocca*, now,

Or I am lost for ever; how comes this? [*He is disarm'd.*
Are Villany and Weakness Twins?

Roc. I'm gone too.

Gom. You shall not scape me, Wretches.

Abd. I must do it,

All will go wrong else.

[*Shoots him.*

Gom. Treach'rous bloody Woman,
What hast thou done?

Abd. Done a poor Woman's part,
And in an Instant, what these Men so long
Stood fooling for.

Mount. This Aid was unexpected,
I kiss thee for't.

Roc. His right Arm's only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his Sword,
He's else unwounded.

Mount. Cut his Throat.

Abd. Forbear.

Yet do not hope 'tis with Intent to save thee,
But that thou may'st live to thy farther Torment,
To see who triumphs o'er thee; come *Mountferrat*,
Here join thy Foot to mine, and let our Hearts
Meet with our Hands, the Contract that is made
And cemented with Blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy Sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious Ceremonies
You Christians use.

Enter Norandine.

Roc. Who's this?

Mount. Betray'd again?

Nor. By the Report it made, and by the Wind,
The Pistol was discharg'd here.

Gom. *Norandine*,

As

As ever thou lov'st Valour, or wear'st Arms
To punish Baseness, shew it.

Nor. O the Devil,
Gomera wounded, and my *Brache*, *black Beauty*
An Actor in it?

Abd. If thou strik'st, I'll shoot thee.

Nor. How! fright me with your Pot-Gun? What art
thou?

Good Heav'n, the Rogue, the Traitor Rogue, *Mountferrat!*
To swinge the Neck of you, 's a Sport unlook'd for,
Hell's—— consume you.

Mount. As thou art a Man,
(I'm wounded,) give me time to answer thee.

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this Hand can hold a
Sword yet.

Nor. Well done; to see this Villain, makes my Hurts
Bleed fresh again, but had I not a Bone whole,
In such a Cause I should do thus, thus Rascals.

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Cor. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold Corporal, I am *Gomera*.

Nor. It's well yet, that once in an Age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your Parties
For sucking Pigs. 'Tis well, as you will answer
The contrary with your Lives, see these forth coming.

Cor. That we shall do.

Nor. You bleed apace; good Soldiers,
Go help him to a Surgeon.

(51) *Roc.* Dare the worst,
And suffer like your self.

Abd. From me learn Courage.

Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this News will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected: Corporal,
There's something for thy Care to Night: my Horse there.

[*Exeunt.*

(51) *Roc.* *Dare the worst.*] I suspect a Speech of *Mountferrat's* is
dropt upon us, here, and perhaps the Reader may be of my Opinion.

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

*Enter Oriana and Lucinda.**Ori.* **H**OW does my Boy?*Luc.* Oh wondrous lusty, Madam,
A little Knight already: You shall live
To see him tofs a *Turk*.*Ori.* Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much must I thank thee for thy Care and Service.*Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.*And may I grow but strong to see *Valetta*,
My Brother, and my Husband, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.*Mir.* Look Captain, we must ride away this Morning,
The Auberge sits to Day, and the great Master
Writes plainly, I must, or deliver in
(The Year expir'd) my Probation Weed,
Or take the Cloak; you likewise *Norandine*,
For your full Service, and your last Assistance
In false *Mountferrat's* Apprehension
Are here commanded to associate me;
My Twin in this high Honour.*Nor.* I'll none on't; do they think to bind me to live
chaste, sober, and temperately, all Days of my Life? they
may as soon tye an *Englishman* to live so: I shall be a
sweet *Dane*, a sweet Captain, go up and down drink-
ing small Beer, and swearing 'ods neagues: No, I'll live
a Squire at Arms still, and do thou so too, and thou
be'st wife: I have found the Mystery now, why the Gen-
tlemen wear but three Bars of the Cross, and the Knights
the whole one.*Mir.* Why Captain?*Nor.* Marry, Sir, to put us in Remembrance, we are but
three Quarters cross'd in our Licence, and Pleasures; but
the poor Knights cross'd altogether: the Brothers at
Arms,

Arms, may yet meet with their Sisters at Arms, now and then, in Brotherly Love; but the poor Knights cannot get a Lady for Love nor Mony; 'tis not so in other Countries I wis; pray haste you, for I'll along, and see what will come on't. [Exit.]

Mir. Colonna, strait provide all Necessaries For this Remove, the Litter for the Lady, And let *Lucinda* bear her Company, You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my Duties. [Exit.]

Mir. How fare you, gracious Mistrefs?

Ori. O *Miranda*,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair Title
When I was free, and could dispose my self;
But now, no Smile, no Word, no Look, no Touch
Can I impart to any, but as Theft
From my *Gomera*, and who dares accept,
Is an Usurper.

Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee, [Exit *Lucinda*.
(Thou fairer Virtue, than thou'rt beautiful)
Hold but this Test, so rich an Ore was never
Try'd by the Hand of Man, on the vast Earth:
Sit, brightest *Oriana*; is it Sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever? Heav'n my Witness be,
'Tis not your Eye, your Cheek, your Tongue, no part
That superficially doth snare young Men,
Which has caught me; read over in your Thoughts
The Story that this Man hath made of you,
And think upon his Merit.

Ori. Only Thought
Can comprehend it.

Mir. (52) And can you be so
Cruel, thankless, to destroy his Youth

(52) *And can you be so
Cruel, thankless,*—] Mr. Seward proposes reading *Cruel
and, or which he prefers to the former, Cruelly thankless,*— I read
*Can you be so
Cruel, so thankless,*— The Reader may take which he
likes best.

That sav'd your Honour, gave you double Life,
 Your own, and your fair Infant's? that when Fortune
 (The blind Foe to all Beauty, that is good)
 Bandied you from one Hazard to another,
 Was ev'n Heav'n's Messenger, by Providence
 Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
 Into these Arms, to give Ease to your Throwes,
 As if't had thunder'd, take thy due *Miranda*,
 For she was thine: *Gomera's* Jealousie
 Struck Death unto thy Heart; to him be dead,
 And live to me, that gave thee second Life:
 Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
 The torturing Fires of my Affections!

Ori. Oh master them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
 Who follows his Desires, such Tyrants serves
 As will oppress him insupportably.
 My Flames, *Miranda*, rise as high as thine,
 For I did love thee 'fore my Marriage;
 Yet would I now consent, or could I think
 Thou wert in earnest, (which by all the Souls
 That have, for Chastity, been sanctify'd,
 I cannot) in a Moment I do know
 Thoud'ft call fair Temperance up to rule thy Blood;
 Thy Eye was ever chaste, thy Countenance too, honest.
 And all thy Wooing was like Maidens Talk;
 Who yieldeth unto Pleasures, and to Lust,
 Is a poor Captive, that in golden Fetters,
 And precious, as he thinks, but holding Gyves,
 Frets out his Life.

Mir. Find such another Woman,
 And take her for his Labour, any Man.

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
 Heav'n knew I was not, I had had thee else,
 Much less now, gentle Sir; *Miranda's* Deeds
 Have been as white as *Oriana's* Fame,
 From the Beginning to this Point of time,
 And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
 Think on the Legend which we two shall breed
 Continuing as we are, for chastest Dames
 And boldest Soldiers to peruse and read,

Ay and read thorough; free from any Act
To cause the Modest cast the Book away,
And the most honour'd Captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my Hand; my Pulse beats thick,
And my mov'd Blood rides high in every Vein,
Lord of thy self now, Soldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this frail Bark,
This Bark of Flesh, no better Steers-man had
Than has *Mountferrat's*; may you kiss me, Lady?

Ori. No; though't be no essential Injury,
It is a Circumstance due to my Lord,
To none else; and my dearest Friend, if Hands
Playing together, kindle Heat in you,
What may the Game at Lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh what a Tongue is here? whilst she doth teach
My Heart to hate my fond unlawful Love,
She talks me more in Love, with Love to her;
My Fires she quenchem with her Arguments,
But as she breaths 'em, they blow fresher Fires.
Sit further; now my Flame cools; Husband! Wife!
There is some holy Myst'ry in those Names
That sure th'unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art strait, and dost enamour me,
So far beyond a carnal earthly Love,
My very Soul doats on thee, and my Spirits
Do embrace thine, my Mind doth thy Mind kiss,
And in this pure Conjunction we enjoy
A heav'nlier Pleasure than if Bodies met:
This, this is perfect Love; the other short
Yet languishing fruition, ev'ry Swain
And sweating Groom may clasp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten Ages cannot reach unto;
Nor is our spiritual Love, a barren Joy;
For mark what blessed Issue we'll beget,
(Dearer than Children to Posterity,)
A great Example to Mens Continence,
And Womens Chastity, that is a Child
More fair and comfortable, than any Heir.

Mir. If all Wives were but such, Lust would not find
One corner to inhabit, Sin would be

So strange, Remission superfluous :
But one Petition, and I've done.

Ori. What, Sweet.

Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard Hand of Death
Seize on *Gomera* first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy ;
How much you undervalue your own Price,
To give your unbought self, for a poor Woman,
That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her Show ?
I am a Garment worn, a Vessel crack'd,
A *Zone* unty'd, a Lilly trod upon,
A fragrant Flower cropt by another Hand ;
My Colour fully'd, and my Odour chang'd.
If when I was new blossom'd, I did fear
My self unworthy of *Miranda's* Spring ;
Thus over-blown, and feeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his Chimney, than his Bed.

Mir. Rise, Miracle, save *Malta* with thy Virtue :
If words could make me proud, how has she spoke,
Yet I will try her to the very Block.
Hard-hearted and uncivil *Oriana*,
Ingrateful Payer of my Industries,
That with a soft painted Hypocrisie
Cozen'ft, and jeer'ft my Perturbation,
(53) Expect a witty and a fell Revenge :
My comfort is, all Men will think thee false,
Beside thy Husband, having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my Fort, and Power——

Enter Norandine, Colonna, and Lucinda with a Child.

I'll hear no more words : Captain, let's away,
With all care see to her ; and you, *Lucinda*,
Attend her diligently ; she's a Wonder.

Nor. Have you found she was well delivered ?
What, had she a good Midwife, is all well ?

Mir. You're merry, *Norandine*.

(53) *Expect a witty and a fell Revenge :*] The Coupling of these two Epithets, perhaps, never was from the Poet's Pen. I am inclin'd to think that we have the same Corruption here, as in *The Wild-goose Chase* ; and that in both Places we should read not *witty*, but *weighty*.

Luc.

Luc. Why weep you, Lady?

Ori. Take the poor Babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Diffembling Death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest Cause to grieve? [*Exeunt.*]

(54) S C E N E II.

[*Synnet, i. e. Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Knights, two
Bishops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers,
Abdella, a Gentleman with a Cloak, Sword, and Spurs.

Val. A tender Husband hast thou shew'd thyself,
My dearest Brother, and (55) thy Memory,
After my Life, in brazen Characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To Ages consequent, (56) till Time's running Hand
Beats back the World to undistinguish'd Chaos,

And

(54) S C E N E II.

Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet, Knights, two Bishops,
Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, Abdella, a Gentleman
with a Cloak, Sword, and Spurs; Gomera.] This Stage-direction seems
not to be faultless. *Synnet*, a Term us'd oft by *Shakespeare*, and once
before this by our Authors in *Valentinian* for a *Flourish of Trumpets*, is here
made a Person equal in Dignity to *Valetta*, &c. Then to put two *Gomeras*
upon us when one was sufficient, must at least be acknowledg'd as ano-
ther Oversight. But the highest Objection is not so much against the
Editors as the Authors of this Play, for the very great Omission of
Rocca's Name and Punishment. He, 'tis true, was not such an enor-
mous Offender as *Mountferrat* and *Abdella*, yet poetic Justice, in some
Shape, should doubtless have arrested him, for being so deeply concern'd
in support of their Villany.

(55) — — — — — *thy memory,*
After my life, in brazen Characters
Shall monumentally be register'd, &c.] If the Reader would give
me leave, I would propose reading *thy* for *my*. I think it better, and so
perhaps may he too.

(56) — — — — — *till Time's running Hand*
Beats back the World to undistinguish'd Chaos.] *Running* is, I
allow, a proper Epithet to Time, but *Time's running Hand* beating the
World

And on the Top of that thy Name shall stand
Fresh, and without Decay.

Gom. O honour'd Sir!

If hope of this, or any Bliss to come,
Could lift my Load of Grief off from my Soul,
Or expiate the Trespas 'gainst my Wife,
That in one Hour's Suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a Man again,
And rare like other Husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing Penitence;
But till old Nature can make such a Wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the Order
And Habits that to Men are necessary;
All Breath I'll spend in Sighs, all Sound in Groans,
And know no Comp'ny but my wasting Moans.

Asto. This will be wilful Murder on yourself,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the Chance
Which th' inscrutable Will of Heav'n admits.

Gom. What would you have my Weakness do, that has
Suffer'd itself thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd Hell-hound, and his agent Dam,
The impious Midwife to abortive Births,
And cruel Instrument to his Decrees?
By Forgery they first assail'd her Life,
Heav'n playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My dearest Friend, the Servant to her Virtue,
To Combat me, against his Mistress' Truth.
That yet effectless, this enchanting Witch
Bred baneful Jealousy against my Lady,
My most immac'late Lady, which seiz'd on her
Almost to Death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my Hand put (to restore her Life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their dev'lish Malice; farther, great with Child
Was this poor Innocent, that too was lost,
They doubled Death upon her; not staying there,

World to Chaos, does not seem to me a very clear and consistent Meta-
phor; and as *Ruining* is so very near the trace of the Letters, and ap-
pears to have much more Propriety and Energy than the former, I
think it bids fair for having been the Original. *Mr. Seward.*

They

They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting Rest unto her in the Grave:
I wish *Miranda* had enjoy'd my Prize;
For sure I'm punish'd for usurping her.
Oh what a Tyger is resisted Lust?
How it doth forage all?

Mount. Part of this Tale

I grant you true; but 'twas not poison giv'n her?

Abd. I would it had, we had been far enough,
If we had been so wise, and had not now
Stood curt'ring for your Mercies here.

Mount. Besides,

What is become o' th' Body we know not.

Val. (57) Peace, Impudents;
And, dear *Gomera*, practice Patience
As I my self must; by some means at last
We shall dissolve this Riddle.

Gom. Wherefore comes
This Villain in this Festival Array,
As if he triumph'd for his Treachery?

Cast. That is by our Appointment: give us leave,
You shall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.

(58) *Val.* One of th' *Esguard*.

Esg. The Gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce then a while,

With our sad thoughts; what, are you both resolv'd?

(57) *Peace, Impudents;*] So reads the first Folio Copy, which I prefer to the Lction of the other Books,

Peace, Impudence.

(58) *Valetta.* One of th' *Esguard*.

Esg. *The Gentlemen are come.*] *Mr. Seward* saw with me, that to put *One of the Esguard* into *Valetta's* Mouth, was false and ridiculous. The Stage Direction was undoubtedly given by our Authors thus,

Enter one of the Esguard.

Esg. *The Gentlemen are come.*

Valetta. *Truce then a while*

With your sad Thoughts.

Enter Miranda, Norandine and Colonna.

What, are you both resolv'd? &c.

Nor.

Nor. Not I, my Lord, your down-right Captain still,
 I'll live, and serve you, not that altogether
 I want compunction of Conscience,
 I have enough to save me, and that's all ;
 Bar me from Drink, and Drabs? — ev'n hang me too—
 You must ev'n make your Captains Capons first ;
 I have too much Flesh for this spiritual Knighthood,
 And therefore do desire forbearance, Sir,
 'Till I am older, or more mortify'd ;
 I am too sound yet.

Val. What say you, *Miranda* ?

Mir. With all pure Zeal to Heav'n, Duty to you,
 I come to undergo't.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony. [Title

Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd
 Admir'd *Miranda*, pardon what in Thought
 I ever did transgress against your Virtue ;
 And may you find more Joy with your new Bride,
 Than poor *Gomera* e'er enjoy'd with his ;
 But 'twas mine own Crime, and I suffer for't :
 Long wear your Dignity, and worthily,
 Whilst I obscurely in some (59) Corner vanish.

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better ; first I crave,
 According to the Order of the Court,
 I may dispose my Captives, and the Fort,
 That with a clean and purified Heart
 The fitlier I may endue my Robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana veil'd, Ladies, Lucinda with a Child.

Mir. Bring the Captives. To your charge
 And staid Tuition, my most noble Friend,
 I then commend this Lady ; start not off,
 A fairer and a chaster never liv'd ;
 By her own choice you are her Guardian ;
 For telling her I was to leave my Fort,
 And to abandon quite all worldly cares,

(59) — [*Corner vanish.*] The first Folio Edition happily knows of no such ridiculous Reading as this, and 'tis from that Copy that I have reformed the present Text.

Her own request was, to *Gomera's* Hands
She might be giv'n in Custody, for she'ad heard
He was a Gentleman, wise, and temperate,
Full of Humanity to Women-kind,
And 'cause he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a Lady.

Val. What Country-woman is she?

Mir. Born a *Greek*.

Val. *Gomera*, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A Lady, that unto your Refuge flies,
And seeks to shrowd her under Virtue's Wing.

Gom. Excuse me, noble Sir; (60) oh think me not
So dull a Devil, to forget the loss
Of such a matchless Wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of Woman:
Were she the Abstract of her Sex for Form,
The only Warehouse of Perfection,
Were there no Rose nor Lilly but her Cheek,
No Musick but her Tongue, Virtue but hers,
She must not rest near me; my Vow is graven
Here in my Heart, irrevocably breath'd,
And when I break it——

Asto. This is rudeness, *Spaniard*,
Unseasonably you play the *Timonist*,
Put on a Disposition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir.

Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade.

Gom. Beseech you, Sir, no more, I am resolv'd
To forsake *Malta*, tread a Pilgrimage

(60) ————— *think me not*

So dull a Devil,—] Those Errors, which leave some poor
Sense, are often the most dangerous: This I believe was the Case of
Time's running Hand, quoted above; the same I think in this Instance.
I hesitated upon it from the lowness of the Expression, when I per-
ceived that the Change of a single Letter wou'd give a noble and a
nervous Sense,

So full a Devil,—

i. e. Think me not so *altogether* a Devil as to forget the worth of her
I have killed. The use of *full* in this manner I cou'd give many
Instances of.

Mr. Seward.

To

To fair *Jerusalem*, for my Lady's Soul,
And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear
This Child along w' ye then.

Gom. What Child?

All. How's this?

Mir. Nay then, *Gomera*, thou'rt injurious;
This Child is thine, and this rejected Lady
Thou hast as often known, as thine own Wife,
And this I'll make good on thee, with my Sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme: if such a scandal—
(I crave the Rights due to a Gentleman)
Woman, unvail.

Ori. Will you refuse me yet?

Gom. My Wife!

Val. My Sister!

Gom. Some Body thank Heav'n,
I cannot speak.

All. All Praise be ever given.

Mount. This saves our lives, yet would she had been dead;
The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of Punishment, or my Disgrace.

Val. How came you to the Temple?

Mir. Sir, to do

My poor Devotions, and to offer Thanks
For scaping a Temptation near perform'd
With this fair Virgin. I restore a Wife
Earth cannot parallel; and busie Nature,
If thou wilt still make Women, but remember
To work 'em by this Sampler——take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.

Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly.

Mir. T' increase your Happiness
To your best Wife take this Addition.

[Gives him the Child.

Gom. Alack my poor Knave.

Val. The confession
The Moor made 't seems was truth.

Nor.

Nor. Marry was it, Sir; the only truth that ever issued out of Hell, which her black Jaws resemble; a plague o' your Bacon-face, you must be giving drinks with a Vengeance; ah thou branded Bitch, do ye stare goggles? I hope to make Winter-boots o' thy Hide yet, she fears not damning: Hell fire cannot parch her blacker than she is: D' ye grin, Chimney-sweeper?

Ori. What is't, *Miranda*?

Mir. That you would please *Lucinda* might attend you.

Col. That Suit, Sir, I consent not to.

Luc. My Husband?

My dearest *Angelo*?

Nor. More *Jiggam-bobs*; is not this the Fellow that swum like a Duck to th' Shore in our Sea-service?

Col. The very same; do not you know me now, Sir, My Name is *Angelo*, though *Colonna* vail'd it, Your Country-man and Kinsman, born in *Florence*, Who from the Neighbour-Island here of *Goza* Was Captive led, in that unfortunate Day When the *Turk* bore with him three thousand Souls; Since, in *Constantinople* have I liv'd, Where I beheld this *Turkish* Damsel first.

