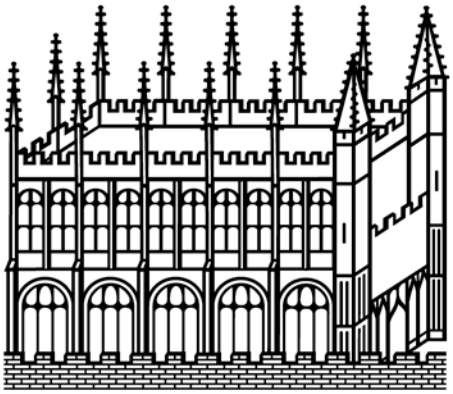

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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

D'AVENANT.

I.

THE DRAMATIC

WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

MDCCCLXXII.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON.

LONDON: SOTHERAN & CO.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord Houghton, of Great Houghton,

IN

THE WEST RIDING OF YORK,

A POET AND A DISTINGUISHED LOVER OF LITERATURE,

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT, KNIGHT,

ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFATORY MEMOIR, ...	ix
ALBOVINE: A TRAGEDY, . . .	17
THE CRUEL BROTHER: A TRAGEDY, . .	109
THE JUST ITALIAN: A TRAGI-COMEDY, . .	207
THE TEMPLE OF LOVE: A MASQUE, . .	281
THE PRINCE D'AMOUR: A MASQUE, . .	317
APPENDIX, ...	341

PREFATORY MEMOIR.

Sir William D'Avenant, although popular as a poet during the times in which Milton, Dryden, and many other men of note also lived—so much so, that he was deemed a fitting successor to Ben Jonson in the Laureateship,—has, for upwards of two hundred years, been suffered to pass unregarded, except in so far as his very vigorous Poem of Gondibert and some minor pieces have from time to time courted notice through the medium of several collected editions of the works of British Poets, under the editorship of Dr Anderson (1795), Chalmers (1810), Sandford (1819), &c.; and by the introduction of his Comedy called "The Wits" into Dodsley's collection of Old Plays, (1744 and 1825). This Comedy, Sir Walter Scott also reprinted in his Ancient Drama (1810). The cause of such neglect of a man, whose plays (nearly thirty in number) are ably constructed, and redolent of innumerable flashes of wit and high poetic imagery,—in every way comparable with most of the recognized best poets since the days of Shakespeare,—may, there is every reason to believe, be ascribed to the careless and garbled manner in which the Editor has dealt with the collected edition of his works, published in folio in 1673, five years after his decease. The Dramas of Albovine, The Cruel

Brother, and the Just Italian, which are printed in the present volume, as well as many of those which will appear in subsequent volumes, have had such unnecessary liberties taken with them as to render them scarcely to be identified with the original editions, the text having been converted from good blank verse into indifferent prose, while the typography employed is of a most uninviting character even for an antiquary, far less for the general reader.

This book was put forth by Henry Herringham, bookseller, "at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the lower walk of the New Exchange," and purports to be the works of Sir William D'Avenant, "consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which he designed for the press, now published out of the author's original copies." The dedication, which is subscribed by Lady D'Avenant, is as follows:—

"To His Royal Highness:

"Your Highness is no sooner returned from exposing your person for the honour and safety of these kingdoms, but you are persecuted by a poor widow, who humbly begs you to protect the works of her deceased husband from the envy and malice of this censorious age. For whoever sees your Royal Highness's name in the front of this book, and dares oppose what you are pleased to defend, not only shews his weakness, but ill-nature too.

"I have often heard, and I have some reason to believe, that your Royal father, of ever blessed memory, was not displeased with his writings; that your most excellent mother did graciously take him into her family; that she was often diverted by him, and as often smiled upon his endeavours. I am sure he made it the whole

study, and labour of the latter part of his life, to entertain his Majesty and his Royal Highness, and I hope he did it successfully.

"Whenever we are, or whenever we fear to be, opprest, we always fly to your Highness for redress or prevention, and you were ever graciously pleased to protect us. 'Tis that has emboldened me to present these papers to your Royal Highness, and I humbly beg pardon for the presumption of your most humble and obedient servant:

MARY D'AVENANT."

By "His Royal Highness" is of course meant the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

The printer, in his address to the reader, says:—"I here present you with a Collection of all those pieces of Sir William D'Avenant, ever designed for the press. In his lifetime he often expressed to me his great desire to see them in *one volume*, which, in honour to his memory, with a great deal of care and pains, I have now accomplished.

"In this work you have Gondibert, Madagascar, &c., to which is added several poems and copies of verses *never before printed;* amongst them there is the Death of Astragon, called The Philosopher's Disquisition, directed to the dying Christian, which the author intended as an addition to Gondibert. In this volume you have likewise sixteen plays, whereof six were never before printed.

"My author was Poet-Laureate to two great kings, which certainly bespeaks his merits; besides, I could say much in honour of this excellent person, but I intend not his panegyric. He was my worthy friend. Let his works, that are now before you, speak his praises, whilst I subscribe myself, your servant, HENRY HERRINGHAM."

The dramatic pieces written by Sir William D'avenant are as follows :—

	Printed in
Albovine, King of the Lombards. A Tragedy.	1629
The Cruel Brother. A Tragedy. . . .	1630
The Just Italian. A Tragi-Comedy. . .	1630
The Temple of Love. A Masque. . . .	1634
The Triumphs of Prince D'Amour. A Masque.	1635
The Platonic Lovers. A Tragi-Comedy. .	1636
The Wits. A Comedy.	1636
Britannia Triumphans. A Masque. . . .	1637
Salmacida Spolia. A Masque. . . .	1639
The Unfortunate Lovers. A Tragedy. . .	1643
Love and Honour. A Tragi-Comedy. . .	1649
The First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House.	1656
The Siege of Rhodes. An Operatic Piece. .	1656
Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru. . . .	1658
The History of Sir Francis Drake. . . .	1659
These last two pieces, subsequently revived, formed a portion of a piece called	
A Playhouse to be Let.	1673
The Siege of Rhodes. 2 parts. . . .	1663
This was an extended version of the play of the same name of 1656.	
The Rivals, A Tragi-Comedy. . . .	1668
The Man's the Master. A Comedy. . .	1669
Macbeth. A Tragedy, altered from Shakespeare.	1674
The Tempest, altered from Shakespeare, in conjunction with John Dryden. . . .	1670
Julius Cæsar. A Tragedy, also from Shakespeare.	1719
The Siege. A Tragi-Comedy. . . .	1673
News from Plymouth. A Comedy. . .	1673
Law against Lovers. A Tragi-Comedy. .	1673
The Fair Favourite. A Tragi-Comedy. .	1673
The Distresses. A Tragi-Comedy. . .	1673

Winstanley, in his "Lives of the most famous Poets," Lond. 1687, 12mo, attributes the tragi-comedy of "The Lost Lady" to D'Avenant. The "Biographia Dramatica" says that the "Lost

Lady" is by Sir William Barclay, but no account of him is given. Further, mention is made that "in the Stationers' Book, 1st Jan. 1629," is entered a play, written by D'avenant, called "The Colonell," which was not printed.

From this list it will be perceived that Herringham, with all his "care and pains," has not succeeded in collecting together the complete works of Sir William D'avenant. The Shakespearian plays are wanting as well as the Rivals and Salmacida Spolia, and in place of the Masque of "Britannia Triumphans" (1637), which had been printed shortly after its performance, with the name of D'avenant on the title,—but which, by the way, is not mentioned by Langbaine—Carew's Masque of "Cœlum Britannicum," (performed 1633, printed 1640,) is given. The omission of the former is not readily understood, but the insertion of the latter may have arisen from a belief, prevalent at one time, that D'avenant was its author, and upon the authority of the copy in the British Museum, the present of Lady Banks, which has his name upon its title page, written in a coeval hand, although now qualified by the suggestion in pencil, "or rather by Thomas Carew."

Sir William D'Avenant thus writes of Carew :—

"Not but thy verses are as smooth and high
As glory, love, and wine from wit can raise ;
And now the devil take such destiny,
What should commend them, turns to their dispraise.
Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice ;
For every Beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
That now coarse faces carry such a price,
As must undo a lover that would buy." *

The six plays, printed for the first time "from the author's original copies," are indicated by the

* See further respecting Carew, p. 204.

date 1673, but it becomes a question as to the source whence the others were obtained. They are certainly not from the "original copies" as previously given to the world, and it is not at all likely that D'avenant would first have written them in prose, and subsequently have extended them into blank verse. Neither is it probable that he would have excised the original printed versions of their most poetical passages, in order to transmute them into commonplace prose for no apparent purpose whatsoever, inasmuch as in their primitive form they were more adapted for stage popularity than in their abridged state, while the alterations made could not render them in point of subject or in point of language more refined and delicate. Besides, any alterations or corrections for acting purposes, after the accession of Charles II. to the throne, would have been in an inverse direction. D'avenant himself, it is pretty evident, could have had no hand in the ill-judged emendations and inane interpolations; and the chance is that both his widow and his publisher, in a mistaken idea of compromising their own character, have employed some bungling hack to take cognizance of such words and phrases as he might deem objectionable, and calculated to give offence to the more straight-laced of the subscribers—if any such then existed.

The dates when Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, licensed the following plays were:

The Cruel Brother—Jan. 11, 1626-7.
The Colonel—July 22, 1629.
The Just Italian—Oct. 2, 1629.
The Wits—Jan. 19, 1633-4.
Love and Honour—Nov. 20, 1634.
News from Plymouth—Aug. 1, 1635.
Platonick Lovers—Nov. 16, 1635.
Britannia Triumphans, licensed for Press—Jan. 8, 1637.

Unfortunate Lovers—April 16, 1638.
Fair Favourite—Nov. 17, 1638.
The Spanish Lovers—Nov. 30, 1639.
Conjectured by many to have been the play which in his works is called The Distresses.

An excellent paper "on the Heroic Poem of Gondibert," will be found in "miscellaneous pieces in prose, by J. and A. L. Aikin. London, 1773," 12mo. It commences thus: "A person engaged in the pursuit of literary fame must be severely mortified on observing the very speedy neglect into which writers of high merit so frequently fall. The revolution of centuries, the extinction of languages, the vast convulsions which agitate a whole people, are causes which may well be submitted to in overwhelming an author with oblivion; but that in the same country, with little variation of language or manners, the delights of one age should become utter strangers in the next, is surely an immaturity of fate, which conveys reproach upon the inconsistency of national taste. That noble band, the English Poets, have ample reason for complaining to what unjust guardians they have entrusted their renown. While we crown the statue of Shakespeare as the prince of dramatic poets, shall we forget the works, and almost the names of his contemporaries who possessed so much of a kindred spirit?" Anon the critic goes on to say:—"The capital work of Sir William D'Avenant, which I now desire to call forth from its obscurity, may well be considered as in a state of oblivion, since we nowhere meet with allusions to it, or quotations from it, in our modern writers; and few, I imagine, even of the professed students in English classics, would think their taste discredited by confessing that they had never read Gondibert. . . . The author of Gondibert could not intend to

reduce his poem to mere history; but he chose to take a poetical license in the dignity and elevation of its sentiments, rather than in the marvellousness of its events. He thought he might attribute to the exalted personages of Courts and camps the same nobleness of mind which himself, a courtier and a soldier, possessed. If his work be allowed less grand and entertaining, from the want of such ornaments as those of his predecessors are decorated with, it will yet be difficult to show how, at his time, they could have been applied consistently with good sense and improved taste. . . . That his sentiments are frequently far-fetched and affected, and his expressions quaint and obscure, is but too obviously apparent; and these faults, together with the want of harmony in versification, will sufficiently account for the neglect into which the work is fallen, though interesting in its story, and thick sown with beauties. . . . The author's faulty *execution*, however, arose from a source directly contrary to the 'dread of imitation.' Imitation itself led him to it; for almost all the models of polite literature existing in his own country, and indeed in the other polished nations of Europe, were characterized by the very same vitiation of taste. Among our own writers it is sufficient to instance Donne, Suckling, and Cowley for this constant affectation of wit and uncommon sentiment, and for a constant obscurity of expression. Yet all these, and Sir William D'Avenant, perhaps, in a more eminent degree than the rest, had for great occasions, above the temptation of trifling, a majestic and nervous simplicity both of sentiment and expression; which, with our more refined taste and language, we have never been able to equal. I should now hope that the reader would set out with me upon a nearer inspection of

this poem, with the general idea of its being the work of an elevated genius, pregnant with a rich store of free and noble sentiment, fashioned by an intimate commerce with the great world, and boldly pursuing an original, but not an unskilful plan.

"The measure chosen for this poem is that which we now almost confine to elegy. This choice does not appear very judicious. A redundancy of thought, running out into parentheses, seems to have been produced, or at least encouraged, by the measure. But I think he has generally preserved a force and majesty of expression."

In giving a precis of the story of Gondibert, the critic quotes pretty largely from the poem. Among others, the following stanza; in which we agree with his observation that it is "little inferior to Shakespeare's famous description of concealed love:"—

"Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades
Mildly as mourning doves love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades,
As roses silently in lymbecks melt."

Numerous other extracts of high poetic beauty are given. Pursuing these, Aikin goes on to say:—

"We are next led to the 'Cabinet of Death,' a receptacle for skeletons and anatomical curiosities of every kind; and from thence, by a pleasing analogy to the library, or, as it is termed, 'the monument of banished minds.' The feelings of his guests on entering this room are thus described:—

'Where, when they thought they saw in well sought books,
Th' assembled souls of all that were held wise,
It bred such awful rev'rence in their looks
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.'

"The poet then goes through a particular survey

of the authors, distinguished into their several periods, countries, and professions; in which he exhibits a great extent of learning, and, much more to his honour, a sound and liberal judgment of what is truly valuable in learning. Of this, his account of the polemic divines will be thought no unfavourable specimen.

'About this sacred little book did stand
Unwieldy volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any reader's hand,
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented seat.

For a deep dust (which time does softly shed,
Where only time does come) their covers bear;
On which grave spiders streets of webs had spread,
Subtle and slight, as the grave writers were.

In these heaven's holy fire does vainly burn,
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent;
Where froward authors which disputes have torn
The garment seamless as the firmament.'"

The lines upon the three Temples dedicated to Prayer, Penitence, and Praise, are aptly characterized by the critic as "noble stanzas."

Of "Birtha," her father's humble disciple and assistant, educated in the bosom of rural simplicity, the poet thus speaks:—

"Courts she ne'er saw, yet Courts could have undone
With untaught looks and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets the most prepar'd could never shun,
For nature spread them in the scorn of Art."

"But I check any desire," continues Aikin, "of copying more from this exquisitely pleasing picture. My intention is to excite curiosity, not to gratify it. I hope I have already done enough for that purpose."

He then runs briefly through the incidents of

the third Book, and thus brings his specimens of D'Avenant's poetic power to a close:—"Various conflicts of passion arise, and interesting situations, well imagined and painted in lively colours. Much is given, as in the former parts, to the introduction of elevated sentiment; with an example of which I shall finish my quotations. Several well-born youths are placed about the person of Gondibert as his pages, whose education consists of the following great lessons from their lord:—

"But with the early sun he rose, and taught
These youths by growing Virtue to grow great;
Shew'd greatness is without it blindly sought,
A desperate change which ends in base retreat.

He taught them Shame, the sudden sense of ill:
Shame, nature's hasty conscience, which forbids
Weak inclination ere it grows to will,
Or stays rash will before it grows to deeds.

He taught them Honour, Virtue's bashfulness;
A fort so yieldless that it fears to treat;
Like power it grows to nothing, growing less;
Honour, the moral conscience of the great.

He taught them Kindness, soul's civility,
In which, nor courts, nor cities have a part;
For theirs is fashion, this from falsehood free,
Where love and pleasure know no lust nor art.

And Love he taught; the soul's stol'n visit made,
Tho' froward age watch hard, and law forbid;
Her walks no spy has trac'd, nor mountain staid;
Her friendship's cause is as the loadstone hid.

He taught them love of Toil; Toil which does keep
Obstructions from the mind, and quench the blood;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep,
Like opium, is our med'cine, not our food."

Sir Walter Scott, reviewing the quality of the several poets prior to and contemporary with the

Restoration, in his Life of Dryden, which prefaces the collected edition of that poet's works under his editorial care—18 vols. 8vo., Edinburgh 1821—thus remarks:—"A single poet, Sir William D'Avenant, made a meritorious, though a misguided and unsuccessful effort, to rescue poetry from becoming the mere handmaid of pleasure, or the partizan of political or personal disputes, and to restore her to her natural rank in society, as an auxiliary of religion, poetry, law, and virtue. His heroic poem of 'Gondibert' has, no doubt, great imperfections; but it intimates everywhere a mind above those laborious triflers, who called that *poetry* which was only *verse*, and very often exhibits a majestic, dignified, and manly simplicity, equally superior to the metaphysical school, by the doctrines of which D'Avenant was occasionally misled. Yet, if that author too frequently imitated their quaint affectation of uncommon sentiment and associations, he had at least the merit of couching them in stately and harmonious verse; a quality of poetry totally neglected by the followers of Cowley. I mention D'Avenant here, and separate from the other poets, who were distinguished about the time of the Restoration, because I think that Dryden was, at that period, an admirer and imitator of 'Gondibert,' as we are certain that he was a personal and intimate friend of the author."

Gondibert was much abused by the critics of the time, but these were men for whom even Milton's Paradise Lost subsequently presented no charms.

The "measure" which D'Avenant employed in Gondibert, and to which exception was taken, is, as may have been observed, the quatrain, the style of which he formed from Sir John Davies. In this he was followed by Hobbes in a translation of Homer; and Dryden "ever judged

it more noble and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us," although he only adopted it in his Annus Mirabilis. In later times, Wordsworth has successfully used the quatrain, for narrative, in his Hartleap Wall. D'Avenant himself says in "the author's preface to his much-honoured friend, Mr Hobbes:"—"I shall say a little, why I have chosen my interwoven stanza of four, though I am not obliged to excuse the choice; for numbers in verse must, like distinct kind of musick, be exposed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. Yet I may declare that I believed it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause between every stanza (having endeavoured that each should contain a period), than to run him out of breath by continued couplets."

The heroic couplet, popular at the time, had been introduced by "silver-tongued" Sylvester, and was the favourite metre for works of length. His followers in this were Sandys, Browne, May, Chamberlaine, Wither, Quarles, and Cowley.

"Nor doth alternate rhyme," again observes D'Avenant, "by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less heroic, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of music; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer, and more easy to the singer, which in *stilo recitativo*, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I should not betray vanity in my confession) the reason that prevailed most towards my choice of this stanza, and my division of the main work into cantos, every canto including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design, or action; for I had so much heat, which you, sir, may call pride, as to presume they might, like the

works of Homer ere they were joined together and made a volume by the Athenian knight, be sung at village feasts; though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battle. For so, as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other, did Homer's spirit, long after his body's rest, wander in music about Greece."

He further says: "I'll only tell you my endeavour was in bringing truth, too often absent, home to men's bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress." "If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients, I shall think myself secure in believing, that a poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to predecessors, than law-makers are liable to those old laws which themselves have repealed."

