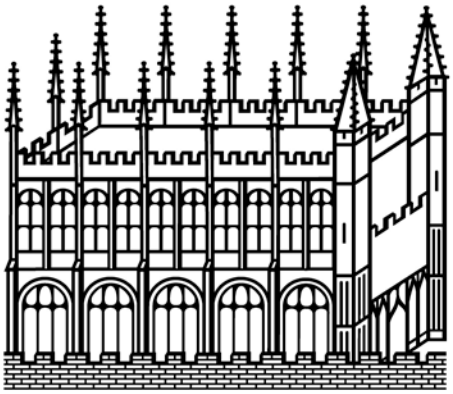

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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

D'AVENANT.

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THE DRAMATIC
WORKS OF WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

MDCCCLXXIV.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON.
LONDON: H. SOTHERAN & CO.

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THE MAN'S THE MASTER.

The Man's the Master; A comedy, written by Sir William D'Avenant, Knight. In the Savoy; Printed for Henry Herringham, at the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1669, 4*to.*

The same in the folio edition of Sir William D'Avenant's works. 1673.

The Man's the Master; A Comedy, in Five Acts, as now performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden; written by Sir William D'Avenant. London: Printed for T. Evans, in the Strand, near York Buildings. 1775. 8*vo.*

This play was acted in our author's lifetime, with great applause, though not published till after his decease. The design and a portion of the language is borrowed (without hope of return, as is usual in such cases) from Scarron's "Jodelet, ou le Maistre Valet," and part from his "L'Heritier ridicule."

The materiel of which this piece is composed has been variously used by Le Sage, Colley Cibber, and latterly by O'Keefe in his Castle of Andalusia.

It was first produced at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields on the 26th March 1668, and was the last new play performed there, as well as being the last play Sir William D'avenant ever wrote, "he dying presently after, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Mr Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral. The comedy in general was very well performed, especially the Master by Mr Harris."—*Downes.* Harris acted Don John, and Underhill Jodelet. The epilogue was sung by Harris and Sandford as two street ballad singers. Geneste remarks—"This is a good comedy by D'avenant. It was revived at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 15th July 1726, and at Covent Garden 3d November 1775. It is the only one of D'avenant's sixteen plays which has been acted for years."

"15*th July* 1726.—Not acted twelve years, 'Man's the Master.' Don John by Milward; Loveworth, Chapman; Belinda, Mrs Grace from Dublin. Acted four times."

On the production of this piece at Covent Garden on 3d November 1775, some slight alterations were made, it is believed by Woodward. These appear as footnotes in the present edition. The following version of the song was substituted for that of Don John towards the end of the third act, and was sung by Bettris, Mrs Mattocks.

The comedy, which was thus cast, was again acted four times:—

Don John, Mr Lewis; Jodelet (his servant) Mr Woodward; Don Lewis, Mr Wroughton; Stephano (his servant), Mr Lee Lewis; Don Ferdinand, Mr Dunstall;

Sancho (his steward), Mr Quick; Isabella, (daughter to Don Ferdinand), Miss Leeson,* her first appearance there; Bettris (her woman), Mrs Mattocks; Lucilla (sister to Don John), Mrs Bulkley.

SONG.

BETTRIS.

I.

The bread is bak'd,
The embers are rak'd,
And the lads and the lasses are cooing;
Let us laugh and carouse,
For none in the house
Can disturb us in what we are doing.
Then let us have posset, and posset again,
And hey for the maids, and ho for the men!

II.

The cloister-bells ring!
Sad dirges they sing,
Whilst we spend the night in laughter and love;
Our time we employ
In mirth and in joy,
Leave discord and care to our betters above.
Then let us have posset, and posset again,
And hey for the maids, and ho for the men!

III

Dispatch it away
Before it be day,
'Twill quickly grow early when it is late;
A health then to thee,
To him and to me,
And all who love beauty and business hate.
Then let us have posset, and posset again,
And hey for the maids, and ho for the men!

In connection with one of the earlier performances of "The Man's the Master," Downes has this note:—"Mr

* Subsequently married to Mr Lewis, who acted her lover in this piece.

Cademan in this play, not long after our company began in Dorset Garden, his part being to fight with Mr Harris, was unfortunately, with a sharp foil, pierced near the eye; which so maim'd both his hand and his speech, that he can make but little use of either; for which mischance he has received a pension ever since 1673, being 35 years ago." Cademan, it is supposed, was also a bookseller.

Of Harris and Sandford, the original representatives of Don John and Don Lewis, notices will be found in the introduction to "Juliana," in the first volume of Crowne's Works in the present series. Cave Underhill, the original Jodelet, was, according to Colley Cibber's account, "a correct and natural comedian." His peculiar excellence was in stiff, heavy, stupid characters, such as Obediah in the "Committee," and Lolpoop in "The Squire of Alsatia." In ridiculous parts, Sir Sampson Legend, and Justice Clodpole, in "Epsom Wells," for instance, he met with great favour, and his Gravedigger in "Hamlet" was much applauded.

Underhill's last performance in London was on 12th May 1710, when he took a benefit. The play was D'avenant and Dryden's alteration of the Tempest, in which he played Duke Trincalo, his original character. He acted again and for the last time, at Greenwich, on 26th August in the same year, under the management of Pinkethman. The Play was the Rover: "Ned Blunt, by the famous true comedian, Cave Underhill, to oblige Pinkethman's friends; with an Epilogne by Pinkethman on an ass."

There is a letter from Leigh to Underhill, and one from Underhill to Leigh among Tom Brown's Letters from the Dead to the Living.

Although Cibber and Downes assert that Underhill was a good actor, Anthony Aston, says of him, that he was more admired by the actors than the audience, that his few good parts were: The Gravedigger, in Hamlet; Sancho Panca, in the 1st part of Don Quixote; Ned Blunt the Host in the Villain; and more especially Lolpoop. Aston further observes, "he was six feet high and corpulent, his face long and broad, his nose flattish and short, his upper lip thick, his mouth wide, and his chin short, his voice was churlish and his action awkward. He would

often leap up with both legs at a time when he conceived anything waggish; and afterwards hug himself at the thought. Tho' he was much cried up in his time, yet he was so stupid as not to know why."

Downes in 1708 says: "Sir William D'Avenant, 40 years ago, judged Underhill the truest comedian in his company."—Underhill performed Sir Morglay Thwack, and subsequently Cutter in the Wits.

The folio edition of "The Man's the Master" is a reprint of the 4to. edition, slightly abbreviated.

PROLOGUE.

1.

No country lady ever yet did ask
Such shrewd advice before a ball or masque,
When curious dressing is the court's great task,

2.

As now young poets do, in this nice age,
To gain the froward lovers of the stage;
Whose heat of humours nothing can assuage.

3.

The Muse, disdain'd, does as fond women do;
Instead of being courted she courts you:
But women are less valu'd when they woo.

4.

And as young poets, like young ladies, fear
A concourse, great as this assembly here,
Till they seek counsel how they should appear,

5.

So all old poets, like old ladies, may
Be more afraid to venture the survey
Of many apt to censure their decay.

6.

Both know they have been out of fashion long;
And, ere they come before a shining throng,
Would dress themselves by patterns of the young.

7.

Well, our old poet hopes this comedie
Will somewhat in the fine new fashion be;
But, if all gay, 'twould not with age agree.

8.

A little he was fain to moralize
That he might serve your minds as well as eyes:
The proverb says, "Be merry and be wise."

9.

This, gentlemen, is all he bad me say
Of his important trifle, call'd a play;
For which, he does confess, you dearly pay.

10.

But he did fear that he could hardly make
A prologue so in fashion as might take,
For he does much of too much boldness lack.

11.

He never durst, nor ever thought it fit,
To censure those who judges are of wit.
Now you expect the rhyme will end in pit.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON FERDINAND, *Father to Isabella.*
DON JOHN, *Suitor to Isabella.*
DON LEWIS, *his Rival.*
SANCHO, *Steward to Don Ferdinand.*
JODELET, *Servant to Don John.*
STEPHANO, *Servant to Don Lewis.*
ISABELLA, *Daughter to Don Ferdinand.*
LUCILLA, *Sister to Don John.*
BETTRIS, *Isabella's maid.*
LAURA, *Lucilla's maid.*

The Scene—MADRID.

And in one House.

THE MAN'S THE MASTER.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Lucilla, *and* Laura *with a dark lanthorn.*

Luc. You have served me but two days, and are you weary already?

Lau. Pray add the nights to the days; for I have not slept since I came into your service.

Luc. Love has ordain'd us for these journeys; and will, I hope, bring us at last where we may rest quietly.

Lau. Yes, to the last inn of all travellers, where we shall meet worms instead of fleas. Lovers never rest quietly till they lodge at the sign of the grave.

Luc. Prithee be patient, Laura.

Lau. If I had been waiting-woman to Will of the Wisp, I could not have wander'd with so much uncertainty as when I follow a mistress led about by love.

Luc. But, Laura, I follow you now.

Lau. You may with ease enough, when I'm so tir'd that I can go no further. This is the pretty foot belonging to a leg, which, though I say't, was fit to lead a dance in Hymen's hall.

Luc. And does it limp now, and grow weary of the errands of two days?

Lau. You have little reason to blame that leg which has been so nimble in your service; but the other will follow it no further. Methinks it has got a shackle instead of a garter. [*She limps a little.*

Enter SANCHO *with a dark lanthorn.*

LUC. Take heed, Laura! I see light.

LAU. Why, what would you see—darkness? Are not your eyes made for the light?

LUC. 'Tis a man! he seems to seek somebody with a lanthorn.

LAU. He seeks me here by appointment.

LUC. I'll retire to this portico.

LAU. Do, whilst I accost him.

LUC. What is he?

LAU. 'Tis Sancho, Don Ferdinando's steward! he was my sworn brother over a posset; he is, by the length of his beard and the heat of his constitution, a very goat.

LUC. For heaven's sake lose no time!

LAU. You need not fear his loss of time; I use to call him my brother Brevity; he is so thrifty of his speech, that his tongue does seldom allow his thoughts above two words to express them.

SAN. Laura!

LAU. Are not you my brother Sancho?

SAN. I am.

LAU. Have you contriv'd a way to conceal my lady in your master's house?

SAN. Yes.

LAU. Can you admit her now?

SAN. No.

LAU. May it be to-morrow?

SAN. It may.

LAU. I'll attend you in the morning.

SAN. Do.

LAU. Pray name the hour.

SAN. Nine.

LAU. My mistress is very sensible of your care, and would know if I may have leave to give you this gold?

SAN. You may.

LAU. I hope you hate not me, nor the present.

SAN. Neither.

LAU. Are we both acceptable?

SAN. Both. [*He looks on the gold.*

LAU. 'Tis very gold! and Signior Sancho you shall find me to be as true metal as it.

SAN. I'll try.—— [*Offers to kiss her.*

LAU. Not so soon, good Signior Sancho. Bring me to the wedding night, and then try, if, like gold, I can endure the touch.

SAN. Humph!

LAU. Lovers may pretend to have true metal, but marriage is the touch-stone.

SAN. Of fools. [*Aside.*

LAU. Hands off, good Signior Sancho. You want sleep. Good night! Pray let me go!

SAN. Pass! [*Exit Sancho.*

LAU. Come, madam, we may hasten home. Nine is the appointed hour when you shall have admittance.

LUC. After I have sought opportunity, I am afraid to find it.

LAU. Madam, I do not yet understand your intrigues of love. You are afraid to find the opportunity you seek, and I, poor wretch, seek more opportunities than I fear I shall find.

LUC. Lord help thee! thou dost want a great deal of sorrow to make thee a little wise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* JODELET.

JOD. Sir, by your favour, you are either mad, or the devil is malicious to bring you to Madrid, at so unseasonable an hour, after riding post, or rather flying, without meat or drink, as empty as wild hawks, and as uncertain of your quarry.

D. JOHN. I confess thou may'st be tir'd all over

all but thy tongue, and that can never be weary. The street where we are now is that which I have sought.

JOD. What will you do here? Go, see Don Ferdinand when 'tis past midnight!

D. JOHN. Yes, and this very night I'll visit Isabella.

JOD. 'Tis ill to have an empty stomach, but worse to have an empty head.

D. JOHN. Jodelet! I know you are hungry, but hunger makes you fitter for watching. I'll not stir out of this street till I see my mistress.

JOD. Remember 'tis past one, a season when Don Ferdinando's gates are always shut. We have ridden this morning from Burgos. I know no kind of lovers but owls would have chosen the night for a journey.

D. JOHN. To love nothing but sleep, and eating, is to be a beast in the habit of a serving-man.

JOD. How I hate raillery!

D. JOHN. And I eating and sleep, in comparison of this picture of Isabella.

JOD. You are one of those who are fill'd with wild-fire at sight of a cold picture; and if Master Painter has luckily drawn a snout of ivory and a mouth of coral, which perhaps does inclose an ill tongue and worse teeth; then he makes you mad of a mistress. Will a picture reveal whether her crooked body be arm'd with a coat of mail, or whether she be some skeleton whose beauties lye at night upon her dressing-cloth? you'll not be much pitied if men find you ill provided of a woman, since you'll be gull'd with one before you have seen her.

D. JOHN. Thou art as froward at this time o' th' night as a wak'd child.

JOD. Wou'd any man keep patience about him

when he must run in the dark from street to street, and grope out his way like a blind man without a dog? or stand so long under a balcony (lifting himself upon one leg to stare higher about him)* till he shift his feet as often as a stork?

D. JOHN. Jodelet!

JOD. Don John!

D. JOHN. My picture was rarely drawn; and sure it could not chuse but please my mistress.

JOD. I know the contrary.

D. JOHN. What say'st thou?

JOD. I tell you it has rather displeas'd her.

D. JOHN. How the devil can'st thou know that?

JOD. Alas! I know it too well.

D. JOHN. Ha! tell me how?

JOD. Good sir, have patience! Instead of your picture, she received mine.

D. JOHN. Traitor! 'tis well thou dost not use to speak truth, for else I should search for thy life in the very bottom of thy bowels.†

JOD. You may, sir, and begin at my throat; but in piercing my body, I pray spare my doublet, for I made it new at Burgos.

D. JOHN. Pox of your raillery! Tell me what thou hast done?

JOD. Sir, put your anger up first.

D. JOHN. I never had so much cause to let it out. But speak! and let not fear fright truth from thee.

JOD. Sir, when we left Flanders——

D. JOHN. Well, proceed!

JOD. You having your brother kill'd, and a sister carried away by stealth, not knowing where, nor

* This sentence in brackets is in the edition of 1775 put in italics, as though it were a stage direction.

† This altered, in same edition, to "In every atom of thy vile carcase."

how, nor wherefore, nor by whom—you rode so fast that you left all your judgement a great way behind you.

D. JOHN. To what purpose, villain, dost thou open these two wounds? Proceed apace to thy picture.

JOD. Sir, I go as fast as I can; but your anger interrupts me so, that I'm fain sometimes to go back to recover my tongue, though I have nothing within me but what is much to the purpose.

D. JOHN. Why dost thou not render it in few words?

JOD. I cannot, sir, for I always speak things in order, but for your picture which I had e'en forgot——

D. JOHN. Was ever man so tir'd with the tedious length of nothing?

JOD. We were but newly return'd to Castile when Don Ferdinand de Rochas propos'd his daughter to you in marriage: her picture was made a present to you, and the offer of twenty thousand crowns in portion, and then you, t'enchant her with your own picture as much as you were charm'd by hers, made haste to send her it: and so, as the proverb says, put an old cat to an old rat. It was a lover's stratagem, and villanously subtle. But Heav'n, not always a friend to lovers, ordain'd a success in spite of expectation.*

D. JOHN. Art thou about the history of the world: and wilt thou not finish it till the world ends?

JOD. Yes, sir! but I must refresh my memory, for it is almost weary.

D. JOHN. I would thy tongue were so too.

JOD. You remember that your painter, in thankfulness for the great reward you gave him, would,

* In folio—"Contrary to your expectation."

after he had drawn your picture, take a little pains about mine.

D. JOHN. I know that: but proceed!

JOD. Then you likewise know it cost me nothing. Well, that Fleming's a brave man. None of your Jan Van Lievens, nor your Elshamers, nor your Brauwers, nor your Joos Van Winghens ever drew like him. Then give him but a rummer, over a pickled herring, and he will drink so kindly, as if he had the heart of a whale.

D. JOHN. Wilt thou never conclude? Hast thou sold, burnt, eat, or drank my picture? Have I it yet, or was it sent to Isabella? Speak and be quick!

JOD. If you have not patience to stay awhile rather than hear ill news, but will needs ride post to overtake the devil, I will leave Flanders and go the nearest way to the purpose.

D. JOHN. Still wilt thou be tedious?

JOD. Nay, sir, since you love unwelcome brevity, know when I was to send away the last packet, I would, being a little curious, compare the workmanship of my picture with yours. I set them opposite to one another, turning my eyes often from this to that, and, being call'd for in haste by the post-boy, I put my little picture in the packet instead of yours.

D. JOHN. How? yours instead of mine?

JOD. Sir, your picture had the happy laziness to stay here; but mine was destin'd to ride post with the devil to your mistress.

D. JOHN. Canst thou live, or I either, after I have heard this?

JOD. Good sir, make use of patience as I did. Time, which wears out sorrows as well as joys, has since th'unhappy accident given me a few quiet nights, and I have ceas'd to grieve for fear of being sick.

D. JOHN. Dog! What will she say of thy horn-face, and of thy badger's nose?

JOD. Alas, Sir! she will not think you very handsome, I mean in my picture; but if we were both our own painters we should not want beauty.

Enter STEPHANO.

D. JOHN. Peace! there comes one who perhaps knows Don Ferdinand's house; Go, ask him!

JOD. But sir——

D. JOHN. Well, speak low!

JOD. Perhaps he'll expect a reward if he tells us. In Madrid you must hold out your money if you do but ask what's a clock.

D. JOHN. Unlucky rogue, would he would cudgel thee.

JOD. He has not leisure to do it; he seems in haste.

STEPH. Who goes there?

JOD. Not to displease you, sir, where dwells Don Ferdinand?

STEPH. This is his house.

JOD. Are we in the right already? For this bout my master has reason, the father-in-law is found; and the son-in-law-elect has nothing to do but to knock.

STEPH. I begin to find myself a fool for having shew'd them where my master is secretly entered, and whence I expect he'll presently come forth. I must find some expedient.

JOD. Does he dwell here?

STEPH. Yes, but he is sick, and does not love noise. What are you?

JOD. We, sir, are night-walkers; or rather men of Norway, a northern-country where he is curs'd who does not sleep continually. For my part I

never sleep. And that's my master, sir, the greatest waker in the world.

STEPH. Or rather the greatest robber. He shall give me satisfaction for what he lately took from me; I know him well enough, and you were with him.

JOD. You are very choleric, and I think somewhat mad. If I were so too, you would have little safety but in flying. Sir, as sober as I am, I can scarce keep my hand from my hilt. (*To Don John.*) Sir! Sir! advance a little! I begin to grow soft, and, were it not dark, I should appear somewhat pale too.

D. JOHN (*to Steph.*) Approach, Sir! Come on towards me. I'll make you civil!

STEPH. How, Don of the dark, are you so brisk but I shall take the pains to drive you a mile hence: for though you are two—would I were rid of 'em—, if you dare follow me as fast as I'll lead the way, ye shall come to a better place for fighting.

D. JOHN. Say you so, Sir? I'll follow you! Stay! I hear a noise. It seems to be above us.

JOD. Pox on this choleric cur! if his barking had not frighted me, I had, perhaps, without any danger, broke his very bones. But whence the devil comes that other devil?

[*D. Lewis descends from the balcony.*

D. LEWIS. Stephano!

JOD. They are going.

D. JOHN. Sure that's his man whom he calls: he who gets way before us.

D. LEWIS. Either I am much cousen'd, or I am watch'd. But the noise of a quarrel will fright Isabella. In care of her I must neglect my honour. Let's steal away, since it must be so!

[*Exeunt Don Lewis, Stephano.*

D. JOHN (*to Jod.*) Stay, or thou art dead! Stay but one thrust!

JOD. My master has mettle, but I'm no touch-stone to try it on.

D. JOHN. Give me thy name, or I'll take thy life!

JOD. I am Don Jodelet of Segovia.

D. JOHN. Three curses on thee, and a thousand on him that leapt from the balcony. What's become of him?

JOD. He flew through the dark like lightning, and I, like a furious fool, followed him like thunder, till the invisible rogue threaded a lane as narrow as a needle's eye. Well! I'm the Hercules whom you always expose against two. You are a little prompt, but by your leave, Master, is it the custom of Madrid to scape thus out of a window?

D. JOHN. Did'st thou perfectly discern him?

JOD. Yes!

D. JOHN. I am amaz'd!

JOD. And I, if it were possible, am quite confounded!

D. JOHN. I must not here take up a quarrel at the first bound.

JOD. Methinks your mind is a little troubled.

D. JOHN. It is! and I have much cause, but let's consult upon't.

JOD. That's well said; I never found my self so much inclin'd to reasoning, and, if you please, let's consult soundly.

D. JOHN. I was born at Burgos; left poor. But of a long* race exempted, even as far as my self, from all disgraces.

JOD. Very well!

D. JOHN. At my return from the war to Burgos, I found my self attacqu'd with two different evils: I had a brother murder'd, and was rob'd of a sister; though she was bred with all the cares of

* In folio—"Noble."

honour. And this makes me exceeding choleric.

JOD. That's ill ! very ill ! exceeding ill !

D. JOHN. Don Ferdinand chose me for a husband to Isabella ; and she has receiv'd thy picture instead of mine.

JOD. That's not very ill !

D. JOHN. We treated of this business in secret ; and I took horse for Madrid, where I now arrive late at night.

JOD. That's a little ill !

D. JOHN. Without seeking out a lodging my love leads me directly hither.

JOD. That's a little too soon !

D. JOHN. I met before Don Ferdinand's house a serving-man who thrusts me, by design, upon an Almain quarrel.

JOD. That's very true ! But somewhat unwillingly, like a coward as he is.

D. JOHN. Perhaps 'twas for fear of scandal ; for he did not approach us like a coward.

JOD. How did the unlucky thief come then ?

D. JOHN. He came on like the lover of Isabella.

JOD. That's very ill !

D. JOHN. 'Tis that which will wound my head more than his sword.

JOD. Let's fall to to reasoning again.

D. JOHN. Ah ! no more reasoning, when reason grows superfluous. But, prithee, mark the counsel which love suggests to me. My hope lies in thee. To-morrow, my dear Jodelet, thou must pass for my master, and I for thy man. Thy picture is to work miracles. What ail'st thou ? Dost thou shake thy ears ?

JOD. These kind of disguises smell too much of the cudgel. I'ld rather proceed to reasoning again. For what will the world say ? Don John is grown the man, and Jodelet the master, and by ill fortune

too; for perhaps, at last, your mistress may love me, and I her.

D. JOHN. Fear not that; for then the mischief will be mine: but I, being Jodelet, may get acquainted with my rival's man. I'll be a lover from the kitchen to the garret; and my presents shall open the locks of every bosom: whilst thou shalt shine in gold chains like the king of Peru, without having any share of my sorrows.

JOD. I begin to like the invention.

D. JOHN. Thou shalt be feasted and cramm'd at Don Ferdinand's, whilst I am chok'd with my jealousies.

JOD. But may I not, to represent Don John the better, give your shoulders now and then a taste of the cudgel?

D. JOHN. Yes, when we are all alone, without witnesses.

JOD. Well! Vermechulli shall my palate please,
Serv'd in with bisques, ragouts, and entermets.
Wait close upon Don Jodelet thy master;
And thou mayst be my carver, or my taster,
If thou dost fetch me girls, and watch, and trudge well,
Thou shalt have food, if not, thou shalt have cudgel.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ISABELLA, BETTRIS.

ISAB. Bettris, make up your packet,* without thinking to reconcile me by long tattle. I'll have no more of you.

BET. Truly, Mistress, I'm ignorant of the cause of your anger.

* "Pack."—In folio.

ISAB. You know it not?

BET. If I do, may I never be haunted again by men of honour.

ISAB. 'Tis no matter! I dismiss you.

BERT. Well, my conscience is clear. But if I have ever failed to serve you, may I burst like a boil'd pudding for want of pricking. But let flatterers go fine while truth must be shut out o' doors and walk naked.

ISAB. Yes, Dame Bettris, you are innocent? you have not opened my balcony to-night, nor have walkt bare-footed to make less noise?

BET. Alas! is that it? I left your lac'd linen drying on a line, and went into the garden for fear some body should steal it.

ISAB. Yes, and you discourst with my linen: my ears deceiv'd me, I did not hear you talk?

BET. Perhaps I was at prayers.

ISAB. What, so loud?

BET. Yes, that Heav'n might hear me.

ISAB. And 'twas no man, but my linen, that leapt down from my balcony.

BET. Pray do not believe it.

ISAB. I saw it, Bettris!

BET. Ah, my dear mistress, it is true. But Don Lewis———

ISAB. O Heaven! how that name hurts me? Was it Don Lewis?

BET. Yes, madam, your fair cousin.

ISAB. My fair cousin! Thou black wretch! for what design had he admittance?

BET. If 'tis a great sin to be charitable you have cause to be angry. But if you will but hear me speak——

ISAB. You may speak long enough before I believe you.

BET. 'Twas last night when that delicate Don

Lewis came to see you, and because it rain'd I let him into the hall; and much against my will, for I am tender of scandal: but the poor man, being impatient, went up, and presently after I heard your father Don Ferdinand spit aloud, for he always coughs when he spits, and will be heard far enough. I'll warrant him as sound as any man of Madrid.

ISAB. Well, proceed to the ill purpose!

BET. At this noise Don Lewis sav'd himself in your balcony, which he found half open, and I lockt him in till you arrived with the old man; with whom you discourst too long, and made Don Lewis impatient again.

ISAB. Troth we were very uncivil to him.

BET. I stay'd till you were a-bed; and then, being in my nature always inclin'd to charitable deeds, I went to free him from his imprisonment.

ISAB. Good heart!

BET. He said he must needs speak with you one moment, but, I warrant you, I was sharp enough, and told him plainly that your curtains were drawn.

ISAB. That was severe indeed!

BET. I saw tears fall from his eyes, and at the same time felt a few pistoles drop into my hand. He conjur'd me with such sweet words; calling me, my heart, my dear Bettris, and then put on my finger a diamond-ring; which did so vex me, that I was ready to fly in's face.

ISAB. That had been too cruel!

BET. Nay, not but that his suff'rings wrought me again into pity; for truly I cannot hate the man. But in your int'rest I know no body.

ISAB. I thank you, good Mistress Bettris!

BET. But when he saw I was so much in earnest, that my face was all fire———

ISAB. He saw the flushing of your anger though

it were dark; but indeed all kind of fire is most visible at night.

BET. He leapt from the balcony into the street; where I heard them cry, kill! kill! and this is the notable cause of your putting me away.

ISAB. Well, you'll forgive me, if I must needs be to blame.

BET. I built my happiness upon your marriage. But if my zeal to serve you were known to Don John, who they say is come to town, I should hope for as ill success as I have now.

ISAB. How? Don John, too? the man I fear and most abhor. After my rage against Don Lewis do you think to assuage me with the mention of Don John? Fare you well, maid of honour! let me see you no more.

BET. Let the devil take Don Lewis who is the cause of this. [*Exit Isabella.*

Enter DON FERDINAND *at the other door.*

FERD. What's the matter Bettris? are you weeping?

BET. Your daughter, Sir, has dismist me from her service; and for nothing, Sir, but for wishing her favourable opinion of Don John, because he deserves it, and you desire it.

D. FERD. That's a small cause for your dismission; but I'll endeavour to reconcile you. Bid your mistress come hither. [*Exit Bettris.*] They have often little quarrels; sometimes for a curl disordered, or a black patch mis-placed; and more often they differ in expounding of dreams; but this is no time for expulsion of servants. If Don John D' Alverad come, who is expected to-night, I'll throw away my staff, which is my third leg, and with my other two lead 'em a dance.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. Sir, you are perhaps contriving my marriage with Don John ; but I hope you'll ordain me a death less cruel.

D. FRED. Minion! you are for some unexperienc'd gallant that never travell'd but Northward, and that was to observe the variety of flaxen hair, and to bring home periwigs for presents at Court; who spends the morning in tiring good men with the repetition of ill verses, and in the afternoon lies stretched out at length in his open gilt coach, like the image of laziness drawn in triumph through the city——The baggage laughs when I would have her weep.

ISAB. Sir, you have reason to be angry, but I've as much cause to laugh when I behold this picture of a suitor so deform'd that he seems ridiculous.

D. FERD. You judge of a man by his picture ; let me see it!—How the devil have I baited my hook at court, that I have been six months a fishing for this cods-head? Yet many have told me that Don John d'Alverad was a person highly esteem'd.

ISAB. If he had been tolerably handsome, your command might be obey'd.

D. FERD. Well, however, you shall promise me to use him civilly, and then I'll find a remedy for your grief.

Enter LUCILLA, *veil'd.*

But here comes a lady that will not shew her self. I wonder who let her in, and would not first ask, whether we would be visible? Madam, without seeing your face, or enquiring your name, you may freely command me!

LUC. Don Ferdinand, I expect no less from your civil reputation. I come to you for refuge, and

beseech you without any witness I may tell you my misfortunes.

FERD. You may. Daughter retire! [*Exit Isabella.*

LUC. I would I could so express my griefs that you might find some excuse for my faults. But if you could number my tears perhaps you would confess that my eyes have been sufficiently punisht by my crimes.

FERD. This stranger has no ill behaviour.

LUC. Sir! let me embrace your knees, and not rise from mine till I obtain that succour which I hope you will afford me.

FERD. This style is somewhat romantic. My foolish daughter never read romances, but, for my part, I esteem Amadis and all such ancient and discreet records of love and honour. Madam, you seem not a person to whom a gentleman should refuse any thing.

LUC. Sir! I must then give you the trouble of knowing my race, and of hearing my misfortunes. My race you will easily know, for my dead father often told me that he had made a friendship with you at Rome, and that you are a person both obliging and brave.

FERD. I owe him much for that character, and shall be ready to pay the debt to you.

LUC. Sir! Burgos is the town where I receiv'd my first being, and unfortunately the flames of love. My mother died at my birth, and my father deceas'd soon after, when he perceiv'd the misfortune of my love. His name was Diego d'Alverad. He bred me with great care and bounty, and he had much hope of my infancy; but alas! it was a false hope. My two brothers were no less cherisht by him, and I as much by them; with whom I happily liv'd. But oh, how love did change my destiny!

FERD. A thousand curses take that devil love! it embroils us all.

LUC. A stranger who came to see the triumphs at Burgos did in those tournaments appear to have no equal. We first saw one another in an assembly; I was courted by him, and did endure his courtship, or rather I was charm'd by him. He pretended to love me, and I lov'd him; but now, Sir, let my tears speak for me.

FERD. Sure all lovers were born in April: they never mention sun-shine without a shower after it. This may teach me to marry my daughter to some gentleman whom she does not love. But, madam, pray proceed!

LUC. The rest is fatal, sir, and full of shame! Alas my fault depriv'd me of a brother, and my afflicted father soon died after him. My passion had so overmaster'd my reason, that I still ador'd my unfaithful lover, whose return to Burgos I did two years vainly expect, and at last found that I was cruelly forsaken: and then I forsook my kindred, and, cursing fatal love, am hither guided by madness to seek that false man whom more than justly I ought to hate.

FERD. Is not this sufficient to teach parents to marry their daughters without any least mention of love? Madam, how the devil could you be cousen'd with love?

LUC. Alas, sir! he told me he would be faithful. But women shou'd never believe that beauty can sufficiently oblige the hearts of men, especially if men be so handsome as to prevail on women.

FERD. I am glad Don John's picture renders him ugly.

LUC. Oh Don Ferdinand! I am a fearful example for having too much believ'd a cruel tiger, who triumphs over me, disguising his name as

falsely as his faith: a name which no man seems to know, yet I am certain he lurks hereabouts. To you I address my self as my last remedy, and I demand your aid to find him out! I know the quality you bear about this place may apprehend him, and force him to do me reason.

FERD. I shall be one of Cupid's baylies, and watch to arrest a man for debts of love.

LUC. I'll not alledge my father nor his memory, but by your own glory will conjure you, and not oblige you by any phrase of flattery.

FERD. Madam, to be short, I am your humble servant; and such I have been ever to your father, who did me the honour to call me brother. Dispose of all my power! My daughter shall endeavour to assuage your griefs.

Enter BETTRIS.

BET. Your nephew, sir, desires your ear for something of importance.

FERD. [*To Lucilla.*] Madam, my return shall be sudden! Bettris lead her to my apartment, and admit my nephew presently.

[*Exeunt Lucilla, Bettris.*

The chance is odd that this lady proves the sister of my elected son-in-law. I must present her to him if he will see her. My nephew and I will join our powers to seek her lover, and to do her justice.

Enter DON LEWIS.

O dear Don Lewis, my brave nephew, what brings you hither? How may I serve you?

D. LEWIS. Sir, a friend of mine has lately advertis'd me of a quarrel coming towards me, and I am come for your advice, who are a perfect judge of combats of honour.

FERD. If you can employ no other whom you love more than me, nor that loves you more than I do, I'm at your service. What is that paper in your hand?

D. LEWIS. I'll read it to you.

FERD. Do! for I have lost my spectacles.

D. LEWIS (*reads*):—"The younger brother of him whom you killed upon some love accompts, departs from this place to-day to go where you are. I know not perfectly the occasion, but am certain that to give you notice of it is not ill done by your servant, Don Pedro Ossorio."

FERD. Where did you encounter him who is slain?

D. LEWIS. In Burgos!

FERD. Was he a cavalier?

D. LEWIS. Yes! and my great friend.

FERD. In single combat?

D. LEWIS. No, by mistake, in the darkness of the night.

FERD. Tell me the manner of it.

D. LEWIS. You remember the triumphs at Burgos for the first Infante. A friend of mine invited me thither to shew me the common valour of our nation in the Juego de Toros. The night after the triumph he led me to see the ladies at a ball, where I was conquer'd by a beauty, and she by me; but this great happiness soon turn'd into a great misfortune.

FERD. Well, sir, proceed!

D. LEWIS. I was allow'd the honour the next day to give her a visit, lov'd her sincerely, and being one night together I heard an attempt to break open the door. I saw her tremble and drew my sword for her safety. She took the candle and blew it out. The door was open'd, and I was attacqu'd, and in the encounter, not having the use of my eyes, there fell at my feet one mortally

wounded; the darkness made my escape easy. But in the morning I was overwhelm'd with grief, being inform'd that the person slain was brother to my mistress, and the same intimate friend, who invited me to Burgos.

FERD. These are the effects of love! and yet my foolish daughter will needs be in love before she marry.

D. LEWIS. My escape from Burgos was easy, because I was not known in public. You see the intelligence which is given me, and of what use your counsel may be in the affair. A gentleman is in search of me, who is led hither by revenge. It were loss of honour to avoid him, and it were cruelty to kill him. But somebody knocks at your gate. [*Knocking within.*

FERD. And rudely too. Who dares be thus insolent?

Enter BETTRIS.

BET. O, sir! give me a hundred crowns for my good news.

FERD. Pray stay till they are told out, and give me the news first.

BET. Where is my mistress? Her suitor is below all over powder'd and perfum'd. He seems a merry and innocent man, for he laughs at everything as if he had no more cares than a capuchin.

LEWIS. Sir! it seems you have a design to marry my cousin, and secretly.

FERD. Yes!

D. LEWIS (*aside*). How am I wounded with this news!

FERD. Bid my daughter come down. Make haste!

BET. You need not doubt my speed when I'm to bring lovers together.

D. LEWIS. How shall I bear this persecution?

FERD. (*aside*). I shall have use of all my understanding to get clear from the perplexity of my divided int'rest. My nephew has kill'd the brother of him who is to marry my daughter.

Enter ISABELLA.

LEWIS. I shall grow mad!

FERD. Come, Isabella! we must prepare to meet your suitor.

ISAB. Or rather to meet death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SANCHO, JODELET, *in* DON JOHN'S *habit;* DON JOHN *in* JODELET'S *habit.*

D. JOHN. I told you my master's name.

SANCH. You did!

D. JOHN. And does your master know that he is here?

SANCH. He doth!

D. JOHN. Sure Don Ferdinand's detain'd by some important business?

SANCH. He is!

D. JOHN. I hope when that's dispatcht, Don John shall have the honour to kiss his hands.

SANCH. He shall!

D. JOHN. This laconic fool makes brevity ridiculous.

JOD. An ass for brevity's sake should have cropt ears and a bob'd tail.

D. JOHN. My master is arriv'd upon design of alliance with yours, and I hope we, who are their servants, may become akin to one another by friendship.

SANCH. 'Tis fit!

D. JOHN. Your hand——

SANCH. Take it!

D. JOHN. Your name?

SANCH. Sancho!

D. JOHN. 'Tis well!

SANCH. Your name?

D. JOHN. Jodelet!

SANCH. Good! [*They embrace.*

JOD. Friend you are a man of brevity. I would your master were so too. Shall I not see him?

SANCH. You shall!

JOD. But, by your favour, in what quantity of time?

SANCH. A trice.

JOD. I'm satisfied. But have not yet satisfied you for your diligence: I'm sorry 'tis the fashion for gallants to carry no money about 'em.

[*Feels in his pockets and finds no money.*

SANCH. That's ill!

JOD. But my trunks are coming.

SANCH. That's good!

JOD. If my sumpter proves lame I shall borrow of your master rather than be in debt to his man.

D. JOHN. He means to represent me first by shewing his bounty.

JOD. I grow impatient, and must be diverted. Friend, what is there here to see?

SANCH. The house!

JOD. I use to spend my time in things of more importance. Jodelet!

D. JOHN. Sir!

JOD. Enquire if his master be learned.

SANCH. He's so so.

JOD. Let's visit his library! Yet, now I think on't, I have had my head twice crackt with reaching down great books from high shelves. Well, 'tis strange how, since my childhood, I ever lov'd huge great books, and could read in 'em as easily as if they were but little.

D. JOHN. This is to shew he is a man of learning.

JOD. Next to great books I love intollerable long

letters in short hand. If I had one here, you should see me begin at "Loving kind Friend," and in a moment end at, "Yours as his own."

D. JOHN. This shews him a man of business and of dispatch too.

JOD. This, I take it, is your anti-chamber. The floor is smooth, but somewhat bare: my rooms at home are all matted.

D. JOHN. How like a dull rogue he boasts of his rich furniture.

SANCH. We use no mats.

JOD. Why, friend?

SANCH. For fear——

JOD. Of what?

SANCH. Of fleas.

JOD. Alas, poor poor things! they do no harm. We never use to kill 'em.

D. JOHN. Now he shews himself a man of mercy.

SANCH. In this country——

JOD. Well, speak your mind.

SANCH. Fleas use——

JOD. What?

SANCH. To bite.

JOD. We have abundance of 'em, but not a man of mine does ever feel 'em.

SANCH. That's strange!

JOD. My family feeds well,* and then they sleep so soundly that puneses cannot wake 'em. Lord, how I love to hear my servants snore after dinner.

D. JOHN. Now he shews his hospitality.

SANCH. [*To D. John*]. We shall all grow fat when your master keeps house here. Yet you, methinks, are somewhat lean.

D. JOHN. I thought this fellow's tongue had been wound up like a clock to regular stops, but

* Altered in edition of 1775 to "No; the scoundrels feed well."

now it struck above twelve words. Sir, I may trust you, who are hereafter to be my faithful friend. The chief reason why I am not fat is, most especially, because I am in love with three of our neighbours' maids.

SANCH. Three?

D. JOHN. I confess I am unfortunate in it.

SANCH. You are!

D. JOHN. My grandmother was a poetess, and a great observer of love, and was wont to put her thoughts into verse, which were very pithy.

SANCH. And short?

D. JOHN. She wrote according to her own size, for she was a very short woman. Shall I repeat?

SANCH. Pronounce!

D. JOHN. A ruddy sanguine man
Grows quickly pale and wan,
And is by love undone,
Even when he loves but one.
But I am much mistaken
If two will not make,
As lean as a rake,
A lover fat as bacon.

Enter DON FERD., DON LEWIS, ISABEL, BETTRIS.

D. FERD. Don John! first for your father's sake, then for your own, I must embrace; nay, let me bind you close to my heart.

JOD. Sir, you may clasp me as hard as you please, for I'll assure you I am very sound both spring and fall.

D. FERD. (*Aside*). Sound? that's an odd assurance from a son-in-law. Sir, you are welcome!

JOD. I knew that before, sir; which may give you a small taste of my understanding. Pray speak only things that are necessary; for I love few words.

D. FERD. This son-in-law will prove wise.

[*Isabella draws Jodelet's picture, and looks on it aside.*

ISAB. The painter has done him no wrong.

D. JOHN. (*Aside*). Her beauty exceeds all that any pencil can describe.

[*Don John looks on Isabella's picture aside.*

JOD. My father-in-law looks as gravely as an owl at noon percht over a church porch.

D. FERD. I fear my son-in-law is not very eloquent; he speaks in private between the teeth.

ISAB. (*Aside*). Was ever deformity copied with more exact proportion to the original?

JOD. [*To Isabel.*] I can see you through my fingers, and know you at first sight by the picture you sent me.

BET. He's one of those subtle spies who peeps through the key-hole when the door is open.

JOD. [*To Isabel*]. You think me a very desperate man.

ISAB. Why so, sir?

JOD. For coming near so bright a sun as you are, without a parasol, umbrellia,* or a bongrace.

ISAB. You intend to be very witty, sir.

JOD. I tell you again, my bright sun, not one among a thousand would venture his complexion so near you as I do. But what care I for being tann'd.

BET. 'Tis but fleaing the old skin, and when your cheeks are raw the crimson will appear presently.

JOD. That damsel is too pert. Dear chuck of my cheeks! you should keep these paraqueetos in a cage. How many of 'em have you? 'Slight, I think I'm left alone; Jodelet! where are all my people? Jodelet!

* *Sic.*

D. JOHN. Sir!

JOD. My heart beats too much at sight of my mistress. If I faint with love be sure to hold me up.

D. JOHN. I shall, sir!

JOD. Lady, you say nothing: but I'm glad you are silent, for, if you should shew as much wit as you do beauty, I were a dead man. Jodelet!

D. JOHN. Sir!

JOD. To drive away the sorrows of love, I prithee break a jeast or two, or tell my mistress some of mine to cure her melancholy.

ISAB. My father has made a rare choice. This extraordinary fool is only fit for Christmas.

JOD. Don Ferdinand, do you always serve for a skreen to your daughter?

D. JOHN. (*Aside*). Unlucky rogue! what devil taught thee to ask that?

D. LEWIS. That question is not very civil.

JOD. Those that are angry may shew their teeth; but let them be sure that they be sharp.

D. LEWIS. Sir, no man will doubt yours.

JOD. Those who dare doubt mine may meet me —— at dinner; and after dinner may walk a turn in the field. It may be wholesome for some, but for others it may prove dangerous.

ISAB. He grows angry.

JOD. May not a man see a snip of her face? I pray, lady of my lips, blink on me a little with one eye. Don Ferdinand, let somebody bring her near me! or at least shew me her hand, or her arm, or a little of her leg.

D. JOHN. This coarse villain has been bred in a butcher-row.

FERD. My daughter had reason: my son-in-law is a coxcomb.

JOD. Lord, how nice they are of their brides in

this country! anywhere else I might ere this have had a dozen kisses.

FERD. How I am vext at his want of breeding!

JOD. Father-in-law you must pardon me. I am a little boist'rous, but I am very loving. My dainty duckling, may I know what gust* you take in having the honour to see me?

D. LEWIS. That's civilly askt.

FERD. O, impertinent son-in-law.

JOD. They laugh! I shall be loth to marry in so foolish a kindred as have no more wit than to laugh at me. Don Ferdinand, pray call for a chair! you are ill serv'd; but I will vouchsafe to reach one myself.

D. FERD. (*Aside*). I say again, my son-in-law is a very coxcomb. Bettris, reach a chair!

JOD. Sweet syrrop of my soul, pray tell me, do you wear chopeens?† In truth if you do not, you are of a reasonable good stature, and worthy of me.

D. LEWIS. An excellent good compliment!

JOD. That young man is given to prating. Tell me, my bright sun, do you shine on him?

ISAB. He is my cousin German.

FERD. I pronounce, the third time, that my son-in-law is a coxcomb.

D. JOHN. This cousin German revives my jealousy.

JOD. Lady, have you never an ear-picker about you? there's something tickles me within,‡ and I broke mine with picking my teeth. What, all laughing again? Lady, you laugh scurvily! you laugh like a monkey that has stol'n cherries; he, he, he, he!

* Taste. † See Vol. i. p. 335.

‡ "Have you never a patch-box about you? There's something tickles me on my nose."—Ed. 1775.

D. LEWIS. [*To Isabel.*] Cousin, you do not satisfy the gentleman. He askt you e'en now how you did relish the honour of seeing him.

ISAB. I must confess I never saw his equal both in body and mind.

JOD. Madam, every one says as much of me. But the twenty thousand crowns,—are they ready? Let's despatch the marriage!

D. LEWIS. How, Don John? you are mercenary.

JOD. Those who believe it are very desperate. But would I could meet 'em in Alverad.

D. LEWIS. In Alverad! Had you not a brother, sir?

JOD. Yes, whom a base murderer killed in the dark.

D. JOHN. If Don John could find the murderer he would eat his heart; but the coward hides himself.

D. LEWIS. This groom is very impudent. But, friend, I have been told——

D. JOHN. What have you been told, sir?

D. LEWIS. That it was merely by mischance.

D. JOHN. He lied that told you so! It was treachery.

D. LEWIS. [*To Isabel.*] Do you observe his sauciness?

ISAB. Methinks his anger has something graceful in it.

D. LEWIS. Then you allow his insolence?

ISAB. He shews no meanness in his courage.

D. LEWIS. [*To D. John.*] I shall find you!

D. JOHN. You may, for I shall never avoid you.

ISAB. O pity, hide thine eyes! how canst thou see such gallantry in such a low condition?

D. LEWIS. Wer't not in this place, I should make you silent.

JOD. My man is almost as valiant as myself, but a little rash.

D. LEWIS. Uncle, shall I endure this from that groom?

D. FERD. I charge you be discreet. Here's a fair beginning of a marriage.

JOD. My dear dumpling, let 'em quarrel; and let us talk and be witty, and sell bargains.

D. FERD. Sir, you ha'not yet seen the house. Bettris make haste, open the gallery! Nephew, I conjure you to make use of your discretion. Come, gentlemen, what do you stay for?

JOD. I love the down-right familiarity of Alverad, and hate compliment.

D. FERD. That's for saving of time.

JOD. We often, out of heartiness and haste, salute ladies with our hats on.

D. FERD. Do you so, sir?

JOD. Yes, and take 'em by the hand without the tedious ceremony of pulling off our gloves.

D. FERD. 'Tis true, time is a precious thing and ought to be sav'd. Son-in-law it becomes you.

[*Exeunt omnes.**

Enter BETTRIS, STEPHANO.

BET. Retire to the garret over that chamber where I must hide your master, and there you must lye close.

STEPH. I should lye closer if you were with me.

BET. Certainly you men are very cold creatures; you are always wishing for something to keep you warm.

STEPH. Ah, Bettris! a garret without a chimney is a cold habitation. But if you were near me——

* In the edition of 1775 the scene changes here to "Garden-Chamber," with the entrance of Sancho, Don John, and Laura, the intermediate passages being deleted.

BET. I know but one hoop in the world can bind us close together.

STEPH. What do you mean?

BET. A wedding-ring.

STEPH. That's a strong hoop indeed, and will hold out long. I have no land nor house; and though there are many houses in town, yet those tenants never get much furniture who begin with a cradle. I am not rich enough to marry.

BET. That's ill news, but I will tell you better.

STEPH. I prithee do.

BET. At night when the masters are abed, the men shall have a sack-posset.

STEPH. And shall they be very merry with the maids?

BET. Yes, unless the men be in love, for then, alas, they'll do nothing but sigh.

STEPH. What lady is that whom your mistress does conceal?

BET. I know her not. Sancho does manage that design; her maid is his sweetheart.

STEPH. Shall she be with us?

BET. He has invited her. You wish my company and enquire after her. None but a cold bedfellow would have two warming-pans.

Enter SANCHO, DON JOHN, LAURA.

D. JOHN. Signior Sancho, there is nothing more medicinal against the consumption of love than a sack-posset. But shall I be at it?

SANCHO. You shall!

D. JOHN. I am much oblig'd to you for the invitation.

SANCHO. You are!

D. JOHN. I hope I may have leave to seal an acquaintance on this fair gentlewoman's hand.

SANCHO. You may! [*D. John salutes Laura.*

LAURA. You are pleas'd to make use of your authority.

SANCHO. I am!

LAURA. I pray thee give me leave to salute Mistress Bettris.

SANCHO. Do!

STEPH. The favour ought to go round. I hope I shall not be a stranger to your mistress.

SANCHO. No! [*Stephano salutes Laura.*

D. JOHN. Your authority extends so far as to make me likewise known to Mistress Bettris.

SANCHO. It doth! [*D. John salutes Bettris.*

BET. Well, we shall be all happy when our lords and ladies are asleep. There is nothing so sweet as midnight and sack-posset. Is there, Signior Sancho?

SANCHO. Yes!

BET. What can be sweeter in this bitter world?

SANCHO. Buss and posset.

ISABEL [*within*]. Bettris!*

BET. My lady calls me! Let every one hasten to their appointed stations.

STEPH. The next time when our masters go to bed early, we must be contented to sit up late.

BET. Alas! we servants are miserable. We must be fain to watch when they sleep.

D. JOHN. Pray let us meet cheerfully, and with short ceremonies.

SANCHO. And long spoons.

[*Exeunt all several ways but Don John.*

D. JOHN. I have more light to lead my jealousy,
And now must seek the man to whom revenge
Is yet indebted for my brother's blood;
Than where my vain imprudent sister lives,
And where her perjur'd friend. Well, it grows strong
In my belief that Isabella's cousin

* In the edition 1775, instead of this, *a bell rings within.*

Is he whom I discern'd in the balcony;
Oh Isabel! be wise as thou art fair;
Turn not my love to dangerous despair. [*Exit.*

ACT III., SCENE I.

Enter DON LEWIS, STEPHANO.

D. LEWIS. Urge me no more! the lot is cast.

STEPH. In troth, Don John is much beholden to you. You have forsaken his sister, kill'd his brother, and now pretend to his wife.

D. LEWIS. My hope relies on my perseverance, and on Bettris, and on thee; on my uncle, on Isabella, and on myself. I rely much too on the rudeness of Don John's behaviour, but most of all on the civility of my goddess Fortune.

Enter BETTRIS.

BET. O sir, is it you?

STEPH. None but a maid who loves to meet men in the dark would ask that question with her eyes open.

BET. You are still drawing the fool's weapon: I pray put up your tongue. I come not to you, but to your master.

D. LEWIS. Dear Bettris, tell me a little of the son-in-law.

BET. Would you have but a little when much may be spoken? He dined, and did eat till his doublet grew so narrow that 'twas dangerous to sit near him; for his buttons flew about like a volley of shot, and after dinner he retired to a dirty entry, where he slept on a bench and snor'd in concert, like three fat carriers in one bed. But I'll tell you what pass'd besides.

D. LEWIS. My poor Bettris!

BET. My poor Don Lewis!

D. LEWIS. My fortune I expect from thee.

BET. And mine from you: but you have yet proceeded no further than promise; yet that's sufficient to one who abhors interest.

D. LEWIS. I prithee ask my man if I have not left my gold under my bolster; and whether I am not to-morrow to receive four hundred duckets.

BET. Well, well! hear me in few words. Don Ferdinand your uncle has chaf'd himself into a fever: he would fain be disengag'd. Your dear Isabella is more vext than he. Now is the time or never: you must endeavour to see her: and give her as many promises as those make who intend to keep none. Write her poetical letters, and be sure not to leave out her lilies nor her roses: you must weep, sigh, and pull off your periwig, that you may tear your own hair: tell her you'll cut your own throat, or at least that you know an easy way to hang your self.

D. LEWIS. Concerning that, Bettris, you may safely pass your word for me.

BET. If the insolence of passion will not prevail, you must resume your modesty, whine civilly, and only wish your self dead; and be not amaz'd when she grows impatient. What, you smile at this good counsel?

D. LEWIS. No, but it seems a little new.

BET. The practice of it is as ancient as the love-tricks in Troy. But I have stay'd too long. Beshrew my heart for my kindness to you. Go, sir, steal through the garden door! Farewell, sir, and I pray give your man leave to shift your trenchers before they are empty. He looks leaner than Lent.

STEPH. Farewell, false money.

BET. Remember that I clipt your beard by

moon-shine, with the gard'ner's great sheers when you lay asleep like a dead perdue in the arbour. O, y'are a proper watchman to attend lovers.

STEPH. My beard, Mistress Marmalad?

BET. Yes, when my lady's little dog smelt you out, by the broken meat in your pocket.

STEPH. Well, I'll marry thee for a month, that I may get authority to swadle* thee for having no portion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FERDINAND, ISABELLA.

FERD. I'll rather die of naked poverty than break my word.

ISAB. Dear father!

FERD. You are a fool, and all that you can hope is, that I may defer your marriage a few days. But was ever any business so incumber'd? My son-in-law is offended, and, my nephew being the cause of it, I ought to be so too. Shall I abandon one and join with the other? I owe myself to one by blood, and to the other by honor.

ISAB. It seems, sir, 'twas Don Lewis that kill'd his brother.

FERD. Yes, and, to encrease the perplexity, the sister of Don John implores me against him: how can I, in honor, refuse to assist her? and to-day my nephew tells me, he has need of my advice against a man whom he has doubly offended, and that man must be my son-in-law. Head! hold out one day, and split not during this storm of business. Farewell! I'll go taste† my son-in-law. [*Exit.*

ISAB. And I'll go weep. O heaven! to what a brute am I condemn'd? Was not my aversion

* To beat with a cudgel. By law, a man was allowed, and the act is believed to be still extant, to beat his wife "with a rattan, if not above the thickness of his thumb."

† Touch upon the subject to.

a sufficient torment without giving me a new affliction by another passion? Was't not enough to be unhappy by the address of the master, but I must love his man? Ah, my stars hate me too much, when they make me love one whom I dare not name to my own ear. Must I adore him who never can be mine, and at the same time abhor the person for whom I am decreed? A third evil is join'd to th'other two. Don Lewis, whom I hate, loves me. At once I hate, and fear, and am in love. O, who can deliver me from this entangled destiny?

Enter DON LEWIS.

D. LEWIS. 'Tis I, O charming Isabella! that will deliver you, and disengage you from Don John: for since Don Lewis, whom you have despis'd, is now admitted to your favour, your breath contains my rival's destiny. Proscribe him with one word, and, with this sword I am his executioner.

ISAB. Oh heav'ns! dare you propose a mischief of this bloody shape? Be gone, unhappy wretch! thou art unworthy of that pity, which, to the injury of justice, thy name and blood being mine, makes me afford thee. How canst thou love me if thou thinkst me capable even but to hear thy black design? Fly, fly to Burgos with thy perfidiousness, and there go act thy tragedies. Go and deceive the sister of the brother thou hast slain.

D. LEWIS. Hah! if ever——

ISAB. Peace, peace, thou blackest of ill spirits! or I will fill the house with exclamations.

Enter BETTRIS.

BET. Pray, speak low! Don Ferdinand and the son-in-law are upon the stairs, they may hear you. How shall we shift Don Lewis away, for Don

John's man is in the next chamber? I would he would shew his extraordinary discretion and good mein some where else.

ISAB. What shall we do?

D. LEWIS. If I durst appear——

ISAB. Keep your expedients for your own use; 'tis I that am concern'd now.

D. LEWIS. If his angry man——

ISAB. Hold, sir! he seems not one whose anger may be tam'd with threat'ning. Bettris!

BET. Madam, I tremble all over. What think you if I awhile conceal Don Lewis in your chamber?

ISAB. Dispose of him any where, provided he be far from my sight.

BET. Madam, be froward then a while! and raise your voice, and call me bold and impudent.

ISAB. I understand you.

[*Exeunt Don Lewis, Bettris.*

You say Don John is not handsome?

[*Isabella speaks loud.*

What, he displeases you? you'll mend his making? I like him as he is. I would my father heard you. Y'are insolent, be gone!

Enter DON FERDINAND, JODELET, *and* DON JOHN.

FERD. We hear you, daughter. You are angry!

ISAB. 'Tis only for a trifle which my maid has lost.

JOD. Humph! This will not pass; for though I'm stuft in the head, yet I can blow my nose as well as another to smell things out. No, no, I see I may make love long enough before you smicker* at me. You may e'en keep your portion, I shall find my land in the old place.

ISAB. How, sir, will you be gone?

JOD. When two or three have sufficiently for-

* Look amorous.

sworn themselves to you, then you'll tuck up your petticoats and follow me to Alverad.

D. JOHN. This dull rogue, for fear he should not be unlucky enough to do me mischief, makes it up with inundations of folly.

FERD. Son-in-law, methinks your behaviour is a little out of fashion, and, in plain terms, you want wisdom.

JOD. Father-in-law, this is but a trick of mine to try her love. I'll sound her heart though it lies as deep as her belly.

FERD. Nay, they are politic in your province. But if my daughter be thoroughly anger'd——

JOD. These are a kind of witty frumps* of mine like selling of bargains ; I'll come off well enough. Let's walk into the gallery !

D. FERD. For fear this extraordinary brute should find out his sister, I'll leave him in the hands of his mistress. Stay here a while, sir, with my daughter. I must part from you one moment upon a pressing occasion ! [*Exit D. Ferd.*

JOD. My dainty dear ! your father being gone, and here being none but friends left, you may swear to me in private how much you love me. I'll say nothing to anybody. I can keep secrets ; for when I'm askt what a clock 'tis, I never tell for fear men should take me for a blab.

ISAB. Sir, I'll deal freely with you. I was never in love till to-day : I had formerly an aversion to it, disdain was all my passion. Believe me, sir, the flame of love is only known to me since your arrival. But since my love can meet none equal to it, should it rejoice when it encounters yours ? No, sir, to the contrary ; I'm in extreme pain to see you love me, and that I must likewise love.

JOD. Humph ! if I had not a great deal of wit I should hardly understand you.

* Inventions. Lies.

ISAB. Your passion equals not the price of mine,
Though what is with you, and to you belongs,
Is e'en all that which I do most adore,
Yet in you is all that which I abhor.

JOD. Hah! what belongs to me, and is with me, you adore, and what is in me, you abhor. Lady to such dark sayings as these, the ancient philosophers of Alverad make answer in a subtle question; which is, riddle my riddle, what's this?

ISAB. Sir, I must justify my meaning to you.
You doubt my flame, but, sir, I say again
I love that which is yours, and love it much.
In seeing it I altogether see
The object of my love, and then I burn and tremble,
Burn with desire, and tremble with my fear.
You cause at once my joy and sorrow too;*
What evil can there be more strange and rare
Which when I hide I then almost declare?
If I, to ease my pain, my mind reveal
I danger bring to that which I would heal.

D. JOHN. She has wit prevailing as her beauty, but 'tis mystical.

JOD. If men swear they are bewitcht when they are in love, then I, being in love, may say you are a witch, especially because you speak things as hard to be understood as charms.

D. JOHN. O love! why art thou born with the disease of jealousy? All curses meet upon Don Lewis!

JOD. You, my serving man, come nearer and make love for me, and afterwards we'll do it by turns.

D. JOHN. But sir——

JON. How, coxcomb? perhaps you would give me counsel. Am not I your master? does any

* "And my despair." *folio.*

man know so much as you the love I bear her, and who then can better tell her of it? That's fine y' faith! Belike I want understanding to direct what's fit to be done.

D. JOHN. Madam, I must obey since I am commanded.

JOD. The fellow is afraid! Madam, he wants a little breeding, yet I have been a pattern to him above seven years.

ISAB. Sure he has been an ill observer then.

JOD. Sirrah, I say advance! and court her handsomely, whilst I go to the gate, and consult with the porter how to scatter a little gold amongst the servants, to shew my bounty and make friends.

ISAB. How shall I then get Don Lewis out? curse on this fool! Sir, you must needs stay: for if th' original be gone you'll have an ill account of the copy; 'tis a hard thing to draw love well.

JOD. If she should be now really in love with me, (*D. John courts her in whispers.*) then I were in a fine case. My master wants no cudgels; and I should be the most beaten bridegroom that ever meddled with more than his match. Let me consider. Hah, Master Valet de Chambre! Have I put you there to do nothing? You talk in her ear, sirrah; either speak out, or keep farther off.

D. JOHN. Sir, I'm ashamed to speak loud, your worship will but laugh at me.

JOD. No doubt of that. But I've a mind to laugh, for, to say truth, I am afraid of sighing. She damnable handsome! [*Aside.*

D. JOHN [*to Isabel aside*].

When love's afraid, do not that fear despise;
Flame trembles most when it doth highest rise;
And yet my love may justly be disdain'd,
Since you believe it from a lover feign'd.
I am not here that which I ought to be,

I serve, yet from all bonds but yours am free.
Though player-like I feign my master's part,
Yet real jealousy afflicts my heart:
For whilst his feigned rival I appear,
I then another real rival fear.

ISAB. This language has more mystery than mine.

JOD. A real rival! That's I, or Don Lewis. A pox o' these intoxicating riddles; can any man stand still when charms make his head turn round? I'll hear no more of 'em. Avaunt, Jodelet! thou art a foolish conjurer! Presto, be gone!

D. JOHN. Is your worship in earnest?

JOD. I've a thought in my head worth the weight of it in gold. Hah! now I have lost it. Sweet nosegay of my nose, when I remember you I always forget my self: or else 'tis that baggage, Bettris, which transports me; for, to say truth, she runs in my mind too. My serving-man, be gone!

D. JOHN. I must obey you, sir.

JOD. You'ld fain stay to sing "Loth to depart." Why when I say [*D. John goes and stays close at the door.*]——I will be left alone with my mistress.

ISAB. How, sir, alone? what will the servants say?

JOD. What can they say when I think fit to be private?

ISAB. I'm sure Bettris will take notice of it.

JOD. That's true, for Bettris likes me so well, that if she sees us making love it may cost her half her life. But that's all one: I love you only.

ISAB. Yes, and Bettris also.

JOD. Faith, lady, I am free of making my best parts known. What! I have made you jealous of me? That's another of my politic love tricks. I'm grown so subtle that the devil will be afraid of

me. But let him shun me then: for, take one time with another, he does me more hurt than good.

ISAB. But, sir, what mean you? Why must we be alone?

JOD. To shew my confidence: for let 'em say what they will, I dare trust myself with you. I have not seen the balcony yet. Let's go take the air.

ISAB. There is no wind stirring.

D. JOHN. What new firk of folly has enter'd into the rascal's head? I must observe him.

JOD. Come along, sweet heart!

ISAB. You shall excuse me, sir. I'll not stir from hence.

JOD. How! not stir? My dear, you must know I'm very choleric——

ISAB. What drawn by force? Y'are insolent!

[*He offers to reach her hand.*

JOD. My duck you are squeamish. Lord, what diff'rence there is in people! you see I am not so——

ISAB. Rude wretch, forbear! wer't not for that patience which is ordain'd me by my father, I'd tear your eyes out with these hands.

JOD. With those hands? you'd please me more, if you would let me kiss 'em.

ISAB. Sir, you are mad, and would make me so too. Is this the brutish courtship of your province? [*Exit.*

D. JOHN. O villain! you would presume to kiss her hand? [*D. John surprises him.*

JOD. 'Tis a strange thing to see how men may be mistaken. 'Twas she, sir, would presume to kiss mine.

D. JOHN. Slave! you are in jeast then, and you think I'm so too. I'll make you repent your impudence—— [*D. John strikes him.*

JOD. Sir! why master! pray sir!

D. JOHN. Pattern of rogues! thou gallows climber! [*D. John kicks him.*

JOD. Nay, pray, sir, do not punish behind! all that I said to her was face to face.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. 'Tis anger, and grows loud. Pray heav'n, they have not found the mischievous Don Lewis!

D. JOHN. Dog! you may be glad that my respect to her presence stops my fury.

JOD. Now she's here, if I should strike him he dares not discover himself.

[*Jodelet assaults D. John.*

I'll teach you to speak ill of Isabella. Is she but reasonable handsome? Hah!———

ISAB. Ah, do not strike him, sir! Be not cruel to your servant.

[*Jod. speaks low and fast to Don John.*

JOD. Sir, I must counterfeit your person to the life; you use to kick too. I have a great mind to give you a taste of my foot, that I may resemble you thoroughly.

D. JOHN. Be less in earnest when you counterfeit, or I'll cut your throat.

ISAB. Rude man! what has he done to you?

JOD. These are choleric heats which pass away, lady. If I should kick him I could not hurt him; he's all oak behind, mere wainscote-board. We who have tender toes are ill provided for tough bums. [*D. John speaks softly to him again.*

D. JOHN. Sirrah! were not she here———

JOD. He sits too much on bare benches and joint-stools. I must buy cushions for him to make him softer.

ISAB. But how has he deserved this usage?

JOD. He said your beauty could not kill a man a mile off.

ISAB. Was that all, sir? If he hates me, alas! he knows not yet he is ingrateful.

D. JOHN. I can no longer defer it. I must discover my self——

JOD. Sirrah, begone! Expect nothing from me but a cudgel to measure your bones. Lady, may I not strip him naked, and keep his clothes now I turn him away?

ISAB. O no, sir, if I have any credit with you, turn him not away.

D. JOHN (*Aside*). Did ever rogue use his master thus, or master so foolishly trust the discretion of his man?

JOD. My lily white lamb! you are too merciful. I cannot stay near you upon such cowardly terms. I'll into the garden a while. We men of mettle use to walk a turn to cool our courage. [*Exit.*

ISAB. (*Aside*). I blush, and know not what to say.
Is love a crime when it usurps a monarch's power
In giving dignity to that which it esteems?
You were ere while another person and
[*To Don John.*
Did represent Don John, and then I spoke
Some words which you might misinterpret to
Be love. But, you are now poor Jodelet,
And ought to alter your opinion of my
Passion since your person's chang'd.

D. JOHN. Madam, if I had reason to believe
That you esteem'd Don John, I should grow weary
Of my being as I am, and represent again
The person that I was.

ISAB. Sure you esteem him much, since you
Can take such pleasure in assuming of his love.

D. JOHN. Next my desire of Heav'n I wish
Don John

Made happy by your love with Hymen's rites.

ISAB. I'll leave you till you learn to ask of Heaven
A better destiny for me, that so I may
Be taught to make an equal wish for you.

D. JOHN. Her love does still grow darker, yet I see,
By too much light, my cause of jealousy. [*Exit.*

Enter BETTRIS.

BET. Don John, your country-lover is gone into the town to learn civility. He needs not stay long, for he may be taught it in the street by every mule he meets.

ISAB. Did you see him go out?

BET. Madam, he is not found about the house; and I may now release Don Lewis from his confinement.

ISAB. Be sure you do it presently; and then make haste to find me in the garden. [*Exit.*

BET. I saw just now the weeping lady; she's unluckily broke loose too. I would we were well rid of these foolish lovers. Sure common understanding has left the world. Young people cannot meet privately but they must needs fall in love. [*Exit.**

Enter LUCILLA *veil'd.*

LUC. 'Tis strange Don Ferdinand should use me thus. Is this protection when he strait abandons me? He told me he would return in a moment; and then, as if grown weary of civility, and of lending me his chamber for shelter, he went perhaps to divert himself in the town. I heard just now a noise like the confusion of a quarrel. This is an ill sign of my secure retreat. I must proceed

* In the edition of 1775 from the entrance of Bettris down to this point is omitted.

in order to my safety; and yet I ought t'advertise them before I go. Sure, this is Isabella's chamber; the door is open! I'll in, and take my leave of her.

Enter DON LEWIS.

Hah! I discern a man, and I can't avoid him.

D. LEWIS. I hope my friend Bettris, whom I have bound to me with the strings of my purse, does mean to make this chamber my lodging. O dear Isabella! whither would you run so fast?

[*He spies Lucilla veil'd.*

How, will you not vouchsafe to hear me? Alas! allow me but one word. You have reproacht my love as criminal; thinking some other beauty has possest my heart. Have I not sworn, that she who does pretend to it had but the promises of my pity? And, since I saw her at Burgos, I never did retain her in my thought?

LUC. O heavens! I have not patience to hear more. [*She opens her veil.*] False man! behold her now: for I am she who too much has lov'd thee, and whom thou never lov'dst. She, whose fatal and unexperienc'd heart too soon believ'd thy many oaths. She, who does hate thee now, and will proclaim thy perjuries. She, whom thou call'dst thy soul and queen, is now without a brother, without her honour, and is less provided for than birds blown off to sea by tempests.

D. LEWIS. Hear me but speak!

LUC. No, traitor, no! Thy former perjuries have stopt my ears so much that I can hear no more. Help, ho! help!

D. LEWIS. Ah, madam, give me then leave to swear, and you shall soon be satisfied.

LUC. Soul without faith! canst thou again expect belief? Help, ho! help!

Enter DON JOHN.

D. JOHN. This grief is loud, and 'tis a woman's voice!

LUC. O heav'ns! whom do I see?

D. JOHN. Hah! is not that my sister?

LUC. [*Aside.*] I call for help, and heav'n has sent destruction in a brother.

D. JOHN. [*Aside.*] My eyes cannot mistake, she is my sister!
And th' other is the object of my jealousy.
I have enough of anger for 'em both.

D. LEWIS. He carries mischief in his eyes,
But seems in doubt, on which of us he should
Direct it first.

D. JOHN. [*Aside.*] I am too certain of my sister's crime,
But have not such sufficient proofs as may
Allow my jealousy just leave to be
Reveng'd on him; I'll then begin with her.
O thou unhappy, wicked woman!——

LUC. If I am wicked think me then
More fit to have some time for prayer.

D. LEWIS. Hold! hold! I'll undertake her quarrel,
Though with that voice which brought thee hither she
Was calling for revenge on me. But tell
Me by what title thou pretend'st to have
Authority to punish her?

D. JOHN. I ought to do it.

D. LEWIS. That's insolence! Art thou not a servant?

D. JOHN. Don John's my master, and his honour's mine.

LUC. [*Aside.*] My ruin was prepar'd by some design;

Else wherefore should my brother hide himself
In this disguise?

D. LEWIS. Shall I endure to be affronted twice by him
Who serves my equal?——

[*Lucilla endeavours to go out.*

D. JOHN. Hah! are you going?
Stay! who brought you to this house? and wherefore
Did you call for help?

LUC. You shall know all. I enter'd in this chamber to see Isabella, where I found this man; but cannot tell for what intent he there did hide himself. I then cried out at the surprise, and tremble still——

D. JOHN. Enough! my jealousy is apt to credit his offence. I'll shut the door!

[*Goes backward and shuts the door.*

LUC. My fear will kill me to prevent your cruelty.

D. JOHN. Don Lewis, I shall give you cause to shew your valour——

D. LEWIS. I think it honour'd when 'tis us'd in her defence, but it deserves a nobler trial than your hand can make——

LUC. Oh fatal hour! how many deaths shall I endure?
My perjur'd lover is yet kind when he
Does strive to rescue me.

[*A noise of knocking within.*

D. LEWIS. The people of the house will force the door.

D. JOHN. No matter, sir! Let us despatch——

D. FERD. [*Within.*] Let's force our passage and break thorough.

LUC. I'm counsell'd both by fear and love to open it.

D. JOHN. [*Speaks low to Lucilla.*] Stir not to let them in! for if by thee, I am discover'd——

Enter DON FERDINAND *and* ISABELLA.

LUCIL. Ah! Don Ferdinand! call all your servants to your aid.

D. FERD. Proceed not in your fury, for by death
I swear, that he, who does not sheath his sword,
Engages me against him. Oh, what strange
Unlucky wonders meet to-day t'amaze
And ruin me! Nephew, who put you here?
Ah! Lucilla, who discover'd you? And you,
[*Speaks to D. John.*
What devil urges you? who since you came into
My house have spent no minute but in quarrels.

D. LEWIS. Hear me, and you shall straight know all.

D. JOHN. No, let me speak! for I can better
Tell it, sir, than he. But I must first demand
If Lucilla did not in your house conceal her self?
And likewise if Don Lewis be not your near kinsman?

D. FERD. The one and th'other too is true.

D. JOHN. And is't not reason that a servant, sir,
Should own an int'rest in his master's honour?

D. FERD. That cannot be denied.

D. JOHN. Then, sir, observe if I am wrong'd.
I enter'd here, urg'd by Lucilla's cries.
She found, as I believe, by accident,
Don Lewis in this chamber where your daughter lodges.
I in Lucilla saw the signs of a surprise.
'Tis evident to reason that he was hidden here all day;
For I have so observ'd all passage to the street
That it was hard for him to 'scape my eyes.

D. LEWIS. (*Aside*). This reasoning does appear too much refin'd,
For one of his coarse quality.

D. JOHN. My master, who is to marry Isabella,
And is brother to Lucilla, must be offended
For his mistress or his sister : and it
Is likely he is wrong'd in both. My duty,
Therefore, is to finish my revenge upon Don Lewis.

D. LEWIS. You are a man of rare dispatch, who are
So sure to finish that which is not yet begun——

D. FERD. Don Lewis, stay ! Art thou mad ? Stay Jodelet ! I prithee hold ! This is the most perplext encounter that I ever saw.

ISAB. He certainly is jealous for his master. Ah, Jodelet ! Let me entreat you to retire.

D. JOHN. Madam, for your sake I will prescribe the means how to defer this quarrel ; which is, that each engage his promise to me. You, Don Ferdinand, to render Lucilla in her brother's power when he requires it. And you, Don Lewis, to make a trial of your valour with Don John when he invites you to the field.

D. LEWIS. I cannot without some torment, make promises of honour to one of thy low condition.

D. JOHN. Don John, sir, is no more a man than I am.
But if he fails to call you suddenly
T'accompt, then you shall know whether I'm now,
Or may be made hereafter, fit to entertain your sword.

D. FERD. Enough ! we promise that which you desire.
Nay, nephew, you are wont to yield to my authority.

D. LEWIS. Well, sir ; your pleasure is my law ;
And here I give my promise.

D. JOHN. And I mine, that Don John shall justify this quarrel.

D. LEWIS. Nothing does then remain but that I seek
Your master out to-morrow.

D. JOHN. Your journey, sir, will not be far to find him.

D. FERD. I'll be the foremost in the search.

D. JOHN. You'll give me leave to follow you.

D. FERD. That will be needful, and without delay.

ISAB. This man is brave and loyal where he serves.
All is perplext! O love, lend me thy clue
To lead me safe through this dark labyrinth.