A tedious Suitor was I for her Love,
And pitying such a beauteous Case should hide
A Soul prophan'd with Infidelity,
I labour'd her Conversion with my Love,
And doubly won her; to fair Faith her Soul
She first betroth'd, and then her Faith to me;
But fearful there to consummate this Contract
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same Gallies, 'fore *Valetta* fought:
Since in your Service I attended her,
Where, what I saw, and heard, hath joy'd me more
Than all my past Afflictions griev'd before. [randa,

Val. Wonders crown Wonders; take thy Wife: *Miranda*,
Be henceforth called our *Malta's* better Angel,
And thou her evil, *Mountferrat*.

Nor. We'll call him *Cacodemon*, with his black Gib there, his *Succuba*, his Devil's Seed, his Spawn of *Phleggethon*, that o' my Conscience was bred o' the Spume of *Cocytus*;

Cocytus; do ye snarle, you black Jill? she looks like the Picture of *America*.

Val. Why stay we now?

Mir. This last Petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort
To this my Kinsman, tow'rd the Maintenance
Of him, and his fair virtuous Wife; Discreet,
Loyal, and Valiant I dare give him you.

Val. You must not ask in vain, Sir.

Col. My best thanks

To you my noble Cousin, and my service
To the whole Court; may I deserve this Bounty.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony, one of our *Esguard*
Degrade *Mountferrat* first.

Mount. I will not sue

For Mercy, 'twere in vain; Fortune thy worst. [*Musick:*

An Altar discover'd, with Tapers, and a Book on it. The two Bishops stand on each side of it; Mountferrat, as the Song is singing, ascends up the Altar.

*See, see, the stain of Honour, Virtue's foe,
Of Virgin's fair Fames the foul Overtbrow,
That broken bath his Oath of Chastity,
Dis honour'd much this holy Dignity,
Off with his Robe, expel him forth this Place,
Whilst we rejoyce, and sing at his Disgrace.*

Val. Since by thy Actions thou hast made thy self
Unworthy of that worthy Sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred Order, into which
For former Virtues we receiv'd thee first,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For Praise unto the good, a Terror to
The bad, and an Example to all Men;
We here deprive thee of our Habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our Society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted and contagious Member.

Esg. Using th' authority the Superior
Hath giv'n unto me, I untie this Knot,

And

And take from thee the pleasing Yoak of Heav'n :
We take from off thy Breast this holy Cross
Which thou hast made thy Burthen, not thy Prop ;
Thy Spurs we spoil thee of, (61) leaving thy Heels
Bare of thy Honour, that have kick'd against
Our Order's Precepts ; next we reave thy Sword,
And give thee armless to thy Enemies,
For being Foe to Goodness, and to Heav'n ;
Last, 'bout thy stiff Neck, we this Halter hang,
And leave thee (62) to the Mercy of the Court.
Val. Invest Miranda.

S O N G.

*Fair Child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning Zeal dost come,
With Joy to ask the White-cross Cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing Yoak,
That being young, vows Chastity,
And chusest wilful Poverty ;
As this Flame mounts, so mount thy Zeal, thy Glory
Rise past the Stars, and fix in Heav'n thy Story.*

1 *Bish.* What crave you, gentle Sir ?

Mir. Humble admittance

To be a Brother of the holy Hospital
Of great *Jerusalem.*

2 *Bish.* Breath out your Vow.

Mir. To Heav'n, and all the Bench of Saints above,
(Whose Succour I implore t' enable me,)
I vow henceforth a chaste Life ; not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my self ; Obedience

(61) ————— *leaving thy Heels*

Bare of thy Honour,—] I don't think the Poets wou'd ima-
gine themselves wrong'd, if I say we should read,

Bare of their Honour,— ————

and 'tis possible the Manuscript might originally run so.

(62) So the oldest Folio. The rest,

————— *to the Mercy of thy Court.*

386 *The Knight of Malta.*

To my Superiors, whom Religion
And Heav'n shall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Ladies, and t' oppunge
E'en unto Death the *Christian* Enemy:
This do I vow t' accomplish.

Esg. Who can tell.

Has he made other Vow, or promis'd Marriage
To any one, or is in Servitude?

All. He's free from all these.

1 *Bish.* Put on his Spurs, and gird him with the
Sword,

The scourge of Infidels, and Types of speed.

Build'st thou thy Faith on this? [*Presenting the Cross.*

Mir. On him that dy'd

On such a sacred Figure, for our Sins.

2 *Bish.* Here, then we fix it on thy left side, for
Thy increase of Faith, *Christian* Defence, and Service
To th' poor; and thus near to thy Heart we plant it
That thou mayst love it ev'n with all thy Heart;
With thy right Hand protect, preserve it whole;
For if thou fighting 'gainst Heav'n's Enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the Cross

The Ensign of thy holy General,
With Shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,
Chas'd from our Company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified Limb.

Mir. I ask no Favour.

1 *Bish.* Then receive the Yoak
Of him that makes it sweet and light, in which,
Thy Soul find her eternal Rest.

Val. Most welcome.

All. Welcome, our noble Brother.

Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your
Deeds,

Conspiring 'gainst the Lives of Innocents,
Have forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white Cross with your Blood; your Doom is then
To marry this Coagent of your Mischiefs,

Which

Which done, (63) we banish you the Continent;
If either, after three Days, here be found,
The Hand of Law lays hold upon your Lives.

Nor. Away *French Stallion*, now you have a *Barbary*
Mare of your own, go leap her, and engender young de-
vilings.

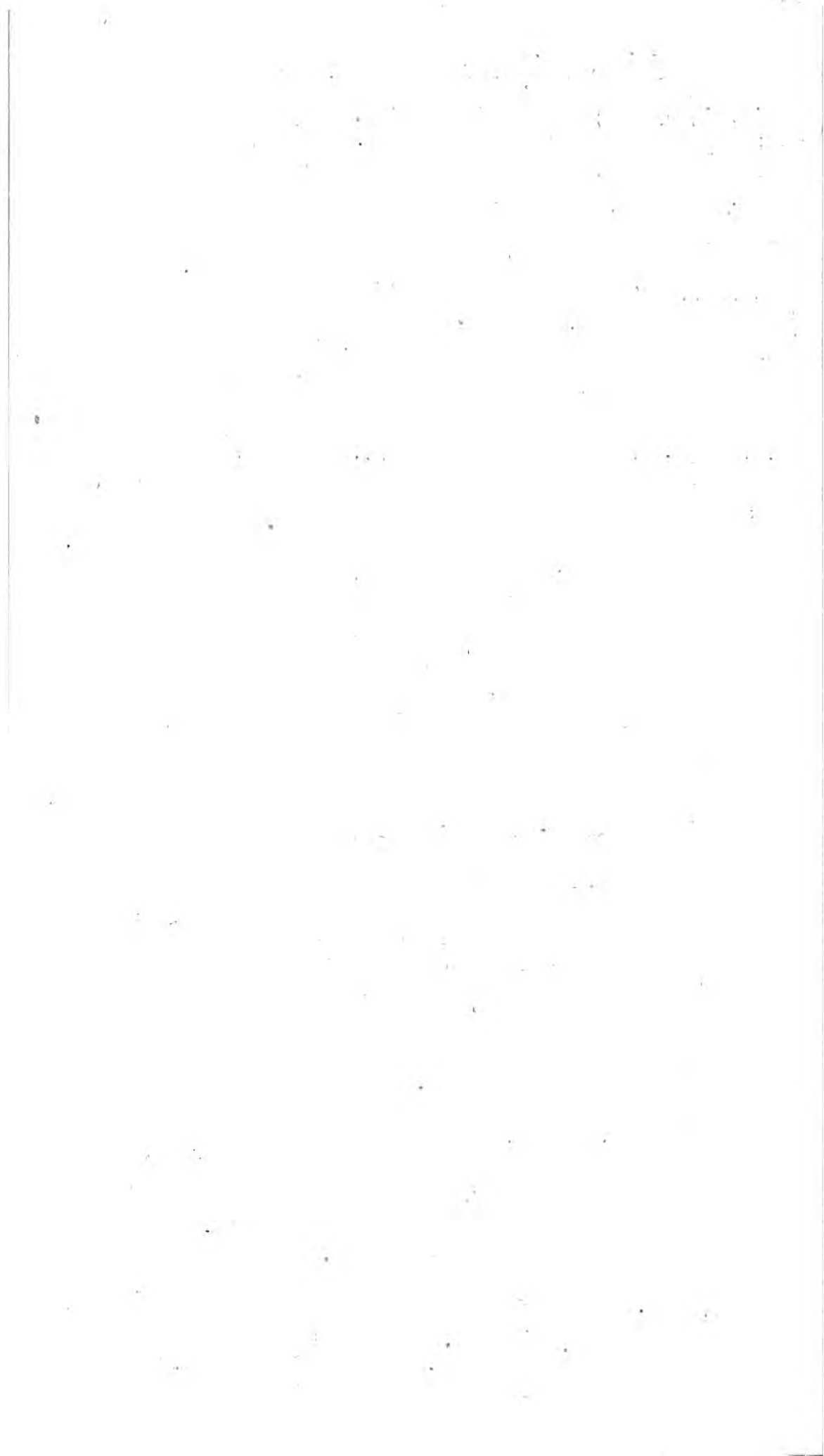
Val. We will find something, noble *Norandine*,
To quit your Merit; so to civil Feasts,
According to our Customs; and all pray
The Dew of Grace, bless our new Knight to Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(63) —*we banish you the Continent;*] Wou'd not one think, tho'
they are here in an Island, that they were actually upon the Conti-
nent? Certainly the *English* of our Days, and that of our Poets, has
undergone great Alterations, if we ought not to read by a small Ad-
dition,

—————*we banish you to th' Continent.*







LOVE'S CURE:

O R,

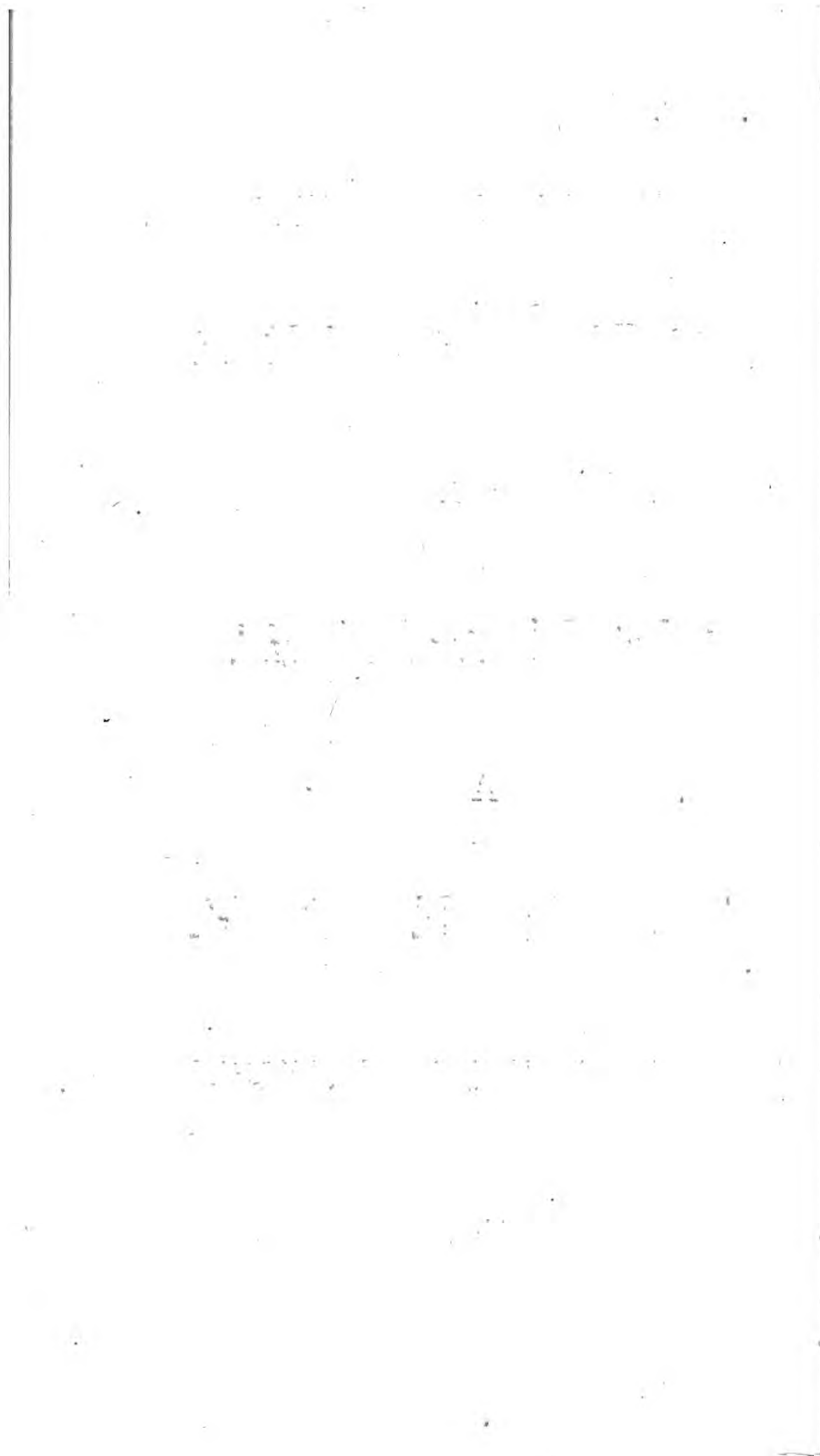
The Martial Maid.

A

COMEDY.



Bb 3





PROLOGUE,

On the reviving of this Play.

*S*tatues and Pictures challenge Price and Fame;
If they can justly boast, and prove they came
From Phidias or Apelles. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a Sympathy;
Yet their Works may decay, and lose their Grace,
Receiving blemish in their Limbs or Face.
When the Mind's Art has this Prebeminence,
She still retaineth her first Excellence.
Then why should not this dear Piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest Fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meanest Off-spring, that came forth,
But bore the Image of their Fathers worth.
Beaumont's, and Fletcher's, whose Desert out-ways
The best Applause, and their least sprig of Bays
Is worthy Phœbus; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of Wit, he shall not rob the Treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the Plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thank you for your own Delight.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

A Ssistant, or Governor.
Vitelli, a young Gentleman, Enemy to Alvarez:
Lamoral, a fighting Gallant, Friend to Vitelli.
Anastro, an honest Gentleman, Friend to Vitelli.
Don Alvaraz, a noble Gentleman, Father to Lucio, and
Clara.
Syavedra, Friend to Alvarez.
Lucio, Son to Alvarez, a brave young Gentleman in Wo-
man's Habit.
Alguazeir, a sharking panderly Constable.
Pachico, a Cobler,
Mendoza, a Botcher, } of Worship.
Metaldie, a Smith,
Lazarillo, Pachico his hungry Servant
Bobadilla, a witty Knave, Servant to Eugenia, and Steward
to Alvarez.
Herald,
Officer.

W O M E N.

Eugenia, a virtuous Lady, Wife to Don Alvarez.
Clara, Daughter to Eugenia, the martial Maid, Valiant
and Chaste, enamoured of Vitelli.
Genevora, Sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.
Malroda, a wanton Mistress of Vitelli.

S C E N E S E V I L.

LOVE'S



LOVE'S CURE:

OR,

The Martial Maid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anaftro.

VITELLI.



Luarez pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I saw him Land

At *St. Lucars*, and such a general welcome,
Fame, as Harbinger to his brave Actions,

Had with the easie People prepar'd for him,
As if by his command alone, and Fortune,
Holland, with those low Provinces, that hold out
Against the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd
With their Obedience to give up their Lives
To be at his Devotion.

Vit. You amaze me:

For though I've heard, that when he fled from *Sevil*
To save his Life (then forfeited to Law
For murdering *Don Pedro* my dear Uncle)
His extream Wants enforc'd him to take pay

I' th'

I' th' Army, fate down then before *Ostend* ;
 'Twas never yet reported, by whose Favour
 He durst presume to entertain a Thought
 Of coming home with Pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our Nature

Or not to hear, or not to give belief
 To what we wish far from our Enemies.

Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the *Infanta's* Letters
 Assisted by the Arch-Duke's, to King *Philip*,
 Have not alone secur'd him from the Rigour
 Of our *Castilian* Justice, but return'd him
 A free Man, and in Grace.

Vit. By what curs'd means
 Could such a Fugitive arise unto
 The knowledge of their Highnesses? Much more
 (Though known) to stand but in the least Degree
 Of favour with them?

Lam. To give satisfaction
 To your Demand, (though to praise him I hate,
 Can yield me small contentment) I will tell you,
 And truly; since should I detract his Worth,
 'Twould argue want of Merit in my self.
 Briefly to pass his tedious Pilgrimage
 For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty Man,
 And to forget the Storms, th' Affrights, the Horrors,
 His Constancy, not Fortune overcame,
 I bring him, with his little Son, grown Man
 (Though 'twas said here, he took a Daughter with him)
 To *Ostend's* bloody Siege, that stage of War,
 Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
 And the whole Christian World Spectators were;
 There by his Son, or were he by Adoption,
 Or Nature his, a brave Scene was presented,
 Which I make choice to speak of, since from that
 The good success of *Alvarez* had beginning.

Vit. So I love Virtue in an Enemy
 That I desire in the relation of
 This young Man's glorious Deed, you'll keep your self
 A Friend to Truth, and it.

Lam. Such was my purpose.

The Town being oft assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud Defendants to a Sally,
Weary of ease, Don *Inigo Peralta*,
Son to the General of our *Castile* Forces,
All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their Walls,
From whence the Musqueteers plaid thick upon him;
Yet he, brave Youth, as careless of the Danger,
As careful of his Honour, drew his Sword,
And waving it about his Head, as if
He dar'd one spirited like himself, to trial
Of single Valor, he made his Retreat
With such a slow, (1) and yet majestic, pace,
As if he still call'd loud, Dare none come on?
When suddenly, from a Postern of the Town
Two gallant Horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,
The Army looking on, yet not a Man
That durst relieve the rash Adventurer;
Which *Lucio*, Son to *Alvarez*, then seeing
As in the Vant-guard he fate bravely mounted,
(Or were it pity of the Youth's Misfortune,
Care to preserve the Honour of his Country,
Or bold Desire to get himself a Name,)
He made his brave Horse like a Whirlwind bear him
Among the Combatants; and in a Moment
Discharg'd his Petronel, with such sure aim
That of the adverse party from his Horse
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A Faulchion, swift as Lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one strong Blow,
In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,
He struck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off
With double Honour to himself.

Vit. 'Twas brave:
But the success of this?

(1) — *and yet majestic, pace,*] The Particle *yet* makes but bad Work here. For tho' a majestic Pace always implies a slow one, yet a slow Pace does not always imply a majestic one. Nay, the Line by this unlucky *yet*, supposes the Pace to be *less majestic for being slow*. Perhaps we may do the Poets no wrong if we suppose they wrote so,

— *a slow, and that majestic, pace.*

Lam. The Camp receiv'd him
 With Acclamations of joy and welcome ;
 And for Addition to the fair reward,
 (Being a massy Chain of Gold giv'n to him
 By young *Peralta's* Father,) he was brought
 To the *Infanta's* Presence, kiss'd her Hand,
 And from that Lady, (greater in her Goodness
 Than her high Birth) had this encouragement ;
 Go on young Man ; yet not to feed thy Valour
 With hope of Recompence to come, from me,
 For present Satisfaction of what's past,
 Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
 And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.

Ana. Excellent Princess.

Vit. And stil'd worthily
 The Heart-blood, nay, the Soul of Soldiers.]
 But what was his Request ?

Lam. That the Repeal
 Of *Alvarez* makes plain ; he humbly begg'd
 His Father's Pardon, and so movingly
 Told the sad Story of your Uncle's Death
 That the *Infanta* wept, and instantly
 Granting his Suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,
 Their Letters were directed to the King,
 With whom they so prevail'd, that *Alvarez*
 Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the King
 To make that good.

Ana. Not in the King ? What Subject
 Dares contradict his Pow'r ?

Vit. In this I dare,
 And will ; and not call his Prerogative
 In Question, nor presume to limit it.
 (2) I know he is the Master of his Laws,
 And may forgive the Forfeits made to them,
 But not the Injury done to my Honour ;
 And since (forgetting my brave Uncle's Merits

(2) *I know he is the Master*—] So the oldest Folio. The rest,
I know he is Master.—————

And many Services, under Duke *D'Alva*)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
The powerful Sword, that would revenge his Death,
I'll fill with this *Astrea's* empty Hand,
And in my just wreak, make this Arm the King's;
My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his House,
Which as I grew in Years, hath still increas'd,
(As if it call'd on Time to make me Man,)
Slept while it had no Object for her Fury,
But a weak Woman, and her talk'd of Daughter;
But now, since there are (3) Quarries, worth her Flight
Both in the Father, and his hopeful Son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
With both their Hearts; (4) to further which, your
Friendship,
And Oaths, will your Assistance: let your Deeds
Make answer to me; useles are all Words
Till you have writ Performance with your Swords.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.