Thomas Hobbes, in his "Answer to the Preface," commends the poem highly, adverts to several most poetic passages, and finally observes:—"I never yet saw Poem that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their envy of the present under a reverence of antiquity, I should say further that it would last as long as either the Æneid or Iliad, but for one disadvantage; and the disadvantage is this: the languages of the Greeks and Romans (by their colonies and conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour antiquity, but that which is commonly called 'old time' is 'young time.' The glory of antiquity is due, not to the dead, but to the aged."

Waller and Cowley also offer commendatory verses upon the two first books of Gondibert.

Dr Richard Whitelock, in his "Ζωοτομια, or observations on the present manners of the English, briefly anatomizing the living by the dead," 8vo. 1654, speaking in this essay on poetry's pre-eminence, of its excellency and use through all the three regions of men (as Mr Hobbes observes), the city, court, and country, refers to Sir William D'Avenant's account thereof: "A poem," says he, "as amply commending poetry as can be wished, by its own perfection," p. 472.

Professor Masson, in his Life of Milton, reviewing the Dramatists of the period, places D'Avenant about the sixth of the set, and dismisses him very summarily. He states that D'Avenant wrote Albovine, a tragedy in prose 1629, and two other tragedies—the Cruel Brother and the Just Italian, 1630—also in prose. Then he winds up with Sir John Suckling's very effete stanzas respecting the Laureateship, the theme of which is poor Sir William's nasal defect.

We mention this to show that even this eminent writer must have founded his estimate of D'Avenant's merits on Herringham's imperfect edition.

William (afterwards Sir William) D'avenant was born at Oxford towards the latter end of February 1605-6, and on the 3d of March following was baptised at St Martin's Church, in which parish his father resided. He was the second son of John D'avenant, vintner, a man of good reputation, who was owner of an inn in that city, subsequently known as the Crown Tavern.

The term "Vintner" was in those days adopted only by wine merchants, who were generally men of opulence. In Oxford, more especially, the

business of vintner was very exclusive, the privilege of granting licenses being vested in the University by a charter of Henry VIII., and confirmed by an Act of Parliament in 13th Elizabeth.

It is believed that the families of D'avenant emanated from the Avenants of Lombardy. This is treated as a matter of fact in an "Elegy on Sir William D'avenant," privately printed by H. Huth, Esq., from a manuscript discovered on the fly-leaves of a copy of Denham's Poems, London, 1668.

According to Anthony a Wood—*Ath. Oxon.*, *vol.* ii., *col.* 411—our poet's "mother was a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this William. The father, who was a very grave and discreet citizen (yet an admirer and lover of plays and playmakers, especially Shakespeare, who frequented his house in his journies between Warwickshire and London), was of a melancholic disposition, and was seldom or never seen to laugh, in which he was imitated by none of his children but by Robert, his eldest son."

The inference deduced by Jacobs, a later writer, in his "Lives of the Poets," vol. ii., p. 58, from this account by Wood, of the habitual liveliness of the landlady of the Crown, the saturnine disposition of the host, coupled with the introduction of Shakespeare's name, is altogether unwarranted, although such had been previously suggested, by Pope. Speaking of William D'avenant, he says: "His father's house being frequented by the famous Shakespeare, his poetical genius, in his youth, was by that means very much encouraged, and some will have it that the handsome landlady, as well as the good wine, invited the tragedian to those quarters."

From Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men," pub-

lished at London in 1813, from the original manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum, we learn that Shakespeare "was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a-year, and did commonly, in his journey, lye at this house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected."

Oldys, in his "Choice Notes," privately printed, with a Memoir by Mr W. J. Thoms, in 1862, says: "Young Will. Davenant was then a little schoolboy in the town, of about seven or eight years' old, and so fond also of Shakespeare, that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered to see his godfather, Shakespeare. 'There is a good boy,' said the other, 'but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain.' This story Mr Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakespeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey; and he quoted Mr Betterton, the player, as his authority. I answered, that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he has presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied, 'There might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting;' and this was the reason he omitted it."

Anthony a Wood very judiciously does not appear to have given heed to this scandal against Shakespeare, or to have believed in any sinister design on the poet's part while making those

annual journeys between his native place and the great metropolis, although, if he had been inclined to torture words into a meaning they were never intended to convey, he might, as others have done, have so interpreted the following passage, with which, among other information, Aubrey had supplied him :—

"Now S^r. W^m. would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glasse of wine with his most intimate friends—*e.g.*, Sam. Butler, author of Hudibras, &c.—say that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakespeare [did], and seemed contented enough to be thought his son."

The fact here recorded was just a reiteration of previous statements uttered in Sir William's enthusiastic moments when led to speak of himself. The obvious meaning is, that having followed Shakespeare's style of writing very closely, and in his earlier plays even having borrowed phrases from his great master, he had frequent cause to say he was proud of having had such a father, *i.e.*, so excellent a poet as a guide and one so worthy of imitation. The original scandal, which, with the exception of the story of his nose, is the only circumstance in the life of D'avenant known to the moderns generally, must rest with Betterton, if Pope is to be believed. If Betterton gave circulation to such a story, it was in all likelihood a green-room canard, for it is scarcely conceivable that he could have done so with a malicious intention towards the memory of one who had been his best friend.

It is probable that Shakespeare may have stood sponsor for William, although there is no record of the fact. He appears to have been very much attached to children, and particularly so to the eldest son of mine host of the Crown, Robert, after-

wards Fellow of St John's College, and a reverend doctor of divinity. This, Aubrey thus confirms :— "I have heard Parson Robert say that Mr William Shakespeare has given him a hundred kisses."

D'avenant was educated at the Grammar School of All Saints, Oxford, under the tutelage of Edward Sylvester, who had the credit of rearing several pupils who became eminent for their learning and capabilities. His early intercourse with Shakespeare could not fail to imbue him with a poetic spirit, and to induce him to try a flight ere his pinions were fully fledged. On the decease of the great dramatist, he made his first entrée into the regions of the Muses, he being at the time scarcely eleven years of age. The theme was "An Ode in remembrance of Master William Shakespeare," which is as follows :—

ODE.

1.

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing
To welcome nature in the early spring ;
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon ; for each floure,
As it ne'er knew or sun or shoure,
Hangs there the pensive head.

2.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
(Unwilling now to grow),
Looks like the plume a captain wears,
Whose rifled *falls* are steept i' the teares
Which from his last rage flow.

3.

The piteous river wept itself away
Long since, alas ! to such a swift decay,
That, reach the map and look ;
If you a river there can spie,
And for a river your mock'd eye
Will find a shallow brook.

As this ode was not printed until 1638, when the poet had attained maturer years and had had considerable experience in Poesy, it may safely be conjectured that it had undergone revision prior to being submitted to the eye of the general public.

Mr Bolton Corney of Barnes, writing in "Notes and Queries" on 6th July, 1867, respecting this Ode, observes that, wishing to refresh his memory on the career of Sir William D'Avenant, he had recourse to the General Biographical Dictionary of Mr Alexander Chalmers, "wherein, after a proemial flourish, which calls for no remarks, we have this exciting statement:—'Young Davenant, who was born Feb., 1605, very early betrayed a poetical bias, and one of his first attempts, when he was only ten years old, was an ode in remembrance of Master William Shakespeare; this is a remarkable production for one so young!" After cavilling at the want of the apostrophe in D'Avenant's name, and at other trifles, Mr Corney goes on to say that Moseley, Malone, Steevens, Reed, and others were all in error in substituting the word "captain" for "captive," which was the word in the first edition of this Ode accompanying the poem of Madagascar, printed in 1638. The great offence of this (in our eyes) judicious alteration is attributable, in the first instance, to Moseley, who brought out the second edition of these poems, which, be it remembered, was published in 1648, during the lifetime of the poet himself.

In the year 1621 the poet's father was elected Mayor of Oxford, and in that year he died, his wife having predeceased him only fourteen days. They seem to have been a very loving couple, and their reputation must have stood high in the city, ere, unsolicited, John D'avenant would have been preferred to its highest honours. This circum-

stance alone ought to go far to show that the calumny cast upon the memory of Mrs D'avenant, some fifty years after her decease, was without any foundation. They left four sons and three daughters to lament their loss. 1. Robert, who became a Fellow of St. John's College in Oxford, and was afterwards preferred to the parsonage of West Kingston by Bishop D'avenant, whose chaplain he was. 2. William. 3. Nicolas, who became an attorney. 4. George. "And," as Aubrey has it, "two handsome daughters," one of whom was married to Gabriel Bridges, B.D. of C. C. College, beneficed in the Vale of White Horse, the other to Dr Sherburne, minister of Pembridge, in Hereford, and a Canon of that church. Aubrey, when he wrote, must have been ignorant of the existence of a third daughter, as well as of a fourth son.

During his father's Mayoralty, William was entered a member of the University of Oxford in Lincoln College, under Mr Daniel Hough, but he did not remain there very long, being strongly affected to lighter studies, and, it is surmised, encouraged by some of the young noblemen and gentlemen whom he met there, he quitted Oxford in the hope of making his fortune at Court.

The will of John D'avenant, Vintner, proved 21st Oct., 1622, was printed by Mr J. O. Halliwell, in July, 1866, in small 4to, the impression being limited to twelve copies only. It is endorsed "Will of John Davenentt, late Mayor of the City of Oxford." To his "three daughters, Elizabeth, Jane, and Alice, he bequeathed two hundred pound a-peece;" to his four sons, "one hundred fiftie pound a-peece." Further, he gave to his son Nicholas his house "at the White Beare in Dettford, which is let to Mr Harries, schoolmaster of Merchant Tailors' Schoole." To his son Robert he

gave his "Seal-ring." And for the better provision of his family, his wife being dead, "My will is that my house shall be left still as a taverne, and supplied with wines continually, for the bringing up and entertainment of my children, until such time as Thomas Hallom, my servant, comes out of his years, and the yearly profitt thereof, necessary expenses of rent, reparacion, and housekeeping being deducted, to returne at the time of his comeing forth of his years to my seaven children in equall portions, together with the stock in the cellar, and the debtis, or to the survivors, if any happen to dye in the meane tyme." Thomas Hallom was to have the management, and to give a true account of his dealing to the executors "four times in the yeare." His son George was to be maintained there "until his yeares come forth," when he was to be made free of the Merchant Tailors in London, and to receive "five pounds." The will further recites:— "And to the intent that this my devise of keeping my house as a taverne for the better reliefe of my children may take the better effect, according to my meaning, in consideration that my three daughters, being maidens, can hardly rule a thing of such consequence, my will is that my sister Hatton, if it stand with her good liking, may come with her youngest sonne, and lye and table at my house with my children till Thomas Hallom come out of his years, for the better comfort and countenancing of my three daughters, and to have her said dyett free, and five pound a yeare in money, knowing her to have bin alwaies to me and my wife loving, just, and kind." He enjoined that "twoe of my youngest daughters doe keepe the barre by turnes, and sett doune every night under her hand the dayes taking in the viewe of Thomas Hallom, my

servant, and that this booke be orderly kept for soe long time as they shall thus sustaine the house as a taverne, that, if need be, for avoiding of deceite and distrust there may be a calculation made of the receites and disbursements." Respecting the future Poet-Laureate he says:—"My will is also that my sonne William, being now arrived sixteen years of age, shall be put to prentice to some good marchant of London or other tradesman by the consent and advise of my overseers, and that there be fortie pound given with him to his master, whereof 20 li, to be payd out of his owne stocke, and 20 li out of my goodes, and double apparell, and that this be done within the compasse of three moneths after my death, for avoyding of inconvenience in my howse for mastershippe when I am gone." He willed that twenty-four hours after his funeral "the wynes of all sortes and condicions be filled up and reckon how many tunnes of Gascoyne wine there is, which I would have rated at twenty-five pound per tunne, and how many butts and pipes of sweet wynes there are, which I would have rated at twentie pound per ceece, both which drawne into a summe are to be sett downe in a booke." His son Robert, then at the university, was to "have entertainment as a brother for meal tydes and the like," but that any wyne he might call for "with his friendes and acquaintances," he was presently to pay for or have it set down as chargeable out of his portion.

In a MS. collection of Poems, chiefly temp. James, Charles 1st, and Commonwealth, quoted by Oldys in his notes to Langbaine, preserved in the British Museum, are some verses "on the death of Mr John Davenant, Maior of Oxford," in which he is particularly described as being so very much at-

tached to his wife that he "pined," and survived her only a few days.

"His life was an encomium large enough,
True gold do't need noe foyle to sett itt off.
He had choice gifts of nature and of art.
Neither was fortune spareing on her part.
To him in honors, wealth, or progenye,
He was on all sydes blest, why shold he dye?
And yett why shold he liue, his mate being gone,
And turtle-like sighe out an elder's moone? [*sic*]
Noe, noe, he lou'd her better and wold not
Soe easily loose what he as hardly gott;
He lives to pay the last rites to his bride,
That done he pynes out fourteene days and dyed.
Thrice happye paire, oh! cold my simple verse
Reare you an everlasting trophye o'er your herse,
You might liue yeares with tyme, had you your due.
Æternitie were as short-liu'd as you;
Farewell! and in one grave now you are layed,
Sleepe undisturb'd as in your marriage bed."

Although William Davenant's residence in Lincoln College was not of sufficient duration to allow him the power of distinguishing himself, or of taking a degree, still Wood informs us that the strength of his genius was conceded, and so designates him "The sweet Swan of Isis."

On reaching London, he, being then sixteen, was preferred to the appointment of first Page in the service of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, a lady of great influence at Court, and famous for her sumptuous entertainments to the best people in the Metropolis. Incidental notice of this lady will be found in the notes to the Masque of the Temple of Love, printed in this volume.

Aubrey says:—"He was preferred to the first Dutchess of Richmond, to wayte on her as a page. I remember he told me, she sent him to a famous

apothecary for some Unicornes-horne, which he was resolved to try with a spider, which he empaled in it, but without the expected successe; the spider would goe over, and through and through unconcerned."

This superstition Davenant touches on in his tragedy of the "Cruel Brother," wherein the braggart Lothario is made to say:—

> "Knew ye not rogues, that I can muzzle up
> The testy Unicorn in a spinner's web?"

Decker's "Gull's Hornbook," 1609, treating of the dressing of a Gallant of these times, cites among other instances, that of "the unicorn, whose horn is worth half a city," going "with no more clothes on their backs than what nature hath bestowed upon them." Again, Webster, in his admirable play of "Vittoria Corombona; or, the White Devil," speaks of the "precious Unicorn's horn," to try which, men

> "Make of the powder a preservative circle,
> And in it put a spider."

The horn of the Unicorn was regarded as an antidote against poison. The animal is supposed to be aware of its possession of this property, for it is said that it invariably dips its horn into the water before it drinks, and that other beasts watch its drinking to be assured of the purity of the stream. In such great estimation has the Unicorn's horn been held as a counter-poison, that Andrea Racci, a Florentine physician, tells that it had been sold at the apothecaries for £24 sterling per ounce, when the current value of gold was only £2, 6s. 3d. The high price induced a spurious article, which Ambrose Paré, a French surgeon of 1590 or thereabouts, detected and exposed.

The bezoar stone was supposed to be possessed of the like virtue. Ben Jonson, through Carlo Buffone, the jester, in "Every Man out of his

Humour," laughingly alludes to both. Massinger also, thus :—

> "His syrups, julips, bezoar stone, nor his
> Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly."

Volpone, the hero of Ben Jonson's "Fox," enumerating to Celia the several luxuries he would afford her, introduces the Unicorn under a different aspect, respecting which there seems to be no tradition :—

> "Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
> Spirit of roses, and of violets,
> The milk of unicorns, and panther's breath
> Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan wines."

There was printed at Paris, "Chez Pierre de Bats," 1682, small 8vo., "Inventaire du Trésor de St Denys," the first article in which is, "Un grande corne de Licorne, qui a près de sept pieds de long." This Unicorn's horn had been sent with "un ongle de Griffon d'une grandeur prodigieuse," to Charlemagne, in the year 807, by "Aaron Roy de Perse," and thereafter "envoyées à S. Denys par Charles le Chauve." Whether these extraordinary curiosities, or any of the others mentioned in the "Inventaire," escaped the patriotic vengeance of the Revolutionary mob of 1792, is a question.

Sir Thomas Browne has an interesting chapter on the unicorn, the unicorn's horn, and the bezoar stone, for which see Book III. chapter 23, in Wilkin's edition of his works, 4 vols 8vo, 1835. In discoursing of the horn he incidentally refers to this particular one. He says, "Some are wreathed, some not. That famous one which is preserved at St Denis, near Paris, hath wreathy spires and cockleary turnings about it, which agreeth with the description of the unicorn's horn in Ælian."

From the service of the Duchess of Richmond, D'avenant was translated to that of Sir Fulke

Greville, Lord Brook, an intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and a favourite of Queen Elizabeth and of King James, who, in the 17th year of his reign, had raised him to the peerage with the title of Baron Brook of Beauchamp Court, his father's residence in Warwickshire. Lord Brook had become eminent as a man of letters as well as for his great courage. His poetical pieces were composed in sestines—the same as, in more modern times, Lord Byron adopted in Beppo, Don Juan, &c. He wrote two tragedies, "Alaham" and "Mustapha" which were not printed until 1633. Being written after the manner of the ancients, they were quite unfitted for the English stage.

Whether from congeniality of tastes, or the natural amiability of this nobleman, who was a great patron of those who pursued the divine art, Davenant won his way into his good graces, and, there is every reason to believe, would have been advanced in fortune and position through his influence had he not been suddenly deprived of life. On the 30th September 1628, his lordship being then seventy-four years of age, one Haywood, who had been long in his service, came to his bedchamber in Brook House, Holborn, to expostulate respecting his emolument which he wished increased. His lordship deeming the request was preferred with too great an air of insolence, administered a sharp rebuke to Haywood, who, instantly drawing a weapon, stabbed him mortally in the back, and, in desperation at the position in which he had thus placed himself, rushed to another room, locked the door, and fell upon his sword. His lordship, a bachelor, died without issue. Aubrey's account of this occurrence is: "that a servant of his that had long wayted on him, and his lordship had often told him that he would doe something for him,

but did not, but still putt him off with delayes, as he was trussing up his lord's pointes, . . (for then their breeches were fastened to the doubletts with pointes, then came in hookes and eies, which not to have fastened was in my boy-hood a great crime,) stabbed him. This was at the sametime that the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed by Felton, and the great noise and report of the Duke's, Sir William told me, quite drowned this of his lord's, that 'twas scarce taken notice of. . . . . He wrote a poeme in folio, which he printed not till he was old, and then, as Sir W. said, with too much judgment and refining spoyld it, which was at first a delicate thing."