LUCIL. Don Lewis now, does, after cruelty,
Shew some remorse in my defence; and I
Am apt to think him penitent. But death
Will soon a period give to love and fear.

D. FERD. To-morrow early is the appointed time to seek Don John.
Night now has drawn her curtains close. Let me
Conduct you to your several beds, where sleep
May quench that fire which makes your anger rash.

D. JOHN. My precious rogue stole out to shun a quarrel.
His fear does ever make him sick, and I
Shall find him drunk, for that's his constant cure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter STEPHANO, SANCHO.

A Table spread with Linen, Trenchers and Spoons are set out, and five Chairs.

STEPH. This room standing in the garden, at distance from the house, seems built for our pur-

pose. Our happy hour is near. Dear Signior Sancho, shall we be merry?

SANCHO. As maids!

STEPH. Is there any creature, except man, that has the wit to be merry at midnight?

SANCHO. The owl.

STEPH. Y'are in the right. But what shall we have to make us rejoice besides a sack-posset

SANCHO. Fiddles.

STEPH. Your words are seldom many, but always pithy. Heark! there's something stirring behind the hanging.

SANCH. A rat!

STEPH. If it be a rat, then it has shoes on, for it treads hard. I rather fear 'tis the old rat-catcher, your master, that has caught us here in a trap. Who's there?

JOD. [*Within, speaks low*). A friend!

STEPH. 'Tis a man's voice, but he speaks so low, that he seems more afraid than we are. Who is it?

JOD. (*Within*). 'Tis I!

STEPH. That were some answer to the question, if we knew him that made it.

JOD. (*Within*). Who are you?

STEPH. To testify that our being here is not for any harm, you may know that we——

SANCH. Are we.

STEPH. Well said, Signior Sancho; that's a valuable return of intelligence from us for what he gave of himself.

JOD. Nay, if you name Signior Sancho,

Enter JODELET.

Don John may appear.

STEPH. [*Aside to Sancho.*] Our sport is prevented. We may e'en hang up our fiddles, and our selves by 'em. Who sent him hither?

SANCH. The devil!

STEPH. Pray, sir, what occasion brought you behind the hanging?

JOD. I was led thither by conscience.

STEPH. Conscience is a good guide, sir.

JOD. Don Ferdinand's house is so full of quarrels as makes it very wearisome to one that has been already too much tir'd in the field with wicked entertainments of honour.

STEPH. Sir, you shew both your valour and your reason.

JOD. My man Jodelet is honest: but the cutlers of Toledo are not able to make swords enough to furnish his duels.

STEPH. Say you so, sir?

JOD. If the old roarer, Satan, were young again, my man were fit to serve him.

STEPH. [*Aside to Sancho.*] The man of blood which he mentions is your guest to-night, Signior Sancho, but not fit to be treated with a tame sack-posset. What shall we provide for him?

SANCH. Raw puddings.

JOD. Friends, to deal entirely with you, I stole hither to hide my self, partly out of conscience, but more out of discretion: for 'tis not fit a gentleman of my possessions, and near marriage, should upon every peevish humor of his servant venture his estate and body ——

SANCH. Politic.

STEPH. But, sir, your man is coming hither. We expect him in a moment.

JOD. I'll not see him till his foolish quarrels are ended.

STEPH. Then, sir, you must please to retire again behind the hanging.

JOD. Agreed! My friends, no words where I am.

STEPH. Fy, no, sir. But we shall stay here long. I hope you can have patience.

JOD. Lord, friends, you do not yet understand my disposition, for 'tis my patience which makes me steal from quarrels.

STEPH. You must be as little heard as seen. I hope you are not troubled with a cold, nor apt to fall asleep?

JOD. What mean you?

STEPH. Why, sir, I would not have you cough.

SANCH. Nor snore.

JOD. Friends, I say again you know me not thoroughly. Tell not me of snoring: I dare snore with any man in Spain, and, hap what hap may, I'll venture again behind the hanging to hide my self.

STEPH. Nay, sir, we know you are valiant.

SANCH. And wise. [*Exit Jodelet.*

Enter BETTRIS, LAURA.

BET. Sancho, our entertainment is provided; are your stomachs ready?

SANCH. They are!

LAU. Then help to bring it to the table.

Enter DON JOHN.

SANCH. In state!

[*Exit and brings in a great bason with a posset.*

BET. Signior Jodelet you make good your promise, for you come in the very nick.

SANCHO. In posset time.

Enter TWO YOUNG WOMEN *who assist in the dance.*

D. JOHN. Who are these?

BET. Two young married neighbours that long'd for sack-posset.

D. JOHN. Are your ladies asleep?

BET. They went to bed as early as brides, and I hope will lye as long as bridegrooms.

D. JOHN. Then the maids may be as merry as the men.

STEPH. And encounter a whole pail of posset.

Enter JODELET.

JOD. I'll meet as many quarrels as there be drunkards in Dutchland rather than miss a sack-posset.

D. JOHN. Ha! how comes he here?

BET. Beshrew your heart, Signior Don John, for starting forth so suddenly. 'Tis well we were all awake.

LAU. If we had not been us'd to meet men in the dark it might have frighted us.

JOD. Ladies, without sans ceremony, I'll sit down first.

SANCH. And I.

D. JOHN. [*Whispers Jodelet.*] Villain, be gone to my chamber! you'll still discover your coarse breeding.

JOD. Prithee forbear thy good manners to thy master. Sit down, sit down! I say sit down. There are seasons when masters may be familiar with their men.

D. JOHN [*Whispers Jodelet.*] Sirrah, I'll cut your throat!

JOD. [*Whispers D. John.*] I had rather you should cut my throat than cousin my belly.

D. JOHN. Villain, hast thou the impudence to stay?

JOD. Lord what ado here is with civilities out of season: once more I charge thee to sit down, and I give thee leave to be familiar.

D. JOHN. Rogue! to-morrow will come.

JOD. Still over-mannerly! Ladies, pray take

your spoons. This coxcomb, my man, is so troublesom with his untimely respects.

D. JOHN. You will not stir then?

JOD. Prithee, put thy hat on! Ladies, when I am at home and a little in drink, I often sit with my servants.

D. JOHN. Ladies and gentlemen, having my master's leave I will presume on yours.

SANCH. You may.

JOD. I suppose the posset is very hot, but Coragio is the word. 'Tis but the spoiling of a few good teeth. I'll venture at it.

SANCH. And I.

JOD. Hold, I will first taste! 'Tis as hot as if they had strew'd it with parch't pepper instead of cinnamon. [*He sputters as if his mouth were burnt.*

SANCH. Stay! stay!

BET. Why, Signior Sancho?

SANCH. Stir it——

[*They all stir and then eat together.*

JOD. Ladies, you eat too fast!

[*D. John rises and whispers Jodelet again.*

D. JOHN. Dog! Shew more civility, and do not disgrace the person whom you counterfeit.

JOD. I tell thee 'twill not make me sick. I have been us'd to abundance of posset. This good natur'd fool takes such care of my health.

BET. Signior Jodelet, pray sit down again, and take care of your own health; possets are very wholesome.

LAUR. Pray do, sir. The cinnamon is good against wind.

STEPH. Mistress Bettris, here's to your good health, and to your's Mistress Laura.

SANCH. To both. [*Sancho slabbers his beard.*

JOD. Signior Sancho, that spunge, your beard, soaks up too much of the posset.

SANCH. It doth.

JOD. I only civilly suppose it doth.

SANCH. All stay——

[*He takes a huge knife out of his pocket, scrapes the posset off from his beard, and then eats it.*

JOD. Who will pledge the Founder's health?

D. JOHN. Let it come. I am your man!

JOD. You are so; but a very saucy one; you use to talk and give counsel over your liquor.

D. JOHN. Your noble worship may say your pleasure. I know you love men that ply their posset.

JOD. I am for men of few words. Let such a one answer to Masaquedit. Here's the Founder's health!

SANCH. Tope!

D. JOHN. Signior Sancho, you made a promise of fiddles. I pray forbear your spoon while that you may call for 'em.

SANCH. I shall.

LAUR. Servant, I pray do.

JOD. Signior Sancho, let us have fair play. Did you invite your beard to half the posset?

SANCH. Few words are best.

STEPH. In what sense, Signior Sancho?

SANCH. In posset.

D. JOHN. Come, sir, dispatch; for brevity is as convenient in posset as it is in speech. I'll give you a song if you will call for music.

SANCH. Firk your fiddles!

The SONG *in recitativo and in parts.**

DON JOHN.

The bread is all bak'd,
The embers are rak'd;

* In the edition 1775, an alteration of this song is set down to be sung by Bettris, the words of which will be found in the introduction to this play.—*See* p. 4

'Tis midnight now by chanticlear's first crowing.
Let's kindly carouse
Whilst 'top of the house
The cats fall out in the heat of their wooing.
Time, whilst thy hour-glass does run out,
This flowing glass shall go about.
Stay, stay, the nurse is wak'd, the child does cry,
No song so ancient is as Lulla-by.
The cradle's rockt, the child is husht again.
Then hey for the maids, and ho for the men.
Now ev'ry one advance his glass;
Then all at once together clash,
Experienc'd lovers know
This clashing does but show,
That as in music so in love must be
Some discord to make up a harmony.
Sing, sing! When crickets sing, why should not we?
The crickets were merry before us;
They sung us thanks ere we made them a fire,
They taught us to sing in a chorus:
The chimney is their church, the ov'n their quier.
Once more the cock cries cock-a-doodle-doo.
The owl cries o'er the barn, to-whit-to-whoo!
Benighted travellers now lose their way
Whom will-of-the-wisp bewitches:
About and about he leads them astray
Through bogs, through hedges and ditches.
Heark! heark! the cloyster bell is rung!
Alas! the midnight dirge is sung.
Let 'em ring,
Let 'em sing,
Whilst we spend the night in love and in laughter.
When night is gone
O then too soon
The discords, and cares of the day come after.
Come boys! a health, a health, a double health

To those who scape from care by shunning wealth.
Dispatch it away
Before it be day.
'Twill quickly grow early when it is late:
A health to thee,
To him, to me,
To all who beauty love, and bus'ness hate.

JOD. Well, my man were an incomparable varlet if he would forbear to give me counsel in whispers. Jodelet!

D. JOHN. Sir!

JOD. Lead 'em a dance. I'll have a dance!

D. JOHN. My feet are at your service, sir. [*Whispers to Jodelet.*] As you shall feel to-morrow by a score of kicks which I reserve for you.

JOD. Heark, he's giving me counsel again. I say lead 'em a dance.

The DANCE. *Which being ended a bell rings within.*

BET. My ladies little dog has wak'd her. Alas! now the sweet of the night is coming, we must all part.

D. JOHN. [*whispers Jod.*] Sirrah, follow me to my chamber! [*Exeunt all several ways but Jodelet.*

JOD. Not to-night good Signior Don John! I'll sooner follow a drum that beats for volunteers to the north of Norway. The back door of the garden is only bolted within. I'll steal forth, and to-morrow when sleep has made him tamer I'll return.

I'll rather feed with fiends on brimstone broth,
Than eat sack posset with a man of wrath. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter LAURA, STEPHANO.

LAU. You are very inquisitive.

STEPH. And you are very secret.

LAU. Do you intend me that as commendation?

STEPH. Yes, and yet I do not thank you for it.

LAU. You may take your praise back again, for I will not be commended for keeping that secret which I do not know.

STEPH. Can you be ignorant of the lady whom you serve?

LAU. I told you I had not serv'd her above three days. But still you are inquisitive, and why, I pray?

STEPH. The endeavour of knowing things shews diligence of the mind, and you should praise me for it.

LAU. Those may praise spies who employ 'em.

STEPH. You take me then for a spy?

LAU. So impertinent a spy that I wonder you do not walk with a dark lanthorn when the sun shines.

STEPH. What, to seek chaste women as Diogenes sought honest men? Come, I confess you have wit.

LAU. I thank you, sir.

STEPH. I would you would thank me for being in love with your beauty.

LAU. Love! is that fool's-bauble in fashion still?

STEPH. 'Tis the only fashion which never changes.

LAU. Mistress Bettris will hardly believe you.

STEPH. No, she believes in nothing but marriage.

LAU. O, cry you mercy, for indeed marriage is grown as dangerous as love is foolish.

Enter SANCHO.

STEPH. I'll retire to make that coxcomb jealous. [*Exit Steph.*

SANCH. How! hah!

LAU. O Signior Sancho, 'tis well you are come.

SANCH. Too well.

LAU. Your friend Stephano would fain be your rival, but you are the man for whom I mean to sigh.

SANCH. Yes, much!

LAU. I'll lay my life you are jealous.

SANCH. Who, I?

LAU. Pray come from behind your beard and shew your bare face if you are angry.

SANCH. I am.

LAU. If you are, I can endure it.

SANCH. You can?

LAU. Yes.

SANCH. Who cares?

LAU. You do.

SANCH. Not this——

[*Makes a sign of disdain with his thumb at his teeth.*

LAU. 'Tis well.

SANCH. 'Tis ill.

LAU. 'Tis not.

SANCH. You lie!

LAU. Hey day!

SANCH. Hey too!

LAU. Farewell!——

SANCH. Go!—— [*Exit Sancho.*

Enter STEPHANO, BETTRIS.

STEPH. How now, Mistress Laura?

LAU. This steward, though he be exceeding dull, is very sharp at repartees.

BET. Why, what has he said?

LAU. He gave me the lie.

STEPH. 'Tis impossible.

LAU. If he did not I'm an eunuch.

STEPH. None but a eunuch would have done't.

LAU. Don Ferdinand has been gallant in his youth: he shall repair my honour. I'll tell him

how often this Tarquin-steward would have kist me by force.

STEPH. Kiss you! fye, that's a paw-word.

BET. No, no, he's a cleanly man, and would only have brusht your lips with his beard.

LAU. May be so, for they grow somewhat dusty for want of use.

BET. Don Ferdinand shall not wake his sleeping sword in this quarrel; trust me for your revenge.

LAU. Why, what will you do?

BET. I'll render Sancho up to your correction, and he shall be then as blind as Cupid.

STEPH. But how?

BET. He shall feel our persecution and not see it.

LAU. You have some design, but 'tis very dark.

BET. You know the ladies and our masters are lately much retir'd with thoughtful intanglements of love and anger: which will give me opportunity to invite solemn Sancho this evening to our room of revels in the garden.

LAU. Well, what then?

BET. You likewise know, he passionately loves a sack-posset.

STEPH. Most longingly.

BET. Then you apprehend my bait; but, instead of that for his entertainment, he shall entertain us with sport sufficiently ridiculous, though it be more out of fashion than himself or a morrice.

LAU. I long to see it but——

BET. No more questions. Let's presently go in and consult. [*Exeunt.**

Enter ISABELLA, LUCILLA.

ISAB. You must not think of your escape from hence.

* This scene between Stephano and Bettris is omitted in the edition of 1775.

LUC. Whilst you are civil you are cruel too.
Fair Isabella, let me take my leave.
ISAB. My father is not easily deceiv'd;
Whilst you attempt it you deceive your self.
Your reconcilement with your brother may
Seem difficult at first, but if you doubt
My father's skill to govern him, you must
Depend on Heav'n, and then you must have faith;
Which out of Temples we call courage.
LUC. Nothing but death can quench my brother's wrath,
Pray free your self from the unfortunate!
These tears agree not with your nuptial joys:
And let me tell you, what you soon will find,
Don John is nothing less than what he seems.
ISAB. I saw him in the garden but just now, and my maid
Walking towards him. Go hide your self!
Pass through the gall'ry up the tarras-stairs into my closet, where I will meet you straight. I will awhile conceal myself in some close arbor to observe him and Bettris together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DON LEWIS, STEPHANO.

D. LEWIS. Some heav'nly power contrives these accidents; they have a secret method in them, and more than fortune makes me still unhappy.
STEPH. I am amaz'd that you by chance should court her whom you forsook, and meet the mistress here from whom you fled so many miles.
D. LEWIS. Hast thou discourst with her maid?
STEPH. Yes! but she is newly come into her service, and is either a stranger to her lady's designs, or else so secret that no man but a husband can see her bosom bare.
D. LEWIS. Heav'n takes Lucilla's part against me, for I have done her wrong.

STEPH. O, have you so? You lovers are very diligent spies and bold, but very incredulous; you always are scouting abroad, yet never see or believe mischief till you feel it.

D. LEWIS. I think she loves me, and with true passion.

STEPH. But you love another, and that's a rare remedy for her disease.

D. LEWIS. I am perplext beyond the help of reason. I know there are laws against irregular love, but nature never made 'em. I would thou wert valiant.

STEPH. So would not I. I'm content to have no holes in my skin rather than pay a surgeon to sew 'em up.

D. LEWIS. Well, however, I would thou hadst courage.

STEPH. Then I should be an ass in spight of my understanding, and fight for fame, the fool's mistress.

D. LEWIS. Don John's man is saucily insolent, and his condition is below the revenge of my sword; but if thou hadst courage to undertake him——

STEPH. Sir, I never question'd my own courage, and I wish no man may, for I, and others too, may be mistaken.

D. LEWIS. I am going now where I shall meet Don Ferdinand, who will bring me an account of Don John.

STEPH. Sir, I told you my infirmity when you first received me under your roof. I'll serve you faithfully; but I must obey the king, who does enjoin peace amongst his subjects.

D. LEWIS. Well, though thou hast no courage, yet I am satisfied with thy diligence. I stole hither chiefly to make thee encrease thy acquain-

tance with Laura, Lucilla's maid : and whatsoever shall succeed upon this engagement of my honour, be sure to endeavour that she may give good impressions of me to her mistress.

STEPH. This, sir, is a work of peace, and I dare go through with it ; but as for matters of strife, if you would take my advice——

D. LEWIS. No more words ! I'll take no council from men that are afraid.

STEPH. Well, sir, fortune be your friend. But I humbly conceive that men of discretion seldom depend upon her courtesy. [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter JODELET *and* BETTRIS.

BET. I will assure you, sir, you have been sought, and, for my part, I was so concern'd in your absence that I offer'd to employ the town-cryer.

JOD. It had been to no purpose, for that public voice cannot be heard. Alas, he's grown hoarse with crying for lost maidenheads.

BET. Sir, you are sometimes merry, but always wise.

JOD. Alas ! not I ! yet it seems I am of some importance, since I have been so much sought. But who were the searchers ?

BET. Your father-in-law and Don Lewis. Your man, too, was so sad, as if he had not only lost his master, but his wages.

JOD. I owe him nothing but a cudgel for being so saucy as to miss me without my order. May not a master steal out to seek a mistress unless he ask leave of his man ?

BET. But where were you, sir ?

JOD. I was invited by a friend to a dish of stew'd tripes with garlick. What key is that ?

BET. It belongs to your chamber. Don Ferdi-

nand has appointed you another lodging near the garden.

JOD. I had rather it had been near the kitchen. I esteem his cook above his gardener. The steam of beef to me, who am not over-curious, is better than the odour of violets. But why am I remov'd?

BET. The old gentleman is afraid of scandal. And, to say truth, it might do some harm to you— I mean to your modest reputation— if, before the marriage night, you should be lodged too near his daughter.

JOD. Nay, let her look to that; I care not what people say, when I am innocent. But, dear Bettris, thou dost not know how much I love thee.

BET. How should I know it? you take me to be old! I'm none of those who pretend to knowledge.

JOD. I ever lov'd one of thy complexion, ever: and since I saw thee first I have been as hot as any pepper.

BET. Why truly, sir, though I blush when I say it, I ever lov'd all the Don Johns in the world; and when you first came hither my foolish heart ——but I'll say no more.

JOD. Nay, we must be secret: for if the least notice be taken of it, I shall straight have flushings in my face; and blush like a rose.

BET. I'm sure you make me hide mine. I pray stand farther off!

JOD. Poor little fool! Well, innocence is a strange thing; it makes us strange to one another, but a little of that which ancient people call wickedness will make us familiar. I prithee shew me the way down to my chamber.

BET. (*sighing*). Hey down a down! in troth y'are an odd man. You make me sigh e'en when I sing. Here, take the key! I'll be gone.

JOD. Pretty thief! I could find in my heart to weep when I think thou wilt be hang'd for stealing men's hearts. Dear slut——I am maudlin-kind, would I had one of thy hoods to cover my face; I shall be so asham'd if I'm seen thus whining for thee. But 'tis no matter; go, lead the way to my chamber! I'll sneak after thee.

BET. You must follow me apace then; for I'm a very light hus-wife. [*She runs away.*

JOD. The bunting is flown. Now I could e'en weep indeed! I must for very shame overtake her. [*Isabel starts from the door and surprises him.*

ISAB. Stay, Don John! what, are you coursing my maid?

JOD. We are only at children's play. Are you so old that you have forgot it? 'Tis hide-and-seek, and when maids run away, then the boys make haste to catch 'em.

ISAB. Is't nothing else? But, however, I did not think you had been so wanton.

JOD. The tricks of youth are left when we grow old.

ISAB. But you'll beget an ill opinion of your chastity; and give me cause to doubt your affection.

JOD. Our future spouse, you may go spin! Madam-nature is a greater lady than you, and I was always her humble servant; and those who speak against it may stop their mouths with a fig.

ISAB. It seems you are displeas'd. I'll leave you, sir.

JOD. Most wise lady, and also most beautiful, you cannot do better.

ISAB. I'll take your opinion. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*

JOD. Humph! Are you so proud because of your portion? this is only her want of breeding.

Methinks I counterfeit a Don John rarely; for husbands of quality must be sometime discontented with their wives, and often pleas'd with their maids.

Enter DON FERDINAND.

D. FERD. Don John, I am glad, after some affection and care in seeking you, that you are not lost.

JOD. Most careful sir, I also am glad, and for the seeker's sake, because the loss would be his. I think that was spoken again like a Don John. But what are your commands?

FERD. Have you heard nothing of your man Jodelet? nothing from any of his acquaintance?

JOD. I use not to converse with my man's companions.

FERD. But something, sir, will be propos'd to you, which, in a season before marriage, may be, perhaps, a little unpleasant.

JOD. How? what is it?

FERD. You must absolutely—but, sir, excuse me, for I speak with some regret.

JOD. What, must I, sir? pray speak the worst, and let it out for your own ease, if you are troubled with keeping it in.

FERD. You are invited to the field; and it imports you much.

JOD. Is that all? A turn or two in the field is wholesome after a full stomach.

FERD. But, sir, it is to fight.

JOD. That may import me much indeed. I do not like the phrase of being invited to the field to be kill'd. Men are very simple when they go into a grave to take the air.

FERD. It is the fashion, sir, and men of honour have allow'd it.

JOD. The fashion? but, sir, if, without resistance, I am contented to go peaceably into the field, why should any man who meets me there be angry? especially when, perhaps, his being pleas'd would at that time better agree with my disposition?

FERD. I know not what you mean.

JOD. I am sorry for't: I held you to be an old gentleman of a long understanding: but to speak plainly, why should a man take the pains to walk a mile to meet another who is of a different humour?

FERD. You have been bred to ask that question?

JOD. Don Ferdinand, you seem sometimes not very wise. I doubt that in your youth y'ave been inclined to this foolish way of invitations to the field, and have been hurt in the head. I say your reason at present is not exceeding sound.

FERD. Come, courage, Don John! and first let me know, why you infer I am not wise?

JOD. Because you come to tell me of a quarrel which I knew not, nor perhaps did not desire to know.

FERD. Sir, in this I have done my duty, and you'll do well t'acquit yourself of yours, without being serv'd by the valour of another. To-day you ought t'encounter him who kill'd your brother. And I am sorry, sir, to tell you, that he kill'd him in the night.

JOD. Hey! was it at night?

FERD. Ay, sir, at night!

JOD. Then, for my part, let the devil fight with his own match; for if he be able to kill a man without seeing him, he will be sure to kill me when he sees me.

FERD. This sounds strangely.

JOD. Besides, sir, this dangerous enemy fights

by advantage, for having found the way how to kill one of my kindred, he knows by that, the fashion how to kill me.

FERD. Sir, you ought to consider———

JOD. Sir, I have well consider'd it, and must tell you, as a great secret, that all the family of the Alverads do ever fight one and the same way.

FERD. Don John! do you think that you have courage?

JOD. A plague on it! I have but too much. Alas! 'tis not for that, sir; do not ask me whether I have courage, but rather tell where he lives: is't far from hence? must I stay for him? or do you know his lodging? Or may I enquire it out? and in the meantime, tell me but his name.

FERD. It is Don Lewis de Rochas.

JOD. A pox on him! I knew he would scape my hand. Don Lewis de Rochas? why that's your nephew. Sir, you must know I reverence all men of your name.

FERD. I partly thank you, sir.

JOD. Any man of the family of the Rochas is so considerable to me that I will lay my head at his feet. And particularly, as for Don Lewis, if you please, I am very well pleas'd to love him.

FERD. But, sir, I have not told you all; for he has done a second injury, which should more provoke you to revenge. Your sister has too much reason to complain of him.

JOD. Sir, as for my sister, truly he may be asham'd to wrong her; but I have made a vow, and the ladies must pardon me for it——

FERD. What was your vow?

JOD. Never to draw my sword in a woman's quarrel.

FERD. Sir, I am much deceiv'd if you are not a coward.

JOD. Ah father-in-law! if that could possibly be, yet your discretion should not meddle in nice things, which, by the care I ought to take, should never concern you.

FERD. But you shall know that it concerns me much.

JOD. Bless me! what a strange father-in-law would you be? has the devil sent you hither to tempt me, not only to homicide, but also to kill my new alliance, your nephew? nay, and before consummation, which, for ought I know, may likewise kill your daughter.

FERD. I would thou wert valiant but one minute, that, without loss of my honour, I might kill thee before thou grow'st a coward again.

JOD. O fie, Don Ferdinand, I have found your disposition; you would fain be too cruel; but I'm resolv'd to be merciful; and will not tell you how valiant I am.

FERD. But I am now resolv'd to tell you, that your man has given his word to fight for you.

JOD. His word? The jealous coxcomb needs not keep it; for I did never doubt his courage.

FERD. Is that all?

JOD. Why then, sir, if he will needs fight for me, let him know I shall not be jealous that my own valour is less than his.

FERD. And yet you will not fight, either for your brother or your sister.

JOD. A man must be in humour when he fights, and let me die like a dog—which I would not say falsely to get the whole world—if, to my remembrance, I ever had a less disposition to fighting than now. Mistake me not, I speak but according to my remembrance.

FERD. Well, I thought you valiant, but I am couzen'd.

JOD. Sir, I confess I have taken too much pleasure in deceiving the world, for I have couzen'd many who thought me valiant, and many who thought me a coward.

FERD. You have given your self a rare recreation.

JOD. But, sir, let's leave the pleasant part of our discourse, and be a little serious.

FERD. Do so, but with as much brevity as you can.

JOD. I pray tell me, sir! suppose that with a sahagun, or with a rapier of Toledo, I were pierc'd like a cullender; or suppose that with a Syrian scymitar or a bucksword-blade of Houndslough, I were minc'd into a pie, how would my brother or my sister be the better for it?

FERD. Well, for your father's sake, my ancient friend, I'll leave you whole, without being either pierc'd or minc'd.

JOD. For his sake, sir, I will with patience endure your courtesy.

FERD. You shall do well in doing so; but for my own sake, you must, instead of my daughter, seek another wife in Madrid.

JOD. What! you would have a Cid to your son-in-law, that should kill you first, then marry Chimena?

FERD. Expect nothing from me but scorn and hatred. O incomparable coward!

JOD. I am, O Don Ferdinand! despite of your cruelty, and of your black teeth, your most humble and most faithful servant; and I am as much, or more, to the lady Isabella.

FERD. I am not yours; and when you are out of my house—which must be suddenly, and without noise,—I shall do my self the dishonor to force you to another kind of account.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. JOHN. Don Ferdinand! I pray, sir, what puts you into choler?

FERD. My ill choice of a cursed son-in-law.

JOD. Don Ferdinand, I'll be gone, that you may speak better of a friend behind his back. [*Exit.*

FERD. Let him go, Jodelet! He disavows you in all, and has told me plainly, he was not of opinion that he ought to take notice of injuries; and that he was never inclin'd to revenge. Nay, he has almost profest that he has lost his courage.

D. JOHN. [*Aside.*] 'Tis strange that he took no more care to keep it having so little.

FERD. Pray call him back to save his honour! Tell him what he ought to do, being doubly affronted by Don Lewis. Dear Jodelet, shew the friendship of a servant by persuading a master to courage.

D. JOHN. Sir, I am sure he has a kind of country-courage.

FERD. What do you mean?

D. JOHN. I mean he's very obstinate, and will seldom yield to persuasion.

FERD. I'm sorry, for his father's sake; especially since I have proceeded so far towards an alliance. If I were doubly injur'd as he is, I should not behave my self like him. His enemy stays for me at the end of the street; I'll go to him.

Enter JODELET.

D. JOHN. Do, sir, for my master is come back, though I fear I shall find him too haughty to be counsell'd into courage. [*Ex. Ferd.*

JOD. Is he gone, sir?

D. JOHN. Yes, but tell me, Jodelet, what new affront have we to revenge?

JOD. I am the son of a sow if he has not remov'd my patience so far from me that I can hardly reach it again: yet I'm as unwilling to be angry as another. Sir, you must disguise your self no longer. These false habits may grow to be fools' coats, and Don Lewis will turn all into laughter. But you did challenge him for me?

D. JOHN. Yes, and without telling him that I was Don John. And, in troth, I did suspect that the young gallant had courted Isabella. In short I found him hidden in her chamber; and, but for an accident which I must conceal from thee, we should have met in the field.

JOD. That is to say, you had invited him to take the air in a grave.

D. JOHN. I have deferr'd the business till I see one thing more evident, which is yet but the subject of my suspicion: for, perhaps, I may find it but a false-game which Bettris plays to get money.

JOD. That baggage carries her purse in her bosom; and, according to the Northern Proverb, is as liquorish at a penny as at a posset.

D. JOHN. I have some reasons to believe that Isabella is very ignorant of the artifice.

JOD. Sir, there may be more in't than you suspect. I'm loth to say it, but, if I could speak without making any words, I would tell you that I think Don Lewis offends you in private.

D. JOHN. Ah, say no more: I guess too much. All my past misfortunes and the present concur against me: but I have some comfort yet, for nobody takes notice of it.

JOD. None know it, for ought I know, unless it be the people.

D. JOHN. Thou mak'st me mad. I will consider

nothing but revenge. Is Don Ferdinand our friend or enemy?

JOD. Don Lewis is of his blood; but for the honour of yours, he does that which no man ever did for another. He would have Don Lewis give you satisfaction, and Don Lewis stays for me near this house; who still believes me to be Don John.

D. JOHN. I must kill him: but men of action are often parted in the street. The war which honour makes in streets does quickly end in peace, and I grow doubtful where to fight.

JOD. 'Tis great pity there is not some amphitheatre, built at the public charge of butchers, for the honourable exercise of cutting men's throats.

D. JOHN. Revenge is often interrupted in the field, because now even all peculiar fields are turn'd to common roads about this populous town. If I could find some house, though 'tis against the fashion us'd in duels——

JOD. Stay, sir, I'll fit you with a place. I have the key of a low apartment where we are to lodge. There you may conveniently be reveng'd, almost in the sight of your mistress, and yet neither she nor her father can see it.

D. JOHN. Thou hast made an excellent choice, my dear Jodelet.

JOD. My dear Don John!

D. JOHN. Go and appoint him a meeting in the evening.

JOD. But rather, sir, do you go. 'Tis now high time that men should know who you are. How can you think to continue your fury and pass for Jodelet? Go, go, sir, discover your self, and fight soundly! Revenge is a hearty food for those who have a stomach to't.

D. JOHN. How, Jodelet? because for a mere provocation of jealousy, for a simple suspicion, I

have disguis'd my name, wilt thou therefore have me discover my self before the injury be evident? No, thou shalt remain Don John awhile, and invite him to the low chamber, to measure weapons there, and to consult about contriving the privacy of the duel.

JOD. Then you command me to be still Don John?

D. JOHN. I do rather conjure thee.

JOD. Well, I obey you, sir. But if by chance, as men are often impatient, he should draw his sword before he enters this house, what shall Jodelet do who has no inclination to war, and is, perhaps, contented to sojourn in this foolish world?

D. JOHN. Make signs to him far off. He's prompt, and will not fail to follow thee till he comes where I will stay to kill him.

JOD. There's another scruple, which lies in the very bottom of my bowels.

D. JOHN. What's that?

JOD. He may be short sighted, and, thinking my sword drawn, may run at me.

D. JOHN. Fy, fy! thy imagination is too subtle. He has an eye like an eagle and will distinguish at a mile's distance any little fly from a flea. Thou shalt beckon him far off, then lead him to me.

JOD. These appointments are somewhat hard. But, sir, pray be sure that you likewise take heed of mistakes. Men's eyes are often dazzled with choler. If I, without thinking of you, should enter before Don Lewis; and you, without thinking of me, should run a tilt at my belly——

D. JOHN. Thou hast a Jesuitical way of making impossible scruples.

JOD. Nay, sir, I know if I am wounded, you
Will cry, in troth, poor Jodelet, I'm sorry!
Excuse a foolish chance! Then I, good soul,
Shall quickly be contented and soon whole.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ISABELLA, LUCILLA, BETTRIS. *A candle on the table.*

ISAB. Madam Bettris, what do you here?

BET. I am preparing a warm chamber for your benumb'd lover; and, I beseech you, from whence come you, and Madam Lucilla?

ISAB. We have been sighing in a shade.

LUC. Madam, I must tell you again, if fortune should bring the whole sex of men before you, and give you leave to make your own election, you could not chuse a more worthy husband than Don John; and, when you know him better, you will confess my belief is guided by reason.

ISAB. And I must needs declare, since your opinion is so confident against mine, that one of us is very ignorant.

LUC. You make me wonder, Madam; but if all wonder did not proceed from ignorance, I should not quickly yield in this debate.

ISAB. Alas! you are his sister; and that may well excuse your partiality. You may allow me liberty to tell you this, because we have contracted a friendship.

BET. Were I my mistress, if there were no more men in the world, I would marry Don John, because I would have children, and because all children are not like the father.

LUC. Bettris, I cannot be angry when you please to be merry.

BET. Madam, whatever your griefs be, I wonder you are not merry too, for Don John makes all the world laugh.

ISAB. Bettris! you are too rude.

BET. Madam! you are too grave. If I were to

be bride, like you, I would not carry myself like a nun.

ISAB. (*Aside.*) I am unhappy above the help of fortune; ordain'd to be possest of what I hate, and by unnatural custom I am made ashamed of what I love.

BET. Madam, let us hasten up stairs! somebody opens the door and will surprise us [*noise within like a key turning a lock**]. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Laura! who, as I appointed, makes a noise about the lock to fright these love-sick ladies, and make them retire, to take their med'cine of sighs. Madam, I hear't again!

ISAB. You are scar'd!

BET. If you had been as often privately in love as I have been, you'd soon be afraid at the opening of a door. [*Exeunt Isabella, Lucilla.* So, let them feed on sorrows of love; which is commonly at Court the ill second course at the promising feasts of lovers, whilst we, poor wenches, are contented with country sports. [*Exit.*

Enter SANCHO, STEPHANO, *and* LAURA, *with a scarf in her hand,* ANOTHER SPANIARD *and two* YOUNG WOMEN.

LAU. The lie, Signior Sancho, is hard of digestion; but, having first swallowed the gilded pill of love, it prepares the stomach for any thing.

STEPH. And I have said so much, to cure your jealousy, as would make an old Italian trust his wife with a young painter, and leave her with him to draw her naked.

SANCH. Not naked.

* At this point, in the edition of 1775, which closes Scene I., *exeunt Isabella and Lucilla.* The second scene opens with the entrance of Don John, who, "after unlocking the door and bringing the key," says, "I hear them coming," &c., see p. 91, the intermediate passages being omitted.

STEPH. You shall, besides the materials of our last collation, have an inundation of olio,* where you may bathe your knuckles till you cure 'em of the gout.

LAU. But we must enable our appetites with exercise. We have appointed a dance for blind-man-buff, in which you shall be hoodwinkt, and appear all over, Cupid the second.

SANCH. Bating beard.

LAU. Come, gentle love, let me blind you! and then——

SANCH. Collation?

STEPH. 'Tis prepar'd within.

SANCH. Mighty olios?

STEPH. A sea of olio, and in it hams of Baijon lying at Hull with sails furl'd up of cabbage-leaves.

SANCH. Then bisks.

LAU. Embroider'd with pistachoes.

SANCH. And mussels?

STEPH. Broil'd; and then, to make you corpulent, roasted chestnuts stew'd in gravy.

SANCH. And chitterlings?

STEPH. Ay, ay, to fill up chinks.

SANCH. And ragouts?

STEPH. Strew'd over with salt-petre and Jamaica-pepper, to make you thirst for whole flagons of scargos and ravidavio; and you shall be a very——

SANCH. Drunken Cupid!

LAU. Pray love, be humble and stoop a little——

SANCH. I yield!

[*Laura hoodwinks Sancho with a scarf.*

Enter BETTRIS.

BETT. We have now both place and opportunity for mirth. The ladies are retir'd, Don Ferdinand's

* A Spanish dish made by mingling different kinds of meat, flavoured with garlic.

abroad, the three strangers are severally disperst, and gone, I think, in quest of wand'ring love.

LAU. We have a staid old Cupid here who wears his quiver in his pocket, full of tooth-picks instead of arrows, in expectation of a feast.

BET. What, blinded already? Come then, let's begin!

[*They put themselves into several stations and Sancho in the middle.*

STEPH. Now we have blinded so your sight
That ev'n at noon the rays of light
Are lost as if your eyes were out,
We'll turn you once and twice about.
About, about! about again!
Twice for the maids, once for the men.

BET. Here stands a maid, and there a man.

OMNES. We all are near; catch whom you can.

STEPH. We clos'd your eyes lest you should see;
And so your ears shall useless be.
For now, as in the calm of sleep,
All shall commanded silence keep;
Lest any man or any maid,
Be by distinguisht voice betray'd.

BET. Here stands a maid and there a man.

OMNES. We'll all start fair. Catch whom you can!

They dance, in which the men kick Sancho by turns, and he at several times says the following words.

SANCH. That's a man——
That's no maid——
That's a horse——
Courage brave bum——

[*The dance being ended a bell rings.*

BET. My lady rings. She wants me. Let's away!

SANCH. Where's collation?

[*He pulls down his scarf.*

LAU. Signior Sancho, I took the lie from you, and now you must accept of one from me. I promist you a collation, but there is none. You must e'en fast and pray for better manners.

BET. We did this to save you a labour; for when no crumbs can fall upon your beard you need not brush it.

SANCH. I could eat——

LAU. What?

SANCH. Thee. [*Exeunt Sancho one way, and the rest at the other door*

Enter DON JOHN.

D. JOHN. I hear 'em coming. I'll leave the door open, take away the key, and conceal my self in the alcove.

Enter JODELET, DON LEWIS.

JOD. Now where's the evil spirit, my master? Hah! vanisht! he's gone, quite gone! This Don Lewis is as famous as Cain for matters of killing, and, which is worse to me than no help, he shuts the door. Well, since I'm pent in I would I were but as valiant as an imprison'd cat, that I might fly at his face. 'Tis very inconvenient to be a man without manhood. O that traitor, my master!

D. LEWIS. Now, sir, we are enclos'd, and may fight without interruption.

JOD. (*Aside.*) I would he were hang'd that is not here to part us.

D. LEWIS. You mutter, sir! you may express your anger with your sword.

JOD. Who, I, sir? I scorn to mutter any thing against any man who will give me any reasonable satisfaction.

D. LEWIS. I was bravely invited and am ready to do you reason.

JOD. Sir, I shall always report you are not only

a very reasonable man, but are also willing to consider—

D. LEWIS. What mean you by consider?

JOD. That's well ask't, sir, and I am apt to answer your questions, if you will spend a little time in discourse.

D. LEWIS. Is this a time to be spent in words?

JOD. Nay, sir, I see you are hasty, but, perhaps, I may have patience to hear you out.

D. LEWIS. To hear me out? Do you take me for a talker when I come to be in action?

JOD. (*Aside.*) This 'tis to meet with brute beasts that are not capable of discourse. I'm quite forsaken. My master has, certainly, no kind of conscience—

D. LEWIS. What the devil do you seek?

[*Jodelet looks up and down.*

JOD. (*Aside.*) Two things, which I fear I shall not find: my valour and my master.

D. LEWIS. This is a mystery! Still you are muttering, but what look you for?

JOD. I hope you are alone.

D. LEWIS. How, sir! do you bring me hither to ask that?

JOD. Lord, you are so choleric that one cannot speak to you: may not a man ask a question for your good?

D. LEWIS. I have attended to see your sword out; and honour taught me that patience: but now I'll trust you with no more time——

[*He draws.*

JOD. Bless me! what a long spit he draws! I have been a raw fellow at fighting, and now am like to be roasted.

D. LEWIS. Come, sir! Are you ready? for I scorn to take advantage.

JOD. In troth I see you are a man of honour,

and I could find in my heart to consider a while how I may requite your courtesy.

D. LEWIS. Courtesy? I disdain to receive it from you. Prepare your self——

JOD. Stay, stay a little, sir!
Let me advise you as a friend to lay aside your passion when you fight, for in good faith you are too hasty.

D. LEWIS. Is this behaviour equal to your former heat? Methinks you grow cold. Your courage is an ague, for it comes in fits. But I shall cure it.

JOD. (*Aside.*) Heav'n, I thank thee heartily! for I spy my master. Ah, sir! come out! do you want courage?

[*Speaks softly to Don John behind him.*

D. JOHN. Retire as thou art fighting that thou may'st amuse him.

D. LEWIS. Quick, sir, draw! for I have told you that I scorn to take advantage.

JOD. Nay, an' you grow so angry, sir, then I say again, stay! for I scorn all advantages as much as you do. [*He takes up the candle.*

D. LEWIS. If you have any odds I cannot see't.

JOD. Lord! how your passion blinds you. Do you think I'm so base as to fight with rapier and candle against single rapier.

D. LEWIS. Lay down the light then.

JOD. Honour is a fool in the field when it wants stratagem.

D. LEWIS. I think he's mad; for still he mutters and looks back. Don John! I suspect the temper of your brain, as much as I doubt the courage of your heart; you seem to have a great quantity of the coward, but more of the fool.

JOD. Not so much of the fool as you suppose, sir—— [*He puts out the candle.*

D. LEWIS. What! art thou all coward, and cover'st thy self in darkness?

JOD. Did not you kill my brother in the dark?

D. LEWIS. If that will more incense thee, know, I did.

JOD. (*Aside.*) Then try your cat's eyes once again. [*He retires.*

D. LEWIS. Say you so, sir?

JOD. (*Aside.*) The devil's in the dice if you throw twice in and in, without any light.

D. LEWIS. Where are you, sir?

JOD. (*Aside*). What a fool were I if I should tell him.

D. LEWIS. You are bashful, and would not have your courage seen.

JOD. (*Aside.*) I'm a little valiant when I spy no naked weapon.

[*He steps aside, thrusts at great distance at first, and at last hits Don Lewis, then retires to the alcove.*

Now good speed to one push at hazard—I think that toucht something. I hope I have not run my sword through one of the Cæsars' eyes in the hanging——

D. LEWIS. The wretch has drawn my blood! I feel it, for it wets my hand. But now by this, more than before, he does deserve to be my enemy.

D. FERD. (*Within.*) I'm certain that's my nephew's voice. If I can feel no key in the lock, then mine will give me entrance.

D. JOHN. Go forth from the alcove or I'll strangle thee.

DON FERD. *opens the door and enters with a light.*

D. FERD. Hah! what's the business here my friends?

[*Jod. steps out of the alcove. D. Ferd. lays hold on D. Lewis.*

JOD. I'm taking satisfaction for my injuries.

D. LEWIS. I have lost blood, and will be straight reveng'd.

D. FERD. Is't by stoccado, or stramason?

JOD. A thousand Satans take all good luck! I shall pay soundly for having the honour to give the first wound.

D. FRED. Let me see, nephew? your hand is hurt.

D. LEWIS. 'Tis but a slight prick.

JOD. Would I had two in my right hand that I might get an excuse to let my sword fall.

D. FERD. Now, my dear friends, fight freely! I come not here to make peace. The one, who suffers by a deep and double injury, is by promise to be my son-in-law. The other is my nephew, who must be satisfied for loss of blood. I'll look on each with the same eyes which in my youth did love to see the exercise of honour. Fight, and fight bravely! but first let me place the light conveniently for both.

D. LEWIS. Your counsel will be quickly follow'd, sir, by men who know your courage.

JOD. Rare counsel indeed, which exhorts us to a duel. This old man is heartily wicked, and may be held the very father of the Hectors.

D. LEWIS. My anger makes me insolent and cruel. And, that I now may dare you to do more than you durst do till darkness hid your fear, know, I've deceiv'd your sister, and have kill'd your brother.

D. JOHN *enters from the Alcove.*

D. JOHN. Since I am thus confirm'd, honour has leave of conscience to be bloody in revenge—— Stay, sir!

JOD. (*Aside*). O are you come? in true tragedies let every man act his own part.

D. JOHN. You do not know Don John: behold him here! You did deceive my sister, and have kill'd my brother, and are now, against your self, th'audacious witness of such double wickedness as justice cannot hear but with a double sense of anger and of shame. I wish you had more than a single life to answer both.

D. FERD. But is the man become the master?

D. LEWIS. Make haste to let me know, which of the two is more worthy than the other to be my enemy. Which is Don John?

D. JOHN. That name is mine.

D. LEWIS. Then what is he?

JOD. I'm no Don John, I dare assure you, sir; but yet am so well bred, that I can give way to my betters in all quarrels.

D. JOHN. Under a servant's name I have endur'd my injuries whilst I had got no more than a suspicion of th'offender's person to authorize my revenge; but, since you proudly have declar'd you did those injuries, you cannot think that I should longer bear them. My brother's blood incites me to revenge.

D. LEWIS. The cry of blood may cease when the revenge of it is near.

D. JOHN. Know my revenge is heighten'd by that black dishonour which has stained my sister's beauty, to whom you have ignobly shewn a want of such compassion as does use t'accompany true courage.

D. LEWIS. Are you the true Don John, renown'd for valour, and yet strive, with softning pity, to allay that courage against which your honour does contest?

D. JOHN. You ought to think my vengeance for

my brother's death allows not words to respite deeds: but, by degrees, I am proceeding to the reason of this short delay.

D. LEWIS. This is such a temper as I never knew.

D. JOHN. That I may make my sister feel my justice more than cruelty, let me be now oblig'd even by an enemy, with so much truth as men of noble race can never want.

D. LEWIS. What would you ask?

D. JOHN. Whether your many vows, broken as fast as sworn, did not seduce my sister from her father's house to seek you in disguise? And whether in those vows you did not make a sacred contract of immediate marriage?

D. FERD. This son-in-law is as prudent as he is valiant; though I did pronounce the other son-in-law a coxcomb.

JOD. That's I. But, patience, for I've already shed blood enough.

D. LEWIS. Though when our swords are drawn 'tis then no season for confession, yet, in a just compassion, for her sake, I will declare a blushing truth. Your sister owes her affliction to my repeated vows of marriage.

D. FERD. I swear!—by the honour of all mustachios, and of all the beards in Spain, my nephew is a traitor.

JOD. Bless me! what a horrid oath was that? no choler shall transport me to swear by more beards than my own.

D. FERD. Hadst thou a heart so cruel as to o'ercome a virgin by thy vows, and then forsake her for her faith? Son-in-law, I'm wholy now of your side, and will renounce my blood in him; who does deserve to have it shed not by a single hand of honour, but by confederacy of common force.

JOD. Now for the French mode of fighting
[*D. Ferdinand goes to D. John's side.*
I fear I shall, by a trick of honour, be made a second to the wrong side.

D. LEWIS. Stay, uncle! shall the virtue of confession make you my enemy?

D. FERD. Yes! where divines are not the duellists——

D. JOHN. Hold, Don Ferdinand! My honour will not suffer me to share in such advantages.

D. LEWIS. That's spoken like a true Don John.

D. FERD. Then I alone will fight with him.

D. JOHN. My honour will less yield, that you, sir, should deprive me of my enemy. Sir, I beseech you, hold!

D. FERD. Then take him to your self! though such who traitors are to virgins deserve their punishment from every hand.

D. JOHN. (*To D. Lewis*). I have another question now, to which a civil foe will give reply; and 'tis to cure my greatest pain, my jealousy; so great a torment as I could not wish to my most fatal enemy, no, not to you.

D. LEWIS. Sir, now you teach me to be civil. Proceed to tell me your disease if you will hasten to the remedy.

D. JOHN. Know, I am jealous!

D. LEWIS. Of whom?

D. JOHN. Of you.

D. LEWIS. Of me?

D. JOHN. I saw you leap from the balcony of this house.

D. LEWIS. Did you see it?

D. JOHN. Yes, I saw it, and, since that, found you conceal'd in Isabella's chamber.

D. FERD. (*Aside*). Hah! Can I have patience to hear more?

D. LEWIS. If I in this new confession shall add to what I spoke before, you cannot think 'tis from th' effect of fear, for honour does oblige me to't. If I have been your rival then my love did wrong your sister rather than injure you, because I did not know Don John: and honour now does join with truth to make me call on Heav'n to assist me when I Isabella vindicate; who with disdain refused all love but what her father should prefer.

D. FERD. (*Aside.*) That is some motive for my patience.

D. LEWIS. I further must declare that Bettris, to promote th' address I made for marriage, did, unknown to her lady, hide me then in the balcony, and after that conceal'd me in her lady's chamber; for which she was in hazard of her service.

D. FERD. (*Aside*). I remember my daughter would have dismist her service; which gives my patience another comfort.

D. JOHN. All my disease of jealousy ends here, and I'll continue still to be a civil enemy, for I will thank you for my cure. But now———

D. FERD. Stay, stay Don John! The next demand belongs to me. Why did you make your visit here in a disguise?

D. JOHN. Sir, it is fit you should be satisfied. I chang'd my habit when I saw him scape from the balcony, supposing in another shape my jealousy might sooner be inform'd.

D. FERD. I hear enough. My honour now makes me forsake your cause, and leads me to the other side. You are my enemy!

[*He goes to the side of D. Lewis.*

D. JOHN. 'Tis my misfortune then, and not my choice.

D. FERD. You came into my house not as a lover but a spy; and, with a stratagem, coarse, and

below my dignity, advanc'd your man to woo my daughter. Prepare yourself for my revenge!

D. LEWIS. Pray, hold, sir! hold! you punish me too much in taking from my sword that enemy who first made me his choice.

D. JOHN. Don Ferdinand, you never can so much provoke me as to raise my anger 'gainst the father of the mistress whom I love.

D. FERD. You lov'd with too much insolence, and doubtfully, when you design'd your man to court her in your shape.

D. JOHN. I may, without dishonour, crave for that your pardon: and when you shall resent my change of shape, you then forget love's ancient histories; for my disguise is not the first that love has worn. But I conjure you, by my father's friendship, to forgive the foolish arts of jealousy.

D. FERD. Well! for his sake I am appeas'd, and bury your offence; but 'tis on this condition that I may now restrain your combat till I treat with each for both.

D. JOHN. To this I yield.

D. LEWIS. To shew that you have taught me temper I consent by your example.

JOD. My master taught Don Lewis discretion and I taught it him. 'Twas ever said of Don Jodelet, that he did much incline to peace.

D. FERD. You, by your sword, Don John, have leisure to receive
Such satisfaction as your honour does require
For all my nephew's broken faith, which now
Afflicts your sister, but he can never bring her back to her fair fame
Unless he marry her; and I presume I need not now persuade
What justice and religion does enjoin.

D. LEWIS [*to D. John.*] I doubly am prepar'd.

First I will meet your sister in the Temple to perform my former vows; and then I will return and meet you here, or, in the field, to pay the debt I owe you for your brother's blood.

D. FERD. Don John, none yet did ever celebrate the sacred rites of Hymen with a tragedy; and I'm obliged to tell you that my nephew often has lamented your unhappy brother's death, who in the dark was wounded by mistake, and I have heard my nephew vow that he did ever wear your brother in his bosom as his dearest friend.

D. LEWIS. This truth which you affirm does more, perhaps, become your tongue than mine, whilst I continue in this posture 'gainst an enemy.

D. JOHN. The season now is fit to tell, why I have here
Made some delay of my revenge. My brother is alive!

D. LEWIS. Alive? Heaven is propitious in this wonder.

D. FERD. I am alike surpriz'd with wonder and with joy.

D. JOHN. Much blood my brother lost by that unlucky wound you gave him, which some hours depriv'd him of the chiefest signs of life, but, being to a surgeon's house remov'd, he was by his great art, in a few days, made hopeful of his cure. I did conceal the good success even from my servants, and in Madrid divulg'd that he was dead.

D. FERD. What could you mean by making that report?

D. JOHN. I thought, Don Lewis, that the rumour of his death would make it harder for you to escape the rig'rous law in order to my sister's injuries, who then forsook my father's house in your pursuit.

D. FERD. My dear John, since you perceive

your brother only wounded by mistake, and that wound cur'd : Don Lewis and your sister ready to be join'd by Hymen's hand, and I prepar'd to make my Isabella yours ; let me behold a knot of friendship tied between two enemies. Come both, and cheerfully embrace.

D. JOHN. Don Lewis, all offences past shall vanish like the dreams of infancy.

D. LEWIS. And all that we hereafter to each other do, shall last like the exemplar deeds of men renown'd. [*Don John and Don Lewis embrace.*

JOD. Peace is proclaim'd ! I'll rest contented with honour gotten in the dark, and sheath my sword as gamesters put up false dice, to hide 'em after they have won money.

Enter ISABELLA, BETTRIS.

D. FERD. Come Isabella, you shall now, and with your own consent, be given to Don John.

ISAB. With my consent ? Are there such miracles when Lucilla says all faith is lost ; or else, at least, that men have none.

D. FERD. Behold the true Don John !

ISAB. [*To Ferd.*] Though I'm not worthy of your favour, sir,
Yet use me not with scorn.

D. FERD. You may perceive my joy, and cannot think it counterfeit.
You shall know more before I lead you to the priest.

ISAB. This is a miracle which I am willing to believe.

D. FERD. Give me your hand, which must be mine no more, for it is now your nuptial pledge.

D. JOHN. Give me your pardon, madam, ere I take your hand :
Pardon the cause for which I did assume

My servant's shape; but I am now the true Don John.

ISAB. (*Aside.*) Prophetic love! thou taught'st me to believe it ere he said it.

D. FERD. Bettris, I will not chide you now. This day permits no anger.

BET. Indeed, I ever thought this was the true Don John.
Though, in the dark, I twice mistook another for him:
Which made me hide Don Lewis; first in the balcony,
Then in my lady's chamber.

D. FERD. Go, go, make haste! and call the Lady Lucilla. [*Exit Bettris.*

JOD. Truly she was mistaken, sir. Her eyes are much decay'd with watching late to prevent th' unlucky meeting of lovers.

D. JOHN. Come, sister! you shall weep no more.

Enter LUCILLA *and* BETTRIS.

Don Lewis is your best physician and can cure your grief. He is my present to you; take him, and forgive him!

D. LEWIS. Can you forgive me, madam? The priest will do it when he joins our hands.

LUC. He is ordain'd to be th' example still of what
We are to do; and I shall quickly follow it.
This is a sudden change; I will not now examine how it comes, nor chide you when you tell it me.

JOD. Bettris, you have a great mind to take my hand too.

BET. Troth you must wash it first; for when your gloves were off I still suspected that you were no more than an uncertain Don, called Jodelet.

D. LEWIS. Don Jodelet, I have a small mark of

your favour, which I wear on my right hand: but I intend not to requite it till you are Don John again.

— JOD. Sir, you may defer your requital as long as you please. You know I'm one of those who scorn to be too hasty in calling for satisfaction when men are anything willing to give it.

D. FERD. The clouds which hover'd o'er my roof to-day
Are all dispell'd. Make me your guide: I'll lead
You first to church, and then prepare for feasts.

Enter LAURA, SANCHO, STEPHANO.

LAU. Why should we stay list'ning here any longer? We have heard 'em talk of strange changes, and of wonders more fortunate than we could wish.

STEPH. Don Ferdinand spoke of feasts: we cannot have a better cue for our entrance. We may safely step in, Signior Sancho!

SANCH. We may.

D. FERD. Come happy lovers, follow me!

JOD. Pray, stay awhile! For matters may not pass
So smoothly as you think. Madam, you have
Of mine a little picture which you please
To pin upon the curtain of your bed:
You keep the picture, yet are well content
To lose th' original. That's fine i'faith,
Sweet lady! but 'twill not do. Restore
It to me or be sure you never walk
Abroad alone after the sun is set.
Don Jodelet is such a furious spark
As will have satisfaction in the dark.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

In a Ballad, sung by two.

1.

LADIES who fine as fi'pence are,
You men with bright rose-noble hair,
Both all and some, for we now except none,
O thrust out your ears and list to our moan.
Attend and eke hearken out of pure pity
To tidings doleful ; yea in a sad ditty.
The players grow poor and down they must fall,
Though some say they get the devil and all.
Alack, and alas ! our hearts are e'en broken :
But because in all plays
You still look for new ways,
We mean now to sing what ought to be spoken.

2.

Since now those poets get the vogue
Who still, with a bold epilogue,
Dare rattle spectators and cry 'em down,
As you do their plays, we'll tell you your own.
First, loving kind friends, who come from the city,
You never think any play can be witty,
But that in which courtiers shrewdly are jeer'd.
Out on it, and fie ! was e'er the like heard ?
Why would you have us to bob and gibe 'em,
When the wiser complain
That in private, for gain,
You are the men who endeavour to bribe 'em.

3.

Some gallants, though nameless, come here
Expecting our poets should jeer

The city for custards and for the show
When pageants through rain do pass to and fro.
Those very old frumps, perhaps, would be pretty;
But, gallants, we have not the dulness to fit ye;
They grow too stale, and the reader who looks
Upon the sad notes of many shop-books
Will think that the cits have seldom undone ye.
Rather you, ev'ry year,
Spoil their shows and their cheer,
For they want your wit, and you have their money.

4.

Now up wi' boots, and have at all!
Ev'n you whom we town-gallants call;
Who with your round feathers make a great show,
We mean you did wear such three years ago;
Come then, and stand fair, that now we may hit ye,
Because ev'n like Turks, without any pity,
You visit our plays, and merit the stocks
For paying half-crowns of brass to our box.
Nay, often you swear, when places are shewn ye,
That your hearing is thick,
And so, by a love-trick,
You pass through our scenes up to the balcony.

5

And some, a deuce take 'em! pretend
They come but to speak with a friend;
Then wickedly rob us of a whole play
By stealing five times an act in a day.
O little England! speak, is it no pity,
That gallants ev'n here, and in thy chief city,
Should under great peruques have heads so small,
As they must steal wit, or have none at all?

Others are bolder, and never cry, shall I?
For they make our guards quail,
And 'twixt curtain and rail,
Oft combing their hair, they walk in Fop-Alley.

6.

Gallants relent and eke repent,
For your so foul, nay, bad intent
Of paying us brass instead of true coin;
And, for amends we only enjoin,
That ev'ry man, to declare conscience in ye,
Shall whisper a friend, and borrow a guinny;
Which in our box you may carelessly throw,
And pay him who lends it to-morrow to mow.
And now to conclude, 'tis fit to acquaint ye
That though this epilogue
Does not flatter and cog
Yet a new ballad may pass for a dainty.

THE LAW AGAINST LOVERS.

THE four dramatic pieces which follow are all more or less connected with Shakespeare's name. In the list of D'avenant's plays given in the introductory memoir there occurs a fifth, in which, it has been always considered, he had a hand, viz., an alteration of "Julius Cæsar," but, as the authority which gives this alteration to Sir William D'avenant and John Dryden rests entirely upon the title-page of the play, which was not printed, according to the several biographers, until 1719, a doubt exists as to its truth. The title-page is this:—

"The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, with the Death of Brutus and Cassius; written originally by Shakespeare, and since altered by Sir William D'avenant and John Dryden, Poets Laureate, as it is now acted by his Majesty's Company of Comedians, at the Theatre Royal. To which is prefixed the Life of Julius Cæsar, abstracted from Plutarch and Suetonius." 12mo. 1719.

In a quarto volume of plays in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, there occurs an edition of Julius Cæsar, without date, but printed "for Henry Herringham," the intimate acquaintance of both D'Avenant and Dryden, "as performed at the Theatre Royal," but without any mention being made of their names in connection with it. The title is this:—

"Julius Cæsar. A Tragedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by William Shakespeare, London, Printed by H. H., jun., for Hen. Herringham and R. Bentley, in Russel Street, in Covent Garden, and sold by Joseph Knight and Francis Saunders, at the Bleu-Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange, in the Strand."

The cast of the characters is thus given:—

"Julius Cæsar, Mr Goodman. Octavius Cæsar, Mr Perrin. Antony, Mr Kynnaston. Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligurius, Decius, Brutus, Metellus, Cimber, Cinna (Conspirators), by Mr Betterton, Mr

Smith, Mr Griffin, Mr Saunders, Mr Bowman, Mr Williams, Mr Montfort, Mr Carlile. Artimedorus, Mr Percival. Messala and Titinius, Mr Wiltshier and Mr Gillo. Cinna, the Poet, Mr Jevon. Flavius, Mr Norris. Plebeians, Mr Underhill, Mr Lee, Mr Bright. Calphurnia, Md. Slingsby. Portia, Mrs Cook."

Julius Cæsar was performed at the Theatre Royal in 1682, about the time of the union of the two companies, and again in 1684, but again without any mention of either D'avenant or Dryden.

It may be well to note here that a Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1582. Malone thinks that there was an English play on the same subject previous to Shakespeare's. Cæsar was killed in *Pompey's portica*, and not in the Capitol; but the error is at least as old as Chaucer's time.

> "This Julius to the Capitolie wente
> Upon a day, that he was wont to gon,
> And in the Capitolie ouer him bent
> This false Brutus and his other soon,
> And sticked him with bodekins anon
> With many a wound," &c.
> —*Chaucer's Monke's Tale*, v. 11, 621.

THE present tragi-comedy is composed out of two of Shakespeare's plays, "Measure for Measure" and "Much Ado About Nothing." The Biographia Britannica observes that "Mr Langbaine gives a very good character of it, and indeed it is very smoothly and correctly written."

Langbaine further says, "Though not only the characters, but the language of the whole play almost, be borrowed from Shakespeare, yet where the language is rough or obsolete, our author has taken care to polish it: as, to give, instead of many, one instance—Shakespeare's Duke of Venice says thus (Act i., scene 1):—

> "I love the people;
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause, and Aves vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
> That does affect it."

In Sir William's play the Duke speaks as follows :—

> " I love the people ;
> But would not on the stage salute the crowd.
> I never relisht their applause ; nor think
> The Prince has true discretion who affects it."

Shakespeare's comedy of " Measure for Measure " is founded on a novel in Cynthio Giraldi, viz., Deca Ottava, Novella 5ª. The like story is in Goulart's " Histoires Admirables de Nôtre Temps," tome i., p. 216, and in Lipsii Monita, l. ii., c. 9, p. 125.

Pope notes " that the story ' Measure for Measure ' is taken from Cinthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5." The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare (as the author of " Canons of Criticism " observes), puts the contracted words at full length, thus: December 8, November 5.

" Measure for Measure" was again altered in 1700, it is believed by Gildon, and published in 4to, under the title of " Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate, as it is acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Written originally by Mr Shakespear ; and now very much altered ; With additions of several Entertainments of Musick. London : Printed for D. Brown, at the Black Swan without Temple bar ; and R. Parker at the Vnicorn under the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill, 1700."

Langbaine says of " Much Ado About Nothing," " All that I have to remark is, that the contrivance of Borachio, in behalf of John the Bastard, to make Claudio jealous of Hero, by the assistance of her waiting woman, Margaret, is borrowed from Ariosto's ' Orlando Furioso.' " See book the fifth, in the story of Lurcanio and Geneuza ; the like story is in Spencer's " Fairy Queen," book ii., canto 4.

Pepys thus records the performance of the " Law against Lovers :"—

18th Feb. 1661-2.—" Having agreed with Sir W. Pen to meet him at the opera, and finding by my walking in the streets, which were everywhere full of brick-battes and tyles flung down by the extraordinary winde the last night (such as hath not been in memory before, unless at the death of the late Protector), that it was danger-

ous to go out of doors; and hearing how several persons had been killed to-day by the fall of things in the streets, and that the pageant in Fleet Street is most of it blown down, and hath broke down part of several houses, among others Dick Brigdon's; and that one Lady Sanderson, a person of quality in Covent Garden, was killed by the fall of the house, in her bed, last night; I sent my boy to forbid Sir W. Pen to go forth. But he bringing me word that he is gone, I went to the opera, and saw The 'Law against Lovers,' a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the losse of Roxalana would spoil the house."

THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS.

THE DUKE OF SAVOY.
LORD ANGELO, *his deputy.*
BENEDICK, *brother to Angelo.*
LUCIO, } *His friends.*
BALTHAZAR, }
ESCHALUS, *a counsellor.*
CLAUDIO, *in love with Julietta.*
PROVOST.
FRIAR THOMAS.
BERNARDINE, *a prisoner.*
JAILOR.
FOOL.
HANGMAN.
PAGES.
BEATRICE, *a great heiress.*
ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
JULIETTA, *mistress to Claudio.*
VIOLA, *sister to Beatrice, very young.*
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*

Scene: TURIN.

THE LAW AGAINST LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter DUKE, ANGELO, *and attendants.*

DUKE. I'm sure in this your science does exceed
The measures of advice; and to your skill,
By deputation, I resolve to leave a while
My place and strength.
ANG. Your Highness does amaze me with your trust.
DUKE. Your brother will be here to-night; and brings
His share of victory and fair renown.
That victory gives me now free leisure to
Pursue my old design of travelling;
Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,
I may compare the customs, prudent laws,
And managements of foreign States with ours.
ANG. Your Highness has a plenteous choice of men,
Whom you may here depute with more success,
Than my abilities can promise.
DUKE. Here, take our commission!
In which we have enabled you with all
The sev'ral strengths and organs of my pow'r:
Your youth may bear that weight, which tires my age.
ANG. In this acceptance, sir, I do with some
Unwillingness obey your pleasure.

DUKE. Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves, but others' use.
For if our virtues go not forth of us,
It were alike as if we had them not.
Be thou at full our self whilst we are absent
From our seat in Turin.
ANG. Sir, I could wish
There were more trial of my mettle made,
Before so noble and so great
A figure as your own be stampt on it.
DUKE. No more evasion,
I have proceeded towards you with choice,
Sufficiently prepar'd.

Enter ESCHALUS.

Good Eschalus,
Your ceremony now of taking leave
Must needs be short. You know the purpose of
My trust to Angelo, who here has my
Commission seal'd.
ESCH. Your Highness having been
So long resolv'd to travel, could not leave
A deputation of your pow'r in better hands.
DUKE. Farewell! our haste from hence is of import.
You shall, as time and fit occasion serves,
Have letters from us; and I hope to know,
With equal care, what does befall you here.
ANG. Will not your Highness give us leave to bring
You onward on the way?
DUKE. My haste permits it not.
You need not, on mine honour, have to do
With scruple, for your scope is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,

I'll privately away! I love the people;
But would not on a stage salute the crowd.
I never relisht their applause; nor think
The Prince has true discretion who affects it.
Be kind still to your brother Benedick,
And give him that respect which he
Hath by his share in victory deserv'd.
Once more, farewell!

ANG. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

ESCH. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness. [*Exit Duke.*

ANG. I shall desire you Eschalus, to let
Me have free speech with you; for it concerns
Me much to see the bottom of my place.
The Duke has left me pow'r, but of what strength
And nature it will prove, may haply
Require your friendship to consider.

ESCH. My lord, if it shall please you to withdraw,
You may command my secresy and service. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEATRICE, JULIETTA, VIOLA, BALTHAZAR.

BEAT. Does Signior Benedick return to-night?

BALT. We may expect him presently. He brings
A share of conquest with him, and intends
To make a modest entry here by stealth:
But he is still as pleasant as you left him.

BEAT. How many has he kill'd, and eaten, in
These wars? But pray, how many has he kill'd?
For I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

BALT. He has done great service in these wars, lady.

BEAT. Sure you had musty victual then;
And he has helpt to eat it. I know, sir,
He is a valiant trencher-man, and has
A good stomach.

BALT. He is a good soldier, lady.
BEAT. A good soldier
To a lady, but what is he to a lord?
BALT. A lord to a lord, a man to a man:
Stuft with all honourable virtues.
BEAT. He is, indeed, no less than a stuft man:
But for the stuffing——Well, we are all mortal.
JUL. Do not mistake my cousin Beatrice, sir,
There is a kind of a merry war between
Count Benedick and her: they never meet,
But there is a skirmish of wit between 'em.
BEAT. He got nothing by that. In our last encounter
Four of his five wits did go halting off;
And now the whole man is govern'd by one.
I pray, sir, who's his companion now? for he was wont
Every month to have a new sworn brother.
BALT. Is't possible?
BEAT. Very possible.
He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His hat; it still changes with the next block.
BALT. Madam, the gentleman is not in your books.
VIOL. If he were, I have heard my sister say
She would burn her study.
BALT. Small mistress, have you learnt that in your primer?
This, madam, is your pretty bud of wit.
VOIL. A bud that has some prickles, sir. Take heed;
You cannot gather me.
BEAT. But, Signior Balthazar,
I pray who is Count Benedick's companion?
BALT. At idle seasons, madam, he is pleas'd
To use no better company than mine.
BEAT. He will hang on you like a disease,

He's sooner caught than the pestilence;
And the taker does run presently mad.
Heaven help you, Balthazar, if you have caught
The *Benedickt*, for it will cost you more
Than a thousand pounds to be cur'd.

BALT. I wish I may hold friendship with you, lady.

BEAT. Y'ave the wit, sir, to wish for your self.

JUL. You'll never run mad, cousin.

BEAT Not till a hot January.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Madam, your guardian's brother, Count Benedick,
Is newly enter'd.

BEAT. The man of war, having been flesht
In the last battle, will bear all before him.
Let us sound a retreat, and hide our selves
Behind the hangings, to mark his behaviour.

VIOL. Dear sister, let me hide my self too——

[*Beatrice, Viola, Juliet, step behind the hangings.*

BALT. O pray do, with a bongrace from the sun.
Madam, I'll leave you to your ambush.

Enter BENEDICK, ESCHALUS.

BEN. My brother private in affairs of State?

ESCH. My lord, he's at this instant much reserv'd;
But, when I shall acquaint him you are here,
He will dismiss his business to receive,
And welcome you?

BEN. Signior Eschalus, I thank you: but it
Is fit our private love should give free way
To service which concerns the public profit.
I am, sir, in some trouble, that I could
Not have the happiness of paying my
Obedience to his Highness ere he went.

Will he be absent long?
ESCH. That is unknown
Even to your brother Angelo; who is his full
Vicegerent here, and hath receiv'd commands
To let you taste his pow'r, to every use
That can procure you any benefit,
In memory of your last service.

Enter LUCIO.

LUC. My lord you are most happily return'd,
And met with all the joys we can express.
BEN. Lucio, I am much pleas'd to see you well;
It gives me hope that I shall have but few
Sad evenings here in Turin, if the
Beauties which I left be not quite wither'd,
Their voices crackt, and their lutes hung on willows.
LUC. My lord, I am not only hasten'd hither by
My love to be the first that shall congratulate
Your good success abroad, but to entreat
Your aid at home. If you will please but to
Take leave of that grave magistrate a while,
I shall deliver you a message from mankind.
BEN. How, Lucio? That is of concern indeed.
Signior, I shall beseech you to observe
My brother's leisure, that I may attend him.
ESCH. Your lordship is most welcome to Turin.
[*Exit Eschalus.*
BEN. Now, Lucio, speak your affair from that great
Common-Wealth which sent you, mankind.
BALT. They are too many for you to enquire
Particularly after their healths; therefore
He may without ceremony proceed.
LUC. You have heard of the supreme pow'r plac'd in
Count Angelo, your brother?
BEN. I have, Lucio.

LUC. Under your favour, sir,
I may say the beginning of his rule
Is not pleasing to the best sort of men;
He deals very hardly with lovers.
BEN. I am sorry to hear that of a brother.
LUC. My lord, I am more sorry to report it.
He has already reviv'd an old law,
Which condemns any man to death, who gets,
Being unmarried, a woman with child.
BEN, How, Lucio? does he mean to govern, like
The tyrant Turk, with eunuchs of his council?
LUC. You must assuage the choler of his wisdom,
And put him in mind that men are frail.
BEN. This business, Balthazar, requires our care;
For we having professed against the bonds
Of marriage, and he restraining
The liberty of lovers, the good Duke,
When he returns, will find no children left
In Turin.
LUC. For my part, sir,
I only fear the destruction of learning:
For if there be no children, farewell grammar-schools.
BEN. Come, we must sit in council, Balthazar,
Increase our party, and still defy marriage.
BEAT. We cannot hear 'em, Juliet; let us enter!
Enter BEATRICE, JULIETTA, VIOLA.
BEN. My dear lady disdain! are you yet living?
BEAT. Can disdain die when she has so fit food
To feed it as Benedick?
BEN. I am belov'd of all ladies, only
You excepted; and I am sorry they must lose
Their sighs; for I have a hard heart,
And can love none.
BEAT. A happiness to women; who would else
Be troubled with a most pernicious suitor!
But I can answer your humour; for I

Had rather hear my dog bark at a crow,
Than a man swear he loves me.
BEN. Keep in that mind, lady, for then some of my
Friends may scape a predestinate scratcht face.
BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse,
If it were such a face as Benedick's.
BEN. You are a rare parrot-teacher.
BEAT. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.
BEN. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue;
But keep your way : I have done.
BEAT. Juliet, he always ends with a jade's trick.
JUL. The gentleman's wit is tir'd after spurring.
VIO. Y'are welcome home, my lord. Have you brought
Any pendants and fine fans from the wars ?
BEN. What, my sweet bud, you are grown to a blossom!
VIO. My sister has promis'd me that I shall be
A woman, and that you shall make love to me,
When you are old enough to have a wife.
BEN. This is not a chip of the old block, but will prove
A smart twig of the young branch.

Enter ESCHALUS *and* SERVANT.

ESCH. Lord Angelo expects you, sir, and this
Fair company. [*Ex. Beat. Ben. Balth. Jul. Esch. Vio.*
SERV. Signior Claudio, now under an arrest,
Desires to speak with you.
LUC. How! under arrest ? The Governor's house
Is no proper place for a prisoner's visit.
Pray favour me so much as to tell him that
I'll come down to receive his commands.
[*Ex. Serv. Luc.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, *officers.*

CLAUD. Thus can the demi-god Authority make
Us pay down for our offence by weight.