Luc. Go fetch my Work; this Ruff was not well
starch'd,
So tell the Maid, 't has too much blue in it,
And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean Meat, and fresh Water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on't.

(3) —*Quarries, worth her fight,*] This *fight*, tho' it is not altogether void of Sense, discontinues the Chain of Metaphors taken from Falconry. Our business then must be to join it again (a thing not hard to be done) by changing one Letter, and adding another, thus,

But now, since there are Quarries, worth her Flight.

Mr. *Seward* concurred too in the same Correction.

(4) ———*to further which, your Friendship,*

And Oaths; will your Assistance, let your Deeds.] Thus point the two last Editions, and the first not a great deal better. Had the Editors of any one of the Copies understood this Passage, they would have taken better care in the Punctuation, and given the Text as Mr. *Seward* and my self have done in the present Edition.

Bob.

Bob. Oh good St. *Jaques* help me: Was there ever such an *Heramophrodite* heard of? Would any *Wench* living, that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe, that the best of a *Man* lies under this *Petticoat*, and that a *Cod-piece* were far fitter here, than a *pinn'd Placket*?

Luc. You had best talk filthily, do; I have a *Tongue* To tell my *Mother*, as well as *Ears* to hear Your *Ribaldry*.

Bob. Nay, you have ten *Womens Tongues* that way, I am sure: Why my young *Master* or *Mistress*, *Madam*, *Don*, or what you will, what the *Devil* have you to do with *Pullen*, or *Partridge*? or to sit *pricking* on a *Clout* all *Day*? You have a better *Needle*, I know, and might make better *Work*, if you had *grace* to use it.

Luc. Why, how dare you speak this before me, *Sirrah*?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak? — Tho' my *Lady* your *Mother*, for fear of *Vitelli* and his *Faction*, hath brought you up like her *Daughter*, and has kept you these twenty *Years*, (which is ever since you were *Born*,) a close *Prisoner* within *Doors*; yet since you are a *Man*, and are as well provided as other *Men* are, methinks you should have the same *Motions* of the *Flesh*, as other *Cavaliers* of us are inclin'd unto.

Luc. Indeed you have cause to love those wanton *Motions*,

(5) They having holpe you to an excellent *Whipping*,
For doing something, I but put y' in mind of it,
With th' *Indian Maid*, the *Governor* sent my *Mother*
From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a *Spanish* trick in *Charity*,
and holpe the *King* to a *Subject* that may live (6) to take
grave

(5) *They having hope you to an* —] The Absurdity of this *Lecton* any *Reader* will easily perceive, and read with Mr. *Theobald* and my self as I have given the *Text*.

(6) *to take Grave Maurice Prisoner*] *Grave* is printed in the last Editions with a great Letter and in *Italics*, as if it was a proper Name, whereas it is an Epithet only, and a Characteristic of *Prince Maurice* of *Nassau*, who after performing great *Actions* against the *Spaniards*, is said to have dy'd of *Grief*, on account of the *Siege* of *Breda*.

grave *Maurice* Prisoner, and that was more good to the State, than a thousand such as you are ever like to do : and I will tell you, (in a Fatherly care of the Infant I speak it) if he live (as blefs the Babe, in Passion I remember him) to your Years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to the Wars, use his *Spanish* Pike, tho' with the danger of the lash, as his Father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo* desperately, as——

Luc. You will not kill me? oh.

Bob. I knew this would silence him: how he hides his Eyes? If he were a Wench now, as he seems, what an advantage had I, drawing two *Toledo's* when one can do this? But oh me, my Lady; I must put up: Young Master, I did but jest: Oh custom, what hast thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia and Servant.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my Friend; no more A Servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
E'en here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my *Alvarez* return,
I will kneel down; and may those holy Thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd for Blessing, Heav'n's kind Hand
Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my Duty, Madam,
Presume if you have cause of Joy, t' intreat
I may share in it.

Breda. *Strada de Bello Belgico*, tho' a bigotted *Jesuit*, and extremely prejudic'd against the Protestants, gives Prince *Maurice* the following Character. *Hic illi Mauritius est, à nobis sæpe, nec sine fortis & cauti Ducis laude memorandus*, i. e. This is that *Maurice* whom we shall often speak of, and never without the Character of a brave and cautious General.

Mr. Seward.

Bob.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot (7) how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt ; but first kneel with me *Lucio*,
No more *Posthumia* now, thou hast a Father,
A Father living to take off that Name,
Which my too credulous Fears, that he was dead,
Bestow'd upon thee ; thou shalt see him *Lucio*,
And make him young again, by seeing thee,
Who only hadst a being in my Womb
When he went from me, *Lucio* : Oh my Joys
So far transport me, that I must forget
The Ornaments of Matrons, Modesty,
And grave Behaviour ; but let all forgive me
If in th' Expression of my Soul's best Comfort,
Tho' old, I do a while forget mine Age,
And play the Wanton in the Entertainment
Of those delights I have so long despair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then see my Father ?

Eug. This hour, *Lucio* ;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a Man ;
This womanish Disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,
And change those Qualities thou didst learn from me,
For masculine Virtues, for which seek no Tutor,
But let thy Father's actions be thy Precepts ;
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward
For thy true Service.

Bob. Shall I ? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know
me more respectfully ; how dost thou think I shall be-

(7) — *how I frighted him yet.*] Here, as before, we have another troublesome yet : It has nothing to do with *Bobadilla's* Speech, but is undoubtedly the first Word of *Eugenia's*, which I would read so,

Luc. Let my Duty, Madam,
Presume, if you have cause of Joy, I intreat
I may share in it.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him.

Eug. That thou shalt ; &c.

come the Steward's Chair, ha? (8) will not these slender Hanches show well with a Chain, and a gold Night-cap after Supper, when I take the Accompts?

Eug. Hasten, and take down those Blacks with which my Chamber

Hath like the Widow, her sad Mistress, mourn'd,
And hang up for it the rich *Persian* Arras,
Us'd on my wedding Night, for this to me
Shall be a second Marriage: Send for Musick,
And will the Cooks to use their best of cunning
To please the Palat.

Bob. Will your Ladyship have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good stirring dish for an old Lady, after a long *Lent*.

Eug. Begone I say: Why Sir, you can go faster?

Bob. I could, Madam: but I am now to practise the Steward's Pace, that's the reward I look for; every Man must fashion his Gate, according to his Calling; you fellow *Stephano* may walk faster, to overtake Preferment; so, usher me.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let the Wastecoat I last wrought Be made up for my Father: I will have A Cap, and Boot-hose, suitable to't.

Eug. Of that

We'll think hereafter, *Lucio*; our Thoughts now Must have no object but thy Father's welcome,
To which thy help——

Luc. With humble gladness, Madam. [Exeunt.]

(8) *Will not these slender Hanches show well with a Chain, and a Gold Night-cap*] Gold Helmets and Armour I have oft read and heard of, but never before this do I remember to have seen a *Gold Night-cap*. The true Reading here is, *A Gold Chain, and Night-cap*.

Thus Act III. Scene II. of this Play, *Piorato* asks *Bobadilla*.
Is your Chain right? i. e. is it pure Gold?

S C E N E III.

Enter Alvarez, and Clara.

Alv. Where lost we Syavedra?

Clara. He was met,

Ent'ring the City, by some Gentlemen,
Kinsmen, as he said; of his own, with whom
For compliment sake (for so I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to stay; tho' I much wonder
A Man that knows to do, and has done well
I'th' Head on's Troop, when the bold Foe charg'd home,
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In aish Entertainment; for my part
(By all the glorious rewards of War)
I'd rather meet ten Enemies i'th' field,
All sworn to fetch my Head, than be brought on
To change an Hour's discourse with one of these
Smooth City-fools, or Tissue-Cavaliers,
(The only Gallants, as they wisely think,)
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss
From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alv. (9) My lov'd Clara,

(For *Lucio* is a Name thou must forget
With *Lucio's* bold Behaviour) though thy Breeding
I'th' Camp, may plead something in the Excuse
Of thy rough manners, Custom having chang'd,
Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy Nature,
And Fortune, then a cruel Step-dame to thee,
Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness, burthens
Of Hunger, Cold, Wounds, Want, such as would crack
The Sinews of a Man, not born a Soldier:
Yet now she smiles, and like a nat'ral Mother
Looks gently on thee, Clara, entertain
Her proffer'd Bounties with a willing Bosom;
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy Sword;

(9) *My Love* Clara,] Our Authors might possibly, as Mr. Seward thinks with me, have wrote *lov'd* Clara. The Reader will perceive that *Love* is more proper to a Wife, and *lov'd* to a Daughter.

Thy

Thy Beauty (which e'en *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a stronger Guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cl. Sir, I know only that
It stands not with my Duty to gain-say you
In any thing: I must and will put on
What fashion you think best, though I could wish
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather [Musick.]
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here,
As you were born, a Woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, and Servants.

Eug. Let choice Musick,
In the best voice that e'er touch'd humane Ear,
For joy hath ty'd my Tongue up, speak your welcome,

Alv. My Soul (for thou giv'st new life to my Spirit)
[Embraces her.]

Myriads of joys, though short in number of
Thy Virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th'assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty Years of sorrow but a Dream;
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,
I feel my Age restor'd, and like old *Aeson*
Grow young again.

Eug. My Lord, long wish'd for, welcome;
'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word
All Pleasures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second Period: Let mine Eyes now surfeit
On this so wish'd-for Object, and my Lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting Kiss
You trusted with them, when you fled from *Sevil*,
With little *Clara* my sweet Daughter; lives she?
Yet I could chide my self, having you here,
For being so covetous of all Joys at once,
T'enquire for her, you being alone, to me
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my self,
Nay more than all the World.

Alv. As you, to me are.

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the Story
Of your past dangers, now you're here in safety ;
It will give Relish, and fresh Appetite
To my Delights, if such Delights can cloy me.
Yet do not *Alvarez* ; let me first yield you
Account of my Life in your Absence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd
The Jewel left lock'd up within my Womb,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your Country,
Suffer'd a civil Death.

Alv. Do, my *Eugenia*,

'Tis that I most desire to hear.

Eug. Then know——

Alv. What Noise is that? [*Within clashing of Swords:*

Sya. [*within*] If you are noble Enemies,
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly.

Vit. [*within.*] Stand off, I am too many of my self.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murther, Murther, Murther, your Friend, my Lord,
Don Syavedra is set upon in the Streets, by your Enemy
Vitelli, and his Faction : I am almost kill'd with looking
on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him ; draw thy Sword
And follow me.

Cl. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this Occasion once more to use it. [*Exit.*

Bob. Nay, hold not me Madam ; if I do any hurt,
hang me.

Luc. Oh I am dead with fear ! Let's fly into
Your Closet, Mother.

Eug. No hour of my Life
Secure of danger ? Heav'n be merciful,
Or now at once dispatch me.

*Enter Vitelli, pursued by Alvarez and Syavedra,
Clara beating off Anastro.*

Cl. Follow him,
Leave me to keep these off.

Alv.

Alv. Assault my Friend,
So near my House?

Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Though 'twere a Temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the Priest, and thou the Sacrifice,
I'll offer to my Uncle.

Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say I sent thee.

Cla. 'Twas put bravely by——
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare
I' th' Wars, where Emulation and Example
Join to increase the Courage, and make less
The Danger; Valour, and true Resolution
Never appear'd so lovely——brave again——
Sure he is more than Man, and if he fall,
The best of Virtue, Fortitude would die with him:
And can I suffer it? Forgive me Duty,
So I love Valour, as I will protect it
Against my Father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.

Vit. Come on,
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.

Cla. Fear me not,
Thy Worth has took me Prisoner, and my Sword
For this time knows thee only for a Friend,
And to all else I turn the Point of it.

Sya. Defend your Father's En'my?

Alv. Art thou mad?

Cla. Are ye Men rather? Shall that Valour, which
Begot you lawful Honour in the Wars,
Prove now the Parent of an infamous Bastard
So foul, yet so long liv'd, as Murther will
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone
With your own dangers only, purchas'd Glory
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing
Those nearest to you, to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Against a single Opposite? Hath the Mercy
Of the great King, but newly wash'd away

The Blood, that with the forfeit of your Life
 Cleav'd to your Name and Family, like an Ulcer,
 In this again to set a deeper Dye upon
 Your Infamy? You'll say he's your Foe,
 And by his rashness call'd on his own Ruin;
 Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and Honour
 Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
 Where now he is, your House, which by the Laws
 Of hospitable Duty should protect him;
 Have you been twenty years a stranger to't,
 To make your entrance now in Blood? Or think you
 Your Country-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be
 An Off'ring fit, to please the Genius of it?
 No, in this I'll presume to teach my Father,
 And this first Act of Disobedience, shall
 Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I'm pleas'd

With what I dare not give allowance to.
 Unnatural Wretch, what wilt thou do?

Clara. Set free

A noble En'my: Come not on, by——
 You pass to him, through me. The way is open,
 Farewel, when next I meet you, do not look for
 A Friend, but a vow'd Foe; I see you worthy,
 And therefore now preserve you, for the Honour
 Of my Sword only.

Vit. Were this Man a Friend,

How would he win me, that being my vow'd Foe
 Deserves so well? I thank you for my Life;
 But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
 Hereafter to consider.

[*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy Fear,

All Danger is blown over, I have Letters
 To th' Governor, 'th' King's Name, to secure us
 From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
 That have such strong Guards of our own, dread others;
 And to increase thy Comfort, know, this young Man,
 Whom with such fervent Earnestness you eye,
 Is not what he appears, but, such a one
 As thou with joy wilt bless, thy Daughter *Clara*.

Eug.

Eug. A thousand Blessings in that word.

Alv. The reason

Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart to you; wonder not at
What you have seen her do, it being th' least
Of many great and valiant Undertakings
She hath made good with Honour.

Eug. I'll return

The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my *Alvarez*: You, in a Man,
Have giv'n to me a Daughter; in a Woman,
I give to you a Son; this was the Pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Diff'rent from what he was, as you did *Clara*,
And with the like success; as she appears
Alter'd by Custom, more than Woman, he
Transform'd by his soft Life, is less than Man.

Alv. Fortune in this gives ample Satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.

Luc. My dearest Sister.

Cl. Kind Brother.

Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Imploy'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by Custom:
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge; and we'll contend
With loving Industry, who soonest can
Turn this Man Woman, or this Woman Man.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

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

Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.

Pac. (10) **B**OY, my Cloak, and Rapier ; it fits not a Gentleman of my Rank, to walk the Streets in *Querpo*.

Laz. Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman ; Signior, I am very hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with a Man's Head ; and your Neighbour the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me the other Day to have fish'd with me, because he had lost his Angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo*, being the cause of other Mens wits as in thine own ; live lean and witty still : Oppress not thy Stomach too much ; (11) gross Feeders, great Sleepers, great Sleepers, fat Bodies ; fat Bodies, lean Brains : No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortal, change thy Humanity into Deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing ; belike that's the reason the Poets are said to be immortal, for some of them live upon their Wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing : But good Master, let me be mortal still, and let's go to Supper.

Pac. Be abstinent, shew not the corruption of thy Generation ; he that feeds, shall die, therefore, he that feeds not, shall live.

Laz. Ay, but how long shall he live ? There's the Question.

(10) *Boy, and Cloak, and Rapier ;*] Thus the Copy of 1711, the Text is from the Edition of 1647.

(11) *gross Feeders, great Sleepers, fat Bodies ; fat Bodies, lean Brains :*] The Repetition in the latter made me suspect that there was the same to be observed in the former Part of this Passage ; and upon consulting the Folio of 1647, I found my Suspicion fully confirmed. Mr. *Seward's* Conjecture too was the same as mine.

Pac.

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: Didst thou never read of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders*?—

Laz. No, nor of any Maid else; for the Miracle of Virginitie now-a-days ceases, e'er the Virgin can read Virginitie?

Pac. She that liv'd three years without any other Sustenance, than the smell of a Rose.

Laz. I've heard of her, Signior, but they say her Guts shrunk all into Lute-strings, and her Neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpent's Tail, so that though she continued a Woman still above the Girdle, yet beneath she was Monster.

Pac. So are most Women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all Women, Signior, that can live only upon the smell of a Rose.

Pac. No part of the History is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather no part of the Fable is Historical: but for all this, Sir, my rebellious Stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal Hunger will suffer; put me to a certain stint Sir, allow me but a red Herring a Day.

Pac. O' de dios, would'st thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red Herring a Day, shall ne'er be broil'd for the Devil's Rasher; a Pilchard, Signior, (12) a Sardina, an Olive, that I may be a Philosopher first, and immortal after.

Pac. Patience, *Lazarillo*, let Contemplation be thy Food awhile: I say unto thee, one Pease was a Soldier's Provant a whole Day at the destruction of *Jerusalem*.

Enter Metaldi, and Mendoza.

Laz. Ay, and it were any where but at the destruction of a Place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. Signior *Pachieco Alasto*, my most ingenious Cobler of *Sevil*, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

(12) *A Surdiny, an Olive,*] Mr *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* saw with me the Necessity of altering this Place. *Vide Note 3* upon *The Lover's Pilgrimage*.

Pac.

Pac. Signior *Metaldi de Forgio*, my most famous Smith, and Man of Metal, I return your Courtesie ten-fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-sole of your Congie; the like to you Signior *Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini*, my most exquisite Hose-heeler.

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a Gobler, a Smith and a Botcher, they all belong to the Foot, which makes them stand so much upon their Gentry.

Mend. Signior *Lazarillo*,

Laz. Ah Signor, *si*; Nay, we are all Signiors here in Spain, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*; this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little Butter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake: his Father's Diet was new Cheese and Onions, when he got him; what a Scallion-fac'd Rascal 'tis?

Met. But why, Signior *Pachieco*, do you stand so much on the priority, and antiquity of your Quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

Mend. Ay; your reason for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith, and thou Woollen-witted Hose-heeler, hear what I will speak indifferently, and according to antient Writers, of our three Professions, and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both Judge and Moderator.

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry, that may be.

Pac. Suppose thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like some of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Aeneas*, *Achilles*) lineally from the Gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your Godfather by and by.

Pac. Yet I say, *Saturn* was a crabbed Block-head, and *Vulcan* a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his Wife was a Strumpet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however, thy Original must of necessity spring from Bastardy: (13) Further, what can be a more deject Spirit in Man, than to lay his Hands under every one's Horses

(13) Further, what can be a more deject Spirit,] I cannot help thinking but the judicious Reader will wish, with me, that the Authors had wrote, what can shew &c.

Feet, to do him service, as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief, thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of Enormities, viz. Scabs, Chilblains, and kib'd Heels; much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing State and Government; for how canst thou be a sound Member in the Common-wealth, that art so subject to stiches in the Ankles? blush, and be silent then, oh ye Mechanicks, compare no more with the politick Cobler: For Coblers, in old time, have Prophesied; what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better and better? Have we not the length of every Man's Foot? Are we not daily Menders? Yea, and what Menders? Not Horse-menders.—

Laz. Nor Manners-menders.

Pac. But Soul-menders: Oh divine Coblers; do we not, like the wise Man, spin out our own Threads, (or our Wives for us?) Do we not, by our sowing the Hide, reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilst both you are but Crafts-men; you will say, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the Fire; I must answer you again tho', all this but Forgery; you may likewise say, a Man's a Man, that has but a hose on his Head: I must likewise answer, that Man is a Botcher, that has a heel'd hose on his Head; to conclude, there can be no comparison with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politick Eye and Ends on every Man's Steps that walks, and whose Course shall be lasting to the World's end.

Met. I give Place; the Wit of Man is wonderful; thou hast hit the Nail on the Head, and I will give thee six Pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch Shooe again.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*; as arrant a Knave as e'er wore one Head under two Offices; he is one side *Alguazier*.

Met. The other side Serjeant.

Mend. That's both sides Carrion, I am sure.

Pac. This is he apprehends Whores in the way of Justice, and lodges 'em in his own House, in the way of Profit;

Profit; he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the Mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this present lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

Vit. Let her want nothing, Signior, she can ask:
What loss or injury you may sustain

I will repair, and recompence your Love:

Only that Fellow's coming I dislike,

And did fore-warn her of him; bear her this

With my best love, at Night I'll visit her.

Alg. I rest your Lordship's Servant.