Deprived thus of his patron, Davenant, cast upon his own resources, applied himself to dramatic literature, and in the following year produced his first play, Albovine, which was received with favour. Judging from the general tendency of plot and scenes, as well as from the Shakespearian phrases used in this and his subsequent dramatic effort, it may be inferred that the tragedy of Othello had made a deeper impression on his mind than any other of the works of his great master. The next eight years of his life were characterized by an almost constant attendance at Court, relieved by frequent recreations with the muses, from which emanated several Plays, Masques, and Miscellaneous Poems, these gaining for him the approbation of the great wits of the day and of Royalty itself, as well as the friendship of the accomplished Endymion Porter, Sir John Suckling, Mr Henry Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St Albans, and many others of the nobility and gentry. Campbell, in the Biographia Britannica, commenting on his tragi-comedy, the Just Italian, which appeared in 1630, observes : "it cannot certainly be denied

to have much wit, deep contrivance, and a quick succession of busy scenes handsomely expressed. Some of our later poets, who had read this piece, lost nothing by their reading, and if it were not an invidious task, one might shew what and where they gained."*

The intimacies thus formed, together with the interest taken in him by the Queen, procured for him, in 1637, the laurel wreath, which the death of Ben Jonson had left vacant. For this high honour Mr Thomas May had been a competitor, and so splenetic did he become when he found another and a better man preferred, that from being a warm adherent of the King, he became one of his most determined enemies, attaching himself to the body of malcontents who were daily gaining strength, and subsequently exerting himself strenuously against his Royal master, by advocating and becoming the historian of the "Commonwealth," as it was termed. D'avenant, on the other hand, remained steadfast in his political principles, kept on the usual even tenor of his way, rejoicing in the favour of his old friends, writing new poems and new

* Pope, whose custom it was to malign those from whom he filched some of his best lines, as witness his aspersions on Flatman, from whom he appropriated the germ of "The Dying Christian to his Soul," was one of the ghouls who fed upon the then deceased Laureate's brains. Thus, from the sweet-flowing verses, "to the Queen, entertained at night by the Countess of Anglesey," which are among the smaller Poems published with "Madagascar":—

> "Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd;
> Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
> Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
> Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are."

So Pope:—

> "Still as the sea ere winds were taught to blow."

And again:—

> "Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven."

plays, and having the chief direction and management of the diversions at Court, so long as the disorders of the time permitted.*

During this period he was obliged to submit to much raillery, in consequence of an unlucky accident which injured his nose so materially as to destroy the expression of his otherwise handsome countenance; and many verses were cruelly penned by his brother poets reflecting upon this "mischance," which might as readily have happened to themselves.

The poetic vigour and frolicsome spirit of Davenant, however, did not desert him under these inflictions, neither did any coolness arise between him and Sir John Suckling, who had been one of his principal satirists. A good example of the practical joking of these two poets is thus related by Aubrey in his own quaint style.—Vol. III., p. 547:

"A.D. 1637.—Sir John Suckling, Will. Davenant, Poet-Laureate (not then knighted), and Jack Young, came to the Bathe. Sir John came like a

* Ben Jonson, during the time he was poet-laureate, but not apparently in consequence of that office, had, by letters patent of King James, an annuity or yearly pension for life of one hundred merks. In 1630, King Charles by letters patent, reciting the former grant, and that it had been surrendered, was pleased "in consideration of the good and acceptable service done unto us and our said father by the said B. J., and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him" to augment his annuity to one hundred pounds *per annum* during his life, payable from Christmas 1629, and the first payment to commence at Lady-day 1630. Charles at the same time granted him a tierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly during his life, out of his Majesty's cellars at Whitehall.

Sixteen months after the period of Jonson's death, when it is understood D'avenant succeeded to the poet-laureateship, viz., Dec. 13, 1638, letters patent passed the Great Seal granting, "in consideration of service heretofore done and hereafter to be done by William D'avenant, gentleman," an annuity of one hundred pounds *per annum* to him *during his Majesty's pleasure*. This annuity also appears simply to have been complimentary, and not attached to the office of laureate.

young prince for all manner of equipage and convenience, and Sir W. Davenant told me that he had a cart-load of bookes carried downe, and 'twas there, at Bath, that he writt the little tract in his booke about Socinianism. 'Twas as pleasant a journey as ever men had; in the height of a long peace and luxury, and in the venison season. The second night they lay at Marlborough, and walking on the delicate fine downes at the backside of the towne, whilest supper was making ready, the maides were drying of cloathes on the bushes. Jack Young had espied a very pretty young girle, and had gott her consent for an assignation, which was about midnight, which they happened to heare on the other side of the hedge, and were resolved to frustrate his designe. They were wont every night to play at cards after supper a good while; but Jack Young pretended weariness, &c., and must needs goe to bed, not to be persuaded by any meanes to the contrary. They had their landlady at supper with them; said they to her, 'Observe this poor gentleman how he yawns, now is his mad fit comeing upon him. We beseech you that you make fast his dores, and gett somebody to watch and looke to him, for about midnight he will fall to be most outrageous: gett the hostler or some strong fellow to stay up, and we will well content him, for he is our worthy friend, and a very honest gentleman, only, perhaps, twice in a year he falls into these fitts.' Jack Young slept not, but was ready to goe out as the clock struck to the houre of appointment, and then goeing to open the dore he was disappointed, knocks, bounces, stamps, calls 'Tapster! Chamberlayne! Hostler!' sweares and curses dreadfully; nobody would come to him. Sir Jo. and W. D'avenant were expectant all this time, and ready to dye with laughter. I know not

how he happened to gett open the dore, and was comeing downe stayres, the hostler, a huge lusty fellow, fell upon him, and held him, and cryed, 'Good sir, take God in your mind, you shall not goe out to destroy yourselfe.' J. Young struggled and stormed insomuch that at last he was quite spent and dispirited, and faine to goe to bed to rest himselfe. In the morning the landlady of the house came to see how he did, and brought him a cawdle. 'Oh, sir,' sayd she, 'you had a heavy fitt last night; pray, sir, be pleased to take some of this to comfort your heart.' Jack Young* thought the woman had been mad, and being exceedingly vexed, flirted the porringer of cawdle in her face. The next day his camerades told him all the plott, how they cross-bitt him. That night they went to Bronham-house (then a noble seate, since burnt in the civill warres), Sir Edw. Baynton's, where they were nobly entertained several dayes; from thence they went to West Kingston, to Parson Davenant, Sir Wm.'s eldest brother, where they stayed a weeke—mirth, witt, and good cheer flowing. From thence to Bath, six or seven miles.

"*Mem.*—Parson Robert Davenant hath told me, that that tract about Socinianism was writt on the table in the parlour of the parsonage at West Kingston."

In 1639, according to Malone, D'avenant was appointed "Governor of the King and Queen's Company, acting at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, during the lease which Mrs Elizabeth Beeston, alias Hutcheson, hath or doth hold in the said house."

* This is the same Jack Young who, walking in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey when Jonson's grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cutt the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson." Jack Young was afterwards knighted.

On the 16th March 1639-40 D'avenant had letters patent granted to him for building a play-house behind the Three Kings ordinary in Fleet Street. (*Rymer's Fœdera*, xx. 377.) The events which immediately followed naturally extinguished all hopes of his proceeding with such an undertaking at that time.

The convocation of a Parliament twice during the year 1640, by King Charles, after a lapse of eleven years, led to consequences fatal to himself and to the Kingdom generally. The malcontents usurped the Royal power even with his consent, and grew into a majority in the House. The nature, therefore, of these civil commotions which had for some time subsisted, required that popular resentment should be fomented against all public amusements, and D'avenant, who had so administered to the pleasures of the Court, was in May 1641 accused of being conjoined with many of the King's friends in a design to subvert the army from adherence to Parliamentary authority, and to bring it to London for his Majesty's personal protection. Wisely deeming the better part of valour was discretion, he, as well as the others engaged in this alleged conspiracy—among whom were Mr Henry Percy, afterwards Lord Percy, Mr Henry Jermyn, Captain Billingsly, and Sir John Suckling—placed his security in flight. Upon a proclamation being issued for their apprehension, D'avenant was stopped at Feversham, and sent up to London, where, after having been detained in custody for two months, he was bailed, but, attempting to leave the country for France, was again seized in Kent by the authority of the Mayor of Canterbury. At last, however, he effected his escape, and joined the Queen in France.

The subversion of the kingly prerogative in 1641

having banished Court favour from "the players" —all of whom then ranked as gentlemen, each having his own man—their adhesion to the Royal cause evoked the vengeance of the stern men in power. The Lords and Commons met on the 2d September, and published this "ordinance:"— "Whereas the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood, by a civil warre; call for all possible meanes to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these judgments: amongst which, fasting and prayer having been often tried to be very effectuall, have bin lately, and are still enjoyned; and whereas public sports doe not well agree with public calamities, nor publike Stage Playes with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levitie: It is therefore thought fit, and ordeined by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes, and set times of humiliation doe continue, publike Stage Playes shall cease, and bee foreborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe times of joy and gladnesse to these nations."

The tenour of this ordinance being strictly enforced, and thereby "Othello's occupation gone," many young actors joined the King's army, in which for the most part they obtained commissions, while others retired to live upon such funds as they had acquired in the pursuit of their vocation, resolved to wait for better times, which (for

them) did not, however, occur until the Restoration, some twenty years afterwards.

D'avenant remained sometime abroad. More deeply than ever attached to the Royal cause, he ventured to return once more to England entrusted by the Queen with a quantity of military stores for the Earl of Newcastle, who had, without hesitation and at many personal sacrifices, warmly espoused the King's cause. So zealous was the Earl that he not only supplied the King with money, but raised an army in the north, for which fidelity Charles appointed him Commander-in-chief of the forces to be raised in Lincoln, Nottingham, Lancaster, Chester, Leicester, Rutland, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex and north of Trent, with power to confer knighthood, coin money, and issue such declarations as he should think fit. Within three months the Earl had an army of eight thousand horse and foot, with which he marched into Yorkshire, and defeated the enemy who opposed him at Pierce-Bridge. Continuing his most important mission, by levying troops for the king's service, chiefly at his own private expense, his majesty created him, in 1643, Marquis of Newcastle, enumerating in the patent, with suitable encomia, his several particular services.

In the Marquis, who was himself a writer of poetry and plays, D'avenant had recognized an old friend and patron, and was not slow to offer to serve under so gallant a nobleman, who in return requited him with the appointment of lieutenant general of the ordnance.

Sir Philip Warwick,* in noticing the Marquis, says: "He was a gentleman of grandeur, generosity, loyalty, and steady and forward courage, but his

* See Warwick's "Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I." 2d edition, edited by Sir Walter Scott. Edin. 1813.

edge had too much of the razor in it, for he had a tincture of a romantic spirit, and had the misfortune to have some part of the poet in him; so he chose Sir William D'avenant, an eminent and good poet and loyal gentleman, to be lieutenant-general of his ordnance. This inclination of his own, and such kind of witty society, to be modest in the expression of it, diverted many counsels, and lost many opportunities which the nature of that affair this great man had now entered into required." This sneer at poets and their romantic tendencies, is levelled more at the Marquis himself than at D'avenant, although it seems evident that exception was taken to his preferment, as is usual in such cases, by many who had not one tithe of the powers with which he was gifted, and who were, as is still the case, incompetent to reconcile literary ability with ordinary business habits.

Despite all envious misgivings, in his military capacity he appears to have excelled, as was his wont in all undertakings, so that, at the siege of Gloucester, in September 1643, he received the honour of knighthood for his signal services, whether at the hands of the King himself, as has been stated, or at the King's request, through the Marquis, is not of much moment: the fact remains. Aubrey observes: "I have heard his brother Robert say, for that service there was owing to him by King Charles the First 10,000 lib."

During these severe contentions which distracted the country, D'avenant amid his life in the camp still found occasional leisure to cultivate his intimacy with the muses, the result of which he did not, until after years, make known to the public.

His interest in the King's cause, and his knowledge of military strategy are forcibly manifested in the following letter to Prince Rupert, written

just three weeks before the fatal battle of Marston Moor, which the impetuosity of that Prince hurried on, and in which the Royal party was totally defeated on the 2d July 1644. The original manuscript is preserved in the British Museum:—

The letter is backed "Prince hastned to Yorke, June 13, 1644."

To his Highness the Prince,

May it please your Highness,

This enclos'd is accompany'd with many others no lesse complayning and importunate; and I feare least the rumor which is comon at Chester (of the King's necessities and consequently of your Highness marching towards him) may come to their ears, who will not fayle to convoy it to Yorke, which would prevaile upon the people there more than their want of victuall or the enemies continuall assaults. To prevent this I have written that the reason of your not marching thither yet was by being necessitated to call upon the enemy in Lancashire, who els had binne in posture to have marched at the heels of your army, with a great and a form'd army, which is now dispersed by severall great actions in this County; and that you are hastning towards Yorke. I will presume to put your Highness in remembrance that if the pressures upon the King, force him to march northward he will hardly be followed by those Armys which consist of Londoners; for it was never heard that any force or inclination could lead them so far from home. If your Highness should be invited towards the King, you lose immediately 8000 old foote in Yorke which with those that may be spared from the Garrisons of Newcastle, Hartlepool, and Tinmouth, with those

under Clavering, under my lord Crafford, Montrose, Westmoreland, and Bishoprick forces will make at least 14,000 foote and horse, which is a much greater army than ever the South will be able to rayse in his Majesties behalf, besides your Highness will by that diversion perceave the 3 great mines of England (Cole, alleme, and lead) immediately in the enemys possession, and a constant treasure made from them; which formerly my Lord Marquis had done but that he was hindred by want of shipping; and they having the advantage of the sea will make those mines a better maintenance to their cause than London hath binne. I humbly beseech you to excuse for this presumption.—Sir, your Highness most humble and most obedient Servant,

WILL D'AVENANT.

HALEFORD, 13*th June* 1644.

The fortunes of King Charles having, after the defeat of his army, become totally desperate, not only did the Marquis of Newcastle withdraw abroad, where for many years he and his young wife suffered much privation, but Sir William D'avenant again betook himself to France, where he was well received by the Queen and remained with her and the Prince of Wales for a considerable time. During his stay, he embraced the religion of the Church of Rome, no doubt instigated to this movement by the fact that both the Queen and his friend, Lord Jermyn, were of that ancient persuasion. The Queen and the Prince held him in high esteem, so much so that in the summer of 1646, her Majesty employed him, on a mission of much importance, to the King, who was then at Newcastle-on-Tyne. For particulars of this matter, not the least interesting passage in

the Laureate's life, we are indebted to his early friend Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon.

Sir William, a favourite of Henrietta Maria—"an honest man, and a witty," as Clarendon designates him, was accredited by the Queen with a letter to her husband declaring her opinion, "that he should part with the church for his peace and security." The selection of the Laureate, who had so recently become a Papal convert, for so important a mission, was, to say the least of it, injudicious, as his Majesty "knew the person well enough under another character than was like to give him much credit in the argument in which he was instructed."* This of course means D'Avenant's attachment to the muses, which in 1629, had drawn forth from the same friend encomiastic verses, wherein it is said, thou hast

"rear'd thyself a shrine
Will outlive Pyramids."†

What was the result of this interview will be seen by Clarendon's own account of what took place.

"Sir William Davenant had, by the countenance of the French ambassador, easy admission to the king, who heard him patiently all he had to say, and answered him in that manner that made it evident he was not pleased with the advice. When he found his Majesty unsatisfied, and that he was not like to consent to what was so earnestly desired by them by whose advice he was sent, who undervalued all those scruples of conscience which his majesty himself was strongly possessed with, he took upon himself the confidence to offer some reasons to

* Clarendon's History, vol. v., p. 411, Oxford, 1826, 8vo.
† Lord Clarendon's inflated lines prefixed to the Tragedy of Albovine.

the king, to induce him to yield to what was proposed, and among other things said, 'it was the advice and opinion of all his friends;' his majesty asking, 'what friends,' and he answering, 'that it was the opinion of the Lord Jermyn,' the king said, 'that the Lord Jermyn did not understand anything of the Church,' the other said, 'the Lord Colepepper was of the same mind,' the king said, 'Colepepper had no religion,' and asked whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer* was of that mind,' to which he answered, 'he did not know, for that he was not there, and had deserted the prince, and thereupon said somewhat from the queen of the displeasure she had conceived against the Chancellor; to which the king said, 'the Chancellor was an honest man, and would never desert him, nor the prince, nor the church, and that he was sorry he was not with his son; but that his wife was mistaken.' Davenant then offering some reasons of his own, in which he mentioned the church slightingly, as if it were not of importance enough to weigh down the benefit that would attend the concession, his Majesty was transported with so much indignation, that he gave him a sharper reprehension than was usual for him to give to any other man, and forbid him to presume to come again into his presence. Whereupon the poor man, who had in truth very good affections, was exceedingly dejected and afflicted, and returned into France to give an account of his ill success to those who sent him."†

This attempt at conciliation took place in 1646, and its failure cannot, it is thought, have arisen from the injudicious appointment of D'avenant—if appointment it might be called. In truth, Charles,

* Clarendon—appointed in 1643.
† Vol. v., pp. 111-12.

naturally of an obstinate disposition, having been unfortunately educated in a belief of the Divine right of Kings, was not disposed to deal with the Church as its enemies wished. Nor can he be blamed, for its destruction would have been speedily followed by a sacrifice of his crown ; and his unhappy yielding to the clamour which demanded the life of Strafford, was a warning against concession. He plainly saw that if the mitre were cast down, the crown would follow. It is worthy of observation, that Clarendon who could not deny the honesty of D'avenant, should speak so slightingly of the abilities of the friend of his youth. It is palpable that his account of what occurred at an interview where he was not present, was not a little coloured by what D'avenant had said as to the Chancellor himself—his desertion of the Prince —and the dislike entertained against him by the Queen. In estimating the value of the opinion of Clarendon we must bear in mind that both Lord Jermyn and Lord Colepepper were men of ability and intelligence, and it is not to be imagined that they would have consented to her Majesty sending to her husband a person so unfitted for the errand, as the Chancellor would make the world believe D'avenant to have been.

The assertion by Charles that Lord Jermyn knew nothing about the church, and that Lord Colepepper had no religion at all, may possibly be true, but it cannot affect the inference that in the opinion of both these noblemen, as well as in that of Henrietta Maria, the party employed on the occasion was fully qualified to discharge, with ability, whatever was necessary for carrying out the object of his embassy. D'avenant may have had no particular liking for any church, but it is to be remarked that in his dramatic writings

prior to the restoration, he has not introduced any priest of questionable character, or said aught that could be construed into a sneer against the Protestant faith.

Aubrey says : "His private opinion was, that Religion at last, *e.g.*, a hundred yeares hence, would come to a settlement, and that in a kind of ingeniose Quakerisme."

Colepepper prior to his being created a Baron in 1644* was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a man of "unblemished" reputation and "confessed"† ability. As Jermyn was a personal enemy of Clarendon, he might not perhaps speak favourably of him, but the fact cannot be denied that he was a man of talent and energy, and a steady adherent to the Royal cause.

Upon his return to France, D'avenant became the guest of his friend Lord Jermyn, who had apartments in the Louvre, and it was here that he commenced a long contemplated project of writing a Heroic Poem, which he proposed to comprise in five books, from the circumstance that plays were in five acts, while each book was to be subdivided in cantos, to answer for scenes. He was stopped short in his design, after having completed the second book, as the Queen signified her intention of despatching him upon business, though of a nature quite new to him.

The disasters which the Colony of Virginia had sustained during the reign of James the First, by the irruptions of the savages, as well as by reason of the slow progress it was making, had induced Charles, on his accession to the throne, to revoke the charter his father had granted in 1606, and to take the colony under his immediate protection.

* The title became extinct in 1719. † Vol. ii. p. 140.