Enter LUCIO.

LUC. Claudio! how now! from whence comes this restraint?

CLAUD. From too much liberty.
As surfeit is the father of a fast,
So liberty, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our nature does pursue
An evil thirst, and when we drink we die.

LUC. If I could speak as wisely under arrest,
I would send for some of my creditors;
Yet, to say truth, I had rather enjoy
The foppery of freedom, than the wise
Morality of imprisonment. What
Is thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUD. To speak of it were to offend again.

LUC. What is it, murder?

CLAUD. No.

LUC. I believe 'tis that which the precise call incontinence.

CLAUD. You may call it so.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BAL. I am told Claudio is arrested.

LUC. 'Tis too true, Balthazar.

BAL. What is his crime?

LUC. Lord Angelo has taught us so much modesty,
That I am asham'd to name it.

BAL. What, is there a maid with child by him?

LUC. No, but I fear there is a woman with maid by him.

PROV. Signior, I shall offend if you stay here:
Be pleas'd to go.

CLAUD. Provost, allow me but a few words more.
LUC. Pray, Claudio, speak your mind: we are your friends.
CLAUD. I grieve to tell you, gentlemen, that I
Have got possession of Julietta's bed.
She is my wife by sacred vows, and by
A contract seal'd with form of witnesses.
But we the ceremony lack of marriage,
And that, unhappily, we did defer
Only for the assurance of a dowry
Remaining in the coffers of her friends;
From whom we thought it fit to hide our love,
Till time had master'd their consent to it.
But so it happens, that
Our oft stolen pleasure is now writ
With characters too gross in Juliet.
BAL. With child, perhaps.
CLAUD. 'Tis so;
And the new deputy
Awakens all the enroll'd penalties,
Which have been nineteen years unread, and makes
Me feel the long neglected punishment,
By such a law, as three days after
Arrest, requires the forfeit of my head.
LUC. Thy head stands now so slightly
On thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she
Be in love, may sigh it off.
BAL. Lucio, you are a stranger to Lord Angelo,
But I well know the sourness of his soul:
And I was told, in passing to you hither,
That Juliet is arrested in his house,
And forc'd from the protection of
The Lady Beatrice, his fair ward.
LUC. I like it not: send quickly to the Duke,
And then appeal to him.
CLAUD. I have done so; but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, lend me thy assistance;

This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger I am in;
Implore her in my name, that she make friends
To the strict deputy: she must herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a sweet and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; and well she can persuade.

LUC. I wish she may. I would be loth
That any of my friends should foolishly
Play away their lives at a game of tick-tack.

BAL. We will both to her presently.

CLAUD. Come, officers, away!

Enter DUKE *and* FRIAR THOMAS.

DUKE. No, Holy Father; throw away that thought;
Love's too tender to dwell in my cold bosom.
I desire you to give me secret harbour,
For a design more grave and wrinkled than
The aims of giddy youth can have.

FRIAR. May your Grace speak of it?

DUKE. None, Holy Father, better knows than you,
How I have ever lik'd a life retir'd;
And still have weary of assemblies been,
Where witless youth comes drest to be ador'd.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of strictness, and firm abstinence,
My absolute pow'r and place here in Turin;
And he believes me travelling to Spain.
Now, pious sir, you will demand of me
Why I did this?

FRIAR. I fain would know.

DUKE. We have strict statutes, and chastising laws,
Which I have suffer'd nineteen years to sleep,

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey. But as fond fathers
Bind up the threatening rod, and stick it in
Their children's sight, for terror more than use,
Till it in time become more markt than fear'd ;
So our decrees, dead to infliction to
Themselves are dead, and froward liberty
Does Justice strike, as infants beat the nurse.

FRIAR. This tied up Justice, sir, you might have soon
Let loose, which would have seem'd more dreadful
Than in Angelo.

DUKE. Too dreadful, sir. For since
It was my fault to give the people scope,
It may seem tyranny to punish them
For what I bid them act. We do no less
Than bid unlawful actions to be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass.

FRIAR. I am convinc'd.

DUKE. I have on Angelo impos'd
Th' unpleasant pow'r of punishing ; who may,
Within the ambush of my name,—strike home.
And to behold how he does rule, I will,
As if I were a brother of your order,
Visit both Prince and people. Therefore, I pray,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me how
I may in person a true friar seem.
I can allow you no more reasons for
This action now, than that Lord Angelo
Stands at a guard with envy, and does scarce
Confess that his blood flows ;
The man seems singular, but we shall see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ISABELLA, *and* FRANCISCA *a nun.*

ISA. But have you Nuns no further privilege ?

NUN. Are not these large enough?
ISA. They are! I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Were on the sisterhood vow'd to Saint Clare.
LUC. Ho! peace be in this place!
[*Lucio, Balthazar within.*
ISA. Who is it that does call?
NUN. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Pray turn the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress;
Then if you speak you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.
LUC. Ho! the sisterhood.
NUN. He calls again; I pray you answer him.
ISA. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO, BALTHAZAR.

LUC. Hail virgin! please you befriend us so,
As to permit us to the sight of Isabell,
A novice of this place and sister to
Young Claudio, her unhappy brother.
ISA. Why her unhappy brother? Let me ask;
The rather since I now must make it known
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
LUC. Gentle, and fair! your brother kindly greets you.
BAL. We cannot, Lucio, come too suddenly
With sorrows to a mind prepar'd; 'tis fit
You tell her that her brother is in prison.
ISA. Ay me! for what?
LUC. For that which cannot be excus'd;
And yet, perhaps if he were tried
By judges not much older than himself,
Would have an easy punishment. He has,

I hope unwillingly, got his friend with child.
ISA. Sir, make me not your scorn.
LUC. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
To jest with maids, play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing enshrin'd, and to
Be talkt with as a saint in all sincerity.
ISA. You hurt the good in mocking me.
BAL. Believe what he has said is truth.
ISA. Some one with child by him? my cousin Juliet?
LUC. Is she your cousin?
ISA. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names.
LUC. She it is.
ISA. Let him marry her.
BAL. Married they are in sight of heaven, though not
With such apparent forms as makes the law
Approve and witness it.
LUC. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
And, with full force of his authority,
Lord Angelo now rules; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton motions of the sense; but does
Rebate and blunt his natural edge
With morals, Lady. He studies much,
And fasts.
BAL. To frighten libertines, who long have scap'd,
And silently have run by th' sleeping face
Of hideous law, as mice by lions steal.
Lord Angelo has hastily awak'd
A dreadful act, under whose heavy sense,
Your brother's life falls into desperate forfeit.
LUC. All hope is gone, unless you have the grace,

By moving prayers, to soften Angelo.
ISAB. Does he so sternly seek his life?
LUC. He has already sentenc'd him, and, as
I hear, the Provost has a warrant for
His execution.
ISAB. Alas, what poor abilities
Have I to do him good?
BALT. Make trial of what pow'r you have.
ISAB. My pow'r, alas, I doubt.
LUC. Go to Lord Angelo, and let him know,
When virgins sue, men give like Gods;
But when they weep and kneel, no pow'r has then
So much of devil in't as not to yield.
ISAB. I'll see what I can do.
LUC. But speedily.
ISAB. I will about it straight;
Not staying longer, than to give the mother
Notice of my business. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my brother! Soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
LUC. We take our leaves.
ISAB. Heaven guide you, gentlemen;
And so prepare to Angelo my way,
As if Saint Clare did prompt me how to pray.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ANGELO, BENEDICK.

BEN. But for ill doing, sir, must Claudio die?
ANG. The law appoints that he
Who gets a child unlawfully must die.
BEN. But must a man be requited with death,
For giving life to another?

ANG. We must not make a scare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fright our birds of prey;
And let it keep one shape, till custom makes it
Not their terror, but their perch.
BEN. Call, sir, your own affections to accompt,
Had time concur'd with place, or place with wishing;
And, had the resolution of your blood
Found means t'attain th' effect of your own purpose,
Perhaps, in some hot season of your life,
Even you, sir, would have err'd in that
For which you censure him.
ANG. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Benedick,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury passing on a prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What knows the law,
Whether thieves pass on thieves?
You cannot lessen his offence, because
I have offended too: but tell me at
That time, when I, who censure him, do so
Offend; and my own judgment then shall be
A pattern for my death. Brother, he must die!
BEN. Sir, when I heard you had the place of Justice,
I did not think your gravity did mean
To swagger with her broad sword. Can dame Justice
Become, so soon, so notable a cutter?
ANG. You have leave to be pleasant; but I pray
Listen to Eschalus, he'll give you counsel.
[*Exit, and*

Enter ESCHALUS.

BEN. Good Eschalus! I should have found you out.

Is there no means to save poor Claudio's life ?
ESCH. Your brother has given order to the Provost,
To see his execution punctually
Perform'd, by nine to-morrow morning.
BEN. A short warning for a terrible long journey.
ESCH. A confessor will be sent to prepare him.
BEN. I'm told, Signior Eschalus, you have counsel for me.
ESCH. My lord, I'll not presume to call it mine ;
'Tis from your brother, who does well advise,
That you would please to think of marriage.
You know the lady Beatrice was his ward ;
And now her wardship is expir'd.
BEN. Marry ?
What to beget boys for the headsman ?
ESCH. Good, my lord, leaving your severity,
You needs must think her beauty worth your praise.
BEN. She's too low for a high praise, and too little
For a great praise ; but thus far I'll commend her;
Were she other than she is, she were then
Unhandsome, and, being no other but
As she is, I do not like her.
ESCH. My proposal deserves a steady answer.
BEN. My brother, sir, and I, walk several ways.
He takes care to destroy unlawful lovers ;
And I'll endeavour to prevent th' increase
Of lawful cuckolds.
ESCH. None of the beauteous sex can have more virtue,
Than fair Beatrice.
BEN. Sir, I sincerely allow your opinion.
She is yet very exceedingly virtuous,
And has a laziness towards love : but, sir,
She has too much wit, and great wits will not long

Lye idle.

ESCH. You have too much mirth to have suspicion.

BEN. As I will not do ladies so much wrong
To mistrust any, so I'll do myself
The right to trust none.

ESCH. This suits not with your brother's purpose.

Enter LUCIO, BALTHAZAR.

BEN. Welcome! are either of you inclin'd to marriage?

BAL. How, marriage? it is a noose for ninnies;
Do you think I will have a recheat winded
In my forehead, or hang my bugle in
An invisible baldrick?

LUC. If I ever marry, let mine eyes be
Pickt out with the pen of a ballad-maker,
And hang me up at the door of a brothel,
For the sign of blind cupid.

BEN. You see, Signior Eschalus, my brother makes
So many enemies to propagation,
That if the Duke stay long, he may chance find
A dominion without subjects.

LUC. If he have any, they will need
No governor, for they will all be old
Enough to govern themselves.

Enter BEATRICE, VIOLA.

BEN. Here comes the Lady April, whose fair face
Is always incident to some foul weather.

BEAT. I wonder you will still be talking, Benedick;
Nobody marks you.

BEN. I mean to drink

Opium before I come in your company,
That you may excuse my follies,
With saying, I talk in my sleep.
BEAT. Where is Lord Angelo?
ESCH. Madam, he is retir'd.
BEAT. What, to his prayers,
As executioners kneel down and ask pardon
Before they handle the axe?
BEN. Hale in Main-Bolin! the storm begins!
BEAT. Heaven send the good Duke here again! do you
Not hear, Signior Eschalus, of the mutiny
In town?
ESCH. No, Madam! Is there a mutiny?
BEAT. All the midwives, nurses, and milk-women
Are up in arms, because the governor
Has made a law against lovers.
BEN. True, the law is, that none, who have not been
Bound prentices to Hymen, shall set up
In the trade of making children.
ESCH. Madam, you will marry, and have your freedom.
BEAT. Marry? yes, if you will fashion me a man
Of a middle constitution, between
Lord Angelo's Carthusian gravity
And his brother Benedick; the one is
Too like a State-image and says nothing;
And the other, too like a country lady's
Eldest son, evermore talking.
BEN. Nay, do but persecute my brother,
And I am satisfied.
BEAT. Signior Eschalus, is not my wardship out?
ESCH. Yes, madam.
BEAT. And this house, where the governor lives, mine own?

ESCH. Madam, it is!
BEAT. Methinks my guardian
Is but a rude tenant. How durst he, with
Unmanly power, force my cousin Juliet from me?
ESCH. Lady, it was the law that us'd that force.
BEAT. The law? Is she not married by such vows
As will stand firm in Heaven? that's the substantial part
Which carries the effect, and must she then
Be punisht for neglect of form?
Must conscience be made good by compliment?
BEN. My brother will have men behave themselves
To Heaven, as boys do to their pedants: they
Must not say grace, without making their legs.
BEAT. I am glad, Benedick, to hear you're
Sometimes in the right.
BEN. I'm in the right, lady, only
As often as you are in the wrong.
BEAT. Pray, Signior Eschalus, desire my guardian
To let the divines govern the civilians.
I would have my cousin's spiritual marriage
Stand good in conscience, though 'tis bad in law.
She must not be lockt up within thick walls
And iron grates: a woodbine arbour will
Prove strong enough to hold a lady, when
She is grown so weak as to be in love.
VIOL. Pray, sister, why is Juliet in prison?
BEAT. Peace, Viola, you are too young to know.
BEN. She play'd with a bearded baby, mistress,
Contrary to law.
VIOL. Alas, poor Juliet! I'll sing no more
To the governor, till he lets her out.
BEAT. Sir, the deputy drinks too much vinegar;

It makes his disposition sour.
ESCH. Pray, madam, tell him so.
BEAT. No, sir, you Statesmen manage your discourse
Amongst yourselves by signs. I am not mute
Enough to understand your mysteries.
Come, Viola, I'll write to the Duke!
[*Exeunt Beatrice, Viola.*
BEN. This would make a rare wife, were she not
A woman.
BALT. You with the men, and she with the maids, will
Quickly forbid all banes.
LUC. If we do not
Bring ill poesies of wedding rings out of
Fashion, let's not be numbred with the wits.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELO *and* PROVOST.

ANG. What is your business, Provost?
PROV. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
ANG. Did I not say he should? Had you not order?
Why do you ask again?
PROV. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, the wise judge
Has his rash doom repented.
ANG. Do you your office, or else give it up!
And you shall well be spar'd.
PROV. I crave your Excellency's pardon.
What shall be done with the weeping Juliet?
ANG. Dispose of her to some apartment in
The prison, where Claudio may not see her.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Here is a sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.
ANG. Already is his sister come?
She has the reputation, Provost, of
A virtuous maid.
PROV. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood.
ANG. Let her be admitted! [*Exit Servant.*
Provost take care that Juliet be remov'd
At distance from her lover.

Enter LUCIO, ISABELL.

PROV. Heaven still preserve your Excellence.
ANG. Stay here awhile! Y'are welcome. What's your will?
ISAB. I am a woeful suitor to your Excellence,
If you in goodness will vouchsafe to hear me.
ANG. What is your suit?
ISAB. There is a vice which most I do abhor,
And most desire that it should meet rebuke;
For which I would not plead, but that I must.
ANG. Well, come to the matter!
ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die.
I would beseech you to condemn the fault, and not
My brother.
PROV. Heaven give thee moving graces!
ANG. Is not each fault condemn'd ere it be done?
I were the very cipher of authority,
If I should fine the fault, whose fine stands in
Record, and yet forgive the actor.
ISAB. Oh just but yet severe law!
I had a brother then. Heaven keep you, sir.
LUC. Give it not over so! to him again:
Kneel down before him; y'are too cold.
ISAB. Must he needs die?
ANG. Virgin, no remedy.
ISAB. Yes, I believe that you might pardon him;
And neither Heaven, nor man, would at

The mercy grieve.
ANG. I will not do't.
ISAB. You can then, if you would?
ANG. That which I should not do, I cannot do.
ISAB. But you may do it, sir, and do the world
No hurt. I would your heart were toucht with such
Remorse, as mine is to him.
ANG. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late!
LUC. You are too tame.
ISAB. Too late? I who have spoke a word may call
The meaning back. No ceremony,
No ornament which to the great belongs;
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The martial's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with so beautiful a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you might have err'd like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
ANG. I pray, be gone!
ISAB. Would Heaven, if you were Isabell, that I
A while might have your pow'r, to let you see
How soon the sorrow of a sister's tears
Should cleanse the foulness of a brother's fault.
LUC. That is the vein! touch it boldly.
ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the law;
And you but waste your words.
ISAB. Alas, alas! all souls were forfeit once;
And he who might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. What would you do
If he, who on the utmost top of heights,
On judges sits, should judge you as you are?
ANG. Be you content, fair maid,
It was the law, not I, condemn'd your brother:
Were he my kinsman or my son, it should
Be with him thus. And he must die to-morrow.
ISAB. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! spare
him! spare him!

He's not prepar'd. Even for our kitchens we
The fowl of season kill. Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect, than we would minister
To our gross selves? My lord, in mercy speak!
Who is it that has died for this offence?
Too many have committed it.
LUC. Well said!
ANG. The law has not been dead, though it has slept.
Those many had not dar'd to act that crime,
If he, who first the edict did infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. 'Tis now awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, prophet-like,
Looks in a glass, which shows what future ills
Might by remissness be in progress hatcht.
ISAB. Yet show some pity!
ANG. I show it most when I most justice show,
For I commiserate then even those whom I
Shall never know; and whose offences, if
They were forgiven, might afterwards destroy them.
And also do him right, who, punisht for
One pleasing crime, lives not to act another.
Be satisfied; your brother dies to-morrow.
ISAB. So you, my lord, must be the first that e'er
This sentence gave, and he the first that suffers it.
'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,
But tyrannous to use it like a giant.
LUC. Well said again!
ISAB. If men could thunder,
As great Jove does, Jove ne'er would quiet be;
For every cholerick petty officer
Would use his magazine in heaven for thunder;
We nothing should but thunder hear. Sweet Heaven!
Thou rather with thy stiff and sulph'rous bolt
Dost split the knotty and obdurate oak
Than the soft myrtle. O but man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he thinks himself
Assur'd, does in his glassy essence, like
An angry ape, play such fantastic tricks
Before high Heaven, as would make angels laugh
If they were mortal, and had spleens like us.
LUC. To him! he will relent, I feel him coming.
PROV. Pray Heaven she gain him!
ANG. Why do you use this passion before me?
ISAB. Authority, though it does err like others,
Yet has a kind of med'cine in itself,
Which skins the top of every vice.
Knock at your bosom, sir, and ask your heart
If it contains no crime resembling my
Poor brother's fault, and then, if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as his is,
Let it not sound a sentence from your tongue
Against my brother's life!
ANG. She speaks such sense
As with my reason breeds such images,
As she has excellently form'd. Farewell!
ISAB. Gentle, my lord, turn back!
ANG. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.
ISAB. Hark, how I'll bribe you; good, my lord, turn back!
ANG. How! bribe me?
ISAB. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.
LUC. You had marr'd all else.
ISAB. With early prayers that shall
Be up at Heaven, and enter there before
The morning's casement opens to the world;
The prayers of fasting maids.
ANG. Well, come to me to-morrow!
LUC. Enough, away!
ISAB. All that is good be near your Excellence.
ANG. I thank you.

ISAB. At what hour shall I attend you?
ANG. At any time ere noon.
ISAB. The angels still preserve you!
[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*
ANG. From all, but from thy virtue, maid!
I love her virtue. But, temptation! O!
Thou false and cunning guide! who in disguise
Of virtue's shape lead'st us through heaven to hell.
No vicious beauty could with practised art.
Subdue, like virgin-innocence, my heart. [*Exit.*

Enter DUKE *in disguise of a friar, and* PROVOST.

DUKE. Hail to you, Provost, so I think you are!
PROV. I am the Provost. What's your will, good father?
DUKE. Bound by my charity, and my blessed orders,
I come to visit the afflicted minds
In prison here. Do me the common right
To let me see them; and to let me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
Accordingly to their relief.
PROV. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one! who in her flames of youth

Enter JULIET.

Has blister'd her fair fame. She is with child,
And he that got it sentenc'd.
DUKE. When must he die?
PROV. As I believe, to-morrow.
I'll go in, and prepare him for your visit:
In the meantime bestow your counsel here.
[*Exit Provost.*
DUKE. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

JUL. I bear my punishment most patiently.
DUKE. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence.
JUL. I'll gladly learn.
DUKE. Lov'd you the man that wrong'd you?
JUL. Yes, as I lov'd the woman that wrong'd him.
DUKE. So then it seems you mutually have sinn'd?
JUL. We mutually have sinn'd against the law:
And I repent for it, but am as much
Afflicted at my ignorance,
Not knowing 'twas a sin when I transgrest,
As at the sin itself.
DUKE. If, daughter, you repent that sin, because
It brings you shame, it is a common and
An erring grief, which looks more at ourselves
Than towards Heaven; not sparing Heaven for love,
But fear.
JUL. As 'tis an evil I repent, and grieve not for
The shame, because you think it is deserv'd.
DUKE. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow;
And I am going with instructions to him.
Grace go with you! [*Exit.*
JUL. Must die to-morrow? oh injurious love!
It respites me a life whose very best
Is still a dying horror. [*Exit.*

Enter CLAUDIO, LUCIO, BALTHAZAR.

BALT. Claudio, to tarry longer with you now
Were but to lose that time which we
Must husband for your benefit. No care
Is wanting in your sister, nor in us.
LUC. Our lawyers make good merchandise of women,

The head of a man pays for a maidenhead.
CLAUD. There is no rack so painful in this prison,
As that which stretches me 'tween hope and doubt.
All I desire is certainty,
BALT. You speak as if you were already in
Another world ; for there's no certainty
In this. We'll see you hourly: so farewell !
LUC. When I leave this wanton world to meet death,
I'll ride post to him on a hobby-horse,
And fence against his dart with a fool's bauble.
CLAUD. By all your loyal friendship, Balthazar,
Let Juliet be protected with your care
And courage from injurious tongues.
BALT. I will deserve your trust.
CLAUD. Pray serve her, with a noble tenderness,
In all that her afflictions shall require.
BALT. I need not such a strict command,
Away, let's leave him to his meditations !
LUC. Remember, Claudio,
This wicked world does homage to rich fools,
And witty men want money.

Enter PROVOST.

PROV. A father desires to speak with you.
[*Exeunt Claudio, Provost.*
LUC. Methinks it is too late for Claudio to
Expect a reprieve.
BALT. Hope is so familiar an acquaintance,
That, though she stays with us all day, yet we
Are loth to part with her at night.
LUC. Where is Benedick ?
BALT. Gone to Beatrice ! she just now sent for him.
LUC. We shall never out-face the world with our
Invectives against marriage, for I find
Sexes will meet, though mountains and rough seas

Make a long space between them. Our design
On Benedick and Beatrice must be pursu'd.
BALT. Let's to the governors, and in the way
I'll tell thee how we ought to manage it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. My weighty office I can value now
But as an idle plume worn in the wind.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. The sister, sir, of Claudio desires access!
ANG. Shew her the way into the gallery! [*Exit Servant.*
Why does my blood, thus flowing to my heart,
Make it unable for it self, whilst then
It dispossesses other parts of that
Which they in lesser streams would useful make?
So deal officious throngs with him who swounds;
They come to help him, and they stop the air
By which he should revive; and so
The numerous subjects to a well-wisht King
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to
His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love
Does an offence, and an oppression prove. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ISABELL, ANGELO.

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.
ANG. That you might know it would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot live.
ISAB. Even so? Heaven keep your Excellence.
ANG. Stay a little,

For he perhaps may live awhile : nay, and
As long as you or I, since none can know
Their own appointed ends. Yet, he must die.
ISAB. Under your sentence ?
ANG. Yes.
ISAB. When, I beseech you ? that, in his reprieve
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul may not suffer with his body.
ANG. He had a filthy vice. It were as good
To pardon him that has from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to permit
Their saucy sweetness, who Heaven's image coin
In stamps which are forbid.
ISAB. That is set down in Heaven, but not on earth.
ANG. How ! say you so ? then I shall quickly poze you.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Should take your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your precious self to such a blemish
As she permitted whom he stain'd ?
ISAB. I'll rather give my body than my soul.
ANG. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Do more for number stand, than for account.
ISAB. How say you, sir ?
ANG. Nay, I'll not warrant that : for I can speak
Against the thing I say : answer to this.
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life,
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life ?
ISAB. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
ANG. You doing it at peril of your soul,

Make equal poize of sin and charity.
ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n let me bear't. If it be sin for you
To grant my suit, I'll make it still my prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And not to your account.
ANG. Nay, but hear me!
Your sense pursues not mine; sure you are ignorant;
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.
ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
ANG. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it does tax itself; as a black mask
Often proclaims a cover'd beauty more,
Than beauty does itself when openly
Displayed. But mark me, Isabell,
Or if I may more plainly be receiv'd,
I'll speak more home. Your brother is to die.
ISA. So!
ANG. And his offence is such, as it appears
Accountant to the law.
ISA. True!
ANG. Admit no other way could save his life,
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
Unless by way of question, but that you
Finding yourself desir'd of such a man
Whose credit with the judge could free your brother
Must either yield the treasures of your youth,
Or else must let him die: what would you do?
ISA. As much for my poor brother, as for Isabell.
Th' impression of sharp whips I gladly would
As rubies wear, and strip myself
Even for a grave, as for a bed, ere I
Would yield my honour up to shame.
ANG. Then must your brother die.

ISA. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother die a while,
Than a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
ANG. Are you then as cruel as that sentence
Which you have slander'd so?
ISA. Ignoble ransom no proportion bears
To pardon freely given; and lawful mercy
Is not at all akin to foul redemption.
ANG. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And so your brother's guiltiness excus'd,
As if it rather might be styl'd
A recreation than a vice.
ISA. O pardon me, my Lord. Oft it falls out,
That pleaders speak not what they mean,
In hope to get what they would have.
I sometimes may excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage whom I dearly love.
ANG. We are all frail.
ISA. Else let my brother die.
ANG. Nay, women are frail too.
ISA. Ay, as the glasses where they see themselves,
Which are as easily broke, as they make forms.
Women? help Heaven! pray call us ten times frail,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And soon a bad impression take.
ANG. And from this testimony of your own sex,
Since I suppose we are not made so strong,
But that our faults may shake our frames, let me
Be bold t'arrest your words. Be what you are!
That is, a woman, if y'are more y'are none,
If you be one, as you are well exprest
By all external warrants, shew it now.
ISA. I have no tongue but one. Gentle, my lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language.
ANG. Plainly conceive, I love you.
ISA. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me he shall die for it.
ANG. He shall not, Isabell, if you give me love.
ISA. Your pow'r may your discretion licence give,
And make you seem much fouler than you are,
To draw on others.
ANG. Believe me on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
ISA. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
Your purpose is pernicious now discern'd.
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't;
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or I will tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
ANG. Who will believe you, Isabell?
My unsoil'd name, austerity of life,
My word against you, and my place i'th' State,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you'll be stifled in your own report.
And now I give my sensual race the reins!
Yield to my passion, or your brother must
Not only die, but your unkindness shall
Draw out his death to ling'ring pains.
To-morrow answer me, or, by that love
Which now does guide me, I will be
A tyrant to him. [*Exit.*
ISA. To whom shall I complain?
If I tell this who will believ't?
I'll to my brother straight,
That he may know false Angelo's request,
And then prepare for his eternal rest. [*Exit.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* BEATRICE, *several ways.*

BEN. I was told, lady, you would speak with me.

BEAT. I would, and I would not.
BEN. Then I'll stay, or I will not stay ;
'Tis all one to me.
BEAT. Nay, I know you are but an indifferent man :
Yet now, by chance, I rather am inclin'd
That you should stay.
BEN. And 'tis a greater chance
That our inclinations should so soon meet ;
For I will stay.
BEAT. Your brother is a proper Prince! he rules
With a rod in's hand instead of a sceptre,
Like a country school-master in a church ;
He keeps a large palace with no attendants,
And is fit to have none but boys for his subjects.
BEN. As ill as he governs, if my
Design thrive against the fetters of marriage,
As his does against the liberty of lovers,
His rule may last till the end of the world ;
For there will be no next generation.
BEAT. Would I might trust you, Benedick.
BEN. Madam, you believe me to have some honour.
If you have most secretly invented
A new dressing, can you think I'll reveal
The fashion before you wear it ?
BEAT. Notwithstanding your seeming indisposition
To inventions of fashion, yet there be
Those in Turin, who have intercepted
Packets between you and tailors of Paris.
Well, though those are but light correspondents,
Yet I would trust you in matter of weight.
BEN. I hope, lady, you have no plot upon me.
I'll marry no woman.
BEAT. I did not think you had been so well natur'd,

As to prevent the having any of
Your breed. Marry you? what should I do with you?
Dress you in my old gown, and make you my
Waiting-woman?
BEN. A waiting-woman with a beard?
BEAT. I shall ne'er endure a husband with a beard.
I had rather lye in woolen.
BEN. Though you disguise matrimonial pretensions
With pretty scorn, yet I am glad I have
A beard for my own defence. And though fashion
Makes me have much, and that you believe me
A lover of fashions, yet mine shall grow
To a very bush, for my greater security.
But, pray proceed to your matter of weight.
BEAT. I will trust you; not as a man of love,
But a man of arms.
BEN. At your own peril!
And, more t'encourage you, I will declare
That though I'm very loth to come within
The narrow compass of a wedding ring,
Yet I owe every fair lady a good turn.
But to the business.
BEAT. In brief you must
Renew familiarity with your brother;
And steal the use of his signet to seal
Julietta's pardon and her liberty,
And Claudio's too: this done, they shall practise
Their escape, I'll endeavour mine; and you
Signior may shift for yourself.
BEN. This is but betraying an ill brother
For a good purpose; I'll do't if I can.
BEAT. You shall give me the signet, for I'll have
All in my own management.

BEN. No, though I rob my brother of the signet,
You shall not rob me of the danger.
BEAT. Then I'll proceed no further.
BEN. That as you please.
BEAT. You would have the honour of the business?
BEN. 'Tis due to my sex.
BEAT. Fare you well, sir!——yet you
May come again an hour hence, to receive
An ill look.
BEN. That will not fright me much; for you can look
No better than you use to do.
[*Ex. Ben. at one door.*

Enter VIOLA *at another.*

VIOL. Sister, I have got verses. Signior Lucio
Made them: he and Balthazar are within.
BEAT. Is Lucio become a man of metre?
That's the next degree upward to the giddy
Station of a foolish lover. They are
Compos'd into a song too. Sing it, Viola!

VIOLA *sings the song.*

VIOL. Wake all the dead! what hoa! what hoa!
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lye low;
They mind not poor lovers who walk above
On the decks of the world in storms of love.
No whisper now nor glance can pass
Through wickets or through panes of glass;
For our windows and doors are shut and barr'd.
Lye close in the church, and in the churchyard.

In ev'ry grave make room, make room!
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.

2.

The State is now love's foe, love's foe;
'T has seiz'd on his arms, his quiver and bow;
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Because he made way for lovers to meet.
But O sad chance, his judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his process would draw.
O heavens that love should be subject to law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!
Lye two in a grave, and to bed, to bed!

Enter LUCIO, BALTHAZAR.

BEAT. Signior Lucio, you are grown so desp'rate
As to write verses?
LUC. Very little business, much love,
And no money makes up a parcel-poet.
But the verses are not mine.
BEAT. Whose are they?
LUC. Balthazar knows the author.
BALT. Not better than you, who had them from him.
LUC. Pray, madam, let him tell you.
BALT. Excuse me, sir, I am as chary of
Getting my friend the ill name of a poet,
As you are.
BEAT. Why, gentlemen, you will not make
A secret of telling the hour of the day,
When your watches are ready to strike?
Pray, whose are the verses?
LUC. Madam, the author's name is Benedick.

BEAT. Is't possible? I am glad he lies bare
Under the lash of the wits. There are now
No such tormentors in Turin as the wits.
Poor Benedick, they'll have him on the rack
Ere night; why, they will draw a strong line to
The subtle weakness of a spinner's thread.
BALT. I fear he will be quickly liable
To a greater torment, than any that
The wits can inflict.
LUC. Madam, we are your vow'd servants,
We cannot chuse but tell you all. Balthazar,
You made the first discovery; you may speak it!
BALT. Madam, 'tis not civil to lengthen your
Expectation. He is in love!
BEAT. In love? that were a sudden change, and would shew
More of the moon in him, than is in a mad-woman.
Good Balthazar, with whom?
BALT. Lucio was ready to die laughing when
He found it, and swore then he would tell you.
BEAT. Keep your oath, Lucio; who is't that has caught him?
LUC. Nay, Madam, you now impose upon me.
BEAT. Let me entreat you.
LUC. Why then, as sure as you can love no lover,
He loves you.
BEAT. This sounds like fiction and design.
Good Balthazar, he is but newly gone
From hence, go seek him out, and bring him back!
Your friendship may prevail with him.
LUC. It will beget more mirth, than belongs
To a morrice in the month of May.
BALT. But I beseech you no words of our discov'ry. [*Exit Balthazar.*
BEAT. Signior, you may trust me.
Perhaps, Lucio, you cannot think it strange,
That I believe you of my party;

And fitter for my trust than Balthazar.
LUC. O no, madam, I have been trusted by
Young ladies ere now.
BEAT. Are you sure Benedick loves me? he has
No fashion of a lover in public.
LUC. Poor man, he has two contrary extremes
Of love-madness. He is in company
As fantastical as a fencer after
His victory in a prize; but, in private,
He will sigh more than an old Dutch pilot
That has lost his ship.
BEAT. I shall have rare diversion if his fit holds.
LUC. It is not good to jest away men's lives.
BEAT. I see you are serious: but will you swear this?
LUC. If you can endure the coarseness of swearing;
I've been unlucky at play in my time,
And shall quickly swear like a losing gamester.
BEAT. Stay, sir! you may take up the fool's commodity
Of belief, without engaging of oaths:
I know you are a man of excellent temper.
LUC. Madam, I swear by—
BEAT. I pray, sir, hold!—
LUC. Nay, if you would put me to't.
BEAT. Lucio, you must dissuade him from his love;
And I must trust you. I have but one heart,
And that is already dispos'd of.
LUC. Madam, all lovers compar'd to Benedick
Are but lamentable courtiers in old clothes.
BEAT. Truly, he was wont to be merry.
LUC. Ere he felt love his heart was as sound
As any bell, and his tongue was the clapper:
For what his heart thought his tongue would speak.

Take heed, you must not lose him.
BEAT. Lucio, my heart is design'd to another.
LUC. Madam, may I be bold t' enquire to whom?
BEAT. You know the man.
LUC. Be he what he will, he must shew as ugly
As a tall man sitting on a low stool
Before a chimney, compared to Benedick.
BEAT. You ought not to say so, when I name him.
LUC. Madam, I dare justify my friend.
BEAT. I shall be angry if you compare him
To him whom I can name. Suppose it is
Signior Lucio?
LUC. Madam, I confess, comparisons
Are somewhat odious.
BEAT. O, are they so? I pray let me advise you
Not to lessen yourself; though I perceive
You cannot chuse but make much of your friend.
LUC. Sits the wind on that side? I must hoist sail,
With top, and top gallant.
BEAT. But are you not tied, sir, by some deep vow
To woo for Benedick? I am very tender
Of men's vows.
LUC. Will you believe me, madam?
BEAT. Without oaths, I beseech you.
LUC. He knows as much the matter of this visit,
As I do of the Great Turk's particular
Inclination to red herring.
BEAT. Are you in earnest?
LUC. Balthazar and I
Were only over officious to serve him.
BEAT. Nor he is not in love?
LUC. No more than a man that goes continually
To sea to make discoveries.
BEAT. Then it appears a little strange,

That you made this hearty address for him.
LUC. On my honour, madam, it was to get
Some opportunity to move for myself.
BEAT. And you think him no extraordinary wit?
LUC. So, so! a modest wit! somewhat out of countenance
Being laught at; for then he grows as melancholy
As a lodge in a warren.
BEAT. Right, I use to laugh at him.
And then there's a partridge wing sav'd at night;
For the fool will eat no supper.
LUC. Madam, I see you know him.
BEAT. Signior Lucio, be kind to your self! [*Exit.*
LUC. Lucio, if thou were't any thing but Lucio,
I would hug thee to death. Some men in choler
Rail against fortune, but I adore her:
She has made her sail of my mother's smock.
I would the poets would send us a dozen
Such goddesses.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BAL. I have been seeking Benedick: and I
Am told now he's gone up the back-stairs,
And is in private with the deputy.
Where's the Lady Beatrice?
LUC. Balthazar, trouble not your self, for men
May often lose their labour.
BALT. How so?
LUC. Benedick is not the man she aims at.
BALT. He's very singular and eminent.
But I confess, this angling for ladies
Is a very subtle sport.
LUC. They are fishes of fantastical palates;
And will sometimes sooner bite at a worm,
Than at a May-fly.

BALT. She has a full fortune. Twelve thousand crowns
A-year.
LUC. He will be safe from creditors that has her.

Enter VIOLA.

VIOL. Signior Lucio, my sister would speak with you. [*Exit.*
LUC. Balthazar, I must e'en retire from business;
You see I cannot rest for ladies.
BALT. I prithee put the matter home.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter DUKE *in Friar's habit*, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

CLAUD. Father, I thank you! I am now of death's
Small party, 'gainst the crowd who strive for life.

Enter ISABELL.

ISAB. What hoa! Grace dwell within!
PROV. Who's there? the wish deserves a welcome.
DUKE. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
CLAUD. Most rev'rend sir, I thank you.
ISAB. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
PROV. You are welcome! Look Signior, here's your sister.
DUKE. Provost, a word.
PROV. As many as you please.
DUKE. Bring me, where I, conceal'd,
May hear them speak. [*Exeunt Duke, Provost.*
CLAUD. Now sister, what's the comfort?
ISAB. 'Tis such as earthly comforts use to be;
Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

CLAUD. Is there no remedy?
ISAB. Yes, brother, you may live!
There is a devillish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
CLAUD. Perpetual durance?
ISAB. 'Tis worse than close restraint, and painful too
Beyond all tortures which afflict the body;
For 'tis a rack invented for the mind.
CLAUD. But of what nature is it?
ISAB. 'Tis such as, should you give it your consent,
Would leave you stript of all the wreaths of war,
All ornaments my father's valour gain'd,
And shew you naked to the scornful world.
CLAUD. Acquaint me with my doom.
ISAB. If I could fear thee, Claudio, I should weep
Lest thou a shameful life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven short winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the small beetle, when we tread on it,
In corp'ral suff'rance, finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
CLAUD. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From tenderness? If I must die,
I'll welcome darkness as a shining bride.
ISAB. There spoke my brother: there my father's grave
Utter'd a cheerful voice. Yes, you must die,
You are too noble to conserve a life
By wretched remedies. Our outward saint
Does in his gracious looks disguise the devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond, as foul as hell.

CLAUD. The Princely Angelo?
ISAB. Oh, he is uglier than the frightful fiend
By pencils of our cloister'd virgins drawn.
Speak, Claudio, could you think, you might on earth
Be guiltless made by him, if I would Heaven,
Which never injur'd us, foully offend?
CLAUD. Infernal Angelo! can this be true?
ISAB. Yes, he would clear you from your blackest crimes,
By making me much blacker than himself.
This night's the time, when he would have me do
What I abhor to name, or else you must
Be dead to-morrow.
CLAUD. Thou shalt not do't!
ISAB. O, were it but my life,
I would for your deliverance throw it down,
Most frankly, Claudio.
CLAUD. Thanks, dear Isabell.
ISAB. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
CLAUD. Has he religion in him? sure he thinks
It is no sin, or of the deadly seven
He does believe it is the least.
ISAB. Which is the least?
CLAUD. If it were damnable, he being wise
Why would he for the momentary taste
Of lust, eternally be fed with fire?
But Isabell——
ISAB. What says my brother?
CLAUD. Death is a fearful thing!
ISAB. And living shame more hateful!
Sure you have studied what it is to die.
CLAUD. Oh sister, 'tis to go we know not whither.
We lie in silent darkness, and we rot;
Where long our motion is not stopt; for though
In graves none walk upright, proudly to face

The stars, yet there we move again, when our
Corruption makes those worms in whom we crawl.
Perhaps the spirit, which is future life,
Dwells salamander-like, unharm'd in fire:
Or else with wand'ring winds is blown about
The world. But if condemn'd like those
Whom our incertain thought imagines howling;
Then the most loath'd and the most weary life
Which age, or ache, want, or imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISAB. Alas, alas!

CLAUD. Sweet sister! I would live,
Were not the ransom of my life much more
Than all your honour and your virtue too,
By which you are maintain'd, can ever pay,
Without undoing both.

ISAB. Prepare your self! your line of life is short.

CLAUD. I am prepar'd: but sister, if
Your brother you did ever love; or if
Our mother's pity may your pattern be,
Let Juliet in your tender bosom dwell;
Who has no blemish, if such laws,
As innocent antiquity allow'd,
Were now of force, or if religion here
In Turin did not more subsist
By public form, than private use.

ISAB. You want authority to tax the law.
Let your submission your last virtue be.

CLAUD. Will you be good to Juliet?

ISAB. I will invite her to my breast, and to
A cloister'd shade, where we with mutual grief
Will mourn, in sad remembrance of our loss.

CLAUD. Your promise is now register'd in Heaven.
Bear her this fatal pledge of our first vows.
[*Gives her a ring.*

Farewell! To cloist'ral kindness both
Retire, where you may ever live above
The rage of pow'r, and injuries of love. [*Exit, and*

The DUKE *steps in.*

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young sister! but one word.

ISAB. What is your will?

DUKE. I would some satisfaction crave of that,
In which you likewise may have benefit.

ISAB. My sorrows, father, hasten me away.
I must beseech you to be brief.

DUKE. The hand which made you fair, has made you good.
Th' assault which Angelo has to
Your virtue given, chance to my knowledge brings.
I have o'erheard you, and with much astonishment
I gaze on the image you have made of Angelo.

ISAB. How is the noble Duke deceiv'd in such
A substitute? whose wickedness I will
Proclaim to all the world.

DUKE. Your accusation he will soon avoid,
By saying he but trial of
Your virtue made; therefore, I wish you would
Conceal his horrid purpose till fit time
Shall serve you at the Duke's return.
Do you conceive my counsel good?

ISAB. Father, I am oblig'd to follow it.

DUKE. Where lodge you, virtuous maid?

ISAB. The sisterhood of Saint Clare will soon inform you.
I lodge in the apartment for probation.

DUKE. There I'll attend you, daughter. Grace preserve you! [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* BEATRICE *at several doors, and* VIOLA *with her.*

BEAT. O sir! you are a very Princely lover!

You cannot woo but by ambassadors ;
And may chance to marry by proxy.
BEN. Your wit flows so fast
That I'll not stem the tide ; I'll cast anchor,
And consult in your cabin how t'avoid
Danger. The rocks are very near us.
BEAT. How now ? afraid of the deputy's ghost
Ere he be dead ? my sister shall lead you
Through the dark.
BEN. There is the pardon
Sign'd for Juliet and for Claudio too.
BEAT. I thank you, Benedick. Give it me!
BEN. You are as nimble as a squirrel, but
The nuts are not so soon crackt.
BEAT. Unless I have it I'll take back my thanks.
BEN. If it be possible to fix quick-silver
Stay but a little.
BEAT. What would you say ?
BEN. Eschalus is in the plot,
And was brought to't with more fears, than a furr'd
Alderman to an insurrection
Of prentices.
BEAT. Signior Eschalus ? could his gravity
Venture to change his gold chain for a halter ?
BEN. I was fain to pretend hourly correspondence
With th' absent Duke ; which gain'd me his respect.
I assur'd him of promotion, and then
He grew willing to betray his friend
And fellow-states-man, my brother. For men
Of that tribe are very loving, but especially
To themselves. He surpriz'd the signet,
And counterfeited the hand.
BEAT. Give it me ! I long to be about it.
BEN. A little patience; you would make your self

Ready without your glass.
BEAT. These male-conspirators are so tedious.
BEN. I must convey it to the Provost, and
Engage his secrecy.
BEAT. Make haste! you must not stay
So long as to be civil to him at parting.
BEN. My coach attends me at the gate.
BEAT. O, I forgot! Your two confed'rates have
Been here, and brought verses from you.
BEN. Verses? and from me?
BEAT. Yes, and they woo'd for you, but Lucio
Was soon persuaded to speak for himself.
He says you are a mere country-wit.
BEN. I'll dip him in this plot, till he grow solemn
With business. If it were fit
To be malicious, that caitiff, Lucio, should have his
Coxcomb cut off for foolish treason.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter ESCHALUS *meeting* BENEDICK.

ESCH. My lord, the warrant for the pardon? have you it?
BEN. Why ask you, sir?
ESCH. Still wear it in your hand, and watch it there.
BEN. I keep it 'tween my finger and my thumb,
As close as a catcht flea.
Are you afraid it will skip from me?
ESCH. The matter is of dreadful consequence.
BEN. Fear nothing, sir! the world would still
Run swiftly round but for you state-cripples,
Who make it halt with your politic stops
Of too much caution.
ESCH. If your brother, the deputy,
Circumvent us, you'll secure me by the Duke?
BEN. You shall add a lease of my life to your own.
Be resolute, I am in haste. [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter JAILOR, JULIET.

[*Viola knocking within.*

VIOL. [*within.*] My cousin Juliet, are you here?

[*Jailor opens the door.*

Enter VIOLA.

This fellow looks like a man boil'd
In pump-water. Is he married?

JUL. Are you not frighted with this dismal place?
How does your sister? speak, does she not blush
When she remembers me?

VIOL. I bring you good news!
Cousin, I would not meet that man in the dark.
Does he dwell here to lock up children
That are imprison'd for crying?

JUL. Tell me your happy news, dear Viola!

VIOL. Nay, I can tell you none, yet 'tis very good.
You shall hear all to-morrow.

JUL. To-morrow is the last in my short calendar.

VIOL. I have heard more than I will speak. You shall
Come forth and lye with me, and dream all night
Of new dressings, and dance all day.

JUL. Would I had ne'er outliv'd this innocence!

VIOL. Do your judges dwell here? were I that man,
I would walk in the dark and fright 'em.

JUL. That man does do you hurt. Let us retire!
Had I been wither'd at her beauty's spring,
And stay'd from growing at her growth of mind,
I had not known the cruel nor the kind.
Those who outlive her years do but improve
The knowledge of those griefs which grow with love.

[*Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Benedick, Lucio, Balthazar.

Ben. Lucio, you broke from our confed'racy
Against marriage, then woo'd in my behalf;
And afterwards for your self.
Luc. Do but hear me!
Ben. Excuses are like weak
Reserves after a battle is lost.
Luc. Let me be heard! for if poor truth
Have a tongue of her own and must not use it,
Why then she may retire into a corner,
And weep out her eyes.
Ben. What can you say?
Luc. I meant no more love to the Lady Beatrice,
Than I do to woo an arrested widow
With a serenade at a prison grate.
Balthazar knows my heart.
Balt. I know sev'ral of your hearts.
Men are not i' th' fashion unless they have
Change of ev'ry thing.
Luc. I ever thought her a mermaid.
Ben. How so?
Luc. From the breasts downwards she's as cold as a fish.
Ben. Well, Lucio, I'll call none but the four winds
T'accompt for what is past. Look, sir!——thus I
Blow away your offences: but you must
Be steady now, and diligent. I told
You my design for Claudio's preservation.
The Provost was your uncle's creature, and
By him prefer'd.
Balt. The Provost will make good
Our trust, and ev'ry character of gratitude.
Ben. You must engage him, Lucio, and discern

By what pretext or obstacle the friar
Proceeds so far to interrupt our hopes.
LUC. I'll bind the Provost to your service in
His own shackles. And, concerning the friar,
I'll straight confess him, and you shall know all.
BEN. Be sudden and successful! go! [*Exit Lucio.*

Enter BEATRICE *and* PAGE.

BEAT. O, are you come? I would have cried you as
A lost thing, but that I knew I should have
The ill luck to find you again.
BEN. You trip it too fast!
You need not be so swift to meet misfortune.
I had just now a letter from the Provost;
Who either suspects the truth of the pardon,
Because I enjoin'd him to secresy,
Or else is led by a friar to some fresh
Design.
BEAT. Are we circumvented by a friar?
Rather than not vex that friar, I'll invent
A new sect, and preach in a hat and feather.
BEN. 'Tis strange that men of their discretion
Should come abroad in old fashion gowns,
And drest with abominable negligence.
BEAT. Bus'ness makes them great slovens, and they love
To be busy.
BEN. And never observe
The right seasons when they are necessary.
For though we are content with their company
When we are old and dying; yet, methinks,
They should not trouble us with their good counsel
When we are young, and in good health.
BALT. Alas, poor book-men! they want breeding.
BEAT. Can we not separate the wicked Provost,
From this scrupulous friar?

BEN. I have sent Lucio to him.
BEAT. Benedick,
We will cast off the serious faces of
Conspirators, and appear to the deputy
As merry, and as gay, as nature in
The spring. This house shall be all carnival,
All masquerade.
BEN. Good! we will laugh him out
Of's politics, till he make paper kites
Of Machiavel's books, and play with his pages
In the fields.
BALT. And shall we sing and dance?
BEAT. Till the old senators lead forth
The burghers' widows, and cry out for a pavin.
Page, call Viola with her castanietos;
And bid Bernardo bring his guitar! [*Exit Page.*
BEN. My brother will not endure this habitation.
BALT. He'll rather go to sea and dwell in a gun-room.
BEN. Or lie round like a sexton's dog, beneath
The great bell in a steeple.
[*Viola strikes the castanietos within.*
BEAT. Hark! Viola has ta'en th' alarm.
BEN. Those castanietos sound
Like a concert of squirrels cracking of nuts.

Enter VIOLA *dancing a saraband, awhile with castanietos.*

BEAT. Shall we stand idle in seasons of business?
You have feathers on your head, Benedick;
Have you none at your heels?
BEN. I am, lady,
So very a kid at cap'ring, that you
May make gloves of my skin. Balthazar!
Call for more music.
BALT. Not for me, sir,
I can dance at the mere tolling of a bell. [*They dance.*

After the dance, enter ESCHALUS.

ESCH. Have you no apprehension of the deputy?
Are you insensible?
BEAT. Do you suspect
We are insensible by our want of motion?
BEN. You should provide my brother-deputy
A politician's quilted cap to cover
His ears. 'Twill preserve him from noise.
BEAT. These politic men should keep company
With their fellow-foxes in deep holes.
BALT. He'll grow so angry, that he'll lay the punishments
Of law aside, and pistol us with his own hand.
ESCH. This, signior, is not the right way to meet
Your brother's temper.
BEN. Signior! my meaning is
T'avoid the way where I may meet my brother.
I'll prove a very crab to him; for still,
As he proceeds, I purpose to go backward.
ESCH. I hope you'll be cautious about the pardon.
BEN. Pray, mingle so much courage with your wisdom,
As may bring you into the possibility
Of sleep again.
ESCH. Sir, I more than beseech you
Not to provoke your brother's gravity
With fantastical noises.
BEN. Believe me, we
Are politic; and do it to disguise
That melancholy which belongs to design.
ESCH. That may do well.
BEN. Go up, and retire with him!
If you stay here, he'll take you for a man
Of mirth; and then you'll lose his favour.

[*Exit Eschalus.*

BEAT. 'Tis fit, Benedick, you seek Lucio out,
To learn quickly the Provost's resolution.
I'll go change my scene to the garden-terrace,
Under your brother's window, that I may
Torment him with new noises.
VIOL. Shall I fetch the great girls that make bone-lace,
To sing out of tune to their bobbins?
BEAT. Do, Viola! let them be long lean wenches.
VIOL. And we'll hang a dozen cages of parrots
At his window, to tell him what's a clock.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter LUCIO *and* PROVOST.

LUC. I'd speak with that friar who obstructs the pardon.
PROV. His business with Claudio being done, he shall attend you.

Enter FOOL *in a shackle.*

LUC. Fool! what a pris'ner? I thought fooling had
Been free.
FOOL. Fooling is free before the wise;
But truly, signior, a fool can no more
Suffer a fool, than one of the wits can
Endure another wit.
PROV. You, sirrah, are committed for the worst
Kind of fooling. You have brought both sexes
Together.
LUC. A bawd? alas, poor fool! instead of being
In jest, you have been in earnest!
FOOL. I dealt with persons of quality,
With whom I thought fit to be mannerly.
Was't civil to let them meet to no purpose?
PROV. You have been civil indeed.
FOOL. All deeds must submit to interpretation.

For my part, to prevent all animosities
And heart-burnings between young men and women,
I brought them lovingly together.
LUC. A bawd in a fool's coat!
PROV. Mistress Mitigation gave him the livery.
LUC. 'Tis a villainous new disguise
For the good old cause.
How does Mother Midnight? what, she grows rich?
FOOL. Signior, sh'as eaten up all her beef now,
And is her self in the tub.
LUC. Powder'd to make her last. 'Tis not amiss.
But, prithee, what mean those keys at thy girdle?
PROV. I have preferr'd him. He's an under-jailor.
LUC. You have but chang'd your dwelling, fool; your office
Is the same: for you were wont to keep doors.

Enter DUKE.

PROV. Sirrah, look to your pris'ners! Signior Lucio,
I shall leave you with this rev'rend father.
[*Exeunt Provost, Fool.*
LUC. Good day, father!
DUKE. And to you, sir, a long and a good life!
LUC. Father, I aim at no difficult things;
If it be short and sweet, I'm satisfied.
DUKE. How mean you, sir?
LUC. Nay, I'm not now prepar'd for confession; besides
I'm in great haste. You must needs prevail
With the Provost to let the pardon pass.
DUKE. Some hours after the date of the pardon,
An order came hither for execution,

Which had proceeded too, if Friar Thomas
Had not, by help of the deputy's confessor,
Got a reprieve till to-morrow.

LUC. Th' absent Duke was a true friend to lovers.

DUKE. It seems you know the Duke?

LUC. Know him? yes friar, very well. I had th' honour
To be of his council: but I mean, sir,
In midnight matters. He was about once
To raise a charitable foundation;
Not for lousy learning, or such cripples
As creep from lost battles, but for poor
Diseas'd lovers.

DUKE. I did not think he had been amorous.

LUC. Who, he? yes as far as to your beggar
Of fifty: and he us'd to put a ducket
In her clack-dish.

DUKE. Is't possible?
He was not, sure, in's youth this way inclin'd.

LUC. No, he began to steer
The right course about forty; but, good man,
He repented the lost time of his youth. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Virtue's defensive armour must be strong,
To scape the merry, and malicious tongue. [*Exit.*

Enter JAILOR, ISABELLA.

ISAB. Good friend! be courteous, and let Juliet know
My name is Isabella, and I come
To serve her. Will you so much favour me?
There's for your pains—

JAIL. You must stay here, till I shall send her to you. [*Exit Jailor.*

ISAB. A prison is too good a den for
This rude beast.

Enter JULIET,—*Isabell salutes her.*

Have comfort, sister! I must call you so;
Though the uncivil law will not allow
You yet that name.
JUL. I am not worthy of it.
ISAB. Since you have spoke so humbly of your self,
You must and shall be comforted: perhaps,
Like conscience, love, when satisfied within,
May oft offend the law, and yet not sin.
JUL. I find the greatest love is an offence;
For greatest love is greatest confidence;
When, trusting those who for our credence woo,
We trust them with our love and honour too.
ISAB. I come to bring your sorrows some relief;
And would your crime not lessen but your grief.
JUL. How can I lose that honour which I gave
To him who can and will that honour save?
ISAB. When you your honour did to Claudio give,
Coz'ning your self, you did our sex deceive.
Honour is public treasure, and 'tis fit
Law should in public form dispose of it.
JUL. Oh Isabella! you are cruel grown.
ISAB. Sister! you gave much more than was your own.
JUL. I lov'd too much; yet, for your brother's sake,
Who had that love, you my excuse should make.
ISAB. My mother's life did fair example give
How, after death, we might unpunisht live.
Shé, dying, did my childhood then assign
To Claudio's care; he leaves you now to mine.
JUL. Oh Heav'n! you mean that Claudio still must die;
And I am now become a legacy?

ISAB. My friends are suing for your liberty,
And that you may secure from penance be.
JUL. What need I for the shame of penance care?
No blush e'er dy'd the paleness of despair.
ISAB. Do not, with weeping, vainly quench your eyes.
Tears are to Heaven a useful sacrifice
Where ev'ry drop moves mercy; but they gain
On earth no more remorse than common rain.
JUL. Is there no means your brother's life to save?
ISAB. None that I would afford, or he would have?
Yet can I not affirm that there is none.
JUL. O, call back Hope, which fast does from us run.
ISAB. Sister, you call in vain; for, when you know
How wicked now Saint Angelo does grow,
You will rejoice that death makes Claudio free,
And think your bonds more safe than liberty.
JUL. Is Angelo as wicked as severe?
ISAB. I more his kindness now than anger fear.
JUL. To what would tyrant-force kindly persuade?
ISAB. He gently treats, then rudely does invade.
I dare not give his purpos'd sin a name;
It is too hard a word for untaught shame.
JUL. False image of refin'd authority!
ISAB. Unless I yield my brother is to die.
Just now I left the guards drawn up, who wait
For execution at the prison gate.
JUL. Oh Isabell! why are we useless made?
Too weak t'inforce, and artless to persuade:
Nor you nor I can any help afford
To your dear brother, and my plighted lord.
Yet you have means; but must not have the will

By evil to prevent a greater ill.
ISAB. Have I the means? your grief misleads
your tongue.—— [*She is going out.*
JUL. I would do Claudio good, and you no wrong.
Your virtue is severe! Hear me but speak!
My heart will else out of my bosom break.
ISAB. Speak clearly then! You are not under-
stood.
May none do ill, that so they may do good?
Nature no greater gift than life can give.
ISAB. By virtue we our nature long outlive.
JUL. Can it be virtue to let Claudio die?
ISAB. His life should not be sav'd by infamy.
JUL. Loath'd infamy consists of evils grown
So impudent as covet to be known.
But those seem least which bashfully we shun
At first, and then for good intent are done.
ISAB. Sister, you argue wildly in your grief.
You are too good to seek a bad relief
For Claudio; therefore look for no reply.
JUL. I look for none; yet would not have him
die.—— [*Going out.*
ISAB. You seem'd to intimate that bashfulness
At evil doing makes the evil less;
That, when we good intend by doing ill,
We bring necessity t'excuse our will:
And, that our faults, when hidden by our shame,
Pass free from blemish, if they scape from blame.
JUL. Forget my words. How could they be but
weak,
When grief did make those thoughts which fear
did speak.
ISAB. Suppose I can a likely way devise,
That you, assisted aptly by disguise,
May take to-night my place with Angelo:
The means is not remote: what will you do?
JUL. I am amaz'd and apprehend you not.

ISAB. Your sudden ignorance is strangely got.
I now am going to the deputy,
To make to his request my last reply;
And I perhaps may promise willingness,
But on conditions made for my access
With bashful privacy retir'd from light;
From ev'ry witness too but secret night;
Whose thickest curtains shall immure the room,
Where for my promist person you may come.
Thus Claudio's life you save and lose no fame;
For where none sees we cannot feel our shame.
Ascribe to dire necessity the ill,
The good of it belongs then to your will.
Quickly resolve and I'll prepare your way.
JUL. Ere I will Claudio in my self betray,
I will the torment of his death endure:
His sickness more becomes him than the cure.
ISAB. How, Juliet? can you righteously refuse
Th' expedient which you plead that I should use?
Go chide the passion which would have me do
That which, though ill in both, seems least in you:
The good or ill redemption of his life
Does less concern his sister than his wife.
JUL. Alas, we know not what is good or ill.
ISAB. Perhaps we should not learn that fatal skill.
The serpent taught it first. Sister, away!
We'll more for patience, than for knowledge, pray.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, BEATRICE, JAILOR, PAGE.

BEAT. Where's Viola? have I lost her? that scare-crow
Makes a very bird of her.
BALT. She's run up-stairs, madam, to inform
Your cousin Juliet of your being here.
BEAT. Methinks this fellow looks not only ill,

But saucily ill.

BALT. How so, madam?

BEAT. 'Tis impudence to shew so bad a face
In good company——Friend, I'll reward you.

JAIL. The sooner the better.

BEAT. You shall wear my colours;
Boy, when he comes abroad
Bid my lacquies be careful to cudgel him.

JAIL. I thank you. [*Exit Jailor.*

Enter VIOLA.

VIOL. My cousin Juliet has lockt herself in
Her chamber, I saw her through the keyhole,
Weeping like nurse when she lost her wedding ring.

BEAT. Juliet, I cannot but
Pity thy private friendship, but am more
Vext at our public enemy, thy judge—

BALT. Your tears, madam, shew more pity than anger.

BEAT. No, sir, great storms do oft begin with rain.

Enter BENEDICK.

BEN. I saw your coach at the prison-gate, lady,
And thought y' had been arrested on
Suspicion of love, which now is made high-treason.
Natural bodies by the body politic.

BEAT. I should marvel, Benedick, how you had
The face to come within sight of my sex.
But that ill faces, being common, are
No cause of wonder.

BEN. Mine's a politic face; and few of that sort
Are held handsome; so politic that it
Will hardly be seduc'd to make another
In these dangerous times.

BEAT. So politic, as I'd have you walk only
At night, and with a dark lanthorn before you ;
That, though you see others, none may see you.
You are one of those whom I think unlucky.
BEN. This gloomy place presents you with strange visions.
Your coach attends you : I pray change the scene.
BEAT. Whither ? to see your brother's guards drawn up
For Claudio's execution ? 'las poor women
They get much by you men.
BEN. Truly, 'tis thought they might get more !
For men are always civilly willing,
Though ever blam'd. But, patience ! and we shall
Have right when we are heard.
BEAT. Heard ? yes, may she,
Who henceforth listens to your sighing sex,
Have her ass-ears in public bor'd, as love's
Known slave, and wear for pendants, morrice-bells,
As his fantastic fool.
BEN. No whisp'ring the Platonic way ?
BEAT. Platonic way ? my cousin has Plato'd it
Profoundly; has she not ? i' th' name of mischief,
Make friendship with yourselves, and not with us.
Let every Damon of you chuse his Pythias,
And tattle romantic philosophy
Together, like bearded gossips.
BEN. Though such conversation might breed peace in
A palace, yet 'twould make but a thin court.
BEAT. Discourse all day, lolling like lazy ill-
Bred wits, with your right legs o'er your left knees :
Defining love, till he become as raw
As if he were dissected by anatomists.
Give balls and serenades to your dear selves.

BEN. That were, as we are taught by the old proverb,
To be merry and wise.

Enter LUCIO.

LUC. We shall be more
Troubled with this fiddling friar, than with ten
Lay-fools. He has so infected the Provost
With good counsel, that there is no hope from him.
The guards are doubled at the prison gate ;
And Claudio is to die at break of day.
BEAT. Where's now your valour, sir ?
Is furious Benedick, like beasts of prey,
Courageous only in the field,
And with familiar tameness creeps in towns
Beneath the anger of your feeder's law ?
Jailor, where are you ? Bring me to my cousin !
[*Ex. Beat., Viol.*
BEN. She's rais'd to a most amiable humour.
Now is your time, Lucio, to make love to her.
LUC. I am now for the Platonic way of billing
Like meek turtles, without the noise of passion.
BALT. We, Lucio, who are parcel-lovers, should
Mourn like turtles over a bottle in
These days of persecution.
BEN. Signiors, prepare t' offend the laws ! I find
I must grow rude, and make bold with my brother.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter PROVOST, DUKE.

PROV. The guards thus doubled at the prison gate,
Confirms my doubt that Signior Benedick
Did counterfeit the pardon which he brought.
DUKE. You have another prisoner here
Condemn'd to die ?

PROV. The wicked Bernardine hath long
Been a most painful and a watchful robber,
But now the short remainder of his life
He lazily consumes in sleep.
DUKE. Is he so careless before death?
PROV. He minds
Not what is past, or present, or to come.
DUKE. He wants advice.
PROV. We oft have wakened him, as if he were
To go to execution, and shew'd him too
A seeming warrant, but he seem'd not mov'd.

Enter FOOL.

FOOL. The hangman waits to despatch his business
With your worship.
PROV. Sirrah, his business is with you.
FOOL. My worship will hardly be at leisure for him.
PROV. Call him in!

Enter HANGMAN.

This fellow, early in the morning is
To help you in your execution.
He cannot plead a quality above
Your service, he has been a noted bawd.
HANG. A bawd! fye on him, he'll disgrace our mystery.
FOOL. Sir, by your good favour, for surely, sir,
You would have a good favour, had you not
A hanging look, d'you call your trade a mystery?
HANG. Yes, you will find it so.
FOOL. What mystery there should be in hanging, if
I were to be hang'd, I cannot imagine.
HANG. It is a mystery: but you must be hang'd
Ere you can find it out.

PROV. Provide your block and axe;
And call Bernardine! [*Exit Hangman.*
DUKE. What horrid instruments are us'd by pow'r!
FOOL. Mr Bernardine, you must rise and be hang'd.
Mr Bernardine!
BERN. (*within*). Curse on your throat! who makes that noise?
What are you?
FOOL. Your friend, the hangman! you must be so good
As to rise, and be put to death.
BERN. Away you rogue! I am sleepy.
PROV. Tell him he must wake.
FOOL. Pray, Mr Bernardine awake till you
Are executed and sleep afterwards.
PROV. Go in, and fetch him out.
FOOL. He's coming, sir, for I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BERNARDINE.

BERN. How now, Fool, what's the news with you?
FOOL. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap close to
Your prayers, for the warrant's come.
BERN. Y'are a rogue! I've been drinking all night,
And am not fitted for the warrant.
FOOL. The better, sir; for he that drinks all night,
And is hang'd very betimes in the morning,
May sleep the soundlier all the next day.
PROV. Look, sir, here comes your ghostly father!
D'you think we jest now?
DUKE. Induc'd, sir, by my charity, and hearing how

Hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

BERN. Friar, not I. I've been drinking hard all night,
And will have more time to prepare me, or they
Shall beat out my brains with billets.
I'll not die to-day.

DUKE. O, sir, you must, and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BERN. I'll not die till I have slept, for any
Man's persuasion.

DUKE. But, hear you—

BERN. Not a word; if you have any thing to speak
Come to my ward, for I'll not thence to-day.
[*Exeunt Bernardine, Fool.*

PROV. What think you of this prisoner, father?

DUKE. Nature did never make a thing more wretched.
He is unfit to live or die. 'Twere want
Of common charity to transport him
In the mind he is. Let him have more time,
And be restrain'd from ev'ry nourishment but sleep
Till I have made him fit for death.

Enter JAILOR.

JAIL. Sir, a messenger at the prison gate
Knocks hard, and says that he must speak with you.

PROV. I come! Father, if it please you, let's retire.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CLAUDIO *and* FOOL.

CLAUD. Bolting the door we are unheard and safe.
Thou art a man, though in an ill disguise;

And should'st support thy being worthily.
FOOL. Why, truly sir, though I have had a couple
Of ill callings, yet I would live as well
As I could by both.
CLAUD. Thou hast a servant been to shame, and now
Art but an officer to cruelty.
There, take this gold! it is a thousand crowns.
Wilt thou not run a little hazard for
Much happiness? The venture is not great;
And it may probably produce at once
Thy freedom and support.
FOOL. Sir, mine is but
A thin summer-skin; 't has been often cut
And slasht with whipping. I would very fain
Sleep whole in it now.
CLAUD. Have courage, friend, 'tis gold!
FOOL. My grandam left me nothing at her death
But a good old proverb, that's Touch and Take:
And I may say 't has been a lucky proverb
To me. What would you have me do?
CLAUD. I have within a Page's habit, packt up
Close. Prithee, convey it by your friend,
The Jailor, to Julietta, whose escape,
In that disguise, I newly have contriv'd,
By correspondence with an officer
Who has the foremost station of
The guards without, and has been servant to
My father. If thou hast any tenderness
Do this, that she may scape from public penance.
FOOL. But how shall I scape, sir? I shall do penance
Without a sheet or shirt: for my kind tutor,
The hangman, will strip me stark naked
When I'm swinging, though the wind blow northerly.
CLAUD. The law for thy offence can doom thee

But to fetters during life, and half that gold
May purchase thy release.
FOOL. A sore whipping may come into the bargain.
But 'tis a poor back that cannot sometimes
Pay for the maint'nance of the belly. I'll do't!
CLAUD. Pray lose no time; I have but little left.
FOOL. Have you no more gold? sure, you might scape too.
CLAUD. Friend, I have given you all I have, nor could
My greater plenty work my liberty;
For my confederate dares not undertake
To make the passage clear for more than one,
Or, if he could, I want disguise for two.
FOOL. If you get out, sir, you then scape from death.
CLAUD. And she by freedom scapes from dreadful shame
Of doing penance. Pray, dispute it not!
[*Knocking within.*
What hand is that? if you prove faithful now
You'll gain forgiveness for your past offences.
FOOL. My golden guests retire you straight into
The closet of my breeches.
Much in all ages, good innocent gold,
Has been lay'd to your charge——
[*Puts up the bag and looks through the key-hole.*
It is the Lady Juliet's maid! I'll let
Her in; and bear the habit to her mistress.
[*Exit Fool.*

Enter MAID.

MAID. My lady with this letter, sir, sends you
Her dearest prayers and love.
CLAUD. Heaven value both, so much as they
Are priz'd by me—— [*Reads the letter.*

The Provost's wife, in pity of your distress; or perhaps out of love to your person, or rather, as I hope, out of respect to your virtue, has devis'd means for your escape. She has by large gifts prevail'd with my keeper to leave your passage free to my chamber. I beseech you, with the efficacy of my last breath, to make use of this occasion and to hasten hither. Your way to liberty must be out of my window, from whence by a small engine she will wrench the bars.

MAID. Can you find leisure to consider, sir,
Of that which by my lady is so well
Resolv'd?

CLAUD. The Provost's wife? will she facilitate
Your lady's liberty with mine?

MAID. She says, she cannot undertake so far.

CLAUD. Then I'll refuse her courtesy.

MAID. My lady sends you this request in tears.
Will you deny it her?

CLAUD. If my escape I from her chamber make,
The law will lay the guilt of it on her;
And she remains behind to bear
The punishment.

MAID. She hath agreed to that
Condition with the Provost's wife.

CLAUD. Your lady makes me an unkind request.

MAID. Have you the heart to judge it so?

CLAUD. Can she be ign'rant that the rigid law
Does judge it in a prisoner forfeiture
Of life, to help another prisoner to
Escape, who is condemn'd to die?

MAID. That forfeiture she cheerfully will pay:
But has so govern'd me with desp'rate vows,
That I lackt courage to refuse to bring
This message to you.

CLAUD. How pow'rful, fatal Juliet, is thy love!

Yet must it not more valiant be than mine——
[*Weeps.*
Tell her, I've newly sent her a request
More just than that which she has sent by you ;
It will be brought her with a present too :
Which if, unkindly, she denies to take,
She does by 'xample my denial make.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter ANGELO, SERVANT.

ANG. Attend her in, and then wait you at distance ! [*Exit Servant.*
O Love ! how much thy borrow'd shapes disguise,
Even to themselves, the valiant and the wise !

Enter ISABELLA.

ANG. Had you not fear'd th' approach of Claudio's fate
Which shews you are to him compassionate,
Though not to me, I had not seen you here.
He may your pity thank, and I your fear.
ISAB. My lord, I hardly could my self forgive
For suing still to have my brother live,
But that a higher hope directs my aim ;
Which, saving his frail life, would your's reclaim.
ANG. How desp'rate all your hopeful visits prove !
You bring me counsel still instead of love ;
And would in storms of passion make me wise.
Bid pilots preach to winds when tempests rise.
ISAB. But yet as tempests are by showers allay'd,
So may your anger by my tears be sway'd.
ANG. You must by yielding teach me to relent.
Make haste ! the mourners tears are almost spent.
Courtiers to tyrant-death who basely wait,
To do that tyrant honour whom they hate,
Inviting formal fools to see his feast

To which your brother is th' unwilling guest,
And the absolving priest must say the grace :
Night's progress done, Claudio begins his race.
ISAB. And with the morning's wings your cruel doom
He shall convey where you must trembling come,
Before that judge, whose pow'r you use so ill,
As if, like law, 'twere subject to your will.
The cruel there shall wish they had been just,
And that their seeming love had not been lust.
ANG. These useless sayings were from cloisters brought :
You cannot teach so soon as you were taught.
You must example to my mercy give ;
First save my life, and then let Claudio live.
ISAB. Have you no words but what are only good,
Because their ill is quickly understood ?
Dispose of Claudio's life ! whilst cruel you
Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue ;
Till by long custom of forgiving none
Y'are so averse to all forgiveness grown,
That in your own behalf you shall deny,
To hear of absolution when you die.
ANG. How, Isabell ? from calms of bashfulnèss
Even such as suppliant saints to Heaven express,
When patience makes her self a sacrifice,
Can you to storms of execration rise ?
[*Isabell is going out.*
Leave me not full of evil wonder : stay !
ISAB. Can it be good to hear what you would say ? [*He steps in and reaches a cabinet ;*
ANG. In this behold nature's reserves of light,
When the lost day yields to advancing night.
When that black goddess fine in frosts appears,
Then starry jewels bright as these she wears :
The wealth of many parents who did spare

In plenteous peace, and get by prosperous war.
ISAB. Of that which evil life may get, you make
A wonder in a monstrous boast;
Which death from you as certainly will take,
As 'tis already by your parents lost.
ANG. Be in this world, like other mortals, wise;
And take this treasure as your beauty's prize.
Wealth draws a curtain o'er the face of shame,
Restores lost beauty, and recovers fame.
ISAB. Catch fools in nets without a covert laid;
Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?
[*Going out.*
ANG. Stay, Isabell, stay but a moment's space!
You know me not by knowing but my face.
My heart does differ from my looks and tongue,
To know you much I have deceived you long.
ISAB. Have you more shapes, or would you new devise?
ANG. I'll now, at once, cast off my whole disguise.
Keep still your virtue, which is dignified,
And has new value got by being tried.
Claudio shall longer live than I can do,
Who was his judge, but am condemn'd by you.
The martial of the guards keeps secretly
His pardon seal'd; nor meant I he should die.
ISAB. By shifting your disguise, you seem much more
In borrow'd darkness than you were before.
ANG. Forgive me, who, till now, thought I should find
Too many of your beauteous sex too kind.
I strove, as jealous lovers curious grow,
Vainly to learn, what I was loth to know.
And of your virtue I was doubtful grown,
As men judge women's frailties by their own.
But since you fully have endured the test,

And are not only good, but prove the best
Of all your sex, submissively I woo
To be your lover and your husband too,
ISAB. Can I, when free, be by your words subdu'd,
Whose actions have my brother's life pursu'd?
ANG. I never meant to take your brother's life;
But, if in trial how to chuse a wife,
I have too diffident, too curious been,
I'll pardon ask for folly, as for sin;
I loved you ere your precious beauties were
In your probation shaded at Saint Clare:
And, when with sacred sisterhood confin'd,
A double enterprise perplext my mind;
By Claudio's danger to provoke you forth
From that blest shade, and then to try your worth.
ISAB. She that can credit give to things so strange,
And can comply with such a sudden change,
Has mighty faith, and kindness too so strong,
That the extreme cannot continue long.
I am so pleas'd with Claudio's liberty,
That the example shall preserve me free.
ANG. Was I, when bad so quickly understood;
And cannot be believed when I am good.
ISAB. In favour of my sex, and not of you,
I wish your love so violent and true,
That those who shall hereafter curious be,
To seek that frailty, which they would not see,
May by your punishment become afraid,
To use those nets which you ignobly laid.
ANG. Ah, Isabell! you blam'd my cruelty!
Will you, when I shew mercy, cruel be?
ISAB. You might have met a weaker breast than mine,
Which at approach to parley would incline:
How little honour then you had obtain'd,

If, where but little was, you that had stain'd !
Had you been great of mind, you would have strove
T' have hid, or helpt the weaknesses of love,
And not have used temptations to the frail,
Or pow'r, where 'twas dishonour to prevail.
You will, if now your love dissembled be,
Deceive yourself in not deceiving me.
If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,
Lest you should think me apt to be deceiv'd. [*Exit.*

ANG. Break heart ! farewell the cruel and the just !
Fools seek belief where they have bred distrust :
Because she doubts my virtue I must die ;
Who did with vicious arts her virtue try. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DUKE *and* ISABELLA.