[*Mendoza, &c. come up to the Alguazier and pretend to familiarity with him.*

Vet. Good Ev'n, Signiors:

Oh *Alvarez*, thou hast brought a Son with thee

Both brightens and obscures our Nation,

Whose pure strong Beams on us, shoot like the Sun's

On baser fires; I would to Heav'n my Blood

Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate Hand,

That with mine Honour I might emulate,

Not persecute such Virtue; I will see him,

Though with the hazard of my Life; no rest

In my contentious Spirits, can I find

Till I have gratify'd him in like kind. [Exit.

Alg. I know you not; what are ye? hence ye base
Befognios.

Pac. Marry, *Cazzo!* Signior *Alguazier*, d' ye not know us? why, we are your honest Neighbours, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have so often fate shoaring (14) Cheek by Joll with your Signiorie, in rug at Midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry; you must understand, a Cat, and such an Officer see best in the Dark.

Met. By this Hand, I could find in my Heart to shooe his Head.

(14) *Cheek by Joll with your Signior, in rug at Midnight.*] I had corrected the Passage once thus, *with you Signior*; but *Signiorie*, which is from the old Folio, is undoubtedly the right Reading.

Pac. Why then we know you, Signior? thou Mungril, begot at Midnight, at the Gaol-gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpole's Wife, are not you he that was whipt out of *Toledo* for Perjury?

Men. Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for Pilfery, there to the Bulls-pizel?

Met. And after call'd to the Inquisition, for Apostacy?

Pac. Are not you he that, rather than you durst go an industrious Voyage, being pres'd, to the Islands, skulk'd till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Ryal a day by squiring Puncks and Puncklings up and down the City?

Laz. Are not you a *Portuguese* Born, descended o' the *Moors*, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Master, an arrant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket lousie; though now your Block-head be cover'd with the *Spanish* Block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Velvet-pee.

Pac. Are not you he that have been of thirty Callings, yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a Chandler first, profess'd Sincerity, and would sell no Man Mustard to his Beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrisie all your Life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to the Stews, and (15) undertook to cure, what the Church it self could not, Strumpets? that rise to your Office by being a great Don's Bawd?

Laz. That commit Men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a Groat a Prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three Pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a Kisser of Men, in Drunkenness, and a Betrayer in Sobriety?

Alg. Diabolo: They'll rail me into the Gallies again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we speak of all

(15) *Undertook to cure what the Church it self could not, Strumpets that rise to your Office &c.*] What unintelligible Stuff has false Stops made of this Passage. I have with Mr. *Seward* attempted, in the present Text, to point the Place into Sense, and perhaps the Reader will think our Pains well bestowed.

this while ; thou may'st by thy Place now, lay us by the Heels, 'tis true ; But take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own Head ; for never was there such an Anatomy, as we shall make thee then ; be wise therefore, thou Child of the Night ! Be Friends, and shake Hands, thou art a proper Man, if thy Beard were redder : Remember thy worshipful Function, a Constable ; tho' thou turn'st Day into Night, and Night into Day, what of that ? Watch less, and pray more : Let not thy mittens (16) abate the talons of thy Authority, but gripe Theft and Whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em ; bear 'em away like a Tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own House.

Laz. Would you have Whores and Thieves lodg'd in such a House ?

Pac. They ever do so ; I have found a Thief, or a Whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furnish me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there ?

Pac. That they may be safe and forth-coming ; for in the Morning usually, the Thief is sent to the Gaol, and the Whore prostrates her self to the Justice.

Men. Admirable *Pachiecho*.

Met. Thou Cobler of Christendom.

Alg. There is no railing with these Rogues, I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance. Why Signiors, and my honest Neighbours, will you impute that as a neglect of my Friends, which is an Imperfection in me ? I have been Sand-blind from my Infancy ; to make you amends you shall Sup with me.

Laz. Shall we Sup with ye, Sir ? O' my Conscience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly.

Alg. And after Supper, I have a Project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this Month : I am a little Knavish ; why, and do not I know all you to be Knaves ?

Pac. I grant you, we are all Knaves, and will be your

(16) *That is,* Let not thy Mittens be the same to thy Talons, as a Button is to a Foil.

Knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud Knave.

Alg. On then, pass; I will bear out my Staff, and my Staff shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to Supper. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry, *Diabolo*; what should you do in the Kitchen? Cannot the Cooks lick their Fingers without your Overseeing? Nor the Maids make Pottage, except your Dog's-head be in the Pot? Don *Lucio*? — Don *Quot-Queen*, Don *Spinster*, wear a Petticoat still, and put on your Smock a' *Monday*; I will have a Baby o' Clouts made for it, like a great Girl; nay, if you will needs be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of Black-work, I will of a mild and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant; your Father has committed you to my Charge, and I will make a Man or a Mouse on you.

Luc. What would you have me do? This scurvy Sword So galls my Thigh, I would 'twere burnt; pish, look, This Cloak will ne'er keep on; these Boots too hide-bound, Make me walk stiff, as if my Legs were frozen, And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer: Lord, how my Head akes with this roguish Hat; This masculine Attire is most uneasy, I'm bound up in it; I had rather walk In *folia* again, loose, like a Woman.

Bob. In *Foolio*, had you not? Thou Mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy Parents Thou tender Leg of Lamb! oh, how he walks As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers! Is this a Gate for the young Cavalier, Don *Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez*? Has it a Corn? Or do's it walk on Conscience, It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways; Suppose me now your Father's foe, *Vitelli*, And spying you i'th' Street, thus I advance——

I twist my Beard, and then I draw my Sword.

Luc. Alas!

Bob. And thus accost thee : Traiterous Brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious Twig
Of that old Stock, dew'd with my Kinsman's gore,
Draw, for I'll quarter thee in Pieces four.

Luc. Nay, prithee *Bobadilla*, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy Sword. I will not meddle with ye ;
Ay, juffle me, I care not, I'll not draw,
Pray be a quiet Man.

Bob. D' ye hear ; answer me, as you would do. Don
Vitelli, or I'll be so bold as to lay the Pomel of my Sword
over the hilts of your Head ;
My Name's *Vitelli*, and I'll have the Wall.

Luc. Why then I'll have the Kennel : what a coil
you keep ?

Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the World,
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My Father's Crimes : Forget, Sir, and forgive,
'Tis Christianity : I pray put up your Sword,
I'll give you any Satisfaction,
That may become a Gentleman ; however
I hope you're bred to more Humanity,
Than to revenge my Father's wrong on me,
That crave your Love and Peace : law-you-now *Zancho*,
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellis* ?

Bob. Oh Craven-chicken of a Cock o' th' game ;
Well, what remedy? Did thy Father see this, O' my Con-
science, he would cut off thy Masculine gender, crop
thine Ears, beat out thine Eyes, and set thee in one of
the Pear-trees for a Scare-crow :

As I am *Vitelli*, I am satisfied ;
But as I am *Bobadilla Spindola Zancho* Steward of the
House, and thy Father's Servant, I could find in my
Heart to lop off the hinder part of thy Face, or to beat
all thy Teeth into thy Mouth : Oh thou whay-blooded
Milk-sop, I'll wait upon thee no longer, thou shalt ev'n
wait upon me : Come your ways, Sir, I shall take a little
Pains with ye else.

Enter

Enter Clara.

Cla. Where art thou, Brother *Lucio*? ran, tan tan ta,
Ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan.
Oh, I shall no more see those golden Days;
These Clothes will never fadge with me: A——o
This filthy Vardingale, this hip-hape: Brother,
Why are Womens Hanches only limited, confin'd,
Hoop'd in, as't were, with these same scurvy Vardingales?

Bob. Because Womens Hanches only are most subject
to display and flie out.

Cla. *Bobadilla*, Rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuce
of thy Cod-piece.

Luc. Hold, if you love my Life, Sister; I am not
Zancho Bobadilla, I am your Brother, *Lucio*; what a
fright you have put me in?

Cla. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Luc. Why, Master Steward here, *Signior Zancho*,
made me change; he does nothing but mis-use me, and
call me Coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bob. Well; I do no more than I have Authority for;
would I were away tho'; for she's as much too Manish,
as he too Womanish; I dare not meddle with her, yet
I must set a good Face on't, if I had it: (17) I have like
charge of you Madam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to
qualifie him; what have you to do with Armors, and
Pistols, and Javelins, and Swords, and such Tools? Re-
member Mistrefs, Nature hath given you a Sheath only,
to signifie Women are to put up Mens Weapons, not to
draw them; look you now, is this a fit trot for a
Gentlewoman? You shall see the Court-Ladies move
like Goddeses, as if they trode Air; they will swim you
their Measures, like Whiting-mops, as if their Feet were
finns, and the hinges of their Knees oyl'd; do they love
to ride great Horses, as you do? no; they love to ride
great Asses sooner; faith, I know not what to say t' ye
both: Custom hath turn'd Nature topsie-turvy in you.

(17) *I have like charge of you Madam,*] All the copies except that
of 1647, read,

I have like charge of Madam.

Cl. Nay, but Master Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

Cl. Signior *Spindle*, will you hear me?

Bob. He that shall come to bestride your Virginity,
had better be a-foot o'er the Dragon.

Cl. Very well.

Bob. Did ever *Spanish* Lady pace so?

Cl. Hold these a little.

Luc. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Cl. First do I break your Office o'er your Pate,
You Dog-skin-fac'd Rogue, Pilcher, you poor *John*,
Which I will beat to Stock-fish.

Luc. Sister!

Bob. Madam!

Cl. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha?
You nasty, stinking, and ill-count'nanc'd Cur.

Bob. By this hand, I'll bang your Brother for this,
when I get him alone.

Cl. How? kick him, *Lucio*; he shall kick you, *Bob*,
Spight o' thy nose, that's flat; kick him, I say,
Or I will cut thy Head off.

Bob. Sottly, y' had best.

Cl. Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous visag'd Knave,
Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray,
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chain.

Luc. Good Sister, do not choak him.

Bob. Murder! Murder!

[*Exit.*

Cl. Well; I shall meet w' ye: *Lucio*, who bought
this?

'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's Champion ne'er us'd truer; with this Staff
Old *Alvarez* has led up Men so close,
They could almost spit in the Cannon's Mouth;
Whilst I with that, (18) and this, well mounted, skirr'd
A Horse troop through and through, like swift desire,
And

(18) — and this, well mounted, scour'd

A Horse-troop through and through,—] The old Folio reads
furr'd, which I take to be only a false spelling of a better word, viz.
skirr'd: Thus *Shakespeare* in *Macbeth*, Act 5. Scene 3.

Send out more Horses skir the country round.

To

And seen poor Rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd
Like bleeding Shads.

Luc. Bless us, Sister *Clara*,
How desperately you talk; what d' ye call
This Gun, a dag?

Cl. I'll give't thee; a *French* Petronel:
You never saw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta*
Bestow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*;
Walk down, and see it.

Luc. What, into the Stable?
Not I, the Jades will kick; the poor Groom there
Was almost spoil'd the other Day.

Cl. Fie on thee,
Thou wilt scarce be a Man before thy Mother.

Luc. When will you be a Woman?

Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.

Cl. Would I were none,
But Nature's privy Seal assures me one.

Alv. Thou anger'st me: Can strong habitual Custom
Work with such Magick on the Mind and Manners,
In spite of Sex and Nature? Find out, Sirrah,
Some skilful Fighter.

Bob. Yes, Sir.

Alv. I will rectifie,
And redeem either's proper Inclination,
Or bray 'em in a Morter, and new-mold 'em.

Bob. Believe your Eyes, Sir, I tell you, we wash an
Ethiop. [Exit.

Cl. I strike it for ten Duckets.

To *skir* is *velitari*, to fight as the light Horse do, from whence the
Substantive *Skirmish*.

In *Henry V.* *Shakespeare* uses the Word for *flying swiftly*, tho'
from an Enemy. The King says of the *French* Horse, Act 4.
Scene 13.

*He'll make 'em skir away, as swift as Stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian Slings.*

No Reader of Taste wou'd bear the Change of the word *skir*, which is
perfectly poetical, as the Sound is an Echo to the Sense, for *scour*; and
Fletcher has not suffered much less by the Change. Mr. Seward.

Alv. How now, *Clara*,
 Your Breeches on still? And your Petticoat
 Not yet off, *Lucio*? Art thou not guelt?
 Or did not the cold *Muscovite* beget thee,
 That lay here Lieger, in the last great Frost?
 Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a Man indeed
 Beneath the Girdle? and a Woman thou?
 I'll have you search'd by — I strongly doubt;
 We must have these things mended; come go in. [*Exit.*]

Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.

Bob. With *Lucio*, say you? There he's for you.

Vit. And there's for thee.

Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
 of me; if you chance to have Conference with that Lady
 there, be very civil, or look to your Head; she has ten
 Nails, and you have but two Eyes: If any foolish hot
 Motions should chance to rise in the Horizon, under your
 Equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as you can, for I fear
 the Elevation of your Pole will not agree with the *Horo-*
scope of her Constitution; she is *Bell and the Dragon* I as-
 sure you. [*Exit.*]

Vit. Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that sav'd *Vitelli*?

Luc. Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;
 There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphos'd. [*Exit.*]

Vit. D' ye mock me?

Cla. No, he does not: I am that
 Supposed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*
 That is, and Daughter unto *Alvarez*.

Vit. Amazement daunts me; would my Life were
 Riddles,

So you were still my fair Expositor:
 Protected by a Lady from my Death!
 Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
 Upon my Cheek from this discovery:
 Oh, you the fairest Soldier I e'er saw;
 Each of whose Eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,
 Conquers without blows, the contentious.

Cla. Sir, guard your self, you're in your En'mies House,
 And may be injur'd.

Vit.

Vit. 'Tis impossible:

Foe, nor oppressing odds, dares prove *Vitelli*,
If *Clara* side him, and will call him Friend;
I would the diff'rence of our Bloods were such
As might with any shift be wip'd away:
Or would to Heav'n your self were all your Name;
That having lost Blood by you, I might hope
To raise Blood from you. But my black-wing'd Fate
Hovers averfely over that fond hope:
And he, whose Tongue (19) thus gratifies the Daughter,
And Sister of his Enemy, wears a Sword
To rip the Father and the Brother up.
Thus you that sav'd this wretched Life of mine,
Have sav'd it to the ruin of your Friends.
That my Affections should promiscuously
Dart Love and Hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiss your Hand.

Cl. You're treacherous,
And come to do me Mischief.

Vit. Speak on still,
Your words are falser (Fair) than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treach'rous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,
I do desire to hear you.

Cl. Pray be gone:
Or kill me if you please.

Vit. Oh, neither can I,
For to be gone, were to destroy my Life;
And to kill you, were to destroy my Soul:
I am in Love, yet must not be in Love;
I'll get away apace; yet valiant Lady,
Such Gratitude to Honour I do owe,
And such Obedience to your Memory,

(19) ——— *thus gratifies the Daughter,*] This *gratifies* seems to come in oddly; for what Gratification does *Vitelli* make *Clara* here? He gives her good Words, 'tis true, and sets off the Service she had done him at her first Appearance on the Stage, but this ought rather to be called a *Panegyrick*, than a Gratification, and who knows but the Authors might have given it

————— *thus glorifies the Daughter.*

That if you will bestow something, that I
May wear about me, it shall bind my Wrath,
My most invet'rate Wrath, from all Attempts,
Till you and I meet next.

Cl. A Favour, Sir?

Why, I'll give you good Counsel.

Vit. That already

You have bestowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove——

Cl. Nay, those are Tokens for a Waiting-maid
To trim the Butler with. *Vit.* Your Feather--- *Cl.* Fie,
The Wenchs give them to the Serving-men.

Vit. That little Ring——

Cl. 'Twill hold you but by th' Finger;
And I would have you faster.

Vit. Any thing

That I may wear, and but remember you.

Cl. This Smile; my good Opinion; or my self.
But that it seems you like not.

Vit. Yes, so well,

When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good Opinion shall in weight poize me
Against a thousand Ill: Lastly, your self,
My curious Eye now figures in my Heart,
Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
So, whitest Angels guard you.

Cl. Stay Sir, I

Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.

Vit. What's that?

Cl. This Sword.

I never heard a Man speak till this hour.
His Words are golden Chains, and now I fear
The Lions hath met a Tamer here:
Fie, how his Tongue chimes! what was I a saying?
Oh this Favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a Love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my Friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your Foes
(For I have neither Friend, nor Foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,
And value it, next my Virginity.—

But

But good, return it, for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, thou'd have me too.

Vit. Would that were possible, but 'las it is not ;
Yet this assure your self, most honour'd *Clara*,
I'll not infringe a particle of Breath
My Vow hath offer'd t' ye ; nor from this part
Whilst it hath Edge, or Point, or I a Heart. [Exit.

Cl. Oh, leave me living, — what new Exercise
Is crept into my Breast, that blancheth clean
My former Nature ? I begin to find
I am a Woman, and must learn to Fight
A softer sweeter Battel, than with Swords.
I'm sick methinks, but the Disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth ; I warrant, Love
Is very like this, that Folks talk of so ;
I skill not what it is, yet sure e'en here,
E'en in my Heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering Flame,
But know not yet the Essence on't, nor Name. [Exit.

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

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

Mal. HE must not ? Nor he shall not ? Who shall
let him ?

You, Politick *Diego*, with your Face of Wisdom ?
Don-blirt ? the——upon your Aphorismes,
Your Grave and Sage-Ale Physiognomy :
Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,
Whose Dunghil all the Parish Scavengers
Could never rid ? Thou Comedy to Men,
Whose serious Folly is a Butt for all
To shoot their Wits at ; whilst thou hast not Wit,
Nor Heart, to answer, or be angry.

Alg. Lady.

Mal. Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, supported by
A staff of rott'ner Office ; dare you check
Any's Accesses that I will allow ?

Piorato is my Frinnd, and visits me
 In lawful sort, t' espouse me as his Wife;
 And who will cross, or shall, our Enterviews ?
 You know me Sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
 That cast her Belly and her Wastecoat lately;
 Thou think'ft thy Constableness is much : not so,
 I am ten Offices to thee : Ay, thy House,
 Thy House and Office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My House-of-office is mantain'd i' th' Garden :
 Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd,
 You're a Delinquent, but I have contriv'd
 A Poison, though not in the third Degree :
 I can say, black's your Eye, though it be grey ;
 I have conniv'd at this your Friend, and you ;
 But what is got by this Connivency ?
 (20) I like his Feature well, a proper Man,
 Of good Discourse, fine Conversation,
 Valiant, and a great Carrier of the Business,
 Sweet-Breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush :
 Yet I must tell you, you forget your self,
 My Lord *Vitelli's* Love, and Maintenance,
 Deserves no other Jack i' th' Box, but he ;
 What though he gather'd first the golden Fruit,
 And blew your Pigs-coat up into a Blister,
 When you did wait at Court upon his Mother ;
 Has he not well provided for the * Barn ?
 Beside, what Profit reap I by the other ?
 If you will have me serve your Pleasure, Lady,
 Your Pleasure must accommodate my Service ;
 As good be Virtuous and Poor, as not
 Thrive by my Knav'ry ; all the World would be
 Good, prosper'd Goodness like to Villany.

(20) *I like his Feather well, a proper Man,*] To begin the Description of *Piorato*, with the mention of what was only accidental to his Dress, not essential to his Person, is certainly so contrary to good Sense, that no Man can think our Authors could be guilty of such a Fault. To wipe off this Aspersions from the Poet's Character, Mr. *Seward* proposes reading with me,

I like his Feature (or Favour) well, a proper Person.

* *i. e.* Child.

I am the King's Vice-gerent by my Place ;
His right Lieutenant in mine own Precinct.

Mal. Thou'rt a right Rascal in all Mens Precincts ;
Yet now my pair of Twins, of Fool, and Knave,
Look, we are Friends, there's Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my Don ;
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wife :
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer ;
Thy Children shall eat still, my good Night Owl,
And thy old Wife sell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanc'd by th' Dons, and wear a Hood,
Nay, keep my Garden-house ; I'll call her Mother,
Thee Father, my good poisonous Red-hair'd Deel,
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an *Indian Queen*.

Alg. And I will be thy Devil, thou my Flesh,
With which I'll catch the World.

Mal. Fill some Tobacco,
And bring it in: If *Piorato* come
Before my Don, admit him ; if my Don
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil. [*Exit.*

Alg. I will my dear Flesh: First come, first serv'd.
Well said.

Oh equal Heav'n, how wisely thou dispos'est
Thy several Gifts? One's born a great rich Fool,
For the subord'nate Knave to work upon ;
Another's poor, with Wit's Addition,
Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up,
And that too from the Sire oft descends ;
Only fair Virtue, by Traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets Success ;
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by Heav'n, makes me or good, or ill :
Now since Vice gets more in this vicious World
Than Piety, and my Stars confluence
Enforce my Disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great ; Religious,
And that way good ; my chief Felicity

Is Wealth, the nurse of Sensuality :
 And he that mainly labours to be rich,
 Must scratch great Scabs, and claw a Strumpet's Itch.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Piorato, and Bobadilla, with Letters.