The attention of the Queen having been directed towards Virginia, and upon the information that very great advantages might be derived if proper artificers were sent thither, encouraged Sir William to engage a number of those destitute of employment in France, and to proceed with them to the Colony to see what could be done to improve it. Accordingly the Queen having obtained from the King of France liberty for him to transport planters, weavers, and others to Virginia, he set sail from one of the ports in Normandy, but before the vessel was clear of the French coast, he was captured by one of the Parliament ships, carried to the Isle of Wight and imprisoned in Cowes Castle. Prior to his leaving France, he had written a discourse upon his Heroic Poem,—Gondibert—as a preface to it, in a letter to Mr Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, dated from the Louvre at Paris, January 2, 1650. To this Mr Hobbes replied in high complimentary terms of the Poem. The reply, which is dated 10th January, was shortly afterwards published along with the original discourse, and some specimen pages of the Poem.

While kept in close confinement in Cowes Castle, D'avenant having been accorded the luxury of writing materials resumed his heroic poem, but after having written about one-half of the Third Book amid all the disadvantages of a gloomy prison and apprehensions respecting the uncertainty of his fate, once more broke off, observing in his "postscript to the reader," dated "Cowes Castle, October 22nd, 1650":—"'Tis high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helme I am threatened with Death; who, though he can visit me but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the musick of verse."

It is reported on the authority of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, that he also wrote a letter to Hobbes on this occasion, "in which he gives some account of the progress he had made in the third book of Gondibert, and offers some criticisms upon the nature of that kind of poetry, but why, says he, should I trouble you or myself with these thoughts, when I am pretty certain I shall be hanged next week?"

D'avenant's position began to assume a very ominous aspect when the order came for his removal from the Isle of Wight to the Tower of London, but his gaiety of temper appears never to have deserted him under any circumstances. For some time his life was placed in extreme jeopardy. He was, however, preserved from falling a sacrifice to the prevailing party rage through the instrumentality, there is every reason to believe, of John Milton, the Poet, in his capacity of Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. Of this more particularly hereafter. Still, although his life was saved, he was detained in the Tower for sometime afterwards, when we find him returning thanks to the Lord Keeper Whitelocke to whose favour he was indebted for much consideration and indulgence. Thus he wrote:—

"My Lord,

I am in suspense whether I should present my thankfulness to your Lordship for my liberty of the Tower, because when I consider how much of your time belongs to the public, I conceive that to make a request to you, and to thank you afterwards for the success of it, is to give you no more than a succession of trouble; unless you are resolved to be continually patient, and courteous to afflicted men, and agree in your judgment with the late wise Cardinal, who was wont to say, if I had not spent as much time in civilities as in

business, he had undone his master. But whilst I endeavour to excuse this present thankfulness, I should rather ask your pardon, for going about to make a present to you of myself; for it may argue me to be incorrigible, that, after so many afflictions, I have yet so much ambition, as to desire to be at liberty, that I may have more opportunity to obey your Lordship's commands, and shew the world how much I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, most humble, and obedient servant,

WM. D'AVENANT.

Finally, however, he was set at liberty, and, encouraged by the interest of his friends, resolved to make a bold effort to improve his depressed circumstances.

His poem of Gondibert had been published in 8vo in 1651; and in 1653, there appeared verses written by the author's friends, "to be reprinted with the second edition." These were written by a cabal of wits, of which were Denham, Donne, Broderick, &c. Aubrey says of this collection of squibs, "The courtiers with the Prince of Wales [at Paris] could never be at quiet about this piece [Gondibert], which was the occasion of a very witty but satericall little booke of verses in 8vo, about four sheetes, writt by G[eorge] D[uke] of Buckes, Sir J[ohn] Denham, &c.—

'That thou forsak'st thy sleepe, thy diet
And which is more than that, *our quiet!*'"

This last word Mr Hobbes told me was the occasion of their writing."

The author of Gondibert almost immediately published an answer in defence of his pet poem.*

Of those actors who had gone into active service in the wars we have the following account:—

* It is worthy of notice that the Rev. William Thomson of Queen's Coll., Oxon, wrote a tragedy—Gondibut and Bertha—1756.

Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard had at the commencement of the war excused themselves from military service under the plea of superannuation.

Robinson was killed by the Enthusiast Harrison, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head after he had laid down his arms, saying, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." This murder is touched upon by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of Woodstock. Chalmers questions whether this was Richard Robinson, the comedian, who had acted female parts originally, and to whom Cowley alludes in the dedication of Love's Riddle, 1638, thus—

> "Nor has't a part for Robinson, whom they
> At school account essential to a play."

He is of opinion that "Richard Robinson died quietly at London in 1647, as the parish register of St Anne's, Blackfriars, expressly records, that Richard Robinson, a *Player*, was buried on the 23d of March 1646-7." Geneste, in his "Account of the English Stage," assuming Chalmers' view to be correct, suggests that it might have been William Robins of the Cockpit, usually called William Robinson, or a John Robinson, who acted a part in Messalina, whom Harrison killed.

Mohun became a captain, and after the civil wars were over, served in Flanders, where he received pay as a major. He acted in the King's Company after the Restoration.

Hart was a lieutenant of horse in Prince Rupert's Regiment. Burt was cornet in the same troop, and Shatterel, quarter-master.

Allen of the Cockpit was a major, and quarter-master-general at Oxford.

Swanston is said to have been the only player of any note who sided with the other party. He was a Presbyterian, and took up the trade of a jeweller.

The Puritans having the ascendancy in Parliament were the means of getting an Act passed, Feb. 11, 1647-8, "That all stage galleries, seats, and boxes should be pulled down by warrant of two justices of the peace; that all actors of plays for the time to come, being convicted, should be publicly whipped; and all spectators for every offence should pay five shillings."—See Neale's History of the Puritans.

When the Royalists were entirely subdued, most of the actors who survived made up a company, and in the winter of 1648 ventured to act as privately as possible at the Cockpit. They were unmolested for a few days, but during a performance of the Bloody Brother (Rollo, Duke of Normandy), in which Lowin played Aubrey; Taylor, Rollo; Pollard, the Cook; Burt, La-torch; and (probably) Hart, Otto;—a party of the Parliamentary forces surprized them, and carried them to prison in their stage dresses, where they were detained a while, robbed of their clothes, and then turned adrift. After the king's death, they used to perform in private, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another within a radius of four miles of town. Occasionally they were invited to give entertainments at noblemen's houses; and, in particular, at Holland House, Kensington, where the nobility and gentry there assembled made a collection for them. At Christmas, and at Bartholomew Fair, they took means to bribe the officer who commanded at Whitehall, and so got to act for a few days at the Red Bull; but even then they were not always certain of being disturbed by the soldiery. To such straits were many of the actors reduced that they had recourse to the publication and sale of several plays never

before printed. Among these, in 1652, was Beaumont and Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase, "printed for the use of all the ingenious, and the private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor," and by them dedicated to "the honoured few lovers of dramatic poetry," intimating at the same time their want.

Lowin, who, with Taylor, became principal performer in the King's Company by the death of Burbage in 1619, and the retirement of Hemmings and Condel (Shakespeare's colleagues) in 1623, kept, in his latter days, the Three Pigeons at Brentford, where he died very old and very poor. His Hamlet was considered a great performance. He was the original Henry VIII. in Shakespeare's play. Taylor died at Richmond. Pollard, who lived single and had acquired a competency, went to live with some relations he had in the country; and Perkins and Sumner of the Cockpit kept house together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried. All these died some years before the Restoration. (See Wright's Historia Histrionica.)

Malone says, Wright is mistaken in regard to the place of Lowin's death, "for he died in London at the age of eighty-three, and was buried in the ground belonging to the parish of St Martin-in-the-Field, March 18, 1658-9."

Taylor is said to have painted the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare.

Tragedies and comedies, nay, the very name of a theatre having thus been long regarded as intolerable by the Puritans, were still inconsistent with the gloominess and hypocrisy of the times, yet Sir William felt assured that there were people of taste sufficient in London to patronize and appreciate a dramatic entertain-

ment, if such could be arranged. With considerable address he projected and brought about a theatrical scheme of an operatic character, calculated not to injure the feelings of the most rigid Presbyterian; and in this he was countenanced by the Lord Keeper Whitelock, Serjeant Maynard, and several other persons of high position. Some of the men in power were lovers of music, and among them was the Lord Protector himself. Sir William therefore, when he applied for permission, designated his intended representation an entertainment of declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients. This operatic performance he first began at Rutland House, in Charter-house-yard, on May 21st 1656. He afterwards removed to the Cockpit in Drury Lane, "where," Aubrey notices, "were acted very well, *stylo recitativo*, Francis Drake and the Siege of Rhodes. It did affect the eie and eare extremely. This first brought scenes in fashion in England; before, at playes, was only a hanging."

Being well received, Sir William became gradually bolder, and produced several five-act plays, besides his entertainments, which included, in addition to those mentioned by Aubrey, the Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru. The Plays he produced were his own Fair Favourite, Law against Lovers, the Siege, and the Distresses. He thus introduced new designs for the stage, and paved the way for further improvements which he effected after the Restoration. Dryden in his Essay on heroic plays thus speaks of him:—"The first light we had of them, on the English Theatre was from Sir William D'avenant. It being forbidden him in the religious times to act tragedies or comedies, because they contained some matter of scandal to those good people, who could more easily dispossess their lawful sovereign than endure a wanton jest, he was forced to turn his

thoughts another way, and to introduce the examples of moral virtue written in verse, and performed in recitative music. The original of this music, and of the scenes which adorned his works, he had from the Italian Operas; but he heightened his characters, as I may probably imagine, from the examples of Corneille and some French poets. In this condition did this part of poetry remain at his Majesty's return. . . . For myself and others who came after him, we are bound with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we received from that excellent groundwork, which he laid, and since it is an easy thing to add to what is already invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to ourselves, to yield him the precedence in it."

Immediately after the restoration of the House of Stuart, 1660, patents were granted to Thomas Killegrew, Esq., and to Sir William D'avenant, to form two separate companies of players, one of which was designated by the title of the King's Servants, while Sir William's was named the Duke's Company. It has been alleged that his patrons, Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn, not only assisted to obtain this patent for Sir William, but procured him an appointment as a Commissioner of the customs.

Under the favour of King Charles, D'avenant had now an opportunity of serving one who, though a political opponent, had during the Commonwealth saved his life. This was no other than Milton, who, having great influence with the Protector at the time, had exerted it effectually for his brother poet. Thus the author of the exquisite Masque of Comus became the preserver of the writer of the Court Masques, so honoured by Royalty before the great rebellion.

Milton, whose Republican principles, anti-

monarchical writings, and personal attachment to Cromwell made him especially obnoxious to the Cavaliers, would without doubt have shared the fate of his compatriots had not D'avenant, who was high in favour with the King, with the Queen mother, her son the Duke of York, and Jermyn Earl of St Albans, the Queen's especial protegè, solicited for, and obtained his pardon and release.

Aubrey, in his notice of D'avenant, in touching upon his narrow escape from the scaffold, attributes his safety to the exertions of "two Aldermen of York," who, in turn, had previously, by his tact, been enabled to leave the camp where they were detained as prisoners when the King's troops occupied the northern parts of England. This, by no means establishes the non-intervention of Milton, who might naturally enough have been the influential person to whom these worthy dignitaries would deem it judicious to apply; for it is not to be thought they would have been sufficiently bold to have personally troubled Cromwell to spare the life of a man who had been so resolute a foe.

In Todd's life of Milton, prefixed to the edition of his poetical works, it is observed "that the story [of Milton's intervention] had been related to Richardson (the painter) upon the authority of Pope, who received it from Betterton, the protegè of Davenant."* If Betterton did communicate the "story" to Pope, a better witness of its authenticity can scarcely be procured. He was in the poet's confidence, and constantly in his company. In the course of an intimacy which therefore subsisted till the Laureate died, it is not improbable that he would have disclosed to his youthful friend the most prominent passages of his eventful career.

Pope survived until the 30th May, 1744, and had

* p. 102.

been intimately acquainted with Richardson, many of whose letters are printed in his works. D'avenant died in 1668, survived by Milton, whose demise did not occur until 1674, whilst Betterton saw the next century, and expired in 1710. Keeping these dates in view, we may next be permitted to refer to a confirmation of the verity of this pleasing anecdote, which will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1738, a periodical work which had entered on existence seven years before, and did not cease to be carried on under the *nomme de plûme* of Sylvanus Urban until within a few years since. The original projector of this popular work, Edward Cave, a man of great energy and perseverance, engaged the best literary talent of the time in his service, amongst whom may be named Samuel Johnson, who became one of the contributors in 1738.

The October number of that year presents a paper, entitled the Apotheosis of Milton. It is a vision, in which the writer, having fallen asleep in Westminster Abbey, dreams that a venerable person has taken him to a spacious hall, "sacred to the spirits of the bards whose remains are buried, or whose monuments are erected, within this pile." Having done this, he next explains that "This night an assembly is to be held upon the admission of the great Milton into the Society." The sleeper is then invited to witness the meeting of the spirits, who would appear in the attire to which they had been accustomed on earth. This courteous offer is accepted, and shortly thereafter the departed spirits begin to assemble. They come in gradually one by one after short intervals, and are named by the visionary guide as they enter. Of the more ancient of the assembled worthies,

there is little occasion to speak, as it is with those who must have been in the recollection of people living at the time that we conceive it necessary to deal. In 1738 many must have remembered Dryden, Shadwell,—whose portraiture is admirably drawn,—Otway, Dennis, Aphra Behn, Atterbury, Prior, and Phillips. All the persons so introduced have their character stated, and their personal appearance described, by the obliging attendant ghost.*

What was said of D'avenant is this:—"The person in that military Habit, large boots, and long sword, who is so familiar with *Dryden*, is one for whom I have a particular regard; his name is *Sir William Davenant*; he has a right to a seat here, but, upon some disgust at his not meeting with the respect he thinks he deserves, has not appeared in the assembly for a long time. I guess what brings him this night. You must know, that he once was discovered by *Cromwell* to be in a plot for restoring the King, but *Milton* obtained his pardon. Upon the restoration, Sir William performed the same piece of service to *Milton*. Thus far they were on a level, but it seems my friend is resolved to conquer ingratitude. See with what earnestness he solicits, because he knows that a strong opposition will be made by some to *Milton's* admission, on account of his principles. I am glad Sir *William* has not deceived me in the good opinion I always had of him."

In again adverting to the truth of this matter, it will not be disputed:—1. That D'avenant's life was spared. 2. That he held a high command in the Royalist Army. 3. That conspiring against the Commonwealth he had placed himself in the

* The account of the Apotheosis was continued in several following numbers.

position of a rebel, and subjected himself in penal consequences. 4. That he was finally liberated. On the other hand it is notorious:—1. That Milton was a violent opponent of monarchy. 2. That he held the office of Latin secretary of a Commonwealth, which sprung into existence after the execution of the King. 3. That he was a personal friend and zealous supporter of Cromwell. 4. That on the Restoration, while ample vengeance was taken on the prominent members of the Commonwealth, Milton was permitted to retire into private life, whilst his associates suffered either in their persons or estate.

It may therefore be conceded that in both instances the two poets escaped by powerful influence exerted in their behalf.

The same reasons which would in ordinary circumstances have induced Cromwell to put Sir William to death, were by an opposite course calculated to give him great and deserved influence with the restored Royalists. The fact, too, that Milton had begged Sir William's life from the Protector, accounts for Charles extending mercy to him, although his political aspirations were intolerable in a monarchy. Without some sufficient reason such as this it would be difficult to ascertain how the then future author of "Paradise Lost" was separated from the host of persons who had upheld the Commonwealth, and had been protected from those prosecutions, criminal and civil, which had been meted out to them. Charles's poetical taste was not of a quality to appreciate the beauties of Comus, or to recognize the elegance of the verse then before the world, which emanated from the pen of Milton. No powerful Royalist was there to plead for him, with the exception of D'avenant, who not unmindful or ungrateful, repaid the great

obligation formerly conferred on him, by shielding his benefactor from the serious perils with which he was environed.

One of the writers in the periodical journals of the day was John Lockman—who compiled the life of Butler in the "Biographia Britannica," and who died on the 2d of February 1771. William Oldys, that indefatigable collector of the literature of times past, was similarly employed,—and it may be noted that the life of D'avenant in Cibber's Lives of the Poets,* gives the anecdote in the Apotheosis as an undoubted fact. That work adopted the manuscript notes of Oldys from his first annotated copy of Langbaine, which had been lent to Coxeter but never returned, and which has now and for many years been lost sight of. The notes of Oldys, at present so much prized, are written on a second copy of Langbaine, carefully preserved amongst the literary treasures in the British Museum.† May not either Lockman or Oldys have written the Apotheosis in which the merits, personal appearance, and habits of the deceased worthies are painted with such accuracy? We cannot help fixing the authorship on Oldys.

In 1659-60, at the time when General Monck was returning to London with his army, Rhodes, a bookseller near Charing Cross, who had formerly been wardrobe-keeper to the King's Company of comedians in the Blackfriars, obtained a license to erect a dramatic company, which he was not long in filling up. They were, however, almost, if not all, novices, and consisted of Thomas Betterton, Sheppy, Lovel, Lilliston, Underhill, Turner, Dixon, and Robert Nokes, with six others who commonly

* Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. p. 82 : London, 1753.

† See the interesting Life, Diary and the Choice Notes of William Oldys, Esq. : London, 12mo. By W. J. Thoms, Esq.

played female characters, Kynaston, James Nokes, Angel, William Betterton, Mosely, and Floid. The place of performance was the Cockpit in Drury Lane.*

Thomas Betterton and Kynaston had both been apprentices of Rhodes in his vocation of bookseller.

Betterton, then about twenty-four years of age, met with great applause. "His voice," according to Downes, who was prompter, "was then as strong, full, and articulate as in the meridian of his acting." The same authority says respecting Kynaston: "He being then very young, made a complete stage beauty, and performed some characters so well, especially Arthiope [in the Unfortunate Lovers] and Aglaura [in Sir John Suckling's play], that it was disputed among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him touched the audience so sensibly as he had done." Thomas Betterton, designated by his critics "the English Roscius," was, upon the credit of Pope, Steele, Cibber, and all the first theatrical judges of his day, without a parallel. He was born in Tottle Street, Westminster, in 1635. His father, Matthew Betterton, was under-cook to King Charles I. After having received a good education, he was apprenticed to Mr Rhodes, bookseller, just mentioned.

The military spirit of the times, as well as the fact of his father being in the Royal household, induced him, though but a stripling, to volunteer into the King's service, as Mr Hart, Mr Smith, and Mr Mohun had previously done. These four were all engaged at the battle of Edgehill in Warwickshire, where Mr Mohun, having signalised himself in a remarkable manner, obtained a com-

* The Cockpit or Phœnix in Drury Lane was converted into a playhouse during the reign of James I. It was originally used for cockfighting.

mission as major. After the murder of the King these gentlemen went upon the stage. About the same time, the few remaining performers who had belonged to the old companies commenced to act at the Red Bull in St John's Street,* where they met with considerable success, so much so that Pepys, on 23d February, 1660-61, remarks upon their great pride which had arisen out of their newly acquired gain:—"To the playhouse, and there saw the Changeling the first time it hath ben acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich." The plot of the Changeling is taken from a story in God's Revenge against Murder.