DUKE. You told me, daughter, that the marshal has
Your brother's pardon seal'd, and I shall watch
All means to keep him safe, lest Angelo
Should turn his clemency into revenge.
Do not th' assurance of his freedom buy
With hazard of a virgin's liberty.

ISAB. I shall with patience follow your instruction.

DUKE. Night's shady curtains are already drawn ;
And you shall hear strange news before the dawn.
[*Exit Duke.*

Enter FRANCISCA.

FRANC. Is the good father gone ?

ISAB. Yes, sister, and has left my breast in peace. [*A bell rings.*

FRANC. This bell does nightly warn us ere we sleep,
T' appease offended Heaven. Let us go pray,
That the world's crimes may vanish with the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BENEDICK, ESCHALUS, BEATRICE, VIOLA, LUCIO, *singing a chorus within.*

ESCH. Your brother, sir, has an unquiet mind:
'Tis late, and he would take his rest.
VIOL. We'll sing him asleep.
BEN. Shall he who should
Live lean with care of the whole common-wealth,
Grow fat with sleep like a Greenland-bear?
ESCH. Rulers are but mortal; and should have rest.
BEN. A Statesman should take a nap in his chair,
And only dream of sleep.
BEAT. These great tame lions of the law,
Who make offenders of the weak,
Should still seem watchful, and like wild lions
Sleep with their eyes open.
ESCH. Is night a season for singing?
VIOL. We'll sing like nightingales, and they sing at night.
ESCH. Take heed! for the grand-watch does walk the round.
BEAT. Signior, when did you hear of nightingales
Taken by the watch?
LUC. Madam, we'll sing! The governor
May come, if he please, and sigh to the chorus.
ESCH. I'll bear no part, sir, in your song,
Nor in your punishment. [*Exit Eschalus.*

The SONG.

LUC. Our ruler has got the vertigo of State;
The world turns round in his politic pate.

He steers in a sea, where his course cannot last,
And bears too much sail for the strength of his mast.

CHO. Let him plot all he can,
Like a politic man,
Yet love though a child may fit him.
The small archer though blind,
Such an arrow will find,
As with an old trick shall hit him.

2.

BEAT. Sure Angelo knows love's party is strong;
Love melts, like soft wax, the hearts of the young.
And none are so old but they think on the taste,
And weep with remembrance of kindnesses past.

CHO. Let him plot all he can, &c.

3.

BEN. Love in the wisest is held a mad fit;
And madness in fools is reckon'd for wit.
The wise value love, just as fools wisdom prize,
Which when they can't gain, they seem to despise.

CHO. Let him plot all he can, &c.

4.

VIOL. Cold cowards all perils of anger to shun;
To dangers of love they leap when they run.
The valiant in frolicks did follow the boy,
When he led them a dance from Greece to old Troy.

CHO. Let him plot all he can, &c.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BALT. Behind the garden of the Augustines

Your friends attend. You must be sudden if
You'ld be successful.

BEN. I come! Bid Lucio in a whisper to
Retire, and to expect my orders at
Saint Laurence Gate. Lady, though you deny
Sleep to my brother, yet, you may do well
Tallow a little of it to your self.
It grows late; and Viola, methinks, begins
To lose an eye with watching in your service.

VIOL. I love watching and dancing too in moon-
shine nights,
Like any fairy.

BEAT. Can whispers hide your bus'ness, Benedick,
When you are such a weather-cock, that with
But looking on you I can quickly find
Where the wind sits? Well, I wish you some
danger,
That you may get the more honour.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCHALUS.

ANG. It is not just I should rebuke them for
Their harmony of mind; that were to shew
The rage, and envious malice of the devil,
Who quarrels with the good, because they have
That happiness, which he can ne'er enjoy.

ESCH. My lord, I find you sick for want of rest;
And grieve to hear you say, the cause of your
Disease is in your self.

ANG. No sickness, Eschalus,
Can be more dangerous than mine, of which
The cause is known to that physician, who
Enjoins me to despair of cure.

ESCH. Your words amaze me!

Enter 1. SERVANT.

1. SERV. To arms, my lord, to arms!

The ancient citizens are wakt in terror
By the insulting youth ; who in loud throngs
March through the streets to the parade.
ANG. Hence, coward ! thou art frighted by thy dream. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter 2. SERVANT.

2. SERV. Arm, arm, my lord ! your brother is revolted,
Heading a body of disbanded officers.
He is in skirmish with your guards,
To rescue Claudio from the law.
ANG. My brother grown my public enemy ?
This iteration sounds like truth. I was
Just now sending to declare Claudio's pardon,
And to hasten his and Juliet's liberty.
ESCH. You purpos'd well, but your performance was
Too slow.

Enter 1. SERVANT.

1. SERV. 'Tis said the marshal of your guards is slain.
ANG. That's a surprise of fortune ; for he had
Claudio's pardon, and, had he shewn it, might
Perhaps have quencht the mutiny.
My armour ! and command my guard of Switzs
To march, and to make good the pass, which leads
To Saint Jago's Port. Haste, Eschalus !
And bid Montano make a sally from
The citadel. [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter DUKE, PROVOST.

DUKE. Lock up your pris'ners, and secure the gates !
PROV. I did suspect by Lucio's menacings,
That Benedick would Claudio's liberty

Attempt by force; and therefore did provide
For opposition to attend th' assault.
Forty, selected from the guards without,
I have drawn in.

DUKE. Are they enter'd?

PROV. They are, and bold Ursino does command 'em.

DUKE. Th' expedient which, in haste, I have prescrib'd,
Will in extremity be fit to use;
Though when you threaten't men may think you cruel.

PROV. Father, I'll strictly follow your advice.

DUKE. Offer a parley from the battlements.
Be careful, valiant Provost, of your charge,
And Heaven take care of you!

PROV. I'll through the postern lead you out:
Your function will protect you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, OFFICERS.

BEN. Remove the marshal straight where surgeons may
Attend his wound, which is not mortal, though
His loss of blood deprive him of his speech.

BALT. A squadron of the guards, at our approach,
Retir'd into the prison, to make good
The gates against assault.

BEN. Their sudden fear begot that policy,
Rather to make conditions for themselves,
Than for the place.

BALT. The Provost will be obstinate.

BEN. It may be safer for him to preserve
His courage for some other use.

Enter LUCIO, DUKE.

LUC. Father Fox, the friar, is stoln out of his hole;

And is going to make a visit to
The geese of his parish.
BEN. Lucio, let him pass!
LUC. If you give quarter to the enemies
Of lovers, you will be follow'd in your
Next war by none but decrepid old soldiers;
The youth will all forsake you.
BEN. Unhand him straight! we must, in rev'rence to
His function, make him free.
DUKE. Peace be with your lordship.
LUC. Take care of lovers in your orisons,
And the rather, because, praying for them,
You pray for the Duke. Remember that friar.
DUKE. If e'er I see the Duke, sir, he shall know
How much he is oblig'd to you.
BEN. Lucio, be stedfast in your station!
[*Exeunt Duke, Lucio.*

PROVOST *from the battlements.*

BEN. Look up! the Provost does relent: he seems
Inclin'd to parley.
PROV. May fortune serve the valiant Benedick
In all attempts, but when he does invade
The forts of law, where justice would secure
The trophies of her victories.
BEN. Provost, I take your greeting well, and wish
Your courage more success, than you in your
Resistance now are like to find. You are
Too wise to talk of law to those who mean
To justify their actions by their swords.
PROV. My lord, some honour I have gotten in
The face of enemies; and will not lose
It in the sight of friends.
BEN. You must give Claudio and Julietta liberty;

And then your other pris'ners, and your self,
Shall, undisturb'd, be at your own dispose.
PROV. Claudio, by sentence, is condemn'd; and, sure,
My office does engage my honour to
Make good the sentence of the law.
BALT. Provost, we come not here to make a war,
Like women, with vain words.
BEN. Accept of peace by yielding that which I
Would gain by a request, or else expect
The worst event of force.
PROV. Your force I will
Oppose; and when my temper is too much
Provok'd, perhaps the extremity may make
Me shew you such an object, as will hurt
Your eyes.

Enter LUCIO.

LUC. My lord, retire to face your brother's pow'r,
Which now is doubled by a sally from
The citadel.
BEN. Make good the passage at Saint Laurence Gate:
And, whilst my squadron does advance,
You, Balthazar, must march at distance with
The rear.
PROV. Ursino! range your partizans!
'Tis now our time to make a sally too. [*Exeunt.*
[*Clashing of arms within.*

Enter BEATRICE, VIOLA, LACQUEY.

VIOL. Sister! sister! can we not hide our selves?
BEAT. Fear nothing, Viola, till you are in love.
But then our faces we like wood-cocks hide;
Whilst foolish fear, which is in women shame,
Makes us but tempt the fowler to give aim.

Enter 1. PAGE.

1 PAGE. Madam, all's our own!

BEAT. Well, speak! you are one of those messengers
Who lost his wages by his diligence;
Running so fast to bring good news, that he
Wanted breath to utter it.

1 PAGE. Count Benedick's a most substantial man.
Would the sun were up, that his friends might see
How he stands to't, whilst his enemies fly from him.

BEAT. He is a substance fit to stand i' th' sun
To make a shadow. And, being the substance,
Lucio must be the shadow! if Benedick
Fly first, Lucio will not fail to follow him.

1 PAGE. There is no end of Count Benedick's valour.

BEAT. Valiant without end; that is, stout to no purpose.

Enter 2. PAGE.

2. PAGE. Oh madam! Count Benedick is lost.

BEAT. How? This foolish boy was ever given to lying.
Lacquey, go out, and bring me truth; such truth
As I shall like, or else return no more.

2. PAGE. Madam, all the maids——

BEAT. Peace! Your intelligence comes from the laundry.

VIOL. Well! I fear the news may be too true, then;
They know what they say. Carlo, tell it me!
[*Page and Viola whisper.*

BEAT. My eyes are not prophetical; perhaps
They melt too soon. Lost, valiant Benedick,
Lost by thy noble kindness for my sake;

Who, whilst I pitied Claudio in his danger,
Had of thy safety no indulgent care.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BALT. Madam, pardon my haste, which is as rude
As my unseasonable visit.

BEAT. Tell me, I pray, the business of this night?

BALT. Count Benedick began it with success;
Who to redeem unhappy Claudio from
The arms of death, and Juliet from the shame
Of public penance, did assault the guards
Attending near the prison gate; and at
The first encounter did disperse that force.

BEAT. This is no wonder; for, in honour's game,
Where many throw at the last great stake, life,
As if 'twere but light gold, young gamesters oft
Are lucky.

BALT. The Provost offered parley, but denied
To yield the pris'ners, and the cause which made
Him obstinate grew quickly evident;
By old Montano's sally from the citadel,
And Angelo's advance with all his Zwitz:
These were by valiant Benedick repulst.

BEAT. I'm not sorry now that I have his picture:
For the vain gentleman will quickly grow
So alter'd by success that without his
Image I should hardly know him.

BALT. Lord Angelo would have retir'd into the citadel;
But in the strife of that retreat
Brave Benedick receiv'd a wound.

BEAT. A wound!—excuse me, Balthazar, if I
Assume the feeling of your friendship to him,
And pity him for your sake.

BALT. The wound was slight;
And rather serv'd t'augment his courage, than

To waste his strength.

BEAT. Well, I'll allow him courage. Pray, proceed!

BALT. With many shouts saluted, he again
Summon'd the Provost; who, enraged at our
Resistance of his sally from the prison,
Licens'd his anger even to cruelty;
For, as a dire expedient to prevent
Th' occasion of a new assault, he doom'd
Young Claudio to endure the bloody axe;
And from the battlements shew'd us his head.

BEAT. Enough! your story grows too dismal to
Be heard. Dead Claudio yet more happy is
Than living Juliet. Pray be brief, if you
Have any other sorrows to reveal!

BALT. The cruel Provost having thus provok'd
Count Benedick; he straight prepares to storm
The prison; and, th' assault was scarce begun
When, suddenly our sov'reign Duke breaks forth
From the dark cloud of that disguise, in which,
It seems, he hath remain'd conceal'd in Turin.

BEAT. The Duke in town?

BALT. Most visibly in person, and in pow'r.
For by his high command victorious Benedick
Is now with conquer'd Angelo, and both
Are pris'ners to the Provost.

BEAT. Sudden and strange!

BALT. Lord Angelo is kept from visitants,
To make him ignorant of what is past;
And, by the strictness of the guards to Benedick,
'Tis whisper'd and suspected that he will
Be sentenc'd for rebellion.

BEAT. I'll to the Duke! He's full of clemency;
A Prince, who, by forgiving, does reclaim,
And tenderly preserve for noble use,
Many whom rigid justice, by exemplar death,
Would make for ever useless to the world.

BALT. 'Tis fit you hasten to him.
BEAT. In his own arms he bred my infancy.
He ever yielded to me when I su'd
For men who had no other plea to get
Their pardon but their misery ; and, sure,
He'll not deny me when in tears I kneel
For valiant Benedick. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit*, ESCHALUS, PROVOST, FRIAR THOMAS, ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. In favour of that pow'r, which I did leave
In Angelo's possession, as my substitute,
I have reliev'd him from his brother's fury.
But Angelo, in his short government,
Disfigur'd and disgrac'd that fair
Resemblance which he wore of me
By many blemishes.
ESCH. Though your accustom'd clemency should give
Him leave to use his eloquence in's own
Defence, yet he would silence it, and hope
For no relief but from your gracious mercy.
DUKE. Provost, he is your prisn'er now
With Benedick. Take care they do not meet.
PROV. Sir, they are sever'd under watchful guards.
DUKE. 'Tis well. Go, do what further I enjoin'd you.
PROV. I humbly beg your Highness' pardon, for my
Ignorance of what you were when you
Were pleas'd to make your visits in disguise.
DUKE. You need no pardon, but have merited
My thanks and favour. [*Exit Provost.*
FRI. THO. Is it your Highness' will that I attend you ?

DUKE. I've left your habit, but will ne'er forsake
Your company nor counsel. Father, now
You must make haste, and do as I directed.
FRI. THO. I shall be diligent in both of your
Commands. [*Exit Friar Thomas.*
DUKE. You, Eschalus, complain of being wrong'd
By having been made ignorant of all
These evils past. I left you not to sleep
Away your time.
ESCH. If you vouchsafe me not your pardon,
I shall with shame receive my punishment;
Though it is better to be ignorant
Than to be guilty.

Enter BEATRICE, VIOLA, 2 PAGES, LACQUEY.

BEAT. As virtuous virgins, by their vows to Heaven,
Have brought you here, so may their prayers
Preserve you long amongst us.
DUKE. I thank you, beauteous maid. But I perceive
Affliction in your eyes. Whence does it come?
BEAT. I am a lowly suitor to your Highness.
DUKE. I hope you are not so unfortunate
As to desire a benefit, which I
Unwillingly shall grant.
BEAT. If no offenders were, then sov'reign pow'r
Would have no use of mercy:
Though Benedick has much offended, yet
Forgive that valour which by yours was bred;
And let him not be lost who was misled.
DUKE. Your heart is alter'd since I saw you last.
Can Benedick in his affliction now
Prevail; and be petition'd for by you
Who scorn'd him when he did in triumph sue?
This riddle I will leave to Eschalus.
Give me a quick account of it. I shall

Consider and take care of your request.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter ANGELO, FRIAR THOMAS.

ANG. In the perplexity of fight, when I
Was forc'd to a retreat, I did suppose
My brother, to procure the people to
His side, had publish'd but in artifice
The Duke's return.
FRI. THO. The Duke is certainly in town, and has,
During the time of your vicegerency,
Remain'd here in disguise. He did converse
With Isabella, and continually
Receiv'd from her true knowledge of her griefs,
And by what art you have afflicted her.
ANG. Oh, Father, I am lost!
FRI. THO. Could you suppose
You were your brother's prisoner here?
ANG. In the dark mist of our encounter,
I was led to that mistake.
FRY. THO. 'Twas a mistake indeed;
For Benedick's your fellow prisoner now,
And under strict command.
ANG. I know him noble, though by passion urg'd
To this outrageous violence against
My ill dispos'd authority: and, had
He now been free, I easily should have hop'd
His favour with the Duke might have procur'd
My peace and pardon too. But, in my strict
Restraint, how, Father, did you get this visit?
FRI. THO. By an especial leave to comfort you.

Enter PROVOST.

The Provost has perhaps occasion of concernment
With you. I'll take leave a while. [*Exit Friar.*
PROV. My lord, with blushes I appear

I' th' presence of your most unhappy fortune,
Asham'd of my authority ; but 'tis
His Highness' will, that you should now
Be subject to my pow'r, who have been long
Govern'd by yours.
ANG. You will be civil to me, Provost, if
You think I am contented with this change.
PROV. You are so well prepar'd for grief,
That I may now ask leave to tell you, he, whom
You did hastily condemn, was, with dispatch,
As fatal as your sentence, executed.
ANG. Who can you mean ?
PROV. Th' unhappy Claudio.
ANG. Is he executed ? The Marshal had his pardon seal'd.
PROV. The Marshal, who is now in hope of cure,
Was by his wound last night in the first charge
Depriv'd of speech ; so, by the law of destiny,
Your purpos'd remedy against your law
Was known too late : for, to divert
The fury of th' assault, by taking from
His friends that hope which was the cause of strife,
I did appoint him for the axe ; and from
Our battlements shew'd them his head.
ANG. All my sinister stars have met at once
In consultation how to ruin me.
PROV. A moment ere his death, a friar, who was
Official here, did marry him to Juliet :
And therefore now I come to know, how far
You, by your plentiful estate, will please
To give subsistence to his mourning widow ?
You know that his possessions, and her dowry,
He dying guilty by the sentence of
The law, are both confiscate to the Duke.
ANG. My bosom is too narrow for this grief ;
I give her all I have.

Enter ESCHALUS.

ESCH. My lord, I grieve to tell you, that the Duke,
As a reward to Isabella's virtue for
Her suffrings, has already, by his promise,
Given her th' intended confiscation of
Your lands and treasure.

ANG. 'Tis righteously bestow'd. But where, alas!
She having all, is Juliet's recompence?

PROV. Let's leave him, signior, to his thoughts.
[*Exit Provost.*

ANG. How wisely fate ordain'd for human kind
Calamity, which is the perfect glass
Wherein we truly see and know our selves.
How justly it created life but short;
For, being incident to many griefs,
Had it been destin'd to continue long,
Fate, to please fools, had done the wise great wrong.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. I come, my lord, to see you in eclipse:
You did too hurtful to mine eyes appear,
When with your glory you did fill your sphere.

ANG. Is it revenge that hath this visit bred;
Or are you hither by compassion led?

ISAB. With no revenge nor pity I comply,
But come, perhaps, in curiosity;
As in a great eclipse the curious run
T'inform themselves exactly of the sun:
For, when his light is lessen'd, they see more
Of his unevenness, than they saw before.

ANG. The spots in him only imagin'd be;
But all reported stains are true in me.

ISAB. As your confession of the worst of you
Seems now to utter more than does seem true,

So of the best of you, which is your love,
Perhaps you told much more than you could prove.
ANG. In an ill season you require a test,
T'assure you of that love which I profest;
When I can offer nothing that is fit,
To be a pledge to make you credit it;
Since all I had is by the Duke, as due
To injur'd virtue, freely given to you.
ISAB. Take back your wealth! improperly consign'd
To me, who prize no wealth, but of the mind.
ANG. How, Isabell? would you a present make
Of such a gift as you disdain to take?
It would more worthy of your bounty prove,
To keep such trifles, and to give me love.
But I would have what you can never give;
Claudio is dead, whose life should make me live.
ISAB. I shall redeem you now from half your fear;
I must be gone, but Claudio shall appear. [*Exit.*
ANG. What may this mean? Virgins so soft as she
Can never pleasure take in cruelty.
Heav'n oft in wonders does propitious grow,
Fortune no faster ebbs than it can flow.

Enter CLAUDIO, JULIETTA.

CLAUD. Let those who lost their youth retire to graves,
Death's closets, where, though there be privacy,
Yet there is never use of thoughts. Let us thank
Heaven that we have life, since we together
May enjoy it.
JUL. From a wild tempest, where we both were lost,
Heaven lands us strangely on a flow'ry coast.
CLAUD. Since none could thus recover'd be by Heaven,

Were not the crimes which lost them quite for-
given,
Let us express a kind forgiveness too.
JUL. Honour, would that without religion do ?
ANG. Are you the mortal substances of forms
Which you resemble, Claudio and Julietta ;
Yet, like immortal angels, can so much
Of good forgiveness speak ?
CLAUD. What act hath Angelo severely done,
For which his brother Benedick hath not
By kindness ample satisfaction given ?
ANG. How is this wonder to be understood ?

Enter BENEDICK.

BEN. The Provost, brother, has to happy pur-
pose
Deceiv'd us by the death of Bernardine.
Let us embrace and mutually exchange
Forgiveness !
ANG. Sure, our offences to each other will
Admit excuse, since the authority of mighty love
Did sway us both. This meeting has much com-
fort
In it though it be in prison.

Enter BEATRICE, VIOLA.

BEAT. Where is the rebel ?
BEN. No rebel, lady, to your pow'r.
BEAT. If you had err'd that way y'had never
been
Forgiven ; but you may offend your Prince
As often as you please. There's your pardon !
[*Gives him a paper seal'd.*
BEN. I hope you will not undo me.
BEAT. How so, sir ?
BEN. I am afraid 'tis a licence for marriage.
BEAT. No, sir, plays that end so begin to be

Out of fashion.

BEN. Do you not see your cousin Juliet?
She has been advis'd by a bald dramatic poet
Of the next cloister, to end her tragi-comedy
With Hymen the old way. [*Beatrice salutes Juliet.*

BEAT. Alas, poor cousin! Love has led thee a dance
Through a brake of thorns and briars.

JUL. Madam, take heed! though he be blind
He may find the way to lead you too.

VIOL. 'Warrant ye I'll run from that foolish boy,
And then let him try to overtake me.
[*A shout within.*

(*Within*). The Duke! the Duke!

Enter DUKE, ISABELLA, ESCHALUS, PROVOST, FRIAR THOMAS, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, BALTHAZAR, LUCIO, *behind the rest.*

DUKE. The motive, which last caus'd my visits
To this prison, was to give good counsel and to
Reclaim the ill-advis'd. But now I come
To count'nance the reclaim'd I can relate
Your latter story, Angelo: and am
Not ignorant, Benedick, of yours; but in
Remembrance of your former merits I
Forget your late attempts.

ANG. Your Highness makes
An hourly conquest of our hearts, and we
Most humbly bow in thankfulness for your
Continual clemency.

DUKE. The eye of pow'r does not alone observe
The heights, but lower regions of the world.
I have a convert here, whom I would see.

PROV. Call Bernardine!

BEN. Is he alive?

DUKE. I am more willingly appeas'd, because
The fury of the last encounter has

Not lost me any of my subjects' lives.
The marshal's free from danger of his wound;
And as the military sword has not
Prevail'd so far as life, so Justice, with
Contrition satisfied, did sheathe up hers.

Enter JAILOR, FOOL, BERNARDINE.

BALT. There's no harm yet.
LUC. I hope we shall all 'scape!
DUKE. The Provost, whose fidelity I shall
Reward, did in the storm preserve from wrack
This penitent; and from the battlements
Deceived you with the head of one, who of
A natural sickness died i' th' prison.
LUC. Under your Highness' favour, I suspected,
Afar off, that 'twas not Bernardine's, by
A small wart upon his left eye-lid.
DUKE. You were not bid to speak.
LUC. No, an't please your Highness,
Nor wisht to hold my peace.
BALT. Lucio, you will be talking.
DUKE. Remember, Bernardine, your vows to Heaven;
And so behave yourself in future life,
That I shall ne'er repent my mercy.
BERN. I am your Highness' debtor for this life,
And for th' occasion of that happiness
Which may succeed it after death.
DUKE. Is there not, father, in this company
One too much troubl'd with a lib'ral tongue,
Who hath traduc'd me to a brother of
Your cloister?
FRI. THO. Yes, sir, and here behold the man!
LUC. Who, I, father? I know you not.
FRI. THO. No, sir, but I know you.
LUC. I shall be glad, sir, of your acquaintance,
For my confessor is lately dead.

DUKE. But, Lucio, you perhaps would know me too,
Should I again put on the habit which
I wore, when boldly to my face you did
Traduce me in this prison.
LUC. If your Highness, forgiving now so many,
Will pardon me too, I'll hereafter hang
A padlock at my lips, and this good father
Shall keep the key of it.
DUKE. Your slanders, Lucio, cannot do me harm.
Be sorrowful and be forgiven.
BALT. Thy mother hath bewitcht thee the right way,
For no sword can pierce thee.
DUKE. Think me not singular, because
I did myself a while depose;
For many monarchs have their thrones
Forsaken for a cloistral life, and I,
Perhaps, may really that habit take,
Which I have worn but in disguise.
ANG. That were t' undo the world by leaving it.
BEN. Whilst so you seek imagin'd happiness,
We all shall find essential misery.
DUKE. My resolutions are not soon remov'd;
I'm old and weary of authority.
But, ere I leave it quite, since I have no
Successors of my own, let me dispose
Of best advantages to those whom I
Esteem, who may enjoy my pow'r. Lend me,
Chaste Isabella, your fair hand; which with
Your heart I dedicate to Angelo;
He now sufficiently that virtue knows,
Which he too much, too curiously has tried
ISAB. I have so long your council follow'd with
Success, as I am taught not to suspect
Much happiness will still attend

Th' obedience which does yield
To your command.
ANG. I fear my joys are grown too great to last.
DUKE. I have a good occasion, Benedick,
To thank you now for your successful toils
And victory in the Millain war; for which,
In ample recompense, I give you but
The heart, which I perceive you had before.
The witty war, which you so long have had
With virtuous Beatrice, now must gently end,
In joyful triumphs of a nuptial peace.
BEAT. Take heed! our quarrel will begin again;
And th' end of this long treaty will but bring
The war home to your own doors.
BEN. I'll venture. 'Tis but providing good store of
Cradles for barracadoes to line my chamber.
DUKE. Be happy, Claudio, in your faithful Juliet,
The persecutions of your loves are past.
CLAUD. They feel not joy who have not sorrow felt.
We through afflictions make our way to Heaven.
LUC. Fool, I've a mind to marry your grandmother.
FOOL. She stays for you in the church, and will prove
A sweet bed-fellow, for she has not been
Buried above a month.
DUKE. Provost! open your prison gates, and make
Your pris'ners free. The story of this day,
When 'tis to future ages told, will seem
A moral drawn from a poetic dream.

THE RIVALS.

The Rivals. A Comedy. Acted by His Highness' the Duke of Yorke's Servants. Licensed September 19, 1668 (*Roger L'Estrange*). *London, Printed for William Cademan, at the Pope's Head, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange* 1668. 4*to.*

The comedy of the Rivals is an alteration of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" which was first printed in 1634, with the following title:—"The Two Noble Kinsmen, presented at the Blackfriars by the King's Majesties Servants, with great applause: written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr John Fletcher, and Mr William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, by Thomas Cotes, for John Watersone, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Paul's Churchyard, 1634."

The question of the real authorship of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," more particularly in so far as relates to Shakespeare, has frequently been discussed, but without any very satisfactory result. Professor Spalding in 1832 published "a letter on Shakespeare's authorship of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen': a drama commonly ascribed to John Fletcher" *Edin.* 8vo, in which the argument is in favour of Shakespeare, while Mr Charles Knight, who ingeniously suggests that Chapman rather might have been the coadjutor of Fletcher, includes this play among the doubtful plays of Shakespeare in his pictorial edition of the Poet's dramatic works. In concluding his notice he says: "We have only one word to add. Chapman died in the very year that the first edition of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' was published, with the name of Shakespeare in the title-page. If the title-page were a bookseller's invention, the name of Shakespeare would be of higher price than that of Chapman." A fair conclusion, and warranted by the fact that the play was not printed until eighteen years after the death of Shakespeare, while the date of its first performance is unknown, but if Fletcher was concerned in it, Mr Knight says: "the inferences to be deduced from the prologue—that it was acted during his lifetime, and that he either claimed the sole authorship, or suppressed all mention of the joint authorship—are to be weighed against the assertion of the title-page, that it was

'written by the two memorable worthies of their time.'"

The plot of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" is derived from Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," which is best known at the present time through the medium of Dryden's "Palamon and Arcyte."

When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford, 1566, Wood informs us, "at night the Queen heard the first part of an English play named, Palæmon, or 'Palamon Arcyte,' made by Mr Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her chapel, acted with very great applause in Christ Church Hall." Another play is mentioned in Henslow's "Diary" under the date of September 1594, of "Palamon and Arsett," which was acted four times; and in the collection of MSS. presented to the British Museum by Patmore occurs: "Palamon and Arcite; or, the Noble Kinsmen, altered from Beaumont and Fletcher. A tragedy in five acts."

Kippis says: "In the supplement to the edition of 'Shakespeare's Plays' published in 1778, it is ingeniously and decisively shewn by Mr Stevens, that Shakespeare had no hand in writing the play of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen.' It has not been proved, by evidence of any kind, that he had the slightest connection with Beaumont and Fletcher."

While the authorship of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" is a matter of doubt, that of the alteration which we now print under the title of "The Rivals" has also been questioned, but the name of no one else than Sir William Davenant has ever been associated with it.

"The Rivals" is one of the principal or stock-plays given in Downes' list as performed during 1662 and 1665. He thus introduces it: "'The Rivals,' a play wrote by Sir William Davenant; having a very fine interlude in it, of vocal and instrumental music, mixt with very diverting dances; Mr Price introduced the dancing by a short comical prologue which gain'd him an universal applause of the town. The part of Theocles was done by Mr Harris; Philander, by Mr Betterton; Cunopes, the jailer, by Mr Underhill; all the women's parts admirably acted, chiefly Celia, a shepherdess, being mad for love; especially in singing several wild

and mad songs—'My lodging is on the cold ground, &c.' She performed that so charmingly, that not long after it raised her from her bed on the cold ground, to a bed royal. The play, by the excellent performance lasted uninterruptedly nine days, with a full audience." Davies in his notes on Downes' "Roscius Anglicanus," Waldron's edition, 1789, 8vo, says: "I know not on what authority this play of 'The Rivals' is ascribed to Davenant; it is not in the folio collection of his works, nor does the 4to edition of it bear his name. It is a very indifferent alteration of Shakespeare and Fletcher's 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' and contains several songs, &c., not in the original; particularly a hunting dialogue sung by foresters, hunters, and huntresses; the ideas and hunting terms in which are entirely borrowed from Ben Jonson's 'Pastoral of the sad Shepherd.'" In a subsequent note, he, in quoting the colophon of the title of the edition of 1668, observes of the publisher: "If this was Cademan, the actor, Downes might in addition to his own official knowledge as prompter, have been certified by *him* that Davenant was the author or alterer of it; which supposition clears up the doubt expressed in former note."

But our chief authority for classing "The Rivals" among the works of Sir William D'avenant is Langbaine, who, in his account of the English dramatic poets, 1691, says: "Rivals, a tragi-comedy in quarto, which at present I have not; but have heard Mr Cademan, for whom, as I think, it was printed, say it was writ by Sir William D'avenant."

Waldron remarks: "I think, from what we may gather from Downes and Langbaine, there can be no doubt of Davenant being the alterer of the 'Rivals' from the 'Two Noble Kinsmen'; though he did not think the alteration worth owning."

"Downes" Davies goes on to observe, "has forgot to tell us the name of the actress who performed Celia, which name likewise he has mis-written for Celania; the character was represented, according to the 4to, 1668, by Mrs Davis."

Mary Davis, certainly was "raised to the bed-royal" of Charles II., and had, by him, a daughter, Mary, who took

the surname of Tudor, and who, in 1687, was married to the son of Sir Francis Ratcliffe, who became Earl of Derwentwater.

Granger's "Biographical History of England" vol. 5, page 392, notes her portraits, thus :—

"Madame Davis; *Lely p. Valk f.* 1678, 4*to*, *mezz.*
Madam Davis; *Lely p. Thompson exc. b. sh. mezz.*"

"She is represented playing on a guitar, which was fashionable at court, and especially among the King's mistresses, who were greater leaders in fashions of all kinds than the queen herself.

> "No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
> The willing muses were debauch'd at court;
> On each enervate string they taught the note
> To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat."
>
> POPE.

At Billingbere in Berkshire, the seat of Richard Neville Neville, Esq., is a fine portrait of her by Kneller, with a Black. This picture, which is in the painter's best manner, was the property of Baptist May, who was privy purse to Charles, and of singular service to him in his private pleasures."

"It would be too indelicate to mention the particular consequences of the jalup which was given to Moll Davis at supper by Nell Gwynn, who knew that she was to lie the same night with the king. It is sufficient to hint at the violence of its operations and the disastrous effects, such effects as the ancients would have attributed to Anteros, a malignant deity, and the avowed enemy of Cupid."

F. G. Waldron, in his appendix to Downes' Roscius Anglicanus, notes: "The earliest instance I recollect of the title of *Miss* or *Mis* is in the following lines, the subject of which, I have no doubt, was Miss or Madam Davis, the celebrated performer of Celania, in the 'Rivals.'

> "'*To Mis* Davies *on her excellent dancing.*
>
> "'Dear Mis, delight of all the nobler sort,
> Pride of the stage, and darling of the Court,
> Who would not think, to see thee dance so light,
> Thou wer't all air? or else all soul and sp'rite?

Or who'd not say, to see thee only tread,
Thy feet were feathers? others' feet but lead?
Athlanta well could run, and Hermes flee,
But none e'er mov'd more gracefully than thee;
And Circe charm'd with wand and magick lore,
But none, like thee e'er charmed with feet before.
Thou miracle! whom all men must admire,
To see thee move like air, and mount like fire,
Whoe'er would follow thee, or come but nigh
To thy perfection, must not dance, but fly.'"

Flecknoe's Epigrams. Lond., 1669.

Downes is of opinion that elevation to the "bed royal" conferred the title of "Madam" on Mrs Davis, as it had previously done on her rival, Nell Gwyn.

Pepys mentions having seen "The Rivals" acted, but as on that occasion Mrs Davis did not perform the part of Celania, it is probable that it had been revived after she had procured admittance to the royal household, she having then left the stage.

"10th Sep., 1664.—All the morning much troubled to think what the end of our great sluggishness will be; for we do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a war. We must be put out, or other people put in. My wife and I, and Mercer, to the Duke's house, and there saw 'The Rivalls,' which is no excellent play, but good acting in it; especially Gosnell comes and sings and dances finely; but, for all that, fell out of the key, so that the musique could not play to her afterwards; and so did Harris also go out of the tune to agree with her."

Mrs Gosnell is noticed in vol. iv., p. 6, and Mr Harris in Crowne's Works, vol. i. p. 6, in this series.

The following notice of the death of Mrs Davis's daughter occurs in the Historical Register for the year 1726, vol. 11, a periodical which was printed at the charge of the Sun Fire Office, behind the Royal Exchange:—

"1726, Nov. 5.—Dy'd at Paris, aged 53 years or thereabouts, the Lady Mary Tudor, Countess of Derwentwater, relict of Francis Ratcliffe, second Earl of Derwentwater, who had issue by her, three sons and one daughter, viz., James, who succeeded his father in the Earldom, and was beheaded for high treason on Tower-Hill in 1716, Francis, and Charles, and the Lady Mary

Tudor. She was twice marry'd after the death of the Earl her first husband, viz., first to Henry Grahme, Esq.; and, after his decease, to —— Rooke, Esq., son of Brigadier-General Rooke."

Although the play of "The Rivals" is characterised as "an alteration" of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," they bear little resemblance to each other either in the scenes or dialogue, very few lines of the original having been retained in the "alteration."

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

ARCON, *The Prince of Arcadia.*		Mr YOUNG.
POLYNICES, *His General.*		Mr SMITH.
PROVOST,	*Mr. and keeper of the Citadel.*	Mr SANDFORD.
THEOCLES,	*Rivals to the Princess Heraclia.*	Mr HARRIS.
PHILANDER,		Mr BETTERTON.
CUNOPES, *The Provost's Man.*		Mr UNDERHIL.
HERACLIA, *Niece to the Prince.*		Mrs SHADWEL.
CELANIA, *Daughter to the Provost.*		Mrs DAVIS.
LEUCIPPE, *Celania's Maid.*		Mrs LONG.

Attendants and Guards.

THE RIVALS.

Act First.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, *and* Soldiers *as from victory.*

Arcon. The tyrant's high designs found ill success ;
'Twas not so easy as he fondly hop'd,
To make this country subject to his pow'r
By violence.

Polyn. Sir, he presum'd,
That your Arcadians were grown weak with ease ;
And love had soften'd us to cowardice.

Arcon. But he has found the heat of love in them,
Had not so stifl'd all their sparks of valour,
But that they still retain'd enough to make
A lightning which did blast his spreading pow'r.

Polyn. And that they had not so much courage lost,
Amongst the myrtles, as not to deserve
A victor's laurel, though they seem inclin'd
Only to pastoral delights; yet when
They quit the sheep-hook to assume the sword,
They can write tragedies on those who shall
Intrench upon their liberty, in wounds,
And characters made legible by blood.
Our soft Arcadians conquer'd these who were
By tyranny and war to hardship bred.

Arcon. But yet, Polynices, the day was bloody.
The tyrant fought with so much resolution,

And made such massacre amongst our troops,
As if he had been arm'd with innocence,
Or, at the least, intended to atone
The butcheries his spleen had caus'd in peace;
By slaughters which his valour made in war.

POLYN. Your justice lyes in Harpacus, his death,
Rising more splendid in his being set.
He was a most unbounded tyrant, sir;
And though his actions in this bloody war
Merited life, yet his precedent deeds
Deserv'd a death more infamous than that,
Your sword vouchsaf'd him. Yet 'twas justice in you
And you derive a lustre from his crimes.
His blackness makes your glory shew more bright:
Thus darkness always ushers in the light.

ARCON. Ascribe it to a justice more supreme,
From whose disposure we must own success.
A grave contains him, that usurp'd a throne,
Grasping at other's crowns he lost his own.
But, where's the Provost of our citadel?

POLYN. He guards the pris'ners hither. The old man
Is valiant to a miracle: he fought as if he
Reinforc'd his aged blood,
And gather'd life by taking it from enemies.

Enter PROVOST, *with* THEOCLES *and* PHILANDER, *as prisoners and guards.*

ARCON. Welcome, brave man! What chronicle's enough
For thy deserts? The actions of thy age
Shall keep thy memory from growing old.
Thy worth which seem'd declining has broke out
With such surprizing splendour in the fight
As dazzl'd all our eyes who did behold it.
We now have nothing else left but wonder

To entertain thy merits.
PROV. Royal sir!
Supported by the justice of your cause,
I might do things perhaps beyond my age,
But ne'er out-do my duty. I owe more
To this my country and your sacred person;
Than my exhausted blood or life can pay.
ARCON. The tempest is dispell'd, now thou shalt set
In a full glory which no future cloud,
Or storm of war, shall ever overcast;
Thou shalt wear out the remnant of thy days
In peace. Th' invader of our country's dead.
PROV. But how shall these his kinsmen be dispos'd,
Who did so long support his reeling cause?
Whose valour oft restor'd their army's health,
By letting ours blood.
ARCON. They are gallant spirits!
Treat 'em as pris'ners, but as noble ones.
I pity their engagements in this war,
Who never own'd the tyranny that caus'd it.
Their valour seem'd distracted in the fight,
As if they did desire to save the person
Of Harpacus, and yet disgust his cause.
Their courage was inflam'd with loyalty
To him, but quench'd with pity towards us.
PROV. They kill'd
With such regret, as if they did embrue
Their swords in blood to blush for those they slew.
ARCON. How are they call'd?
PROV. One is call'd Theocles,
Th' other Philander.
POLYN. This is that Theocles, who, in reward
Of what he pleas'd to praise in me as valour,
Rescu'd my life when I was pris'ner tane
By his own troop, and gave me liberty,

A debt which I will strive to pay.
ARCON. They are not wounded much?
PROV. Not mortally;
But yet their wounds are not contemptible.
ARCON. Let 'em have noble usage: Summon all
Our surgeons to their cure; their lives concern us
Much more than millions do of common rank.
I value pris'ners of their quality
Too much to let 'em captives be to death.
Yet, Provost, let their persons be secur'd
I'th' citadel, till we give further order.
PROV. Sir, I shall obey!
My lords, I am sorry I must guard you both
Into restraint: But 'tis my Prince commands
I shou'd convey you to the citadel.
THEO. Lead on, sir! we have seen the cruelty
Of Harpacus to others, and have learnt
By eyesight how to undergo misfortunes.
The tide of blood shed by our cruel uncle
Has our compassion so much wasted, even
For strangers, that we scarce have any left
Now for ourselves; we can with patience bear
Imprisonment or death.
PHILA. We have so often mourn'd when we were free,
That we can smile at our captivity.
[*Exeunt Provost, Theocles, Philander, and Guard.*
ARCON. They have almost melted my severity
Into compassion.
POLYN. I'm full of pity, sir, for Theocles.
ARCON. But why not for Philander too?
He seems as full of merit.
POLYN. Theocles is he,
Who from the oppression of a multitude
In the late battle rescu'd me from death,
And checking the oppressor's violence,
In such a cowardly and base assault

Dismiss'd me, not discovering his name,
Making his courtesy the more obliging
By his not owning it.

ARCON. I have heard you speak of it. 'Twas bravely done!

Enter HERACLIA, *and her woman.*

POLYN. The Princess, sir.

ARCON. Where is she? My return is yet so new
I have not seen her.

POLYN. She's ent'ring, sir.

HERA. What welcome shall give vent [*She kneels.*
To my excess of joy for your return?

ARCON. Rise, dearest niece, we have fought hitherto
For liberty, and to preserve your knees
From such a disobliging posture; as
Too much resembles bondage. You must rise!
[*Lifts her up.*

HERA. Your presence brings me a transport of bliss
Proportion'd to the fears your absence caus'd,
As if that passion had instructed this.

ARCON. Cou'd you then fear?
How cou'd your innocence so much distrust
The justice of our cause, as to admit
A jealousy or doubt of the success?

HERA. Fear's ever credulous. I know not but
Some sword, ambitious of the blood of Princes,
Might drink too deep of yours, although at ebb
Leaving your orphan-subjects to be drown'd
In floods of tears occasion'd by your fall,
Weeping their own i'th' Prince's funeral. [*Weeps.*

POLYN. How seriously she recollects a storm
[*Aside.*
Rais'd by her fancy, or at most but threat'n'd,

And talks her eyes into a real shower.
ARCON. How strangely does her love reveal itself! [*Aside.*
She, since her joys with violent supplies
Silence her tongue, wou'd speak 'em with her eyes.
HERA. But since y'are safe return'd, why should I weep
Strange joys, which do in tears their revels keep.
Since all your country now enjoys it's peace,
The conflict of my passions here shall cease.
Noble Polynices, I justly am transported
But shall soon return to you with praise.
When in Fame's-Temple I've enthron'd
The Prince, then give you those respects
Which you for loyalty and valour have deserv'd.
POLYN. Though my merits were
As great as may deserve your notice, madam,
Yet they are no more than what may still be nam'd
My duty.
HERA. But, Royal sir, your own joys seem
Clouded with something that resembles grief.
ARCON. I much rejoice in that felicity
Our subjects from the victory derive;
But that exempts me not from discontent
Whilst I foresee the posture of my throne,
When I expire. No remnant of my blood
Shall ere survive th' interment of my bones,
Or solemnize my burial with a tear
Of kin to those my aged eyes let fall.
Had I a child, my joys would then be full,
Which now prove empty and not worth a smile.
HERA. Wave, sir, such melancholy thoughts? they prove
But wings to death: Those who so oft reflect
Upon their end come soonest thither. First
They thereby grow disconsolate, and then

Live out their days faster than other men.
ARCON. What other object may deserve my thoughts?
POLYN. Think, rather sir, on that solemnity
Which by th' Arcadian customs is allow'd
In honour of your birthday, and is still
With so much lustre celebrated here
'Tis as 'twere day-break to all the year.
HERA. That day shall still retrieve you from the grave,
And, when one day i'th' year shall put on black
To mourn your loss, the sight and solemn shows,
Which intimate your death, shall so be drown'd
I'th' annual joys, wherein we still express
Your happy birth, that it shall still be said
You are new born and not that you are dead.
ARCON. You have almost persuaded me to lay
These serious thoughts asleep.
HERA. Your birthday, sir,
Comes as a triumph to your victory.
Your happy birth you shall see solemniz'd
With greater splendour by the tyrant's death.
They are preparing for the celebration.
ARCON. You have prevail'd: I am resolved to soften
My thoughts of war by this solemnity.
Thus fields of blood may us to gardens bring,
As furious winter ushers in the spring. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILANDER, *and* THEOCLES, *walking on the tarras in the citadel.*

PHIL. The Provost does oblige us by permitting
The freedom of this walk upon the tarras.
THEO. Cousin, how d'you? I am concern'd
So much in your wisht health that I enquire
After my own exactly from your pulse.
PHIL. I'm strong enough, I hope, for misery,

Although I fear we are for ever pris'ners.
THEO. My thoughts are of the same complexion too;
Our fears do sympathize, just like our loves.
PHIL. O, cousin Theocles, how are we lost?
Where are our kindred, friends, and country now?
Those comforts we shall never meet agen.
No more shall we behold the games of honour
Where youths, with painted favours hung
Like tall ships under sail, striving for fame,
Rival each other's glory. We no more
Like twins of honour e'er shall exercise
Our arms again. Our swords which lightn'd in
The people's eyes, must now like trophies hang
To deck the temples of the gods that hate us,
And signify our ruin and defeat.
THEO. Our hopes are pris'ners with us, we review
Our former happiness in vain. Our youth
Too soon will wither into age, and prove
Like a too timely spring, abortive. Here,
Which more afflict us, we shall both expire
Unmarried; no embraces of a wife,
Loaden with kisses and a thousand cupids,
Shall ever clasp our necks, no issue know us,
No figures of our selves shall we e'er see
To glad our age, and, like young eagles, teach 'em
To look against bright arms.
PHILA. No more shall we e'er hollow to our hounds
Which shook the aged forest with their echo:
All pleasures here shall perish, and, at last,
Which is the curse of honour, we shall die
Children of grief and ignorance.

Enter CELANIA *and* LEUCIPPE *as at a window.*

LEUC. This window, madam, looks into the tarras

Where they are walking, you may over-hear
All their discourse, the curtain being clos'd,
Without discovery.
CELA. Their looks betray
No great dejection at their misery.
THEO. Though our misfortunes are as black as midnight,
I see two comforts rising. We may here
Exercise patience, and enjoy each other,
Philander being with me I can ne'er
Think this a prison.
PHILA. Cousin, 'tis most true
That our misfortunes are together twisted
Which to our misery brings some redress:
Affliction thus by spreading becomes less.
Our mutual society will teach us
To under-go what Heav'n in wrath design'd,
And never weep for necessary fate.
That man is free, who bondage bravely bears;
But he does sink himself, who swims in tears.
CELA. How sweetly they express themselves, Leucippe.
Trust me, methinks their words might melt the stones
And make their passage through the prison walls,
LEUC. Let's listen, madam!
THEO. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
Which all men hate so much?
PHIL. How, cousin Theocles?
THEO. What can we want?
Wealth we need none, we are each other's mine;
Each other's wife, begetting every hour
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance,
We are, in one another, families.
I am your heir and you are mine, this place
Is our inheritance; and no oppressor

Dare take this from us. Here, with patience
We may live long. No surfeits seek us here.
PHIL. Here no man falls by the rude hand of war,
And by his groans half kills the next with fear.
Nor shall these as here swallow up our youth.
CELA. How they forget their miseries: they brook
Affliction with so smooth a brow, they seem
Pictures of patience, and drawn in oil.
THEO. Were we at liberty and unconfin'd,
A wife might disunite us lawfully,
Bus'ness divide us.
PHIL. Or I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close my eyes.
CELA. What charming language his affection speaks?
What kindness wou'd he to a woman show
That is enamour'd on his kinsman so?
How happy were a maid which shou'd receive
So sweet assurances of love!
PHIL. I'm almost wanton with captivity.
What misery it is to live abroad,
And everywhere! methinks 'tis like a beast:
I here enjoy a court: I'm sure I find
A greater satisfaction.
THEO. What had we been,
Had we grown aged in our uncle's court?
Where sin was justice, lust and ignorance
The commendable virtues of great men.
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We shou'd ha' died as they did, ill old men,
Without the charity of one man's tear,
But with their epitaphs, the people's curses.

Enter CUNOPES.

CUNO. Gentlemen, the clock has struck!

PHIL. Cousin, our time of walking is expir'd,
We must submit to this man's insolence.
CUNO. What haste you make!
THEO. Well, cousin, let's retire,
We'll sing our cares asleep, and then to bed.
CUNO. You will a time for catches in your chamber. [*Exeunt.*
CELA. Hard-hearted Cunopes; how could'st thou have
So little mercy?
LEUC. Madam, I have power
To make him much more civil.
CELA. What's your meaning?
LEUC. He is in love with me.
CELA. In love with thee?
LEUC. Yes, madam, have you not observ'd his looks
And carriage towards me of late?
CELA. Now I remember I have seen him smile,
And shew you more respect than he was wont;
But I am indispos'd to entertain
The cause of mirth or scorn. I weep to think
The gentlemen are so ill treated.
LEUC. So much concern'd? I guess what wind blows up
This show'r, they both deserve to be belov'd.
Madam, may I know which you've pitched upon?
CELA. What is thy meaning, wench?
LEUC. Nay, ne'er conceal it!
I know by the distilling of your eyes,
There's fire underneath. Madam, confess!
CELA. Confess? what, prithee?
LEUC. Which of the gentlemen
May boast the conquest? which do you affect?
CELA. I affect both of 'em, they are a pair
In whom the world is rich.
LEUC. Love both of them?

I have so much experience in love
To know then, that it must be neither.
CEL. Well!
Suppose I'm inclin'd to one of them,
Am I oblig'd to tell you which it is?
Love is a grief of which few e'er had cause
To boast, and love is boasted when reveal'd.
LEUC. Is love a crime, that it must be conceal'd?
CELA. Love may grow cold when public it becomes.
Flames best preserve their heat in lesser rooms.
[*Exeunt.*

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter ARCON, POLYNICES, *and* PROVOST.

ARCON. To what does all this mediation tend?
Why shou'd you intercede for Theocles?
POLY. Sir, since I owe my liberty and life
To his unequall'd generosity,
Enable me to pay him with his own.
ARCON. That were to give him a capacity
Of making new attempts upon our peace.
The tyrant's subjects, animated by
The presence of a person so renown'd,
Will undertake revenge.
POLY. You may secure yourself by articles.
PROV. Or set him free,
Upon condition that he shall with speed
Arcadia leave, and never more return.
POLY. His noble nature will so well resent
Your clemency, he'll easily obey,
And stifle all desires to be reveng'd
In grateful recollections of your love.

ARCON. But whilst for Theocles you freedom ask,
You seem forgetful of that solitude,
By which Philander's strict confinement will
Become to him more insupportable.
POLY. You may give him some hopes of liberty.
PROV. Upon a ransom that may correspond
To so much worth as he is owner of.
ARCON. Polynices, your suit is granted! Set Theocles
Free from prison: But forbid him
E'er to return to Arcadia,
So he his liberty enjoys, and we
From jealousies of new attempts are free.
Provost, take order for his liberty.
POLY. But let him still remain in ignorance
Who 'twas procur'd it, as he rescu'd me,
Yet kept his name and quality conceal'd
Leaving me to admire, not thank my friend.
ARCON. But let Philander not so soon receive
The news of my resolves. I first will see
With what reluctancy he shall resent
The other's loss and his imprisonment.
PROV. I shall obey, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HERACLIA, *and* CELANIA, *severally.*

HERA. Welcome, Celania! I must give you thanks
For your kind visit.
CEL. Madam, I am happy
To have the privilege of waiting on you.
Your thanks will make me proud.
HERA. Your company
Does merit more. How oft have I receiv'd
A respite from the pressure of those fears
Which did present me with the chance of war,
And my dear uncle's hazard, by your talk,

Your sweet converse, I have forgot the thoughts
Of trumpets, and the music of your voice
Has charmed me to forget all threatening sounds.
CEL. My duty did instruct me to divert
Your troubles, madam, by concealing mine.
I often have spoke fearless of the war,
When my own thoughts have been in mutiny,
And my heart bandy'd between hope and dread
For my dear father.
HERA. But, Celania!
I hear there are two pris'ners, whose repute
Fame speaks with great advantage, very lately
Committed to your father's custody.
CELA. There are such, madam,
HERA. How do they support
Their strict confinement?
CELA. With such constancy
As if they had forgot they e'er were free;
Tis pity that they are in prison, and pity
They should be out. I overheard their
Mutual discourse, which does discover
A patience, that wou'd make adversity
Asham'd. The prison's proud of 'em. They turn
Their misery to mirth. They have all the world
Within their chamber. Though the prison seems
To mourn for their restraint, 'tis holiday to look on 'em.
HERA. Are they both alike
So unconcern'd in their unhappiness,
That neither of 'em e'er does yield a sigh
To hint out some reflections upon what they have been?
CELA. Sometimes one of 'em perhaps
Will unawares vent a divided sigh,
Martyr'd as 'twere in the delivery,
Which strait the other does so calmly chide
And then so sweetly comforts him who sigh'd it,

That I cou'd almost wish myself a sigh,
To be so chid ; or at the least a sigher,
To be so comforted.
HERA. But what can he
Reply in vindication of himself ?
CELA. He strait redeems the error of that sigh
By singing, which he does to that degree
Of ravishing that even the prison walls,
Which only echo others' misery,
Bear a part in's music ; and, as if
They were in love with whatsoe'er he sings,
Repeat his notes again.
HERA. But does he not
Sometimes let fall a tear as well as sigh ?
CELA. Though tears, when wept by you in time of war
For your dear uncle's peril, seem'd to be
Refreshing showers let fall upon your cheeks
To make the roses look more fair ; yet they
Wou'd seem too much effeminate in him,
They wou'd like mildew, taint his blooming youth
And stain his courage : therefore still his eyes,
Like suns dry up that dew before it falls.
HERA. She loves him, sure ?——I'll try her.
You cannot tell, how long the citadel
Shall be their prison ?
CELA. Madam, are they like to be remov'd ?
HERA. I left my uncle
Together with the general and Provost
In consultation, how they shou'd dispose
O'th pris'ners : and amongst the rest of these,
Polynices employs his interest
For the release of one, that he may make
Retaliation for the liberty
He gave him, when opprest by multitudes
In some encounter.
CELA. Shall one be released ?

HERA. 'Tis very probable.
CELA. Good madam, which?
HERA. I suppose Theocles.
CELA. That pleases me. And yet I know not why
I wish the other better, yet methinks
I'm glad he shall a pris'ner still remain:
I willingly cou'd wish his happy state
Yet seem to hope he'll rest unfortunate.
HERA. She likes the news, yet seems not fully pleas'd;
I'll try her further! Theocles shall be
Acquitted, but it is presum'd the other
Being too considerable to be freed,
Will——
CELA. Do what, madam?
HERA. Die.
CELA. Die?
HERA. Have I found you?
Die? Yes, Celania. You are naught concern'd
Whether he die or live.
CELA. Madam, 'tis true;
And yet, alas, I know not what I am.
I find a lively advocate within
That wou'd not have him die: I must withdraw,
Or else I shall betray my passion.
HERA. Celania! You are grown thoughtful.
CELA. Madam, I'm scarce recover'd from the fears
Begot by the late war. My company
Will be but troublesome. Your goodness will
Pardon my too abrupt departure. [*Exit.*
HERA. She is too visibly in love: Alas!
I have deceiv'd her into too much fear:
I willingly cou'd undeceive her now.
But she'll soon find the fallacy. I'll take
A turn i'th' garden whose kind walks and air,

Make the evenings oft to me delightsome prove,
She's scorch'd i'th' fiery element of love. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILANDER, *and* THEOCLES, *as in the balcony, walking in the palace-garden.*

PHIL. Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, cousin?
THEO. There cannot be.
PHIL. Our friendship is by long continuance
Become so ardent and invincible,
And by our resolution so confirm'd,
I think it is beyond the power of time
Or any accident e'er to infringe it.
THEO. Our love's bright fire has been preserv'd so long,
The flame is, like the vestals', sacred grown,
Which nothing e'er can violate or quench.
PHILA. Nothing but death: and, cousin, after death
Our spirits shall be led to those that love
Eternally. Free from allay of flesh
Our love shall be refin'd to that degree
Of purity, that it shall kindle us
Into one constellation, by whose rays
Surviving friendships shall be so inflam'd,
They shall not languish, or know how to die.

Enter HERACLIA, *and* CLEONE, *in the garden.*

THEO. Cousin, why proceed you not?
HERA. What flower is this?
CLEO. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.
HERA. That was a pretty, but a foolish boy,
To lose himself. Were there not maids enow?
THEO. Pray, forward.
HERA. Or were they all hard-hearted?
CLEO. They cou'd not be to one so fair.
HERA. Thou wou'dst not?

CLEO. I think I shou'd not, madam,
THEO. Will you proceed, cousin?
HERA. Canst thou not work such flowers in silk, wench?
CLEO. Yes!
HERA. They will shew rarely on a valence.
THEO. Cousin! cousin! how d'ye?
PHIL. Never till now was I a pris'ner.
THEO. Why, what's the matter?
PHIL. Behold and wonder! She is not mortal, sure!
THEO. Ha!
PHIL. She is divine, and now the sun draws low,
Comes to revive the drooping flowers, and make
Them, like herself, immortal, by the beams
Proceeding from her eyes.
HERA. Of all the flowers methinks a rose is best.
CLEO. Why, gentle madam?
HERA. Because it is the emblem of a maid,
For when she's gently by the west wind woo'd,
How modestly she blows, with a complexion
Made up of smiles and blushes; when the north
Comes near, impatient then, like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him then to blow on nought but briars.
CLEO. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will bloom so far
She falls for't: which a maid of any honour
Will hardly imitate.
HERA. Thou art grown wanton!
THEO. She's very fair.
PHIL. She's all the beauty extant.
HERA. The sun is set. Let's walk in! keep the flowers
To see how near art can resemble them. [*Exit.*

PHIL. Might not a man well lose himself and love her?

THEO. I cannot tell what you have done, I have;
Beshrew my eyes for't: now I feel my bondage.

PHIL. You love her then?

THEO. Who would not?

PHIL. I saw her first.

THEO. What if you did? that poor pretence will prove
Too weak. There's no priority in love:
I saw her too.

PHIL. Yes, but you must not love her.

THEO. I will not, as you do, to worship her
As she's divine; I love her, to enjoy her
As she's a woman: and thus both may love.

PHIL. You shall not love at all.

THEO. Who shall deny me?

PHIL. I that first took possession with my eyes
Of all those beauties, which in her reveal
Themselves to mortals: If thou entertain'st
A hope to blast my wishes, Theocles,
Thou art as false as is thy title to her.
If thou dar'st love her, I disclaim all bonds
Of love and friendship.

THEO. Sir, I must love her,
If that can shake Philander off, adieu!
I say, again, I love; and will maintain,
I have as just a title to her beauty,
As any man who dares pretend a claim.
Let me deal coldly with you. Are not we
Of the same blood? Have not our souls combin'd,
As 'twere in correspondence with our blood,
To twist us into one by friendship?

PHIL. Yes!

THEO. Am I not liable to those affections
And passions, unto which my friend's expos'd?

PHIL. You may be.

THEO. Why would you so unkindly deal;
To love alone? Speak truly, do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
PHIL. No, but unjust, if thou pursue that sight.
THEO. Because another first sees the enemy, shall I
Stand still, and never charge?
PHIL. Yes, if he be but one.
THEO. What if that one had rather combat me?
PHIL. Let that one tell me so, and use thy freedom;
But otherwise thou art a monster, black
As guilt can make thee.
THEO. You are mad, Philander.
PHIL. I must be so, till thou art worthy, Theocles.
THEO. Fy, sir, you play the child extremely. I must
Dare and ought to love her.
PHIL. O that now indulgent fortune
Wou'd vouchsafe us swords,
And one hour's freedom, to dispute thy claim,
I'll make thee soon recant it. Put thy head
Once more without this window, and I'll nail thy life
To't.
THEO. Alas! your fury threatens what
You are too impotent to act, Philander.
But put my head out! To advance your rage
I'll cast my body down into her arms,
When next I see her.

Enter CUNOPES.

CUNO. My errand is to you, sir.
THEO. To me?
CUNO. The Provost sent me for you.
THEO. I am ready!

PHIL. But one word, Theocles.
CUNO. Sir, take another hour: I have other business,
Than to waste time, in minding your discourse.
[*Exeunt Cunopes, and Theocles.*
PHIL. Why, was the message sent to him alone?
Am I so undeserving to be thought
Less worthy of the Provost's conference?
This is the palace-garden, and I've heard
The Princess us'd to bless it with her presence.
This sure was she. O blessed garden, and more blessed flowers,
That blossom at the sun-shine of her eyes!
I wish I were that blooming apricock
I would expatiate my wanton arms,
And be a bold intruder at her window,
And bring her fruit which should endear me to her;

Enter CUNOPES. [*Above.*

Fruit that might tempt the palates of the gods.
Now, keeper, where's Theocles?
CUNO. Set free,
The general has begg'd his liberty
Upon condition never to set foot
Within Arcadia: But, as for you,
We shall be troubl'd somewhat longer with you;
I am afraid.
PHIL. O Theocles, my rage
Converts to envy. Thou hast liberty
To make some brave attempts, and reinforce
The dissipated army. Were I free
I wou'd do things of such immensity,
This blushing virgin shou'd take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
CUNO. You are tedious, sir!
I wou'd desire less of your tongue, good sir,

And more of your ears. I have a charge to you.
PHIL. Hast any orders for my death?
CUNO. Not yet, sir,
But I'm in hopes of having it ere long,
I find it troublesome attending you.
My present orders reach no further, sir,
Than to remove you from these windows: th'are too open.
PHIL. Curse upon their envy! prithee do me
The courtesy to kill me.
CUNO. Yes, and hang for't afterwards. I hope erelong
To have authority for doing it.
You shall not find me backward, sir, to serve you
In any kindness of that nature.
PHIL. Troth, had I a sword I wou'd kill thee.
CUNO. I thank you!
PHIL. Thou bringest such scurvy news, I will not go.
CUNO. Sir, I shall call those who shall try the mastery.
You should give better answers till you are free.
PHIL. May I see the garden?
CUNO. No!
PHIL. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
CUNO. When I clap shackles on you, you'll obey
More readily.
PHIL. Good keeper, do it;
I'll knock thy brains out with them! or at least I'll
Shake 'em so, the house shall never sleep.
I'll make you a new morrice. Must I go?
CUNO. Yes, you must go!
PHIL. Farewell, kind window,
May rude wind never hurt thee! O my lady,
If ever thou hast known what sorrows are,
Let dreams my sorrows to thy breast declare.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CELANIA.

CELA. Why shou'd I love this gentleman? 'tis odds,
He'll never find a feature in my face,
To tempt so much as a kind look from him.
But who can love and give a reason for't?
At the first sight I lik'd him, lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him.
And though he had a cousin fair as he too,
Yet in my heart Philander is; and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! but he must die:
Philander, thou must die. For Theocles
Is by my father set at liberty,
Who stay'd not to resolve me of thy fate.
We shall not need to strew thy grave with flowers,
From such a root they cannot chuse but grow;
Thy body shall not into dust dissolve,
But into spices to perfume those flowers.

Enter LEUCIPPE, *hastily.*

LEUC. Madam, here's a comedy at hand
Will make you die with laughter! Cunopes
Is grown enamour'd on you.
CELA. Ay me, there is no hope!
LEUC. I know that, madam, but he's resolv'd
To prosecute his love, and I have given him
Encouragement. He'll presently be here.
CELA. Alas, he's gone!
LEUC. Madam, I say, he's here, just upon entrance.
CELA. He must die! he is
Too good to live on earth; for wheresoe'er
He does reside, he makes it fair Heav'n there.
LEUC. I'd rather think he makes it hell, because
He looks so like the devil——but she sure
Misunderstands me. She is taken up

With her affection to Philander——ha——
She's in a trance. Cunopes, madam,——ha !
CELA. Ha ?
LEUC. Is entering to make love to me.
CELA. Make love ?
LEUC. Yes, truly, he's grown the very farse !
He lays aside his surly looks, and falls
To fawning with a screw'd and mimic face,
As if he had been tutor'd by an ape.
He sings, and makes legs to the looking-glass :
Is pleas'd with's face, because he smiles again.
CELA. In love with thee ?——It shall be so, Leucippe,
Thou may'st procure Philander's liberty ;
Use him with kindness, wench ; perhaps the man
May be induc'd to be officious
In freeing him I love, or may resign
The keys into thy custody.
LEUC. I'll try him, madam.

Enter CUNOPES.

CUNO. Madam, I'm glad to understand——
CELA. It seems your understanding is improv'd—
CUNO. Madam, I say I'm glad to understand
Your ladyship approves of my affection
To mistress Leucippe.
CELA. There will be use of him ; he must be sooth'd.
She cannot sure refuse a handsome—you have a face
Methinks might tempt a stone.
LEUC. To break his head. [*Aside.*
CELA. The pressure of my fears forbid my
Mirth ; Leucippe, what think you ? can you deny him ?
LEUC. I scarce shou'd e'er be angry at his smiles.

CUNO. I thank you, madam; 'tis for your sake,
[*He sneers.*
If her looks keep me alive.
CELA. I'll venture it——but yet perhaps he'll scarce
Resign the keys, Leucippe, in my presence.
I will withdraw a while. Cunopes, I'll leave you
To your courtship, wishing you success.
[*Ex. Celania.*
CUNO. I humbly thank your ladyship.
LEUC. You cannot surely be in love with me,
Though your deportment seems to say you are?
CUNO. If deportment had said otherwise,
I wou'd have made him eat his words.
LEUC. Wherein
Can you convince me that your love is true?
I wou'd lose a smile upon a love
Consisting in pretence.
CUNO. Make trial, mistress, in what command you please.
LEUC. True lovers will
Adventure through the frowns of all the world,
To gain a smile from those whom they affect.
CUNO. So would Cunopes; if you wou'd but try him:
If you'll but smile, let me see who dare frown.
LEUC. You shall be tried. I know you prize those keys
And wou'd resign their custody to none but one
You lov'd: now, if your love be true,
Entrust me with their keeping but till to-morrow.
CUNO. The keys? mistress, you know I have a pris'ner.
LEUC. I knew how real your affection was.
When you're brought to the test, you run for shelter
Under excuses. [*Offers.*

CUNO. Pray, stay a while !
Are you in earnest to make this trial of my love ?
LEUC. Yes, and do you try me with them if you dare.
CUNO. Dare ? there, take 'em !
LEUC. This shows you're hearty. Early in the morning
I will restore 'em, and be satisfied
With this experiment of your affection,
Since I cou'd have no other.
CUNO. But have a care o' the pris'ner. I'l'd be loth
To have those looks your lady did commend
Be turn'd into an ugly face at last
Under the gallows.
LEUC. You begin to repent you.
CUNO. I never repent till I am half hang'd.
LEUC. Well, as the last mark of your love, be gone and trust me !
Madam, I have 'em. [*Ex. Cunop.*

Enter CELANIA.

CELA. Thanks, dear Leucippe !
Philander, now I'll manifest my love
In thy release : thy glories are too bright
To set in clouds exhal'd from thy own blood.
I'll free thee from th' eclipse of these sad walls,
And like a shadow ever by thee run,
There's still a shadow where there is a sun.
[*Ex. Celania.*

Enter THEOCLES *as at liberty.*

THEO. Sent back to my own country ? 'tis a gift
Out-speaks my gratitude ; but then forbid
Th' Arcadian ground, and, in that prohibition,
The vision of Heraclia, for whom

I die? O! 'tis a studied punishment.
I'm ever lost by having liberty,
By kindness kill'd, undone by courtesy.
Philander, thou hast now the start: she still
Shall bless thy eye-sight with her evening walks.
Who knows but thou mayst come to speak with her?
And then she will be thine: thou hast a tongue
Fit to allure a tiger from his prey:
So charming that 'twould make a tempest tame.
But let me recollect myself a little: ere long
The birthdays of the Princess and the Prince
By the Arcadians will be solemniz'd
In pastoral delights, why may not I
Take sanctuary in another shape?
I could, not long since, wrestle well, and run
As swift as the wind upon a field of corn.
I'll venture in some poor disguise; who knows
Whether my brows may not a garland wear,
And happiness prefer me to a place,
Where I may see the vision of her face?
[*Ex. Theocles.*

Enter CELANIA *with the prison keys and* PHILANDER.

PHIL. Madam, from whence can you derive your courtesy?

CELA. Were I less courteous, nature would not own me;
Call't my humanity to save your life. Good sir,
Begone! These keys shall make your way,
Y'are sav'd by flight, but ruin'd if you stay.

PHIL. I'd rather nobly die than thus be free,
And give my life than steal my liberty.

CELA. You'll not be innocent if so you die,
He kills himself who stays when he may fly.

PHIL. So clandestine and cowardly a flight
Wou'd gather so much blackness from the night,

As soon wou'd blot the glories I have won
By valour, in the prospect of the sun.
CELA. The sun you speak of has withdrawn his light
To give the more advantage to your flight.
He seem'd to say, whilst setting in a smile,
Philander fly, and I will wink the while!
PHIL. You are an ill interpreter: for he
Only withdrew, as 'twere, asham'd to see
A soldier start at death, and basely fly:
Thus to survive were to deserve to die.
CELA. He's an ill soldier, that, when danger's great,
Loses the day for want of fair retreat.
Good sir, consent!
PHIL. Suppose I shou'd, when I
Am miss'd, your father must my place supply;
By giving me a life, you leave him none,
And he that gave you yours must lose his own.
CELA. That makes me weak, but does success-less prove,
My duty has resign'd all place to love.
If they should shorten his decaying breath
'Twill but a little antedate his death.
His glories are grown old, yours but begun;
Men court the rising not the setting sun.
PHIL. But when he's dead, his blood will still remain
Upon my fame an everlasting stain.
CELA. If it a stain to any eye appears,
My eyes shall quickly wash it off with tears.
His death, in saving you, wou'd merit more
Than all his fighting life had done before.
Come, sir! I'm sure he will a pardon find,
The Prince to his late valour will be kind.
His slaughter'd foes may save him from the grave;
And those he slew may plead for one I save.

PHIL. Her last conjecture slackens my resolves ;
[*Aside.*
The Prince may pardon him : he cannot be
Severe to him who has deserv'd so well :
But then, alas, what will become of her ?
CELA. My loss is gain,
If you secure from loss of life remain.
PHIL. Why shou'd I refuse
To accept her kindness ? I may here reside
Under the shelter of some mean disguise,
And, if th'are doom'd to death, prevent that fate
By off'ring up my life : I can but die
At last. I will accept her courtesy.
CELA. I pray, let's go ! I shall, sir, if you stay,
Weep out those eyes that shou'd direct your way.
Pray, follow me ! I'll bring you to the door,
And tell you where to stay, whilst I provide
Some habit more convenient for your flight.
PHIL. This gen'rous act is stretch'd to an extent
Beyond the prospect of all precedent.
Lead on ! what makes her thus obliging prove ?
I hope 'tis pity, but I fear 'tis love. [*Exeunt.*

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter ARCON, POLYNICES, PROVOST, HERACLIA, CLEONE, THEOCLES (*in disguise with a garland.*)

ARCON. Whoe'er you are, that wreath becomes you well :
The beauty of the garland does receive
Advantage from the blossom of your youth.
You run and wrestle well, I have not seen
A man of more activity and strength.
What country owns your breeding ?
THEO. Part of this, sir,
But much unhappy in the distance from

Your royal court.
ARCON. Are you a gentleman?
THEO. Sir, I have always thought so, and have had
An education as refin'd as I
Presum'd my blood to be.
ARCON. May I demand wherein?
THEO. In somewhat of all noble qualities;
I could have kept a hawk and hollow'd well
To a deep cry of dogs. I dare not praise
My horsemanship, yet those who know me well
Give me a character I blush to own.
But I am most ambitious to be thought a soldier.
POLY. A most accomplish'd gentleman!
PROV. What place has wrong'd us by concealing him
In time of war?——but in a cloudy day
We only view those things which nearer are,
And distant glories when the weather's fair.
POLY. What is your judgment of him, madam?
HERA. His being young makes him appear more noble,
His worth increases by his want of years;
Because new risen he more bright appears.
Unless in him the wonder's rarely seen,
That fuel clearer burns for being green.
PROV. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
ARCON. What made you seek this place?
THEO. Royal sir;
Hopes to advance my education here,
And perfect quickly what was well begun:
Fruits ripen soonest that are near the sun.
ARCON. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel;
Nor shall you lose your hopes. Polynices,
Dispose of this brave gentleman.

POLY. Your Highness
Obliges me by that command. Whoe'er
You are, you are mine ; and I'll prefer you
To the Princess' service. This is her birth-day,
Which you have honour'd, and only one day
Does intervene betwixt her's and the Prince's.
Now you are hers : your virtues have deserv'd it.
Kiss her fair hand, sir.