Pio. To say, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
 Were not to understand my self.

Bob. To say, Sir,
 You will do any thing but wait upon him,
 Were not to understand my Lord.

Pio. I'll meet him
 Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
 His Son a Man again ; the Cure is easie,
 I have done divers—

Bob. Women do ye mean, Sir ?

Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir : Be there but one spark
 Of Fire remaining in him unextinct,
 With my discourse I'll blow it to a Flame,
 And with my practice, into Action :
 I have had one so full of childish Fear,
 And womanish-hearted, sent to my Advice,
 He durst not draw a Knife to cut his Meat.

Bob. And how, Sir, did you help him ?

Pio. Sir, I kept him
 Sev'n Days in a dark Room by Candle-light,
 A plenteous Table spread, with all good Meats,
 Before his Eyes, a Case of keen broad Knives
 Upon the Board, and he so watch'd he might not
 Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it :
 And thus I brought him first to draw a Knife.

Bob. Good !

Pio. Then for ten Days did I diet him
 Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and Gammons of Bacon ;
 A Pill of Caveary now and then,
 Which breeds Choler adust, you know—

Bob. 'Tis true.

[Crudities,

Pio. And to purge Phlegmatick Humour, and cold
 In

In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but——

Bob. *Aqua-vitæ*, Signior,
For *Aqua-fortis* poisons.

Pio. *Aqua-fortis*

I say again: What's one Man's Poison, Signior,
Is another's Meat and Drink.

Bob. Your Patience, Sir ;

By your good Patience, he'ad a huge cold Stomach.

Pio. I fir'd it, and gave him then three sweats
In the Artillery-yard three * drilling Days :
And now he'll shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,
And fight with any Man in Christendom.

Bob. A Receipt for a Coward : I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good Prescription.

Pio. Sir, hereafter

You shall, and underneath it put *probatum* :
Is your Chain right ?

Bob. It is both right and just, Sir ;
For though I am a Steward, I did get it
With no Man's wrong.

Pio. You're very witty.

Bob. So, so.

Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too rash,
And over-daring ? (There now's my Disease :)
Fool-hardy as they say ? for that in sooth
I am.

Pio. Most eas'ly.

Bob. How ?

Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,
With small Beer once a Day, and beat you twice,
Till you be bruis'd all over, if that help not,
Knock out your Brains.

Bob. This is strong Physick, Signior,
And never will agree with my weak Body :
I find the Med'cine worse than th' Malady,
And therefore will remain Fool-hardy still ;
You'll come, Sir ?

Pio. As I am a Gentleman.

* To *drill*, is to marshal or discipline Soldiers.

Bob.

Bob. A Man o' th' Sword should never break his Word.

Pio. I'll overtake you : I have only, Sir,
A complimental Vifitation
To offer to a Mistrefs lodg'd here by.

Bob. A Gentlewoman ?

Pio. Yes, Sir.

Bob. Fair, and comely ?

Pio. Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-pareil
Of *Sevil*, the most wealthy Mine of *Spain*,
For Beauty and Perfection.

Bob. Say you so ?

Might not a Man entreat a Courtesie,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruse
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't, Signior ?
Hauh——I hope you'll not deny me being a Stranger ;
Though I'm a Steward, I am Flesh and Blood,
And frail as other Men.

Pio. Sir, blow your Nose——

I dare not for the World ; no, she is kept
By a great Don, *Vitelli*.

Bob. How ?

Pio. 'Tis true,

Bob. See, things will veer about, this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters
From my young Mistrefs *Clara* ; and I tell you,
Under the Rose, (because you are a Stranger,
And my especial Friend,) I doubt there is
A little foolish Love betwixt the Parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.

Pio. Happy discovery :

My Fruit begins to ripen. Hark you, Sir,
I would not wish you now to give those Letters :
But home, and ope this to *Madonna Clara*,
Which when I come I'll justifie, and relate
More amply and particularly.

Bob. I approve

Your Council, and will practise it ; *bazilos manos* :

Here's

(21) Here's two chewres chewr'd; when Wisdom is
imploy'd
'Tis ever thus: Your more acquaintance, Signior;
I say not better, lest you think, I thought not
Yours good enough [Exit.

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your Servant, excellent Steward.
Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more Brains.
Here comes the *Alguazier*: *Dieu vous garde Monsieur.*
Is my Cuz stirring yet?

Alg. Your Cuz, good Cousin?
A Whore is like a Fool, a-kin to all
The Gallants in the Town: Your Cuz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other Cousin,
My Lord *Vitelli*; since when there hath been
Some dozen Cousins here t'enquire for her.

Pio. She's greatly ally'd, Sir.

Alg. Marry is she, Sir,
Come of a lusty Kindred; the truth is,
I must connive no more; no more Admittance
Must I consent to; my good Lord has threatned me,
And you must pardon——

Pio. Out upon thee Man,
Turn honest in thine Age? one foot i' th' Grave?
Thou shalt not wrong thy self so, for a Million;
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for Wit
I mean) here is one Sop, and two, and three,
For ev'ry Chop a Bit.

Alg. I marry Sir:
Well, the poor Heart loves you but too too well.

(21) *Here's two Chewres chewr'd;* —] That is, *Here are two Bu-
sinesses dispatched.* *Chewre* may be a South Country Word for *Busi-
ness*, but in the North we should say,

Here's two Chares char'd.——

So in *Noble Kinsmen*, we have the same Word, Act 3. Scene 2.
The Jaylor's Daughter speaking of *Palamon*, says,

*All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lye,
My Father's to be hang'd for his Escape, &c.*

We

We have been talking on you 'faith this Hour;
 Where, what I said — go too; she loves your Valour;
 Oh, and your Musick most abominably
 She is within, Sir, and alone; what mean you?

[Piorato *changes sides.*]

Pio. That's your Sergeant's side, I take it, Sir;
 Now I endure your Constable's much better;
 There is less danger in't; for one, you know,
 Is a tame harmless Monster in the Light,
 The Sergeant, salvage both by Day and Night.

Alg. I'll call her to you, for that. — *Pio.* No, I will
 Charm her. *Alg.* She's come. *Pio.* My Spirit!

Enter Malroda.

Mal. Oh my Sweet!
 Leap Hearts to Lips, and in our Kisses meet.

S O N G.

Pio. Turn, turn thy beauteous Face away,
 How pale and sickly looks the Day,
 In emulation of thy brighter Beams!
 Oh envious Light, flie, flie, begone,
 Come Night, and piece two Breasts as one;
 When what Love does; we will repeat in Dreams.
 Yet, thy Eyes open, who can Day hence fright,
 Let but their Lids fall, and it will be Night.

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your Fortitude,
 And you to Temperance; ah, ye pretty Pair,
 'Twere Sin to funder you. Lovers being alone
 Make one of two, and Day and Night all one.
 But fall not out, I charge you, keep the Peace;
 You know my Place else.

[*Exit.*]

Mal. No, you will not marry;
 You are a Courtier, and can Sing, my Love,
 And want no Mistresses; but yet I care not,
 I'll love you still, and when I'm dead for you,
 Then you'll believe my Truth.

Pio. You kill me, Fair,

It is my Lesson that you speak ; have I
In any Circumstance deserv'd this doubt ?
I am not like your false and perjur'd Don
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his Faith ;
And yet attempts in way of Marriage
A Lady not far off.

Mal. How's that ?

Pio. 'Tis so :

And therefore Mistress, now the time is come
You may demand his Promise ; and I swear
To marry you with speed.

Mal. And with that Gold

Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll (22) walk some Voyage,
And leave me to my Trade ; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a Whore, and gull'd a Lord.

Pio. You anger me extremely ; fare you well.
What should I say to be believ'd ? expose me
To any hazard ; or like jealous *Juno*,
Th' incens'd Step-mother of *Hercules*,
Design me (23) Labours most impossible,
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em ; so at last
You will believe me.

Mal. Come, we're Friends, I do ;
I'm thine, walk in ; my Lord has sent me outsidés,
But thou shalt have 'em, th' Colours are too sad.

Pio. 'Faith Mistress, I want Clothes indeed.

Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my Servant.

¶ (22) ——— *walk some Voyage,*] Voyage is now improperly applied only to Journies at Sea ; but it properly signifies a Journey either by Land or Sea, as the *French* use the word *Voyage*. The word *Journey* is deriv'd from *Jour* the Day ; Voyage is from *Voye, Via*, the *Way* : And here is us'd in its proper Signification. Mr. Seward.

(23) ——— *Labours most impossible,*] This Place, at first Sight, appears to be a Contradiction : for if the Labours were impossible they could not be done either by *Piorato* or *Hercules*. *Most*, I take it here should be wrote thus,

————— *Labours 'most impossible,*

i. e. almost. The using of a simple for a compound Word is frequent in our Poets ; and we have it again in this very Play, Act 5. Scene 2.

— being by your Beams of Beauty form'd, *i. e.* inform'd.

Pio. And I have
A better Mettal for my Mistrefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several Doors.

Alg. Undone——Wit, now or never help me——my
Master——

He'll cut my Throat—I'm a dead Constable——
And he'll not be hang'd neither——there's the Grief.——
The Party, Sir, is here——

Vit. What?

Alg. He was here;

I cry your Lordship mercy; but I ratled him;
I told him here was no Companions
For such debauch'd, and poor condition'd Fellows;
I bid him venture not so desp'rately
The cropping of his Ears, flitting his Nose,
Or being gelt——

Vit. 'Twas well done.

Alg. Please your Honour,

I told him there were Stews, and then at last
Swore three or four great Oaths she was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in Conscience,
Being for your Lordship.

Vit. What became of him?

Alg. Faith, Sir, he went away with a Flea in's Ear,
Like a poor Cur, clapping his trundle Tail
Betwixt his Legs—*A chi ba, a chi ba, a chi ba*—now luck.

Enter Malroda and Piorato.

Mal. 'Tis he, do as I told thee; blefs the Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.

Vit. *Malroda*, what alone?

Mal. She never is alone, that is accompany'd
With noble Thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your Lordship.

Vit. Pretty Lafs!

Mal.

Mal. Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done; but
 'faith,
 It is not like; nay, this way, Sir, the Light
 Strikes best upon it here.

Pio. Excellent Wench!

Alg. I am glad the danger's o'er.

[Exit.

[Exit.

Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,
 But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
 Could make but once.

Mal. All's clear; another Tune
 You must hear from me now. *Vitelli*, thou'rt
 A most perfidious and a perjur'd Man,
 As ever did usurp Nobility.

Vit. What mean'st thou, *Mal*?

Mal. Leave your betraying Smiles,
 And change the Tunes of your inticing Tongue
 To penitential Prayers; (24) for I am great
 In labour, e'en with Anger, big with Child
 Of Woman's rage, bigger than when my Womb
 Was pregnant by thee; go Seducer, flie
 Out of the World, let me the last Wretch be
 Dishonoured by thee; touch me not, I loath
 My very Heart, because thou lay'st there long;
 A Woman's well help'd up, that's confident
 In e'er a glittering Outside of you all:
 Would I had honestly been match'd to some
 Poor Country Swain, e'er known the Vanity
 Of Court: Peace then had been my Portion,

(24) ————— for I am great

In labour, e'en with Anger, big with Child

Of Woman's rage, —] Here we have a strange Anticlimax,

she is *in Labour* with Anger, and yet only *big* with Child of Rage:
 The Editor possibly might be the Author of this Inconsistency, who
 seeing the Line wrote

————— *E'en with Anger big with Child &c.*

thought that the Measure was deficient, and so might out of his own
 Head give us *in Labour* to make up the Deficiency: but he did not
 see the Inconsistency of this Addition, which makes the Place Non-
 sense.

Nor had been cozen'd by an Hour's Pomp,
To be a Whore unto my dying Day.

Vit. (25) Oh th' uncomfortable ways such Women
have ;

Their different speech and meaning, no Assurance
In what they say or do : Dissemblers
E'en in their Prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their *Adam* ;
Lyers, as if their Mother had been made
Only of all the falshood of the Man,
Dispos'd into that Rib ; do I know this,
And more ; nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my Creation ?
Can I with rational Discourse sometimes
Advance my Spirit into Heav'n, before
'T has shook Hands with my Body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy Flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling Objects ?
When I am absent, eas'ly I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, e'en to actual Sin ;
Yet when I meet again those Sorcerers Eyes,
Their Beams my hardest Resolutions thaw,
As if that Cakes of Ice and *July* met ;
And her Sighs powerful as the violent North,
Like a light Feather twirl me round about,
And leave me, in mine own low State again.
What ayl'st thou ? Prithee weep not : Oh, those Tears,
If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
A flow'ry spring i' th' midst of *January* ;
Celestial Ministers with Chrystal Cups
Would stoop to save 'em for Immortal Drink :

(25) *Oh th' uncomfortable ways such Women have ;*] *Uncomfortable*, is surely not the true Word, because there are several Words near the Trace of the Letters, which are so much more congruous to the Context ; *Unconscionable*, *unfathomable*, *unsearchable*, *inscrutable*. But all these, as well as *uncomfortable*, make the Verse an ill-running Alexandrine : I think therefore *unstable*, i. e. mutable, fickle, &c. bids fairest for having been the original.

Mr. Seward.

But

But from this Passion——why all this?

Mal. D' ye ask?

You're marrying : having made me unfit
For any Man, you leave me fit for all ;
Porters must be my Burthens now, to live,
And fitting me your self for Carts, and Beadles,
You leave me to 'em : And who of all the World
But the *Virago*, your great Arch-foe's Daughter ?
But on ; I care not, this poor rush ; 'twill breed
An excellent Comedy : ha ! ha ! 't makes me laugh :
I cannot chuse : the best is, some report
It is a Match for Fear, not Love o' your side.

Vit. Why how the Devil knows she, that I saw
This Lady ? are all Whores piec'd with some Witch ?
I will be merry. 'Faith 'tis true, Sweet-heart,
I am to marry ——

Mal. Are you ? you base Lord,
By —— I'll Pisto! thee.

Vit. A roaring Whore ?
Take heed, there's a Correction-house hard by ;
You ha' learn'd this o' your Swordman, that I warn'd
you of,
Your Fencers, and your Drunkards ; but whereas
You upbraid me with Oaths, why, I must tell you
I ne'er promised you Marriage, nor have vow'd,
But said I'd love you, long as you remain'd
The Woman I expected, or you swore ;
And how you've fail'd of that, Sweet-heart, you know.
You fain would shew your Power, but fare you well,
I'll keep no more Faith with an Infidel.

Mal. Nor I my Bosom for a *Turk* ; d' ye hear ?
Go, and the Devil take me, if ever
I see you more ; I was too true.

Vit. Come, pish :
That Devil take the falsest of us two.

Mal. Amen.

Vit. You're an ill Clark, and curse your self ;
Madness transports you : I confess, I drew you
Unto my Will ; but you must know that must not

Make me doat on the habit of my Sin.
 I will, to settle you to your content,
 Be Master of my word; and yet he ly'd,
 That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
 But will you slave me to your Tyranny
 So cruelly, I shall not dare to look
 Or speak to other Women? make me not
 Your Smock's Monopolie; come, let's be Friends:
 Look, here's a Jewel for thee; I will come
 At Night, and——

Mal. What—y' faith: you shall not, Sir.

Vit. I' Faith and Troth, and verily, but I will.

Mal. Half drunk, to make a Noife, and rail?

Vit. No, no.

Sober, and dieted for th' nonce: I'm thine,
 I've won the Day.

Mal. The Night, though, shall be mine. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.

Cl. What said he, Sirrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing; faith I saw him not,
 Nor will not; he doth love a Strumpet, Mistrefs,
 Nay keeps her spitefully, under th' Constable's Nose;
 It shall be justified by th' Gentleman,
 Your Brother's Master, that is now within
 A practising: There are your Letters, come
 You shall not cast your self away, while I live;
 Nor will I venture my Right-worshipful Place
 In such a Business—here's your Mother, down,
 And he that loves you; another 'gates Fellow—I wish,
 If you had any Grace—*Cl.* Well Rogue. *Bob.* I'll in,
 To see Don *Lucio* manage, he will make
 A pretty piece of Flesh, I promise you,
 He does already handle's Weapon finely. [Exit.]

Enter

Enter Eugenia and Syavedra.

Eug. She knows your Love, Sir, and the full allowance

Her Father and my self approve it with,
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some Impression by her Alteration;
She sighs, and says, Forsooth, and cries Heigh-ho;
She'll take ill Words o' th' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly:
Things, Sir, not usual with her; there she is,
Change some few words.

Sya. Madam, I am bound t' ye;
How now, fair Mistrefs, working?

Cl. Yes, forsooth,
Learning to live another Day.

Sya. That needs not.

Cl. No forsooth; by my truly but it does,
We know not what we may come to.

Eug. 'Tis strange.

Sya. Come, I've begg'd leave for you to play.

Cl. Forsooth,
'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

Sya. Sh'ad better be well-busied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn, shall I sit by you?

Cl. If you be weary: Sir, y' had best be gone,
I work not a true Stitch, now you're my Mate.

Sya. If I be so, I must do more then, fide you.

Cl. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.

Sya. Shall we Bill?

Cl. Oh no, forsooth.

Sya. Being so fair, my *Clara*,
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?

Cl. Oh, white Sir,
The fairest Ladies like the blackest Men:
I ever lov'd the Colour; all Black things
Are least subject to Change.

Sya. Why, I do love
A Black thing too; and the most beauteous Faces

Have oftneft of them; as the blackeft Eyes,
Jet-arched Brows, fuch Hair: I'll kifs your Hand.

Cl. 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my task.

Sya. Your Mother, nor your Father fhall chide; you
Might have a prettier Task, would you be rul'd,
And look with open Eyes.

Cl. I ftare upon you,
And broadly fee you; a wondrous proper Man!
Yet 'twere a greater Task for me to love you
Than I fhall ever work, Sir, in feven Year,
—— O' this ftitching, I had rather feel
Two, than fow one: —— This Rogue has giv'n m' a
ftitch

Clean crofs my Heart; good faith Sir, I fhall prick you.

Sya. In gooder faith I wou'd prick you again.

Cl. Now you grow troublefome; piff, the Man's
foolifh.

Sya. Pray wear thefe Trifles.

Cl. Neither you, nor Trifles;
You are a Trifle, wear your felf, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.

Sya. Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wakt,
Nor faft, nor die for you.

Cl. Goofe, be n't deceiv'd,
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor faft, nor watch, nor pray for you.

Eug. Her old fit.

Sya. Sure this is not the way; nay, I will break
Your Melancholy——

Cl. I fhall break your Pate then,
Away, you fanguine Scabbard.

Eug. Out upon thee,
Thou'lt break my Heart, I'm fure.

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Sya. She's not yet tame.

Alv. On Sir, put home, or I fhall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:

Oh,

Oh, the brave Age is gone ; in my young Days
 A Chevalier would (26) stock a Needle's point
 Three times together strait i' th' Hams ; or shall I
 Give ye new Garters ? *Bob.* Faith, old Master, there
 Is little hope ; the Linnen sure was dank
 He was begot in, he's so faint and cold :
 Ev'n send him to *Toledo*, there to study,
 For he will never fadge with these *Toledos* ;
 Bear y' up your Point there ; pick his Teeth : Oh base !

Pio. Fie, you're the most untoward Scholar ; bear
 Your Body gracefully, what a Posture's there ?
 You lie too open-breasted. *Luc.* Oh ! *Pio.* You wou'd
 Never make a good Statesman. *Luc.* Pray no more.
 I hope to breathe in Peace, and therefore need not
 The practice of these dang'rous Qualities ;
 I do not mean to live by't, for I trust
 You'll leave me better able.

Alv. Not a Button :
 Let's go get us a new Heir.

Eug. Ay ? by my troth, your Daughter's as un-
 toward.

Alv. I'll break thee Bone by Bone, and bake thee, e'er
 I will ha' such a wooden Son t' inherit.
 Take him a good knock, see how that will work.

Pio. Now for your life, Signior.

Luc. Oh, 'las I'm kill'd,
 My Eye is out ; look, Father, *Zancho*—
 I'll play the Fool no more thus, that I will not.

Cl. 'Heart, ne'er a Rogue in *Spain* shall wrong my
 Brother,
 Whilst I can hold a Sword.

Pio. Hold Madam, Madam !

Alv. *Clara!*

(26) —*stock a needle's point*] Needle's for *needles*, is from the oldest Folio ; but still there remains a seeming Corruption in the Line, and that is *Stock*. Mr. *Seward* wou'd read, *strike*. I suppose it should be corrected thus,

—————stick a Needle's point.

Eug. Daughter!

Bob. Mistrefs!