The two patents granted by Charles II. to Killegrew and D'avenant were issued in August 1660. Each patentee was empowered to build a new theatre, engage a company, and to do all other acts necessary for the conduct of theatrical purposes. These patents were granted to the exclusion of all other companies in London and Westminster, much to the displeasure and injury of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, the privileges of whose office, dating from the time of Henry VIII., being thereby perforce annulled, and the customary fees abolished. Thomas Killigrew, to whom one of the patents was granted, had rendered himself serviceable to his Majesty while in exile, as much by ministering to his vices and follies, as by his wit and his attachment to him in his distress. He

* The Red Bull was in St John's Street, Clerkenwell. It was of an inferior order to the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, and was written of, thus:—

"that degenerate stage,
Where none of the untun'd kennel can rehearse
A line of serious sense."

engaged the remains of the old companies performing at the Red Bull, and afterwards removed to a new built house situated in Gibbons's Tennis Court, near Clare Market; which, however, not being well adapted for a theatre, the King's Company finally betook themselves to "more removèd ground" in Drury Lane, whereon Killigrew had erected a more convenient house. Here they opened on the 8th of April 1663.

Sir William D'avenant, the other patentee, who had been favoured by the King with the privilege, owed this bounty not only to his services and sufferings in the royal cause, but to his possessing a former patent granted 14 Car. I., 1639. This was exemplified by 13 Car. II., 1661; and both were surrendered on 15th January 1662-3, when, by 14 Car. II., new letters patent were then granted.

He adopted all those actors who were performing under Mr Rhodes, and commenced to play at the theatre in Salisbury Court, the 15th November 1660. From thence, after some time, the Duke of York's Company are believed to have removed to the Cockpit, and finally they took up their position in a new theatre erected by Sir William in Portugal Row, near Lincoln's Inn Fields. Betterton and Kynaston were among the chief attractions of the Duke's Company.

All of the actors in both companies were sworn by the Lord Chamberlain as servants of the Crown.

Cibber in his Apology says: "About ten of the King's Company were in the royal household establishment, having each ten yards of scarlet cloth, with a proper quantity of lace allowed them for liveries; and, in their warrants from the Lord Chamberlain, were styled Gentlemen of the Great Chamber. Whether the like appointments were

extended to the Duke's Company, I am not certain."

In the articles of agreement made between D'avenant and Rhodes' performers occur these clauses among many others :—

"That the generall receipte of money of the said playhouse shall, (after the house-rent, hirelings [*i.e.*, supernumeraries] and all other accustomary and necessary expenses in that kind be defrayed) bee divided into fourteene proportions or shares, whereof the said Sir William Davenant shall have foure full proportions or shares to his owne use, and the rest to the use of the said companie. . . . .

"That a private boxe be provided and established for the use of Thomas Killigrew, Esq., one of the governors of his Majesty's bed-chamber, sufficiente to conteine sixe persons, into which the said Mr Killigrew, and such as he shall appoint, shall have liberty to enter without any sallary or pay for their entrance into such a place of the said theatre as the said Sir William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assignees shall appoint."

In October 1660, Sir Henry Herbert had brought an action in a case against Mr Mohun and several members of Killigrew's Company, which was tried in December 1661, for representing plays without being licensed by him, and obtained a verdict against them. Encouraged by his success, soon after D'avenant's Company opened in Portugal Row, be brought a similar action May 6, 1662, against Mr Betterton. In his declaration, it is stated that D'avenant's Company, between the 15th Nov. 1660 and the 6th May 1662, produced ten new plays, and one hundred revived plays. The latter number is questionable, as it may be regarded only as a style used in law. Sir Henry Herbert also brought two actions

on the same ground against Sir William D'Avenant, in one of which he failed, and in the other was successful. To put an end to the contest, Sir William, in June 1662, appealed to his Majesty. The result was, that by the letters patent which were granted him in January following, he had full power, license, and authority, to entertain players, &c. "And such powers to permit, and continue at and during the pleasure of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assignees, from time to time, to act plays and entertainments of the stage, of all sorts, peaceably and quietly, *without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever*, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same."

The two companies having thus obtained a monopoly, were now fully established, and free from all let or hindrance at the instance of the Master of the Revels. The interests of each were fully secured to the patentees, inasmuch as "no actor or other person employed about either of the said theatres, deserting his company shall be received by the governor or any of the said other company, or any other person or persons, to be employed in acting, or in any matter relating to the stage, without the consent and approbation of the governor of the company whereof the said person so ejected or deserting was a member, signified under his hand and seal."

In April 1662, the total receipts of the new theatre in Portugal Street, after deducting the nightly charges of "men, hirelings, and other customary expenses," were divided into fifteen shares, of which it was agreed, by the articles previously quoted from, that ten should belong to D'Avenant, viz., two "towards the house-rent, buildings, scaffolding, and making of frames for scenes; one for

a provision of habits, properties, and scenes, for a supplement of the said theatre; and seven to maintain all the women that are to perform or represent women's parts, in tragedies, comedies, &c., and in consideration of creating and establishing his actors to be a company, and his pains and expenses for that purpose for many years." The other five shares were divided in various proportions among the rest of the troop.

In a paper prepared by Sir Henry Herbert he states that D'avenant "drew from these ten shares, two hundred pounds a week." If so, each share in his theatre produced annually six hundred pounds, calculating the season to have lasted for thirty weeks.

Puppet-plays, or "villanous motions," as Dekker calls them, had been long popular in England. The subjects chosen for these exhibitions were similar to those of the Mysteries, being stories taken from the Old and New Testaments; and although towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, historical and other fables were introduced, the arguments from Holy Writ were not entirely abandoned. Puppet-plays continued to be presented during the time of the Commonwealth, and so great was the favour extended to one scriptural motion in particular, called "Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale," that even the Puritans, as Cowley asserts in his "Cutter of Colman Street," laid aside their detestation of "profane stage plays," and frequently attended as spectators of this "holy performance." Another favourite motion was one called "Babylon."

So formidable did the rivalry of puppet-plays become to the performers of "the legitimate drama" that the proprietors of the theatres in Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields formally

petitioned Charles II. for the removal from the position which the puppets occupied on the present site of Cecil Street to a greater distance, as the performances there materially affected their prosperity.

There are entries in Pepys' Diary of his having been to see puppet-plays at Covent Garden, "within the rayles there," in 1662, and to Bartholomew Fair in August 1667.

"Drolls," also, which were chiefly the comic underplots of formerly popular five act plays, were also tolerated during the time of the Commonwealth. Robert Cox, comedian, was the contriver of these entertainments. They were represented at the several fairs in town and country, "in halls and taverns," and on several mountebanks' stages at Charing Cross, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and other places."

With the Restoration came the introduction of women on the English stage. It had long been the prevailing custom in Continental theatres to employ actresses, but with exception of the appearance of Mrs Coleman, the wife of Henry Coleman, in the character of Ianthe in the musical piece of the Siege of Rhodes, when first produced by D'Avenant some three years before that time, the female characters had all been used to be performed by young men. Of these, the most distinguished was Kynaston, who, even after Charles the Second's accession to the throne, continued for a time in the same line of business, and it is said that Major Mohun then also reassumed the female garb to personate Bellamente in Shirley's "Love's Cruelty," there being still a necessity for putting the handsomest young men of the company into such characters. There is a story told that when the King was at a performance of Hamlet, the entry of Hamlet's mother seemed to him unnecessarily delayed, and, grow-

ing impatient, an actor came forward to apologize by humbly informing the audience that her Majesty was not quite shaved. It is alleged, on slender authority however, that Kynaston was the impersonator of the Queen.

The beard, in Shakespeare's time, appears to have been regarded as a great hindrance to the impersonation of women by the male actors, who, when occasion demanded, had recourse to vizards, as may be inferred by a passage in A Midsummer Night's Dream. Flute objects to play a woman's part because he has "a beard acoming;" but Quince tells him how to obviate the difficulty, saying: "that's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will."

Edward Kynaston Betterton's fellow-apprentice, upon his master obtaining a patent to re-create the Cockpit into a theatre, became one of his company to represent the principal female characters. So great a favourite was he with the ladies, that many of them used to take him with them, after the play, in their coaches to Hyde Park in his theatrical garb.

The parts in which he was most eminent, besides that of Arthiope in the Unfortunate Lovers, were the Princess in the Mad Lovers; Ismenia in the Maid of the Mill; Aglaura, &c.

He subsequently became equally successful in male parts. He had a piercing eye, and excelled in stage tyrants. In Morat in Aureng-Zebe, and Muley Moloch in Don Sebastian, "he had a fierce, lion-like majesty in his port and utterance, that gave the spectators a kind of trembling admiration." In Shakespeare's Henry IV., when he whispered the plain line to Hotspur,

"Send us your prisoners or you'll hear of it;"

he conveyed a more terrible menace than the loudest intemperance of voice could impart. But in the private scenes between the king and the prince his son, "I thought," says Cibber, "Kynaston shewed his most masterly strokes of nature, expressing all the various motions of the heart with the same force, dignity, and feeling they are written; adding to the whole that peculiar and becoming grace, which the best writer cannot inspire into any actor that is not born with it."

Mr Kynaston continued on the stage till the end of King William's reign. It has been said he stayed too long, even till his memory and spirits began to fail him. He had acquired a handsome fortune by his acting. He left a son, who was bred a mercer, and who by trade improved his patrimony. This son resided in Covent Garden, and in that parish he and his father lie interred. He in turn had a son who was bred a clergyman, and purchased the impropriation of Aldgate.

Pepys, in his diary, 17th August 1660, makes mention of Kynaston. "Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us."

Again, in January 1660-1.—"Tom and I, and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes to please Morose; then in fine clothes as a gallant,

and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly as a man, and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house."

In the face of a strong prejudice which had long prevailed against women appearing on the stage, such a course of life being thought indelicate, and only to be pursued by the most depraved of their sex, Sir William D'Avenant, who, with his royal master, had been habituated in France to such exhibitions, obtained the insertion of this clause in the patent granted to him in 1662-3:—"That, whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we permit and give leave for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women." The same alteration was authorized for adoption by Killigrew at the other theatre. Hence, some confusion has arisen as to the name of the actress who first trode the boards of a regular theatre, some asserting it was Mrs Hughes, others Mrs Norris, both seemingly married women. To mitigate in some degree the presumed breach of decorum, Thomas Jordan an actor, and author of "A Royal Arbour of Loyal Poesie," 1662, was employed to write "a prologue, to introduce the first woman that came to act on the stage, in the tragedy called 'The Moor of Venice.'" Some of his lines run thus:—

" 'Tis *possible* a virtuous woman may
Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;
Play on the stage—where all eyes are upon her:
Shall we count that a crime, France counts an honour?
In other kingdoms husbands safely trust 'em;
The difference lies only in the custom.

. . . . . .

But to the point:—In this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the stage,

Our women are defective, and so siz'd,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd ;
For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen ;
With bone so large, and nerve so incompliant,
When you call DESDEMONA, enter GIANT."

The Epilogue, which consisted of twelve lines only, thus concludes :—

" But, ladies, what think you ? for if you tax
Her freedom with dishonour to your sex,
She means to act no more, and this shall be
No other play but her own tragedy ;
She will submit to none but your commands,
And take commission only from your hands."

See also the Prologue to our author's second part of the Siege of Rhodes.

At the opening of the Portugal Row Theatre in the spring of 1662-3, actresses formed a portion of Davenant's company. The unmarried ladies resided in the patentee's house. These were Mrs Davenport, Mrs Sanderson, Mrs Davies, and Mrs Long. In addition to these, were Mrs Gibbs, Mrs Norris, Mrs Holden, and Mrs Jennings. Betterton continued to be the leading actor, and Mrs Sanderson being leading actress, he married her in the year following. With this lady he lived through the whole course of his remaining life, upwards of forty years ; and so great was the estimation in which they were held, that, in 1665, when the Pastoral, called Calista, or the Chaste Nymph, written by Mr Crowne, at the desire of Queen Catherine, consort of King Charles II., was to be performed at Court by persons of the greatest distinction, Mr Betterton was employed to instruct the gentlemen and Mrs Betterton the ladies, amongst whom were the two princesses, Mary and Anne, daughters of the Duke of York ; in grateful remem-

brance of which, the latter, when Queen, settled a pension of £100 a-year upon her old instructress.

To Betterton's acting Pepys was very partial and has invariably accorded him the highest praise.

On the 4th November 1661, he has this entry: "With my wife to the opera, where we saw 'the Bondman,' which of old we both did so doate on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations) as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Beterton he is called by us the best actor in the world."

The "Opera" was the title by which D'avenant's Theatre was known to many, in consequence of his having previously produced musical dramas.

Again on 19th March 1661-2: "Mr Creed and I to Whitefryars, where we saw 'The Bondman' acted most excellently, and though I have seen it often, yet I am every time more and more pleased with Beterton's action."

The Theatre in Whitefriars and the Theatre in Salisbury Court, were conjectured by Mr. Reed to be one and the same, and this Pepys here confirms.

The following year he still continues in terms of admiration. "28th May 1663. By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw 'Hamlet' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton."

As to his excellence, Colley Cibber in his Apology thus speaks of him: "I never heard lines in a tragedy come from him, wherein my judgement my ear and my imagination were not fully satisfied; which, since his time, I could not equally say of any one actor whatsoever."

In 1693 Mr Betterton, with a select company, obtained the Royal license to act in a separate

theatre, and a voluntary subscription of many of the nobility and gentry supplied him with the means to erect one within the walls of the Tennis Court, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Betterton died in 1710, in the 74th year of his age, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey.

After his retirement from the stage, his friends, as he had not acquired a ministerial fortune, resolved to become his patrons for an annual benefit, the first of which took place on the 7th April 1709, when, though upwards of seventy years of age, he acted the part of Valentine in the comedy of Love for Love. Of this, the author of the *Tatler* speaks in high terms. On the occasion a prologue was written by Mr. Congreve, and an epilogue by Mr. Rowe. The latter was spoken by Mrs Barry, who came upon the stage supporting Mr Betterton on one side, while Mrs Bracegirdle came on the other. Both actresses had quitted the profession some years previously. His last appearance was on the occasion of his second benefit on 25th April 1710, as Melanthius in the Maid's tragedy. He had been suddenly seized with gout, but in order not to disappoint his friends had repelled the swelling, so as to enable him to come upon the stage in slippers. This experiment caused his death, which took place on the 28th May following. So great was the public excitement in regard of his last benefit, that many spectators got into the playhouse by nine o'clock in the morning, and carried with them provisions for the day. The hour of dinner at the time was twelve o'clock noon, and the hour of performance was three p.m.

Betterton brought five plays upon the stage. Among these was an alteration of Webster's tragedy of Appius and Virginia, which was played at the Duke's Theatre, 12th May 1669, under the

title of "The Roman Virgin." It was again revived by him in 1694.

He died intestate, and no one appears to have administered to him. It may therefore be inferred that his estate had not been in a thriving condition. Impressed with the difficulty of attaining full perfection in his art, not long before his death "he confessed that he was yet learning to be an actor." His wife survived him two years. By her last will, March 10, 1711-2, and proved in the following month, she bequeathed to Mrs Mary Head, her sister, and to two other persons, £20 a-piece, "to be paid out of the arrears of the pension which her Majesty had been graciously pleased to grant her;" to Mrs Anne Betterton, Mr Wilks, Mr Dent, Mr Dogget, and Mrs Bracegirdle, twenty shillings each for rings, and to her residuary Legatee Mrs Frances Williamson, the wife of —— Williamson, "her dearly beloved husband's picture."

Mrs Mary Head, Mr Malone conceives, was Betterton's own sister, Mrs Betterton's name being also Mary.

The late Edmund Glover claimed to be a descendant.

Betterton was much indebted to D'avenant for various hints in acting, and more especially for information as to the points made by Lowin, who is mentioned by Massinger as a famous actor:—He was later than Burbage, but established a reputation for his judicious realization of the character of Hamlet. He was the original performer of Henry the Eighth.

Wright observes: "We have seen at both houses several actresses, justly famed, as well for beauty, as perfect good action. And some plays, in particular the Parson's Wedding, have been

presented all by women, as formerly all by men. Thus it continued for about twenty years."

One of D'avenant's performers of women's parts, Angell, was acting at the Duke's playhouse in 1667-8, in low comedy—Trinculo in Albumazar, Woodcock in the Sullen Lovers, &c.

Although it had been ordered by royal authority that all passages in plays to be performed which might be deemed by the governors of the theatres to be *contra bonos mores*, and the alleged indelicacy of having male performers to personate female characters having been discontinued, women of all denominations frequented the theatre after the Restoration, many of whom wore masks. This is alluded to by Pope, thus :—

> The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
> And not a mask went unimproved away ;
> The modest fan was lifted up no more,
> And virgins smiled at what they blushed before.

The fashion of wearing masks did not disappear until after the beginning of the eighteenth century. On the 1st June 1704, a song was sung at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, called "The Misses' Lamentation for want of their Vizard Masques at the Theatre."

The wearing of vizards did not pass unnoticed by the indefatigable Pepys :—"12th June 1663. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge and his lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell [third daughter of Oliver Cromwell], who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad ; but when the house began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play ; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face."

The first introduction of scenes, and more especially of moveable scenery on the British stage has been attributed, and justly so, to Sir William

D'avenant. When he gave his musical entertainments at Rutland House in 1656, it would appear that he there used some stage decorations, until that time unknown in England, but it was only after obtaining a patent, that he gradually improved upon those scenic displays, until he had effected a very superior order of stage accessories, both as regards scenery and machinery, with which he illustrated the two parts of his siege of Rhodes, when produced on the opening of his new theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, early in the spring of 1662.

"Scene—Scena" is thus explained in Blount's Glossographia, 2d edition, 1661:—"The front or forepart of a theatre or stage, or the partition between the players' vestry and the stage; a Comedy or Tragedy, or the division of a Play into certain parts, viz., first into acts, those again into scenes, which sometimes fall out more, sometimes fewer in every act; the definition of a scene being *mutatio personarum*. In old time it signified a place covered with boughs, or the room where the players made them ready."

Winstanley calls D'avenant the reviver and improver of painted scenes.

The King's Company followed in his wake, notwithstanding the numerous protests against the use of scenery, it being held, and truly, that such shows, while attractive to the unthinking, were calculated to destroy all feeling for poetry on the part of the audience, and so detract from the merits of the performers, who would not then be listened to with the same degree of attention which had been usually paid to them.

The attraction of the scenery alone tended as a matter of course to draw good audiences. Pepys, on the 13th June 1663, notes:—"To the Royal Theatre: here we saw 'The faithful Shepeardesse,'

a most simple thing, and yet much thronged after, and often shown, but it is only for the scene's sake, which is very fine indeed, and worth seeing."