THEO. You are a noble giver.
Thus, madam, let your servant seal his faith,
Whose studies shall be to deserve your favour ;
And if he shall offend you, frown him dead.

HERA. Frowns are too weak artillery to kill
So stout a man ; if you shall merit well
I quickly shall discern it : you are mine,
And somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.

ARCON. My birth-day now draws near : we'll spend the time
Till then, in some diversion. Niece, to-morrow
You must be ready, with the rest, to hunt
In Dian's wood. Your servant will attend you.
I'm confident he will deserve your estimation.

HERA. His faithful service shall not want my favour.

THEO. And when my service shall unfaithful be,
Let fame recant what she has said of me,
And may my falsehood be as much reveal'd
To all the world as now my love's conceal'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter LEUCIPPE *and* NURSE, CUNOPES *dogging 'em.*

CUNO. I'm sent for by the Provost, yet I'll stay
To over-hear my mistress and the nurse ;
For methinks they are in counsel : and perhaps
'Tis about love, and I may be concern'd.

LEUC. You have left the keys in Cunope's chamber ?

NURSE. Yes, mistress !
LEUC. Philander is releas'd, my lady fled ;
And I according to appointment going
To meet 'em at the brake in Dian's wood.
CUNO. Ha ! I shall pay as dear for love as those,
Who marry all to whom they promise marriage.
LEUC. Farewell ! good Cunopes, if thou art hang'd
Thou'lt meet this comfort at the fatal place,
Hanging can never spoil so bad a face.
Nurse, farewell !
NURSE. Farewell ! be sure you make haste.
[*Exeunt Leucippe and Nurse severally.*
CUNO. Though she saw me not, she took her leave of me
After the old phrase ; farewell, and be hang'd,
Besides her commendations sent to my face.
Those have good stomachs who can love the meat,
Having been beaten with the spit. And yet
I cannot hate her. There's some witch-craft in't !
But let me think. Philander free'd ! perhaps
The Provost sent for me to give accompt
Of him : Celania fled ? Leucippe gone !
The brake in Dian's wood ? I shall be hang'd.
But the hangman, being no man of quality,
Cannot expect that I should be civil
To stay here for him, till he find me.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS. The Provost wonders you make no more haste,
His bus'ness is——
CUNO. Yes, yes, I know his bus'ness——
MESS. Why don't you bring him word then, how Philander
Carries himself since Theocles is gone ;
That he may know how to inform the Prince ?

CUNO. Bring word how Philander carries himself?
I know his meaning well enough; go, tell him
I'll only step to see, and bring him word.
[*Exit Messenger.*
I must be gone! If I can find Philander,
I may bring off myself by bringing him
Back hither, but if not, I am out of rope reach.
[*Exit.*

Horns in several places, noise and hollaing as of people hunting.

Enter THEOCLES *in the wood.*

THEO. I have lost the Prince and all the company:
They are all divided. O Heraclia!
Sweeter than spring and all the golden buttons
On her fresh boughs;
How fortunate am I in such a mistress!
Alas, poor pris'ner! poor Philander!
Thou little dream'st of my success: thou think'st
Thyself more bless'd to be near Heraclia.
Me thou presum'st most wretched, though I'm free;
Because thou think'st me in my country, but
Wert thou acquainted with my happiness,
How I enjoy the lustre of her eyes,
What passion, cousin, wou'd possess thee?

Enter PHILANDER *out of a bush.*

PHIL. Traitor kinsman! thou should'st perceive my
Passion, were this hand but owner of a sword;
And were my strength a little reinforc'd with one
Meal's meat, thy wounds shou'd shew the justice of my love.
I'd soon let out the blood which makes us kin,
And prove thee a perfidious lord, not worth

The name of villain: dar'st thou call her thine?
THEO. Cousin Philander!
PHIL. Treacherous Theocles!
THEO. I am not conscious of a crime that may
Deserve those attributes with which you now
Defile my fame; and therefore I avoid
Replies in language of so coarse a web.
Passion transports you, cousin. Pray be pleas'd
To show in noble terms your grief. I am
Ready to vindicate my love by reason,
Or by the sword of a true gentleman.
PHIL. O, that thou durst!
THEO. Cousin, you know I dare:
I'm confident you wou'd not tamely hear
Another blast my valour.
PHIL. I confess
I've seen your sword do wonders:
But treachery makes men impotent, and then
They shun decisions by the sword. Their courage
Droops into fear and cowardice. Supply me
But with the charity of one poor meal,
And with a sword though rusty; and, if then
Thou dar'st pretend to love Heraclia,
I will forgive the trespass thou hast done me;
And if thou kill me, I'll acquaint those souls
In shades, which have died manly, that thou art
A soldier brave and noble.
THEO. Be content! agen betake you to your hawthorn-house.
I'll gratify your wishes: you shall have both sword and meat.
PHIL. O, you heavens! Dare any venture so nobly in a cause so guilty?
Sure none but Theocles cou'd be so daring.
Sir, I embrace your offer, and shall thank
Your person with my sword.
[*Wind horns and cornets.*

THEO. You hear the horns! enter your muise.* Take
Comfort and be strong. I'll keep my word. Give me your hand.
PHIL. Pray hold your promise, cousin Theocles,
And do the deed with a bent brow; I know
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language.
THEO. My anger and content have but one face. [*Horns wind.*
I'm call'd! I have an office there.
PHIL. Your office is unjust, and your attendance cannot please Heaven.
THEO. Talk of that no more. Leave it to the decision of the sword.
PHIL. But this one word. You are going now to gaze
Upon my mistress; for sir, mine she is.
THEO. Nay, then——
PHIL. You talk of feeding me into my strength:
But you are going to inforce yourself
By feeding on her eyes. There, Theocles,
You have advantage over me. Adieu!
My cause gives me advantage over you. [*Exit.*

Enter CELANIA.

CELA. He has mistook the beech, and is pursuing
The way his fancy leads. 'Tis now near morning!
No matter, wou'd it were perpetual night.
Heark! 'tis a wolf, but grief destroys my fear,
I care not though the wolves shou'd me devour,
If he had but this meat, and this disguise.
What, if I holla'd for him? I cannot holla!
He has no sword, and wolves 'tis said have sense
To know a man unarm'd. Who knows but he

* Muse, also Muset. A hole in a hedge through which game, and more especially the hare, passes.

Is torn in pieces? Many howl'd together,
And then they fed on him. So much for that:
There is an end of all, now he is gone.
No, no, I lie; my father's life must answer
For his escape. Alas, I grow mad! I've eaten
No meat these two days, nor have clos'd my eyes;
I find my sense unsettl'd. Which way now?
The best way is the next way to the grave,
Each erring step besides is torment. Lo!
The moon is down! the crickets chirp! The screech-owl
Has bid the night farewell: but my misfortunes
Ne'er will find the break of day. [*Exit Cela.*

Enter THEOCLES *with wine and meat.*

THEO. Sure! this is near the place. Ho! cousin Philander!

Enter PHILANDER.

PHIL. Theocles?
THEO. The same; I've perform'd my promise, sir.
Here is your meat, you shall not want a sword
When y'have recover'd strength. Come forth and fear not!
Here is no Provost.
PHIL. Nor any one so honest.
THEO. That shall be
Decided another time. Take courage!
I know you're faint; here cousin, drink!
PHIL. Thou might'st poison me now.
THEO. But I must fear you first.
Well, coz, no more of this. Here, to your health!
I'll drink you into blood, and then I'll drain you.
THEO. Do, coz!
THEO. Sit down, sir, and let me request you that
You mention not this lady: 'twill disturb us.
We shall have time enough.

PHIL. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
THEO. Drink a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
PHIL. By and by, I'll tell you of what operation 'tis.
THEO. Is't not mad lodging in the wild woods, cousin?
PHIL. For them who have wild consciences, 'tis.
THEO. How taste's your meat? Your hunger needs no sauce?
PHIL. Not much! but if it did, your's is too tart.
Give me more wine! here, Theocles, a health
To all the ladies of our old acquaintance!
Your memory retains the marshal's daughter?
She knew, sir, how to chuse a handsome man
To make the object of her love.
THEO. Alas! that's no news, cousin, amongst ladies.
PHIL. And I have heard some call him Theocles.
THEO. What then, sir?
PHIL. Nothing, but 'twas conceiv'd
You were so charitable to her sighs,
You turn'd 'em into groans for nine months after.
Because she was enamour'd on your face
You did supply her with your picture, drawn
Exceedingly lively, cousin.
THEO. I presume you yet remember the young count's sister.
You'll pledge her, cousin?
PHIL. Yes, sir, yes.
THEO. She lov'd you well! a pretty wench! but brown,
As if by often gazing on your eyes,
Which she call'd bright, she had been sun-burn't.
You have not yet forgot the song too, coz;

No, nor the willows?

PHIL. Well, let's have the song.

THEOCLES *sings.*

THEO. Under the willow shades they were
Free from the eye-sight of the sun,
For no intruding beam could there
Peep through to spy what things were done,
Thus shelter'd they unseen did lye
Surfeiting on each other's eye.
Defended by the willow shades alone,
The sun's heat they defied and cool'd their own:
Whilst they did embrace unspy'd
The conscious willows seem'd to smile,
That they with privacy supplied
Holding the door as 'twere the while.
And when their dalliances were o'er,
The willows, to oblige 'em more,
Bowing did seem to say, as they withdrew,
We can supply you with a cradle too.

PHIL. You are merry, cousin!

THEO. I hope we may reflect upon our loves,
And never cry——heigh——ho!

PHIL. 'Twas for Heraclia, upon my life. Away
With thy strain'd mirth! I say that sigh
Was for Heraclia breath'd, ignoble cousin.

THEO. Fy, you are mistaken!

PHIL. By all that's good there's no goodness in thee.

THEO. Nay, then I'll leave you: now you are a child.

PHIL. As thou hast made me, traitor.

THEO. I'll leave you meat, sir, to recruit you. I'll return
With that shall quiet all, and speak my passion
Much better than my tongue.

PHIL. You mean a sword.

THEO. Cousin, distrust me not, feed heartily !
I wish you all fair weather in your bush !
May no storm fall out, but what our swords shall raise.
Farewell, you shall not want for any thing.
PHIL. Ha ! sir ?
THEO. I'll hear no more ! [*Exit.*
PHIL. But thou shal't much more feel,
If thou perform thy promise. I will search
Each angle of thy heart to find thy love,
And mak't a victim to Heraclia,
That heart is fittest for her sacrifice
Which is already kindl'd at her eyes. [*Exit.*

Enter CELANIA (*distracted*), LEUCIPPE.

LEUC. Alas ; she's distracted ! I have found her,

Enter CUNOPES.

But she has lost herself. Ha, Cunopes !
CUNO. Yes, mistress !
LEUC. I am betray'd.
CUNO. I have made bold to try how you could like
This face here in the wood. I will remember
You gave it a good character at home.
LEUC. I would have rather seen a satyr,
But rough words may as soon
Blow down these trees
As do us any courtesy ; he must be sooth'd !
Ah, Cunopes, reflect no more on these things ;
You are opportunely come to give attendance
Upon my lady : she's distracted !
CUNO. Ha ! Is she mad ?
LEUC. Alas, her senses are all gone !
CUNO. And mine too, out of compliment,
Are gone to bear 'em company. 'Tis grown
The fashion to be mad and wear plain heads,
Without the least trimming of wit. The Prince

By this time's mad with anger of the loss
Of's pris'ner ; And the Provost's mad with fear,
Lest he should take his turn : I'm almost mad
To think I was a fool in lending you
The keys. And mistress, if you have any reason,
You'll run mad too. 'Tis fit your wits should
Wait upon your lady's.

CEL. I'm very cold ! and all the stars are out too ;
Ev'n all the little stars which look like spangles :
The sun has seen my folly. Ah, Philander !
Ay me ! He's in Heav'n, where am I now ?

LEUC. How wildly she discourses.

She sings.

CEL. For straight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
And my long yellow locks much shorter I'll take :
Sing down a down, down a, down a,
Then I'll cut me a switch, and on that ride about,
And wander and wander till I find him out,
With a heigh down, down a, down, down a.

O for a hawthorn ; like a nightingale
To lean my breast against, or else I shall sleep like a top.

LEUC. Let's follow her and see she injure not herself !

CUNO. I hope she is not so mad yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COUNTRY-MAN, *and* WOMEN *preparing for the Solemnizing of the* KING'S *birthday.*

1 COUN. Draw up the company ! Where's the Taberer ?

TAB. Here, boys, here !

Enter TABERER.

1 COUN. You all know how to make your honours.

ALL. Yes, yes. [*All make honours.*

1 COUN. Sr. Reverence! You make an honour, you s— ?

Cast yourselves decently into a body
By a trace, and turn boys thus.

2 COUN. And sweetly we will do't, neighbours.

1 COUN. Where are your ribbands, maids? swim with your bodies.

3 COUN. That they may do, they are light enough.

1 COUN. Couple then and see what's wanting.
Friend, pray carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You dance with confidence, without being mov'd,
And when you stand still do it with judgment.

3 COUN. I'se warrant you I'se not stand a step amiss.

1 COUN. You, Mr Mason, you betray your trade too much.
You dance as if you were treading of mortar.
Taberer, strike up!

[*He strikes up, and* 1 *Country-man dances a jig.*

1. COUN. Thou a Taberer, thou a tinker? we as
Well may dance after the tunes of grasshoppers.

Enter CELANIA, CUNOPES, LEUCIPPE.

CELANIA *sings.*

He deserv'd much better than so
In the thick wood to be lost,
Where the nut-trees grew so low
As if they had been nip'd with the frost,
O whither, whither, my love, dost thou go?

1 COUN. Woman avoid: if it be your vocation to be mad,
Pray be mad in some more fitting place;
This is no place for mad folks.
CUNO. But 'tis for fools.
1 COUN. For though we have bells here; yet we have no whips.
Tho' we are about a morrice, 'tis no mad morrice.
CUNO. Who says she shan't be mad?
1 COUN. That do I, sir! we have business here that does concern
The Prince, matters of state and will not be disturb, sir.
I cannot bear with her affronts.
CUNO. Can you bear with that, sir?
[*Cunopes strikes him.*
1 COUN. Sir, I wou'd have you know I con ta' any thing at a man's
Hands, but my spirit is too big to put up the least
Affront offer'd me by a woman.

CELANIA *sings.*

There were three fools at mid-summer run mad!
About an howlet a quarrel they had,
The one said 'twas an owl, the other he said nay,
The third said it was a hawk but the bells were cut away.

1. COUN. Woman, I say leave thy singing! or I'll give thee a good douze i'th' chop.
CUNO. Say you so, sir? [*Strikes him.*
1. COUN. Good sir, command your hands to be more civil; what,
Are you mad?
CELA. Give me your hand!
2. COUN. Why?

CELA. I can tell your fortune. You are a fool, tell ten ! I have
Pos'd him—fa, la, la, la.

1. COUN. Come, let's go and practice in some other place, Prince
Will else be here ere we are perfect.

[*Ex. Country Men and Women.*

CELA. Well ! I'll go seek Philander: I shall find him
Under some primrose : I am thirsty. Fetch
A glass of milk stript from the pretty dugs
Of some milch lady-cow.

Lady-cow, lady-cow, quick, go flee !
And tell me now where my true love shall be.

LEUC. Let us keep close to her, good Cunopes.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ARCON, POLYNICES, PROVOST, HERACLIA, *and attendants.*

ARCON. They have found a pretty place within the wood
For the solemnity. Methinks, Heraclia, y'are melancholy.

HERA. Sir, I cannot chuse,
But bear a part in the good Provost's cares,
And mingle tears with him : he mourns, you see,
For his dear daughter's loss, poor lady !
Good sir, cheer the Provost up.

ARCON. Provost, take comfort !
Your daughter's not irreparably lost,
Nor yet the pris'ner : we'll send out to find 'em.

PROV. My grief, sir, will but discompose your joys;
Pray let your Highness now permit my absence.

ARCON. You will receive some ease by staying here.

PROV. I shall not see for tears: Let me retire
Into some solitary place alone,
To bless your birthday, and to curse my own.
ARCON. You have leave, Provost. But I hope, ere long,
Your daughter's presence will dry up those tears.
POLYN. Good man! how has her loss dejected him?
Methinks his face too much resembles death.
Each character of age does seem a grave.
HERA. Now I lament that e'er I tried Celania,
By telling her, Philander was to die.
POLYN. Madam, you should suspend your grief awhile,
Custom sometimes must nature overrule.
Think now not on Celania: but reflect
On this solemnity, and entertain
The birthday of the Prince, with thoughts that are
Of a serene complexion. See, they are coming!

Enter FIRST COUNTRY-MAN *as Master of the revels.*

ARCON. This seems to be the country poet. What
Represent you first?
1 COUN. We represent a morrice for the first thing,
Whose coutrements hang heavy on my purse-string,
Tho' lightly on the hobby-horse and dancers,
He learns to wighy,* and the rest to prance, sirs.
They are all so skittish, that when you behold 'em,
You may e'en swear the hobby-horse has foald 'em,
ARCON. Are they ready?

* Wihie, or whinny. To neigh.

1 COUN. Th' are entering and, to shew I do not bob ye,
The horse comes first here which is call'd the hobby.

Enter hobby-horse.

Some with long spoons, quoth proverb stale and addle
Eat with the devil; this, sir, has a ladle.

Enter TABERER.

Next comes the man with taber, which by some
Among the pigmies is yclep'd a drum.

Enter all.

Then with the rest comes in that ugly carrion
Which country batchelors do call maid-Marrion.

[*They dance the morrice here.*

ARCON. You have your thanks for this! what is your next?

1. COUN. The next, sir, if your grace will be contented,
A hunt in music will be represented.
If that your Highness' worship think it good
To saunter but a little in the wood.
Good sir, be pleas'd to raise yourself and go forth
To hear the horns, then see the hunt, and so forth.

ARCON. Since you are master of the hunt, we'll take
Our stand where you appoint us: lead the way!

We'll change the scene awhile to see your sports:
Princes for pleasure may remove their courts.
[*Ex. omnes.*

THE FOURTH ACT.

Enter ARCON, POLYNICES, HERACLIA, ATTENDANTS *and* COUNTRY-POET.

POET. Let man of might sit down in dainty arbour,
Where trees are trimm'd as periwig is by barber;
And huntsmen soon shall come with horns call'd bugle
Which are but few, because we will be frugal. [*Exit Poet.*

ARCON. Well! we will be directed:
This wood has various places of delight,
It can afford both privacy and pleasure.
The call begins——

Enter TWO FORESTERS.

[*The call at distance representing the sound of horns by instrumental music.*

1 FOR. Heark, heark! the call! at distance it appears
So gently that it softly courts our ears.
Whilst echo newly waken'd with the noise
Does drowsily reverberate the voice.
[*The call agen louder.*

2 FOR. Now 'tis come nearer, and does reach the sky:
Objects grow greater by their being nigh.

1 FOR. Woods tremble with the wind, as if they were
For some of their inhabitants in fear.

2 FOR. For one of them they well may fearful seem,
For I myself did help to harbour him.
1 FOR. If so, you can with ease inform me then,
Of what head is he?
2 FOR. A brave hart of ten.
1 FOR. But do his port and entries * promise game?
2 FOR. That both his slote † and fumers ‡ do proclaim. [*A single recheat winded.*
1 FOR. Heark! the recheat! § the stag now quits his lair,
And sprightly bounds into the open air.

Music expresses the chase by voices and instruments like holloing and winding of horns.

2 FOR. Now, now the dogs in a full cry pursue
The hart as fast as he does them eschew,
Whilst they with hollow mouths, foretel his fall;
And in a concert chime his funeral.
Prithee let's take our stand here.
1 FOR. No; they are at a loss, let's to 'em!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HUNTRESS.

[*Hollaing and shouting within.*

HUNT. The dogs when at a loss their voice suppress'd,
And by that silence soon their fault confess'd,

* Entries. Places in thickets where deer have recently passed through.

† The pit of the stomach.

‡ Fumes. Ordure. "And gif men speke and ask him of the fumes, he shal clepe fumes of an hert." Mayster of the Game, MS., Bodl., 546.

§ A lesson which the huntsman winds on the horn, when the hounds have lost their game, to call them back from following a counter-scent.

Most of 'em were staunch-hounds ;* and it is strange,
They made a loss which never hunted change :
But now th'ave got the game agen in view,
And do with violence the chase renew ;
Now, now, the stag is more in danger far
Of sinking soon. Relapses fatal are !

(HUNTSMEN *within*) There blue-cap ! there, there, there ! so ho, ho !

HUNT. Heark ! heark ! The noise is now more lively grown,
Their clamour shews the stag is plucking down.
He sinks, he sinks ! their voice proclaim his fall,
As thunder speaks a monarch's funeral.

[*A noise of dogs representing the death of the stag.*

Enter TWO FORRESTERS, FOUR HUNTERS, *and* FOUR HUNTRESSES, *with the stag's head.*

1 FOR. They have made both essays.

2 FOR. A brave fat deer.

1 HUNT. See the stag's head which so did spread his beam,
The small trees did seem to envy him.

1 FOR. When the relays were set of hound and horse,

2 FOR. We all resolv'd to hunt it out at force.

HUNT. When first we rouz'd him, and he fled, the wind
Was with the dogs left equally behind.

1 FOR. But when the game their following sight out-went,
The dogs pursu'd him hotly by the scent.

* "Well entered for the game."

2 For. Then wearied to a bay he quickly fell ;
And in a groan his tragedy did tell.
1 For. Nature with music did that groan out-vie,
A quire of birds did sing his obsequey.

Chorus. That chorus was, for fear they should
Forget their melting strain,
Taught by the echoes of the wood
To sing it o'er again.

Poet. Now for our dance, wherein we have no small hope,
Because it does both amble, trot, and gallop.

A Dance.

Hera. This entertainment's parcel-gilt, made up
Of various diversions.
Poly. We have had a country muse, who
Has set up with the help of a town poet.
Arcon. Since all is done, 'tis time we shou'd retire ;
Polynices, reward him ; we'll away !
We must not keep too long a holiday.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Celania, Leucippe, *and* Cunopes.

Cela. Heark ! heark ! the grasshoppers—Philander's gone,
Gone to the wood to gather mulberries ! I'll find
Him out to-morrow.
Leuc. Alas ! how shall we do to get her home ?

Celania *sings.*

The heifer was lost in the green wood,
In the green wood, in the green wood,
Where she had gone astray.
By a bank of strawberries she stood
Lowing till break of day,

Then did the strawberries upon her smile
And sweetly seem'd to beg for cream the while.

CELA. Is not this a fine song?
LEUC. O, a very fine one.
CUNO. So fine, I'm sure it set my mouth a-water.
CELA. I can sing twenty more.
LEUC. I think you can.
CELA. Yes truly, can I. Are you not a tailor?
CUNO. A tailor, madam? Troth, I think I am none,
Because I eat so little bread: I'm sure
I have not touch'd a bit these two days.
LEUC. Fy, you must humour her! say you are a tailor.
CUNO. Must I then lie to call myself a thief?
Well, madam, I am a tailor.
CELA. Where's my wedding gown?
CUNO. I'll bring it home to-morrow.
CELA. Do. Very early! I must be abroad else,
To call the maids and pay the music too;
'Twill never thrive else: but suppose Philander
Is taken, he must die then.

She sings.

And when Philander shall be dead,
I'll bury him, I'll bury him,
And I'll bury him in a primrose bed:
Then I'll sweetly ring his knell,
With a pretty cowslip bell.
Ding, ding, &c.

D'ye know Philander?
CUNO. Know him? Yes, yes,
Wou'd I cou'd see him, that I might renew
My old acquaintance with him.
CELA. Is't not a fine young gentleman?
CUNO. Too fine it seems to bear me company.

LEUC. By no means cross her: she'll be then distemper'd,
Far worse than now she seems.
CELA. You have a sister?
CUNO. Yes, and a handsome one; of my complexion.
CELA. Many are now with child by him; yet I
Keep close as any cockle. All are boys,
And must be eunuch'd for musicians,
To sing the battles of the king of pigmies:
They say he lately conquer'd all the cranes:
And took 'em pris'ners with his lime-twigs.
CUNO. 'Tis very strange!
CELA. As e'er you heard: but say nothing.
Come hither!——you are a wise man.
CUNO. So, so, madam, I have a spice of policy:
But yet I fear, I hardly shall be made
A privy-counsellor, because I let
Philander 'scape.
CELA. And are not you the master of a ship?
CUNO. Yes! here's the vessel! 'tis a man of war: [*Views himself.*
Only it wants due stowage. I am hungry,
My guts are grown artillery, and roar
Like cannons.
CELA. Set your compass to the north
And steer towards Philander.

See how the dolphins caper there,
The fish keep holiday.
They dance corantos in the air,
And thus they shoot away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILANDER, *as from a bush.*

PHIL. I did not think so little time could have
Restor'd a health so much decay'd: methinks
I am stronger than I was before, and long

Till we encounter, as if valour's heat
Grew, like a fever's, greater by a meal.
Cousin, thou hast built a buttress to support
My falling fabric and to crush thy own.
My thirst's allay'd : but, Theocles, thy blood
Must quench the draught rais'd by the heat of love!
——He promis'd to come double-sworded. That
Which he refuses I will kill him with.
One of us with this ev'ning sun must set.

Enter THEOCLES *with two swords.*

THEO. How d'ye, sir?
PHIL. A little stomach sick ;
But opening of a vein in you will cure me.
THEO. Be your own surgeon ; here are instruments.
PHIL. I've given you too great a trouble, sir.
THEO. 'Tis but a debt to honour and my duty.
PHIL. I wish you would so well consult your honour,
In your affection as your enmity,
Then my embraces not my blows should thank you.
THEO. Either well done is a brave recompence.
PHIL. I shall not be behind hand with the payment.
THEO. These soft defiances oblige me, sir.
When I am wounded, some such words as these
Will fall like oil into my wounds, and cure 'em.
But for your rougher terms they are like bullets
Chawl'd into poison. Let our language be
Serene, and if a tempest must be seen,
Let our swords shew it : here I have brought you one,
But if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
I'll stay till you recover health.
PHIL. Cousin ! thou art so brave an enemy,
That none is fit to kill thee but a kinsman ;

I'm well and lusty: choose your sword! I have
Advantage of you in my cause.
THEO. Choose you, sir!
PHIL. Wilt thou exceed in all? Or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
THEO. If thou think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd, for I shall not spare you.
PHIL. That's well said! this is mine, then;
And be sure I shall strike home.
THEO. I'll give you cause enough! Is there ought else to say?
PHIL. This only, and no more, sir: If there be
A place prepar'd for those who sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul, who falls, may have it,
Whilst the survivor does enjoy the pleasure
Of an unrivall'd love. Give me your hand!
THEO. Philander, here! This hand shall never more
Come near you with such friendship.
PHIL. Once more stand off!
[*They fight. Horns within. They stop.*
THEO. Hark, cousin, hark! our folly has undone us.
PHIL. Why?
THEO. The Prince is returning from the celebration
Of his nativity. Dear sir, retreat
Into your bush agen; if you are seen
You perish instantly, for breaking prison.
And I, if you reveal me, for contempt of
The Prince's order.
PHIL. I'll no more be hidden; I know your cunning and I know
Your cause; I'll not refer this great adventure
To a second trial. Stand upon your guard!
THEO. You are mad!

PHIL. Let what will threaten me; the beauty of Heraclia
Makes me scorn the frowns of fortune —— for Heraclia.
THEO. Then come what may come, you shall see I can as well fight
As talk, only I fear the law will have the honour of our
Ends.——Philander——at thy life!
PHIL. Guard well thy own!

Enter ARCON, POLYNICES, HERACLIA, *Attendants and Guards.*

ARCON. What insolent and unadvised men
Are these, which here attempt each other's life
Against the tenour of my laws? You both
Deserve to die for striving thus to kill each other.
PHIL. I know it, sir: we are both
Contemners of your mercy! I'm Philander
Who broke your prison. This is Theocles!
ARCON. Ha!
PHIL. A bolder traitor never trod your ground.
POLYN. Alas! I have been generous in vain.
PHIL. 'Tis he contemns you, and in this disguise,
Forgetting your command, attends that lady,
Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing
And first bequeathing of the soul, I am;
Yet he dares think her his, which treachery
I call'd him here to answer. If you e'er
Deserv'd the attributes of great and just,
Bid us to fight again, and you shall see
Such justice as you'll envy; then you may
Divest me of my life. I'll woo ye to it.
HERA. What miracle is this? Both fight for me?
ARCON. You are a bold defyer of your fate.
THEO. Your breath of mercy, sir, I shall not court,

I can as resolutely die as you command it;
Only let me say I am no traitor, tho' Philander
Calls me so; unless my love be treason. Then indeed
I'm the greatest traitor, and am proud on't:
If you ask why I slighted your command,
Ask why I love, and why that lady's fair?

HERA. Can both be kindl'd into love by me.
And love enflame 'em into so much hate? [*Aside.*

PHIL. Monarch! as you are just, shew us no mercy:
Let us expire together; only, sir,
Let Theocles a while before me fall,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

ARCON. Your wish is granted! he offended most,
And first shall die: nor shall you long survive him.
Polynices, secure them till the morning!
Then they shall wake to sleep for ever.

POLYN. Good sir, be pleas'd to moderate their doom.

ARCON. You supplicate in vain: convey 'em hence!

POLYN. I shall obey you, sir, but heaven can tell
With what reluctancy: Now, madam, you must
Intercede for 'em, or else your face,
Wherein the world reads beauty, yet will be
With curses blotted of succeeding youth,
For these lost gentlemen.

[*Ex. Polyn., Philan, Theocles.*

HERA. My face is guiltless of their ruin; but
The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em,
Yet I have pity and will plead for 'em.
Good sir, retract your sentence! if they fall
Virtue will suffer in 'em.

ARCON. Why should you intercede? if they survive

The public danger will be kept alive.
I'm sorry niece, they love you !
HERA. 'Tis their fate !
Can love to me deserve my uncle's hate ?
Should they for loving me untimely fall ?
Tho' now Heraclia they may gentle call,
Their groans will speak me cruel at the last,
And every sigh my reputation blast.
ARCON. Suppose I should permit 'em both to live,
'Twould but a little time their death reprieve :
They'ld love you still, and loving you would fight,
Rivals' affections do to death excite.
Whilst they survive they will foment that fire
Which in their ashes quickly would expire.
HERA. But when that flame, sir, with their ashes dies,
Another flame will from my beauty rise ;
And that, which kindl'd their unhappy love,
To other's hate will provocation prove ;
Their deaths will make me loath'd ; my honour shall
Contract a blackness from their funeral.
ARCON. Since with such violence you intercede,
One shall find pardon, though th' other bleed,
Your breath shall have the liberty to save
One, and condemn the other to the grave.
HERA. The death of one alone then shall suffice,
I'll make him the survivor's sacrifice.
The noble Theocles shall live——but why ?
Philander is as much too good to die :
Distracted thus I know not which to choose,
One I would save, but not the other lose.
May not both live ?
ARCON. Not in regard of them,
But for your sake, I do not both condemn.

You cannot marry both, and, when I save
But one, you can no more from hymen crave;
By love's great law you can but one enjoy,
Him you must quickly choose or both destroy.
[*Exit Arcon.*

HERA. With rigid honour, gentle pity join'd
To plead for those whom he to death design'd,
He thinks I spake from principles of love,
Now both of 'em I from my thoughts remove.
He told me I by one should be enjoy'd,
Which partial fortune that I may avoid,
I'll equally permit 'em both to die,
That so I may do neither injury. [*Exit Princess.*

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter MESSENGER *and* NURSE.

NURSE. How sir? Did Cunopes assist you then
To bring my lady back?

MESS. Yes, but he stood a long time in suspense,
And scarce would have return'd, had not two men,
Who cross'd the way in haste, acquainted us
That not far off the Prince had in the wood
Surpris'd Philander fighting with his cousin.

NURSE. Alas! poor gentleman.

MESS. This news made him hope
He might be pardon'd, then he assum'd courage,
And with Leucippe's help we have brought home
Celania, though distracted.

NURSE. Blessing on your heart!
We have some hopes she soon will be recover'd,
The Prince's physician gives the Provost comfort,
He says Philander's and her want
Of sleep caus'd her distemper: He prescrib'd

A cordial, which by this time she has taken
To force her to a slumber.
MESS. They are ent'ring!
NURSE. I dare not stay to see her! 'las, poor lady:
I cannot look upon her without weeping.
[*Ex. Nurse.*

Enter PROVOST, CELANIA, LEUCIPPE, *and* CUNOPES.

PROV. O! May the cordial rectify her senses,
Or mine will else unsettle; I shall grow
Distracted with her madness: as if reason
Might be infected, like related blood.
CELA. Have you seen the crop'd horse Philander gave me?
CUNO. A horse? Yes, yes! I thank him too: he did
His good-will to bestow a horse on me,
A wooden one that must be rid forsooth
With a halter instead of a bridle.
CELA. He's a fine horse! you never saw him dance?
LEUC. No, madam.
MESS. Alas, poor lady!
CELA. He'll dance the morrice twenty mile an-hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse in
Arcadia: he gallops to the tune of green-sleeves,
What think you of him?
CUNO. Having these virtues
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
CELA. Alas, that's nothing!
CUNO. Can he write and read too?
CELA. O yes, a fair hand, and casts himself
Th' account of all his hay and provender.
That hostler that does cozen him must rise betimes.
CUNO. This horse has so much reason, I believe

The Trojan-horse begot him whilst he had
So many men in's belly.
CELA. The Prince's chest-nut mare's in love with him.
CUNO. What portion has she?
CELA. Two hundred bottles of hay, and twenty strike
Of oats: he lisps in his neighing too, and that entic'd
Her first: but he'll ne'er have her.
How far is't to the world's end?
CUNO. That's a hard question. Had Philander ne'er been found,
Again, I might within these two days
Have been so much a traveller as to resolve her,
But as things stand she may know best herself:
For she's the next door to't; at her wit's end.
CELA. I must go to the world's end, and must meet
Philander there. We shall be ferried o'er
Into the shades where blessed spirits walk
To gather nose-gays and sometimes to play
At barley-break.
MESS. How prettily her fancy wanders!
CELA. They lead a sore life in the other place,
Burning, frying, boiling, hissing, cursing!
There some are put in cauldrons full of lead
And userers' grease, amongst a million
Of cutpurses, and there boil like a gammon
Of bacon that will never be enough.
PROV. Alas! will the cordial never work?
CELA. O 'tis fine sport to hear a city wife
And a proud lady howl together there:
One cries out: O, this smoke! the other, this fire!
One curses the day-bed and garden walks,
The other all her husband's customers;
But in the other place we dance and sing.

Here she sings.

My lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me most, is
The unkindness of my dear,
Yet still I cry, O, turn love,
And I prithee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And, alack! what remedy?

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring,*
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing:
O turn to me my dear love,
And prithee love turn to me!
For thou art the man that alone canst
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart, still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw alone,
Yet still I cry, O, turn love,
And I prithee love turn to me!
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.

[*That done, she lies down and falls asleep.*

PROV. At last it has prevail'd!
Oh! in mercy Heaven, to-day,
Restore her senses or take mine away.

[*Exeunt, bearing Celania out.*

* A custom extremely hurtful to the interests of morality appears anciently to have prevailed in England as well as in other countries, of marrying with a rush ring; chiefly practised, however, by designing men for the purpose of debauching their mistresses, who sometimes were so infatuated, as to believe that this mock ceremony was a real marriage.—*Brand.*

Enter ARCON.

ARCON. My niece, whilst she refuses to disclose
Which she affects, does both to death expose,
But I've contriv'd a means to end the strife,
And, saving one, destroy the other's life.
If by her love their fate cannot be known,
It shall be soon discover'd by their own;
I've sent to try their honour and their love,
He, who possesses most of both, shall prove
His own absolver, and who ever shall
Merit the least will best deserve to fall.

Enter HERACLIA.

HERA. Though I was once resolv'd to let 'em die,
The Prince's temper I again will try.
I then for neither any pity felt,
But now I find that resolution melt.
For one of 'em I needs must intercede,
Yet for the other I alike shou'd plead.
ARCON. She comes! I'll try her! Welcome my fair niece,
Come you to bring Philander a release
Or Theocles? Which choose you?
HERA. Sir, I come
To implore that you would mitigate their doom.
ARCON. My justice and my mercy in me strive,
Both to destroy and both to keep alive.
HERA. Both to destroy would look like cruelty.
ARCON. In saving both I should too gentle be.
HERA. I'm disoblig'd if you take eithers' life,
Because their love to me begot their strife. [*Aside.*
ARCON. This intercession must proceed from love,
Else so importunate she could not prove.
Yet then, methinks, she but for one should sue,
Affection never hovers betwixt two,

I'll try which way her inclination lies,
If either she affects the other dies.
HERA. Why are you silent, sir? your mercy may
Be shown without consulting or delay.
ARCON. My justice bids me neither to respect,
But when I do on Theocles reflect,
My justice into mercy does relent.
To save him I could easily consent.
HERA. Have you forgot Philander's manly looks,
And with what courage he misfortune brooks?
Valour enthron'd upon his brow does sit,
Commanding pity yet disdaining it;
So brave a spirit who could not forgive?
By scorning life he more deserves to live.
ARCON. Pardon should to entreating looks be shown;
Philander's face presents us threats alone.
He has no winning feature to allure:
He has wherewith to kill but not to cure.
HERA. Though killing frowns sit on his forehead now,
He when he pleases can unbend his brow;
And then his face, which did appear ere while
All overcast, clears up into a smile.
His face would make a winter and a spring,
What his frowns nipt his smiles to life would bring.
ARCON. Now I'm a little satisfi'd, I know [*Aside*
On whom my justice rightly to bestow;
Poor satisfaction made of grief and joy
To be instructed whom I may destroy.
Heraclia! I must needs approve your choice,
Philander highly does deserve your voice.
HERA. How, sir? [*Starts*
ARCON. His sadness does become him well,
Pleasure does in his graver aspects dwell.

Theocles then must die.
HERA. Theocles die?
The man whom you but now extoll'd so high?
Your voice exalts his worth before he dies,
As beasts are garnish'd for a sacrifice:
How can you, sir, brave Theocles conceive,
Too good to die, and yet too bad to live.
ARCON. My commendations only were design'd
To try which way your fancies were inclin'd;
And since you do Philander's worth approve,
Straight Theocles must yield his life and love.
HERA. Shall his bright glories in their east decline,
And must they set before they fully shine?
ARCON. Now my distraction's greater than before, [*Aside.*
Hoping to make it less I've made it more;
Her fancy's at a loss, and knows not whom
To choose: 'Tis like a gazing child become,
Which when two toys alike do please his eye,
Cannot distinguish but for both does cry.
Yet she shall see her rival-lovers tried,
Her kindness, through some blush may be descried.

Enter POLYNICES, PHILANDER, THEOCLES, *and guards.*

Polynices! How find you them inclin'd?
POLY. Your trial, sir, will best disclose their mind;
According to your orders here they are!
Both alike hope, and both alike despair.
ARCON. The strange affection which in both I see,
I can admire, but cannot remedy;
Both love her whom you both cannot possess,
Whilst neither more affects, and neither less,
Both being kindl'd with such equal fires,

Each to the other's prejudice conspires,
Theocles makes Philander's hope in vain.
Who equally does Theocles restrain;
My resolution staggers into doubt.
POLYN. The hand of fortune may perhaps find out
The most deserving and whom fates decree
To be most happy they by lottery
May so reveal as may your doubts remove,
Blind chance oft guides in blind intrigues of love.
ARCON. Are you content that fortune shall decide
This intricate dispute?
PHIL. I'll not be tried
By chance; fortune has cruel been to me,
Which makes me now defy her courtesy.
Sir, I have felt her injuries so long,
That I presume in this she'd do me wrong:
I have so long contemn'd her frowning brow,
That for a smile I scorn to court her now.
HERA. Bravely resolv'd!
ARCON. But, Theocles, do you
Refuse to trust your cause with fortune too?
THEO. This lady's beauty, and the judge assign'd,
Both inconsistent are,
Why should a judge so altogether blind
Bestow a prize so fair?
PHIL. We scorn the hands of fortune, and alone
Request we may decide it with our own;
Let's fight it out!
THEO. The sword must end the strife, and the same bell
Ring one his wedding and the other's knell.
ARCON. Neither does to his rival yet give place,
Nor any index in Heraclia's face
Does yet discover which she does affect;

She knows not which to choose nor to reject.
Will you then both remit it to her choice,
And either be contented if her voice
Elect the other, calmly to resign
His title?

PHIL. Calmly, sir! If she incline
To Theocles then let her bid me die,
And willingly I'll on her voice rely.
Let the same breath bless him, and me destroy,
'Tis not so much to live as to enjoy.

POLYN. 'Tis bravely spoken!

HERA. His last charming breath
Has almost won my love by courting death.

ARCON. His words have mov'd her, in her face I find
She quickly to Philander will be kind.
But what says Theocles?

THEO. I only crave,
That if she bless Philander with her bed,
She wou'd in pity bless me with the grave.
Why should I live after my hopes are dead?
If her enliv'ning smile his love shall crown,
I beg the mercy of some killing frown.
Let her eyes lighten and destroy me so,
I shall be happy in the shades below:
Where in some melancholy cypress grove,
Transform'd into a ghost, I'll always love,
As well as ghosts may do, for there I will
Be blest in courting her idea still.

HERA. I'm lost again!

ARCON. Ha! she's concern'd! it was an error then
To think she lov'd Philander, yet I'll make
Some farther trial, lest I should mistake.
Go, call in the men!

POLYN. Royal sir, I shall! [*Exit Polyn.*

HERA. What can these be whom he in haste does call?

One of my servants? What can they design
By introducing any man of mine?

Enter POLYNICES *with* TWO MEN.

POLYN. What is't that you of Theocles can say?

1 MAN. That he disguis'd himself in mean array
To be admitted in the Princess' train,
Hoping an opportunity to gain
Of singling out her person, when she shou'd
Be hunting next within Diana's wood.
Having resolv'd first to convey her hence
Then to assault that love by violence:
Which by his courtship he might well despair
Of gaining.

PHIL. These, thy black aspersions are
As false as Theocles to honour true.
He offer violence! O Heavens can you
Permit this blasphemy? Can you endure
To see so black a cloud his worth obscure?
Which wou'd, but that he does unjustly love,
So bright appear, as wou'd all envy move.

ARCON. Can you be guilty, sir, of this attempt?

THEO. Sir!

PHIL. From such designs I'm sure he is exempt.

ARCON. Will you your rival vindicate?

PHIL. I must!
Else to his honour I shou'd be unjust.

THEO. Cousin, you are too civil. Let me be
Judg'd of by circumstance.

HERA. Methinks I see
The brightness of Philander's worth increase,
Whilst he would clear the worth of Theocles.
Now my respects more evident will grow:
The world Philander's equal cannot show.

ARCON. I see she fixes on Philander; yet

I'll try her somewhat further. Friend, repeat
What of Philander you but now confess'd.
2 MAN. Philander, sir, deserves not to be bless'd
With such a lady.
PHIL. Villain!
ARCON. Calm your rage.
And let your reason passion now assuage,
Till you have heard him out. Let him proceed!
2 MAN. His glories are all sullied by a deed
As black as she is fair: for he has shewn
A cowardice which he will blush to own.
THEO. Detracting villain, could Philander fly
Each motion of his sword gives thee the lie,
Whose light'ning took perhaps thy sight away,
As bats and owls are dazzl'd with the day:
That sword which brandish'd made all others quake,
Blinded thy eye-sight into this mistake.
POLYN. How equally these miracles of men
Do share in honour!
HERA. I'm lost again!
O Theocles, a parallel to thee
Can be produc'd by no chronology.
ARCON. Ha! my confusion then must still remain;
My trials do but more distraction gain.
They are alike deserving and belov'd,
But, if perhaps Philander were remov'd,
On Theocles she then may fix her mind,
Which is unconstant now, and unconfin'd.
Polynices! Convey Philander hence.
PHIL. Wherein have I committed more offence
Than Theocles, that I no longer may
Have equal happiness by equal stay?
POLYN. Stand not disputing, sir! you must away.
[*Ex. Polyn. with Phil.*

Enter PROVOST, CELANIA, LEUCIPPE, CUNOPES, *at another door.*

ARCON. Provost, you are welcome! 'Tis some joy to me
That such fair weather in your face I see.
PROV. If I appear serener than before,
It is because kind fortune does restore
My long lost daughter to me, and to her
Those wandering senses which distracted were.
HERA. I heard she was return'd, but that which you
Relate of her distraction, never knew.
CELA. You have falsely said
That I shou'd find Philander here: He's dead!
Ay me, he's walking in some pleasant shade
Amongst the ghosts, singing the songs he made
Concerning love.
PROV. O, where's Philander, sir?
She will relapse again, if we defer
To bring her to him.
ARCON. Some of you make haste,
To bring Philander back. [*Ex. for Philander.*
CELA. Now does he through each pleasant meadow go,
And then he walks through all the groves below,
Where, when his eyes shine brightly through the glades,
The ghosts may walk in groves, but not in shades.
PROV. His speedy presence must her sense restore,
Or it will farther wander than before.

Enter POLYNICES, PHILANDER, *and Guards.*

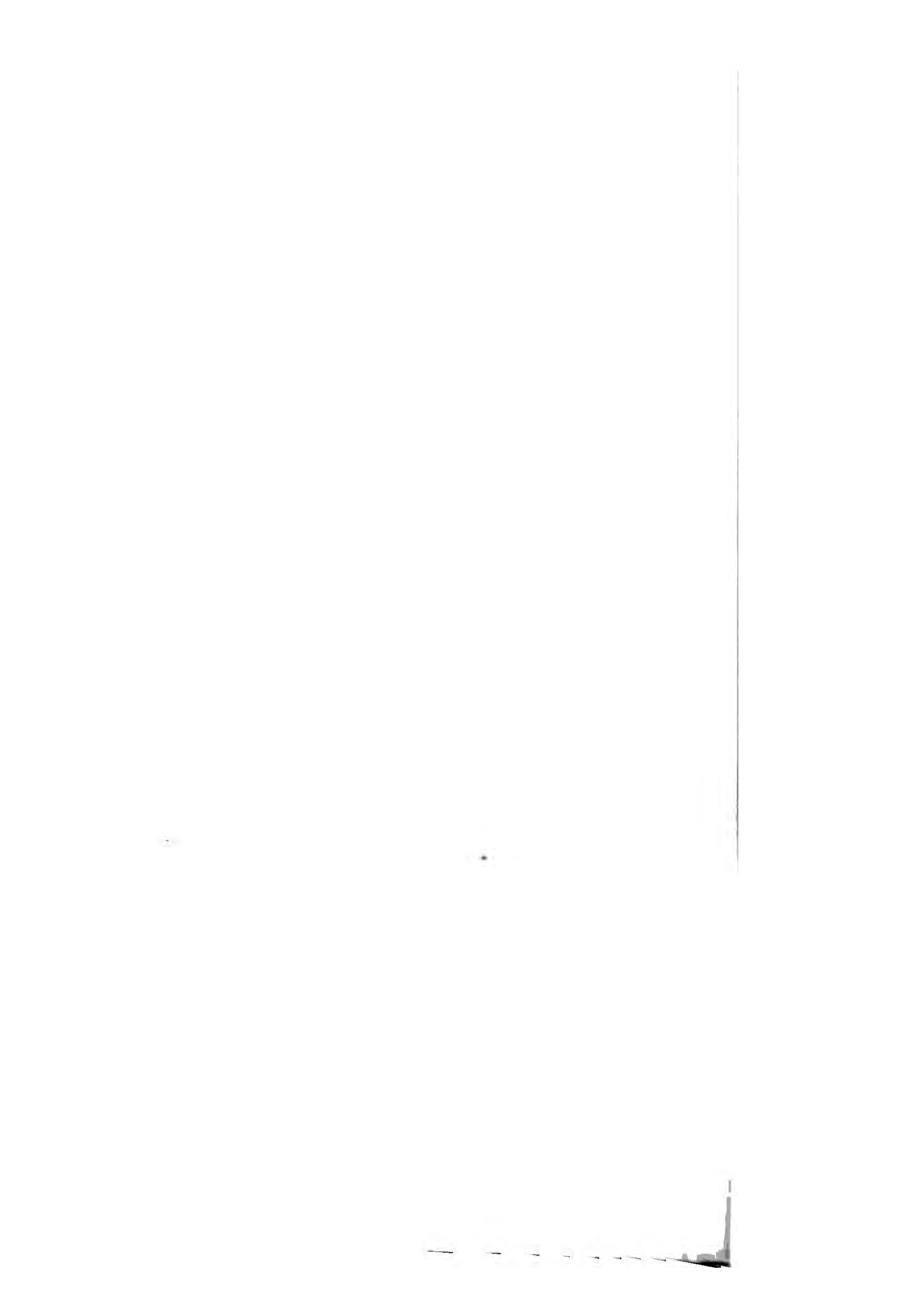
CELA. Ha! Can Philander yet be living? No,
He's not above, but I am sure below
Amongst the blessed spirits, and, at most,
I do but now behold Philander's ghost.

Alas, why fly you, sir? can ghosts be coy?
Or is't because none e'er can ghosts enjoy?
HERA. I see;
Except Philander there's no remedy.
CELA. I'll follow you through every myrtle grove,
Through all the thickest labyrinths of love,
As shadows always with the substance move.
PHIL. Madam——
HERA. Celania, I have done you wrong,
And I have suffer'd by my fault too long.
ASCON. Now I'm well instructed to proceed:
I see to whom Heraclia is decreed;
The controversy I shall soon decide,
Both now shall live, and both be gratified.
Here, Theocles, on you I will bestow
Heraclia.
PHIL. Ha!
THEO. Will she herself say so?
HERA. Celania to Philander's love does lay
So great a claim that I must needs obey;
Sir, you have my consent. I cannot defer
To give myself lest I should injure her.
PHIL. Then I am happy made to that degree,
That the most fortunate should envy me.
THEO. Must I be to Heraclia lost?
ARCON. You must,
Else to Celania you will be unjust.
HERA. I weep when I your obstinacy see,
And sigh when I remember her. Good sir,
Permit my tears to quench your flames to me,
And let my sighs kindle your love to her.
PROV. Her reason has to love a martyr been;
O, let your pity give it life again!
PHIL. My heart did first Heraclia's captive prove,
To her I am oblig'd in bonds of love.
Celania gave my person liberty,

To her by honour I should grateful be,
I owe myself to both, what shall I do
To be to love, and yet to honour, true?
THEO. Cousin, the Princess does herself bestow
On me, so that whatsoever debt you say,
You, in affection, still to her may owe,
You are oblig'd in honour not to pay.
PHIL. 'Tis true——she has forsaken me.
POLYN. You may,
Without entrenching on your love, defray
The debt you owe to honour, since you see
The Princess from the other sets you free.
ARCON. Stand not demurring, sir: give me your hand!
With that I doubt not but I shall command
Celania into health. See how her eye
Is fix'd on you as on her remedy.
CELA. What do I feel? Can apparitions be
So liable to sense?——Or is it he,
And living still?
Speak, sir, may we with truth conceive
That you still live? I shall your voice believe
Though I distrust my senses.
PHIL. I am still
The same Philander which you freed.
CELA. And can you love?
PHIL. Ay, there's the question which I knew she'd move.
Know I can love, and since that love does want
Growth in Heraclia's bosom I'll transplant
It into yours.
CUNO. Mistress, I wish you'ld be
As pliant and as merciful to me.
LEUC. I am flesh and blood.
CUNO. I would not wed a ghost.
LEUC. I cannot see so good a servant lost.
HERA. Dear Celania! nought greater can ensue

May do this bliss in Theocles and you.
THEO. My admiration and my love contest,
Which shall out-vie the other in my breast.
PHIL. My quarrel here with Theocles shall end,
I lose a rival and preserve a friend ;
Celania does our cause of strife remove,
We only shall contend which most shall love.
CELA. How much am I to love and fortune bound ?
Finding Philander I myself have found.
ARCON. Those senses which excessive grief destroys,
May be recovered by excessive joys.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



MACBETH.

Macbeth, a Tragedy; with all the Alterations, Amendments, Additions, and New Songs, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal. London, printed for Hen. Herringham, and are to be sold by Jos. Knight and Fra. Saunders at the Blue Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1673. 4*to.*

Ib., 1687. 4*to.*

Ib. As it is now acted at the Queen's Theatre. London, printed for J. Tonson, and sold by John Phillips at the Black Bull, over against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1710. 4*to.*

THE Tragedy of "Macbeth," as adapted for representation by D'avenant, "was brought forward with machines for the Witches, with dancing, and with all that singing which still continues to disgrace this admirable tragedy. In this shape it was very successful, and proved a lasting play. It was published in 1674 with all the alterations, amendments, additions, and new songs, as acted at the Duke's Theatre." * The name of D'avenant does not appear on the title, but Downes expressly attributes it to him; and as it was produced at his Theatre with those scenic additions which had in previous dramas delighted the public, the presumption is that he it was who ventured upon the bold experiment of disfiguring Shakespeare.

The play was reprinted in 1687, 4to, but this has not been noticed in the Biographia Dramatica.

A verbatim reprint again of that edition, retaining even the printer's blunders, appeared in 1710, and the following was then the cast of the characters :—

MEN.

KING OF SCOTLAND	MR KEEN.
MALCOLM	MR COREY.
DONALBAIN	MR BULLOCK, Junr.
LENOX	CAPTAIN GRIFFIN.
MACBETH	MR BETTERTON.
BANQUO	MR MILLS.
MACDUFF	MR WILKS.
SEYMOUR	MR HUSBAND.
SEYTON	MR BICKERSTAFFE.
BANQUO'S SON	MRS B. PORTER.
1 MURTHERER	MR FAIRBANK.
2 MURTHERER	MR CROSS.

WOMEN.

MACBETH'S LADY	MRS KNIGHT.
MACDUFF'S LADY	MRS ROGERS.
HECCATE	MR JOHNSON.

A waiting Gentlewoman, Witches, Servants, and Attendants.

* Geneste, Vol. I., p. 139.

There is no decisive evidence of the first performance of D'avenant's "Macbeth." Pepys says that on the 5th November 1664 he went "to the Duke's house to see Macbeth, a pretty good play, but admirably acted."* He did not again return until the 28th of December 1666, when he went to the "Duke's house, and there saw Macbeth most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety."† Upon the 7th of January following, he was at the same Theatre, "and saw Macbeth, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in *divertissement*, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, being most proper here and suitable."‡

These remarks establish that Pepys was greatly gratified with the "divertissements," and considered it a "strange prefection" in a deep tragedy—but proper here and suitable. This appears to have been the prevalent opinion at the time.

Betterton originally performed Macbeth; on one occasion, having been taken ill, his part was assigned to a Mr Young, who, according to Pepys, was a bad actor, so much so that when he went§ to witness the performance, he says, "what a prejudice it wrought to me against the whole play; and every body else agreed in disliking this fellow." Mrs Pepys was so much displeased that she left the Theatre in disgust, and went home, where her husband found her. It may be suspected that he had been looking too much about him, and that it was the pretty faces of the ladies, and not the bad acting of Young, that was the cause of the lady's anxiety to get away from the theatre.

The last entry in his diary, when he went on a subsequent occasion to the Duke's playhouse once more to see "Macbeth" is amusing.‖ 21st December 1667, —"The King and Court there; and we sat just under them, and my Lady Castlemain, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife by my troth appeared, I think, as pretty as any of

* Diary, Vol. II., p. 395.
† Vol. III., p. 367.
‡ Vol. III., p. 372.
§ 16th October 1667.
‖ Vol. V., p. 70.

them, I never thought so much before." "The King and the Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me; but it vexed me to see Moll Davies, in the box over the King's and my Lady Castlemain's, look down upon the King and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemain once, to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davies she looked like fire, which troubled me."

Langbaine, who formed one of the audience, when "Macbeth" was reproduced at the Duke's Theatre after D'avenant's death, mentions that "at the acting of this tragedy, on the stage, I saw a real one acted in the pit; I mean the death of Mr Scroop, who received his death's wound from the late Sir Thomas Armstrong, and died presently after he was removed to a house opposite the Theatre in Dorset Garden."

Downes writes thus of "Macbeth," when acted at the Theatre in Dorset Garden:—"The tragedy of Macbeth, altered by Sir William D'avenant, being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it (the first composed by Mr Lock, the other by Mr Channel and Mr Joseph Priest), it being all excellently performed, *being in the nature of an opera*, it recompenced double the expence; it proves still a lasting play." *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 33.

"Macbeth" found its way to Edinburgh, probably brought there by Thomas St. Serfe, or Sydserf, a son of the Bishop of Orkney,—the only Bishop of the Scotch Episcopalians, who after the restoration, was restored to his original position. Sydserf was the author of a Comedy taken from the Spanish, called "Tarugo's Wiles," which was acted for three nights in the Theatre at Lincoln's Inn. As it did not meet with the encouragement the author expected, he returned to Scotland, and became the manager of a Theatre in the Canongate, which from its vicinity to the Palace of Holyrood, was very convenient for those living at what was then the court-end of the city of Edinburgh.

Sir John Foulis of Ravelston, Bart., was a gentleman of good family and estate, and moved in the best society, at a period when the Metropolis of Scotland could boast

of having a resident nobility and a society of highly cultivated gentlemen not excelled in any other capital.

Sir John, after the good old fashion of his times, kept a regular note of his expenditure, and his representative, the late excellent Sir James Foulis of Woodhall, Bart., found, in searching through some old boxes of papers, a series of small MS. volumes, neatly written and minute in their entries, so much so that they afforded a curious and interesting picture of the mode of living, amusements, and expenditure of the higher class of gentry towards the latter portion of the seventeenth century.

Among the many entries of the prices paid for visiting the Theatre in which the name of the play is generally withheld, this occurs, March 6, 1682:—

For a box of Anderson's pills, . . £1 13 5

Paid for myself, my wife and Christian, to see MACBETH acted, and for sweatmeats to Lady Collingtoune, Lady Margaret M'Kenzie, and others, ... £6 2 0

The Lady Collington was Barbara Ainsley, wife of Sir James Foulis of Collington, Baronet, the head of the family.* Lady Margaret M'Kenzie was eldest daughter of Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth. She subsequently became the wife of James, second Lord Duffus. The prices paid are in Scots, not sterling money.

The only other dramatic piece of which the name is given in his note books, is under the date of the 21st December 1682.

To see Sir Solomon acted, £1, 9s.

This comedy—the second title of which is "The Cautious Coxcomb," was printed in London, small 4to, 1671, and was the production of John Caryl of West Grimstead, Sussex, a Roman Catholic gentleman, subsequently secretary to Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II., whose fortunes he followed, and from whom he received the honour of Knighthood. He was one of the St Germains' noblemen, having been created by the exiled monarch, Earl Caryl and Baron Dartford. After the death of his royal master he returned to this

* He was a Lord of Session in 1661, and Lord Justice-Clerk in 1684.

country, where his honours were not recognised. Pope dedicated to him his beautiful poem of "The Rape of the Lock." He was alive in 1717. *

Sir John Foulis was the heir of George Bannatyne, the compiler of that venerable volume of early Scotish poetry, which gave the name to the Club, which has done so much and so well for the early literature of the north. Until the year 1828, nothing was known farther about Bannatyne, than that a person of that name was the compiler of the precious miscellany of ancient verses which was called after him. When Sir James Foulis was going through the family papers he found a volume in MS. which he was desirous that the writer of these observations should see, as he could not comprehend what connection there could be between the family of Foulis and that of Bannatyne. Upon examining the MS., the mystery was unravelled. It removed all question as to who the compiler of the far-famed volume was, and established that his only surviving offspring Janet had been married to George Foulis of Ravelston, who thus came to inherit the considerable property of George Bannatyne, as well as his papers and family documents. By the permission of Sir James, to whom the papers and family portraits had come, but not the family estates—the editor had the pleasure of communicating the discovery to the office-bearers of the Bannatyne Club, and a volume was compiled and circulated among the members, under the title of "Memorials of George Bannatyne, MDXLV. MDCVIII." Edinburgh 1829.

Malone † fixes the date of the first production of the revived play in 1663, but gives no authority for this:—

"D'avenant's alteration of Macbeth was preferred to our author's Tragedy, from its first exhibition in 1663, for near eighty years."

The death of D'avenant, and the cessation of the diary of Pepys so soon thereafter, prevent any satisfactory account being obtained of the subsequent representations of "Macbeth," but there can be little doubt they were not unfrequent, from the fact, that in 1674, the musical

* Biographia Dramatica, Vol. I., p. 91.
† Historical Account of the English Stage.

portion of this drama—what Pepys calls the "divertissement," induced Thomas Duffet, who is represented by the author of the Biographia Dramatica, as exercising the calling of a "milliner in the new Exchange," to ridicule "Macbeth" in that year, and the "Tempest" in 1675.

Elkanah Settle had written a tragedy called "the Emperor of Morocco," which had become popular, and excited the envy of the dramatic milliner, who vented his spleen by the production of "the Empress of Morocco. A Farce, acted by his Majesties servants. London: Printed for Simon Neale, at the Sign of the Three Pidgeons in Bedford Street in Covent-Garden, 1674." There is a portrait of her black Majesty prefixed, and the "scene opens with Morena the apple-woman, Empress of Morocco, discovered sleeping. Thunder and lightning," &c. The females are represented by males, Morena is allotted to Harris, Laula, the Queen Mother, to Griffin, and Mariamne to Goodman. The piece is very coarse and absurd, and is followed by this epilogue.

"A new fancy, after the old and most surprising way of MACBETH, perform'd with new and costly MACHINES, which were invented and managed by the most ingenious operator, Mr Henry Wright, P. G. Q." Hecate and Three Witches, "according to the famous mode of Macbeth, commence the most renowned and melodious Song of John Dory, being heard as it were in the Air, sung in parts by Spirits, to raise the expectation, and charm the audience with thoughts sublime, and worthy of that Heroick Scene which follows." Then the scene opens--"Thunder and lightning is discovered, not behind painted Tiffany to blind and amuse the senses, but openly, by the most excellent way of Mustard-bowl and Salt-Peter." Three Witches fly over the pit, riding upon besoms. Then Hecate descends over the stage "in a glorious Charriott adorn'd with pictures of Hell and Devils, and made of a large Wicker Basket."

A strange colloquy ensues, wherein the witches inform their mistress of the mischief they have done, and receive appropriate rewards. Then—

"Enter Two Spirits with brandy burning, which they drink, whilst Hecate and the Witches sing

To the tune of A Boat, a Boat, &c.

Hec. A health, a health, to Mother C[reswell],
From Moor-fields fled to Mill-bank Castle;
She puts off a rotten new-rigg'd Vessel."

and so on, the remaining verses being of a similar description, relating to several ladies who followed the profession of Mrs Creswell, of whom a portrait is given in Tempest's "Cryes of London."

Heccate thus addresses the audience—

"Bank-side Maulkin thrice has mew'd! No matter:
If puss of t'other house will scratch—have at her!
T'appease your spirits, and keep our farce from harm,
Of strong ingredients we have powerful charm.

. . . . . .

Hail! hail! hail! you less than wits and greater;
Hail fop in corner, and the rest now met here,
Though you'l ne'er be wits, from your loins shall spread
Diseases that shall reign when you are dead.
Deed is done!
War's begun,
Great Morocco's lost and won."

She then gives an enumeration of charms for the critics, not precisely adapted for republication. A voice below exclaims, "Huff! no more!" a "hellish noise" being heard within.

When Heccate is called, thunder and lightning follow. While the witches are flying up she sings—

"The goose and the gander went over the green,
They flew in the corn that they could not be seen.
Chorus—They flew," &c.

A trio by the three witches concludes this strange show.

1.

"Rosemary's green, Rosemary's green!
Derry, derry down.
When I am King thou shalt be Queen,
Derry, derry down.

2.

"If I have gold thou shalt have part,
Derry, derry down.
If I have none thou hast my heart,
Derry, derry down."

The whole ends with verses also called an epilogue, worse in every respect than those just quoted. It may be noticed that Powel, the actor and dramatic author, performed the part of Heccate, and that Harris threw off his regal attire and became the first witch.

The "tune" of "A boat, a boat," is evidently the popular catch yet occasionally sung. This farce is the earliest instance of a travesty of Shakespeare—a species of drama peculiarly suited to the taste of the present times. None of the Shakespeare travesties have much fun about them; *Macbeth* travesty, and it has three different versions, is really abominable; *Rummio* and *Judy*, 1841, has a dash of odd wit in it; *Hamlet* travesty, by John Poole, 1812, is perhaps the best of the lot. *The Rehearsal* by the Duke of Buckingham, and *The Critic* by Sheridan, are full of wit and point, but are intended to turn into ridicule certain classes of writers, and not to ridicule any particular play. As mock dramas, the "*What d'ye call it*" of Gay, the *Tom Thumb* of Fielding, *The Tailors*, attributed to Foote, the *Chrononhotonthologos* and *Dragon of Wantley* of Carey, the *Court of Alexander the Great, and Distress upon Distress* of his son, J. Saville Carey, and the *Bombastes Furioso* of Rhodes, have never been surpassed by any modern productions of the kind.

Duffet's travesty of the "Tempest" is still more wretched than his Macbeth. The only thing tolerable is the parody upon Ariel's song of "Where the bee sucks," with which most musical persons have become familiar by means of Dr Arne's charming air.

> "Where good ale is, there suck I,
> In a cobbler's stall I lie,
> While the watch are passing by,
> Then about the streets I fly,
> After Cullies merrily.
> And I merrily, merrily take off my close
> Under the watch and the constable's nose."

Geneste says, this is by far the best thing in the piece,* and he is probably right; if so, "bad's the best." The lines of Langbaine are appropriate enough.

> "The dullest scribblers, some admirers found,
> And the mock Tempest was a while renown'd.
> But this low stuff, the town at last despis'd,
> And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd."

Acting, in all probability upon Dr Johnson's opinion,

* Vol. i. p. 160.

that puppets "were so capable of representing even the plays of Shakespeare, that Macbeth might be performed by them as well as by living actors," a person named Harry Rowe, master of a puppet-show, did for a number of years towards the end of the last century, cause his wooden actors to go through the action of that play, while he repeated the dialogue. He published his own edition of Macbeth at York in 1797, 8vo, "with new notes and various emendations," and adorned it with his own portrait. Rowe was born at York in 1726, whither he retired, after the rebellion of 1745, and, until the day of his death in 1800, was known by the appellation of "the York Trumpeter," said to have been conferred upon him in consequence of his having "blown a battle blast" at Culloden, but more likely from the circumstance of his attending with the Sheriff and announcing the entry of the judges into York, twice a-year, by sound of trumpet.

At his decease, the following lines written upon him appeared for the first time in print in Mr Payne Collier's interesting notice of "The origin and progress of Puppet Plays in England," prefixed to "Punch and Judy," published in 8vo, 1828, with illustrations, drawn and engraved by the inimitable Geo. Cruikshank.

"When the great angel blows the judgment trump,
He also must give Harry Rowe a thump:
If not, poor Harry never will awake,
But think it's his own trumpet, by mistake.
He blew it all his life, with greatest skill,
And but for want of breath had blown it still."

A notice of the death of Harry Rowe occurs in the monthly obituary of the *European Magazine* for October 1800.

"In the poor-house at York, Harry Rowe. This well-known character was born at York in 1726. At the battle of Culloden in 1746, he was a trumpeter in the Duke of Kingston's Light Horse; and attended the High Sheriffs of Yorkshire as trumpeter at the assizes upwards of forty-five years. He was also the master of a puppet-show, which he for many years exhibited in different parts of the kingdom. There was lately published, under the name of Harry Rowe, the play of Mac-

beth, with annotations, which went through two editions. If we mistake not, however, this was in reality the work of an eminent Physician of York."

Prior to Lord Lytton's bill to regulate theatres, which was passed into an act some thirty years ago, the Theatres Royal in London — Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket — had the right secured to them by Letters Patent, of a monopoly of what was called "the Legitimate Drama," *i.e.*, the power to perform tragedy, comedy, and such other pieces as were regarded as in the higher class of dramatic art, while the performances in the minor theatres, originally confined to *Ballets d'Action*, embracing music, dancing, and dumb show, gradually expanded into melo-drama and broad farce. So long as this monopoly lasted, it was the great ambition of an actor to attain the dignity of being enrolled as a permanent member in one of the royal theatres, the highest of these being Drury Lane. In those days, there was thus brought together, three standing companies of the best actors in the kingdom, capable of performing the best plays, in a style complete in every part; but since free trade in theatricals has been legalised, where we find one or, at most, two good actors at a theatre, the residue of the company are of a class which formerly would not have been tolerated in a barn, and "incapable of nothing else but dumb show and noise."

Mr Elliston, who was, for many years, the presiding genius at the Royal Circus, in St George's Fields, was, in consequence of his theatre being a minor one, debarred from playing the higher characters in the drama, which was his ambition. In order to secure him an opportunity of exhibiting his talents in this direction, Mr J. C. Cross, the author of numerous dramatic pieces, written for the Royal Circus, turned Shakespeare's "Macbeth" into a *Ballet d'Action*, retaining the music and the witches, with several portions of the text, for Macbeth to speak. There are several new scenes introduced, one being a bed-chamber in which Duncan is murdered, while asleep, by Macbeth. The same scene is again shown, after the alarm has been given,—all the principal characters come on, Macbeth stabs the "sleepy

grooms," and a picture of horror and surprise is formed to end the first act. It was titled "the History, Murders, Life, and Death of Macbeth. A Ballet of music and action, as performed, with enthusiastic applause, to overflowing houses, a number of nights, at the Royal Circus, St George's Fields, London."

The cast of the characters was as follows :—

SCOTCH.—Macbeth, Mr Elliston ; Duncan, King of Scotland, Mr James ; Malcolm (his heir) and Donalbaine, his sons, Mr Taylor and Master Hatton ; Macduff, Mr Gomery ; Banquo, Mr Makeen ; Fleance, his son, Miss C. Giroux ; Rosse, Mr Cooke ; Seyton, Mr Rivolta ; Lenox, Mr Jefferies ; Physician, Mr Ellar ; Officer, Mr Isaacs ; Chamberlains, Messrs H. Elliston and Mezzia ; Gentlemen, Messrs Day, Thomson, &c. Lady Macbeth, Mrs Hatton ; Lady Macduff, Mrs Makeen ; Gentlewoman, Miss Evans ; Ladies, Mesdames Slader, James, Wilmot, Stacey, &c.

ENGLISH.—Edward the Confessor (King of England), Mr Payne ; Siward (a general), Mr James ; Young Siward, Mr Giroux.

WITCHES, &c.—Weird Sisters, Messrs Johannot, Slader, and J. Taylor ; Hecate, Mr S. Slader ; Choral Witches, Messrs Williamson, J. Williams, Dickinson, Greenard, Burden, Macartey, Tett, Tett, junior, Giroux, &c. ; Mesdames Sarrat, Parkinson, May ; Misses Stubb, Green, Goodchild, Taylor, Two Girouxs, &c. Apparitions raised by the Weird sisters, Mr E. James, Master Hatton, and Miss C. Giroux. Sprights, Misses Aducine, Moseley, Hart, O'Brian, and Mortram.

An occasional address, spoken by Mr Elliston, prefaced the piece,—the concluding lines of which are :—

" Faithful to nature and the Drama's law,
From this great source our promised scenes we draw :
Macbeth, the regicide Macbeth pourtray—
His ruthless consort and her direful sway.
Though not indulg'd with fullest powers of speech
The poet's object we aspire to reach ;
The emphatic gesture, eloquence of eye,
Scenes, music, every energy we try,
To make your hearts for murdered Banquo melt,
And feel for Duncan as brave Malcolm felt ;
To prove we keep our duties full in view,
And what we must not *say*, resolve to *do* ;

Convinc'd that you will deem our zeal sincere,
Since more by *deeds* than *words* it will appear."

"Every department under the direction and inspection of Mr Elliston.

"Reduced to a Ballet by Mr Cross; the music principally the composition of the late Matthew Locke; the overture by Dr Busby, as well as other introductory music, and performed with the assistance, and under the direction of Mr Sanderson, leader of the band.

"The scenery by Messrs Greenwood, Marshbank, Mortram, Williams, &c.

"The banquet prepared by Mr A. Johnson.

"The dresses executed and designed by Mrs Brett, Mrs Williams, Misses Smith, &c.

"Property-man, Mr C. Sutton, and property-woman, Mrs Freelove.

"The dances by Mr Giroux.

"Scene, principally in Scotland, with the exception of—scenes which are in England. Time, sixteen years at least, and by some historians, twenty-one years.

"The play originally written by the immortal Shakespeare, in 1606, and performed in the reign of James I., founded on the records of Buchanan and Boethius, Scottish Historians.

"The Ballet in three acts."

The frontispieces to the several plays in Pope's Edition of Shakespeare, 10 vols, 12mo, 1728, were executed partly by Lewis du Guernier, while the others are merely reduced copies, by Fourdinier, of those plates, designed and executed, by Edward Kirkall, for Rowe's Edition, 1709, which was the first attempt at illustrating the works of the Bard of Avon.

The absurdity of employing Guernier, a Frenchman, to decorate plays, written in a language which he understood but imperfectly, is amusing enough. In his frontispiece to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff figures as a moderate-sized young man, in coat, waistcoat, and flowing peruke of the period, 1728; and one of the phantom kings in Macbeth, in place of a mirror, holds a common wine-glass in his hand, Shakespeare's lines having been taken by the artist in a literal sense:—

"And lo! the eighth appears,
Who bears a glass that shows me many more."

It is not credible that D'avenant would condescend to prefix what is called the "Argument" to the present operatic and injudicious perversion of "Macbeth." No edition, so far as can be traced, was printed until after the demise of its reputed interpolator. There was no occasion for it, as the tragedy told its own tale, and required no elucidation. From the beginning to the end it is a tissue of mis-statements. It is singular that no attempt has ever been made to rescue the character of Macbeth from the obloquy that has been so perpetually attached to his name. Sir Arthur Wardour, in the "Antiquary," takes exception to Jonathan Oldbuck's distrust of the imaginative historians of Scotland, and his refuting Hector Boece by some old parchment proving the venerable chronicler to be a romancer.

Modern investigation has done much to sweep away the accumulation of rubbish by which the early history of Scotland has been obscured, and the publications of the literary clubs have materially contributed to this. These associations originated with private noblemen and gentlemen, through whose exertions, and at whose expense, the invaluable chartularies and authentic muniments of the north were made accessible to the historical student; and amongst the very many benefits conferred on his native country by Sir Walter Scott, not the least was the great interest he took in the formation of the Bannatyne Club, of which he was President until his death. Other clubs followed of a similar description, and of nearly equal benefit to general literature. But the Bannatyne was the first, and we venture to think the most important, from its having been the means of putting beyond the chance of loss nearly all the invaluable chartularies of Scotland.