Pio. *Bradamante!*

Hold, hold I pray.

Alv. The Devil's in her, o' the other side fure:
There's Gold for you; they have chang'd what-ye-
calt's;

Will no cure help? Well, I have one Experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him, there's an end on't.
Come you along with me, and you, Sir.

Bob. Now are you going to drowning.

[*Exeunt Alv. Eug. Luc. and Bob.*

Sya. I'll e'en along with ye; she's too great a
Lady for me, and would prove more than my Match.

[*Exit,*

Cla. You're he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward?

Pio. Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.

Cla. But are you sure you do not wrong him?

Pio. Sure?

So fure, that if you please venture your self,
I'll shew y' him and his Cokatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.

Cla. Will you? By——Sir,
You shall endear me ever, and I ask
Your Mercy.

Pio. You were somewhat boysterous.

Cla. There's Gold to make y' amends; and for this
Pains,

I'll gratify you farther; I'll but masque me,
And walk along w' ye; faith let's make a Night on't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi,
and Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on, my brave Water-Spaniels, you that
hunt Ducks in the Night, and hide more Knavery under
your

your Gowns than your Betters ; observe my Precepts, and edify by my Doctrines : At yond Corner will I fet you ; if Drunkards molest the Street, and fall to brabbling, knock you down the Malefactors, and take you up their Cloaks and Hats, and bring them to me, they are lawful Prisoners, and must be ransom'd e'er they receive Liberty ; what else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Met. We are wise enough, and warm enough.

Men. Vice this Night shall be apprehended.

Pac. The terrour of Rug-gowns shall be known, (27) and our Bills discharge us of after Reckonings.

Laz. I will do any thing, so I may eat.

Pac. *Lazarillo*, we will spend no more ; now we are grown worse, we will live better, let us follow our calling faithfully.

Alg. Away then, the Common-wealth is our Mistress ; and who would serve a common Mistress, but to gain by her ?
[*Exeunt.*]

(27) *and our Blifs discharge us of after Reckonings.*] If my Reader can understand this, 'tis more than I can do, supposing the Text to stand as it does ; but if with Mr. *Theobald* and myself we alter the word *Blifs* into *Bills*, our Authors will write Sense, and the Passage will be clear to the most unlearned.

I had like to have forgot to acquaint the Reader that the Copy of 1647 confirms our Conjecture.

ACT

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

*Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and
two Pages with Lights.*

Lam. I Pray you see the Masque, my Lord.

Ana. 'Tis early Night yet.

Gen. O if it be so late, take me along ;
I would not give advantage to ill Tongues
To tax my being here, without your Presence
To be my warrant.

Vit. You might spare this, Sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you ; one that is
By your Allowance, and his Choice, your Servant,
And may my Counsel and Perswasion work it,
Your Husband speedily : For your Entertainment
My Thanks ; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Mistress some acceptable Service,
In waiting on her to my House.

Gen. My Lord.

Vit. As you respect me, without farther trouble
Retire, and taste those Pleasures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.

Lam. When you please, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Mal. You'll leave my Chamber?

Alg. Let us but bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my Office,
Will be thy Slaves for ever.

Mal. Are you so hot?

Alg. But taste the difference of a Man in place,
You'll find that when Authority pricks him forward,
Your

(28) Your *Don*, nor your *Diego* comes not near him
To do a Lady right; no Men pay dearer
For their stoln Sweets, than we; three Minutes trading
Affords to any Sinner a Protection,
For three Years after, think on that: I burn:
But one drop of your Bounty——

Mal. Hence you Rogue,
Am I fit for you? is't not Grace sufficient
To have your staff, a bolt to bar the Door
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'll presume
To be his Taster? *Alg.* Is no more respect
Due to (29) this Rod of Justice?

Mal. Do you dispute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
——If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.

Alg. Why, I am big enough to answer him,
Or any Man.

Mal. 'Tis well.

[*Vitelli within.*

Vit. *Malroda!*

Alg. How?

Mal. You know the Voice, and now crouch like a Cur,
Ta'en worrying Sheep; I now could have you gelded
For a Bawd rampant; but on this Submission
For once I spare you.

Alg. I will be reveng'd——
My honourable Lord.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. There's for thy care.

Alg. I'm mad, stark mad; proud Pagan, scorn her
Host?

Would I were but valiant enough to kick her,

Enter Piorato, and Clara, above.

I'd wish no Manhood else.

Mal. What's that?

(28) So the Edition of 1647. The rest
Your Don; not yet *your* &c.

(29) *This* I have substituted for *his*, from the first Folio Copy:

Alg.

Alg. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Pio. You see I have kept my Word. *Cl.* But in this
Object

Hardly deserv'd my Thanks. *Pio.* Is there ought else
You will command me? *Cl.* Only your Sword, which
I must have; nay, willingly; I yet know
To force it, and to use it.

Pio. 'Tis yours, Lady.

Cl. I ask no other Guard.

Pio. If so, I leave you;

And now, if that the Constable keep his Word,
A poorer Man may chance to gull a Lord. [*Exit.*

Mal. By this good——you shall not.

Vit. By this——

I must, and will, *Malroda*; what, d' you make
A Stranger of me? *Mal.* I'll be so to you,
And you shall find it. *Vit.* These are your old Arts
T' endear the Game, you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have borne too coldly. *Mal.* Do so still.
For if I heat you, hang me.

Vit. If you do not,

I know who'll starve for't; why, thou shame of Women,
Whose Folly, or whose Impudence is greater,
Is doubtful to determine; this to me,
That know thee for a Whore?——

Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.

Vit. Why should I but grow wise,
And tye that Bounty up, which nor Discretion
Nor Honour can give way to, thou would'st be
A Bawd e'er twenty; and within a Month
A barefoot, lowsie, and diseased Whore,
And shift thy Lodgings oftner than a Rogue
That's whipt from Post to Post.

Mal. Pish, all our College
Know you can rail well in this kind.

Cl. 'Fore me

He never spake so well.

Vit. I have maintain'd thee

The envy of great Fortunes, made thee shine
As if thy Name were glorious ; stuck thee full
Of Jewels, as the Firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee so remarkable
That it grew questionable, whether Virtue poor,
Or Vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were ev'n by Modesty's self to be preferr'd :
And am I thus repaid ?

Mal. You're still my Debtor ;
Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my lost Honour,
Much less my Faith ? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne'er known what Lust was,
Nor what the Sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false.

Mal. 'Tis true :
But how return'd by you ? thy whole life being
But one continu'd act of Lust, and Shipwrack
Of Womens Chastities.

Vit. But that I know
That she that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,
I should admire thy tempting me ; but presume not
O'th' power you think you hold o'er my Affections,
It will deceive you ; yield, and presently,
Or by the inflam'd Blood, which thou must quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.

Mal. Touch me not :
You know I have a Throat,—— if you do
I will cry out a Rape, or sheath this here,
E'er I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heat, which luscious Meats and Wine,
And not Desire, hath rais'd.

Vit. A desp'rate Devil !
My Blood commands my Reason, I must take
Some milder way.

Mal. I hope, dear Don, I fit you.
The Night is mine, although the Day was yours,
You are not fasting now ; this speeding trick,
(Which I would as a Principle leave to all,
That make their Maintenance out of their own *Indies*,

As

As I do now ;) my good old Mother taught me ;
 Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your Lover
 His Stomach being empty, let Wine heat him,
 And then you may command him ; 'tis a sure one ;
 His Looks shew he is coming.

Vit. Come, this needs not,
 Especially to me ; you know how dear
 I ever have esteemed you.

Gla. Lost again.

Vit. (30) That any fight of yours hath power to change
 My strongest Resolution ; and one Tear
 Sufficient to command a Pardon from me,
 For any wrong from you, which all Mankind
 Should kneel in vain for.

Mal. Pray you pardon those
 That need your Favour, or desire it.

Vit. Prithee

Be better temper'd : I'll pay as a forfeit
 For my rash Anger, this Purse fill'd with Gold.
 Thou shalt have Servants, Gowns, Attires, what not ?
 Only continue mine.

Mal. 'Twas this I fish'd for.

[*Aside.*]

Vit. Look on me and receive it.

Mal. Well, you know

My gentle Nature, and take Pride t' abuse it :
 You see a Trifle pleases me, we're Friends ;
 This Kiss, and this, confirms it.

Gla. With my Ruin.

Mal. I'll have this Diamond, and this Pearl.

Vit. They're yours.

Mal. But will you not, when you have what you
 came for,

(30) *That any fight of yours ————
 ———— and one Tear*]

I don't discard the word *Sight*, here, because it may be explain'd into
 Sense ; but still I suspect *Sight* has a Letter too much, and that the
 Original might run,

That any Sigh or Tear &c.

Sighs and Tears is common, not so *Sight and Tears*.

Take

Take them from me to Morrow? 'Tis a fashion
Your Lords of late have us'd.

Vit. But I'll not follow.

Cla. That any Man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his Repentance.

Vit. Shall we to bed now?

Mal. Instantly, Sweet; yet now I think on't better,
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.

Cla. (31) Can I cry Ayme,
To this against my self? I'll break this Match,
Or make it stronger with my Blood. [Descends.

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi,
Mendoza, Lazarillo, &c.

Alg. I'm yours.

A Don's not privileg'd here more than your self,
Win her, and wear her.

Pio. Have you a Priest ready?

Alg. I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this scornful Whore to this poor Gallant,
She will make suit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-priz'd Wench upon her Knees:
For you, my fine neat *Harpyes*, stretch your Tallons
And prove your selves true Night-Birds.

Pac. Take my word
For me and all the rest.

Laz. If there be Meat
Or any Banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow my self.

Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em, all's fair Prize you light on;
I must away: your Officer may give way
To th' Knav'ry of his Watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me. [Exit.

(31) *Can I cry ah me.*] Mr. Theobald, with whom I had the
Happiness to concur, reads *Ayme*, a Word common in *Shakespeare*,
and the Playwrights of that Age, and the oldest Folio confirms the
Lecton.

Met.

Met. There look for us.

Vit. Who's that?

Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome :
Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord
Had done I know not what to me.

Vit. I'm gull'd,
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laugh'd at ;
Sirrah, what makes you here ?

Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.

Vit. How's that, you Slave?

Mal. He's such, that would continue her a Whore,
Whom he would make a Wife of.

Vit. I'll tread on
The Face you doat on, Strumpet.

Enter Clara.

Pac. Keep the Peace there.

Vit. A Plot upon my Life too ?

Met. Down with him.

Clara. Show your old Valour, and learn from a Woman ;
One Eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of Daws, as these are.

Pio. Get you off,
I'll follow instantly.

Pac. Run for more help there.

[Exeunt all but Vit. and Clara.]

Vit. Loss of my Gold, and Jewels, and the Wench too,
Afflicts me not so much, as th' having *Clara*
The Witness of my Weakness.

Clara. He turns from me ;
And yet I may urge Merit, since his Life
Is made my second Gift.

Vit. May I ne'er prosper
If I know how to thank her.

Clara. Sir, your Pardon
For pressing thus, beyond a Virgin's bounds,
Upon your Privacies ; and let my being
Like to a Man, as you are, be th' excuse

Of my solliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desir'd
By any other; Sir, you understand me,
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther Boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loss of Blushes and good Name.

Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful,
If it were possible I could affect
The Daughter of an Enemy.

Cl. That fair false one,
Whom with fond Dotage you have long pursu'd,
Had such a Father; she to whom you pay
Dearer for your Dishonour, than all Titles
Ambitious Men hunt for, are worth.

Vit. 'Tis truth.

Cl. Yet, with her, as a Friend, you still exchange
Health for Diseases, and, to your Disgrace,
Nourish the Rivals to your present Pleasures,
At your own charge, us'd as a Property
To give a safe Protection to her Lust,
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a Wife
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a Woman)
You're of so great a Spirit, that I must learn
To wear your Petticoat, for you will have
My Breeches from me.

Cl. Rather from this Hour
I here abjure all Actions of a Man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a Woman; Love, true Love
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd
All but my natural Softness, and made perfect
That which my Parents care could not begin.
I will show strength in nothing, but my Duty
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every Day more able.

Vit. Could this be,
 What a brave Race might I beget? I find
 A kind of yielding; and no reason why
 I should hold longer out; she's young, and fair,
 And chaste, for sure; but with her leave, the Devil
 Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have
 A Soldier's Arm, your Lips appear as if
 They were a Lady's.

Cl. They dare, Sir, from you
 Endure the Tryal.

Vit. Ha! once more I pray you——
 The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
 I have prov'd many; 'tis not safe, I fear,
 To ask th' rest now; well, I'll leave Whoring and
 Luck herein send me with her: Worthiest Lady,
 I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
 (If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
 Tell you, you are my Wife.

Cl. Which if you do,
 (33) From me, all Man-kind Women, learn to woe.
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Alguazier, Pacheco, Metaldi, Mendoza, and
 Lazarillo.

Alg. A Cloak? Good purchase; and rich Hangers?
 well,
 We'll share ten Pistolets a Man.

Laz. Yet still
 I'm monstrous hungry; could you not deduct
 So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
 Eight Loyns of Veal, and some two dozen of Capons?

Pac. O strange Proportion for five.

Laz. For five? I have

(33) Thus runs the Edition of 1647. The Octavo,
From me all Mankind, Women, learn to woe.

A Legion in my stomach, that have kept
Perpetual Fast these ten Years ; for the Capons,
They are to me but as so many Black-birds :
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the Fates call me, when my Ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in Peace.

Alg. Steal well to Night,
And thou shalt feed to Morrow ; so, now you are
Yourselfes again, I'll raise another Watch
To free you from Suspicion ; set on any
You meet with boldly ; I'll not be far off,
T'assist you, and protect you.

[Exit.

Met. O brave Officer !

Enter Alvarez, Lucio and Bobadilla.

Pac. Would every Ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch, for Rug, in gowns of Velvet.

Mend. Stand close, a Prize.

Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.

Alv. Why dost thou hang upon me ?

Luc. 'Tis so dark

I dare not see my way ; for Heav'n sake, Father,
Let us go home.

Bob. No, even here we'll leave you ;
Let's run away from him, my Lord.

Luc. Oh 'las.

Alv. Th'ast made me mad, and I will beat thee
dead,

Then bray thee in a Mortar, and new mold thee,
But I will alter thee.

Bob. 'Twill never be ?

He has been three Days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a Waiting-Woman,
And looks as he were murd'ring of a Fart
Among wild *Irish* Swaggerers.

Luc. I have still

Your good word, *Zancho* ; Father—

Alv. Milk-fop, Coward ;

No House of mine receives thee ; I disclaim thee,
Thy Mother on her Knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.

Luc. Pray you speak for me, [To Bobadilla.

Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine Honour.

Alv. There's only one Course left, that may redeem
thee,

Which is, to strike the next Man that you meet ;
And if we chance to light upon a Woman,
Take her away, and use her like a Man,
Or I will cut thy Hamstrings.

Pac. This makes for us.

Alv. What dost thou now ?

Luc. I'm saying, Sir, my Prayers ;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

*Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anaastro, and Pages with
Lights.*

Lam. Madam, I fear
You'll wish y' had us'd your Coach ; your Brother's House
Is yet far off.

Gen. The better, Sir ; this Walk
Will help Digestion after your great Supper,
Of which I have fed largely.

Alv. To your Task,
Or else you know what follows:

Luc. I am dying :
Now Lord have mercy on me. By your favour,
Sir, I must strike you.

Lam. For what cause ?

Luc. I know not ;
And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,
An Hour in private.

Lam. What you must, is doubtful,
But I am certain, Sir, that I must beat you.

Luc. Help, help.

Alv. Not strike again ?

Lam.

Lam. How, *Alvarez*?

Ana. This for my Lord *Vitelli's* love.

Pac. Break out,

And like true Thieves, make prey on either side,

(33) But seem to help the Stranger.

Bob. Oh my Lord!

They've beat him on his knees.

Luc. Though I want Courage,

I yet have a Son's Duty in me, and

Compassion of a Father's Danger; that,

That wholly now possesses me.

Alv. Lucio,

This is beyond my hope.

Met. So, *Lazarillo,*

Take up all, Boy; well done.

Pac. And now steal off

Closely and cunningly.

Ana. How? have I found you?

Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your selves

A prey to Rogues?

Lam. Would we were off.

Bob. Thieves, Thieves.

Lam. Defer our own Contention; and down with them.

Luc. I'll make you sure,

Bob. Now he plays the Devil,

Gen. This place is not for me.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I'll follow her;

Half of my Penance is past o'er.

[*Exit.*

(34) *But seems to help the Stranger.*] But as they were to be the Harpies of the Night, 'twould be something difficult to distinguish in the dark betwixt the contending Parties. I freely own this Place (if not corrected) is absolute Nonsense, or not intelligible. The way to set it found must be by changing a Letter, and 'twill then turn out thus,

But seem to help the stronger.

Enter Alguazier, Assistant, and other Watches.

Alg. What Noise? [you.

What Tumult's there? keep the King's Peace, I charge

Pac. I'm glad he's come, yet——

Alv. O, you keep good Guard

Upon the City, when Men of our Rank
Are set upon thus in the Streets.

Lam. Th' Assistant

Shall hear on't, be assur'd.

Ana. And if he be

That careful Governor he is reported,
You will smart for't.

Alg. Patience, good Signiors;

Let me survey the Rascals; O, I know them,
And thank you for them; they are pilf'ring Rogues
Of *Andaluzia*, that have perus'd
All Prisons in *Castile*; I dare not trust
The Dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home
To my own House.

Pac. We'd rather go to Prison.

Alg. Had you so, Dog-bolts? yes, I know you had;
You there would use your cunning Fingers on
The simple Locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.

Lam. My Mistress lost? good Night. [Exit.

Bob. Your Son's gone too,
What should be come of him?

Alv. Come of him, what will;

Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to Bed:
Look to your Prisoners, *Alguazier*. [Exit with Bob.

Alg. All's clear'd;

Droop not for one Disaster; let us hug,
And triumph in our Knav'ries.

Assist. This confirms

What was reported of him.

Met. 'Twas done bravely.

Alg. I must a little glory in the means
We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:

How

How we break through the Toils, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far less Delinquents ;
A simple Shopkeeper's carted for a Bawd,
For lodging, though unwittingly, a Smock-gamester ;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my House, as in a Cloyster,
Without Taint, or Suspicion.

Pac. But suppose
The Governor should know it ?

Alg. He ? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The Measures in the Market, and th' Abuses
The Day stands guilty of ; the Pillage of
The Night is only mine, mine own Fee-simple
Which, you shall hold from me, Tenants at will,
And pay no Rent for't.

Pac. Admirable Landlord !

Alg. Now we'll go search the Taverns, commit such
As we find drinking ; and be drunk our selves
With what we take from them ; these silly Wretches,
Whom I for form sake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.

Assist. And we will
See you safe lodg'd, most worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you his Comrades.

Met. 'Tis the Governor.

Alg. We are betray'd.

Assist. My Guard there ; bind them fast :

[*Enter Guard.*

How Men in high Place and Authority
Are in their Lives and Estimations wrong'd
By their subord'nate Ministers ? yet such
They cannot but imploy ; wrong'd Justice finding
Scarce one true Servant in ten Officers.
T'expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your Crimes due Punishment, which shall fall on you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by th' example ; and confirm,

However corrupt Officers may disgrace
 Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their Place.
 Bring them away.

Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
 And like to *Spanish* Gallants.

Pac. And we'll hang so.

Laz. I have no Stomach to't: but I'll endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucio and Genevora.

Gen. Nay, you are rude; pray you forbear, you offer
 now

More than the breeding of a Gentleman
 Can give you warrant for.

Luc. 'Tis but to kiss you,
 And think not I'll receive that for a Favour
 Which was enjoind me for a Penance, Lady.

Gen. You've met a gentle Confessor, and for once,
 (So then you will rest satisfy'd,) I vouchsafe it.

Luc. Rest satisfy'd with a Kiss? Why, can a Man
 Desire more from a Woman? Is there any
 Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
 If I know what it is.

Gen. Sweet Innocence!

Luc. What strange new Motions do I feel? my
 Veins

Burn with an unknown Fire; in ev'ry part
 I suffer Alteration; I am poison'd,
 Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
 So sweetly it works on me.

Gen. I ne'er saw
 A lovely Man, 'till now.

Luc. How can this be?
 She is a Woman, as my Mother is,
 And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off

My

My Lips unscorch'd ; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And so should be less hurtful ; pray vouchsafe
Your Hand to quench the Heat ta'en from your Lip,
Perhaps that may restore me.

Gen. Willingly.

Luc. The flame increases ; if to touch you, burn
thus,

What would more strict Embraces do ? I know not ;
And yet methinks to die so, were t' ascend
To Heav'n, through Paradise.