Although painted scenes were in use in performances at Court at a very early date, as may be gathered from the accounts of payments of the expenses of the Revels during the sixteenth century, it does not appear that they were introduced on the public stage until adopted by Sir William D'avenant, who had taken his observations from the novel appliances which the French theatre had adopted, under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu, whose taste was highly commended. Malone observes that the first notice of anything like *moveable* scenes being used in England, is "in the narrative of the entertainment given to King James at Oxford in August 1605, when three plays were performed in the Hall of Christ Church." Heywood informs us that during the performance of his comedy of Love's Mistress at Court in 1636, Inigo Jones "changed the stage" to "every act and almost to every scene." These changes were called "appearances." They were not, however, as Malone surmises, scenes shifting or moving in sight of the audience, but more in the style of what is now known in stage parlance, as "sets," the curtains requiring to be closed during the time of setting.

"When his (Sir John Suckling's) Aglaura was acted, he bought all the cloathes himselfe, which were very rich; no tinsill, all the lace pure gold and silver, which cost him . . . . I have now forgott. He had some scenes to it, which in those dayes were only used at Masques."—Aubrey, vol. 3, art. Sir John Suckling. This was in 1638.

Until D'avenant made the alteration, curtains of arras and worsted, which were drawn upon a rod

and opened in the centre, formed the only scenery used in public theatres. There were two sets of curtains — those in front of the stage, and those at the back which were called traverses. Occasionally the balcony at the back of the stage was provided with curtains, and when a play within a play, such as in Hamlet and the Spanish Tragedy, was exhibited, Malone states, but on questionable authority, that a curtain or travers was hung across the stage, the performers entering between it and the general audience, and on its being drawn, addressing themselves to those seated in the balcony, who were the persons before whom the play was supposed to be represented.

The stage, on ordinary occasions strewed with rushes,* was frequently covered with matting. At other times a portion must have been left uncovered, to allow the use of the trap door necessary for the performance of Macbeth, Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Marston's Antonio's Revenge, and others. The other machinery of the theatres was a contrivance attached above to effect the descent and ascent of gods and goddesses.

The curtains of the Red Bull Theatre in St John Street, in 1640, were of "pure Naples silk, not worsted," and in "a prologue upon the removing of the late Fortune players to the Bull," by J. Tatham, printed in "Fancies' Theatre, 1640," the audience are enjoined to forbear the "wonted custom" of throwing pieces of tile or peas against them "to lure the actors forth."

The Frontispiece to the first part of "The Wits, or Sport upon Sport,"—a collection of drolls, Lond. 1662, 12mo,—shows the interior of the Red Bull Playhouse. The stage is simply a platform extending into the pit, around which "the

* Rushes were used generally as the covering for floors.

groundlings" sat. In the centre, at the back, is the arras, through the opening in which the several characters have entered. Immediately above the arras is a box or balcony, with curtains also to draw, projecting semi-circularly. On either side of this box are balconies or galleries for spectators let in from the wall. Facing those two side galleries are two chandeliers with eight candles each, depending from the roof. In front of the stage, where the modern float is, six small oil lamps with two burners each, are ranged. There are no other curtains, such as Malone describes, save the arras at the back. Several dramatic characters occupy the stage. These consist of Sir John Falstaff and Dame Quickly; Clause in the Beggars' Bush; the French dancing-master, from the Duke of Newcastle's Comedy of Variety, and the Changeling and the Simpleton from a Droll by Cox. A figure advancing from behind the curtain, with a label in his mouth, on which are the words "Tu quoque," represents Green as Bubble, in Croker's comedy of that name. This engraving has been reproduced to illustrate the first volume of Ryan's Dramatic Table-Talk. 3 vols., 12mo., London, 1825.

There is also a reduced copy of it, with alteration of the figures on the stage, engraved on wood and inserted in the first volume of Baldwyn's Old English drama. 2 vols., cr. 8vo., Lond., 1825.

That scenic illustrations of a moveable and shifting nature prevailed in many Continental cities, long prior to their use in this country, is well ascertained, but when these were first introduced is not very clear. Dramatic pieces, chiefly of an allegorical nature, some of them got up to do honour to kings or nobles, were there represented. One of them which, however, partook more of a gratulatory pageant, was printed at Antwerp in

1595, with engravings by Peter Vander Borcht. It is noticed by Sharp in his Coventry Mysteries, accompanied by a reduced copy of one of the plates representing a "Pegma* ad D. Jacobi." He characterizes it as "a splendid book." It is titled "Descriptio publicæ gratulationis, Spectaculorum et Ludorum," prepared for the visit of Prince Ernest to Antwerp in 1594. There is no mention, however, made of shifting scenery.

In the representations of the Mysteries in France, says Riccoboni, the theatre exhibited paradise, heaven, hell, and earth all at once; there was no change of the decorations. The actor, after performing his part, retired to a corner of the stage, and sat there until he was again required.

In Pageants and in Masques generally, no shifting scenery, as at present in use, appears to have prevailed. In the latter, mechanical changes in a more subdued form than those now introduced in the transformation scenes of Pantomimes, would seem to have been the order of the day. The contrivance apparently consisted in the back of the scene being made to open, either for the influx of the sea, or for the descent of some of the heathen deities in a cloud.

It is doubtful whether Sir William D'avenant introduced at first moveable and shifting scenes without lowering the curtain during each change, the more so as he characterizes his original scenic displays as "the art of perspective in scenes." The probability is that he began by adopting the pictorial effects and machinery of masques. There was a complimentary entertainment in Latin given

* Pegma was an ornamented wooden structure with actors and scenery, used by the Greeks and Romans in processions of a triumphal character. Hence, it is supposed the word "Pageant."

to Leopold, King of the Romans, at Presburg in January, 1659, which was printed in 4to, with seven folding engravings, illustrative of the several scenes, designed by Elias Gedeler, archit. et pinct. Theatri. These exhibit the art of perspective in an eminent degree. Each scene, however, is evidently a separate "set." The top machinery, as in masques, for lowering clouds containing dramatis personæ, was used in four of the scenes, while the moving sea with sea monsters disporting, and a ship at the back is used in one. Such appliances as adopted in this performance would suit all the requirements of Sir William D'avenant's "Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," and, with simply a back scene to draw aside, his "Sir Francis Drake," as presented before the Restoration. The "Siege of Rhodes," therefore, may be considered as the vehicle which first introduced repeated changes of scenery in sight of the audience, without the drop scene being let down. The entertainment at Presburg was titled "Fatum Austriacum sivi Ludi Scenico-votivi." The musical Composer and Director was Joannes Kusser.

D'avenant also made an alteration in the position of the orchestra, which previously had been placed in an upper balcony, and the musicians appear to have been brought upon the stage and stationed immediately behind the curtain, when required to accompany a singer. Thus, in Massinger's City Madam "musicians come down to make ready for a song at the arras."

When Dryden and D'avenant's alteration of Shakespeare's Tempest was produced in 1667 at the Duke's theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the orchestra was placed between the audience and the stage, as, Mr Payne Collier conjectures, not unwisely, "for the first time." The introductory description runs

thus :—" 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."

This arrangement, in all probability, was, as were most of the alterations which D'avenant adopted, imported from France. After the discontinuance of the chorus in 1630, the *Histoire Universelle des Théâtres* mentions that " a la place du chant qui distinguoit les actes, et qui marquoit les repos nécessaires, on introduisit des joueurs d'instrumens, qui d'abord furent placés sur les ailes du théâtre, où ils exécutoient différens airs avant le commencement de lá pièce, et entre les actes. Ensuite ils furent mis au fond des troisièmes loges, puis aux secondes, enfin *entre le thèâtre et le parterre*, où ils sont restés."—*Essais Historiques*, ii. 290.

It was the custom of some of the "choice spirits" or gallants of the day, who wished to render themselves of consequence in the eyes of the town men, to pay the admission-money for the reserved seats on the stage. Dekker in his Gull's Hornbook, 1609, instructs his hero thus :—" At a new play you take up the twelve-penny room next the stage, because the Lords and you may seem to be hail fellow well met." Those, who wished so to sit, entered by the 'tiring house, were presented with a tripos or three-legged stool and ushered through the arras on to the stage, attended by their page, whose chief occupation was to fill his master's pipe with tobacco.

This practice of mixing up a portion of the audience with the actors while performing also prevailed in France, but was obviously very inconvenient to those concerned in the piece, and confusing to those in front, and although discontinued in England for awhile, it was again in vogue in the

early part of the eighteenth century, as is illustrated by Hogarth's celebrated scene from the Beggar's Opera, in which appear Walker as Macheath, Miss Fenton as Polly, and her keeper and future husband, the Duke of Bolton, seated among the spectators at the side of the stage.

The inconvenience of admitting strangers behind the scenes was so severely felt in the Duke of York's Theatre as to become a nuisance; and resulted in the following Royal order, preserved in the State paper office: "Whereas, complaint hath been made unto us of great disorders in the attiring-house of the Theatre of our dearest brother the Duke of York, under the government of our trusty and well-beloved Sir Wm. D'avenant, by the resort of persons thither to the hinderance of the actors and interruption of the scenes. Our will and pleasure is that no person of what quality soever do presume to enter at the door of the Attiring House, but such only as do belong to the company and are employed by them. Requiring the guards attending there, and all whom it may concern, to see that obedience be given hereunto. And that the names, &c. Ut supra, dated the 25th February 1664-5. By order."

The performances at both Houses were of a very high order, and their exertions to win the public favour were crowned with success. The taste for theatrical entertainments was rapidly advancing, when an interruption to all kinds of amusements took place by the recurrence of the plague, which broke out in London in 1665 with great violence, casting a gloom over the whole town. This calamity was followed, in the next year, by the great fire, which, although causing much destruction of lives and property, was the means of purifying that city from the pestilent causes which had given rise to the plague itself.

After a discontinuance of dramatic performances for eighteen months, both houses were re-opened at Christmas 1666. Past miseries were soon forgotten, and public diversions were again eagerly resorted to.

Notwithstanding the industry of the patentee and managers of the Portugal Street Theatre, "it seems the King's House then carried the vogue of the town," and the former being now deemed not sufficiently commodious for display, Sir William Davenant laid the foundation of a new Playhouse in Dorset Gardens, Salisbury Court, which however he did not live to see completed. The management of his property therein came into the hands of his widow Lady D'avenant, Mr. Betterton, and Mr. Harris, assisted by Charles D'avenant, afterwards well known as a politician and civil lawyer. This new Theatre was opened 9th November 1671, "with all the machines and decorations the skill of those times could afford," but in the face of strong opposition offered to it by the City of London.

Here Betterton improved upon Sir William D'avenant's ideas of scenery and decorations, having been commanded by King Charles II. to proceed to Paris, for the purpose of taking a view of the French stage, so as he might be the better able to judge what would contribute to the improvement of our own. The result was, that the Theatre in Dorset Gardens was greatly patronized on account of its embellishments, while the Drury Lane Company were cast into the shade. Thus red paint and Dutch metal gained an ascendancy, which they have ever since retained.

The opening play was Dryden's Sir Martin Marall. According to a statement given in a petition presented to Queen Anne about the year 1709, by Charles D'avenant, Charles Killegrew,

Christopher Rich, and others, the building, scenes, &c., of that Theatre cost £5000.

The death of Sir William D'avenant occurred on the 7th April 1668, but respecting its cause no information has been afforded us. There is an entry in Pepys' Diary of that date to the following effect:—

"I hear Sir W. D'avenant is just now dead; and so who will succeed him in the master-ship of the House is not yet known."

"This great man died," says Langbaine, "on the 7th day of April 1668, aged 63, and was buried amongst the Poets in Westminster Abbey, near to his old antagonist, and rival for the Bays, Mr. Thomas May. 'Twas observed, that at his funeral his coffin wanted the ornament of his Laureat's Crown, which, by the Law of Heraldry, justly appertained to him; but this omission is sufficiently recompensed by an eternal fame, which will always accompany his memory."

Having again recourse to Aubrey, we find he gives this account:—

"A.D. 1660, was the happy restauration of his Majesty Charles II. Then was Sir William made . . . . . and the Tennis Court in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fielde was turn'd into a playhouse for the Duke of Yorke's Players, where Sir William had his lodgeings, and where he dyed, April the . . 166.. I was at his funerall: he had a coffin of walnutt tree. Sir John Denham saide 'twas the finest coffin that ever he saw. His body was carried in a hearse from the play-house to Westminster Abbey, where, at the great west dore, he was received by the singing-men and choristers, who sang the service of the church

("I am the Resurrection," &c.,) to his grave,* which is in the south crosse aisle, on which, no a paving stone of marble is writt, in imitation of that on Ben Jonson, 'O rare Sr. Will. Davenant.'

Pepys thus notices Sir William's funeral: "9th April 1668. I up, and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys."

Sir William Davenant was twice married. All the notice we have of his wives is from Aubrey; who has not informed himself of their maiden names. "His first lady," he writes, "was Dr. . . . daughter, physitian. . . . . by whom he had a very beautifull and ingeniose son that dyed above 20 years since. His second lady was the daughter of . . . . by whom he had severall children. I sawe some very young ones at the funerall. His eldest is Charles Davenant, LL.D., who inherits his father's beauty and phancy. He practises at Doctors Commons."

Sir William left no will, but his widow, "Maria D'avenant," administered to his effects in May 1668. He is described as of the Parish of St. Clements Danes, *Miles.*

Lady D'avenant, and a particular friend of Sir William, took under their charge when young, Mrs Barry, daughter of Robert Barry, Barrister, who, having raised a regiment for his Majesty's service

* Which is near to the monument of Dr Isaac Barrow. *Mem.* My honoured friend Sir Robert Moray lies by him; but Sans I. N.S.

at the beginning of the civil war, was known as Colonel Barry. Lady D'avenant gave her a good education, and made her not only her companion but carried her wherever she visited. Mrs Barry, tutored by the Earl of Rochester, subsequently became one of the first actresses of her day.

Charles D'avenant, Sir William's eldest son, was born, according to Kippis, "some time in the year 1656, as appears from the time at which he died, and his age at the time of his death;" but this is very much open to doubt, as, at his father's decease, he would have been only twelve years of age, and unfit to take any part in the management of the theatre in Dorset Gardens. Besides, the ages of other members of the family contradict this. For instance, Sir William's fourth and youngest son, William, was bred to the church, and beneficed in Surrey, but was unfortunately drowned in France in 1681. He translated M. la Mothe le Vayer's "Animadversions on the famous Greek and Latin Histories," printed at Oxford, 8vo, 1698. If Kippis is right as to the date of Charles' birth, William must have met his death at the age of nineteen—rather a youthful period of life for a man to have got through his studies, and to have become a beneficed clergyman.

Writing of Dr. Charles D'avenant, Langbaine (1691) observes:

"He has, as I have been informed, a share in the present theatre, in right of his father; and is jointly empowered with the Master of the Revels, to inspect the plays designed for the stage, that no immoralities may be presented. This gentleman has writ a play called Circe, a tragedy acted at the Duke of York's Theatre, the prologue by Dryden, the epilogue by the late Earl of Rochester. This play I have seen acted with

good applause. The scenes and Machines may give it a good title to that species of dramatic poetry called an Opera."

The East India Company having resolved, April 23-25, 1700, to send Dr D'avenant into the East Indies to take care of their affairs, he was accordingly sent out on the 10th prox°. He is made the subject of ridicule in Heraclitus Ridens, vol. 2, No. 40, December 14-18, 1703.

Dr. Charles D'avenant was Inspector-General of the Exports and Imports of the Customs. He was severely criticised in his character of a speaker in 1705. He died 6th November 1714. *Harl. M.S.*, vol. 2, p. 356.

In 1771, were published in 5 vols. 8vo, "The Political and Commercial Works of that celebrated writer, Charles D'avenant, LL.D., collected and revised by Sir Charles Whitworth, M.P."

His son Henry was Envoy at Frankfort during 1703-8.—Harry D'avenant had given the Electress of Hanover his father's political Books, and the Doctor, upon hearing how complacently she had received his last, wrote thus to him at Hanover from London, February 18th 1703, "I am very glad to hear her Royal Highness is pleased with my book, which had not created me so many enemies as it hath done if we had in England but three or four persons with understandings as enlightened as hers is. The rancour begins now to wear off, but I may venture to say that for this last age there has not been so persecuted a martyr to truth and right sense as I have lately been." Further, he desires him to let her know that in a little time he shall be in a temper fit for writing a letter to her.

Henry, after being settled in London, appears to have ultimately got into difficulties, as "the household goods of Henry D'avenant Esq., taken by

execution at his late dwelling-house in Albemarle Street," were advertised to be sold by Naud on 18th December 1731. "As also, his curious collection of pictures by the most celebrated Italian masters, collected by himself when in Italy, together with his curious library, consisting in most Faculties and Languages, and some curious manuscripts collected by himself when in Italy. N.B. The house to be lett, or the Lease sold, being two rooms on a floor, and a closet on each floor, neatly fitted up with Italian marble chimney-pieces, brass locks to the door, Pier and chimney glasses neatly set in marble frames."

Oldys' choice notes, from his manuscript Adversaria, which Mr. Thoms has privately printed, thus record:

"I gave above three score letters of Dr D'avenant to his son, who was Envoy at Frankfort in 1703 to 1708, to Mr James West, with one hundred and fifty more about Christmas 1746,

> But the same fate they found
> As grain that may be sowed in barren ground."

The following announcement occurs in the obituary notices in the Gentleman's Magazine, 11th June 1745.

"Col. Richard Davenant, son to the late Sir W. Davenant. He was page of honour to the Duke of Monmouth, and with him on the scaffold at the time of his death. He afterwards served several campaigns under King William. He married the Lady Halford, sister to —— Boothby, Esq., of Tooley Park, Leicestershire, by whom he left two daughters."

Shortly after Sir William's death there was published "Sir William D'avenant's voyage to the other world, with his adventures in the Poets' Elizium." It was written by Richard Flecknoe.

An entire absence of wit characterizes this effusion, which was no doubt intended to be immensely satirical.

There is a portrait of Sir William D'avenant prefixed to the folio edition of his works, painted by Greenhill, engraved by Faithorne. The painter has by no means flattered him, but has rather exceeded in the contrary direction, his physiognomical defect being presented rather too prominently to be agreeable. This portrait has been engraved in a reduced form, but has been deemed unavailable for reproduction here.

To the kindness of Henry Huth, Esq., we owe the privilege of including in our present notes the following lines, referred to at page 20, which he had printed in a small volume, titled, "Unedited Poetical Miscellanies," for private circulation among his friends. He thus prefaces them:

"These lines have not, it is believed, hitherto appeared in print. They occur on some of the fly-leaves of a copy of Denham's Poems, London, 1668, 8vo, and are written in a legible hand of nearly coeval date. The same person has transcribed on the other spare leaves some of the satirical verses against Davenant's 'Gondibert,' 1651, which were published in 1653 and 1665 in two duodecimo tracts, now of considerable rarity."

ELEGY ON SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

Though he is dead, th' immortal name
Of William who from Avenant came,
Who mixed with English Lombard flame,
Shall live in the records of fame.

He lies, who saith he wanted wit
Both for the table and the pit;
Which like his face had never split,
Had 'nacute* judgment steerèd it.

* The original reads *Nacute*.

Industrious to a prodigy:
Of that nor th' importunate* bee
Nor the grave ant had more than he,
As by his laboured lines you see.

Had he to law become a drudge,
And learn'd to Westminster to trudge,
He had long since gone forth a judge,
[But from his Muse he would not budge.] †

Had he with some good trade began,
When into rhyming rage he ran,
He had been may'r or alderman;
But still his Muse did him trepan.