Wyntoun, in his "Chronicle of Scotland," asserts with truth that the name of Macbeth's wife was Gruoch, and this is put beyond all doubt by an entry in the "Registrum Sancti Andree," one of the most important of the monkish records,* of a gift to the Culdees of Lochleven of

* Edinburgh, 1841. The contribution of O. Tyndall Bruce, Esq., of Falkland.

Kyrknes, by MACHBET, the son of Finlach—and GRUOCH, the daughter of Bodhe, REX ET REGINA SCOTORUM.

Boedhe, according to the Irish chronicles, was a son of Kenneth, King of Scotland, and his daughter Gruoch was his heiress, and the rightful heir of the crown.* Thus her marriage with Macbeth, according to the courtesy of Scotland, vested her claims in her husband.

Malcolm the Second died upon the 25th November 1034, when he was succeeded by his grandson Duncan, the son of Beitoc or Beatrice, by Crinan, Abbot of Dull. Two years before the death of Malcolm—that is to say, in 1032,—Gillacomgan, son of Maelbrigde, Marmor of Moray, was burnt in his own castle, with fifty of his men. He was a married man, and had at least one son, called Lulach, who reigned after the death of Macbeth, as his lawful successor, from August 1057 to 17th March 1057-8. Who was the wife of Gillacomgan? Gruoch, we venture to think—and he was destroyed for the purpose of uniting her to Duncan, by which act her right of succession to the crown would merge in him. To support this supposition Wyntoun may be appealed to. He was keeper of the "Archivum seu Armarium publicum," of the priory and cathedral church of St Andrew; and as Prior of St Servanus, in the Isle of Lochleven, produced judicially in a certain law-suit, upon the 22d day of December 1413, the veritable register of the charters of St Andrew above referred to.

The Prior of St Serf tells his readers, in his invaluable chronicle, that Macbeth took as his wife "*Dame Grwok*," the relict of Duncan—

> "And held hyr bathe hys wyff and qweyne,
> As befor than scho had beyne,
> Tyll hys eme qwene lyvand,
> Quhen he wes Kyng wyth crowne ryngnand;
> For lytyll in honowre than had he
> The greys off affynyte.
> All thus quhen his eme wes dede
> He succedyt in his stede." †

Accordingly, Macbeth, despising the degrees of affinity, took Gruock, the queen of his "eme" Duncan, as his

* See Preface, by W. F. Skene, Esq., to "The Chronicles of the Picts and Scots." Edin., 1867, p. cxlvii.

† B. VI., c. xviii.

wife, and they, as has been proved by the St Andrews' register, reigned together as King and Queen of Scotland.

Thus the "Lady" Macbeth of the tragedy had no reality, but was a myth, the creation of the poet. Until the death of Duncan, his widow Gruoch could not have become the wife of his successor.

Neither was Duncan murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness, whilst on a friendly visit to his relative, accompanied by a train of courtiers. On the contrary, whilst invading the dominions of which Macbeth was Marmor or Sub-king, he was grievously wounded in an encounter with his kinsman, at a place called Bothergouenan,* was carried to Elgin, which appears to have been the seat of government of his victor, and died there. His body was removed to Iona, and deposited in the royal sepulchre. This event occurred in the year 1040.

The elevation of Macbeth to the royal dignity, whether as next lawful heir, or in right of his wife, does not seem to have been disputed until the year 1045, when we learn from the annals of Ulster that Duncan's father, Crinan,† the husband of the Princess Beatrice or Beitoc, raised a rebellion against him, but was defeated in battle and slain.

Five years afterwards, that is to say, in 1050, the King of Scotland, taking example by Canute, King of England, visited Rome, where, according to Marianus Scotus, a cotemporary, "Rex Scottiæ Macbethad, Romæ argentum pauperibus seminando distribuit."

It could hardly be expected that after the death of the defeated monarch his memory should be treated with any respect by his successor, especially if his own title to the throne was more than questionable. Boethius, although carefully recording all sorts of fables calculated to darken the character of Macbeth, is silent on one point on which Andro of Wyntoun dilates at considerable length. He asserts with every appearance of truth, that Malcolm Canmore was the natural son of Duncan. The Prior of St Serf has the reputation of not drawing upon his imagination for his facts, and he never asserts anything as true that he believes to be false. As an instance of this, he mentions the tradition that Mac-

* Chronicles of the Scots, 302. † P. 369.

beth was of Satanic origin, but does not give it as his own opinion that such was the case. With him the witches make their appearance *in a dream*. He mentions the trial of Macduff's faith, and the conversation between him and Malcolm, no doubt as he had found it amongst the documents in the "Armorium," or "Awmry," of which he was the custodier. But when referring to Malcolm Canmore, he asserts *positively* that he was begotten by Duncan, when a youth, upon the daughter of the miller of Forteviot, with whom he had formed an acquaintance whilst hunting in the vicinity of that place.

Nor does the historian stop here, for he says Duncan was so fond of her that there was no saying to what height she might not have risen, but for his death.

> "Thus, this Kyng Dunkane dede,
> Hys lemman will wes off gud red;
> But scho a batward efftyr that
> Till hyr spowsyd husband gat,
> And off land in heritage
> A peys till hyr and hyr lynage:
> Efftyre that mony day
> The Batwardy's * Land that callyd thai."

After reigning seventeen years, his dominions were invaded by an English army, raised by Siward, Earl of Northumberland, and Macbeth was defeated and slain in battle in the year 1059. His remains were deposited beside those of his predecessor in Iona. His step-son, Lulach, was proclaimed his successor, but unable to resist the English army, increased as it would be by the accession of the Scottish malcontents, he after a short resistance was also defeated and slain, and Malcolm Canmore was recognised as King of all Scotland.

The claim of Gruoch to the kingdom has already been shown, but that of Macbeth is by no means clear. It may be conjectured that his connection arose from his mother having been a younger sister of the Princess Beitoc or Beatrice—a connection which, if correct, would make him cousin-german of Duncan. He could hardly be a nephew of Duncan, as he has been called, as this would have made him a direct descendant of Crinan, who it

* Boatman, or keeper of a boat. See Jamieson, who quotes this passage. Wyntoun, B. VI., c. xv.

cannot be supposed would have taken up arms against his own grandson. But whether this theory be sound, or the reverse,—if we may believe Wyntoun—and his general accuracy has never been questioned—

> "All hys tyme wes gret plente
> Abowndand bath in land and se;
> He was in justice rycht lawchfull,
> And till hys legis all awfull
> Quen Leo the Tend wes Pape of Rome,
> As pylgryne to the Curt he come,
> And in hys almus he sew sylver
> Till all pure folk that had myster,
> And all tyme oysyd he to wyrk
> Profytably for Haly Kyrke."

A monarch who could reign for seventeen years over the Scottish kingdom, during which time it abounded with plenty, both by land and sea; who was a just ruler, and could leave his kingdom so quiet and contented as to be able to visit Rome as a pilgrim, is a very different monarch from the one painted in the drama.

Having disposed of Malcolm's mother to the boatman, Wyntoun observes that the Empress Malde* was descended of the Millar "in the fird degree," and the catalogue of Malcolm's descendants thus concludes—

> "Swa Pape and Kyngis cummyn ware,
> As yhe have herd off this Mylnare."

Whatever truth there is in all this, it is plain that Wyntoun fully believed in the bastardy of Malcolm. It is certainly strange that after Malcolm had got safely on the throne, Donalbain and his younger brother fled from Scotland, one to the Hebrides, and the other to Norway. The former returned to Scotland only to claim the crown after Malcolm's death, which he enjoyed not very long, having been ultimately deposed by his nephew, who, to extinguish his claim, deprived him of his eye-sight, and confined him in a monastery. The fate of the latter is uncertain.

* The Empress Maude was granddaughter of Malcolm Canmore, his daughter Maheda having been the Queen of Henry I.

THE PERSONS' NAMES.

KING OF SCOTLAND . .	MR LEE.
MALCOLM, *his Son, Prince of Cumberland*	MR NORRIS.
DONALBAIN	MR CADEMAN.
LENOX	MR MEDBOURN.
ROSS	
ANGUS	
MACBETH	MR BETTERTON.
BANQUO	MR SMITH.
MACDUFF, ...	MR HARRIS.
MONTEITH	
CATHNESS	
SEYMOR AND HIS SON . .	
SEYTON	
DOCTOR	
FLEAN, *Son to Banquo* . .	
PORTER, OLD MAN, TWO MURDERERS	
MACBETH'S WIFE . .	MRS BETTERTON.
MACDUFF'S WIFE . . .	MRS LONG.
HER SON	
WAITING GENTLEWOMEN .	
GHOST OF BANQUO . .	MR SANDFORD.
HECATE	
THREE WITCHES . . .	
SERVANTS AND ATTENDANTS	

THE ARGUMENT.

DUNCAN, King of the Scots, had two principal men, whom he employed in all matters of importance, Macbeth and Banquo. These two, travelling together through a forest, were met by three fayry Witches (Weirds the Scots call them), whereof the first, making obeysance unto Macbeth, saluted him THANE (a title unto which that of Earl afterwards succeeded) OF GLAMIS; the second, THANE OF CAWDOR; and the third, KING OF SCOTLAND. "This is unequal dealing," saith Banquo, "to give my friend all the honours and none unto me." To which one of the Weirds made answer, that he indeed should not be a king, but out of his loins should come a race of kings that should for ever rule the Scots; and having thus said, they all suddenly vanished. Upon their arrival to the Court, Macbeth was immediately created Thane of Glamis; and, not long after, some new service of his requiring new recompence, he was honoured with the title of Thane of Cawdor. Seeing, then, how happily the prediction of the three Weirds fell out in the former, he resolved not to be wanting to himself in fulfilling the third; and, therefore, first he killed the King, and after, by reason of his command among the soldiers and common people, he succeeded in his throne. Being scarce warm in his seat, he called to mind the prediction given to his companion, Banquo, whom, hereupon supposing as his supplanter, he caused to be killed, together with his posterity; Flean, one of his sons, escaped only with no small difficulty into Wales. Freed, as he thought, from all fear of Banquo and

his issue, he built Dunsinan Castle, and made it his ordinary seat; and afterwards, on some new fears, consulted with certain of his wizards about his future estate, was told by one of them that he should never be overcome till Birnam Wood (being some miles distant) came to Dunsinan Castle; and by another, that he should never be slain by any man which was born of a woman. Secure, then, as he thought, from all future dangers, he omitted no kind of libidinous cruelty for the space of eighteen years, for so long he tyrannised over Scotland. But having then made up the measure of his iniquities, Macduff, the Governor of Fife, associating to himself some few patriots, and being assisted with ten thousand English, equally hated by the tyrant, and abhorring the tyranny, met in Birnam Wood, and taking every one of them a bough in his hand, the better to keep them from discovery; marching early in the morning towards Dunsinan Castle, which they took by scalado. Macbeth escaping, was pursued by Macduff, who, having overtaken him, urged him to the combat, to whom the tyrant half in scorn returned this answer: "That he did in vain attempt to kill him, it being his destiny never to be slain by any that was born of woman." "Now then," said Macduff, "is thy fatal end drawing fast upon thee, for I was never born of woman, but violently cut out of my mother's belly;" which words so daunted the cruel tyrant, though otherwise a valiant man and of great performances, that he was very easily slain, and Malcolm Conmer, the true heir, seated in his throne.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THREE WITCHES.

1 WITCH. When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2 WITCH. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 WITCH. And that will be ere set of sun.
1 WITCH. Where's the place?
2 WITCH. Upon the heath.
3 WITCH. There we resolve to meet Macbeth.
[*A shriek like an owl.*
1 WITCH. I come, Gray Malkin.
ALL. Paddock calls!
To us fair weather's foul, and foul is fair.
Come hover through the foggy, filthy air.
[*Ex. flying.*

Enter KING, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, *and* LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting* SEYTON *wounded.*

KING. What aged man is that? if we may guess
His message by his looks, he can relate the
Issue of the battle.
MAL. That is the valiant Seyton;
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
To save my liberty; hail, worthy friend!

Inform the king in what condition you
Did leave the battle.
SEY. It was doubtful.
As two spent swimmers, who together cling,
And choak their art: the merciless Macdonald,—
Worthy to be a rebel, to which end
The multiplying villanies of nature
Swarm'd thick upon him—from the western isles
With kernes and gallow-glasses was supply'd,
Whom fortune with her smiles obliged a while;
But brave Macbeth, who well deserves that name,
Did with his frowns put all her smiles to flight;
And cut his passage to the rebel's person;
Then, having conquer'd him with single force,
He fixt his head upon our battlements.
KING. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
SEY. But then this day-break of our victory
Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise;
Produc'd our hazard: for no sooner had
The justice of your cause, sir, arm'd with valour,
Compell'd these nimble kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan Lord, having expected
This opportunity, with new supplies,
Began a fresh assault.
KING. Dismayd not this our Generals, Macbeth and Banquo?
SEY. Yes, as sparrows eagles; or as hares do lions;
As flames are heighten'd by access of fuel,
So did their valours gather strength, by having
Fresh foes on whom to exercise their swords;
Whose thunder still did drown the dying groans
Of those they slew, which else had been so great,
They'd frighted all the rest into retreat.
My spirits faint; I would relate the wounds

Which their swords made, but my own silence me.
KING. So well thy wounds become thee as thy words,
They're full of honour both. Go, get him surgeons!
[*Ex. Sey. and Attendants.*
Enter MACDUFF.
But who comes there?
MAL. Noble Macduff!
LEN. What haste looks through his eyes!
DONAL. So should he look, who comes to speak things strange.
MACD. Long live the king!
KING. Whence com'st thou, worthy Thane?
MACD. From Fife, great King, where the Norweyan banners
Dark'ned the air, and fann'd our people cold.
Norway himself, with infinite supplies,—
Assisted by that most disloyal Thane
Of Cawdor,—long maintained a dismal conflict,
Till brave Macbeth oppos'd his bloody rage
And check'd his haughty spirits, after which
His army fled: Thus shallow streams may flow
Forward with violence a while, but when
They are oppos'd, as fast run back again.
In brief, the victory was ours.
KING. Great happiness!
MACD. And now the Norway King craves composition.
We would not grant the burial of his men,
Until at Colems Inch* he had disbursed
Great heaps of treasure to our General's use.
KING. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our confidence: Pronounce his present death,
And, with his former title, greet Macbeth.
He has deserv'd it.

* The Island of Inchcolme.

MACD. Sir! I'll see it done.
KING. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth has won. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THREE WITCHES *flying.*

1 WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?
2 WITCH. Killing swine.
3 WITCH. Sister, where thou?
1 WITCH. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht; give me, quoth I.
Aroint * thee, witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cried.
Her husband's to the Baltic gone, master o' th' Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.
2 WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.
1 WITCH. Thou art kind.
3 WITCH. And I another.
1 WITCH. I myself have all the other,
And then from every port they blow,
From all the points that seamen know.
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
My charms shall his repose forbid;
Weary-se'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, waste, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have!
2 WITCH. Shew me! shew me!

* The text has "anoint."

1 WITCH. Here, I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 WITCH. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth does come!
1 WITCH. The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus to go about, about,
Thrice to thine,
2 WITCH. And thrice to mine,
3 WITCH. And thrice again to make up nine.
2 WITCH. Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO, *with Attendants.*

MACB. Command, they make a halt upon the heath!
So fair and foul a day I have not seen.
BAN. How far is't now to Forres?——What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' earth's inhabitants,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you things
Crept hither from the lower world to fright
Th' inhabitants of this? You seem to know me
By laying all at once your choppy fingers
Upon your skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your looks forbid me to interpret
So well of you.
MACB. Speak, if you can! What are you?
1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
2 WITCH. All hail Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
3 WITCH. All hail Macbeth! who shall be King hereafter.
BAN. Good sir, what makes you start, and seem to dread

Events which sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are you fantastical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly you show? My noble partner,
You greet with present grace, and strange prediction
Of noble fortune and of royal hope,
With which he seems surprized; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And tell which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg your favour,
Nor fear your hate.

1 WITCH. Hail!

2 WITCH. Hail!

3 WITCH. Hail!

1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 WITCH. Thou shalt get Kings, thou shalt ne'er be one;
So, all hail! Macbeth and Banquo.

1 WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor, whilst that Thane yet lives?
And, for your promise that I shall be King,
'Tis not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You have this strange intelligence? or why,
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you! [*Witches vanish.*
Ha! gone?

BAN. The earth has bubbles, like the water;
And these are some of them: how soon they are vanish'd!

MACB. Th' are turn'd to air: what seem'd corporeal

Is melted into nothing. Would they had stay'd!
BAN. Were such things here as we discours'd of now?
Or have we tasted some infectious herb
That captivates our reason?
MACB. Your children shall be Kings.
BAN. You shall be King.
MACB. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
BAN. Just to that very tune; who's here?

Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. Macbeth! the King has happily receiv'd
The news of your success; and when he reads
Your pers'nal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonder and his praises then contend
Which shall exceed: when he reviews your worth,
He finds you in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Not starting at the images of death
Made by yourself: each messenger which came,
Being loaden with the praises of your valour,
Seem'd proud to speak your glories to the King;
Who for an earnest of a greater honour,
Bade me, from him, to call you Thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most noble Thane!
BAN. What! can the Devil speak true?
MACB. The Thane of Cawdor lives!
Why do you dress me in his borrowed robes?
MACD. 'Tis true, sir; He who was the Thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he in justice is condemned to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did assist the rebel privately;
Or whether he concurred with both, to cause
His country's danger, sir, I cannot tell;

But, treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
MACB. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. My noble partner,
Do you not hope your children shall be Kings,
When those who gave to me the Thane of Cawdor
Promis'd no less to them?
BAN. If all be true,
You have a title to a crown as well
As to the Thane of Cawdor. It seems strange:
But many times to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
And tempt us with low trifles, that they may
Betray us in the things of high concern.
MACB. [*Aside.*] Th' have told me truth as to the name of Cawdor:
That may be prologue to the name of King.
Less titles should the greater still forerun,
The morning star doth usher in the sun.
This strange prediction in as strange a manner
Deliver'd neither can be good or ill;
If ill, 'twould give no earnest of success,
Beginning in a truth: I'm Thane of Cawdor;
If good, why am I then perplext with doubt?
My future bliss causes my present fears.
Fortune, methinks, which rains down honours on me,
Seems to rain blood too: Duncan does appear
Clouded by my increasing glories, but
These are but dreams.
BAN. Look how my partner's rapt.
MACB. If chance will have me King chance may bestow [*Aside.*
A crown without my stir.
BAN. His honours are surprizes, and resemble
New garments, which but seldom fit men well
Unless by help of use.

MACB. Come what come may,
Patience and time run thro' the roughest day.
BAN. Worthy Macbeth! we wait upon your leisure.
MACB. I was reflecting upon past transactions.
Worthy Macduff, your pains are registred
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let's hasten to the King! we'll think upon
[*To Banquo.*
These accidents at more convenient time.
When w' have maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart
Our mutual judgments to each other's breasts.
BAN. Let it be so,
MACB. Till then, enough. Come, friends!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, LENOX, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, ATTENDANTS.

KING. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or are they not returned who were employed
In doing it?
MAL. They are not yet come back;
But I have spoke with one who saw him die,
And did report that very frankly he
Confess'd his treasons, and implor'd your pardon,
With signs of a sincere and deep repentance.
He told me nothing in his life became him
So well as did his leaving it. He died
As one who had been studied in his death,
Quitting the dearest thing he ever had,
As 'twere a worthless trifle.
KING. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, *and* MACDUFF.

O worthi'st cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That all the wings of recompense are slow
To overtake thee. Would thou had'st less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: I've only left to say,
That thou deserv'st more than I have to pay.

MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe you
Is a sufficient payment for itself.
Your Royal part is to receive our duties;
Which duties are, sir, to your throne and State,
Children and servants; and when we expose
Our dearest lives to save your interest,
We do but what we ought.

KING. Y'are welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
Still to advance thy growth. And noble Banquo,
Who hast no less deserv'd, nor must partake
Less of our favour, let me here enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

BAN. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

KING. My joys are now
Wanton in fullness, and would hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Kinsmen, sons, and Thanes,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: nor must he wear
His honours unaccompanied by others,
But marks of nobleness, like stars shall shine
On all deservers. Now, we'll hasten hence
To Inverness; we'll be your guest, Macbeth,

And there contract a greater debt than that
Which I already owe you.
MACB. That honour, sir,
Outspeaks the best expression of my thanks.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and bless
My wife with the glad news of your approach.
I humbly take my leave.
KING. My worthy Cawdor!
[*Macbeth going out, stops and speaks, whilst the King talks with Banquo, &c.*
MACB. The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your fires,
Let no light see my black and deep desires.
The strange idea of a bloody act
Does into doubt all my resolves distract.
My eye shall at my hand connive, the sun
Himself shall wink when such a deed is done.
[*Exit.*
KING. True, noble Banquo, he is full of worth,
And with his commendations I am fed;
It is a feast to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
He is a matchless kinsman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and* LADY MACDUFF; LADY MACBETH *having a letter in her hand.*

LA. MACB. Madam, I have observ'd, since you came hither,
You have been still disconsolate. Pray, tell me,
Are you in perfect health?
LA. MACD. Alas! how can I?
My Lord, when honour call'd him to the war,
Took with him half of my divided soul,
Which, lodging in his bosom, liked so well
The place, that 'tis not yet return'd.
LA. MACB. Methinks

That should not disorder you; for, no doubt,
The brave Macduff left half his soul behind him,
To make up the defect of yours.
LA. MACD. Alas!
The part transplanted from his breast to mine,
As 'twere by sympathy, still bore a share
In all the hazards which the other half
Incurr'd, and fill'd my bosom up with fears.
LA. MACB. Those fears, methinks, should cease now he is safe.
LA. MACD. Ah! madam, dangers which have long prevailed
Upon the fancy; even when they are dead
Live in the memory awhile.
LA. MACB. Although his safety has not power enough to put
Your doubts to flight, yet the bright glories which
He gained in battle might dispel these clouds.
LA. MACD. The world mistakes the glories gained in war,
Thinking their lustre true; alas! they are
But comets, vapours! By some men exhal'd
From others' blood, and kindled in the region
Of popular applause, in which they live
Awhile, then vanish: and, the very breath
Which first inflam'd them, blows them out agen.
LA. MACB. I willingly would read this letter; but
Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.
If you are ill repose may do you good;
Y' had best retire; and try if you can sleep.
LA. MACD. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me waking.
Madam! I'll take your counsel. [*Ex. La. Macd.*
LA. MACB. Now I have leisure to peruse this letter.
His last brought some imperfect news of things
Which, in the shape of women, greeted him

In a strange manner. This perhaps may give
More full intelligence.

Reads:—They met me in the day of success; and I have been told they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I desired to question them further, they made themselves air. Whilst I entertained myself with the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who call'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which title these weyward sisters had saluted me before, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with Hail King that shalt be. This have I imparted to thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose thy right of rejoicing by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature
Has too much of the milk of human kindness,
To take the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Thou dost not want ambition, but the ill
Which should attend it. What thou highly covet'st
Thou covet'st holily; alas, thou art
Loth to play false and yet wouldst wrongly win.
Oh! how irregular are thy desires!
Thou willingly, great Glamis, wouldst enjoy
The end without the means. Oh! haste thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thy ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
Thy too effeminate desires of that
Which supernatural assistance seems
To crown thee with.

Enter SERVANT.

What may be your news?

MACB. SER. The King comes hither to-night.

LA. MACB. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? Were this true,
He would give notice for the preparation.
MACB. SER. So please you, it is true: our
Thane is coming!
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
LA. MACB. See him well look'd to: he brings
welcome news.
There would be music in a raven's voice,
[*Exit Servant.*
Which should but croak the entrance of the King
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That wait on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
Empty my nature of humanity,
And fill it up with cruelty; make thick
My blood, and stop all passage to remorse,
That no relapses into mercy may
Shake my design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripened to effect. You murth'ring spirits,—
Where'er in your sightless substances you wait
On Nature's mischief—come, and fill my breasts
With gall instead of milk: make haste, dark night,
And hide me in a smoke as black as hell,
That my keen steel see not the wound it makes,
Nor heav'n peep through the curtains of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter;
Thy letters have transported me beyond
My present posture, I already feel
The future in the instant.
MACB. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
LADY. When goes he hence?

MACB. To-morrow, as he purposes.
LADY. O never
Never may any sun that morrow see.
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time.
Be cheerful, sir, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our future nights and days
Give sovereign command: we will withdraw
And talk on't further. Let your looks be clear:
Your change of count'nance does betoken fear.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ATTENDANTS.

KING. This castle has a very pleasant seat;
The air does sweetly recommend itself
To our delighted senses.
BAN. The guest of summer, and
The temple haunting martin by his choice
Of this place for his mansion, seems to tell us
That here heaven's breath smells pleasantly. No window,
Buttress nor place of vantage but this bird
Has made his pendant bed and cradle where
He breeds and haunts. I have observ'd the air,
'Tis delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

KING. See, see our honoured hostess!
By loving us some persons cause our trouble,
Which still we thank as love; herein I teach

You how you should bid us welcome for your pains,
And thank you for your trouble.
LA. MACB. All our services,
In every point twice done, would prove but poor
And single gratitude if weigh'd with these
Obliging honours which
Your Majesty confers upon our house.
For dignities of old and later date,
Being too poor to pay, we must be still
Your humble debtors.
MACD. Madam, we are all jointly to-night your trouble,
But I am your trespasser upon another score;
My wife, I understand, has in my absence
Retir'd to you.
LA. MACB. I must thank her: for whilst she came to me
Seeking a cure for her own solitude,
She brought a remedy to mine. Her fears
For you have somewhat indisposed her, sir,
She's now withdrawn to try if she can sleep;
When she shall wake, I doubt not but your presence
Will perfectly restore her health.
KING. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor! but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, has brought him
Hither before us. Fair and noble lady,
We are your guests to-night.
LA. MACB. Your servants
Should make their audit at your pleasure, sir,
And still return it as their debt.
KING. Give me your hand!
Conduct me to Macbeth: we love him highly,
And shall continue our affection to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. If it were well when done, then it were well
It were done quickly; if his death might be
Without the death of nature in myself,
And killing my own rest, it would suffice,
But deeds of this complexion still return
To plague the doer, and destroy his peace;
Yet, let me think! he's here in double trust.
First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then as his host
Who should against this murderer shut the door,
Not bare the sword myself. Besides, this Duncan
Has borne his faculties so meek, and been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues,
Like angels, plead against so black a deed:
Vaulting ambition! thou o'er-leap'st thyself
To fall upon another. Now, what news?

Enter L. MACBETH.

LA. MACB. H' has almost supp'd! Why have you left the chamber?

MACB. Has he inquired for me?

LA. MACB. You know he has!

MACB. We will proceed no farther in this business:
H' has honoured me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LA. MACB. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? has it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so pale and fearful
At what it wisht so freely? Can you fear
To be the same in your own act and valour,
As in desire you are? Would you enjoy

What you repute the ornament of life,
And live a coward in your own esteem?
You dare not venture on the thing you wish,
But still would be in tame expectance of it.

MACB. I prithee, peace! I dare do all that may
Become a man, he who dares more is none.

LA. MACB. What beast then made you break this enterprize
To me? when you did that you were a man:
Nay, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you wish'd for both;
And now th' have made themselves how you betray
Your cowardice! I've given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, whilst it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dasht the brains out, had I so resolved
As you have done for this.

MACB. If we should fail:—

LA. MACB. How fail?—
Bring but your courage to the fatal place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
To which the pains of this day's journey will
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
I will with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the sentry of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason,
A limbeck only. When, in swinish sleep,
Their natures shall lie drench'd, as in their death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
His spongy officers? we'll make them bear
The guilt of our black deed.

MACB. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted temper should produce
Nothing but males. But yet when we have mark'd

Those of his chamber, whilst they are asleep,
With Duncan's blood, and us'd their very daggers;
I fear it will not be, with ease, believ'd
That they have done't.

LA. MACB. Who dares believe it otherwise,
As we shall make our griefs and clamours loud
After his death?

MACB. I'm settled, and will stretch up
Each fainting sinew to this bloody act.
Come, let's delude the time with fairest show,
Feign'd looks must hide what the false heart does know.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEAN.

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?

FLEAN. I have not heard the clock,
But the moon is down.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLEAN. I take't 'tis late, sir. [*Ex. Flean.*

BAN. An heavy summons lies like lead upon me;
Nature would have me sleep, and yet I fain would wake.
Merciful powers restrain me in these cursed thoughts
That thus disturb my rest.

Enter MACBETH, *and Servant.*

Who's there?

MACB. A friend!

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed!
He has been to-night in an unusual pleasure.

He to your servants has been bountiful,
And with this diamond he greets your wife
By the obliging name of most kind hostess.
MACB. The King, taking us unprepar'd, restrain'd our power
Of serving him, which else should have wrought more free.
BAN. All's well!
I dream'd last night of the three weyward sisters.
To you they have shewn some truth.
MACB. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour or two,
We'll spend it in some wood upon that business.
BAN. At your kindest leisure.
MACB. If, when the prophecy begins to look like truth,
You will adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.
BAN. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still
Keeping my bosom free, and my allegiances dear,
I shall be counsell'd.
MACB. Good repose the while!
BAN. The like to your, sir! [*Ex. Ban.*
MACB. Go, bid your mistress, when she is undrest,
To strike the closet bell, and I'll go to bed.
Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The hilt draws towards my hand; come, let me grasp thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still;
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or, art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the brain, opprest with heat?
My eyes are made the fools of th' other senses;
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

And on thy blade are stains of reeking blood.
It is the bloody business that thus
Informs my eye-sight; now, to half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams infect
The health of sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: now murder is
All arm'd by his night's centinel, the wolf,
Whose howling seems the watchword to the dead.
But whilst I talk he lives; hark, I am summon'd!
O Duncan, hear it not! for 'tis a bell
That rings my coronation, and thy knell. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LA. MACB. That which made them drunk has made me bold;
What has quenched them hath given new fire to me.
Hark! oh, it was the owl that shriek'd;
The fatal bellman that oft bids good night
To dying men. He is about it; the doors are open!
And, whilst the surfeited grooms neglect their charges for sleep,
Nature and death are now contending in them.

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. Who's there?

LA. MACB. Alas! I am afraid they are awak'd,
And 'tis not done! The attempt without the deed
Would ruin us. I laid the daggers ready;
He could not miss them; and had he not resembl'd
My father, as he slept, I would have done't.
My husband?

MACB. I have done the deed! did'st thou not hear a noise?

LA. MACB. I heard the owl's scream, and the cricket's cry,
Did not you speak?

MACB. When?
LA. MACB. Now.
MACB. Who lies i' th' anti-chamber?
LA. MACB. Donalbain.
MACB. This is a dismal sight!
LA. MACB. A foolish thought to say a dismal sight.
MACB. There is one did laugh as he securely slept,
And one cried murder, that they wak'd each other.
I stood and heard them; but they said their prayers
And then addrest themselves to sleep again.
LA. MACB. There are two lodg'd together.
MACB. One cried, heaven bless us! the other said, Amen!
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands;
Silenc'd with fear, I could not say Amen!
When they did say, heaven bless us!
LA. MACB. Consider it not so deeply.
MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
LA. MACB. These deeds should be forgot as soon as done,
Lest they distract the doer.
MACB. Methoughts I heard a noise cry, sleep no more;
Macbeth has murder'd sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care;
The death of each day's life, tir'd labours bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
LA. MACB. What do you mean?
MACB. Still it cried, sleep no more, to all the house.

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!
LA. MACB. Why do you dream thus? go, get some water
And cleanse this filthy witness from your hands!
Why did you bring the daggers from the place?
They must be there! go, carry them! and stain
The sleepy grooms with blood.
MACB. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done.
What then with looking on it shall I do?
LA. MACB. Give me the daggers! the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. With his blood
I'll stain the faces of the grooms; by that
It will appear their guilt. [*Ex. La. Macbeth.*
[*Knock within.*
MACB. What knocking's that?
How is't with me when every noise affrights me?
What hands are here! Can the sea afford
Water enough to wash away the stains?
No, they would sooner add a tincture to
The sea, and turn the green into a red.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LA. MACB. My hands are of your colour, but I scorn
To wear a heart so white. Heark! [*Knock.*
I hear a knocking at the gate. To your chamber!
A little water clears us of this deed.
Your fear has left you unmann'd; heark, more knocking!
Get on your gown, lest occasions call us
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [*Exit.*

MACB. Disguis'd in blood, I scarce can find my way.
Wake Duncan with this knocking! wou'd thou could'st. [*Exit.*

Enter LENOX, *and Macbeth's Servant.*

LEN. You sleep soundly that so much knocking Could not wake you.
SERV. Labour by day causes rest by night.

Enter MACDUFF.

LEN. See, the noble Macduff!
Good morrow, my lord! have you observ'd
How great a mist does now possess the air?
It makes me doubt whether't be day or night.
MACD. Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my
Window, and I cou'd scarce see farther than my breath;
The darkness of the night brought but few objects
To our eyes, but many to our ears.
Strange claps, and creekings of the doors were heard;
The skriech-owl with his screams seem'd to foretel
Some deed more black than night.

Enter MACBETH.

MACD. Is the King stirring?
MACB. Not yet.
MACD. He did command me to attend him early:
I have almost slip'd the hour.
MACB. I'll bring you to him.
MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you.
MACB. The labour we delight in gives [no pain.]
That door will bring you to him.
MACD. I'll make bold to call, for 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

LEN. Goes the King hence to-day?
MACB. So he designs.
LEN. The night has been unruly;
Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down;
And, as they say, terrible groanings were heard i' th' air,
Strange screams of death, which seem'd to prophecy
More strange events, fill'd divers,
Some say the earth shook.
MACB. 'Twas a rough night!
LEN. My young remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. Oh horror! horror! horror!
Which no heart can conceive nor tongue can utter.
MACB. } What's the matter?
LEN. }
MACD. Horror has done its worst:
Most sacrilegious murder has broke open
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.
MACB. What is't you say? The life?
LEN. Meaning his Majesty.
MACD. Approach the chamber, and behold the sight,
Enough to turn spectators into stone.
I cannot speak! see, and then speak yourselves.
Ring the alarum-bell! awake, awake!
[*Ex. Macb. and Len.*
Murther, treason! Banquo, Malcolm, and Donalbain,
Shake off your downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself; up, up, and see!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell!
[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LA. MACB. What's the business, that at this dead of night
You alarm us from our rest?
MACD. O Madam!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would do another murther.

Enter BANQUO.

Oh Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murther'd!
LA. MACB. Ah me! In our house?
BANQ. The deed's too cruel anywhere, Macduff;
Oh that you could but contradict yourself,
And say it is not true.

Enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing in't worth a good man's care,
All is but toys, renown and grace are dead.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

DONAL. What is amiss?
MACB. You are, and do not know't;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACD. Your royal father's murther'd.
MALC. Murthered! by whom?
LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd had don't;
Their hands and faces were all stain'd with blood:
So were their daggers, which we found unwip'd,
Upon their pillows. Why was the life of one,
So much above the best of men, intrusted

To the hands of two, so much below
The worst of beasts?
MACB. Then I repent me I so rashly kill'd 'em.
MACD. Why did you so?
MACB. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together?
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
Th' expedition of my violent love
Outran my pausing reason; I saw Duncan
Whose gaping wounds look'd like a breach in nature,
Where ruin enter'd there. I saw the murtherers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers,
Being yet unwip'd, seem'd to own the deed,
And call for vengeance; who could then refrain,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart
Courage to manifest his affection?
LA. MACB. Oh, Oh, Oh! [*Faints.*
MACD. Look to the lady.
MALC. Why are we silent now, that have so large
An argument for sorrow?
DON. What should be spoken here, where our fate may rush
Suddenly upon us, and as if it lay
Hid in some corner; make our death succeed
The ruin of our father ere we are aware?
MACD. I find this place too public for true sorrow;
Let us retire and mourn; but first
Guarded by virtue, I am resolv'd to find
The utmost of this business.
BANQ. And I.
MACB. And all.
Let all of us take manly resolution;
And two hours hence meet together in the hall,
To question this most bloody fact.
BANQ. We shall be ready, sir.
[*Ex. all but Malc. and Donal.*

MALC. What will you do?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which false men do with ease.
I'll to England.
DONAL. To Ireland I'm resolv'd to steer my course;
Our separated fortune may protect our persons.
Where we are daggers lie hid under men's smiles,
And the nearer some men are allied to our blood,
The more I fear they seek to shed it.
MALC. This murtherous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim; then let's to horse,
And use no ceremony in taking leave of any.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter LENOX *and* SEYTON.

SEYTON. I can remember well
Within the compass of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this one night
Has made that knowledge void.
LEN. Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's act
Threatn'd this bloody day; by th' hour 'tis day,
And yet dark night does cover all the sky,
As if it had quite blotted out the sun.
Its night's predominance, or the day's shame
Makes darkness thus usurp the place of light.
SEY. 'Tis strange and unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done; on Tuesday last,
A falcon tow'ring in her height of pride
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
LEN. And Duncan's horses which before were tame,

Did, on a sudden, change their gentle natures
And became wild; they broke out of their stables,
As if they would make war with mankind.
SEY. 'Tis said they eat each other.
LEN. They did so,
To th' amazement of those eyes that saw it.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?
LEN. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain are most suspected.
LEN. Alas, what good could they pretend?
MACD. It is suppos'd they were suborn'd.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away from court,
Which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.
LEN. Unnatural still!
Could their ambition prompt them to destroy
The means of their own life?
MACD. You are free to judge
Of their deportment as you please; but most
Men think 'em guilty.
LEN. Then 'tis most like the sovereignty will fall
Upon Macbeth.
MACD. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
LEN. Where's Duncan's body?
MACD. Carried to Colmehill,*
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors.
LEN. Will you to Scone?
MACD. No, cousin, I'll to Fife!
My wife and children frighted at the alarm

* I-colmkill, otherwise Iona.

Of this sad news have hither led the way,
And I'll follow them: may the King you go
To see invested, prove as great and good
As Duncan was; but I'm in doubt of it,
New robes ne'er as the old so easy fit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, AN HEATH.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, MAID, *and* SERVANT.

LA. MACD. Art sure this is the place my lord appointed
Us to meet him?

SERV. This is the entrance o' th' heath; and here
He order'd me to attend him with the chariot.

LA. MACD. How fondly did my lord conceive that we
Should shun the place of danger by our flight
From Everness? * The darkness of the day
Makes the heath seem the gloomy walks of death.
We are in danger still; they, who dare here
Trust Providence, may trust it anywhere.

MAID. But this place, madam, is more free from terror:
Last night, methoughts, I heard a dismal noise
Of shrieks and groanings in the air.

LA. MACB. 'Tis true this is a place of greater silence;
Not so much troubled with the groans of those
That die, nor with the outcries of the living.

MAID. Yes. I have heard stories, how some men
Have in such lonely places been affrighted
With dreadful shapes and noises. [*Macduff hollows.*

LA. MACD. But hark, my lord sure hollows;
'Tis he, answer him quickly.

SERV. Illo, Ho, Ho, Ho!

* Inverness.

Enter MACDUFF.

LA. MACD. Now I begin to see him. Are you a-foot
My Lord?

MACD. Knowing the way to be both short and easy,
And that the chariot did attend me here,
I have adventur'd. Where are our children?

LA. MACD. They are securely sleeping in the chariot.

*First Song by the Witches.**

1 WITCH. Speak, sister, speak! is the deed done?

2 WITCH. Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 WITCH. Ill deeds are seldom slow:
Nor single; following crimes on former wait,
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.

2 WITCH. He will.

1 WITCH. He shall.

3 WITCH. He must spill much more blood:
And become worse to make his title good.

1 WITCH. Now, let's dance.

2 WITCH. Agreed.

3 WITCH. Agreed.

4 WITCH. Agreed!

Chorus.

We should rejoice when good kings bleed,
When cattle die about we go,
What then when monarchs perish should we do?

MACD. What can this be?

* It is presumed that this concerted piece is performed without.

LA. MACD. This is most strange! but why seem you afraid?
Can you be capable of fears, who have
So often caus'd it in your enemies?

MACD. It was an hellish song! I cannot dread
Aught that is mortal; but this is something more.

*Second Song.**

Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we show
Having no music but our mew,
Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme
Where still the mill clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around, dance we.
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle singing drowsy hums.
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furs,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs.
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night raven's dismal voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still
To th' echoes from an hollow hill.

MACD. I am glad you are not afraid.

LA. MACD. I would not willingly to fear submit;
None can fear ill but those that merit it.

MACD. Am I made bold by her? How strong a guard
Is innocence! If any one would be
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;
Virtue both courage is, and safety too.

[*A dance of Witches.*

* Also without.

Enter TWO WITCHES.

MACD. These seem foul spirits ; I'll speak to 'em.
If you can anything by more than nature know,
You may in these prodigious times foretell
Some ill we may avoid.

1 WITCH. Saving thy blood will cause it to be shed

2 WITCH. He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou first hast bled.

3 WITCH. Thy wife shall, shunning danger, dangers find,
And fatal be to whom she most is kind. [*Ex. Witches.*

LA. MACD. Why are you alter'd, sir? be not thoughtful ;
The messengers of darkness never spake
To men but to deceive them.

MACD. Their words seem to foretell some dire predictions.

LA. MACD. He that believes ill news from such as these
Deserves to find it true. Their words are like
Their shape ; nothing but fiction.
Let's hasten to our journey!

MACD. I'll take your counsel, for to permit
Such thoughts upon our memories to dwell,
Will make our minds the registers of hell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

BAN. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the three sisters promis'd ; but I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't ; yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity:
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many Kings; they told the truth.
Why, since their promise was made good to thee,
May they not be my oracles as well?

Enter MACBETH, LENOX, *and Attendants:*

MACB. Here's our chief guest. If he had been forgotten,
It had been want of music to our feast.
To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And all request your presence.
BAN. Your Majesty lays your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey.
MACB. Ride you this afternoon?
BAN. Yes, Royal sir.
MACB. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
BAN. As far, great sir, as will take up the time;
Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or two.
MACB. Fail not our feast!
BAN. My Lord, I shall not.
MACB. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide; filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow.
Goes your son with you?
MACD. He does, and our time now calls upon us.
MACB. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot.
Farewell. [*Ex. Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time,
Till seven at night; to make society

The more welcome, we will ourselves withdraw,
And be alone till supper. [*Ex. Lords.*
Macduff departed frowningly; perhaps,
He is grown jealous; he and Banquo must
Embrace the same fate.
Do those men attend our pleasure?
LEN. They do, and wait without.
MACB. Bring them before us! [*Ex. Servant.*
I am no King till I am safely so:
My fears stick deep in Banquo's successors;
And in his Royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be fear'd. He dares do much;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. Under him
My genius is rebuked; he chid the sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my hand,
Thence to be wrested by another's race;
No son of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For Banquo's issue I have stain'd my soul
For them: the gracious Duncan, I have murder'd;
Rather than so I will attempt yet farther,
And blot out by their blood, whate'er
Is written of them in the book of fate.

Enter SERVANT *and Two* MURTHERERS.

Wait you without, and stay there till we call!
[*Ex. Servant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 MURTH. It was, so please your Highness.
MACB. And have you since consider'd what I told you,
How it was Banquo, who in former times

Held you so much in slavery ;
Whilst you were guided to suspect my innocence?
This I made good to you in your last conference ;
How you were borne* in hand, how crost,
The instruments, who wrought with them—
2 MUR. You made it known to us.
MACB. I did so; and now let me reason with you:
Do you find your patience so predominant
In your nature
As tamely to remit those injuries ?
Are you so gospell'd to pray for this good man,
And for his issue, whose heavy hand
Hath bow'd to the grave and beggar'd
Yours for ever ?
1 MUR. We are men, my liege.
MACB. Ay, in the catalogue, you go for men ;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are all
Call'd by the name of dogs ; the list of which
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath bestow'd on him ; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the list,
Tho' in th' worst rank of manhood, say't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your enemy,
And will endear you to the love of us.
2 MUR. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and malice of the age
Hath so incens'd that I care not what I do
To spite the world.
1 MUR. And I another,
So weary with disasters and so inflicted by fortune
That I would set my life on any chance.
To mend it or to lose it.

* Burnt.

MACB. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.
2 MUR. True, my lord.
MACB. So is he mine; and though I could
With open power take him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not;
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not hazard, would ill
Resent a public process, and thence it is
That I do your assistance crave, to mask
The business from the common eye.
2 MUR. We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.
1 MUR. Though our lives ——
MACB. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
For it must be done to-night;
And something from the palace; always remember'd
That you keep secrecy with the prescribed father.
Flean, his son, too, keeps him company;
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than that of Banquo's: he, too, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart!
BOTH MUR. We are resolv'd, my liege.
MACB. I'll call upon you straight. [*Ex. Mur.*
Now, Banquo, if thy soul can in her flight
Find heaven, thy happiness begins to-night. [*Exit.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LADY MACDUFF.

MACD. It must be so. Great Duncan's bloody death
Can have no other author but Macbeth.
His dagger now is to a sceptre grown;
From Duncan's grave he has deriv'd his throne.

LA. MACD. Ambition urged him to that bloody deed :
May you be never by ambition led ;
Forbid it heav'n, that in revenge you should
Follow a copy that is writ in blood.
MACD. From Duncan's grave methinks I hear a groan
That calls aloud for justice.
LA. MACD. If the throne
Was by Macbeth ill gain'd, Heaven may,
Without your sword, sufficient vengeance pay.
Usurpers' lives have but a short extent ;
Nothing lives long in a strange element.
MACD. My country's dangers call for my defence
Against the bloody tyrant's violence.
LA. MACD. I am afraid you have some other end
Than merely Scotland's freedom to defend.
You'd raise yourself whilst you would him dethrone,
And shake his greatness to confirm your own.
That purpose will appear, when rightly scann'd,
But usurpation at the second hand.
Good sir, recall your thoughts !
MACD. What if I should
Assume the sceptre for my country's good ?
Is that an usurpation ? Can it be
Ambition to procure the liberty
Of this sad realm, which does by treason bleed ;
That which provokes will justify the deed.
LA. MACD. If the design should prosper, the event
May make us safe, but not you innocent ;
For whilst, to set our fellow-subjects free
From present death or future slavery,
You wear a crown not by your title due,
Defence in them is an offence in you :
That deed's unlawful though it cost no blood,

In which you'll be at best unjustly good,
You, by your pity, which for us you plead,
Weave but ambition of a finer thread.

MACD. Ambition does the height of power affect,
My aim is not to govern but protect;
And he is not ambitious that declares
He nothing seeks of sceptres but their cares.

LA. MACD. Can you so patiently yourself molest,
And lose your own to give your country rest?
In plagues what sound physician would endure
To be infected for another's cure.

MACD. If by my troubles I could your's release,
My love wou'd turn those torments to my ease:
I should at once be sick and healthy too,
Though sickly in myself yet well in you.

LA. MACD. But then reflect upon the danger, sir,
Which you by your aspiring would incur.
From fortune's pinnacle you will too late
Look down when you are giddy with your height;
Whilst you with fortune play to win a crown,
The people's stakes are greater than your own.

MACD. In hopes to have the common ills redrest,
Who wou'd not venture single interest.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. My lord, a gentleman just now arriv'd
From court has brought a message from the King.

MACD. One sent from him can no good tidings bring.

LA. MACD. What would the tyrant have?

MACD. Go! I will hear
The news, though it a dismal accent bear;
Those who expect and do not fear their doom,
May hear a message though from hell it come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MACBETH'S LADY *and* SERVANT.

LA MACB. Is Banquo gone from court?

SER. Yes, madam, but returns again to-night.
LA. MACB. Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words. [*Exit Ser.*
Where our desire is got without content,
Alas, it is not gain but punishment.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Making the worst of fancies your companions;
Conversing with those thoughts that should ha' died
With those they think on; things without redress
Should be without regard; what's done is done.
MACB. Alas, we have but scotch'd the snake, not killed it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former sting.
But let the frame of all things be disjoint
Ere we will eat our bread in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those horrid dreams
That shake us mightily! Better be with him
Whom we, to gain the crown, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless agony. Duncan is dead!
He after life's short fever now sleeps well.
Treason has done its worst; nor steel nor poison
Nor foreign force, nor yet domestic malice
Can touch him farther.
LA. MACB. Come on! smooth your rough brow,
Be free and merry with your guests to-night.
MACB. I shall, and so I pray be you, but still
Remember to apply yourself to Banquo:
Present him kindness with your eye and tongue.
In how unsafe a posture are our honours,

That we must have recourse to flattery,
And make our faces vizors to our hearts.
LA. MACB. You must leave this.
MACB. How full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife,
Thou knowest that Banquo and his Flean live.
LA. MACB. But they are not immortal; there's comfort yet in that.
MACB. Be merry then! for ere the bat has flown
His cloister'd flight: ere to black Heccate's summons
The sharp brow'd beetle with his drowsy hums,
Has rung night's second peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
LA. MACB. What is't?
MACB. Be innocent of knowing it, my dear,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, dismal night!
Close up the eye of the quick-sighted day
With thy invisible and bloody hand.
The crow makes wing to the thick shady grove,
Good things of day grow dark and overcast,
Whilst night's black agents to their preys make haste.
Thou wonder'st at my language, wonder still!
Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THREE MURTHERERS.

1 MUR. The time is almost come,
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now the benighted traveller spurs on
To gain the timely inn.
2 MUR. Hark, I hear horses, and saw some body alight
At the park gate.
3 MUR. Then 'tis he; the rest
That are expected, are i'th' court already.

1 MUR. His horses go about almost a mile,
And men from hence to th' palace make it their
usual walk. [*Ex.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEAN.

BAN. It will be rain to-night.
FLEAN. We must make haste.
BAN. Our haste concerns us more than being
wet.
He expects me at his feast to-night,
To which he did invite me with a kindness,
Greater than he was wont to express. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter MURTHERERS *with drawn Swords.*

1 MUR. Banquo, thou little think'st what bloody
feast
Is now preparing for thee.
2 MUR. Nor to what shades the darkness of this
night
Shall lead thy wandering spirit.
[*Exeunt after Banquo.*

Clashing of Swords is heard from within. Re-enter FLEAN *pursued by one of the* MURTHERERS.

FLEAN. Murther! help, help, my father's kill'd!
[*Ex. running.*

Scene Opens. A Banquet Prepared.

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, LENOX, LORDS, ATTENDANTS.

MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down!
SEYT. Thanks to your Majesty.
MACB. Ourself will keep you company,
And play the humble host to entertain you,
Our lady keeps her State, but you shall have her
welcome too.

LA. MACB. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.

Enter FIRST MURTHERER.

MACB. Both sides are even; be free in mirth! anon
We'll drink a measure round, about the table.
There's blood upon thy face.
MUR. 'Tis Banquo's, then.
MACB. Is he dispatch'd?
MUR. My lord, his throat is cut! that I did for him.
MACB. Thou art the best of cut-throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for Flean.
MUR. Most royal sir he 'scap'd.
MACB. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Firm as a pillar founded on a rock,
As unconfin'd as the free spreading air;
But now I'm check'd with saucy doubts and fears.
But Banquo's safe?
MUR. Safe in a ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping wounds about his head,
The least of which was mortal.
MACB. There the ground serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed
Though at present it wants a sting. To-morrow,
To-morrow you shall hear further. [*Ex. Mur.*
LA. MACB. My royal lord you spoil the feast,
The sauce to meat is chearfulness.

Enter GHOST OF BANQUO, *and sits in Macbeth's place.*

MACB. Let good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
LEN. May it please your highness to sit?
MACB. Had we but here our country's honour:

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present
Whom we may justly challenge for unkindness—
SEYT. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please your Highness
To grace us with your company?
MACB. Yes, I'll sit down. The table's full!
LEN. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
MACB. Where, sir?
LEN. Here! What is't that moves your highness?
MACB. Which of you have done this?
LORDS. Done what?
MACB. Thou canst not say I did it? Never shake
Thy goary locks at me.
SEYT. Gentlemen, rise! his Highness is not well.
LA. MACB. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth; pray keep your seats,
The fit is ever sudden. If you take notice of it
You shall offend him and provoke his passion;
In a moment he'll be well again.
Are you a man?
MACB. Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that
Which would distract the devil.
LA. MACB. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear,
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O these fits and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story, authorized by her grandam.
Why do you stare thus? When all's done
You look but on a chair.
MACB. Prithee, see there! how say you now?
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod speak too.
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

LA. MACB. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

[*The Ghost descends.*

MACB. If I stand here I saw it.

LA. MACB. Fye!—For shame!

MACB. 'Tis not the first of murders: blood was shed
Ere human law decreed it for a sin;
Ay and since, murthers too have been committed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die
And then lie still; but now they rise again
And thrust us from our seats.

LA. MACB. Sir, your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. Wonder not at me, most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity; 'tis nothing
To those who know me. Give me some wine!
Here's to the general joy of all the table,
And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss:
Wou'd he were here; to him and all we drink.

LORDS. Our duties are to pledge it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises at his feet.*

MACB. Let the earth hide thee! thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no use now of thy glaring eyes.

LA. MACB. Think of this, good my lords, but as a thing
Of custom; 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man can dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hircanian tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or revive a while
And dare me to the desart with thy sword!
If any sinew shrink, proclaim me then
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ex. Ghost.*

So now I am a man again. Pray you sit still.

LA. MACB. You have disturb'd the mirth,

Broke the glad meeting with your wild disorder.
MACB. Can such things be without astonishment?
You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural colour of your cheeks,
Whilst mine grow pale with fear.
SEYT. What sights?
LA. MACB. I pray you speak not, he'll grow worse and worse,
Questions enrage him. At once good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going.
LEN. Good-night! and better health attend his Majesty.
LA. MACB. A kind good-night to all.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
MACB. It will have blood they say. Blood will have blood,
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
Augures, well read in languages of birds,
By magpies, rooks, and daws, have reveal'd
The secret murther. How goes the night?
LA. MACB. Almost at odds with morning, which is which?
MACB. Why did Macduff after a solemn invitation
Deny his presence at our feast?
LA. MACB. Did you send to him, sir?
MACB. I did; but I'll send again!
There's not one great Thane in all Scotland
But in his house I keep a servant,
He and Banquo must embrace the same fate.
I will to-morrow to the weyward sisters,
They shall tell me more, for now I am bent to know

By the worst means the worst that can befall me ;
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as bad as to go o'er.
LA. MACB. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
MACB. Well, I'll in
And rest : if sleeping I repose can have
When the dead rise and want it in their grave.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LADY MACDUFF.

LA. MACD. Are you resolv'd then to begone ?
MACD. I am.
I know my answer cannot but inflame
The tyrant's fury to pronounce my death,
My life will soon be blasted by his breath.
LA. MACD. But why so far as England must you fly ?
MACD. The farthest part of Scotland is too nigh.
LA. MACD. Can you leave me, your daughter and young son,
To perish by that tempest which you shun ?
When birds of stronger wing are fled away,
The ravenous kite does on the weaker prey.
MACD. He will not injure you, he cannot be
Possessed with such unmanly cruelty :
You will your safety to your weakness owe,
As grass escapes the scythe by being low.
Together we shall be too slow to fly,
Single we may outride the enemy.
I'll from the English King such succors crave,
As shall revenge the dead, and living save.
My greatest misery is to remove
With all the wings of haste from what I love.
LA. MACD. If to be gone seems misery to you,
Good sir, let us be miserable too.

MACD. Your sex which here is your security,
Will by the toils of flight your danger be.

Enter MESSENGER.

What fatal news does bring thee out of breath?
MESS. Sir! Banquo's kill'd.
MACD. Then I am warn'd of death.
Farewell! our safety us a while must sever.
LA. MACD. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.
MACD. Flying from death I am to life unkind,
For leaving you I leave my life behind. [*Exit.*
LA. MACD. O my dear lord, I find now thou art gone,
I am more valiant when unsafe alone,
My heart feels manhood, it does death despise,
Yet I am still a woman in my eyes,
And of my tears thy absence is the cause,
So falls the dew when the bright sun withdraws.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LENOX *and* SEYTON.

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret further; only I say
Things have been strangely carried.
Duncan was pitied, but he first was dead,
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Men must not walk so late; who can want sense
To know how monstrous it was in nature
For Malcolm and Donalbain to kill
Their royal father; horrid fact! how did
It grieve Macbeth? did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents kill
That were the slaves of drunkenness and sleep?
Was not that nobly done?
SEYT. Ay, and wisely too,

For 'twould have angered any loyal heart
To hear the men deny it.
LEN. So that I say he has borne all things well,
And I do think that had he Duncan's sons
Under his power, as may please Heaven he shall not,
They shou'd find what it were to kill a father,
So should Flean: but peace! I fear Macduff
Denied his presence at the feast; for which
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
SEYT. I hear that Malcolm lives i' th' English court,
And is received of the most pious Edward
With such grace, that the malevolence of fortune
Takes nothing from his high respect; thither
Macduff is gone to beg the holy King's
Kind aid, to wake Northumberland
And warlike Siward, and by the help of these
To finish what they have so well begun.
This report does so exasperate the King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
LEN. Sent he to Macduff?
SEYT. He did, his absolute command.
LEN. Some angel fly to th' English court, and tell
His message ere he come; that some quick blessing,
To this afflicted country, may arrive
Whilst those that merit it are yet alive. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder. Enter THREE WITCHES *meeting* HECCATE.

1 WITCH. How, Heccate? you look angerly.
HECAT. Have I not reason, beldams?
Why did you all traffic with Macbeth
'Bout riddles and affairs of death,
And call'd not me: all you have done

Hath been but for a weyward son:
Make some amends now: get you gone;
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Dire business will be wrought ere noon,
For on a corner of the moon,
A drop my spectacles have found,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground,
And that distill'd shall yet ere night,
Raise from the centre such a spright,
As by the strength of his illusion,
Shall draw Macbeth to his confusion.

Music and Song.

Heccate, Heccate, Heccate! O come away;
Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.
[*Machine descends.*

Song within.

Come away Heccate, Heccate, oh come away!
HEC. I come, I come with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stradling?
2 WIT. Here.
HEC. Where's Puckle?
3 WIT. Here! and Hopper too, and Helway too.
1 WIT. We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.
HEC. I will but 'noint and then I mount,
I will, but, &c.
1 WIT. Here comes down one to fetch his due,
a kiss,
A cull, a sip of blood.
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.

2 WIT. O art thou come? what news?
All goes fair for our delight,
Either come or else refuse.
Now I am furnish'd for the flight,
Now I go and now I fly,
Malking my sweet spirit and I.
3 WIT. O what a dainty pleasure's this!
To sail i' th' air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss;
Over woods, high rocks and mountains,
Over hills and misty fountains;
Over steeples, towers, and turrets:
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves nor yelps of hounds;
No, nor the noise of waters breach,
Nor cannon's throats our heights can reach.
1 WIT. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.
2 WIT. But, whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave and our dire charms prepare.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

1 WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 WIT. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd,
Shutting his eyes against the wind.
3 WIT. Harper cries 'tis time, 'tis time!
1 WIT. Then round about the cauldron go,
And poison'd entrails throw!
This toad which, under mossy stone,
Has days and nights lain thirty-one;

And swelt'rd venom sleeping got,
We'll boil in the enchanted pot.
ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
2 WIT. The fillet of a fenny snake,
Of skuttlefish the vomit black,
The eye of newt and toe of frog,
The wool of bat and tongue of dog.
An adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
A lizzard's leg and howlet's wing,
Shall like a hell broth boil and bubble.
ALL. Double, double, &c.
3 WIT. The scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
A witch's mummy; maw, and gulf
Of cormorant and the sea shark,
The root of hemlock dig'd i' th' dark,
The liver of blaspheming Jew,
With gall of goats and slips of yew,
Pluckt when the moon was in eclipse,
With a Turk's nose and Tartar's lips;
The finger of a strangl'd babe,
Born of a ditch deliver'd drab,
Shall make the gruel thick and slab,
Adding thereto a fat Dutchman's chawdron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
ALL. Double, double, &c.
2 WIT. I'll cool it with the baboon's blood,
And so the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECCATE *and the other three Witches.*

HEC. Oh, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring.

[*Music and Song.*

HEC. Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

1 WIT. With tiffin, tiffin, keep it stiff in,
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liar Robin you must bob in.

CHOR. Around, around, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1 WIT. Here's the blood of a bat.

HEC. O put in that, put in that.

2 WIT. Here's lizard's brain.

HEC. Put in a grain.

1 WIT. Here's juice of toad; here's oil of adder.
That will make the charm grow madder.

2 WIT. Put in all these, 'twill raise the stench.

HEC. Nay, here's three ounces of a red hair'd wench.

CHOR. Around, around, &c.

2 WIT. I, by the pricking of my thumbs,
Know something wicked this way comes.
Open locks whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. How now you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What are you doing?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACB. I conjure you by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you let loose the raging winds to shake whole towns,
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down,
Though castles tumble on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and tow'ring pyramids
Are swallow'd up in earthquakes, answer me!

1 WIT. Speak!
2 WIT. Pronounce!
3 WIT. Demand!
4 WIT. I'll answer thee.
MACB. What destiny's appointed for my fate?
HEC. Thou double Thane and King; beware Macduff,
Avoiding him, Macbeth is safe enough.
MACB. Whate'er thou art, for thy kind caution thanks.
HEC. Be bold and bloody, and man's hatred scorn,
Thou shalt be harm'd by none of woman born.
MACB. Then live, Macduff, what need I fear thy power.
But none can be too sure. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.
HEC. Be confident, be proud, and take no care
Who wages war, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall like a lucky monarch reign,
Till Birnam wood shall come to Dunsenain.
MACB. Can forests move? The prophecy is good.
If I shall never fall till the great wood
Of Birnam rise, thou may'st presume Macbeth
To live out nature's lease, and pay thy breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Longs for more knowledge: Tell me, if your art
Extends so far; shall Banquo's issue o'er
This Kingdom reign?
ALL. Enquire no more.
MACB. I will not be denied. Ha!
[*Cauldron sinks.*
An eternal curse fall on you! let me know
Why sinks this cauldron and what noise is this?
1 WIT. Appear! 2. Appear! 3. Appear!

Wound through his eyes his hard'nd heart,
Like shadows come and straight depart.

[*A shadow of eight kings, and Banquo's ghost after them, pass by.*

MACB. Thy crown offends my sight; a second, too, like the first;
A third resembles him; a fourth too like the former:
Ye filthy hags will they succeed
Each other still till doomsday?
Another yet, a seventh? I'll see no more;
And yet the eighth appears.
Ha! the bloody Banquo smiles upon me,
And by his smiling on me seems to say
That they are all successors of his race.

HEC. Ay, sir, all this is so; but why
Macbeth stand thou amazedly?
Come, sisters, let us cheer his heart,
And shew the pleasures of our art:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round.

[*Music. The Witches dance and vanish. The cave sinks.*

MACB. Where are they? gone?
Let this pernicious hour stand
Accurs'd to all eternity. Without there!

Enter SEYTON.

SEYT. What's your Grace's will?

MACB. Saw you the weyward sisters?

SEYT. No, my lord.

MACB. Came they not by you?

SEYT. By me, sir?

MACB. Infected be the earth in which they sunk,
And damn'd all those that trust 'em. Just now
I heard the galloping of horse; who wast came by?

SEYT. A messenger from the English Court, who
Brings word Macduff is fled to England.

MACB. Fled to England?
SEYT. Ay, my lord.
MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st all my designs;
Our purposes seldom succeed, unless
Our deeds go with them.
My thoughts shall henceforth in action rise,
The witches made me cruel but not wise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MACDUFF'S WIFE *and* LENNOX.

LA. MACD. I then was frighted with the sad alarm
Of Banquo's death, when I did counsel him
To fly, but now, alas! I must repent it.
What had he done to leave the land? Macbeth
Did know him innocent.
LEN. You must have patience, madam.
LA. MACD. He had none.
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears oft make us traitors.
LEN. You know not whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
LA. MACD. Wisdom to leave his wife and children in a place
From whence himself did fly; he loves us not;
He wants the natural touch, for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will, with
The ravenous owl, fight stoutly for her young ones.
LEN. Your husband, madam,
Is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season, I dare not speak much farther;
But cruel are the times when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
And each way move. I take my leave of you.

'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards
To what they were before. Heaven protect you!
LA. MACD. Farewell, sir!

Enter A WOMAN.

WOM. Madam, a gentleman in haste desires to speak with you.
LA. MACD. A gentleman? admit him!

Enter SEYTON.

SEYTON. Though I have not the honour to be known
To you, yet I was well acquainted with
The Lord Macduff which brings me here to tell you
There's danger near you, be not found here,
Fly with your little ones! Heaven preserve you,
I dare stay no longer. [*Exit Seyton.*
LA. MACD. Where shall I go, and whither shall I fly?
I've done no harm; but I remember now,
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm
Is often prosperous, and to do good
Accounted dangerous folly. Why do I then
Make use of this so womanly defence?
I'll boldly in, and dare this new alarm,
What need they fear whom innocence doth arm?
[*Exit.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

The Scene—BIRNAM WOOD.

MACD. In these close shades of Birnam Wood let us
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MAL. You'll think my fortune's desperate,
That I dare meet you here upon your summons.

MACD. You should now
Take arms to serve your country. Each new day,
New widows mourn, new orphans cry, and still
Changes of sorrow reach attentive heaven.
MAL. This tyrant, whose foul name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well,
He has not toucht you yet.
MACD. I am not treacherous.
MALC. But Macbeth is,
And yet, Macduff may be what I did always think him—
Just and good.
MACD. I've lost my hopes.
MALC. Perhaps even there where I did find my doubts;
But let not jealousies be your dishonours
But my own safeties.
MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country.
Great tyranny, lay thy foundation sure,
Villains are safe when good men are suspected.
I'll say no more, fare thee well, young Prince,
I would not be that traitor which thou thinkst me
For twice Macbeth's reward of treachery.
MALC. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you;
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
That many hands would in my cause be active,
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet, my poor country
Will suffer under greater tyranny
Than what it suffers now.

MACD. It cannot be.
MALC. Alas, I find my nature so inclined
To vice, that foul Macbeth when I shall rule
Will seem as white as snow.
MACD. There cannot in all rankest hell be found
A devil equal to Macbeth.
MALC. I grant him, bloody, false, deceitful, malicious,
And participating in some sins too horrid to name,
But there's no bottom, no depths, in my ill appetite.
If such a one be fit to govern, speak?
MACD. O Scotland, Scotland, when shalt thou see day again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne,
Disclaims his virtue to avoid the crown?
Your royal father
Was a most saint-like King; the Queen that bore you,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well,
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland. O my breast!
Thy hope ends here.
MALC. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul,
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts,
To thy good birth and honour. Macbeth,
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over credulous haste. But now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak my own detraction. I abjure
The taunts and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's to command.
The gracious Edward has lent us Siward,
And ten thousand men; why are you silent?

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
Are subjects for my wonder, not my speech;
My grief and joy contesting in my bosom,
I find that I can scarce my tongue command.
When two streams meet the water's at a stand.
MALC. Assistance granted by that pious King
Must be successful; he who, by his touch,
Can cure our bodies of a foul disease,
Can by just force subdue a traitor's mind,
Power supernatural is unconfined.
MACD. If his compassion does on men diseas'd
Effect such cures: what wonders will he do,
When to compassion he adds justice too?

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MACBETH *and* SEYTON.

MACB. Seyton, go bid the army march!
SEYT. The posture of affairs requires your presence.
MACB. But the indisposition of my wife detains me here.
SEAT. The enemy is upon our borders, Scotland's in danger.
MACB. So is my wife, and I am doubly so.
I am sick in her, and in my Kingdom too.
Seyton!
SEYT. Sire?
MACB. The spur of my ambition prompts me to go,
And make my Kingdom safe, but love which softens me
To pity her in her distress curbs my resolves.
SEYT. He's strangely disorder'd.
MACB. Yet why should love confin'd desire
To controul ambitions for whose spreading hopes
The world's too narrow? it shall not be! great fires

Put out the less. Seyton, go bid my grooms
Make ready, I'll not delay my going.

SEYT. I go.

MACB. Stay, Seyton, stay! compassion calls me back.

SYTE. He looks and moves disorderly.

Enter a SERVANT *who whispers Macbeth.*

MACB. Is the Queen asleep?

SEYT. What makes 'em whisper, and his countenance change?
Perhaps some new design has had ill success.

MACB. Seyton, go see what posture our affairs are in!

SEYT. I shall, and give you notice, sire.
[*Exit Seyt.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

MACB. How does my gentle love?

LA. MACB. Duncan is dead!

MACB. No words of that.

LA. MACB. And yet to me he lives;
His fatal ghost is now my shadow, and pursues me
Where'er I go.

MACB. It cannot be, my dear,
Your fears have misinform'd your eyes.

LA. MACB. See there! believe your own.
Why do you follow me? I did not do it.

MACB. Methinks there's nothing.

LA. MACB. If you have valour, force him hence.
Hold! hold! he's gone. Now you look strangely.

MACB. 'Tis the strange error of your eyes.

LA. MACB. But the strange error of my eyes
Proceeds from the strange action of your hands.
Distraction does by fits possess my head,
Because a crown unjustly covers it.
I stand so high that I am giddy grown:

A mist does cover me as clouds the tops
Of hills. Let us go down apace!
MACB. If by your high ascent you giddy grow,
'Tis when you cast your eyes on things below.
LA. MACB. You may in peace resign the ill-gain'd crown.
Why should you labour still to be unjust?
There has been too much blood already spilt.
Make not the subjects victims to your guilt.
MACB. Can you think that a crime which you did once
Provoke me to commit? Had not your breath
Blown my ambition up into a flame
Duncan had yet been living.
LA. MACB. You were a man,
And by the charter of your sex you shou'd
Have govern'd me: there was more crime in you
When you obey'd my councils, than I contracted
By my giving it. Resign your Kingdom now,
And with your crown put off your guilt.
MACB. Resign the crown! and with it both our lives?
I must have better counsellors.
LA. MACB. What, your witches?
Curse on your messengers of hell. Their breath
Infected first my breast; see me no more.
As King your crown sits heavy on your head,
But heavier on my heart. I have had too much
Of Kings already. See, the ghost again!
[*Ghost appears.*
MACB. Now she relapses.
LA MACB. Speak to him if thou can'st.
Thou look'st on me and show'st thy wounded heart.
Show it the murderer.
MACB. Within there. Ho!

Enter WOMEN.

LA. MACB. Am I tane prisoner? then the battle's lost. [*Exit Lady Macbeth led out by Women.*

MACB. She does from Duncan's death to sickness grieve,
And shall from Malcolm's death her health receive.
When by a viper bitten nothing's good
To cure the venom but a viper's blood. [*Exit.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF, LENOX *meeting them.*

MACD. See who comes here!

MALC. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACD. My ever gentle cousin! welcome.

MALC. I know him now;
Kind heaven remove the means that makes us strangers.

LEN. Amen!

MACD. What looks does Scotland bear?

LEN. Alas! poor country! almost afraid to know itself,
It can't be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern extasy: there bells
Are always ringing, and no man asks for whom:
There good men's lives expire ere they sicken.

MACD. Oh, relation! too nice and yet too true.

MALC. What's the newest grief?

LEN. That of an hour's age is out of date,
Each minute brings a new one.

MACD. How does my wife?

LEN. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children?
LEN. Well, too.
MACD. The tyrant has not quarrelled at their peace?
LEN. No; they were well at peace when I left them.
MACD. Be not so sparing of your speech. How goes't?
LEN. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy men that rose into a head,
Which was to my belief. Witness the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot,
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers and make women fight.
MALC. Be't their comfort.
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men.
LEN. Would I could answer this comfort with the like;
But I have words
That would be utter'd in the desert air,
Where no man's ear could hear them.
MACD. What concern they? the general cause,
Or is't a grief due to some single breast?
LEN. All honest minds must share it;
But the main part pertains to you.
MACD. If it be mine, keep it not from me.
LEN. Let not your ears condemn my tongue for ever,
When they shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
MACD. At once I guess, yet am afraid to know.
LEN. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and children

Savagely murdered : to relate the manner
Were to increase the butchery of them,
By adding to their fall the death of you.
MALC. Merciful heaven ! Noble Macduff,
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'ercharged heart and bids it break.
MACD. My children, too ?
LEN. Your wife, and both your children.
MACD. And I not with them dead ? Both—
both my children.
Did you say my two ?
LEN. I have said.
MALC. Be comforted.
Let's make us cordials of our great revenges,
To cure this deadly grief.
MACD. He has no children, nor can he feel
A father's grief. Did you say all my children ?
Oh, hellish, ravenous kite ! all three at one swoop.
MALC. Dispute it like a man.
MACD. I shall.
But I must first too feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me. Did heaven look
on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ; for thee they fell ;
Not for their own offences, but for thine.
MALC. Let us give edges to our swords ; let your
tears
Become oil to your kindled rage.
MACD. Oh, I could play the woman with my eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. Kind heavens !
bring this
Dire fiend of Scotland and myself face to face,
And set him within the reach of my keen sword,
And, if he outlives that hour, may heaven forgive
His sins, and punish me for his escape.

MALC. Let's hasten to the army, since Macbeth
Is ripe for fall.
MACD. Heaven give our quarrel but as good success
As it has justice in't. Kind powers above
Grant peace to us, whilst we take his away.
That night is long that never finds a day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter SEYTON *and a* LADY.

LADY. I've seen her rise from her bed, throw
Her night-gown on her, unlock her closet,
Take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it,
Afterwards seal it, and again return to bed,
Yet all this while in a most fast sleep.
SEYT. 'Tis strange she should receive the benefit
Of sleep, and do the effects of waking.
In this disorder what at any time have
You heard her say?
LADY. That, sir, which I will not report of her.
SEYT. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.
LADY. Neither to you, nor any one living,
Having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

See here she comes! observe her and stand close.
SEYT. You see her eyes are open.
LADY. Ay, but her sense is shut.
SEYT. What is't she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.
LADY. It is an accustomed action with her to seem

Thus washing her hands: I have known
Her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
LA. MACB. Yet out, out! here's a spot.
SEYT. Heark, she speaks.
LA. MACB. Out, out, I say! one, two; nay then
'Tis time to do't; fie my lord, fie, a soldier
And afraid? What need we fear? who knows it?
There's none dares call our power to account;
Yet who would have thought the old man had
So much blood in him.
SEYT. Do you mark that?
LA. MACB. Macduff had once a wife: where is she now?
Will these hands ne'er be clean; fie my lord,
You spoil all with this starting; yet here's
A smell of blood: not all the perfumes of Arabia
Will sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh!! oh!!!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter DONALBAIN *and* FLEAN, *met by* LENOX.