Gen. I'm wounded too ;
Though Modesty forbids that I should speak
What Ignorance makes him bold in ; why d' you fix
Your Eyes so strongly on me ?

Luc. Pray stand still,
There's nothing else, that's worth the looking on :
I could adore you, Lady.

Gen. Can you love me ?

Luc. To wait on y' in your Chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made Divine,
Were such a happiness—I am resolved,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this Glove,
And write my self your Slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Gen. On easier Terms
Receive it, as a Friend.

Lam. How ! Giving Favour !
I'll have it with his Heart.

Gen. What will you do ?

Luc. As you are merciful, take my Life rather.

Gen. Will you depart with't so ?

Luc. Does that grieve you ?

Gen. I know not, but ev'n now you appear'd valiant.

Luc. 'Twas to preserve my Father, in his Cause
I could be so again. *Gen.* Not in your own ?
Kneel to thy Rival, and thine Enemy ?
Away unworthy Creature, I begin

To

To hate my self, for giving entrance to
 A good Opinion of thee ; for thy Torment,
 If my poor Beauty be of any Power,
 May'st thou doat on it desp'rately ; but never
 Presume to hope for Grace, till thou recover
 And wear the Favour that was ravish'd from thee.

Lam. He wears my Head too then.

Gen. Poor Fool, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Luc. My womanish Soul, which hitherto hath go-
 vern'd

This coward Flesh, I feel departing from me ;
 And in me by her Beauty is inspir'd
 A new and Masc'line one, instructing me
 What's fit to do or suffer ; powerful Love !
 That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing Thunder
 Rous'd sleeping Manhood in me, thy new Creature,
 Perfect thy work ; so that I may make known
 Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Lamoral and Lucio.

Lam. C A N it be possible, that in six short hours,
 The Subject still the same, so many Habits
 Should be remov'd ? Or this new *Lucio* (he
 That yesternight was bassel'd and disgrac'd,
 And thank'd the Man that did it ; that then kneel'd
 And blubber'd like a Woman) should now dare
 On terms of Honour to seek Reparation,
 For what he then appear'd not capable of ?

Luc. Such Miracles, Men that dare do Injuries
 Live to their shames to see, for punishment
 And scourge to their proud Follies,

Lam. Prithee leave me :

Had

Had I my Page or Foot-man here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.

Luc. This Scorn needs not:
And offer such no more.

Lam. Why, say I should,
You'll not be angry?

Luc. Indeed I think I shall,
Would you vouchsafe to shew your self a Captain,
And lead a little farther, to some Place
That's less frequented—

Lam. He looks pale.

[*Aside.*

Luc. If not,
Make use of this.

Lam. There's Anger in his Eyes too: [*Aside.*
His Gesture, Voice, Behaviour, all new fashion'd;
Well, if it does endure in Act the trial
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses' Cyclops, Io's Transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from Hell, with all the rest
Of *Ovid's Fables*, I'll put in my Creed;
And for proof, all incredible things may be,
Write down that *Lucio*, the Coward *Lucio*,
The womanish *Lucio* fought.

Luc. And *Lamoral*,
The still employ'd great Duelist *Lamoral*,
Took his Life from him.

Lam. 'Twill not come to that sure:
Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
Should fright that Confidence.

Luc. It confirms it rather.
To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd
By one that is your Rival, one that wishes
Your Name and Title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did, less pardonable than it is,
But your Strength to defend it, more than ever
It was when Justice friended it. The Lady
For whom we now contend, *Genevora*,
Of more desert, (if such incomparable Beauty

Could

Could suffer an Addition) your Love
 To Don *Vitelli* multiply'd, and your Hate
 Against my Father and his House increas'd ;
 And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear
 To my Dishonour, (which I must force from you)
 Were dearer to you than your Life.

Lam. You'll find
 It is, and so I'll guard it.

Luc. (35) All these must meet then
 With the black Infamy, to be foil'd by one
 That's not allow'd a Man; to help your Valour,
 That falling by your Hand, I may, or die,
 Or win in this one single Opposition
 My Mistres, and such Honour as I may
 Inrich my Father's Arms with.

Lam. 'Tis said nobly,
 My Life with them are at the stake.

Luc. At all then.

[*Fight.*

Lam. She's your's; this and my Life too, follow your
 Fortune,

And give not only back that part, the Loser
 Scorns to accept of——

Luc. What's that?

Lam. My poor Life,
 Which do not leave me as a farther Torment,
 Having despoil'd me of my Sword, mine Honour,
 Hope of my Lady's Grace, Fame, and all else
 That made it worth the keeping.

Luc. I take back
 No more from you, than what you forc'd from me ;
 And with a worser Title; yet think not
 That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
 By my Success, but as one equal with you,
 If so you will accept me; that new Courage,
 (Or call it Fortune if you please,) that is

(35) The Folio of the oldest Date reads thus,
All these meet then.

Conferr'd upon me by the only fight
Of fair *Genevora*, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purpose: Nor did her Command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But till I did redeem her Favour from you;
Which only I rejoyce in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This Courtesie
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.

Luc. The barbarous *Turk* is satisfy'd with Spoil;
And shall I, being possesst of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidel?

Lam. You were better be so,
Than publish my Disgrace, as 'tis the Custom,
And which I must expect.

Luc. Judge better of me:
I have no Tongue to trumpet mine own Praise
To your dishonour; 'tis a Bastard Courage
That seeks a Name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all Goodness,
But to her virtuous self, the best part of it,
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these; which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a Friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on farther trial
Of Manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine Honour)
Win them again, and wear them: so good Morrow.

[*Exit.*

Lam. I ne'er knew what true Valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this Disgrace, than all
The Honours I have won; they made me proud,
Presumptuous of my Fortune; a mere Beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no Reasons for my wilful Actions
But what I stuck on my Sword's point, presuming

It

It was the best Revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which
Ending with shame, teach us to know our selves,
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamoral.

Lam. My Lord?

Vit. I came to seek you.

Lam. And unwillingly,

You ne'er found me till now; your pleasure, Sir?

*Vit. That which will please thee, Friend, thy vow'd
Love to me*

Shall now be put in Action; means are offer'd
To use thy good Sword for me, that which still
Thou wear'st (36) as if it were a part of thee,
Where is't?

*Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more Fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.*

*Vit. Why, (37) I ne'er thought
That there was Magick in it, but ascrib'd
The Fortune of it to thy Arm. Lam. Which is
Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your Friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom.*

*Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy Honour lost, if there be any such:*

(36) Thus the Copy of 1647. The rest,]
————— as if it were a part of that.

(37) ————— I ne'er thought
That there was Musick in it.—] My Reader, no doubt, will be
surpriz'd with the *Musick of a Sword*. It may be the first time he ever
heard of such a thing, and I assure him 'tis quite new to me and Mr.
Seward too. We suppose the Line might originally run thus,

————— there ne'er was Magick in it,

i. e. the Wonders of his Sword were not owing to any Charm, or
Enchantment like the Swords of Knights-Errant, but only to the
powerful arm that wielded it.

The King, by my long Suit, at length is pleas'd
That *Alvarez* and my self, with either's Second,
Shall end the difference between our Houses,
Which he accepts of; I make choice of thee;
And where you speak of a Disgrace, the Means
To blot it out, by such a publick Trial
Of thy approved Valour, will revive
Thy antient Courage. If y' embrace it, do;
If not, I'll seek some other.

Lam. As I am,
You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true Friend
That loves not only, for his private end. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Genevora with a Letter, and Bobadilla.

Gen. This from *Madonna Clara*?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. *Alvarez*' Daughter?

Bob. The same Lady.

Gen. She,

That sav'd my Brother's Life?

Bob. You're still i' th' right;

She will'd me wait your walking forth, and knowing
How necessary a discreet, wise Man

Was, in a business of such weight, she pleas'd

To think on me; it may be in my Face

Your Ladyship, not acquainted with my Wisdom,

Finds no such matter; what I am, I am;

Thought's free, and think you what you please.

Gen. 'Tis strange——

Bob. That I should be wise, Madam?

Gen. No, thou art so;

There's for thy Pains, and prithee tell thy Lady

I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive

Thy Thanks and Duty in thy present Absence:

Farewel,

Farewel, farewel, I say; now thou art wife. [*Exit Bob.*
 She writes here, she hath something to impart
 That may concern my Brother's Life; I know not;
 But general Fame does give her out so worthy,
 That I dare not suspect her; yet with *Lucio*

Enter Lucio.

Were Master of her Mind; but fie upon't;
 Why do I think on him?—See I am punish'd for't,
 In his unlook'd-for Presence: Now I must
 Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,
 Would make one forswear courtesie.

Luc. Gracious Madam, [*Kneels.*
 The Sorrow paid, for your just Anger tow'rds me,
 Arising from my weakness, I presume
 To press into your Presence, and despair not
 An easie Pardon.

Gen. He speaks Sense: Oh strange!

Luc. And yet believe, that no desire of mine,
 Though all are too strong in me, had the Power
 For their Delight, to force me to infringe
 What you commanded; it being in your part
 To lessen your great Rigour when you please,
 And mine to suffer with an humble Patience
 What you'll impose upon it.

Gen. Courtly too.

Luc. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam;
 (Made able only by his hope to serve you)
 (38) Recover'd what with Violence, not Justice,
 Was taken from him; and here at your Feet
 With these, he could have laid the conquer'd Head
 Of *Lamoral* ('tis all I say of him)
 For rudely touching that, which as a Relick

(38) *Recover'd what with Violence,——*] So the Edition of 1647,
 which was easily corrupted into

Recover'd that with Violence,——
 of the other Copies.

I ever would have worship'd, since 'twas yours.

Gen. Valiant, and every thing a Lady could Wish in her Servant. [*Aside.*]

Luc. All that's good in me,
That heav'nly Love, the Opposite to base Lust,
Which would have all Men worthy, hath created ;
Which being by your Beams of Beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own Creature.

Gen. I am gone
Too far now to dissemble: Rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too ; let this one Kiss
Speak the rest for me ; 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chastity would, I could wish more.

Luc. In overjoying me, you are grown fad ;
What is it, Madam ? by——
(39) There's nothing that's within my Nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I should as much as Man)
But when you please, now, or on all Occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your Pleasure.

Gen. If you break
That Oath again, you lose me. Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't ;
And yet forget it not : Rest satisfied
With that you have receiv'd now, there are Eyes
May be upon us ; till the difference
Between our Friends are ended, I would not
Be seen so private with you.

Luc. I obey you.

Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember

(39) *There's nothing that's within my Nerves——*
But when you please——

——but you may

Dispose of at your Pleasure.] Our Authors, here, have certainly had some foul Play. I can't think it probable, that they could be guilty of such glaring Tautology in the expressing of a thing so easy, as that himself and all things in his Power were at his Mistress's Service.

I am *Vitelli's* Sister.

Luc. What's that Madam?

Gen. Nay nothing: fare you well, who feels *Love's* fire,

Would ever ask * to have means to desire. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anaastro, Herald,
and Attendants.

Assist. Are they come in?

Her. Yes.

Assist. Read the Proclamation,
That all the People here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the King's dear love
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;
Attend with Silence: Read aloud.

Herald Reads.

FOrasmuch as our high and mighty Master, Philip, the
Potent and most Catholick King of Spain, hath not only
in his own Royal Person, been long and often sollicitated, and
grieved, with the (40) the deadly and uncurable Hatred,
sprung up betwixt the two antient and most honourably de-
scended Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved
Subjeets, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and Don Pedro de
Vitelli; (all which in vain his Majesty hath often endeavoured
to reconcile and qualifie:) But that also through the De-
bates, Quarrels, and Outrages daily arising, falling, and

(40) deadly and honourable hatred, sprung up between the two
antient and most uncurable descended Houses] Here is a glorious Piece
of Nonsense, which was born in the Year 1679, and begat a Son of
the same likeness with itself in the Year 1711. The present Text which
I have given is from Mr. *Seward's* and my own Conjecture confirm'd
by the Copy of 1647.

* *i. e.* To have the Means to compass his desire.

flowing

flowing from these great Heads, his publick civil Government is seditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry, (no less tender to his Royal Majesty, than the very Branches of his own sacred Blood) spoil'd, lost, and submerged, in the impious Inundation and Torrent of their still-growing Malice: It hath therefore pleased his Sacred Majesty, out of his infinite Affection to preserve his Common-wealth, and general Peace, from farther Violation, (as a sweet and heartily loving Father of his People,) and on the earnest Petitions of these Arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved Friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present Monday Morning betwixt eight and nine of the Clock, where (before the Combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duel) this to be read aloud for the publick Satisfaction of his Majesty's well beloved Subjects.

'Save the King.

[Drums within.]

Sya. (41) Hark, how their Drums speak their insatiate thirst

Of Blood, and stop their Ears 'gainst pious Peace,
Who gently whispering, implores their Friendship.

Assist. Kings nor Authority can master Fate;
Admit 'em then, and Blood extinguish Hate.

Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio, Vitelli and Lamoral.

Sya. Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring,
(Wherein Men now-a-days exceed e'en Beasts,
And think themselves not Men else,) so transport you
Beyond the bounds of Christianity;
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, Gentlemen,
No Town in Spain, from our Metropolis
Unto the rudest Hovel, but is great

(41) Hark, their Drums speak—] So the Text of 1679, and the Copy of 1711. The oldest Edition gives the Reading here adopted.

With your assured Valours daily Proofs ;
 Oh will you then, for a superfluous Fame,
 A sound of Honour, which in these times, all
 Like Hereticks profess (with obstinacy)
 But most erroneously venture your Souls,
 'Tis a hard Task, thorough a Sea of Blood
 To fail, and land at Heav'n ?

Vit. I hope not,
 If Justice be my Pilot ; but my Lord,
 You know, if Argument, or Time, or Love,
 Could reconcile, long since we had shook Hands ;
 I dare protest, your Breath cools not a Vein
 In any one of us, but blows the Fire,
 Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.

Alv. *Vitelli*, thou say'st bravely, and sayst right,
 And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.

Vit. Ha! ha! old Man, upon thy Death I'll build
 A story with this Arm, for thy old Wife
 To tell thy Daughter *Clara* seven Years hence,
 As she sits weeping by a Winter's Fire,
 How such a time *Vitelli* slew her Husband
 With the same Sword his Daughter favour'd him,
 And lives, and wears it yet ; come, *Lamoral*,
 Redeem thy self.

Lam. *Lucio*, *Genevora*
 Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding Heart,
 For my presented Hat, laid at her Feet.

Luc. Thou talk'st well *Lamoral*, but 'tis thy Head
 That I will carry to her to thy Hat :
 Fie, Father, I do cool too much.

Alv. Oh Boy!
 Thy Father's true Son :
 Beat Drums, ——— and so good Morrow to your
 Lordship.

Enter above Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.

Sya. Brave Resolutions.

Ans.

Ana. Brave, and Spanish, right.

Gen. Lucio!

Clara. Vitelli!

Eug. Alvarez!

Alv. How the Devil

Got these Cats into th' gutter? my Puffs too?

Eug. Hear us.

Gen. We must be heard.

Clara. We will be heard.

Vitelli, look, see Clara on her Knees,

Imploring thy Compassion; Heav'n, how sternly

They dart their emulous Eyes, as if each scorn'd

To be behind the other in a Look!

Mother, Death needs no Sword here; oh my Sister,

(Fate fain would have it so,) persuade, entreat,

(42) A Lady's Tears are silent Orators,

Or should be so at least, to move beyond

The honest-tongued Rhetorician;

Why

(42) *A Lady's Tears are silent Orators,*

to move beyond

The honest-tongued Rhetorician;] That there is no proper Antithesis between the *silent Oratory of a Lady's Tears* and the *Honesty of a Rhetorician's Tongue*, must be clear to any Reader of common Sense. The Incorrectness of the Press is evident also in the same Line both by the Construction of *tongu'd*, which spoils the Verse, and that the *Hyphen* was misplac'd. The same Inaccuracy therefore undoubtedly put *honest* for *loudest*, which is not far from the Trace of the Letters, and is the Epithet which the Antithesis evidently requires.

Mr. Seward.

The Corruption in this Line Mr. Seward has judiciously remark'd, though with Submission, I can't think he has been so happy in his Correction here, as he usually is elsewhere. *Loud* and *silent*, according to his Conjecture preserves the Antithesis well; but as *Loudness* is the least part of an Orator, serving more to *deaf* than *persuade* an Audience, I can't help thinking, but we must seek for another Word, to supply the Place of *honest*. I would therefore propose reading thus,

The honey-tongued Rhetorician;

or to keep nearer the Trace of the Letters still,

The honest-tongued Rhetorician;

Why will you fight? Why do's an Uncle's Death,
 Twenty Year old, exceed your Love to me
 But twenty Days? Whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
 You could not understand, only have heard.
 Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature
 In me, that I forgot my Sex, and knew not
 Whether my Body Female were, or Male,
 You did unweave, and had the Power to charm
 A new Creation in me, made me fear
 To think on those deeds I did perpetrate;
 How little Pow'r though you allow to me,
 That cannot with my Sighs, my Tears, my Prayers
 Move you from your own loss, if you should gain.

Vit. I must forget you *Clara*: 'till I have
 Redeem'd my Uncle's Blood, that brands my Face
 Like a pestif'rous Carbuncle, I'm blind
 To what you do; deaf to your cries; and Marble
 To all impulsive Exorations.

(43) When on this Point I've perch'd thy Father's Soul,
 I'll tender thee this bloody reeking Hand,
 Drawn forth the Bowels of that Murtherer;
 If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
 And for thy Father lost, get thee a Son;
 On no Condition else.

Assist. Most barbarous!

Sya. Savage!

Ana. Irreligious.

Gen. Oh *Lucio*!

Be thou more merciful; thou bear'st fewer Years,
 Art lately wean'd from soft Effeminacy;

Our Poets who were admirers of the Classics, might possibly have had
Nestor in their Eye, who is thus describ'd by *Homer*,

*Experienc'd Nestor, in Persuasion skill'd,
 Words sweet as Honey, from his Lips distill'd.*

Mr. Pope's Translation.

(43) *When in this Point.*—] *On* for *in* is only to be found in the
 first Folio.

A Maiden's Manners, and a Maiden's Heart
Are Neighbours still to thee ; be then more mild,
Proceed not to this Combat ; be'st thou desp'rate
Of thine own Life ; yet, Dearest, pity mine :
Thy Valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,
These Eyes begot it, this Tongue bred it up,
This Breast would lodge it ; do not use my Gifts
To mine own ruin ; I have made thee rich,
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't.

Luc. Mistress, you know I do not wear a Vein
I would not rip for you, to do you Service ;
Life's but a Word, a Shadow, a melting Dream,
Compar'd t' essential and eternal Honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your Brother ? if I first cast down my Sword,
May all my Body here be made one Wound,
And yet my Soul not find Heav'n thorough it.

Alv. You would be Catter-walling too, but Peace,
Go, get you home, and provide Dinner for
Your Son, and me ; we'll be exceeding merry ;
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee Cock of all
The proud *Vitellis* that do live in *Spain* ;
Fie, we shall take cold : Hunch : ——— I'm hoarse
Already.

Lam. How your Sister whets my Spleen !
I could eat *Lucio* now.

Gen. Vitelli, Brother,
Ev'n for your Father's Soul, your Uncle's Blood,
As you do love my Life ; but last, and most,
As you respect your own Honour, and Fame,
Throw down your Sword ; he is most valiant
That herein yields first.

Vit. Peace, you Fool.

Cl. Why, *Lucio*,
Do thou begin ; 'tis no Disparagement ;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy Valour
Is in his Infancy.

Gen. Or pay it me,

To whom thou ow'st it; Oh, that constant Time
Would but go back a Week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'st not dare to fight.

Eug. *Lucio*, thy Mother,
Thy Mother begs it; throw thy Sword down first.

Alv. I'll throw his Head down after then.

Gen. Lamoral,
You've often swore you'd be commanded by me.

Lam. Never to this; your Spight and Scorn, *Genevora*,
Has lost all Power on me.

Gen. Your hearing for six Words.

Assist. Sya. Ana. Strange Obstinacy!

Alv. Vit. Luc. Lam. We'll stay no longer.

Cl. Then by thy Oath, *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadful Oath, thou would'st return that Sword
When I should ask it, give it to me now,
This instant I require it.

Gen. By thy Vow,
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroak; now he
Of our two Brothers that loves Perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his Vow.

Sya. Excellent Ladies!

Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.

Luc. We did equivocate.

Alv. On.

Cl. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my Husband, (for he is so,
Wanting but Ceremony,) that I pray
His 'vengeful Sword may fall upon thy Head
Successfully, for False-hood to his Sister.