Twelve lustres his Icarian quill,
Striving to top the Muses' hill,
Weary, about the midst stood still:
Will loved them, but they loved not Will.

He out of breath himself did run,
When with high rapture he begun,
By emulating Doctor Donne—‡
I mean the father, not the son.§

Now roosting in the Poet's nest
Amongst his kindred he doth rest;
With *haut gouts* they their welcome guest
In *limbo Poetarum* feast.

First, in the broad Elysian streets,
He his old father Jonson meets:
Then him his cousin Shakespeare greets;
But his friend Suckling lent him sheets.

Cowley a fair apartment keeps;
Receiving him with joy he weeps;
Into his bed Sir William creeps,
And now in Abraham's bosom sleeps.

* The original reads *important*, clearly an error for *import'nat'*.

† This line conjecturally supplied.—*Ed.*

‡ Donne's name was usually pronounced, and not seldom spelt, *Dunne*, by his contemporaries; the latter, indeed, is the orthography of his name, as we find it in the title of his Manuscript Satires preserved in the Harleian collection.

§ John Donne the eldest son of Donne, the poet, was a civilian. He is said to have met with a misfortune similar to that of D'avenant.—*Malone.*

His friend he to the Ancients shows ;
Their former feuds he doth compose ;
To show him they are no longer foes,
Naso has lent him half his nose.*

In poetry he raised a schism
'Gainst the old bards of Paganism :
Styled by the moderns *Davenantism*,
Condemn'd for want of syllogism.

And yet I fear thy want of breath
Will prove the English stage's death ;
Could I to thee new life bequeath,
No other head should wear the wreath.

* In the *Great Assizes holden in Parnassus*, 1645, the anonymous writer says of him :—

" And as for him, whose vote he did reject,
Upon a cavill against some defect,
Hee him assur'd that all the world might know,
His art was high, *although his nose was low*."

It only remains for the Editors to say that the text of the following Plays has been carefully collated with that used in every known edition, and they have elected to adopt the earliest, pointing out, when necessary, anything of importance which occurs in the others.

In concluding, it would be ungrateful were they to refrain from acknowledging the facilities so politely afforded them by William Brenchley Rye, Esq., of the British Museum, and by Thomas H. Jamieson, Esq., of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

JAMES MAIDMENT.
W. H. LOGAN.

EDINBURGH,
1*st March*, 1872.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 22, line 3, *for* "complement," *read* "compliment."
,, 23, last line, *for* "Tosing," *read* "to sing."
,, 31, line 21, *for* "anatomy," *read* "anotomy."
,, 32, line 29, *after* "within," *delete* full stop.
,, 36, line 33, *delete* full stop *after* "I'll esteem you."
,, 48, *for* "Phenix" in footnote, *read* "Phœnix."
,, 49, last line of footnote, *for* "Bateman," *read* "Batman."
,, 70, last line, *read* "I' th' wind."
,, 90, the footnote is applicable to the passage ending with "rheumatic Babe," in line 26.
,, 103, line 24, *delete* "e" *in* "wreathes."
,, 143, line 18, *insert* "as" *after* "meant."
,, 144, line 3, *in place of a period after* "winks," *insert a comma.*
,, 148, line 17, *for* "splenative," *read* "splenetive."
,, 153, line 2, *delete* "e" *in* "ruine."
,, ,, line 9, *for* "Lores," *read* "Fores."
,, 173, line 29, *for* "to," *read* "too."
,, 188, line 2, *for* "servant," *read* "servants."
,, 219, line 19, *after* "doubled," *delete* comma.
,, 231, line 21, *delete* comma *after* "dwarf."
,, ,, line 22, *for* "I do not intend," *read* "I do intend."
,, 240, last line, *for* "you must not move," *read* "you must not mow"—*i.e.*, "make no wry faces."
"Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at me."—SHAKESPEARE.
,, 244, line 9, *for* "It," *read* "Its."
,, 250, line 26, *for* "you," *read* "your."
,, 271, line 24, *for* "Mervollo," *read* "Mervolle."
,, 300, line 27, *delete* "with."

ALBOVINE,

KING OF THE LOMBARDS.

The Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards: By Wm. D'auenant; London, Printed for R. M., and are to be sold in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, 1629.

The Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards, in "The Works of Sir William D'avenant, Kt., consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which he design'd for the Press: now published out of the Author's originall copies. London, Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringham, at the sign of the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1673," *folio.*

The tragedy of Albovine, as printed in the collected edition of Sir William D'avenant's Works, London, 1673, folio,—is entirely in prose, while the first and only other edition is in blank verse. The prose version, published some years after the Author's death, is for the most part an abridgement of the original play, with a few brief but by no means improving substitutions and interpolations.

Although Kippis' 'Biographia Britannica,' in mentioning that in 1629 D'avenant "produced his first play to the world," observes that it was "very well received, and some very honourable recommendations were prefixed when it was printed," there is no evidence to shew that it was ever acted at that time, nor does it appear that the alterations subsequently made, and given to the public upwards of fifty years afterwards, were for stage purposes, as there is no record that even then Albovine was exhibited in a theatre.

In comparing the prose edition of Albovine with that in blank verse, it is palpably evident that the alterations were not the work of D'avenant himself. There is an attempt, but a clumsy one, to render the play more suitable for what is now termed family reading, many poetical passages presumed objectionable having been struck out, sometimes very unnecessarily; but, as the plot itself turns upon the machinations of an amorous villain and a lascivious queen, no alteration, or omission of particular passages, could soften the object the Dramatist had in view.

The publisher of the folio edition of Sir William D'avenant's Works was Henry Herringham, "at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange." With Herringham, Dryden is supposed to have lodged. At all events they were intimately connected, Dryden writing prefaces and other occasional pieces for him. Whether the publisher, or Sir William's

widow, were the abbreviators of the several Plays in the folio edition, is uncertain; but it is much more probable that the alterations were effected by some hireling of the press.

The Historical source whence the subject of Albovine has been derived, may be found among the lives of the Kings of Lombardy, and reference is made by Langbaine, and reiterated by Kippis, to Paulus Diaconus de Gestis Langobardorum lib. 2, c. 28. Gregorius Espisc. Turonensis Hist. Francorum, lib. 2, c. 28, and to Heylin's Cosmography. "This story is likewise related at large in a novel by Bandello, which is translated by Belleforest; see Histoires Tragiques, Tom. 4, Nov. 19."

In the article "Italy," in Dr Heylyn's Cosmography, "improved by Edmund Bohun, Esq.," London, folio 1703, "Alboinus," stands as first in the list of "The Lombardian Kings of Italy." He succeeded to the crown A.D. 568 and reigned six years. He came into possession of Lombardy thus:—"The Goths, being the first and last of those barbarous nations who had anything to do in the spoil of Italy, after they had reigned here under eight of their Kings, for the space of 72 years, were at last subdued by Belisarius and Narses, two of the bravest soldiers that had ever served the Eastern Emperors; and Italy united once more to the Empire in the time of Justinian. But Narses having governed Italy about seventeen years, and being after such good services most despightfully used by Sophia (never the wiser for her name), the wife of the Emperor Justinus, abandon'd the country to the Lombards. For the Empress envying his glories, not only did procure to have him recalled from his government, but sent him word 'That she would make the Eunuch (for such he was), come home and spin among her maids.' To which the discontented man returned this answer 'That he would spin her such a web, as neither she nor any of her minions should ever be able to unweave.' And thereupon he opened the passages of the country to Alboinus, King of the Lombards, then possessed of Pannonia; who coming into Italy with their wives and children, possessed themselves of all that country which anciently was inhabited by the Cisalpine Gauls, calling it

by their own names 'Longobardia,' now corruptly 'Lombardy.' Nor staid he there, but made himself master of the countries lying on the Adriatick, as far as to the borders of Apulia; and for the better government of his new dominions, erected the four famous Dukedoms. 1. Of Friuli, at the entrance of Italy, for the admission of more aids if occasion were, or the keeping out of new invaders; 2. Of Turlin, at the foot of the Alps against the French; 3. Benevent, in Abruzzo, a province of the realm of Naples, against the incursions of the Greeks, then possessed of Apulia, and the other Eastern parts of that kingdom; and 4. Of Spoleto, in the midst of Italy, to suppress the natives; leaving the whole, and hopes of more unto his successors." The materials in Albovine's History upon which the dramatist has seized, being of a somewhat meagre description, have undergone considerable augmentation and change ere he could adapt them to stage uses. Heylyn's account is this:—"Before his coming into Italy he had waged war with Cunimundus, a King of the Gepidæ; whom he overthrew, and made a drinking-cup of his skull. Rosamund, daughter of this King, he took to wife; and being one day merry at Verona, forced her to drink out of that detested cup; which she so stomached, that she promised one Helmichild, if he would aid her in killing the King, to give him both herself and the kingdom of Lombardy. This, when he had consented to, and performed accordingly, they were both so extremely hated for it, that they were fain to flee to Ravenna, and put themselves into the protection of Longinus the Exarch, who partly out of a desire to enjoy the lady, partly to be possessed of that mass of treasure which she was said to bring with her, but principally hoping by her power and party there to raise a beneficial war against the Lombards, persuaded her to despatch Helmichild out of the way, and take him for her husband; to which she willingly agreed. Helmichild coming out of a bath called for drink, and she gives him a strong poyson; half of which when he had drunk, and found by the strange operation of it how the matter went, he compelled her to drink the rest; so both died together."

Several of the names given to the Dramatis Personæ of Albovine again figure in Davenant's poem of Gondibert, subsequently written, the scene of which is also laid in Lombardy. But here all vraisemblance terminates. The plot of the one and the plot of the other is entirely dissimilar.

The Earl of Somerset, to whom this tragedy is dedicated, was the once favoured minion of King James the First, but his Lordship's participation, under the influence of his unprincipled wife, in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, was a fact not calculated, it might have been thought, to make him popular with the public, and it creates some surprise why he should have been selected by Davenant as the patron of his first-born. Somerset and his countess were found guilty of the murder on the 25th of May 1616. Their lives were nevertheless spared, although the instruments employed by them suffered the punishment which ought in justice to have fallen on themselves.

But our surprise is increased when, after turning to the commendatory verses prefixed, we find that Edward Hyde, subsequently well known as Earl of Clarendon, compliments his "friend" the author, especially because his "wit"—

> "Hath purchased such a patron's name,
> To deck thy front, as must derive to fame
> These tragic raptures."

Thirteen years had elapsed since the conviction of the patron for murder, which in an ordinary case, it may be presumed, might have been forgotten, had it not been historically known; but it still remained so thoroughly in the recollection of the multitude that, when the son of the Earl of Bedford sought in marriage the only daughter and heiress of the Earl and Countess, the father, for a long time, refused his consent, until Lord Somerset finally obtained it by the sacrifice of a large sum of money.

It has been generally understood that Lord Somerset was very much reduced in circumstances after his conviction, but this is to a certain extent negatived by the following letter, still in existence:—

"Sir,—I am to make knowen to you that there is

some Controversie likely to grow betwixt the Executors of Mr George Heryot, his Maiesties late Jeweller deceased, and myselfe, about a piece of worke which I did some years since intreate him to make for me, which in his life tyme I did earnestly desire to get out of his hands, & to come to an accompt with him for, and spent a great time in solliciting him for that purpose, euer intending to give him all reasonable satisfactioun of whatsoever should upon a just accompt betwixt vs, remaine due vnto him. But it being (partly by reason of his long sicknes, & partly vpon some other cause now too long to be related) from time to time deleyed, I am fallen into the hands of his executors, vnto whom I make this just and reasonable offer. Mr Heryot had of me for the making up of the sword, which I bespake of him, so many diamonds, and so much gold, as I conceived would goe neare to finish it; yet he added therevnto some stones of his owne, which, with the workmanship he euer told me, he thought would come to about 400 or 500 li: Now in the accompt which he giveth me in of the sword, he valued his stones and workmanshipp at 890, a proportion doubly exceeding that which I ever understood from him they were likely to amount vnto. I am readie to setesfie vnto Mr Heryot's Executors the full value of the things, but herein it is not fitt that he himselfe or I should be our own judges; I doe therefore make this offer, that the stones put in by Mr Heryot and the workmanshipp may be valued by two persons of judgment in commodities of this nature indifferently chosen betwixt vs, & what they shall value them at I will willingly yeeld vnto, and make good payment. To this proposition I finde the Executors loth to give their assent, not because they hold it not reasonable, but because they say they are persons trusted for the disposing of the money set downe by Mr Heryot to charitable vses in the Citye of Edenburgh; and so canot yeeld to an abatement without the consent of the Citizens of that place. Which consent, that it may the more easily be obtained, I entreat you to represent vnto them the justnes of my offer; which I doubt not but they will so well approve as that, by their assent, a friendly and speedy end may be made betwixt

vs. This I desire out of the love I beare to that noble Citye of my Countrey: for whose sake I will rather buy that I haue bespoken (and haue bene thus long without) at a deare rate (so it be not too deare) then enter into any contestacion about it. So, committing the whole busynes to your approued care and discretion, and entreating that, so soone as conveniently may be, I may heare from you and receive your answere. I commit you to God's protection and rest euer

"Yor assured loving freind, R. SOMERSET.
"Cheswicke, 20 Novembr 1624.

Addressed on the back:—

"To my much respected Freind Mr John Hay,
Commissioner for the City of Edenburgh, these."

Somerset from the above letter must, notwithstanding his fall, have retained considerable wealth. His married life was unhappy. His countess died in 1632; and his daughter, the Lady Anne, in 1637, became the wife of Lord Russell, afterwards fifth Earl of Bedford, whose father's consent had been purchased by the dower he extracted from Somerset—a noble sacrifice, which reduced the donor to comparative poverty. He died in 1645—passing the latter years of his existence in retirement. He had prudently removed his daughter, whose conduct throughout life was most exemplary, from under the guidance of her mother, otherwise no amount of money could compensate a husband for the consequences of an education superintended by this English Messalina.

Langbaine erroneously states that Albovine was dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, and in this strange mistake he has been followed by other writers. The printed dedication to the play itself distinctly indicates the Earl of Somerset, the Dukedom of Somerset not having been restored to the Seymour family until the 25th April 1660, when the attainder of the Protector Somerset was reversed.

Of those who write the verses to the author in commendation of Albovine, Henry Blount, Edward Hyde, W. Habington, and H. Howard are the most distinguished. The two Ellices and Roger Lort are less known, while Richard Clerk appears to have left no mark, otherwise, upon the sands of time.

Henry Blount was born 15th December 1602, at his father's seat at Tittenhanger, in Hertfordshire, and was placed in the free school of St Albans, where he manifested an unusual quickness of parts, and was removed to Trinity College in Oxford, and entered a Gentleman Commoner there in 1616, before he was full fourteen years of age. He was in his youth of a cheerful disposition. His acquaintance with the ancients, his easy address, his entertaining conversation, charmed everyone and made him a general favourite. In 1618 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and soon afterwards left Oxford, when he went to Grays-Inn and applied himself to the study of the law.

In 1634 he resolved to visit the continent, and, after a peregrination of two years, returned to England, when he published an account of his travels in quarto, which passed through two editions. It was then published in 12mo and reached eight editions, a proof of its popularity.

Blount in 1638 succeeded his father, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, inheriting from him the ancient seat of Blount's Hall in Staffordshire, and a very considerable fortune. On the 21st of March following, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1654, he succeeded on the death of his elder brother to the estate of Tittenhanger. Although he had taken office under Cromwell, he was received with favour on the Restoration, and was appointed High Sheriff of Hertford in 1661. After this he lived on his estate which was ample, and died on the 9th October 1682, when he wanted but four months of fourscore, and was interred in the family vault at Ridge, Hertfordshire.

He shewed his regard to the Drama by editing and publishing in 1632, the six Court comedies of John Lilly. Wood asserts he was the author of a satire entitled "The Exchange Walk in 1647." He also wrote an Epistle in praise of Tobacco and Coffee, prefixed to a little treatise entitled "Organum Salutis," "penned by Walter Rumsey, Esq., and printed in 1657." His eldest son, Thomas Pope Blount, was created a baronet, January 27th 1649. He had two other sons and a daughter. The youngest son obtained considerable notoriety as

translator of the two first books of Apollonius Tyanæus in 1680—the notes of which gave great offence, having been taken from some unpublished MSS. of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

"I remember twenty-seven years since," says John Aubrey, in his 'Lives of Eminent Men,' from MSS. in Bodleian Library, &c., vol. ii. part 1, 8vo., 1813, "he inveighed much against sending youths to the Universities; because they learnt there to be debaucht; and that the learning that they learned there they were to unlearn againe, as a man that is buttoned or laced too hard, must unbutton before he can be at his ease. Drunkennesse he much exclaimed against but wenching he allowed." . . . "He is a gentleman of a very clear judgment, great experience, much contemplation, not of very much reading, of great foresight into Government. His conversation is admirable. When he was young he was a great collector of bookes as his sonne is now. He was heretofore a great *shammer*—i.e., one that tells falsities not to do any body any injury, but to impose on their understanding." . . . "He is now (1680) near or altogether eighty yeares, his intellectuals good still, and body pretty strong."

Edward Hyde, subsequently Earl of Clarendon, and Lord Chancellor, would appear from his verses to have been a friend of Davenant at the date of this Tragedy. Whether the friendly intercourse continued is not known. The civil wars in which our Dramatist espoused the cause of King Charles, would of necessity interrupt much intercourse.

William Habington, Author of the beautiful collection of verses called Castara, written in honour of his wife, was born in November 1605, and educated in France. He married Lucia a daughter of Lord Powis, and died at Henlip in the County of Worcester, on the 30th of November 1654. He wrote one Dramatic piece, "The Queen of Arragon," folio, 1640, reprinted in Dodsley's Old Plays.

Henry Howard was, it is believed, the third son of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, and brother of Thomas Howard, created, February 1625-26, Earl of Berkshire, K.G., whose daughter, the Lady Elizabeth, became the

wife of the poet Dryden. Henry married Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of William Barret of Blore in the County of Stafford, by whom he had one child, called after her mother, Elizabeth. He died young, and his widow espoused William Cavendish, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Newcastle, by whom she had four sons and four daughters. After her death his Grace took as her successor Margaret Lucas, the voluminous authoress, who has been so graphically introduced by Scott, in Peveril of the Peak. Henry Howard prefixes verses to the folio edition of the dramatic works of Beaumont and Fletcher, London, 1647. Mr Dyce, the accomplished Editor of the latest edition, was not aware that he had previously favoured D'avenant with a similar compliment. See Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. I. p. xvi., 8vo, London, 1843.

It is supposed that the writer of the lines signed Thomas Ellice, is Thomas Ellis or Ellys of Wyham, Lincolnshire, created a Baronet by Charles II., June 30th 1660. The family of Ellis, or Ellys, or Ellice had long been settled in the County of Lincoln, and it is mentioned in the Baronetage, vol. iii. p. 89, London 1741, 8vo, that his ancestor Anthony, who married a lady of the name of Ascough, built the Parish Church of Great Paunton in Lincolnshire, and their "arms and the inscription [are] yet remaining on the Tower of the church, which is esteemed one of the finest old buildings in that part of England."