LEN. Is not that Donalbain and young Flean, Banquo's son?
DON. Who is this, my worthy friend?
LEN. I by your presence feel my hopes full blown
Which hitherto have been but in the bud.
What happy gale has brought you here to see
Your father's death reveng'd?
DON. Hearing of aid sent by the English King
To check the tyrant's insolence, I am come
From Ireland.
FLEAN. And I from France, we are but newly met.
DON. Where's my brother?
LEN. He and the good Macduff are with the army
Behind the wood.

DON. What does the tyrant now?
LEN. He strongly fortifies in Dunsinane:
Some say he is mad. Others who love him less
Call it a valiant fury; but whate'er
The matter is, there is a civil war
Within his bosom, and he finds his crown
Sit loose about him: his power grows less,
His fear grows greater still.
DON. Let's haste and meet my brother,
My interest is grafted into his,
And cannot grow without it.
LEN. So may you both outgrow unlucky chance,
And may the tyrant's fall that growth advance.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* ATTENDANTS.

MACB. Bring me no more reports; let 'em fly all!
Till Byrnam Wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot fear. What's the boy Malcolm, what
Are all the English? are they not of women
Born? and to all such I am invincible:
Then fly false Thanes,
By your revolt you have inflam'd my rage,
And now have borrow'd English blood to quench it.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Now friend, what means thy change of countenance?
MESS. There are ten thousand, sir.
MACB. What, ghosts?
MESS. No, armed men.
MACB. But such as shall be ghosts ere it be night.
Art thou turn'd coward too, since I made thee captain?
Go, blush away thy paleness, I am sure

Thy hands are of another colour: thou hast hands
Of blood but looks of milk.
MESS. The English force, so please you——
MACB. Take thy face hence!
He has infected me with fear.
I am sure to die by none of woman born,
And yet the English drums beat an alarm
As fatal to my life as are the croaks
Of ravens when they flutter about the windows
Of departing men.
My hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear;
My subjects cry out curses on my name,
Which like a north wind seems to blast my hopes.
SEYT. That wind is a contagious vapour
Exhal'd from blood.

Enter SECOND MESSENGER.

What news more?
2 MESS. All's confirm'd, my liege, that was reported.
MACB. And my resolves in spite of fate shall be as firmly.
Send out more horse, and scour the country round!
How does my wife?
SEYT. Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled
With disturbing fancies, that keep her from her rest.
MACB. And I, methinks, am sick of her disease:
Seyton, send out! Captain, the Thanes flee from thee.
Wou'd she were well, I'd quickly win the field.
Stay, Seyton, stay! I'll bear you company.
The English cannot long maintain the fight,
They come not here to kill, but to be slain;
Send out our scouts!
SEYT. Sir, I am gone, [*Aside.*
Not to obey your orders, but the call of justice.

I'll to the English train whose hopes are built
Upon their cause, and not on witches' prophecies.
[*Exit.*

MACB. Poor Thanes, you vainly hope for victory.
You'll find Macbeth invincible; or if
He can be o'ercome, it must be then
By Birnam oaks and not by Englishmen. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, FLEAN, *and* SOLDIERS.

MALC. The sun shall see us drain the tyrant's blood,
And dry up Scotland's tears. How much we are
Obliged to England, which like a kind neighbour
Lifts us up when we are fal'n below
Our own recovery.

SIW. What wood is this before us?

MALC. The wood of Birnam.

SIW. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; by that we may
Keep the number of our force undiscover'd
By the enemy.

MALC. It shall be done. We learn no more than that
The confident tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane,
And will endure a siege.
He is of late grown concious of his guilt,
Which makes him make that city a place of refuge.

MACD. He'll find even there but little safety,
His very subjects will against him rise.
So travellers fly them to an aged barn
For shelter from the rain; when the next shock
Of wind throws down that roof upon their heads
From which they hop'd for succour.

LEN. The wretched kernes which now like boughs are tied
To forc'd obedience, will, when our swords
Have cut these bonds, start from obedience.
MALC. May the event make good our guess.
MACD. It must, unless our resolutions fail.
They'll kindle, sir, their just revenge at ours ;
Which double flame will singe the wings of all
The tyrant's hopes ; deprived of those supports
He'll quickly fall.
SIW. Let's all retire to our commands; our breath
Spent in discourse does but defer his death,
And but delays our vengeance.
MACD. Come, let's go !
The swiftest haste is for revenge too slow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MACBETH *and* SOLDIERS.

MACB. Hang out our banners proudly o'er the wall.
The cry is still they come ! our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine eat them up. Had Seyton still
Been ours, and others who now increase the number
Of our enemies, we might have met 'em
Face to face. [*Noise within.*
What noise is that ?
SER. It seems the cry of women.
MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been that dangers have been my familiars.
Wherefore was that cry ?
SER. Great sir, the Queen is dead !
MACB. She should have died hereafter.
I brought her here to see my victims, not to die.
To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last minute of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal homes: out, out, that candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou comest to use thy tongue? thy story quickly.

MESS. Let my eyes speak what they have seen,
For my tongue cannot.

MACB. Thy eyes speak terror; let thy tongue expound
Their language, or be for ever dumb.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I look't towards Birnam, and anon methoughts
The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar and slave!

MESS. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so;
Within this three mile you may see it coming,
I say a moving grove.

MACB. If thou speak false I'll send thy soul
To th' other world to meet with moving woods
And walking forests,
There to possess what it but dreamt of here.
If thy speech be true, I care not if thou doest
The same for me. I now begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend;
They bid me not to fear till Birnam wood
Should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood
Is on it's march this way. Arm, arm!
Since thus a wood does in a march appear,
There is no flying hence nor tarrying here:
Methinks I now grow weary of the sun,
And wish the world's great glass of life were run.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, FLEAN, SEYTON, DONALBAIN, *and their Army, with boughs.*

MALC. Here we are near enough; throw down
Your leafy skreens,
And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my brother and the noble Lenox
March in the van, whilst valiant Siward
And myself make up the gross of the army,
And follow you with speed.

SIW. Fare thee well!
The monster has forsook his hold and comes,
To offer battle.

MACD. Let him come on! his title now
Sits loose about him like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. 'Tis too ignoble and too base to fly.
Who's he that is not of a woman born?
For such a one have I to fear or none.

Enter LENOX.

LEN. Kind heaven, I thank thee! have I found thee here?
Oh, Scotland, Scotland, may'st thou owe thy just
Revenge to this sharp sword, or this blest minute.

MACB. Retire, fond man! I would not kill thee.
Why should falcons prey on flies?
It is below Macbeth to fight with men.

LEN. But not to murder women.

MACB. Lenox, I pity thee! thy arm's too weak.

LEN. This arm has hitherto found good success
On your ministers of blood, who murder'd

Macduff's lady and brave Banquo :
Art thou less mortal than they were ? or more
Exempt from punishment because thou most
Deserv'st it ? Have at thy life !

MACB. Since thou art in love with death, I will
Vouchsafe it thee. [*They fight. Lenox falls.*
Though art of woman born, sure. [*Exit Macb.*

LEN. Oh, my dear country, pardon me that I
Do in a cause so great so quickly die. [*Dies.*

Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. This way the noise is ; tyrant, show thy face !
If thou be'st slain, and by no hand of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me for't.
I cannot strike
At wretched slaves, who sell their lives for pay ;
No, my revenge shall seek a nobler prey ;
Through all the paths of death I'll search him out.
Let me but find him, Fortune ! [*Exit.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* SIWARD.

SIW. This way, great sir ! the tyrant's people fight
With fear as great as is his guilt.

MALC. See, who lies here ? the noble Lenox slain !
What storm has brought this cloud over
Our rising hopes ?

SIW. Restrain your passion, sir ; let's to our men !
Those who in noble causes fall deserve
Our pity not our sorrow ;
I'll bid somebody bear the body further hence.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool and fall

On my own sword, while I have living foes
To conquer? My wounds shew better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
MACB. Of all men else have I avoided thee;
But get thee back, my soul is too much clog'd
With blood of thine already.
MACD. I'll have no words; thy villainies are worse
Than ever yet were punish't with a curse.
MACB. Thou may'st as well attempt to wound the air
As me; my destiny's reserved for some immortal power,
And I must fall by miracle; I cannot bleed.
MACD. Have thy black deeds then turn'd thee to a devil?
MACB. Thou would'st but share the fate of Lenox.
MACD. Is Lenox slain? and by a hand that would damn all it kills,
But that their cause preserves them?
MACB. I have a prophecy secures my life.
MACD. I have another which tells me I shall have his blood
Who first shed mine.
MACB. None of woman born can spill my blood.
MACD. Then let the devils tell thee, Macduff
Was from his mother's womb untimely ript.
MACB. Curst be the tongue that tells me so!
And double damn'd be they who with a double sense
Make promises to our ears, and break at last
That promise to our sight. I will not fight with thee.
MACD. Then yield thyself a prisoner, to be led about

The world and gazed on as a monster, a monster
More deform'd than e'er ambition fram'd,
Or tyranny could shape.
MACB. I scorn to yield.
I will, despite enchantment, fight with thee!
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou art of no woman born, I'll try
If by a man it be thy fate to die.
[*They fight. Macbeth falls. Shout within.*
MACD. This for my Royal master, Duncan;
This for my dearest friend, my wife;
This for those pledges of our loves, my children.
Hark, I hear a noise! sure there are more
Reserves to conquer. [*Shout within.*
I'll as a trophy bear away his sword
To witness my revenge. [*Exit Macduff.*
MACB. Farewell, vain world, and what's most vain in it, ambition! [*Dies.*

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, DONALBAIN, FLEAN, SEYTON, *and* SOLDIERS.

MALC. I wish Macduff were safe arrived, I am
In doubt for him; for Lenox I'm in grief.
SIW. Consider Lenox, sir, is nobly slain;
They who in exalted causes fall
Merit not tears but emulous gratulation.
Look where the tyrant is!
SEYT. The witches, sire, with all the powers of hell
Could not preserve him from the hand of heaven.

Enter MACDUFF, *with Macbeth's sword.*

MACD. Long live Malcolm, King of Scotland! So you are,
And though I should not boast that one,
Whom guilt might easily weigh down, fell
By my hand, yet here I present you with
The tyrant's sword, to shew that heaven appointed

Me to take revenge for you, and all
That suffered by his power.
MALC. Macduff, we have more antient records
Than this of your successful courage.
MACD. Now, Scotland, thou shalt see bright day again;
That cloud's removed that did eclipse thy sun,
And rain down blood upon thee. As your arms
Did all contribute to this victory,
So let our voices all concur to give
One joyful acclamation,
Long live Malcolm, King of Scotland!
MALC. We shall not make a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
Saw honoured with that title, and may they
Still flourish on your families,
Though, like the laurels you have won to-day,
They spring from a field of blood.
Drag his body hence, and let it hang upon
A pinnacle in Dunsinane! to show
To future ages what to those is due
Who others' right by lawless power pursue.*
MACD. So may kind fortune crown your reign with peace,
As it has crown'd your armies with success;
And may the people's prayers still wait on you,
As all their curses did Macbeth pursue.
His vice shall make your virtue shine more bright,
As a fair day succeeds a stormy night.

* The body of Macbeth was transported to the Royal Sepulchre, at I-colme-kill, and deposited beside that of Duncan. —*Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, p. 152; Edin. 1867. At the time of his death Macbeth had reigned seventeen years over Scotland. His death by the hand of Macduff is a fiction.

Additional Note.—The tragedy of Macbeth has been translated into most of the Continental languages. In May 1848 it appeared on the Spanish stage, at Madrid, the chief characters being performed by Mme. Bosio, and MM. Bordas and Morelli. According to the journals of the day, "her majesty, Queen Isabella, honoured the theatre with her presence the first night, and appeared highly entertained."

THE TEMPEST.

The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island. A Comedy. As it is now acted at his Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. London, printed by T. N. for Henry Herringham, at the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1674.

If the merits of this interpolated version of the "Tempest" were to be estimated by the success that attended its original representation at the Duke's Theatre, they would give it a high place in the dramatic literature of the period. But we suspect that this was not the result either of the introduction of a duplicate hero and heroine, or by assigning a sister to Caliban, or even by the poetry and verses of Dryden, but exclusively by admiration of the scenical arrangements, over which D'avenant is admitted by his cotemporaries to have had an absolute mastery. Added to this, the vocal portion of the Drama possessed great attraction. It was produced under the management of D'avenant, whose musical entertainments had been sanctioned by the Protector, and it is not improbable that he may have been present at some of them *incognito*.

Dryden, in his preface to the first edition of the Drama, which was not printed until after the decease of D'avenant, mentions that with the latter "the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot" originated, by bringing on the stage a man who had never seen a woman, and a woman who had never seen a man, "an excellent contrivance," which, "from the very first moment," so pleased him that he never wrote anything with more delight—an avowal which directly shews that to Dryden was delegated the pleasing duty of depicting Hypolito and Dorinda. "The comical parts of the sailors" were the invention of his partner, and "mostly his writing, as you will easily discover by his style." The affectionate manner in which the survivor speaks of his departed friend is very pleasing, and fully justifies Claud Halcro in his praise of "Glorious John."*

We are indebted to Pepys for the exact date of the first performance of this joint production. Upon the 7th November 1667, the following entry will be found

* Pirate, vol. i., p. 217. Edin. 1831.

in his diary :*—"At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see 'The Tempest,' an old play of Shakespeare, acted I hear *the first day;* and so my wife and girl and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir William Pen and I afterwards by ourselves: and forced to sit in the side Balcone over against the musique-room at the Duke's house, close by my lady Dorset, and a great many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw: and a curious piece of musick in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter, which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays." This reference to the echo duet between Ferdinand and Ariel sufficiently establishes the fact that the Drama in question was the alteration of the Tempest by Dryden and D'avenant. According to Lord Braybrooke the music was by Banister.† Pepys again witnessed the performance of the same play at the Duke of York's house, upon the 13th of the same month, when he declares it to be very pleasant, and full of "so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seaman's part a little too tedious."

The last time the worthy Secretary of the Admiralty makes mention of the "Tempest" is upon the 12th December 1667, when he went to the Duke of York's house and found it very full. "But I could take little pleasure more than the play, from not being able to look about, for fear of being seen." He had one sly peep notwithstanding. "I saw a French lady in the pit with a tunique, just like one of ours, only a hankercher about her neck, but this fashion for a woman did

* Vol. iv., p. 257. London, 1848. Crown 8vo.

† In 1677, Mr Charles D'avenant wrote a dramatic opera called *Circe,* which was set to music by John Banister, the King's first violin, and performed under the poet's own direction, at the Duke's Theatre, with considerable applause."—*Bough's Anecdotes of Music.* The following advertisement is interesting, and shews that his concerts had become popular:—

"At Mr John Banister's house in Shandos Street, Covent Garden, called the Musick School, will be a variety of Musick *every evening,* beginning this present Thursday at six o'clock.

Nov. 22-25, 1675."

not look decent." The theatrical taste of Pepys had, it would seem, occasioned observations which annoyed him not a little, a circumstance that explains the reason he was desirous not to be seen.

The death of D'avenant, the "ruling Monarch of the Storm," which occurred on the 7th April 1668, and the transfer of the Duke's Theatre to Dorset Gardens, must have interrupted the performance of the "Tempest" for a time. Unfortunately the inimitable diary of Pepys terminates on the 30th May 1669, and the aid of this minute, amusing, but sad scandal-monger is, from his increasing defect of vision, brought to a close.

The following observations upon the dramatic skill of D'avenant, which does not seem to have hitherto been generally appreciated, are not without interest. The Honourable Edward Howard, the fifth son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, K.G., was the brother of Lady Elizabeth Howard, the wife of Dryden. He was a dramatic writer, and figures in the Rehearsal. The chief merit of his plays are their rarity, which was so great that Bishop Percy when passing his projected edition of Buckingham through the press, was unable to get access to a copy of one of his dramas, entitled Six Days' Adventures, or the New Utopia, London, 1671, 4to—no copy being in the extensive library of Garrick; neither could it be found in the British Museum, and even a reward offered in the public journals failed to produce the book.* In the preface to the "Women's Conquest," a tragi-comedy by Mr Howard†, that gentleman, in speaking of dramatic pieces in rhyme, observes, "Neither do I believe that Sir William D'avenant, who was the first introducer of rhime on the stage, did otherwise intend it, than for vocal representations and *operas*, in which it may do well, rather than for plays, as was known in his Peru and Siege of Rhodes. And I presume that my Lord of Orrery, whose ingenuity in verse brought it more in

* See Nichols' Illustrations, vol. vii., p. 572. London, 1848, 8vo.

† London, 1671, 4to. Mrs Inchbald, in her comedy of Every One has his Fault, has borrowed the outlines of Sir Robert Ramble, Miss Woodburn, Placid and his wife, from this piece. See Geneste, vol. i., p. 120.

fashion in those ornaments he bestowed on the stage in Mustapha, and other of his heroic compositions, would not judge a debasing of their worth, if they were distinguished by the name of poems instead of plays."

It is not unlikely that through the connection by the marriage of his sister and Dryden, Howard, if not directly told by D'avenant, had heard his opinion from his brother-in-law, that rhyme might supersede recitative, to which an English ear was at the time unaccustomed. He does not himself appear to have had any fancy for it, as we have no rhyming tragedy or comedy from his pen, the only instances in his dramatic writings being those just mentioned.

Charles II., upon quitting France, brought with him a great love for plays in rhyme, after the French style, which, though apparently popular with the courtiers, was not much relished by the people. It never took root, and died of inanition, before the end of the century.

A few years after the death of D'avenant, Shadwell, subsequently the poet laureate of William III., and the political opponent of Dryden, made the "Tempest" into an opera—or more properly speaking a mock opera—which answered well as a *commercial* speculation, but did not say much for the taste of the writer, who, however, had the good sense never to print it.

Downes notices:—"In 1673, The Tempest, or the Inchanted Island, made into an opera by Mr Shadwell, having all new in it, as scenes, machines; one scene painted with myriads of aerial spirits, and another flying away, with a table furnished out with fruits, sweetmeats, and all sorts of viands, just when Duke Trincalo and his company were going to dinner; all things were performed in it so admirably well, that not any succeeding Opera got more money." *

In his prefatory observations to the "Tempest," in the third volume of the works of Dryden, Sir Walter Scott thus expresses himself:—"The alteration of the Tempest was D'avenant's last work, and it seems to have been

* Roscius Anglicanus, p. 34. In the collected edition of Shadwell's works in four volumes, this travestie has been omitted.

undertaken chiefly with a view to give room for scenical decoration. Few readers will think the play much improved by the introduction of the language which D'avenant had acquired during the adventurous period of his life. Nevertheless, the ludicrous contest betwixt the sailors for the Dukedom and Viceroyship of a barren island gave much amusement at the time, and some of the expressions were long after proverbial. Much cannot be said for D'avenant's ingenuity in contrasting the character of a woman who had never seen a man, with that of a man that had never seen a woman, or in inventing a sister monster to Caliban. The majestic simplicity of Shakespeare's plan is injured by thus doubling his characters, and his wild landscape is converted into a formal parterre, where each alley has its brother. In sketching characters drawn from fancy, and not from observation, the palm of genius must rest with the first inventor; others are but copyists, and a copy shows nowhere to such disadvantage as when placed by the original. Besides, although we are delighted with the feminine simplicity of Miranda, it becomes unmanly childishness in Hippolito, and the premature coquetry of Dorinda is disgusting, when contrasted with the maidenly purity that chastens the simplicity of Shakespeare's heroine. The latter seems to display, as it were by instinct, the innate dignity of her sex, the former to show, even in solitude, the germ of those vices by which, in a voluptuous age, the female character becomes degraded. The wild and savage character of Caliban is also sunk into low and vulgar buffoonery." This critique is perfectly correct. The drama as originally acted is still banished from the stage, to keep company in the library with Milton's Comus and Ben Jonson's Sad Shepherd.

In 1750 "The Tempest" was produced as an opera, and the authorship assigned to Garrick, whose name is written in MS. on the title page of a copy which, from the arms stamped on the back of the title, appears to have been sold as a duplicate from the Bridgewater Library. A list of the singers is given, but their respective characters are not mentioned. It may be conjectured that Beard took the part of Prospero, and Signora Curioni

that of Miranda. Beard was the son-in-law of Rich, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, to the management of which he succeeded on the death of his father-in-law. He brought out, with great success, many musical pieces; but in 1766, finding that a deafness, under which he had suffered some years, could not be removed, he was desirous of retiring from the bustle of a theatre to the quiet of private life. This he accomplished in 1767.

In a letter of Mrs Delany, 1743-4, she says,—"Joseph, I believe, will be next Friday, but Handel is mightily out of humour about it, for Sullivan, who is to sing Joseph, is a *block* with a very fine voice, and Beard has *no* voice at all." It was performed four times during the Lent of the year 1744.* If Beard lost his voice on this occasion, he must have got it back when he sang as Prospero several songs in this worthless opera. No wonder the author, whether Garrick or not, was ashamed of his handiwork, and wished to conceal his name. From the position of the Duke of Bridgewater, it might be supposed that he had good means of ascertaining who had the discredit of being the author.

Whilst the citizens of London were enjoying their operatic travestie of the Tempest, the fashionable inhabitants of Edinburgh took a fancy to have an opera for themselves, concocted out of Dryden and D'avenant. It does not appear to have been printed, and can only be judged of by the songs, one copy of which had been preserved by the late David Constable, Esq., advocate, son of the well-known Archibald Constable, and was purchased at the dispersion of his very curious library, remarkable for the great number of literary curiosities and tracts which it contained.

The title is as follows,—"The Words of the Songs in the New Opera of the Tempest. The Music composed by Mr Smith, as they are sung at the Theatre in Edinburgh. MDCCLVI. 8vo." The first stage direction is as follows, — "By Prospero's order, his spirit, Milcha, enters, and, waving his wand, raises the Storm by the

* Autobiography, Vol. I., p. 271. London, 1861. 8vo.

following invocation, sung by Mr Sadler in the character of Milcha,—

RECITATIVE.

" Arise, ye subterranean winds,
Arise ye deadly blighting fiends,
&c. &c. &c.

It thunders and lightens, and the back scene draws up to music composed for the occasion, discovers the sea, rocks, and a ship in distress. It rains showers of fire, and other prodigies appear, raised by magic."

Ariel's songs are reduced to two. Those usually assigned to the character are transferred to Milcha, who, in the second act, "transformed into the figure of a dæmon, sings to the wicked usurper of Milan, and his two confederates, the following song,—

" Around, around we pace, about this cursed place,
While thus we compass in, these mortals and their sin.
Your vile lives you shall discover,
Truly all your deeds declare,
For about you spirits hover,
That can tell you what they are.
Spirits, take them, spirits, take them hence,
Make them grieve for their offence."

These lines assuredly are neither by Shakespeare, Dryden, nor D'avenant, and are unworthy even of Garrick. Neither Milcha, nor anyone else, in the English opera, sings anything of the kind, so that the author of the Edinburgh version must be held responsible for it. The music is said on the title page to be by "Mr Smith," who was the composer of the English one. It would be curious to ascertain whether he was author of the music of this production, and of the "music composed *for the occasion*" of its "back scene;" nothing of the kind being to be found in the English contemporary piece.

Milcha has nine songs; Ariel, performed by Mrs Love, three; and Caliban, two. The last character was assigned to Mr Stamper, who was, according to tradition, an exceedingly good low comedian, but of the merits of Sadler as a singer there is no record. Mrs Love was, perhaps, the wife of Mr Love, who subsequently became manager of the Edinburgh Theatre.

In the year 1780 there was printed at London, for W. Thomson, Exeter-Change, a piece in three acts, entitled "The Shipwreck, altered from Shakespeare and Dryden, with the original music by Smith, as performed at the Patagonian Theatre, Exeter-Change. 8vo." Who the performers were is not disclosed, and of the Patagonian Theatre we know nothing beyond the fact that Mac-Nally's "Apotheosis of Punch," intended to ridicule Sheridan's monody on the death of Garrick, was said to have been acted at the same place. The only obligation to Dryden is the retention of the character of Sycorax. Borrowing the witches of Macbeth from Shakespeare, and spoiling them, is inexcusable. The play opens on "a heath," where several witches enter, and sing as follows,—

1st Witch. Sisters, sisters, hither come,
For by the pricking of my thumb,
Mischief sure and great confusion
Will Prospero work to our delusion.

2d Witch. Then must we, by magic spell,
Engendered in the womb of hell,
Blast his prospects, destroy his power.

All. Hail this direful midnight hour!

1st Witch. Like crimson blood the moon doth turn,
And Vesuvius Mount doth raging burn;
This the time to work our ruin,
When hell its horror is a brewing;
For, sleeping in my mildewed cave,
My fiery fiend, my trusty slave,
In sulphurous flame my toe he touched,
And his bak'd shoulders angry smutch'd."

And so on. Devils are summoned to destroy all on board the ship. The demons rise and proceed to obey the orders given, but before departing have a dance, and are no doubt much delighted with the task imposed upon them. After they have gone the witches close the scene with the following air,—

"Hark, how the winds rush from their caves;
Hark, how old ocean frets and raves,
From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That dash against the sky,
And seem to drown the stars,

CHORUS.

Away, nor let us longer stay,
Nor let us longer stay,
Nor let us longer stay,
But hie away."

Smith is again represented as the composer of the music of this very absurd production. This assertion cannot be believed, for it is hardly credible that he would venture to injure his reputation by setting to music such unmitigated rubbish as the songs and choruses of the shipwreck.

Boaden says, on the 28th of April (1785), the Tempest was acted at Drury Lane "pure and unmixed." "They had not yet embraced the additions of D'avenant and Dryden; it will therefore be a fit opportunity to take leave of that simple, enchanting production. The exquisite beauty of Miss Phillips was not more characteristic of Miranda than her manner of speaking the language. Bensley was the Prospero of the night, and in truth the only Prospero. Old Bannister's Caliban contrasted finely with the Ariel of Miss Field. Some prejudice existed against the masque introduced by the immortal author, and it was, therefore, here omitted." * With whom the "prejudice" existed is not explained, but the "Tempest" of Shakespeare can hardly be characterised as "perfectly put upon the stage" when this beautiful pageant was discarded. The same writer observes that it was introduced by Reynolds in "Twelfth Night" "where it was greatly attractive," but where "it has no business whatever."

The Tempest, by D'avenant and Dryden, was revived at Drury Lane Theatre on 2d November 1801, but it was not received with favour. It was again performed at Covent Garden on the 31st of October 1812,† the part of Prospero being performed by Young, who, according to the "Theatrical Inquisitor," did not do much for the part. Emery represented Caliban, Mathews, Stephano, and Blanchard, Trincalo; Hippolito

* Boaden's "Kemble," Vol. I. p. 269, London 1825. 8vo.

† "Theatrical Inquisitor,' Vol. I. p. 237, London 1812. 8vo.

was assigned to Mrs Henry Johnston, Dorinda* to Miss Booth, and Ariel to Miss Bolton, afterwards Lady Thurlow.† The other characters were equally well cast.

"This play has been again revived, but without much profit to the theatre or pleasure to the public. Fashion has so long decided in favour of the wretched, garbled alteration by Dryden and D'avenant that there are no hopes of seeing the genuine play upon the stage, and the present shadow of the original can never succeed." It was nevertheless repeated thrice in the month of November, and once in the month of January, in spite of this anathema.

The critic admits that Emery's performance of Caliban "was of the very first kind; it is almost impossible to conceive a more perfect delineation of the character." Miss Bolton in Ariel was perfection; and "her performance united the elegance of a dancer with the just action and delivery of the more finished actress."

John Kemble when performing Prospero, in pronouncing the word "aches" made it a polysyllable, which being unusual gave offence to the journalists of the day. Young, to please the public, made it a monosyllable at the sacrifice of the rhythm. Nevertheless Kemble was right, and the public wrong. In verses written during the time of Shakespeare, the rhythm claims it as a polysyllable.‡

The songs in the Tempest have been set by many eminent composers. D'avenant selected Banister, whose productions pleased Pepys, no mean judge of music.§ At a latter part of the same century, Henry Purcell appears also to have been engaged for the same purpose; but his version was not published at the time, and the MS. came into the hands of Sir John Hawkins, who, as Sibbald mentions in his *Edinburgh Magazine*,‖ obligingly

* Dorinda was a favourite character of Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby.

† Mary Catherine, eldest daughter of James Richard Bolton of St Martins-in-the-Fields, gentleman, married Edward, second Lord Thurlow, 13th November 1813.

‡ See Boaden's "Life of Kemble," Vol. II., p. 519, London, 1825. 8vo.

§ Banister died in 1679. Hawkins, vol. iii. p. 470.

‖ Vol. i.

communicated from the original score, "To a Catch Club in Edinburgh," a duet commencing,

> "No stars again shall hurt you from above,
> But all your days shall pass in peace and love;"

and a song,

> "Halcyon days, now wars are ending,
> You shall find whene'er you sail."

Neither of these occur in Dryden and D'avenant's play —a fact leading to the inference, that after the death of the latter, and its subsequent revival, considerable liberties had been taken with the drama as originally represented in the time of Charles II.

In 1756, the opera of the Tempest, taken from Shakespeare, and embellished with a variety of additional ancient and modern songs, was performed in Garrick's theatre with great success. In Edinburgh, as previously mentioned, a different opera with the same name came before the public. The only portions printed, were the songs, most of which may be found in the D'avenant version, but Milcha relieved Ariel of the greater portion of the singing. In both operas the name of "Mr Smith" is inserted on the title-page as the composer. In the English Opera, Beard as Prospero, sings, an accomplishment unknown to Shakespere; whilst in the latter the two spirits relieve him of the task. Thus the two operas required different music. That the English opera was the work of John Christopher Schmidt, a German whose surname had been converted during his long sojourn in England into Smith, is correct, but it may admit of question if he had much, if anything, to do with the Scotish manufacture.

Smith was the pupil and personal friend of Handel till his decease. The first year of Handel's blindness, during the performance of his Oratorio of Sampson, his former pupil played the organ whilst the teacher sat beside him. Beard, who had recovered the voice which Mrs Delany asserted he had lost, sang with equal power and feeling the lines—

> "Total eclipse. no sun, no moon;
> All dark amid the blaze of noon."

The major portion of the audience were so forcibly struck by the singular appropriateness of the poetry and music to the condition of the venerable composer, who was sitting beside the organ before them, that they with difficulty restrained a strong inclination to burst into tears.

John Beard received his musical education in the Chapel Royal under Bernard Gates. He was one of the vocalists in the Duke of Chandos's Chapel at Cannons, where he sang in Handel's Oratorio of Esther. His first appearance on the stage was at Drury Lane, 30th August 1737, as Sir John Loverule in "The Devil to Pay." His voice was a rich tenor, and he became an immense favourite of the town by his style of singing Galliard's hunting song, "With Early Horn," which continued to be popular for many years, and might now be successfully revived.

In 1773 there was published "'The Prodigal Son,' an oratorio written by Mr Thomas Hull.* Set to music by Dr Arnold. A new edition. London, printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange in the Strand, and C. Etherington in York. Small 4to." On the title is a very pretty vignette of the father receiving his repentant son. It is dedicated to John Beard by the author, "as a grateful tribute to that high reputation which you acquired and maintained for a succession of years, in this species of entertainment." It is divided into three parts, and partakes more of the opera than the oratorio. It was taken from the original Italian version, entitled "Il Figliuol Prodigo Oratorio Rosta in Musica dal Signor Carlo Francesco Cesarini. In Roma nella Stamperia del Bernabo, MD.CCVII. Con licenza de Superiori."

Soon after his successful appearance on the stage, Beard captivated the widowed daughter of James, Earl Waldegrave, who subsequently became his wife. With her he lived happily during fourteen years, and her death he deeply lamented. His second wife was, as previously mentioned, a daughter of Rich. He died 4th

* This was Thomas Hull, a performer and dramatic writer of considerable talent, who had the merit of originating the Covent Garden fund for decayed actors. He died April 21, 1808, in the eighty-first year of his age.

February 1791, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, deeply regretted; for all who knew him loved him.

There will be found in the *European Magazine* for February 1791* an eulogy of this very estimable man, from which the following extract in reference to his two marriages has been extracted: "Very early in life he married the Right Hon. Lady Herbert, but though that lady gave him a treasure in herself, she brought him no other treasure; and his struggles to support her in something like her former state involved him in many difficulties; and her frequent and long illnesses, occasioned principally by grief for having embarrassed the man she loved, increased these difficulties, and she sank and died under them.

"His present widow had the happiness to repair those ravages of his fortune, and enable him to gratify the first wish of his heart—*beneficence*. We need not add, that such a man as he lived peculiarly beloved, so he died peculiarly lamented."

His first wife, Lady Henrietta, born January 2, 1716-17, married the Hon. Edward Herbert in 1734, and became a widow the same year, having a posthumous child, Barbara, by him, who married, 1751, the Earl of Powis. Lady Henrietta had no family by her second espousals, and died May 31, 1753.

Those "polite" writers, as Lord Hailes used to designate the manufacturers of pedigrees, give an instance of their civility in the Waldegrave Peerage, as the edition of Collins, by Brydges, vol. iv., p. 244, omits all notice of Lady Henrietta *Beard*.

That excellent and worthy man George the Third patronised Smith and his oratorios, which for several years were fashionable, and continued to do so, notwithstanding that Italian music was becoming popular. Nevertheless his Majesty stood single in his preference of the great Handel. When the commemoration of his favourite composer was celebrated in Westminster on the 26th May 1784, the King was desirous that Smith should be present, and sent him a pressing invitation, assuring him that he should be admitted to a commo-

* Vol. xix., p. 160.

dious seat without any difficulty, and should receive every accommodation in his Majesty's power during his residence in London. Fully sensible of the kindness of the King, Smith was compelled to decline the honour, apprehensive that, from his advanced age and the powerful performance of the well-known works of his deceased friend, the effort would be too much for his feeble frame.

It cannot be doubted that, whoever the Smith was who composed the music of the "Shipwreck," it could not be John Christopher Smith, born in 1712, and who in 1782 must have been seventy years of age. It must not be forgotten that to Dr Arne, the admirable composer of the music of Artaxerxes and Comus, the world is indebted for the much admired air of "Where the Bee Sucks."

Upon the 12th of July 1857, the late Charles Kean produced upon the boards of the Princess's Theatre Shakespeare's play of the "Tempest." The text "inviolate," omitting "an occasional passage, or compressing a subordinate scene, with manifest advantage to the action of the piece." These omissions and compressions, however judicious and necessary for stage effect, are certainly not in consonance with the original text. But the public received the play, as prepared for representation, with approbation, of which there could not be better evidence than that it was welcomed by eighty-seven successive audiences.

Every exertion was made to propitiate the popular taste. The alterations of Dryden and D'avenant were omitted. Hippolito and Dorinda disappeared from the scene. Sycorax vanished, and Ariel was deprived of Milcha as a companion. The music, composed by J. L. Hatton, with the exception of a few favourite and well-known airs," was executed by an "invisible choir, led by Miss Poole, whose mellow voice sounded with the rich full clearness of a bell in the midst of, and above the accompanying melody."* The eyes of the audience were gratified at the same time, with "a delicate spirit, at one moment descending in a ball of fire, at another rising gently from a tuft of flowers; again

* Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean, Vol. ii., p. 220. London, 1859, crown 8vo.

sailing on the smooth waters on the back of a dolphin; then gliding noiselessly over the sands as a water-nymph, and ever and anon perched on the summit of a rock, riding, or cleaving mid-air with the velocity of lightning." Then there was the gradual conversion of a long "perspective" of desolation to tropical luxuriance; "trees rise from the earth, fountains and waterfalls gush from the rocks, while naiads, wood nymphs, and satyrs enter, bearing fruit and flowers, with which they form a banquet, and having invited the King and Company to partake, suddenly disappear."*

That all this must have been exquisitely beautiful, and deserving the great applause it obtained, may without hesitation be conceded, and to borrow the words of Kean's Biographer it must be admitted "the powers of modern stage mechanism are almost as marvellous as the gift ascribed to the magic wand and book of Prospero," still they are not essential to the "pure and undefiled" representation of the 'magnificent drama' which Bishop Warburton designates as the noblest effort of "that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakespere."†

In his edition of Dryden, Sir Walter Scott assumes in his remarks on the "Tempest," that Dryden had more to do with the alteration of the drama than his partner, which may or may not be true. We are told, however, the reverse by the author of a comparison of the two "Stages," London 1702, 8vo, who, reviewing Dryden's plays says, "His 'Tempest'‡ is entirely Shakespeare's and Sir William D'avenant's." This assertion is in a great measure confirmed by what Dryden says in his preface. Scott seems to have looked upon D'avenant more as a mechanist than a poet, yet such was not the case, and we are convinced that had the author of

* Ib. p. 221.

† See preface to the "Tempest," arranged for representation at the Princess's Theatre, with Historical and Explanatory Notes, by Charles Kean, F.S.A., London 1857, 8vo. It is understood that Mr Kean, in the preparation of this edition, received the assistance of the late Mr Calcraft (J. W. Cole), for many years manager of the Dublin Theatre.

‡ P. 64.

"Marmion" been acquainted with the beauties of the "Cruel Brother," or the "Just Italian" which were hidden in a thick, unreadable, and ill-edited folio, he would without any hesitation have placed him as a poet beside Webster, Ford, Massinger, and Shirley, and not far below Beaumont, Fletcher, and the admirable Ben Jonson.

PREFACE.

THE writing of prefaces to plays was probably invented by some very ambitious poet, who never thought he had done enough: perhaps by some ape of the French eloquence, which uses to make a business of a letter of gallantry, an examen of a farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition* upon us.

We may satisfy ourselves with surmounting them in the scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the pen, with which they adorn the borders of their plays, and which are indeed no more than good landscapes to a very indifferent picture. I must proceed no farther in this argument, lest I run myself beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave, therefore, to tell you, reader, that I do not set a value on any thing I have written in this play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespeare's; a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The play itself had formerly been acted with success in the Black Friars: and our excellent Fletcher had so

* A task imposed on us.—W.S.

great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his "Sea-Voyage," may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only poet who made use of Shakespeare's plot: Sir John Suckling, a professed admirer of our author, has followed his footsteps in his "Goblins;" his *Regmella* being an open imitation of Shakespeare's *Miranda*, and his spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and, therefore, to put the last hand to it, he designed the counter-part to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleased me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments; and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The comical parts of the sailors were also of his invention, and, for the most part, his writing, as you will easily discover by the style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly

done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought, extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious, and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he used in invention. It had perhaps been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to myself than was my due, in the writing of this play, and to have passed by his name with silence in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have used to him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole scenes together, which may as easily be distinguished from the rest, as true gold from counterfeit by the weight. But, besides the unworthiness of the action, which deterred me from it, (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation,) I am satisfied I could never have received so much honour, in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespeare and Sir William Davenant.

JOHN DRYDEN.

December 1, 1669.

PROLOGUE.

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives underground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespeare's honoured dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play:
Shakespeare, who—taught by none—did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
He monarch-like gave those, his subjects, law;
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest;
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.
The storm, which vanished on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things:
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a King's.
Those legends from old priesthood were received,
And he then writ, as people then believed.

But if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre shall want it more:
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forced to employ
One of our women to present a boy;
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect in the last act to find
Her sex transformed from man to womankind;
Whate'er she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or if your fancy will be further led
To find her woman—it must be a-bed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONZO, *Duke of Savoy, and Usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua.*
FERDINAND, *his Son.*
PROSPERO, *right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.*
GONZALO, *a Nobleman of Savoy.*
HIPPOLITO, *one that never saw woman, right heir of the Dukedom of Mantua.*
STEPHANO, *Master of the Ship.*
MUSTACHO, *his Mate.*
TRINCALO, *Boatswain.*
VENTOSO, *a Mariner.*
Several Mariners.
A Cabin-Boy.
MIRANDA, DORINDA, } *Daughters to* PROSPERO, *that never saw man.*
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit, Attendant on* PROSPERO.
Several Spirits, Guards to PROSPERO.
CALIBAN, SYCORAX, *his Sister,* } *Two Monsters of the Isle.*

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The front of the stage is opened, and the band of twenty-four violins, with the harpsicals and theorbos which accompany the voices, are placed between the pit and the stage. While the overture is playing, the curtain rises, and discovers a new frontispiece, joined to the great pilasters, on each side of the stage. This frontispiece is a noble arch, supported by large wreathed columns of the Corinthian order; the wreathings of the columns are beautified with roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the cornice, just over the capitals, sits on either side a figure, with a trumpet in one hand, and a palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther, on the same cornice, on each side of a compass-pediment, lie a lion and a unicorn, the supporters of the royal arms of England. In the middle of the arch are several angels, holding the King's arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that compass-pediment. Behind this is the scene, which represents a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast, and a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation. This tempest (supposed to be raised by magic) has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the sailors, then rising and crossing in the air. And when the

ship is sinking, the whole house is darkened, and a shower of fire falls upon them. This is accompanied with lightning and several claps of thunder, to the end of the storm.

Enter MUSTACHO *and* VENTOSO.

VEN. What a sea comes in!

MUS. A foaming sea! we shall have foul weather.

Enter TRINCALO.

TRINC. The scud comes against the wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter STEPHANO.

STEPH. Boatswain!

TRIN. Here, master! what say you?

STEPH. Ill weather! let's off to sea.

MUS. Let's have sea room enough, and then let it blow the devil's head off.

STEPH. Boy! Boy!

Enter CABIN-BOY.

BOY. Yaw, yaw! here, master!

STEPH. Give the pilot a dram of the bottle.

[*Exeunt Stephano and Boy.*

Enter MARINERS, *and pass over the stage.*

TRIN. Bring the cable to the capstorm!

Enter ALONSO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

ALON. Good Boatswain, have a care; where's the master? Play the men.

TRIN. Pray, keep below!

ANT. Where's the master, boatswain?

TRIN. Do you not hear him? You hinder us: Keep your cabins! you help the storm.

GON. Nay, good friend, be patient.

TRIN. Ay, when the sea is: Hence! what care these roarers for the name of Duke? To cabin; silence; trouble us not.

GON. Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

TRIN. None that I love more than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can advise these elements to silence, use your wisdom: if you cannot, make yourself ready in the cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, sirs.

[*Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.*

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect gallows: stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own does little advantage us. If he be not born to be hanged, we shall be drowned. [*Exit.*

Enter TRINCALO *and* STEPHANO.

TRIN. Up aloft, lads! Come, reef both topsails!

STEPH. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to sea! [*Exit Steph.*

Enter two MARINERS, *and pass over the stage.*

TRIN. Hands down! Man your main cap-storm!

Enter MUSTACHO *and* VENTOSO *at the other door.*

MUS. Up aloft! and man your seere cap-storm!

VEN. My lads, my hearts of gold, get in your capstorm-bar! Hoa up, hoa up! &c.

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*

Enter STEPHANO.

STEPH. Hold on well! hold on well! Nip well there; quarter-master, get's more nippers.

[*Exit Steph.*

Enter two MARINERS, *and pass over again.*

TRIN. Turn out, turn out all hands to capstorm! You dogs, is this a time to sleep? Lubbord. Heave together, lads! [TRINCALO *whistles.*

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*

MUS. [*within.*] Our vial's broke.

VEN. [*within.*] 'Tis but our vial-block has given way. Come, heave, lads! we are fixed again. Heave together, bullies.

Enter STEPHANO.

STEPH. Cut down the hammocks! cut down the hammocks! come, my lads: Come, bullies, cheer up! heave lustily. The anchor's apeak.

TRIN. Is the anchor apeak?

STEPH. Is a-weigh! is a-weigh.

TRIN. Up aloft, my lads, upon the forecastle! cut the anchor, cut him!

ALL [*within*]. Haul catt, haul catt, haul catt, haul: Haul catt, haul. Below.

STEP. Aft, aft, and loose the mizen!

TRIN. Get the mizen-tack aboard. Haul aft mizen-sheet.

Enter MUSTACHO.

MUS. Loose the main-top sail!

STEP. Let him alone, there's too much wind.

TRIN. Loose fore-sail! haul aft both sheets! trim her right afore the wind. Aft! aft! lads, and hale up the mizen here.

MUS. A mackrel-gale, master.

STEPH. [*within.*] Port hard, port! the wind veers forward, bring the tack aboard-port is. Starboard, starboard, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the sails are loose.

Enter VENTOSO.

VEN. Some hands down: The guns are loose. [*Exit. Mus.*

TRIN. Try the pump, try the pump. [*Exit Vent.*

Enter MUSTACHO *at the other door.*

MUS. O master! six foot water in hold.

STEPH. Clap the helm hard aweather! flat, flat, flat-in the fore-sheet there.

TRIN. Over-haul your fore-bowling.

STEPH. Brace in the larboard. [*Exit.*

TRIN. A curse upon this howling! [*A great cry within.*] They are louder than the weather.

Enter ANTONIO *and* GONZALO.

Yet again, what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Ha' you a mind to sink?

GON. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

TRIN. Work you then, and be poxed.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang, you whorson insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

TRIN. Ease the fore-brace a little. [*Exit.*

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning, though thy ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leak as an unstaunched wench.

Enter ALONZO *and* FERDINAND.

FER. For myself I care not, but your loss brings a thousand deaths to me.

ALON. O name not me, I am grown old, my son;
I now am tedious to the world, and that,
By use, is so to me: But, Ferdinand,
I grieve my subjects' loss in thee: Alas!

I suffer justly for my crimes, but why
Thou should'st——O heaven! [*A cry within.*
Hark! farewell, my son, a long farewell!

Enter TRINCALO, MUSTACHO, *and* VENTOSO.

TRIN. What, must our mouths be cold then?

VEN. All's lost! To prayers, to prayers.

GON. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's assist them.

MUS. Nay, we may e'en pray too, our Case is now alike.

ANT. Mercy upon us! we split, we split!

GON. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCALO.

TRIN. The ship is sinking. [*A new cry within.*

STEP. Run her ashore!

TRIN. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a rock upon the starboard-bow.

STEPH. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves.

SCENE II.

In the midst of the shower of fire, the scene changes. The cloudy sky, rocks, and sea vanish; and, when the lights return, discover that beautiful part of the island, which was the habitation of Prospero: 'Tis composed of three walks of cypress-trees; each side-walk leads to a cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his daughter, in the other Hippolito: The middle-walk is of great depth, and leads to an open part of the island.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

PRO. Miranda, where's your sister?

MIR. I left her looking from the pointed rock,
At the walk's end, on the huge beat of waters.
PROS. It is a dreadful object.
MIR. If by your art,
My dearest father, you have put them in
This roar, allay them quickly.
PROS. I have so ordered,
That not one creature in the ship is lost :
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My daughter, and thy pretty sister :
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than Prospero, master of a narrow cell,
And thy unhappy father.
MIR. I ne'er endeavoured
To know more than you were pleased to tell me.
PROS. I should inform thee farther.
MIR. You often, sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.
PROS. The hour's now come ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came into this cell ?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not
Full three years old.
MIR. Certainly I can, sir.
PROS. Tell me the image then of anything,
Which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.
MIR. Sir, had I not four or five women once,
that tended me ?
PROS. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda : What
seest thou else,
In the dark back-ward, and abyss of time ?
If thou rememberest aught, ere thou cam'st here,
Then how thou cam'st thou mayest remember
too.
MIR. Sir, that I do not.
PROS. Fifteen years since, Miranda,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A Prince of power.
MIR. Sir, are not you my father?
PROS. Thy mother was all virtue, and she said
Thou wast my daughter, and thy sister too.
MIR. O heavens! what foul play had we, that
We hither came? or was't a blessing that we did?
PRO. Both, both, my girl.
MIR. But, sir, I pray, proceed.
PROS. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,
To whom I trusted then the manage of my state,
While I was wrapped with secret studies,—that false uncle,
Having attained the craft of granting suits,
And of denying them; whom to advance,
Or lop, for over-topping,—soon was grown
The ivy, which did hide my Princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out. Thou attend'st not.
MIR. O good sir, I do.
PROS. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
Waked in my false brother an evil nature: He did believe
He was indeed the Duke, because he then
Did execute the outward face of sovereignty—
Dost thou still mark me?
MIR. Your story would cure deafness.
PROS. This false Duke
Needs would be absolute Milan, and confederate
With Savoy's Duke, to give him tribute, and
To do him homage.
MIR. False man!
PROS. This duke of Savoy, being an enemy
To me inveterate, strait grants my brother's suit;
And, on a night, mated to his design,
Antonio opened the gates of Milan, and

In the dead of darkness hurried me thence,
With thy young sister, and thy crying self.
MIR. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?
PROS. They durst not, girl, in Milan, for the love
My people bore me; in short they hurried us
Away to Savoy, and thence aboard a bark at Nissa's port,
Bore us some leagues to sea, when they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigged,
No tackle, sail or mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it.
MIR. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
PROS. Thou and thy sister were
Two Cherubins, which did preserve me: You both
Did smile, infused with fortitude from Heaven.
MIR. How came we ashore?
PROS. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, which
A nobleman of Savoy, called Gonzalo,
Appointed master of that black design,
Gave us; with rich garments and all necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: and of his gentleness—
Knowing I loved my books—he furnished me,
From mine own library, with volumes, which
I prize above my Dukedom.
MIR. Would I might see that man!
PROS. Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I your tutor been. But by my skill
I find, that my mid-heaven doth depend
On a most happy star, whose influence
If I now court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop: Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep: 'Tis a good dulness,

And give it way ; I know thou can'st not chuse.
[*She falls asleep.*
Come away, my spirit : I am ready now ; approach,
My Ariel, come !

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL. All hail, great master,
Grave sir, hail! I come to answer thy best pleasure,
Be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the fire,
To ride into the curled clouds ; to thy strong bidding
Task Ariel and all his qualities.
PROS. Hast thou, spirit, performed to point
The tempest, that I bade thee ?
ARIEL. To every article.
I boarded the Duke's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement ; and sometimes I seemed
To burn in many places ; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bow-sprit, I did flame distinctly ;
Nay, once I rained a shower of fire upon them.
PROS. My brave spirit !—
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Did not infect his reason ?
ARIEL. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and played
Some tricks of desperation ; all,
But mariners, plunged in the foaming brine,
And quit the vessel. The Duke's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstaring,—more like reeds than hair—
Was the first man that leaped ; cried, Hell is empty !
And all the devils are here !
PROS. Why, that's my spirit !—
But, was not this nigh shore ?
ARIEL. Close by, my master.
PROS. But, Ariel, are they safe ?

ARIEL. Not a hair perished.
In troops I have dispersed them round this isle:
The Duke's son I have landed by himself,
Whom I have left warming the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting:
His arms enfolded in this sad knot.
PROS. Say how thou hast disposed the mariners
Of the Duke's ship, and all the rest o' the fleet?
ARIEL. Safely in harbour
Is the Duke's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm, joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep: And for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home from Italy;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.
PROS. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed: But there's more work.—
What is the time o' the day?
ARIEL. Past the mid season.
PROS. At least two glasses.
The time 'twixt six and now must by us both
Be spent most preciously.
ARIEL. Is there more toil?
Since thou dost give me pains, let me remember
Thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet
Performed me.
PROS. How now! moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
ARIEL. My liberty.
PROS. Before the time be out?—no more!

ARIEL. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee faithful service;
Told thee no lies; made thee no mistakings;
Served without or grudge or grumblings;
Thou didst promise to bate me a full year.
PROS. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
ARIEL. No.
PROS. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run against the sharp wind of the north;
To do my business in the veins of the earth,
When it is baked with frost.
ARIEL. I do not, sir.
PROS. Thou liest, malignant thing!—Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
ARIEL. No, sir.
PROS. Thou hast! Where was she born? Speak, tell me.
ARIEL. Sir, in Argier.
PROS. Oh, was she so?—I must,
Once every month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgettest. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries
Too terrible to enter human hearing,
From Argier, thou know'st, was banish'd:
But, for one thing she did,
They would not take her life.—Is not this true?
ARIEL. Ay, sir.
PROS. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;

And, 'cause thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven pine;
Within whose rift imprisoned, thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this isle—
Save for two brats, which she did litter here,
The brutish Caliban, and his twin-sister,
Two freckled hag-born whelps—not honoured with
A human shape.

ARIEL. Yes; Caliban her son, and Sycorax his sister.

PROS. Dull thing!—I say so.—He,
That Caliban, and she, that Sycorax
Whom I now keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could ne'er again undo: It was my art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made the pine
To gape, and let thee out.

ARIEL. I thank thee, master.

PROS. If thou more murmurest, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till thou
Hast howled away twelve winters more.

ARIEL. Pardon, master!
I will be correspondent to command,
And be a gentle spirit.

PROS. Do so; and after two days I'll discharge thee.

ARIEL. Thanks, my great master! But I have yet one request.

PROS. What's that, my spirit?

ARIEL. I know that this day's business is important,
Requiring too much toil for one alone.
I have a gentle spirit for my love,
Who twice seven years has waited for my freedom;
Let it appear, it will assist me much,
And we with mutual joy shall entertain
Each other. This, I beseech you, grant me!

PROS. You shall have your desire.

ARIEL. That's my noble master.—Milcha!
[*Milcha flies down to his assistance.*

MIL. I am here, my love.

ARIEL. Thou art free! Welcome, my dear!—
What shall we do? Say, say, what shall we do?

PROS. Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Hence, with diligence;
Anon thou shalt know more.
[*They both fly up, and cross in the air.*
Thou hast slept well, my child. [*To Mir.*

MIR. The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.

PROS. Shake it off!—Come on, I'll now call Caliban, my slave, who never yields us a kind answer.

MIR. 'Tis a creature, sir, I do not love to look on.

PROS. But, as it is, we cannot miss him: He does make our fire, fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us.—What ho, slave! Caliban! thou earth, thou, speak!

CAL. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

PROS. Thou poisonous slave! got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brushed with raven's feather from unwholesome fens, drop on you both! A south-west wind blow on you, and blister you all o'er!

PROS. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, side-stiches, that shall pen thy breath up: Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st: Thou shalt be pinched as thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging than the bees which made them.

CAL. I must eat my dinner: This island's mine by Sycorax my mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou camest first, thou stroak'dst me and madest much of me; would'st give me water with berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I loved thee and showed thee all the qualities of the isle, the fresh-springs, brine-pits, barren places, and fertile. Cursed be I, that I did so! All the charms of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on thee! for I am all the subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own lord; and here thou stayest me in this hard rock, whiles thou dost keep from me the rest o' the island.

PROS. Thou most lying slave, whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee, filth as thou art! with human care; and lodged thee in mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate the honour of my children.

CAL. Oh, ho! oh, ho! would it had been done. Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else this isle with Calibans.

PROS. Abhor'd slave! who ne'er wouldst any print of goodness take, being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught

thee each hour one thing or other: When thou didst not, savage! know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like a thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes with words, which made them known.—But thy wild race—though thou didst learn—had that in't, which good natures could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this rock.

CAL. You taught me language; and my profit by it is, that I know to curse. The red botch* rid you for learning me your language!

PROS. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel and be quick
To answer other business.—Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, pr'ythee!
I must obey. His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROS. So, slave, hence!

[*Exeunt Prospero, and Caliban, severally.*

Enter DORINDA.

DOR. Oh, sister! what have I beheld!

MIR. What is it moves you so?

DOR. From yonder rock,
As I my eyes cast down upon the seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roared; at first, I thought the war
Had been between themselves, but straight I spied
A huge great creature.

MIR. O, you mean the ship?

DOR. Is't not a creature then?—It seemed alive.

* An inflamed tumour.

MIR. But what of it?
DOR. This floating ram did bear his horns above,
All tied with ribbands, ruffling in the wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his head awhile,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon,
He clambering to the top of all the billows;
And then again he curtsied down so low,
I could not see him: Till at last, all side-long,
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.
Mir. There all had perished,
Had not my father's magic art relieved them.—
But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you:
In this great creature there were other creatures;
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my father call a man.
DOR. But what is that? For yet he never told me.
MIR. I know no more than you:—But I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.
DOR. What, that he should eat us, sister?
MIR. No, sure; you see my father is a man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.
DOR. Methinks, indeed, it would be finer, if
We two had two young fathers.
MIR. No, sister, no: If they were young, my father
Said, we must call them brothers.
DOR. But, pray, how does it come, that we two are
Not brothers then, and have not beards like him?
MIR. Now I confess you pose me.
DOR. How did he come to be our father too?
MIR. I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the ground.

DOR. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, sister,
Let you and I look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.
MIR. Agreed! but now we must go in. This is
The hour wherein my father's charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open air:
The effect of this great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.
DOR. And I, methinks, more long to see a man.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The scene changes to the wilder part of the Island. It is composed of divers sorts of trees and barren places, with a prospect of the sea at a great distance.

Enter STEPHANO, MUSTACHO, *and* VENTOSO.

VEN. The runlet of brandy was a loving runlet and floated after us out of pure pity.
MUS. This kind bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it. And this scollop-shell is all our plate now.
VEN. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
I pr'ythee fill a soop, and let it go round.—
Where hast thou laid the runlet?
MUS. In the hollow of an old tree.
VEN. Fill apace! we cannot live long in this barren island, and we may take a soop before death, as well as others drink at our funerals.
MUS. This is prize brandy; we steal custom, and it costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

VEN. Master, what have you saved ?

STEPH. Just nothing but myself.

VEN. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

STEPH. Fill us another round !

VEN. Look ! Mustacho weeps. Hang losses, as long as we have brandy left !—Pr'ythee, leave weeping.

STEPH. He sheds his brandy out of his eyes : He shall drink no more.

MUS. This will be a doleful day with old Bess. She gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting ; that's lost too : But, as you say, hang losses ! Pr'ythee, fill again.

VEN. Beshrew thy heart, for putting me in mind of thy wife ; I had not thought of mine else. Nature will shew itself ; I must melt. I pr'ythee, fill again ! My wife's a good old jade, and has but one eye left ; but she will weep out that too, when she hears that I'm dead.

STEPH. Would you were both hanged, for putting me in thought of mine !

VEN. But come, master, sorrow is dry. There's for you again.

STEPH. A mariner had e'en as good be a fish as a man, but for the comfort we got ashore. O ! for an old dry wench, now I am wet.

MUS. Poor heart, that would soon make you dry again. But all is barren in this isle : Here we may lie at hull, till the wind blow nor' and by south, ere we can cry, a sail ! a sail ! a sight of a white apron : And, therefore, here's another soop to comfort us.

VEN. This isle's our own, that's our comfort ; for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train, are perished.

MUS. Our ship is sunk, and we can never get home again : We must e'en turn savages, and the next that catches his fellow may eat him.

VEN. No, no, let us have a government; for if we live well and orderly, heaven will drive shipwrecks ashore to make us all rich: Therefore let us carry good consciences, and not eat one another.

STEPH. Whoever eats any of my subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my sceptre; for I was master at sea, and will be Duke on land: You, Mustacho, have been my mate, and shall be my viceroy.

VEN. When you are Duke, you may chuse your viceroy; but I am a free subject in a new plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice: And so fill me the other soop.

STEPH. [*whispering.*] Ventoso, dost thou hear? I will advance thee. Pr'ythee, give me thy voice.

VEN. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the election; and, to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud, that I will be viceroy, or I'll keep my voice for myself.

MUS. Stephano, hear me! I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none, in the isle, to speak for themselves. Know, then, that to prevent the farther shedding of christian blood, we are all content Ventoso shall be viceroy, upon condition I may be viceroy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? what! no man answer? Well, you may take their silence for consent.

VEN. You speak for the people, Mustacho! I'll speak for them, and declare generally with one voice, one and all, that there shall be no viceroy but the Duke, unless I be he.

MUS. You declare for the people, who never saw your face? Cold iron shall decide it!

[*Both draw.*

STEPH. Hold, loving subjects! We will have no civil war during our reign. I do hereby

appoint you both to be my viceroys over the whole island.

BOTH. Agreed, agreed!

Enter TRINCALO, *with a great bottle, half drunk.*

VEN. How! Trincalo, our brave boatswain!

MUS. He reels: Can he be drunk with sea-water?

TRIN. [*sings.*] I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here I shall die ashore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings.

The master, the swabber, the gunner, and I,
The surgeon, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a twang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!—
She loved not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort again. [*Drinks.*

STEPH. We have got another subject now: Welcome, welcome, into our dominions!

TRIN. What subject, or what dominions? Here's old sack, boys; the King of good fellows can be no subject. I will be old Simon the King.

MUS. Ha, old boy! how didst thou 'scape?

TRIN. Upon a butt of sack, boys, which the sailors threw overboard.—But are you alive, hoa! for I will tipple with no ghosts, till I'm dead. Thy hand, Mustacho, and thine, Ventoso; the storm has done its worst.—Stephano alive too! give thy boatswain thy hand, master.

VEN. You must kiss it then; for I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke, in a full assembly.

TRIN. A Duke! where? What's he Duke of?

MUS. Of this island, man. Oh, Trincalo, we are all made: The island's empty; all's our own, boy; and we will speak to his grace for thee, that thou mayest be as great as we are.

TRIN. You great! what the devil are you?

VEN. We two are viceroys over all the island; and, when we are weary of governing, thou shalt succeed us.

TRIN. Do you hear, Ventoso? I will succeed you in both places before you enter into them.

STEPH. Trincalo, sleep, and be sober; and make no more uproars in my country.

TRIN. Why, what are you, sir? what are you?

STEPH. What I am, I am by free election; and you, Trincalo, are not yourself: but we pardon your first fault, because it is the first day of our reign.

TRIN. Umph! were matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was swimming, and saving myself for the good of the people of this island?

MUS. Art thou mad, Trincalo? Wilt thou disturb a settled government, where thou art a mere stranger to the laws of the country?

TRIN. I'll have no laws.

VEN. Then civil war begins.

[*Vent. and Must. draw.*

STEPH. Hold, hold! I'll have no bloodshed; my subjects are but few: Let him make a rebellion by himself; and a rebel, I, Duke Stephano, declare him.—Viceroys, come away!

TRIN. And Duke Trincalo declares, that he will make open war wherever he meets thee, or thy viceroys. [*Exeunt Steph., Must., and Vent.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with wood upon his back.*

TRIN. Ha! who have we here?

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up from fogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make him by inch-meal a disease. His spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch, fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid them. But for every trifle he sets them on me: Sometimes, like baboons, they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like hedge-hogs, then, they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with adders, who, with their cloven tongues, hiss me to madness,—Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to torment me.

TRIN. What have we here, a man, or a fish? This is some monster of the isle. Were I in England as once I was, and had him painted, not a holiday fool there but would give me sixpence for the sight of him. Well, if I could make him tame, he were a present for an Emperor.—Come hither, pretty monster: I'll do thee no harm. Come hither!

CAL. Torment me not; I'll bring thee wood home faster.

TRIN. He talks none of the wisest; but I'll give him a dram o' th' bottle, that will clear his understanding. Come on your ways, master monster, open your mouth. How now, you perverse moon-calf! what, I think you cannot tell who is your friend.—Open your chops, I say.

[*Pours wine down his throat.*

CAL. This is a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I'll kneel to him.

TRIN. He is a very hopeful monster.—Monster, what say'st thou? art thou content to turn civil

and sober, as I am? for then thou shalt be my subject.

CAL. I'll swear upon that bottle to be true; for the liquor is not earthly. Did'st thou not drop from heaven?

TRIN. Only out of the moon; I was the man in her, when time was.—By this light a very shallow monster.

CAL. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i' th' isle, and kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god, and let me drink. [*Drinks again.*

TRIN. Well drawn monster, in good faith.

BAL. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.—A curse upon the tyrant whom I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.

TRIN. The poor monster is loving in his drink.

CAL. I pri'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; and I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts, shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the marmozet: I'll bring thee to clustered filberts. Wilt thou go with me?

TRIN. This monster comes of a good-natured race.—Is there no more of thy kin in this island?

CAL. Divine, there is but one besides myself; my lovely sister, beautiful and bright as the full moon.

TRIN. Where is she?

CAL. I left her clamb'ring up a hollow oak, and plucking thence the dropping honey-combs.—Say, my King, shall I call her to thee?

TRIN. She shall swear upon the bottle too. If she proves handsome, she is mine.—Here, monster, drink again for thy good news; thou shalt speak a good word for me. [*Gives him the bottle.*

CAL. Farewell, old master, farewell, farewell!

Sings.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
Ban, ban, Cackaliban,
Has a new master, get a new man.

Hey-day! freedom, freedom!

TRIN. Here's two subjects got already, the monster and his sister: Well, Duke Stephano, I say, and say again, wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*Drinks.*] From this worshipful monster, and mistress monster, his sister, I'll lay claim to this island by alliance.—Monster, I say, thy sister shall be my spouse. Come away, brother monster; I'll lead thee to my butt, and drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Cypress Trees and a Cave.*

Enter PROSPERO *alone.*

PROS. 'Tis not yet fit to let my daughters know,
I keep the infant duke of Mantua
So near them in this isle;
Whose father, dying, bequeathed him to my care,
Till my false brother, when he designed to usurp
My Dukedom from me, exposed him to that fate
He meant for me.
By calculation of his birth, I saw
Death threat'ning him, if, till some time were past,
He should behold the face of any woman:
And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolito!

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

PROS. How I have loved thee, from thy infancy,
Heaven knows, and thou thyself canst bear me witness;
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

HIP. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a rock ;
And you, this day, have hurried me from thence,
Only to change my prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.
PROS. O, gentle youth! fate waits for thee abroad ;
A black star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.
HIP. You taught me
Not to fear him in any of his shapes :—
Let me meet death rather than be a prisoner.
PROS. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.
HIP. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature liv'd
Within this isle, but those which man was lord of.
Why, then, should I fear?
PROS. But here are creatures which I named not to thee,
Who share man's sovereignty by nature's laws,
And oft depose him from it.
HIP. What are those creatures, sir?
PROS. Those dangerous enemies of men, called women.
HIP. Women! I never heard of them before.—
What are women like?
PROS. Imagine something between young men and angels ;
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes ;
Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's ;
They are all enchantment: Those, who once behold 'em,
Are made their slaves for ever.
HIP. Then I will wink, and fight with 'em.
PROS. 'Tis but in vain ;
They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

HIP. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.
PROS. You are without all possibility of revenge;
They are so beautiful, that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish, to hurt them.
HIP. Are they so beautiful?
PROS. Calm sleep is not so soft, nor winter suns,
Nor summer shades so pleasant.
HIP. Can they be fairer than the plumes of swans?
Or more delightful than the peacock's feathers?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of doves?
Or have more various beauty than the rainbow?—
These I have seen, and, without danger, wond'red at.
PROS. All these are far below them: Nature made
Nothing but woman dangerous and fair.
Therefore if you should chance to see them,
Avoid them straight I charge you.
HIP. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun them, as I may with safety
Of the unblemished honour which you taught me.
But let them not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.
PROS. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.
To-morrow I may bring you better news.
HIP. I shall obey you, sir. [*Exit Hip.*
PROS. So, so; I hope this lesson has secured him,
For I have been constrained to change his lodging
From yonder rock, where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own cell,
Because the shipwreck happened near his mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:
The planets seem to smile on my designs,

And yet there is one sullen cloud behind :
I would it were dispersed.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA.

How, my daughters !
I thought I had instructed them enough :
Children ! retire ; why do you walk this way ?
MIR. It is within our bounds, sir.
PROS. But both
Take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.
DOR. Is the man that way, sir ?
PROS. All that you can imagine ill is there.
The curled lion, and the rugged bear
Are not so dreadful as that man.
MIR. Oh me, why stay we here then ?
DOR. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.
MIR. But you have told me, sir, you are a man ;
And yet you are not dreadful.
PROS. Ay, child ! but I
Am a tame man ; old men are tame by nature,
But all the danger lies in a wild young man.
DOR. Do they run wild about the woods ?
PROS. No, they are wild within doors, in chambers,
And in closets.
DOR. But, father, I would stroak them, and make them gentle ;
Then sure they would not hurt me.
PROS. You must not trust them, child : No woman can
Come near them, but she feels a pain, full nine months.
Well, I must in ; for new affairs require my
Presence. Be you, Miranda, your sister's guardian.
[*Exit Pros.*

DOR. Come, sister, shall we walk the other way ?
The man will catch us else: We have but two
legs,
And he, perhaps, has four.
MIR. Well, sister, though he have; yet look
about you,
And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.
DOR. Come back! that way is towards his
den.
MIR. Let me alone! I'll venture first, for sure
he can
Devour but one of us at once.
DOR. How dare you venture ?
MIR. We'll find him sitting like a hare in's
form,
And he shall not see us.
DOR. Ay, but you know my father charged us
both.
MIR. But who shall tell him on't ? we'll keep
each other's counsel.
DOR. I dare not, for the world.
MIR. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if
We do not know him first ?
DOR. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too.
I find it in my nature, because my father has for-
bidden me.
MIR. Ay, there's it, sister; if he had said no-
thing, I had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see
him first, be quick, and beckon me away.
DOR. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble
myself to him, and ask him pardon, as I do my
father, when I have done a fault.
MIR. And if I can but escape with life, I had
rather be in pain nine months, as my father
threatened, than lose my longing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. Prospero has often said that nature makes
Nothing in vain: Why then are women made?
Are they to suck the poison of the earth,
As gaudy coloured serpents are? I'll ask
That question, when next I see him here.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA *peeping.*

DOR. O sister, there it is! it walks about
Like one of us.
MIR. Ay, just so, and has legs as we have too.
HIP. It strangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.
DOR. Hark! it talks:—sure this is not it my father meant,
For this is just like one of us: Methinks,
I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was; see, now it turns this way.
MIR. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is!
DOR. I'll go nearer it.
MIR. O no, 'tis dangerous, sister! I'll go to it.
I would not for the world that you should venture.
My father charged me to secure you from it.
DOR. I warrant you this is a tame man; dear sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.
MIR. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first:
Fie, are you not ashamed to be so much inquisitive?
DOR. You chide me for 't, and would give yourself?
MIR. Come back, or I will tell my father.
Observe how he begins to stare already!
I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

DOR. Nay, sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.
I'll venture you no more than you will me.
PROS. [*within.*] Miranda, child, where are you?
MIR. Do you not hear my father call? Go in!
DOR. 'Twas you he named, not me; I will but say my prayers,
And follow you immediately.
MIR. Well, sister, you'll repent it. [*Exit Mir.*
DOR. Though I die for 't, I must have th' other peep.
HIP. [*Seeing her.*] What thing is that? Sure 'tis some infant of
The sun, dressed in his father's gayest beams,
And comes to play with birds: My sight is dazzled,
And yet I find I'm loth to shut my eyes:
I must go nearer it;—but, stay a while;
May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Which I was charged to shun? Speak, what art thou,
Thou shining vision?
DOR. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am
A woman. Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.
HIP. I'd sooner tear my eyes out, than consent
To do you any harm; though I was told
A woman was my enemy.
DOR. I never knew
What 'twas to be an enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that, which looks like you: For though
I've been charged by him—whom yet I ne'er disobeyed,—
To shun your presence, yet I'd rather die
Than lose it; therefore, I hope you will not have the heart
To hurt me: Though I fear you are a man,

The dangerous thing of which I have been warned.
Pray, tell me what you are?

HIP. I must confess I was informed I am a man;
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

DOR. Ay me! Heaven grant we be not poison to
Each other! Alas, can we not meet, but we must die?

HIP. I hope not so! for, when two poisonous creatures,
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twined into a mutual knot:
If we have any venom in us, sure, we cannot be
More poisonous, when we meet, than serpents are.
You have a hand like mine—may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*

DOR. I've touched my father's and my sister's hands,
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh: Just so
I've seen two turtles mourning when they met:
Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so, methought,
Was theirs: For still they mourned, and still they seemed
To murmur too, and yet they often met.

HIP. Oh heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand,
Methink, goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

PROS. [*within.*] Dorinda!

DOR. My father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

HIP. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.
DOR. This is my first offence against my father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.
HIP. And this is my first trespass too: But he
Hath more offended truth, than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death, but in our parting, see.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*A wild Island.*

Enter ALONZO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

GON. 'Beseech your grace, be merry: You have cause,
So have we all, of joy, for our strange 'scape;
Then wisely, good sir, weigh our sorrow with
Our comfort.
ALON. Prithee, peace! you cram these words
Into my ears, against my stomach; how
Can I rejoice, when my dear son, perhaps
This very moment, is made a meal to some strange fish?
ANT. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the billows under him,
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to land.
ALON. No, no, he's gone;
And you and I, Antonio, were those
Who caused his death.
ANT. How could we help it?
ALON. Then, then we should have helped it,
When thou betray'dst thy brother, Prospero,
And Mantua's infant sovereign, to my power:
And when I, too ambitious, took by force
Another's right: Then lost we Ferdinand;
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.

ANT. Indeed we first broke truce with heaven ;
You to the waves an infant Prince exposed,
And on the waves have lost an only son.
I did usurp my brother's fertile lands,
And now am cast upon this desert-isle.
GON. These, sirs, 'tis true, were crimes of black dye ;
But both of you have made amends to heaven,
By your late voyage into Portugal ;
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your valour has repulsed the Moors of Spain.
ALON. O name it not, Gonzalo ;
No act but penitence can expiate guilt !
Must we teach heaven what price to set on murder ?
What rate on lawless power and wild ambition ?
Or dare we traffic with the powers above,
And sell by weight a good deed for a bad ?
[*A flourish of music.*
GON. Music and in the air ! sure we are shipwrecked
On the dominions of some merry devil.
ANT. This isle's enchanted ground ; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of lamenting ghosts.
ALON. I pulled a tree, and blood pursued my hand.
Heaven deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after-actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence and my bounty.
[*Music again louder.*
Hark, the sounds approach us !
[*The stage opens in several places.*
ANT. Lo ! the earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense
Of my foul treason, have unmanned me quite.

ALON. We on the brink of swift destruction stand;
No means of our escape is left.
[*Another flourish of voices under the stage.*
ANT. Ah! what amazing sounds are these we hear?
GON. What horrid masque will the dire fiends present?

Sung under the stage.

1 DEV. Where does the black fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous devil of Pride?
2 DEV. In the lowest and darkest caverns of hell,
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.
1 DEV. Who are the chief leaders of the damned host?
3 DEV. Proud monarchs, who tyrannize most.
1 DEV. Damned princes there
The worst of torments bear;
3 DEV. Who on earth all others in pleasures excel,
Must feel the worst torments of hell.
[*They rise singing this chorus.*

ANT. O heavens! what horrid vision's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!
ALON. What fearful vengeance is in store for us!

1 DEV. Tyrants, by whom their subjects bleed,
Should in pains all others exceed.
2 DEV. And barbarous monarchs, who their neighbours invade,
And their crowns unjustly get!
And such who their brothers to death have betrayed,
In hell upon burning thrones shall be set.

3 DEV. —In hell, in hell with flames they shall reign,
CHOR. And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

ANT. O my soul! for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain!
ALON. Has heaven in all its infinite stock of mercy
No overflowings for us? poor, miserable, guilty men!
CAL. Nothing but horrors do encompass us!
For ever, for ever must we suffer!
ALON. For ever we shall perish! O dismal words,
For ever!