Gen. I likewise pray, *Vitelli*, *Lucio's* Sword
(Who equally's my Husband as thou hers,)
May find thy false Heart, that durst gage thy Faith,
And durst not keep it.

Assist. Are you Men, or Stones?

Alv.

Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our Swords.

Eug. Your hearing for six Words, and we have done.
Zancho, come forth—We'll fight our Challenge too ;
Now speak your Resolutions.

Enter Bobadilla, with two Swords and a Pistol.

Gen. These they are,
The first blow giv'n betwixt you, sheathes these Swords
In one another's Bosoms.

Eug. And Rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that Pistol
Into my Breast ; if you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a Pig. *Alv.*—Hold, you are
Mad. *Gen.* This we have said ; and by our hope of
Bliss

This we will do ; speak your intents.

Cl. *Gen.* Strike.

Eug. Shoot.

Alv. Vit. Lam. Luc. Hold, hold ; all Friends.

Assist. Come down.

Alv. These dev'lish Women
Can make Men Friends and En'mies when they list.

Sya. A gallant Undertaking, and a happy ;
Why this is noble in you ; and will be
A welcomer Present to our Master
Philip, than the return from his *Indies*.

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.

Cl. Father, your Blessing.

Alv. Take her ; if ye bring not
Betwixt you, Boys that will find out new Worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a false Prophet.

Vit. Brother,
There is a Sister ; long divided Streams
Mix now at length, by Fate.

Bob. I am not regarded ; I was the careful Steward
that provided these Instruments of Peace, I put the long-
est Weapon in your Sister's Hand, my Lord, because
she

she was the shortest Lady : For likely the shortest Ladies love the longest ——— Men : And for mine own part, I could have discharged it : my Pistol is no ordinary Pistol, it has two ramming Bullets ; but thought I, why should I shoot my two Bullets into my old Lady ? If they had gone, I would not have staid long after ; I would ev'n have died too, bravely i' faith, like a *Roman* Steward ; hung my self in mine own Chain, and there had been a story of *Bobadilla, Spindola, Zanco*, for after Ages to lament. Hum ; I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.

Alv. Prithee Peace ; 'shalt have a new Chain, next St. *Jaques* Day, or this new gilt.

Bob. I am satisfied ; let Virtue have her due : And yet I am melancholy upon this Atonement ; pray Heav'n the State rue it not : I would my Lord *Vitelli's* Steward, and I could meet ; they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us Friends. Well, I will forswear Wine and Women for a Year ; and then I will be drunk to Morrow, and run a whoring like a Dog with a broken Bottle at's Tail ; then will I repent next Day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently ; be forsworn next Day again, and repent my Repentance ; for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Assist. Nay, you shall dine with me ; and afterward I'll with ye to the King : But first, I will Dispatch the Castle's Business, that this Day May be compleat. Bring forth the Malefactors,

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, 'Mendoza,
Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.

You *Alguazier*, the Ring-leader of these
Poor Fellows, are degraded from your Office,
You must return all stol'n Goods you receiv'd,
And watch a twelve Month without any Pay :
This, if you fail of, (all your Goods confiscate,)

You're

You're to be Whipt, and sent into the Gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring ; that Catholick Doctrine

I do dislike: learn, all ye Officers

By this, to live uprightly — if you can. [Exit.

Assist. You Cobler, to translate your Manners new,
Are doom'd to th' Cloisters of the Mendicants,
With this your Brother, Botcher, there for nothing
To cobble, and heel Hose for the poor Friers,
Till they allow your Penance for sufficient,
And your Amendment; then you shall be freed,
And may fet up again,

Pach. Mendoza, come,
Our Souls have trode awry in all Men's fight,
We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright.

[Ex. Pach. and Mend.

Assist. Smith, in those Shackles you for your hard
Heart

Must lie by th' Heels a Year.

Met. I've shod your Horse, my Lord. [Exit.

Assist. Away: For you, my hungry white-loaf'd
Face,

You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure
To have no more Bits, than you shall have Blows.

Laz. Well, tho' I Herrings want, I shall have
Rows.

Assist. Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Your self severelier than we would have done.

You have married a Whore; may she prove honest.

Pio. Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honest
Woman,

That may prove a Whore.

Vit. 'Tis a handsome Wench; and thou canst keep
her tame

I'll send you what I promis'd.

Pio. Joy to your Lordships.

Alv. Here may all Ladies learn, to make of Foes
The perfect'st Friends; and not the perfect'st Foes

Of

476 *Love's Cure: Or, &c.*

Of dearest Friends, as some do now a-days.

Vit. (44) Behold the Pow'r of Love, to Nature
lost

By Custom irrecoverably past the hope
Of Friends restoring, Love hath here retriev'd
To her own Habit, made her Blush to see
Her so long monstrous Metamorphoses ;
May strange Affairs never have worse Success.

[*Exeunt.*

(44) *Behold the Power of Love, to Nature lost*

Love hath here retriev'd] Here is another
difficult Passage, at least to me, *Behold the Power of Love*, which
(Love) hath here *to* lost Nature retrieved *to* her own Habit. This
the Reader may make Sense of if he can, while I endeavour to set
the Place right thus,

Behold the Power of Love, Nature tho' lost

Love hath retriev'd
To her own Habit &c.

Here we have a glimmering of Sense and Reason, and the Poets are
clear'd from a Blunder they could hardly be guilty of.



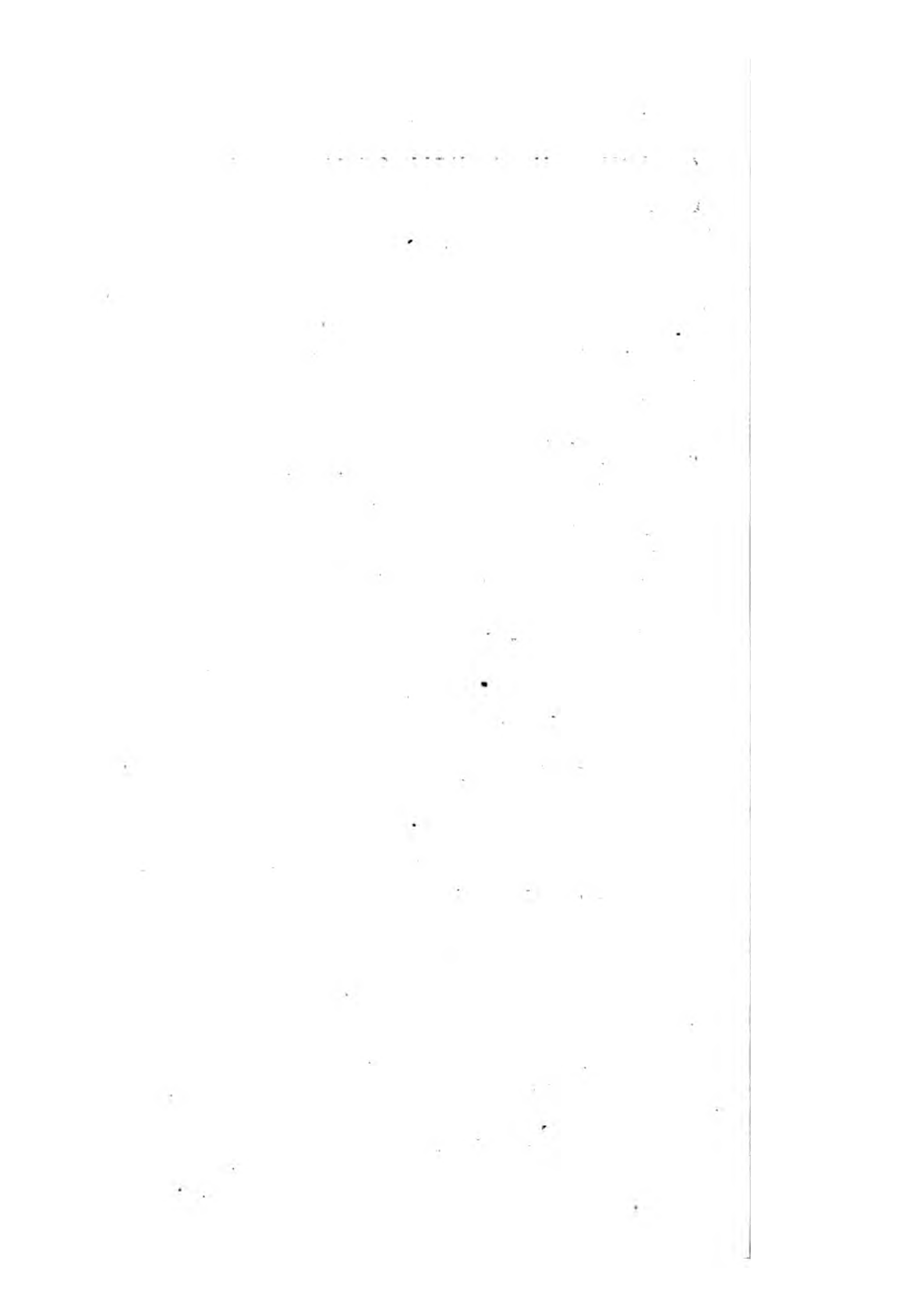


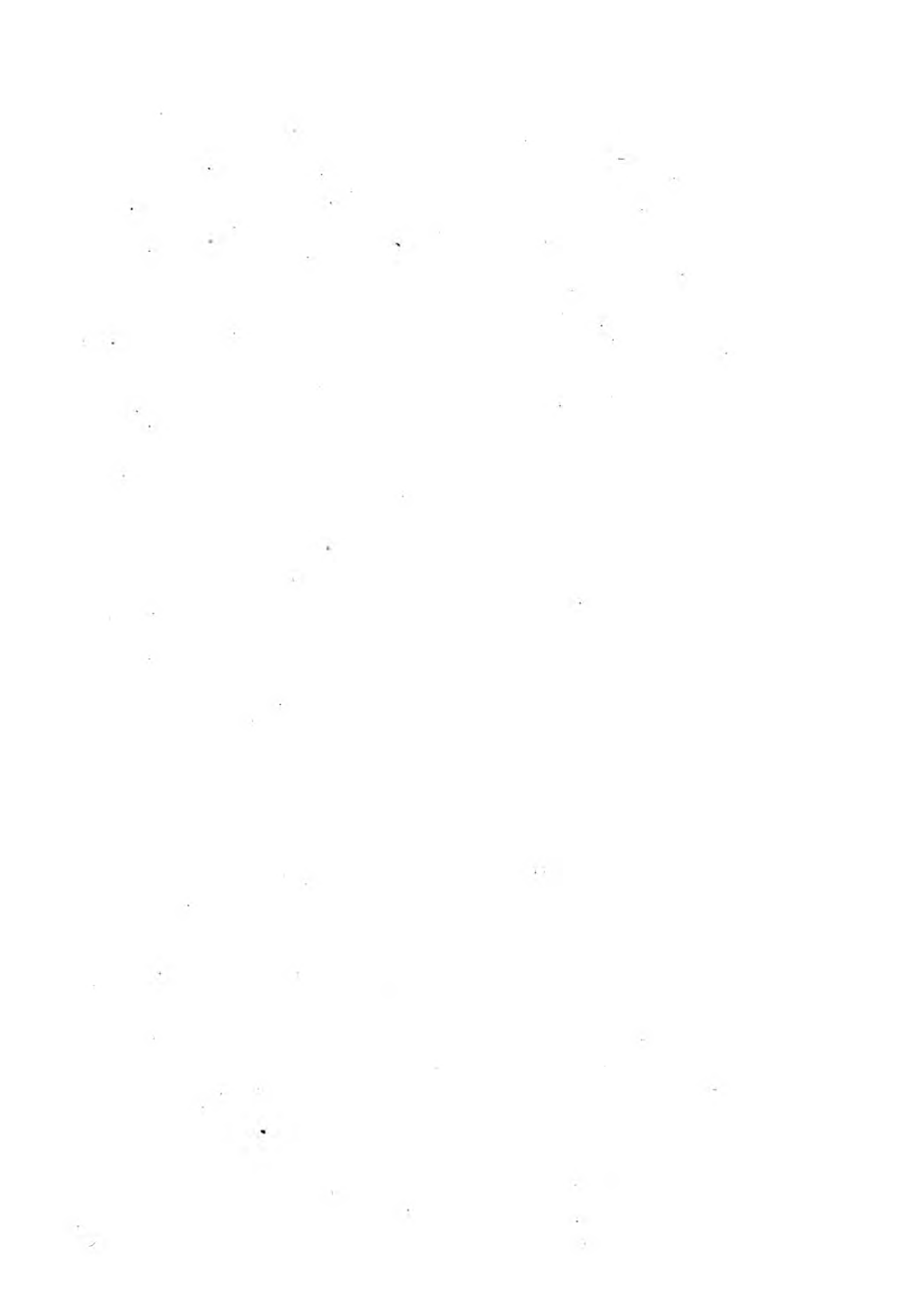
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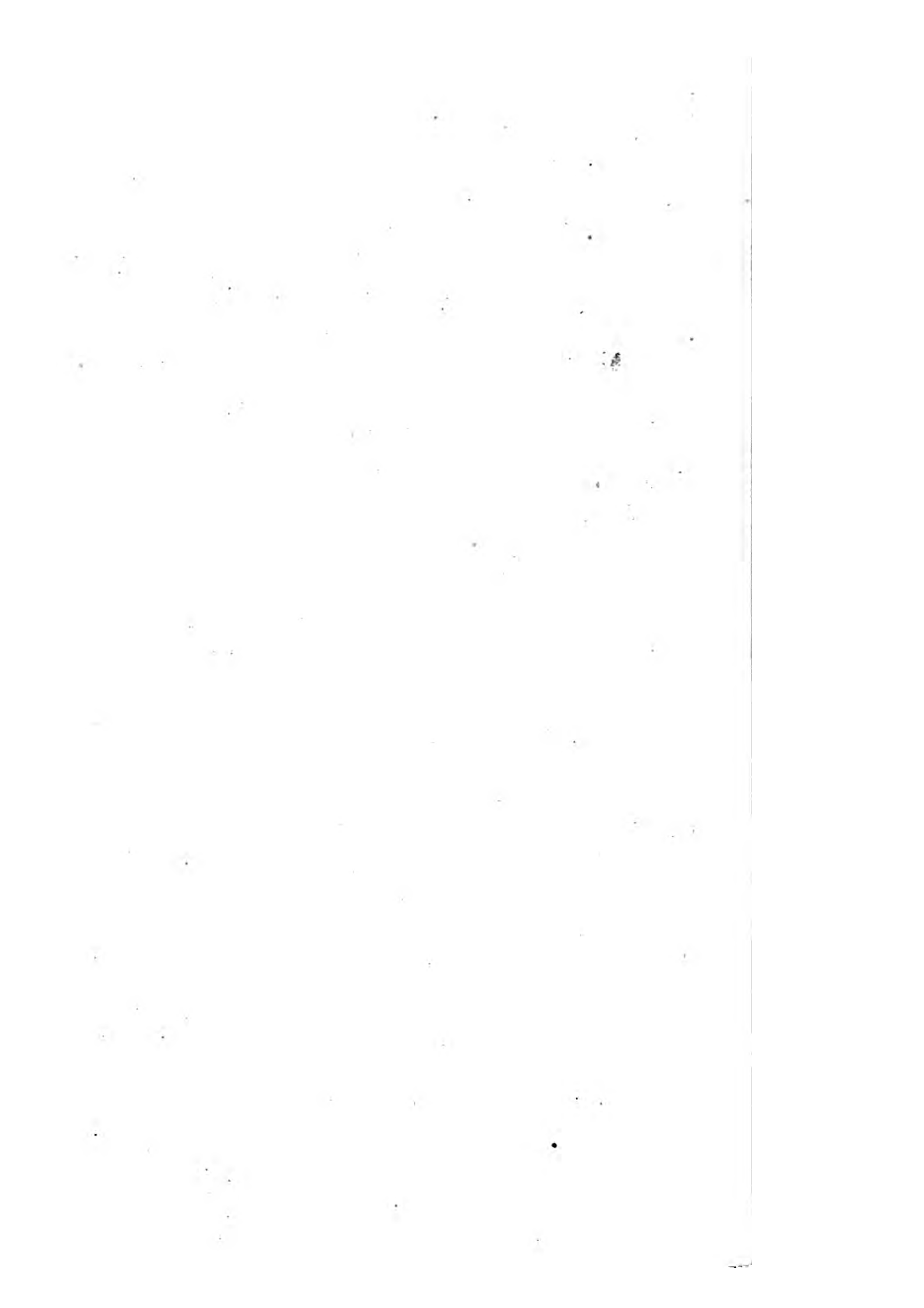
OUR Author fears there are some Rebel Hearts,
Whose Dullness doth oppose Love's piercing Darts ;
Such will be apt to say there wanted Wit,
The Language low, very few Scenes are writ
With Spirit and Life ; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please ;
For if your selves, a Mistress or Love's Friends,
Are * lik'd with this smooth Play, he hath his Ends:

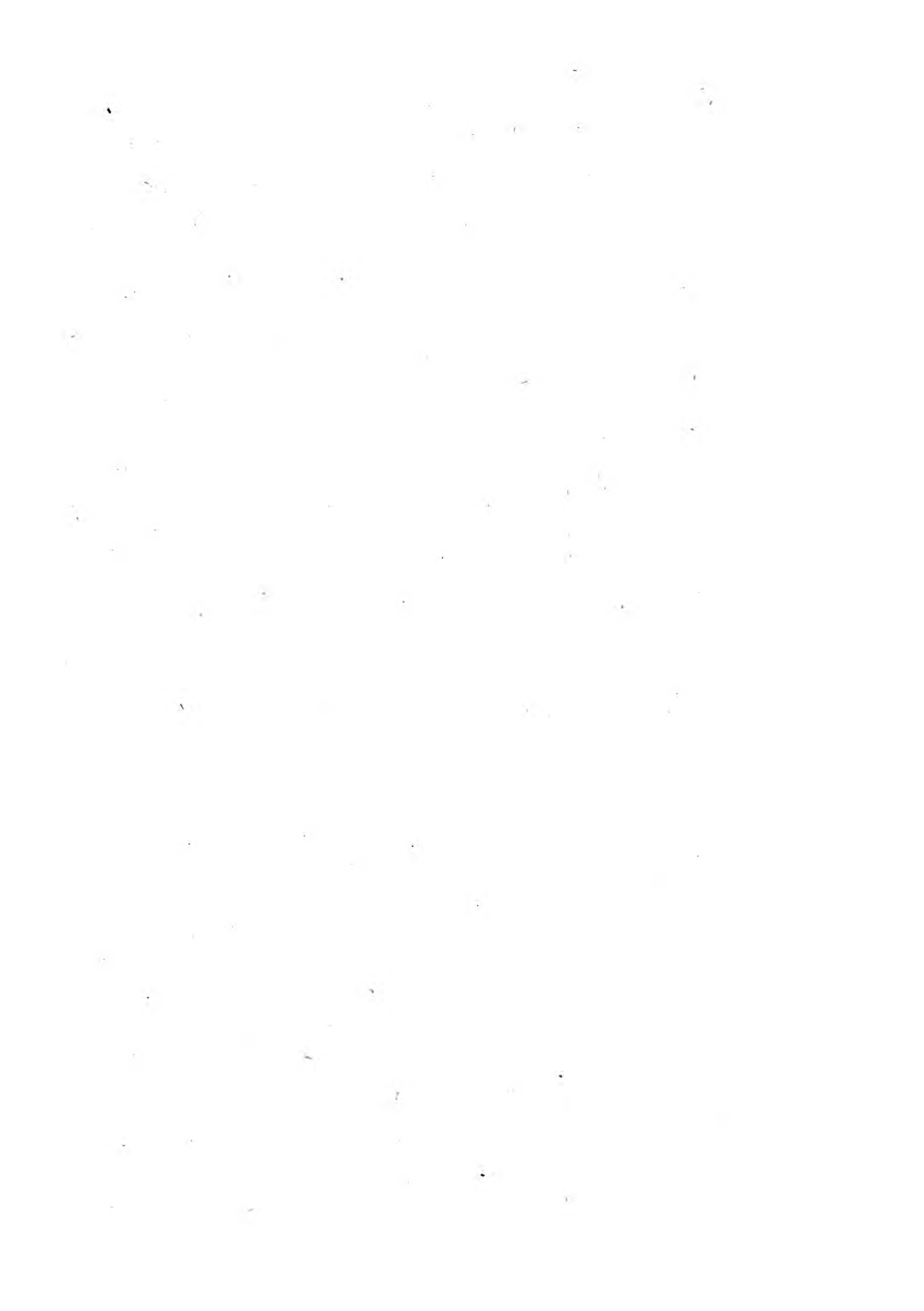
* i. e. pleas'd.

The End of the Seventh Volume.









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