1 DEV. Who are the pillars of the tyrant's court?
2 DEV. Rapine and murder his crown must support!
3 DEV. ——His cruelty does tread
On orphans' tender breasts and brothers dead!
2 DEV. Can heaven permit such crimes should be
Attendant with felicity?
1 DEV. No, tyrants their sceptres uneasily bear,
In the midst of their guards they their consciences fear.

2 DEV. Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep;
Chor. And we with dire vision disturb all their sleep.

ANT. Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!
The fiend will hurry us to the dark mansion.
Sweet heaven, have mercy on us!

1 DEV. Say, say, shall we bear these bold mortals from hence?
2 DEV. No, no, let us shew their degrees of offence.
3 DEV. Let's muster their crimes upon every side,
And first let's discover their pride.

Enter PRIDE.

PRIDE. Lo, here is Pride, who first led them astray,
And did to ambition their minds then betray.

Enter FRAUD.

FRAUD. And Fraud does next appear,
Their wandering steps who led;
When they from virtue fled,
They in my crooked paths their course did steer.

Enter RAPINE.

RAPINE. From fraud to force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter MURDER.

MURDER. There long they could not stay;
Down the steep hill they run;
And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,
To murder they bent all their way.
CHORUS. *of all.* Around, around we pace
About this cursed place;
While thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.
[*Devils vanish.*
ANT. Heaven has heard me. They are vanished!

ALON. But they have left us all unmanned ;
I feel my sinews slacken with the fright ;
And a cold sweat trills down o'er all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.
Oh Prospero, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart !
ANT. And mine 'gainst him and young Hippolito.
GON. Heaven have mercy on the penitent !
ANT. Lead from this cursed ground ;
The seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.
This is the region of despair and death.
ALON. Beware all fruit, but what the birds have peck'd.
The shadows of the trees are poisonous too ;
A secret venom slides from every branch.
My conscience does distract me ! O my son !
Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy fortune ?
[*As they are going out, a devil rises just before them, at which they start and are frighted.*
ALON. O heavens ! yet more apparitions?

DEVIL *sings.*

Arise, arise ! ye subterranean winds,
More to disturb their guilty minds :
And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise,
Which use to infect the earth, and trouble all the skies ;
Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth :
You, that in the vast and hollow womb of earth
Engender earthquakes, make whole countries shake,
And stately cities into deserts turn ;
And you who feed the flames by which earth's entrails burn.

Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make
All but the fixed and solid centre shake.
Come drive these wretches to that part of the isle,
Where nature never yet did smile:
Cause fogs and storms, whirlwinds, and earthquakes there:
There let them howl and languish in despair.
Rise and obey the powerful prince o' th' air!

[*Two winds rise, ten more enter and dance. At the end of the dance, three winds sink, the rest drive Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo off.*

Act III.

Scene I.—*A wild island.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel, *and* Milcha *invisible.*

Ariel. Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands,
Curtsied when you have, and kissed;
And wild waves whist.
Foot it featly here and there,
And sweet sprites the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow waugh! the watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer.
Cry, Cock a doodle do!

Ferd. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some God i' th' island: Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the Duke my father's wreck;
This music hovered on the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,

With charming airs. Thence I have followed it,
Or it has drawn me rather, but 'tis gone!
No, it begins again.

MILCHA *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones is coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that does fade,
But does suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell!

FERD. This mournful ditty mentions my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor a sound
Which the earth owns——I hear it now before me;
However, I will on, and follow it.

[*Exit Ferd. following Ariel.*

SCENE II. *The Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

PROS. Excuse it not, Miranda, for to you,
The elder, and, I thought the more discreet,
I gave the conduct of your sister's actions.
MIR. Sir, when you called me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her duty to depart.
PROS. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own? Did you not see
The man whom I commanded you to shun?
MIR. I must confess I saw him at a distance.
PROS. Did not his eyes infect and poison you?
What alteration found you in yourself?
MIR. I only wond'red at a sight so new.

PROS. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him.
MIR. As of the gayest thing I ever saw,
So fine, that it appeared more fit to be
Beloved than feared, and seemed so near my kind,
That I did think I might have called it sister.
PROS. You do not love it?
MIR. How is it likely that I should,
Except the thing had first loved me?
PROS. Cherish those thoughts: You have a generous soul;
And since I see your mind not apt to take
The light impressions of a sudden love,
I will unfold a secret to your knowledge.
That creature, which you saw, is of a kind,
Which nature made a prop and guide to yours.
MIR. Why did you then propose him as an object
Of terror to my mind? You never used
To teach me anything but god-like truths,
And what you said, I did believe as sacred.
PROS. I feared the pleasing form of this young man
Might unawares possess your tender breast,
Which for a nobler guest I had designed;
For shortly, my Miranda, you shall see
Another of this kind, the full blown flower,
Of which this youth was but the opening bud.
Go in, and send your sister to me.
MIR. Heaven still preserve you, sir. [*Exit Mir.*
PROS. And make thee fortunate.

Enter DORINDA.

Oh, come hither! you have seen a man to-day,
Against my strict command.
DOR. Who, I? Indeed I saw him but a little, sir.

PROS. Come, come, be clear. Your sister told me all.
DOR. Did she?
Truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.
PROS. Why so?
DOR. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less,
Than he would her.
But if I knew you'd not be angry with me,
I could tell you, sir, that he was much to blame.
PROS. Ha! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the man?
DOR. I hope you will forgive me, sir, because
I did not see him much till he saw me.
Sir, he would needs come in my way, and stared,
And stared upon my face, and so I thought
I would be revenged of him, and, therefore,
I gazed on him as long; but if I e'er
Come near a man again——
PROS. I told you he
Was dangerous; but you would not be warned.
DOR. Pray be not angry, sir, if I tell you,
You are mistaken in him; for he did
Me no great hurt.
PROS. But he may do you more harm hereafter.
DOR. No, sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat or drink for thought of him.
That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.
PROS. The way to cure you is, no more to see him.
DOR. Nay, pray, sir, say not so. I promised him
To see him once again; and you know, sir,
You charged me I should never break my promise.

PROS. Would you see him who did you so much mischief?
DOR. I warrant you
I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, sir, he sighed so, as it grieved
My heart to hear him.
PROS. Those sighs were poisonous, they infected you;
You say, they grieved you to the heart.
DOR. 'Tis true! but yet his looks and words were gentle.
PROS. These are the day-dreams of a maid in love;
But still I fear the worst.
DOR. O fear not him, sir.
PROS. You speak of him with too much passion; tell me,
And on your duty tell me true, Dorinda,
What passed betwixt you and that horrid creature?
DOR. How, horrid, sir? if any else but you
Should call it so, indeed I should be angry,
PROS. Go to! You are a foolish girl; but answer
To what I ask; what thought you when you saw it?
DOR. At first it stared upon me, and seemed wild,
And then I trembled! yet it looked so lovely,
That when I would have fled away, my feet
Seemed fastened to the ground. Then it drew near,
And with amazement asked to touch my hand;
Which, as a ransom for my life, I gave:
But when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly
I was afraid he would have swallowed it.
PROS. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

DOR. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, sir, I grew I know not how, and, touching
His hand again, my heart did beat so strong,
As I lacked breath to answer what he asked.
PROS. You've been too fond, and I should chide you for it.
DOR. Then send me to that creature to be punished.
PROS. Poor child! Thy passion like a lazy ague,
Has seized thy blood; instead of striving, thou humourest
And feed'st thy languishing disease: Thou fight'st
The battles of thy enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatened thee, not to perceive thy danger.
DOR. Danger, sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no claws, nor teeth, nor horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a callow-bird,
Just straggl'd from the nest: Pray trust me, sir,
To go to him again.
PROS. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear yourself reservedly to him;
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.
DOR. This is hard!
PROS. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you, if you grow too kind.
DOR. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this;
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?
PROS. Fear not, Dorinda;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.
DOR. I hope you have not cozened me again.
[*Exit Dor.*

PROS. Now my designs are gathering to a head;
My spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, Ariel! My servant Ariel, where art thou?

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL. What would my potent master? Here I am.
PROS. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another work: How goes the day?
ARIEL. On the fourth, my lord; and on the sixth,
You said our work should cease.
PROS. And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.
ARIEL. Thanks, my great lord.
PROS. But tell me first, my spirit,
How fares the Duke, my brother, and their followers?
ARIEL. Confined together, as you gave me order,
In the lime-grove, which weather-fends your cell;
Within that circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.
PROS. How do they bear their sorrows?
ARIEL. The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants, brim-full of sorrow, mourning over them;
But chiefly he you termed the good Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your vision did so work them,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?
ARIEL. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROS. And mine shall:
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions, and shall not I, a man
Like them, one, who as sharply relish passions
As they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though they have pierced me to the quick with injuries,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
I will take part; the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance. Go, my Ariel!
Refresh with needful food their famished bodies;
With shows and cheerful music comfort them.
ARIEL. Presently, master.
PROS. With a twinkle, Ariel.—But stay, my spirit!
What is become of my slave, Caliban,
And Sycorax, his sister?
ARIEL. Potent sir!
They have cast off your service, and revolted
To the wrecked mariners who have already
Parcelled your island into governments.
PROS. No matter, I have now no need of them.
But, spirit, now I stay thee on the wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge!
But see they keep within the bounds I set them.
ARIEL. I'll keep them in with walls of adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal eyes,
But yet unpassable.
PROS. Make haste then! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *A Wild Island.*

Enter ALONZO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

GON. I am weary and can go no further, sir.
ALON Old lord! I cannot blame thee, who am myself seized
With a weariness, to the dulling of my spirits:
[*They sit.*

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterers: He is drowned,
Whom thus we stray to find. I'm faint with hunger,
And must despair of food. [*Music without.*
What! harmony again? My good friends, hark!

ANT. I fear some other horrid apparition.
Give us kind keepers, heaven, I beseech thee!

GON. 'Tis cheerful music this, unlike the first.

ARIEL *and* MILCHA *invisible, sing*

Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your storms are overblowing:
While you in this isle are biding,
You shall feast without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Every wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

ALON. This voice speaks comfort to us.

ANT. Would 'twere come;
There is no music in a song
To me, my stomach being empty.

GON. O for a heavenly vision of boiled,
Baked, and roasted!

[*Dance of fantastic Spirits; after the dance, a table furnished with meat and fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*

ANT. My lord, the Duke, see yonder!
A table, as I live, set out and furnished
With all varieties of meats and fruits.

ALON. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this feast,
Which fiends provide, to poison us?

GON. Why that dare I; if the black gentleman
Be so ill-natured, he may do his pleasure.

ANT. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish: I will encounter it, and feed.

ALON. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

GON. The devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.

[*Two Spirits descend, and fly away with the table.*

ALON. Heaven! behold, it is as you suspected: 'Tis vanished.
Shall we be always haunted with these fiends?

ANT. Here we shall wander till we famish.

GON. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say grace;
This comes on 't, when men will be godly out of season.

ANT. Yonder's another table, let's try that,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TRINCALO *and* CALIBAN.

TRIN. Brother monster, welcome to my private palace!
But where's thy sister? is she so brave a lass?

CAL. In all this isle there are but two more, the daughters of the tyrant Prospero; and she is bigger than them both. O, here she comes! now thou may'st judge thyself, my lord.

Enter SYCORAX.

TRIN. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my spouse? Well, she's heir of all this isle, for I will geld monster. The Trincalos, like other wise men, have anciently used to marry for estate, more than for beauty.

SYC. I pri'thee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wrist.

[*Sycorax points to his whistle and his bottle.*

TRIN. My dear blobber-lips! this—observe, my chuck—is a badge of my sea-office; my fair fuss, thou dost not know it.

SYC. No, my dread lord.

TRIN. It shall be a whistle for our first babe, and when the next shipwreck puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a coral to it.

SYC. I'll be thy pretty child and wear it first,

TRIN. I pri'thee, sweet baby, do not play the wanton, and cry for my goods ere I'm dead. When thou art my widow, thou shalt have the devil and all.

SYC. May I not have the other fine thing?

TRIN. This is a sucking-bottle for young Trincalo.

CAL. Shall she not taste of that immortal liquor?

TRIN. Umph! that's another question: For if she be thus flippant in her water, what will she be in her wine?

Enter ARIEL (*invisible*) *and changes the bottle which stands upon the ground.*

ARIEL. There's water for your wine.

[*Exit Ariel.*

TRIN. Well! since it must be so.

[*Gives her the bottle.*

How do you like it now, my queen that must be?

[*She drinks.*

SYC. Is this your heav'nly liquor? I'll bring you to a river of the same.

TRIN. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? What a mighty Prince shall I be then! I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk Trincalo.

SYC. This is the drink of frogs.

TRIN. Nay, if the frogs of this island drink such, they are the merriest frogs in Christendom.

CAL. She does not know the virtue of this liquor:

I pri'thee, let me drink for her. [*Caliban drinks.*

TRIN. Well said, Subject Monster!

CAL. My lord, this is mere water.

TRIN. 'Tis thou hast changed the wine then, and drunk it up, like a debauched fish as thou art. Let me see't, I'll taste it myself.—Element! mere element, as I live! It was a cold gulp, such as this, which killed my famous predecessor, old Simon the king.*

CAL. How does thy honour? pri'thee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

TRIN. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my dominions, for a liquorish monster.

CAL. O, my lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of Prospero's spirits.

TRIN. There's nothing but malice in these devils; I would it had been holy-water for their sakes!

SYC. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

TRIN. Lovingly said, in troth: Now cannot I hold out against her. This wife-like virtue of her's has overcome me.

SYC. Shall I have thee in my arms?

TRIN. Thou shalt have Duke Trincalo in thy arms: But, pri'thee, be not too boisterous with me at first; do not discourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*] Stand to your arms, my spouse, and subject monster,—

Enter STEPHANO, MUSTACHO, *and* VENTOSO.

The enemy is come to surprise us in our quarters. You shall know, rebels, that I am married to a witch, And we have a thousand spirits of our party.

STEPH. Hold! I ask a truce; I and my viceroys (finding no food, and but a small remainder of

* This personage, who has bequeathed his name to a well-known tune, is believed to have been Simon Wadloe, or Wadlow, master of the Devil Tavern, when frequented by Ben Jonson.—W. S.

brandy,) are come to treat a peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both armies; therefore, Trincalo, disband.

TRIN. Plain Trincalo! methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth; I'll not accept of your embassy without my title.

STEPH. A title shall break no squares betwixt us: Viceroys! give him his style of Duke, and treat with him whilst I walk by in state.

[VENTOSO *and* MUSTACHO *bow, whilst* TRINCALO *puts on his Cap.*

MUS. Our lord and master, Duke Stephano, has sent us, in the first place, to demand of you, upon what ground you make war against him; having no right to govern here, as being elected only by your own voice.

TRIN. To this I answer, that, having in the face of the world espoused the lawful inheretrix of this island, Queen Blouze the First, and having homage done me by this hectoring spark her brother; from these two I claim a lawful title to this island.

MUS. Who, that monster? He a Hector?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. Viceroys! keep good tongues in your heads, I advise you, and proceed to your business.

MUS. First and foremost, as to your claim, that you have answered.

VEN. But, second and foremost, we demand of you, that if we make a peace, the butt also may be comprehended in the treaty.

TRIN. I cannot treat with my honour, without your submission.

STEP. I understand, being present, from my Embassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and so I take our

leave; but first I desire to be entertained at your butt, as becomes a Prince and his Embassadors.

TRIN. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceased. These rogues are rather spies than Embassadors. I must take heed of my butt. They come to pry into the secrets of my Dukedom.

VENT. Trincalo, you are a barbarous Prince, and so, farewell! [*Exeunt Steph., Must., and Vent.*

TRIN. Subject-monster! stand you sentry before my cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feast ourselves within. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter FERDINAND, *and* ARIEL *and* MILCHA *invisible.*

FERD. How far will this invisible musician
Conduct my steps? he hovers still about me;
Whether for good or ill I cannot tell,
Nor care I much; for I have been so long
A slave to chance, that I'm as weary of
Her flatteries as her frowns; but here I am—

ARIEL. Here I am.

FERD. Ha! art thou so? the spirit's turned an echo:
This might seem pleasant, could the burden of
My griefs accord with anything but sighs;
And my last words, like those of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades,
Where few would wish to follow me.

ARIEL. Follow me.

FERD. This evil spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counsel.

ARIEL. Take his counsel.

FERD. It may be the devil's counsel, I'll never take it.

ARIEL. Take it.

FERD. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.
ARIEL. One step further.
FERD. This must have more importance than an echo;
Some spirit tempts me to a precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this brook.

*He sings.**

Go thy way.
ARIEL. Go thy way.
FERD. Why should'st thou stay?
ARIEL. Why should'st thou stay?
FERD. Where the winds whistle, and where the streams creep,
Under yond willow-tree fain would I sleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
ARIEL. For 'tis time to be gone.

* Pepys was "mightily" taken with this song, the music of which was by Banister. He has these entries in his Diary concerning it:—

"*7th Nov.* 1667.—At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see 'The Tempest,' an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves: and forced to sit in the side balcone over against the musique-room at the Duke's house, close by my Lady Dorset and a great many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there; and the most innocent play that I ever saw; and a curious piece of musick in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays."

"*6th May* 1668.—To the King's House. . . . Here took up Knipp into our coach, and all of us with her to her lodgings, and thither comes Banister with a song of her's that he hath set in Sir Charles Sedley's play for her, which is, I think, but very meanly set; but this he did, before us, teach her, and it being but a slight, silly, short ayre, she learnt it presently. But I did get him to prick me down the notes of the Echo, in 'The Tempest,' which pleases me mightily."

FERD. What cares or pleasures can be in this isle?
Within this desart place
There lives no human race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.
ARIEL. Kind fortune smiles, and she
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.
FERD. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on, musician! [*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE V. *The Cypress-trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and discovers PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

PROS. Advance the fringed curtains of thine eyes,
And say what thou seest yonder.
MIR. Is it a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Sir, I confess
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit!
PROS. No, girl! it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses
As we have. This young gallant, whom thou see'st,
Was in the wreck; were he not somewhat stained
With grief, beauty's worst canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person; he has lost his company,
And strays about to find them.
MIR. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
PROS. It goes on,
As my soul prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit,
I'll free thee within two days for this. [*Aside.*
FERD. She's sure the mistress on whom these airs attend.

Fair excellence ! if, as your form declares,
You are divine, be pleased to instruct me how
You will be worshipped ; so bright a beauty
Cannot sure belong to human kind.
MIR. I am, like you, a mortal, if such you are.
FERD. My language, too ! O heavens ! I am the best
Of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my Own country.
PROS. How ! the best ? what wert thou if
The Duke of Savoy heard thee ?
FERD. As I am now ;
Who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy;
He does hear me, and that he does I weep.
Myself am Savoy, whose fatal eyes, ere since at ebb, beheld
The Duke, my father, wrecked.
MIR. Alack ! for pity !
PROS. At the first sight they have changed eyes.
Dear Ariel, I'll set thee free for this.— [*Aside.*
Young sir, a word.
With hazard of yourself you do me wrong.
MIR. Why speaks my father so ungently ?
This is the third man that I saw, ere the first
Whom e'er I sighed for ; sweet heaven ! move my father
To be inclined my way.
FERD. O ! if a virgin,
And your affection's not gone forth, I'll make you
Mistress of Savoy.
PROS. Soft, sir ! one word more.—
They are in each other's power ; but this swift
Bus'ness I must uneasy make, lest too light
Winning make the prize light.—One word more ;
Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast
Put thyself upon this island as a spy, to get
The government from me, the lord of it.

FERD. No, as I'm a man.
MIR. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the evil spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.
PROS. No more! Speak not for him, he's a traitor.
Come! thou art my prisoner, and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh brook-muscles, withered roots
And husks, wherein the acorn cradled ;—follow!
FERD. No, I will resist such entertainment,
Till my enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
MIR. O dear father! make not too rash a trial
Of him; for he 's gentle, and not fearful.
PROS. My child my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike:
Thy conscience is possessed with guilt.
Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this wand,
And make thy weapon drop.
MIR. Beseech you, father.
PROS. Hence: Hang not on my garment.
MIR. Sir, have pity!
I'll be his surety!
PROS. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What!
An advocate for an impostor? sure
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as his;
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
MIR. My affections are then most humble;
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.
PROS. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

FERD. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream are all bound up:
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a day thorough my prison
Behold this maid: All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of: I have space
Enough in such a prison.
PROS. It works: Come on!
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel: Follow me!
Hark what thou shalt more do for me.
[*Whispers Ariel.*
MIR. Be of comfort!
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: This is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
PROS. Thou shalt be free as mountain winds:
But then
Exactly do all points of my command.
ARIEL. To a syllable. [*Exit Ariel.*
PROS. [*to Mir.*] Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you. [*Exit Miranda.*
FERD. As soon thou may'st divide the waters, when
Thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when it is past.
PROS. Go practise your philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak yourself,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince.—That door
Shews you your lodging.
FERD. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.
[*Exit Ferd.*
PROS. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second care, Hippolito.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,

His passion is become his punishment.
Come forth, Hippolito.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. 'Tis Prospero's voice!
PROS. Hippolito, I know you now expect
I should severely chide you: You have seen
A woman, in contempt of my commands.
HIP. But, sir, you see I am come off unharmed;
I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.
PROS. You think you have received no hurt?
HIP. No, none, sir.
Try me agen; whene'er you please I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an army of them.
PROS. How much in vain it is to bridle nature! [*Aside.*
Well, what was the success of your encounter?
HIP. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first;
For I took her to mercy, and she me.
PROS. But are you not much changed from what you were?
HIP. Methinks, I wish, and wish!—for what I know not,—
But still I wish:—Yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.
PROS. What would you do to make that woman yours?
HIP. I'd quit the rest o'th' world, that I might live
Alone with her; she never should be from me:
We two would sit and look till our eyes ached.
PROS. You'd soon be weary of her.
HIP. O, sir, never.
PROS. But you'll grow old and wrinkled, as you see
Me now, and then you will not care for her.
HIP. You may do what you please; but, sir, we two
Can never possibly grow old.
PROS. You must, Hippolito.

HIP. Whether we will or no, sir! who shall make us?

PROS. Nature, which made me so.

HIP. But you have told me that her works are various:
She made you old, but she has made us young.

PROS. Time will convince you.—
Meanwhile be sure you tread in honour's paths,
That you may merit her: And that you may not want
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodged, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble presence, and, as he says himself,
Of Princely birth; he is my pris'ner, and in deep
Affliction: visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

HIP. It is my duty, sir. [*Exit Hip.*

PROS. True, he has seen a woman, yet he lives!
Perhaps I took the moment of his birth
Amiss: Perhaps my art itself is false.—
On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears!
Man's life is all a mist! and, in the dark,
Our fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours: if good, the act of heaven. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Cave.*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* FERDINAND.

FERD. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed, 'twas sad to lose a father so.

HIP. Ay, and an only father too; for sure,
You said, you had but one.
FERD. But one father! He's wondrous simple.
[*Aside.*
HIP. Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?
FERD. Such are we born to.—
But, gentle youth, as you have questioned me,
So give me leave to ask you, what are you?
HIP. Do not you know?
FERD. How should I?
HIP. I well hoped
I was a man, but, by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so.—
Well, Prospero! this is now the second time
You have deceived me.
FERD. Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:
But I would know of whence?
HIP. Why, of this world; I never was in yours.
FERD. Have you a father?
HIP. I was told I had one,
And that he was a man; yet I have been
So much deceived, I dare not tell't you for
A truth: But I have still been kept a prisoner,
For fear of women.
FERD. They, indeed, are dangerous;
For since I came, I have beheld one here,
Whose beauty pierced my heart.
HIP. How did she pierce? You seem not hurt.
FERD. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes,
And festers by her absence.
But, to speak plainer to you, sir, I love her.
HIP. Now, I suspect that love's the very thing,
That I feel too!—Pray tell me truly, sir,
Are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?
FERD. I take no rest.

HIP. Just, just my disease.—
Do you not wish, you do not know for what?
FERD. O, no! I know too well for what I wish.
HIP. There, I confess, I differ from you, sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?
FERD. I can have no felicity without her.
HIP. Just my condition.—Alas, gentle sir!
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.
FERD. I love so much, that, if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.
HIP. How! do you love her,
And would you have her too? That must not be;
For none but I must have her.
FERD. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.
HIP. Why, are there more fair women, sir,
Besides that one I love?
FERD. That's a strange question. There are many more,
Besides that beauty which you love.
HIP. I will have all
Of that kind, if there be a hundred of them.
FERD. But, noble youth, you know not what you say.
HIP. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be
Without them!—O, how I rejoice!—More women!
FERD. Sir, if you love, you must be tied to one.
HIP. Tied! How tied to her?
FERD. To love none but her.
HIP. But, sir, I find it is against my nature.
I must love where I like; and, I believe, I may like all,—
All that are fair. Come, bring me to this woman,
For I must have her.
FERD. His simplicity
Is such, that I can scarce be angry with him.—
[*Aside.*

Perhaps, sweet youth, when you behold her, you
Will find you do not love her.
HIP. I find already
I love, because she is another woman.
FERD. You cannot love two women both at once.
HIP. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do
Resemble her, whom I've already seen.
I'll have as many as I can, that are
So good, and angel-like, as she I love ;
And will have yours.
FERD. Pretty youth, you cannot.
HIP. I can do any thing for that I love.
FERD. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.
HIP. Why, do so, if you can. But either promise me
To love no woman, or you must try your force.
FERD. I cannot help it, I must love.
HIP. Well, you may love;
For Prospero taught me friendship too. You shall
Love me, and other men, if you can find them ;
But all the angel-women shall be mine.
FERD. I must break off this conference, or he
Will urge me else beyond what I can bear.—[*Aside.*
Sweet youth ! some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our loves ; at present
I am indisposed with weariness and grief,
And would, if you are pleased, retire a while.
HIP. Some other time be it ; but, sir, remember
That I both seek and much entreat your friendship ;
For next to women, I find I can love you.
FERD. I thank you, sir, I will consider of it.
[*Exit Ferd.*
HIP. This stranger does insult, and comes into
My world, to take those heavenly beauties from me.
Which, I believe I am inspired to love.—
And yet, he said, he did desire but one :

He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich—
I now perceive that Prospero was cunning:
For when he frighted me from woman-kind,
These precious things he for himself designed.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypress Trees and a Cave.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

PROS. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevailed.
Within this cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let prudence be your guide:
You must not stay, your visit must be short.—
[*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow betwixt them.
MIR. You shall be obeyed in all things.
PROS. Be earnest to unite their very souls.
MIR. I shall endeavour it.
PROS. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark danger, which
My art forebodes; for friendship does provide
A double strength t' oppose the assaults of fortune.
[*Exit Pros.*

Enter FERDINAND.

FERD. To be a pris'ner where I dearly love,
Is but a double tie, a link of fortune
Joined to the chain of love; but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the hardship!—
I feel myself as on a rack, stretched out,
And nigh the ground, on which I might have ease,
Yet cannot reach it.

MIR. Sir!—my lord!—where are you?
FERD. Is it your voice, my love? or do I dream?
MIR. Speak softly! it is I.
FERD. O heavenly creature!
Ten times more gentle than your father's cruel!—
How, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanished!
MIR. How do you bear your prison?
FERD. 'Tis my palace,
While you are here, and love and silence wait
Upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it,
And 'tis what we would chuse.
MIR. I'm sure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are false.
I've heard my father tell of maids, who died,
And haunted their false lovers with their ghosts.
FERD. Your ghost must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing.—Do I love you?
O, heaven! O, earth! bear witness to this sound,
If I prove false!—
MIR. O, hold! you shall not swear,
For heaven will hate you if you prove forsworn.
FERD. Did I not love, I could no more endure
This undeserved captivity, than I
Could wish to gain my freedom, with the loss
Of you.
MIR. I am a fool, to weep at what
I'm glad of. But I have a suit to you,
And that, sir, shall
Be now the only trial of your love.
FERD. You've said enough never to be denied,
Were it my life; for you have far o'er-bid
The price of all that human life is worth.
MIR. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who, for
His own, deserves all the respect which you
Can ever pay him.

FERD. You mean your father: Do not think
his usage
Can make me hate him; when he gave you being,
He then did that which cancelled all these wrongs.
MIH. I meant not him; for that was a request,
Which, if you love, I should not need to urge.
FERD. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?
MIR. Yes, such a one.
Who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape,
If I, who am unskilled in forms, may judge,
I think can scarce be equalled: 'Tis a youth,
A stranger, too, as you are.
FERD. Of such a graceful feature! and must I,
For your sake, love [him]?
MIR. Yes, sir: Do you scruple
To grant the first request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the world,
And wants your conversation. You should have
Compassion on so mere a stranger.
FERD. Those need compassion whom you dis-
commend,
Not whom you praise.
MIR. Come, you must love him for my sake:—
You shall!
FERD. Must I for yours, and cannot for my
own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But, when you bid me love him, I must hate him.
MIR. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?—
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of youth and beauty.
FERD. O, poison to my hopes!—
When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous creature to him, he then did tell me,
He would have her. [*Aside.*

MIR. Alas! what mean you?
FERD. It is too plain: Like most of her frail sex,
She's false, but has not learned the art to hide it.
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:—
Why did I think that any woman could
Be innocent, because she's young? No, no!
Their nurses teach them change, when, with two nipples, they
Divide their liking. [*Aside.*
MIR. I fear I have offended you, and yet
I meant no harm: But, if you please to hear me.—
[*A noise within.*
Hark, sir! now I am sure my father comes,
I know his steps; Dear love! retire a while;
I fear I've staid too long.
FERD. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough:
Oh, jealousy! Oh, love! how you distract me!
[*Exit Ferd.*
MIR. He appears displeased with that young man, I know
Not why: But 'till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my father's knowledge;
For he will think that guiltless I have caused it,
And suffer me no more to see my love.

Enter PROSPERO.

PROS. Now I have been indulgent to your wish;
You have seen the prisoner?
MIR. Yes.
PROS. And he spake to you?
MIR. He spoke; but he received short answers from me.
PROS. How like you his converse?
MIR. At second sight,
A man does not appear so rare a creature.

PROS. I find she loves him much, because she hides it;
Love teaches cunning even to innocence.— [*Aside.*
Well, go in.
MIR. [*Aside.*] Forgive me, truth! for thus disguising thee.
If I can make him think I do not love
The stranger much, he'll let me see him oft'ner.
[*Exit Mir.*
PROS. Stay, stay!—I had forgot to ask her,
What she has said of young Hippolito.—
Oh, here he comes! and, with him, my Dorinda.
I'll not be seen; let their loves grow in secret.
[*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* DORINDA.

HIP. But why are you so sad?
DOR. But why are you so joyful?
HIP. I have within me
All, all the various music of the woods.
Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news!
I will tell you, and make you joyful for me.
DOR. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my eyes,
Drew something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
HIP. Pray believe me,
As I'm a man, I'll tell you blessed news:
I've heard, there are more women in the world,
As fair as you are too.
DOR. Is this your news? You see it moves not me.
HIP. And I'll have them all.
DOR. What will become of me then?
HIP. I'll have you too.—
But are not you acquainted with these women?

DOR. I never saw but one.
HIP. Is there but one here ?—
This is a base poor world, I'll go to th' other ;
I've heard men have abundance of them there.—
But, pray, where is that one woman ?
DOR. Who ! my sister ?
HIP. Is she your sister ? I'm glad o' that. You shall
Help me to her, and I 'll love you for 't.
[*Offers to take her hand.*
DOR. Away ! I will not have you touch my hand.—
My father's counsel, which enjoined reservedness,
Was not in vain I see. [*Aside.*
HIP. What makes you shun me ?
DOR. You need not care, you'll have my sister's hand.
HIP. Why must not he, who touches hers, touch yours ?
DOR. You mean to love her too ?
HIP. Do not you love her ?
Then why should I not do so ?
DOR. She is my sister ; and, therefore, I must love her :
But you cannot love both of us.
HIP. I warrant you I can :—
Oh, that you had more sisters !
DOR. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.
HIP. O, but you must ;
One is enough for you, but not for me
DOR. My sister told me, she had seen another ;
A man like you, and she liked only him :
Therefore, if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
HIP. If she like him, she may like both of us.

DOR. But how if I should change, and like that man:
Would you be willing to permit that change?
HIP. No, for you liked me first.
DOR. So you did me.
HIP. But I would never have you see that man;
I cannot bear it.
DOR. I'll see neither of you.
HIP. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted:
But he's the man, of whom your father warned you;
O, he's a terrible, huge, monstrous creature!
I'm but a woman to him.
DOR. I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my sister.
HIP. Yes, for your sake, I needs must see your sister.
DOR. But she's a terrible, huge creature too!
If I were not her sister, she would eat me;
Therefore take heed.
HIP. I heard that she was fair,
And like you.
DOR. No, indeed, she's like my father,
With a great beard; 'twould fright you to look on her:
Therefore that man and she may go together,
They are fit for nobody but one another.
HIP. [*Looking in.*] Yonder he comes with glaring eyes; fly! fly!
Before he sees you.
DOR. Must we part so soon?
HIP. You're a lost woman if you see him.
DOR. I would not willingly be lost, for fear
You should not find me. I'll avoid him!

[*Exit Dor.*

HIP. She fain would have deceived me, but I know
Her sister must be fair, for she's a woman ;
All of a kind, that I have seen, are like
To one another : All the creatures of
The rivers and the woods are so.

Enter FERDINAND.

FERD. O, well encountered ! you are the happy man !
Y' have got the hearts of both the beauteous women.
HIP. How, sir ! pray, are you sure on't ?
FER. One of them charged me to love you for her sake.
HIP. Then I must have her.
FERD. No, not till I am dead.
HIP. How, dead? what's that?—But whatsoe'er it be,
I long to have her.
FERD. Time and my grief may make me die.
HIP. But, for a friend, you should make haste ; I ne'er
Asked any thing of you before.
FERD. I see your ignorance,
And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.
The woman, whom I love, saw you, and loved you ;
Now, sir, if you love her, you'll cause my death.
HIP. Be sure I'll do it then.
FERD. But I am your friend ;
And I request you that you would not love her.
HIP. When friends request unreasonable things,
Sure th' are to be denied. You say she's fair;
And I must love all who are fair : for, to tell you
A secret, sir, which I have lately found
Within myself, they're all made for me.

FERD. That's but a fond conceit: You are made
for one.
And one for you.
HIP. You cannot tell me, sir;
I know I'm made for twenty hundred women.
I mean, if there so many be i'th' world,
So that, if once I see her, I shall love her.
FERD. Then do not see her.
HIP. Yes, sir, I must see her:
For I would fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her sister.
FERD. I find I must not let you see her then.
HIP. How will you hinder me?
FERD. By force of arms.
HIP. By force of arms!
My arms, perhaps, may be as strong as yours.
FERD. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid force. [*Aside.*]—Pray do
not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her,
HIP. I have not yet considered what is right,
But, sir, I know my inclinations are
To love all women; and I have been taught,
That to dissemble what I think is base.
In honour, then, of truth, I must declare,
That I do love, and I will see your woman.
FERD. Would you be willing I should see and
love
Your woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that affection, which she vowed to you?
HIP. I would not you should do it, but if she
Should love you best I cannot hinder her.
But, sir, for fear she should, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your woman.
FERD. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractised hearts:

Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.
HIP. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty;
If that will get me women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want them.
FERD. Then, since you have refused this act of friendship,
Provide yourself a sword, for we must fight.
HIP. A sword! what's that?
FERD. Why, such a thing as this.
HIP. What should I do with it?
FERD. You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, 'till one of us fall dead.
HIP. This is brave sport!
But we have no swords growing in our world.
FERD. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
HIP. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight with it.
FERD. Strange ignorance! [*Aside.*]—You must defend your life,
And so must I. But, since you have no sword,
Take this! [*Gives him his sword.*] For in a corner of my cave
I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his
Who keeps me pris'ner here: That I will fit.
When next we meet prepare yourself to fight.
HIP. Make haste, then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet,
And when they're dead their women shall be mine.
FERD. I see you are unskillful: I desire not
To take your life, but, if you please, we'll fight
On these conditions; he, who first draws blood,
Or who can take the other's weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledged as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.

HIP. Agreed!
And every day I'll fight for two more with you.
FERD. But win these first.
HIP. I'll warrant you I'll push you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The wild Island.*

Enter TRINCALO, CALIBAN, *and* SYCORAX.

CAL. My lord, I see 'em coming yonder.
TRIN. Whom?
CAL. The starved Prince, and his two thirsty subjects, that would have our liquor.
TRIN. If thou wert a monster of parts, I would make thee my master of ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The devil take all dunces! thou hast lost a brave employment, by not being a linguist, and for want of behaviour.
SYC. My lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em, just as I am to thee.
TRIN. No, that's against the fundamental laws of my Dukedom: You are in a high place, spouse, and must give good example. Here they come! we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter STEPHANO, VENTOSO, *and* MUSTACHO.

VEN. Duke Trincalo, we have considered.
TRIN. Peace or war?
MUS. Peace, and the butt.
STEPH. I come now as a private person, and promise to live peaceably under your government.
TRIN. You shall enjoy the benefits of peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst all civil nations, is to be drunk for joy: Caliban, skink about.*

* Pour out the liquor.

STEPH. I long to have a rouse to her grace's health, and to the *haunse in kelder*, or rather haddock in kelder, for I guess it will be half fish. [*Aside.*

TRIN. Subject Stephano, here's to thee! and let old quarrels be drowned in this draught. [*Drinks.*

STEPH. Great magistrate, here's thy sister's health to thee. [*Drinks to Calib.*

SYC. He shall not drink of that immortal liquor! my lord, let him drink water!

TRIN. O sweetheart, you must not shame yourself to-day. Gentlemen subjects, pray bear with her good huswifery: She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

MUS. Ventoso, here's to thee! Is it not better to pierce the butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's bellies?

VEN. Let it come, boy.

TRIN. Now would I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but music.

CAL. O, my lord! my mother left us in her will a hundred spirits to attend us, devils of all sorts: some great roaring devils, and some little singing sprites.

SYC. Shall we call? And thou shalt hear them in the air.

TRIN. I accept the motion: Let us have our mother-in-law's legacy immediately.

CALIBAN *sings.*

We want music, we want mirth.
Up, dam, and cleave the earth:
We have no lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry sprites among us.

TRIN. What a merry tyrant am I, to have my music, and pay nothing for't!

A table rises, and four Spirits with wine and meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the table: The dance ended, the bottles vanish, and the table sinks again.

VEN. The bottle's drunk!

MUS. Then the bottle's a weak shallow fellow, if it be drunk first.

TRIN. Stephano, give me thy hand! thou hast been a rebel, but here's to thee! [*Drinks.*] Pri'thee, why should we quarrel? Shall I swear two oaths? By bottle, and by butt, I love thee: In witness whereof I drink soundly.

STEPH. Your grace shall find there's no love lost, for I will pledge you soundly.

TRIN. Thou hast been a false rebel, but that's all one; pledge my grace faithfully. Caliban, go to the butt, and tell me how it sounds. [*Exit Caliban.*] Peer Stephano, dost thou love me?

STEPH. I love your grace, and all your Princely family.

TRIN. 'Tis no matter, if thou lov'st me; hang my family. Thou art my friend, pri'thee tell me what thou think'st of my Princess?

STEPH. I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

TRIN. Noble! indeed she had a witch to her mother; and the witches are of great families in Lapland: but the devil was her father, and I have heard of the Mounsor De Villes in France: but look on her beauty,—is she a fit wife for Duke Trincalo? Mark her behaviour too,—she's tippling yonder with the serving-men.

STEPH. An't please your grace, she's somewhat homely, but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is virtuous.

TRIN. Umph! virtuous! I am loath to dispar-

age her; but thou art my friend,—canst thou be close?

STEPH. As a stopt bottle, an't please your grace.

Enter CALIBAN *again with a bottle.*

TRIN. Why then I'll tell thee,—I found her an hour ago under an elder-tree, upon a sweet bed of nettles, singing Tory Rory, and Ranthum Scantum, with her own natural brother.

STEPH. O Jew! make love in her own tribe?

TRIN. But 'tis no matter: to tell thee true, I married her to be a great man, and so forth: But make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee again.—Give me the bottle, Caliban! did you knock the butt? How does it sound?

CAL. It sounds as though it had a noise within.

TRIN. I fear the butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing: give me the bottle!

[*Drinks.*

MUS. A short life and a merry, I say.

[*Stephano whispers Sycorax.*

SYC. But did he tell you so?

STEPH. He said you were as ugly as your mother, and that he married you only to get possession of the island.

SYC. My mother's devils fetch him for't!

STEPH. And your father's too. Hem! skink about his grace's health again. O if you will but cast an eye of pity upon me—

SYC. I will cast two eyes of pity on thee; I love thee more than haws or blackberries. I have a hoard of wildings in the moss, my brother knows not of 'em; But I'll bring thee where they are.

STEPH. Trincalo was but my man, when time was.

SYC. Wert thou his god, and didst thou give him liquor?

STEPH. I gave him brandy, and drunk sack myself. Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

SYC. If thou canst make me glad with this liquor.

STEPH. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the country where it grows.

SYC. How wilt thou carry me thither?

STEPH. Upon a hackney-devil of thy mother's.

TRIN. What's that you will do? Ha! I hope you have not betrayed me? How does my pigsnye?* [*To Sycorax.*

SYC. Begone! thou shalt not be my lord; thou say'st I'm ugly.

TRIN. Did you tell her so?—hah! he's a rogue, do not believe him, chuck.

STEPH. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

TRIN. I see, if once a rebel, then ever a rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my royal hand. [*Strikes Steph.*

SYC. Dost thou hurt my love? [*Flies at Trin.*

TRIN. Where are our guards? Treason! Treason! [*Vent., Must., Calib., run betwixt.*

VEN. Who took up arms first, the Prince or the people?

TRIN. This false traitor has corrupted the wife of my bosom. [*Whispers Mustacho hastily.*] Mustacho, strike on my side, and thou shalt be my viceroy.

MUS. I am against rebels. Ventoso, obey your viceroy!

VEN. You a viceroy?

[*They two fight off from the rest.*

STEPH. Ha! Hector monster! do you stand neuter?

* A term of endearment to a young girl. See Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham, p. 19.

CAL. Thou would'st drink my liquor, I will not help thee.

SYC. 'Twas his doing that I had such a husband, but I'll claw him.

[*Syc., and Calib., fight, Syc., beating him off the stage.*

TRIN. The whole nation is up in arms, and shall I stand idle?

[*Trin. beats off Steph. to the door. Exit Steph.*

I'll not pursue too far, for fear the enemy will rally again, and surprise my butt in the citadel. Well, I must be rid of my Lady Trincalo, she will be in the fashion else; first cuckhold her husband, and then sue for a separation, to get alimony. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Cypress-trees and Cave.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* HIPPOLITO, *with their swords drawn.*

FERD. Come, sir! our cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even. Are you ready?

HIP. As ready as yourself, sir.

FERD. You remember
On what conditions we must fight? Who first
Receives a wound is to submit.

HIP. Come, come!
This loses time; now for the women, sir.

[*They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.*

FERD. Sir, you are wounded.

HIP. No.

FERD. Believe your blood.

HIP. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

FERD. Remember our conditions.

HIP. I will not leave, 'till my sword hits you too.

[*Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.*

FERD. I'm loth to kill you ; you are unskilful, sir.
HIP. You beat aside my sword, but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.
FERD. You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger ;
Pray, sir, retire !
HIP. No ! I will ne'er go back.—
Methinks the cave turns round, I cannot find—
FERD. Your eyes begin to dazzle.
HIP. Why do you swim so, and dance about me ?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.
[*Hip. thrusts and falls*
FERD. O help, help, help !
Unhappy man ! what have I done ?
HIP. I'm going to a cold sleep, but, when I wake,
I'll fight again. Pray, stay for me ! [*Swoons.*
FERD. He's gone ! he's gone !
O stay, sweet, lovely youth ! Help ! help !

Enter PROSPERO.

PROS. What dismal noise is that ?
FERD. O see, sir, see,
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought !
PROS. Alas ! how much in vain doth feeble art
Endeavour to resist the will of heaven ? [*Rubs Hip.*
He's gone for ever ; O thou cruel son
Of an inhuman father ! all my designs
Are ruined and unravelled by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.
FERD. Sir, if you knew my innocence—
PROS. Peace, peace !
Can thy excuses give me back his life ?
What, Ariel ? sluggish spirit, where art thou ?

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL. Here ! at thy beck, my lord.
PROS. Ay, now thou comest,
When fate is past, and not to be recalled.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature ;
For, as thou art thyself, thou canst not but
Be glad to see young virtue nipt i' the blossom.
ARIEL. My lord, the Being high above can witness,
I am not glad ! we airy spirits are not of
A temper so malicious as the earthy,
But of a nature more approaching good,
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the confines of the air and earth.
PROS. Why didst thou not prevent, at least foretel,
This fatal action then ?
ARIEL. Pardon, great sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill genius of Hippolito,
Who came and threatened me, if I disclosed it,
To bind me in the bottom of the sea,
Far from the lightsome regions of the air,
My native fields, above a hundred years.
PROS. I'll chain thee in the north, for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of mount Hecla ;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke ;
At ev'ry hickup of the belching mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again.
ARIEL. Pardon, dread lord !
PROS. No more of pardon than just heaven intends thee
Shalt thou e'er find from me : Hence ! fly with speed,

Unbind the charms which hold this murderer's father,
And bring him, with my brother, straight before me.

ARIEL. Mercy, my potent lord! and I'll outfly
Thy thought. [*Exit Ariel.*

FERD. O heavens! what words are these I heard,
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em? Sure the woman
Whom I loved was like this, some airy vision.

PROS. No, murderer! she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes;
Yet she has faults, and must be punished for them.
Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?
The will of heaven's accomplished: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope;
Now you may enter!

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA.

MIR. My love! is it permitted me to see
You once again?

PROS. You come to look your last;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

DOR. Pray, father, is not this my sister's man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not
So excellent as my Hippolito.

PROS. Alas, poor girl! thou hast no man: Look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

DOR. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, sir; shall I waken him?
[*She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.*

FERD. Alas! he's never to be waked again.

DOR. My love, my love! wilt thou not speak to me?
I fear you have displeased him, sir, and now

He will not answer me; he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run straight, and make a fire to warm
him.

[*Exit Dorinda, running.*

Enter ALONZO, GONZALO, ANTONIO; *and* ARIEL *invisible.*

ALON. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursued by dreadful shapes.—
But is not that my son? O Ferdinand!
If thou art not a ghost, let me embrace thee.
FERD. My father! O sinister happiness!
Is it decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal hour, when this
Brave youth is lost in death, and by my hand?
ANT. Heaven! what new wonder's this?
GON. This isle is full of nothing else.
PROS. You stare upon me, as you ne'er had seen
me;
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of Prospero?
GON. The good old Duke of Milan?
PROS. I wonder less,
That thou, Antonio, know'st me not; because
Thou didst long since forget I was thy brother,
Else I had ne'er been here.
ANT. Shame choaks my words.
ALON. And wonder mine.
PROS. For you, usurping Prince, [*To Alon.*
Know, by my art you were shipwrecked on this isle,
Where, after I a while had punished you,
My vengeance would have ended; I designed
To match that son of yours with this my daughter.
ALON. Pursue it still, I am most willing to it.
PROS. So am not I. No marriages can prosper,
Which are with murders made; look on that
corpse!

This, whilst he lived, was young Hippolito ;
That infant Duke of Mantua, sir, whom you
Exposed with me ; and here I bred him up,
Till that blood-thirsty man, that Ferdinand——
But why do I exclaim on him, when justice
Calls to unsheath her sword against his guilt ?
ALON. What do you mean ?
PROS. To execute heaven's laws.
Here I am placed by heaven, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossessed me of my Milan.
Blood calls for blood ; your Ferdinand shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.
ALON. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand
To view the execution ? [*Lays hand upon his sword.*
FERD. Hold, dear father !
I cannot suffer you to attempt against
His life, who gave her being, whom I love.
PROS. Nay, then, appear my guards!—I thought no more
To use their aid ; I'm cursed because I used it.
[*He stamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the ministers of heaven,
Whilst I revenge this murder.
ALON. Have I for this
Found thee, my son, so soon again to lose thee ?
Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity!
FERD. Adieu, my fairest mistress. [*To Mir.*
MIR. Now I can hold no longer ; I must speak,
Though I am loth to disobey you, sir :
Be not so cruel to the man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.
FERD. Recall that prayer, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the 'mends that I can make.

PROS. This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To fit you for your death ; that cave's your prison.
ALON. Ah, Prospero ! hear me speak. You are a father :—
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.
PROS. No more ! all you can say is urged in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse ? help, Ariel, with your fellows,
To drive them in ; Alonzo and his son
Bestow in yonder cave, and here Gonzalo
Shall with Antonio lodge.
[*Spirits drive them in, as they are appointed.*

Enter DORINDA.

DOR. Sir, I have made a fire ; shall he be warmed ?
PROS. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
DOR. Dead, sir ! what's that ?
PROS. His soul has left his body.
DOR. When will it come again ?
PROS. O never, never !
He must be laid in earth, and there consume.
DOR. He shall not lye in earth; you do not know
How well he loves me : Indeed he'll come again.
He told me he would go a little while,
But promised me he would not tarry long.
PROS. He's murdered by the man who loved your sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A father's precept ; you would needs see man,
And by that sight are made for ever wretched ;
Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand
Must die for murdering him.
MIR. Have you no pity ?

PROS. Your disobedience has so much incensed me,
That I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the body to my couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.
[*They bear off the body of Hip.*

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA *again.* ARIEL *behind them.*

ARIEL. I've been so chid for my neglect by Prospero,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.
MIR. Sister, I say again, 'twas 'long of you
That all this mischief happened.
DOR. Blame not me
For your own fault; your curiosity
Brought me to see the man.
MIR. You safely might
Have seen him, and retired, but you would needs
Go near him, and converse; you may remember
My father called me thence, and I called you.
DOR. That was your envy, sister, not your love;
You called me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him yourself; but I am sure
My man had never gone to heaven so soon,
But that yours made him go. [*Crying.*
MIR. Sister, I could not wish that either of them
Should go to heaven without us; but it was
His fortune, and you must be satisfied.
DOR. I'll not be satisfied: My father says
He'll make your man as cold as mine is now;
And when he is made cold, my father will
Not let you strive to make him warm again.
MIR. In spite of you, mine never shall be cold.
DOR. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be revenged. Perhaps you think
'Tis nothing to lose a man.

MIR. Yes, but there is
Some difference betwixt my Ferdinand,
And your Hippolito.
DOR. Ay, there's your judgment:
Your's is the oldest man I ever saw,
Except it were my father.
MIR. Sister, no more;
It is not comely in a daughter, when
She says her father's old.
DOR. But why do I
Stay here, whilst my cold love perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my father to make yours cold too.
MIR. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.
DOR. I'll never more meet in a bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my love.
MIR. And at the entrance of that cave I'll lye,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.
[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*
ARIEL. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal isle,
At which good angels mourn, ill spirits smile.
Old Prospero, by his daughters robbed of rest,
Has in displeasure left them both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each other's bed,
To save the living and revenge the dead.
Alonzo, and his son, are pris'ners made,
And good Gonzalo does their crimes upbraid.
Antonio and Gonzalo disagree,
And would, though in one cave, at distance be.
The seamen all that cursed wine have spent,
Which still renewed their thirst of government;
And wanting subjects for the food of power,
Each would, to rule alone, the rest devour.
The monsters Sycorax and Caliban,

More monstrous grow by passions learned from man.
Even I, not framed of warring elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.
Why should a mortal by enchantments, hold
In chains a spirit of etherial mould?
Accursed magic we ourselves have taught,
And our own power has our subjections wrought!
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PROSPERO, *and* MIRANDA.

PROS. You beg in vain; I cannot pardon him;
He has offended heaven.
MIR. Then let heaven punish him.
PROS. It will, by me.
MIR. Grant him, at least, some respite for my sake.
PROS. I, by deferring justice, should incense
The deity against myself and you.
MIR. Yet I have heard you say, the powers above
Are slow in punishing; and should not you
Resemble them?
PROS. The argument is weak.
But I want time to let you see your errors;
Retire, and, if you love him, pray for him!
[*He's going.*
MIR. And can you be his judge and executioner?
PROS. I cannot force Gonzalo or my brother,
Much less the father to destroy the son;
It must be then the monster Caliban,
And he's not here; but Ariel strait shall fetch him.

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL. My potent lord, before thou call'st, I come
To serve thy will.

PROS. Then, spirit, fetch me here my salvage slave.

ARIEL. My lord, it does not need.

PROS. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner?

ARIEL. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.

PROS. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?

ARIEL. When I was chidden by my mighty lord,
For my neglect of young Hippolito,
I went to view his body, and soon found
His soul was but retired, not sallied out:
Then I collected
The best of simples underneath the moon,
The best of balms, and to the wound applied
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.
His only danger was his loss of blood,
But now he's waked, my lord, and just this hour
He must be dressed again, as I have done it.
Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
Weapon-slave, and wrap it close from air, till
I have time to visit him again.

PROS. Thou art my faithful servant;
It shall be done: be it your task, Miranda,
Because your sister is not present here:
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand,
From whom I will a while conceal the news,
That it may be more welcome.

MIR. I obey you!
And with a double duty, sir: For now,
You twice have given me life.
PROS. My Ariel, follow me! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

HIPPOLITO *discovered on a couch,* DORINDA *by him.*

DOR. How do you find yourself?
HIP. I'm somewhat cold;
Can you not draw me nearer to the sun?
I'm too weak to walk.
DOR. My love, I'll try!
[*She draws the chair nearer the audience.*
I thought you never would have walked again;
They told me you were gone to heaven;
Have you been there?
HIP. I know not where I was.
DOR. I will not leave till you promise me you
Will not die again.
HIP. Indeed, I will not.
DOR. You must not go to heaven, unless we go
Together; for I have heard my father say,
That we must strive to be each other's guide,
The way to it will else be difficult,
Especially to those who are so young;
But I much wonder what it is to die.
HIP. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,
When once the soul's gone out.
DOR. What is the soul?
HIP. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.
DOR. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning,
Run smoking from my mouth.

HIP. But, dear Dorinda,
What is become of him who fought with me?
DOR. O! I can tell you joyful news of him;
My father means to make him die to-day,
For what he did to you.
HIP. That must not be,
My dear Dorinda; go, and beg your father,
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urged him to it first.
DOR. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.
HIP. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep,
I heard him calling me a great way off,
And crying over me as you would do;
Besides, we have no cause of quarrel now.
DOR. Pray, how began your difference first?
HIP. I fought with him for all the women in the world.
DOR. That hurt you had was justly sent from heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.
HIP. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it;
The fault was only in my blood, for now
'Tis gone, I find I do not love so many.
DOR. In confidence of this, I'll beg my father
That he may live; I'm glad the naughty blood,
That made you love so many, is gone out.
HIP. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.
[*Exit Dor.*

Enter MIRANDA *at the other door with* HIPPOLITO'S *sword wrapt up.*

HIP. Who's this, who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but Dorinda can surpass her?
O! I believe it is that angel-woman,
Whom she calls sister.
MIR. Sir, I am sent hither

To dress your wound; how do you find your strength?

HIP. Fair creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

MIR. I'm sorry for 't.

HIP. Indeed, and so am I,
For if I had that blood, I then should find
A great delight in loving you.

MIR. But, sir,
I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my sister.

HIP. Yet I find,
That, if you please, I can love still a little.

MIR. I cannot be unconstant, nor should you.

HIP. O my wound pains me.

MIR. I am come to ease you.

[*She unwraps the sword.*

HIP. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the sword.*

Does it still grieve you?

HIP. Now methinks, there's something
Laid just upon it.

MIR. Do you find no ease?

HIP. Yes, yes, upon the sudden, all the pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased?

Enter FERDINAND *and* DORINDA *to them.*

FERD. [*to Dor.*] Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

DOR. I am o'erjoyed my father let's you live,
And proud of my good fortune, that he gave
Your life to me.

MIR. How? gave his life to her!

HIP. Alas! I think she said so, and he said,
He ow'd it to her generosity.

FERD. But is not that your sister with Hippolito?
DOR. So kind already?
FERD. I came to welcome life, and I have met
The cruellest of deaths.
HIP. My dear Dorinda with another man?
DOR. Sister, what bus'ness have you here?
MIR. You see I dress Hippolito.
DOR. Y'are very charitable to a stranger.
MIR. You are not much behind in charity,
To beg a pardon for a man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.
DOR. Henceforward let your surgery alone,
For I had rather he should die, than you
Should cure his wound.
MIR. And I wish Ferdinand had died before
He owed his life to your entreaty.
FERD. [*to Hip.*] Sir, I am glad you are so well recovered.
You keep your humour still to have all women?
HIP. Not all, sir; you except one of the number,
Your new love there, Dorinda.
MIR. Ah, Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death
Should take you from me, than you take yourself.
FERD. And if I might have chosen, I would have wished
That death from Prospero, and not this from you.
DOR. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my sister's company.
HIP. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false yourself,
And then accuse me too.
FERD. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their guilt:

I should be glad it were a mutual error;
And, therefore, first to clear myself from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say,
I only love your sister. [*To Dor.*

MIR. O, blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but Ferdinand.

DOR. Nor I, heaven knows, but my Hippolito.

HIP. I never knew I lov'd so much; before
I feared Dorinda's constancy, but now
I am convinced that I loved none but her;
Because none else can recompense her loss.

FERD. 'Twas happy, then, we had this little trial;
But how we all so much mistook I know not.

MIR. I have only this to say in my defence;
My father sent me hither to attend
The wounded stranger.

DOR. And Hippolito
Sent me to beg the life of Ferdinand.

FERD. From such small errors left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in love.—
But see, our fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter PROSPERO, ALONZO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

ALON. [*to Prosp.*] Let it no more be thought of;
Your purpose, though it was severe, was just.
In losing Ferdinand I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complained.

PROS. Sir, I am glad
Kind heaven decreed it otherwise.

DOR. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!

HIP. O, brave new world,

That has such people in't!
ALON. [*to Ferd.*] Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
GON. I've inward wept, or should have spoken ere this.—
Look down, sweet heaven! and on this couple drop
A blessed crown; for it is you chalked out
The way, which brought us hither.
ANT. Though penitence,
Forced by necessity, can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest brother, I have hope my blood
May plead for pardon with you: I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But heaven knows too, I would not.
PROS. All past crimes
I bury in the joy of this blessed day.
ALON. And, that I may not be behind in justice,
To this young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of Mantua thus salute him.
HIP. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.
PROS. You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.
HIP. And shall these people be all men and women?
GONZ. Yes, and shall call you lord.
HIP. Why, then, I'll live no longer in a prison,
But have a whole cave to myself hereafter.
PROS. And, that your happiness may be complete,
I give you my Dorinda for your wife:
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.
HIP. How can he make us one? Shall I grow to her?

PROS. By saying holy words you shall be joined
In marriage to each other.
DOR. I warrant you, those holy words are charms:
My father means to conjure us together.
PROS. My Ariel told me, when last night you quarrelled, [*To his daughters.*
You said you would for ever part your beds.
But what you threatened in your anger, heaven
Has turned to prophecy;
For you, Miranda, must with Ferdinand,
And you, Dorinda, with Hippolito,
Lie in one bed hereafter.
ALON. And heaven make
Those beds still fruitful in producing children,
To bless their parents' youth, and grandsires' age.
MIR. [*to Dor.*] If children come by lying in a bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.
DOR. Sister, it was our fault; we meant, like fools,
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it seems,
Are only found in beds.
HIP. I am o'er-joyed,
That I shall have Dorinda in a bed;
We'll lie all night and day together there,
And never rise again.
FERD. [*Aside to him.*] Hippolito! You yet
Are ignorant of your great happiness;
But there is somewhat, which, for your own and fair
Dorinda's sake, I must instruct you in.
HIP. Pray teach me quickly,
How men and women, in your world, make love;
I shall soon learn, I warrant you.

Enter ARIEL, *driving in* STEPHANO, TRINCALO, MUSTACHO, VENTOSO, CALIBAN, *and* SYCORAX.

PROS. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

GON. O look, sir, look! The master and the sailors—
The boatswain too— my prophecy is out,
That if a gallows were on land, that man
Could ne'er be drowned.

ALON. Now, blasphemy; what, not one oath ashore!
Hast thou no mouth by land? Why star'st thou so? [*To Trincalo.*

TRIN. What! more Dukes yet? I must resign my Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starved in't.

MUS. Here's nothing but wild salads, without oil, or vinegar.

STEPH. The Duke and Prince alive! Would I had now
Our gallant ship again, and were her master:
I'd willingly give all my island for her.

VEN. And I my viceroyship.

TRIN. I shall need no hangman; for I shall e'en hang myself, now my friend Butt has shed his last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

ANT. They talk like madmen.

PROS. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves,
And now their wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set sail.

ALON. This news is wonderful.

ARIEL. Was it well done, my Lord?

PROS. Rarely, my Diligence.

GON. But pray, sir, what are those misshapen creatures?

PROS. Their mother was a witch; and one so strong,
She would control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

SYC. O Setebos! these be brave sprites indeed.

PROS. Go, sirrah, to my cell! and, as you hope
For pardon, trim it up. [*To Cal.*

CAL. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull fool was I, to take those drunkards
For gods, when such as these were in the world?

PROS. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my story.

ALON. No doubt it must be strangely taking, sir.

PROS. When the morn draws, I'll bring you to your ship,
And promise you calm seas, and happy gales.
My Ariel, that's thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thee well!

ARIEL. I'll do it, master.

PROS. Now, to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to-day,
I'll entertain you with my magic art.
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up those, that shall make good my promise to you.

SCENE II.—*Changes to the Rocks, with the arch of Rocks, and calm Sea. Music playing on the Rocks.*

PROS. Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, rise;
Oceanus, with your Tethys too, appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear!
Come, all ye Tritons; all ye Nereids, come,
And teach your saucy element to obey:

For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unsoiled beauties, with fresh youthful lovers.

NEPTUNE, AMPHITRITE, OCEANUS, *and* TETHYS, *appear in a chariot drawn with sea-horses; on each side of the chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddesses, Tritons, and Nereids.*

ALON. This is prodigious!
ANT. Ah! what amazing objects do we see?
GON. This art doth much exceed all human skill.

Song.

AMPH. My lord, great Neptune, for my sake,
Of these bright beauties pity take;
And to the rest allow
Your mercy too.
Let this enraged element be still.
Let Æolus obey my will:
Let him his boisterous prisoners safely keep
In their dark caverns; and no more
Let them disturb the bosom of the deep,
Till these arrive upon their wished-for shore.

NEPT. So much my Amphitrite's love I prize,
That no commands of her's I can despise.
Tethys no furrows now shall wear,
Oceanus no wrinkles on his brow,
Let your serenest looks appear!
Be calm and gentle now.

NEPT. *and* AMPH. Be calm, ye great parents of the floods and the springs,
While each Nereid and Triton plays, revels, and sings.

OCEAN. Confine the roaring winds, and we
Will soon obey you cheerfully.
[*Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.*

Chorus of TRIT. & NER. Tie up the winds, and we'll obey ;
Upon the floods we'll sing and play,
And celebrate a halcyon day. [*Dance.*

NEPT. Great nephew, Æolus, make no noise,
Muzzle your roaring boys.
[*Æolus appears.*

AMPH. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,
Or strike these noble passengers with fears.

NEPT. Afford 'em only such an easy gale,
As pleasantly may swell each sail.

AMPH. While fell sea-monsters cause intestine jars,
This empire you invade by foreign wars.

NEPT. But you shall now be still,
And shall obey my Amphitrite's will.

ÆOLUS *descends.* You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,
With your dread trident, the whole earth to quake.
Come down, my blusterers, swell no more,
Your stormy rage give o'er.
Let all black tempests cease,
And let the troubled ocean rest :
Let all the sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the halcyon builds her quiet nest.
[*Winds from the four corners appear.*
To your prisons below,
Down, down you must go !
You in the earth's entrails your revels may keep ;

But no more till I call shall you trouble the deep. [*Winds fly down.*
Now they are gone, all stormy wars shall cease;
Then let your trumpeters proclaim a peace.

AMPH. Tritons, my sons, your trumpets sound,
And let the noise from neighbouring shores rebound.

Chorus. Sound a calm.
Sound a calm.
Sound a calm.
a calm.
Sound a calm.

[*Here the Tritons, at every repeat of "Sound a calm," changing their figure and postures, seem to sound their wreathed trumpets made of shells.*

[*A short symphony of music, like trumpets, to which four Tritons dance.*

NEPT. See, see, the heavens smile; all your troubles are past,
Your joys, by black clouds, shall no more be o'ercast.

AMPH. On this barren isle ye shall lose all your fears,
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.

BOTH. And your loves and your lives shall in safety enjoy;
No influence of stars shall your quiet destroy.

Chorus of all. And your loves, &c.
No influence, &c.

[*Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.*

OCEAN. We'll safely convey you to your own happy shore,

And your's and your country's soft peace we'll restore.

TETHYS. To treat you, blest lovers, as you sail on the deep,
The Tritons and sea-nymphs their revels shall keep.

BOTH. On the swift dolphins' backs they shall sing and shall play;
They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chorus of all. On the swift, &c.
And shall guard, &c.

[*Here the Dancers mingle with the singers.*

[*A dance of twelve Tritons.*

MIR. What charming things are these?
DOR. What heavenly power is this?
PROS. Now, my Ariel, be visible,
And let the rest of your aerial train
Appear, and entertain them with a song,
And then farewell, my long-loved Ariel.

SCENE *changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aeriel Spirits in the air; Ariel flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

ALON. Heaven! What are these we see?
PROS. They are spirits, with which the air abounds
In swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal eyes.
ANT. O wondrous skill!
GON. O power divine!

ARIEL, *and the rest, sing the following song.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In the cowslip's bed I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.

On the swallow's wings I fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Song ended, ARIEL *speaks, hovering in the air.*

ARIEL. My noble master!
May theirs and your blest joys never impair!
And, for the freedom I enjoy in air,
I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On airy accidents that work for fate.
Whatever shall your happiness concern,
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

PROS. Thou hast been always diligent and kind.
Farewell, my long-loved Ariel! thou shalt find
I will preserve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this isle to the afflicted be
A place of refuge, as it was to me:
The promises of blooming spring live here,
And all the blessings of the ripening year.
On my retreat let heaven and nature smile,
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Gallants, by all good signs it does appear,
That sixty-seven's a very damning year,
For knaves abroad, and for ill poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
The rhyming monsieur, and the Spanish plot:
Defy or court, all's one, they go to pot.

The ghosts of poets walk within this place,
And haunt us actors wheresoe'er we pass,
In visions bloodier than King Richard's was.

For this poor wretch he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' play,
And begs the favour to be damned to-day.

He sends me only like a sh'riff's man here,
To let you know the malefactor's near,
And that he means to die *en cavalier*.

For if you should be gracious to his pen,
Th' example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubl'd with them all again.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

Vol. I.

Prefatory Memoir, page v., line 16.—For 1744 read 1780.

Page lvii.—Upon the commotions which preceded the Restoration, and particularly upon Sir George Booth's insurrection, Sir William Davenant fell into fresh troubles, and underwent another imprisonment, from which, however, he was speedily released.— *Whitelocke's Mem.*, p. 682. He complimented General Monk upon his good designs, and his great capacity, in a short poem, and his Majesty, King Charles the Second, upon his return, in a very long one.

Page 84.—*Charles Davenant.*—Charles Davenant, the eldest son of Sir William, was born, it has been conjectured, some time in 1656. He was sent to the Grammar School of Cheame, in the county of Surrey. It is said he was scarcely twelve when his father died. He became a Fellow Commoner of Baliol College in Midsummer Term 1671, but left the university without taking a degree. His play of Circe, written when he was about nineteen, was well received, 1675, and frequently acted afterwards with just applause. He had a considerable share in this theatre in right of his father, but he turned his attention to other pursuits. He applied himself to the study of Civil Law, in which he had the degree of Dr conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge. He was elected with James St Amand, Esq., to represent the burgh of St Ives in Cornwall, in the first Parliament of King James II., summoned to meet 19 May 1685; and about the same time was jointly empowered, with the Master of the Revels, to inspect all plays, to preserve the stage from immorality. He had also been appointed a Commissioner of the Excise, and so continued from 1683 to 1689. "His thorough acquaintance with the laws and constitution of the kingdom, joined to his great skill in figures, and his happiness in applying that skill according to the principles advanced by

Sir William Petty, for the perfecting Political Arithmetic enabled him to enter deeply into the management of affairs, and procured him great success as a political writer."—*Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts*, vol. ii. p. 217. His merit as a political writer has been always acknowledged. He died 6th Nov. 1714.—*Help to History*, vol. iii., p. 296.

Among the legacies left by the Duchess of Shrewsbury who died in July 1720, there is :—

"To Mrs Davenant, Daughter of the late Duke, £100."

Her Grace was Adelhida, daughter of the Marquis of Paliotti, in Italy, descended by her mother from Sir Robert Dudley, the celebrated son of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and created Duke of Northumberland abroad. By her, his only wife, the Duke of Shrewsbury had no issue, and, dying on the 1st of February 1717-18, his Marquisate and Dukedom became extinct. The Earldom of Shrewsbury, however, devolved upon the next heir male, and is at present the premier Earldom in this country.

Mrs Davenant is presumed to have been a natural daughter of the Duke and the wife of Dr Davenant.

It may be well to note that the Duchess' brother, Ferdinando, Marquis de Paleotti, was executed at Tyburn, 17th March 1718, for the murder of his footman.

"We hear, that upon the Dutchess of Richmond's presenting an humble petition to her Majesty, setting forth the most deplorable circumstances of six daughters of the late Dr Davenant (who were left quite destitute of all manner of subsistence, by their brother's leaving the kingdom), her Majesty, with great goodness, recommended their miserable condition to the King; and his Majesty, out of his Royal Bounty, was graciously pleased to order each of them a pension of £50 a-year." —[20 May 1732.]—*Newspaper*.

Fletcher's Comedy of the Woman Hater was revived by Sir William Davenant, who wrote a new Prologue in Verse, which is printed in the folio edition of his works, p. 249.

"12 Sept. 1667.—To the Duke's house, where 'Tu quoque' was the first time acted, with some alterations of Sir W. Davenant's; but the play is very silly, methinks; for I, and others that sat by me, Mr Povey and Mr Progers, were weary of it; but it will please the citizens."—*Pepys*.

This play was written by John Cooke, and first printed in 1614, having been published by the Dramatist, Thomas Heywood. It was called "Greene's Tu quoque," on account of the celebrity of the actor, Thomas Greene, in the part of Bubble. It was afterwards known as the City Gallant, the second title being made the first. It is reprinted in Dodsley's Old Plays.

Vol. II. page 9, *Poppæa* (Platonic Lovers).

Poppæa, the wife of Nero, is said to have invented the mask to guard her complexion from the sun.

Ib., p. 57. *The Tub.* See Mayne's City Match, A. 5, S. 3. Also note to Timon of Athens in Stevens' edition of Shakespeare, 1778, vol. 8.

Vol. II. p. 121, *Brasil Pole* (The Wits).

"Your sticks ought to be heavy, made of Brasile, Lignum Vitæ, or some other weighty wood, which at the broad end must be tipt with ivory."—"Of Billiards," *in Compleat Gamester*, 1710.

"Drake resolved to build his pinnaces in this convenient Port, which they finished in seven days, by the help of some large trees growing there near forty yards about, being white, and as heavy as brasil-wood."—*Life of Sir Francis Drake.*

Vol. III. p. 15, The Unfortunate Lovers.

"11 Sep. 1667.—To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw part of 'The Ungratefull Lovers,' and sat by Beck Marshall, whose hand is very handsome."—*Pepys.* There is no such play as the Ungrateful Lovers—evidently a mistake for "The Unfortunate Lovers."

"8 April 1668.—With Lord Brouncker to the Duke of York's playhouse, where we saw 'The Unfortunate Lovers,' no extraordinary play, methinks."—*Ib.*

"3 Dec. 1668.—So to the office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon home to dinner, and then abroad again, with my wife, to the Duke of York's Playhouse, and saw 'The Unfortunate Lovers'—a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted."—*Ib.*

Vol. III. p. 196, *Captain Cooke.* Entertainment at Rutland House.

12 Aug. 1660.—*Pepys.*—"After sermon, a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's, which he himself sung, and the King was well pleased with it."

"13 Feb. 1666-7.—To Dr Clerke's, by invitation. Here was his wife painted, and her sister Worshipp, a widow now, and mighty pretty, in her mourning. Here was also Mr Pierce and Mr Floyd, Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and everything poor. Discoursed most about plays and the opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths, according as would be fit for musick, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note—a vain coxcomb he is, though he sings and composes so well. Dr Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatick poem, finding fault

with his choice of Henry the 5th, and others, for the stage. when I do think, and he confesses, 'The Siege of Rhodes' as good as ever was writ. Cooke gone, Dr Clerke fell to reading a new play, newly writ, of a friend's of his; but, by his discourse and confession afterwards, it was his own."—*Pepys.*

Volume V. page 3, The Man's the Master.

"26 March 1668.—To the Duke of York's house, to see the new play, called 'The Man is the Master,' where the house was, it being not one o'clock, very full. But my wife and Deb. being there before, with Mrs Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, whom my wife carried with her, they made room; and there I sat, it costing me 8s. upon them in oranges, at 6d. a-piece. By and by the King came; and we sat just under him, so that I durst not turn my back all the play. This play is a translation out of French, and the plot Spanish, but not anything extraordinary at all in it, though translated by Sir W. Davenant, and so I found the King and his company did think meanly of it, though there was here and there something pretty: but the most of the mirth was sorry, poor stuffe, of eating of sack posset and slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes; the prologue but poor, and the epilogue little in it but the extraordinariness of it, it being sung by Harris and another in the form of a ballad." —*Pepys.*

From this opinion, however, he was subsequently induced to depart.

"7 May 1668.—To the Duke of York's house, and there saw 'The Man's the Master,' which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play."

Volume V. p. 396, Tempest.

The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island. A Comedy. As it is now acted at his Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. London: Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringham, at the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1674.

P. 402, *Beard.* There is a mezzotint engraving of a scene from the English opera, "Love in a Village," by Finlayson, after Zoffany, 1 March 1768, in which Beard appears as Squire Hawthorn in the act of singing "Let gay ones and great," the others being Sam Foote in the character of Justice Woodcock, and Dunstall in that of Hoop.

One of the "London sights" alluded to by Trincalo were the two Indians brought away from Virginia by Captains Amidas and Barlow, of Raleigh's first expedition (27 April 1584), who discovered Virginia.

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