Sir Thomas had one brother, William, a Lawyer of eminence, who was Attorney-General, and one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in the reign of Charles II. Robert Ellice, who also favoured "his honoured friend" with commendatory verses, may possibly have been another brother. The title failed in the person of Sir Richard, the third Baronet, who although twice married had no family by either of his wives.

Of Roger Lort there is a brief notice in Wood's Athenæ, intimating that he was a student at Oxford and the author of a volume of poems which Wood was not so fortunate as to have seen. He was proprietor of Stack-

pool Court in the county of Pembroke, and was, upon the 15th July 1662, created an English Baronet by Charles II. He was twice married. His first wife Hester was a sister of Arthur, Earl of Anglesea, and his second, was Anne daughter of Humphrey Wyndham of Dunraven, county of Glamorgan, who survived him, and married Sir Edward Mansell. Sir Roger died about 1664, and the honour became extinct in the person of his grandson, Sir Gilbert, who died unmarried at the early age of twenty-eight, 19th September 1693.

Upon the Tragic Muse of my Honoured Friend,
Mr WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

OUR stately Tragic Scene (whose high disdains
Slight humble Muses) courts thy lofty strains:
And with ambitious love doth climb thy Bays,
Whose ample branches her bright glory rays:
Whence (as from Heaven) her spacious eye doth view
Of storyed tears, and blood, the heavy crew,
How low they crawl, while she (far more Divine!)
Sides great Sejanus, and fierce Catiline:
Where, in calm virtue, she more sweet doth show
Than Jove, when he in Golden drops did flow:
But if in Stygian Lake her veins she steep,
Her act infernal runs so horrid deep
As saints Medea: makes th' Herculian rage
Seem a tame patience to thy ravisht Stage.
Had stern Achilles' breast such fury known,
His Story had turn'd Miracle, and grown
Too much for his great Poet, unless Fate
Had rackt his spirit up to thy high rate.
Rash Imitation at thy heavenly Air,
Intombs faint Envy in a just despair.

Hen. Blount.

To his Friend, Mr WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

WHY should the fond ambition of a friend,
With such industrious accents strive to lend
A Prologue to thy worth? Can aught of mine
Enrich thy Volume? th'ast rear'd thyself a Shrine
Will out-live Pyramids; Marble Pillars shall,
Ere thy great Muse, receive a funeral:

Thy Wit hath purchas'd such a Patron's name
To deck thy front, as must derive to Fame
These Tragic raptures, and indent with Eyes
To spend hot tears, t'enrich the Sacrifice.

Ed. Hyde.

To my honoured Friend, the AUTHOR, *on his Tragedy of the warlike* ALBOVINE.

GREAT Albovine, whose Fate in war had cut
His passage through the neighb'ring Earth, and shut
Large Provinces within his grasping palm,
Had sunk from honour in the patient calm
Of a long silenc't Fame, had not thy pen
(With soaring language) rais'd him up again.
He vows, by cool Elyzium (from whence
He breath'd the valiant oath) he would dispense
With all those joys that court his soul, to fling
His open'd breast upon the pois'nous sting
Of rougher wars, if the triumphant Bays
Sprung from thy Ink might crown his second praise.
This is a Poet's height; conquest by thee
Describ'd becomes a double victory.

Rich. Clerk.

To my deserving Friend, the AUTHOR.

WERE those Tragedians, whom the world so fame
For their ingenious and admired strain,
Alive, to see this Poem and thy Name,
Asham'd they'd die, finding their Lines too vain.

Were that pure Spring the winged hoof brought forth;
Wanting supply, dry'd up, thy abler Pen
Would work a second wonder by its worth,
In making it a running stream again.

Be then assur'd, this Tragic strain shall live
A pattern for th' next age to imitate,
And to the best wits of our times shall give
Just cause of envy for thy learned Fate.

Rob. Ellice.

To his noble Friend, the AUTHOR, *on his Tragedy of* ALBOVINE.

THE gelid North grows warm, and by thy fire
Cold ignorance exil'd, the Virgin choir
O' th' soft-hair'd Muses leave the Thespian Spring,
To tread a fun'ral Measure, whilst you sing
This Tragic Story. With sad plaints of love
Fam'd Orpheus charm'd rude heaps, did Cedars move,
Forc'd Mountains from their station: but thy Pen
Hath now amaz'd the fiery souls of men.

Will. Habington.

To my Friend, Mr D'AVENANT.

SCARCE home return'd, but straight I find great Fame
Airing her wings to spread abroad thy Name.
One of the Nine (before of me ne're seen,
Sure sent by thee) assaults my merry spleen
With mighty Verse; and makes me laugh at those
That are so dull to melt their thoughts in Prose.
I wish her prosp'rous flight, may she return
With happier wings, if happier may be worn.
My flame is spent. I dare not undertake
Thy praise, who am but newly for thy sake
A fierce Poet, and doubtless had been one
Ne'er but for thee, or else had been unknown.

Rog. Lorte.

To his much honoured Friend, the AUTHOR.

LET not loud Envy's sulph'rous blasts cast forth
Venom'd aspersions on thy noble worth:
'Gainst saucy Critics thou need'st no defence,
Whose sacred lines, arm'd with sweet eloquence,
Are proof against their censures, who'd prophane,
With their bold breath, the glory of thy strain:
Wise Fame shall sing the praise of thy deserts,
And voice thee glorious both in Arms and Arts.
Whilst thou, releast from the Wars sad mishaps,
Rests in soft dalliance on the Muses' laps;
Those beauteous Ladies' love shall high advance
Thy fame, whose worth exceeds my utterance.
Their Tragic falls, who in thy Scenes appear,
Shall on these Monuments fair Trophies rear
Unto their Fame. Thus are thy works become
To be to them as their Elyzium.

Tho. Ellice.

To his worthy Friend, Mr WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

HAST thou unmaskt thy Muse? And shall the Air
Breathe on her matchless Fabric? then repair
To some soft censure, lest the churlish sense
Of Ignorance accrues thy recompense;
And hoodwinkt Error do surprise the Fame
Due to thy Story and Verona's name,
Whose limits Plinies and Catullus bred,
But in thy Muse her joys are centupled:
For her invention, truth, rare wit, and state,
Copper-lac'd Christians cannot personate.
Her Tragic Scenes, like well-tun'd Chimes i' th' sky,
Leave Time loud Echoes of thy memory.

H. Howard.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.

My Lord,—You read this Tragedie, and smil'd upon't, that it might live: and therein, your Mercy was divine, for it exceeded Justice. My Numbers I do not shew unto the public Eye, with an ambition to be quickly known (for so I covet *noise*, not *fame*), but that the world may learn, with what an early haste, I strive to manifest my service to your Lordship. I have imaginations of a greater height than these, which I do also dedicate to your Lordship. And I shall live in vain, unless you still continue to acknowledge

Your humblest Creature,

D'avenant.

THE ACTORS IN THIS TRAGEDY.

ALBOVINE, *King of the Lombards.*
PARADINE, *A captive Soldier, his favourite.*
HERMEGILD, *A captive Statesman, the Queen's favourite.*
GRIMOLD, *A rough old Captain.*
GONDIBERT, *A Captain, his friend.*
VOLLTERRI, *A Soldier, friend to both.*
CUNYMOND, *A Courtier.*
CONRADE, } *His Companions.*
FROLLO, }
The GOVERNOR of VERONA.
RHODOLINDA, *Captive, and Queen to Albovine.*
VALDAURA, *Wife to Paradine.*
THESINA, *A Court Lady.*
A PAGE *to Paradine.*
A GENTLEMAN, *A Messenger.*
The GUARD, SERVANTS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

The Scene:

VERONA.

THE TRAGEDY OF ALBOVINE.

ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE FIRST.

Enter PARADINE, GRIMOLD, GONDIBERT: *the drums ceasing.*

PARAD. Give the word aloud?
GRIM. Stand.
WITHIN. 1. Stand! 2. Stand! 3. Stand!
PARAD. Our motion has been swift: we out-
march time.
Verona (which with the morning's dim eye
We seem'd to view like landscape afar off)
Is our full object now. She must repent;
Our king is steward unto fate; the world
Receive from him their destinies.
GRIM. Sure, the governor sleeps. My lord, is't fit
We wait upon such silkworms, crepp'd in wool?
PARAD. Since we attain'd the town not by
assault,
But composition free; he shall express
Humility enough to meet us at the gate.

Enter HERMEGILD.

GOND. Here comes Hermegild.
HERM. Hail, young soldier, my noble Paradine!
The king must hold my nature much excus'd,
If I do greet his safe approach with love,
Less violent than I express to thy rich soul.
I am resolv'd thou art in health
And favour with thy stars.
PARAD. Ere I return your kind salute, I would
After your fair charge enquire. Say the queen

Smiles in captivity, my Valdaura
Hurts not her health with grief; then I have heard
Enough to make me cherish life.
HERM. Rhodolinda doth become her title
And her birth. Since depriv'd of popular
Homage, she hath been queen o'er her great self.
In this captivity ne'er passionate
But when she hears me name the king, and then
Her passions not of anger taste, but love:
Love of her conqueror: he that in fierce
Battle (when the cannon's sulphurous breath
Clouded the day) her noble father slew:
Our royal master once; now sunk into
His soil; where, like the lilly wither'd
He never shall renew his growth again.
My memory disturbs my tongue! your fair
Valdaura makes the queen her rare and just
Example, and is in patience skilful.
PARAD. Know, Hermegild, no hasty minute pass'd
(Since their captivity) wherein I fail'd
To be a suitor to the king for both.
But he's in kindness prompt, and still doth speak
Like music, when he Rhodolinda names:
You hear 'tis his edict we call her Queen?
HERM. Thy vanquish'd country owes unto thy fame
A tall pyramid! the captiv'd virgins
Of our nation shall in their last dirges
Sing thy praise with mirth. O, I could grow old
Within thy sight. Something we now must talk
Together, and heaven will listen to't,
As to the breath of saints——
PARAD. I knew we should have use of conference:
Which made me beg the leading of the van,
The more t' assist our opportune meeting.
HERM. Afford your ears in private.

GRIM. Though Paradine look flourishing, and like
A thing new brush'd, a flame of triumph,
(As if his father surfeited in some
O'er-grown city when he got him) yet he
Hath in him seeds of war, bold thoughts, and we
I' th' camp esteem him honest too.
GOND. He is our king's minion, sleeps in his bosom.
GRIM. True, and the royal fool greets him with such
Ravenous kisses, that you would think he meant
To eat his lips.
GOND. The captive captivates the conqueror.
Three moons have not expir'd their usual change,
Since he was prisoner to the king; though now
His favourite.
GRIM. Th' art too loud! If thou'lt talk safely, go get
A sore throat; hoarse men speak low.
The captiv'd Rhodolinda (whose father
Albovine depriv'd of life and kingdom)
Hath with such amorous subtlety behav'd
Her gesture, that Albovine is now her
Prisoner. This martial progress was but made
To visit her. She makes him guilty of
Idolatry, and knows the thrifty use
Of time: as she ascends, her countrymen
Must rise.
GOND. You have call'd that Hermegild her creature?
GRIM. He was her father's counsellor; a man
Created in the dark: he walks invisibly;
He dwells in labyrinths; he loves silence;
But when he talks, his language carries more
Promiscuous sense than ancient oracles.
So various in his shapes, that oft he is
Disguis'd from his own knowledge. An error

Much incident to human politics,
Who strive to know others more than themselves.
GOND. Observe their compliment.
GRIM. Pox o' these French jigs? Courtiers always dance.
This is to Hermegild mere lechery:
This wanton gesture doth obscure
Thoughts of such consequence and weight, as hang
Like plummets on his heart. Paradine is
A soft, easy fool, and must be gull'd.
HERM. O my sweet Lord——
GRIM. Now the motion * speaks.
HERM. Such endearments would too much impoverish
My gratitude: yet, 'tis meet our actions
Carry smooth equality; your consent
Must further all my suits. You are the king's
Jewel, and hang richly in his ear.
PARAD. You are precious unto her, whom loud noise
Already calls our queen: fair Rhodolinda!
We may (if they prove natural and kind)
Govern the nation that hath conquered us;
Gain our country liberty, and yet
Not stray from noble arts: such hopes our free
Embraces prophecy. The king!
[*Loud music.*

Enter ALBOVINE, FROLLO, CONRADE, VOLLTERRI, &c.

FROLL. Your troops, sir, are so divided into
Mix'd files, that to the city you do march
Between thick walls of men.
ALB. Let my horse-guard bring up the rear. We'll sport
With war. We have no use of safety now,

* The puppet.

But of magnificence.
VOLLT. The order is already given. It was
Your royal will we hasten in our march;
Therefore each squadron double their paces.
ALB. My boy, I bring thee home my chief trophy:
Thou dost delight me more than victory.
Retire; I am in love too violent.
My embraces crush thee, thou art but yet
Of tender growth——
PARAD. My countryman would kiss your royal hands,
And then expect no greater happiness
Till he arrive in heaven. He hath done your
Rhodolinda service——
[*Presents Hermeg. on his knee to the king.*
HERM. Rhodolinda is your humblest captive.
She inserts you often in her prayers,
And call'd it my chief duty to present
Her true service to your Majesty.
ALB. Her name doth enrich our language. My boy
Can witness that I love her: She makes me
Prattle in my sleep. I've drunk mandragora
To become drowsy, in hope that I might
Dream of her. Rise, and expect honour.

Enter GOVERNOR OF VERONA.

GOVERN. High and sacred Majesty! Verona
Hath unhing'd her wide gates: proud to admit
The fate of kingdoms. Our crooked matrons
Forget their age: and, as the ragged earth
At the spring's warm approach, look fresh, and young,
To entertain you. Our timorous virgins,
With the bold youth, join in one wanton choir
Tosing your welcome.

GRIM. How the spaniel fawns, 'cause he dares not bark!
GOVERN. Th' amorous vine clips not the shady poplar
With such regard, about whose mossy waist
She hangs a smiling lover. Our city is,
By the reflection of your blest approach,
Like Pelion deck'd, whom Tython's mistress,
Leaving the weeping east, with brightness gilds.
There's not a wrinkle left in all Verona,
Wherein pale sorrow, or rebellious envy
Can find their loathed mansion. Flattering joy
Swells big each loyal bosom. All implore
You as their safety, who hath hush'd the noise
Of discord and loud war.
GRIM. The rascal flatters, as if he had serv'd
His prentiship in court.
ALB. Th'ast done me justice, governor, and know'st
The way to make me thankful, but not proud.
I understand thou hast with honour'd safety
Preserv'd those jewels to thy charge committed,
(My Rhodolinda, and my boy's Valdaura),
And so increas'd new motives of our thanks.
GOVERN. Heaven has made your memory too humble,
Thus to record your creature's service.
ALB. Let now the knotty labourer rust with ease,
And aloud proclaim that the upland Boor
Release his team, and his industrious plough.
Let him sing glad Iös to the rustic
Powers that guard his fields, and unto me.
GOVERN. It is by you we are. No warlike ram,
Nor battering engine forc'd a bloody entrance
Through our thick walls. It was the powerful breath
Of your victorious fame that conquered us.

To that we yielded: which, as a rough blast
That posts from the cold Arctic pole, hath borne
Before it captiv'd nations.
ALB. By heaven a good old man; if he be learn'd,
I'll have him write my annals.
GRIM. Indeed he looks like a chronicler.
ALB. Paradine! Inform him of my deeds.
Thou hast beheld my discipline full of
Shape and order, when confusion did oppress
The foe, and stifled them in throngs. Hah! look!
Rhodolinda's come to gild our triumph!

Enter RHODOLINDA, VALDAURA, THESINA, *and Attendants in mourning.*

PARAD. And my Valdaura too! let nature shew
A third object so delightful, we'll swear
She is not old, nor her first materials
Wasted, but in creation still retains
Her former strength and skill.
ALB. But why, my beauteous captive, art thou still
In sables wrapp'd?
RHOD. Your stars bid you be happy. My cross fate,
Like the raven, croaks a funeral note:
This swarthy habit but paints forth the grief
That chains my soul in darkness. And filial love
Commands me mourn for him, whom you too soon
Depriv'd of life, my conquer'd father.
ALB. Let his ashes rest
At quiet in their urn. His ghost long since
Hath wash'd away the memory of his fate
In slow-pac'd Læthe. Take me, modest fair,
Into thy bosom; O hide me there!
My glad soul, how full is thy content.
Now thou fear'd thing, that guid'st the heavenly empire,

Rend all the murmuring clouds, and dart
Thy thunder at me: I am safe.
RHOD. My captivity must needs seem easy,
Whilst the conqueror proves so kind.
ALB. I could gaze thus on thee, till my wonder
Did convert me into marble; and yet
My soul would in herself retain a fire,
Lively as that which bold Prometheus stole.
Were the sea coagulate, and the world
Return'd to th' antick chaos, a blind lump,
Thy look would force the warring elements
Into a sacred order; and beget
A harmony like this they now enjoy.
RHOD. You are too powerful in your speech.
ALB. Yet when I value thus thy excellence,
Let me not forget my own high being.
I've humbled all the nations of the earth;
Brought home as spoils the whole wealth of nature:
Yet Rhodolinda, nought like thee. Let me
Whisper my content, for soft music most
Delights the female ear. [*They walk aside.*
PARAD. Why, my dear Valdaura, dost thou suspect
My warm embraces? Let hungry death seize
On my honour, before it seize on me,
If in my breast I entertain a thought unlawful.
VALD. I esteem you, sir, a friend to virtue,
And in that hope would cherish all your love.
PARAD. In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
Of timorous chastity, that it doth blind
Th' adulterous eye. Not the mountain ice,
Congeal'd to chrystal, is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
And man's proud tyrant-passion. But I am
Too rough for courtship, the soft harmony,
Which wanton peace instructs the tongue to make,
I have forgot. Trust me, bright maid!

I love thee dearly. Though I've found thy heart
Like pebble, smooth but stoney.
VALD. I've heard my mother say: the curled youth
Of Italy were prompt in wanton stealths,
And sinful arts. Till time had given me
Assurance of your noble thoughts; 'twas safe
To doubt your love. But now I wish I were
More worthy, and then would prove more liberal
Of myself.
PARAD. Let me enjoy thy hand! that moist adamant
That so attracts my soul! * We will, ere night
Her black curtain draws, make complete this love
With marriage rites.
ALB. How now, boy! Is my interest so decay'd
In your young person, that you give away yourself
Without my leave?
PARAD. Humbly on my knee I beg the vulgar
Privilege due to all hearts. To love, and not enjoy,
Is a torture I cannot suffer long,
And still remain possess'd with breath.
ALB. Thou hast shew'd me physick for my passion.
Take him, Valdaura, and be proud! 'Tis I
That love him: nor shall your joys be single.
I'll make the number yet more full. This day
We'll consecrate to Hymen's use. Behold
Your queen, who, though my captive, for her birth
And beauty is the first of queens.
GOVERN. High heaven increase your joys!

* "Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady;
This augurs fruitfulness and liberal heart—
Hot, hot, and moist."—*Shakespeare's Othello.*

The blood of the *goat*, as Alex. Ross alleges, does not, as Pliny and others have said, soften the diamond, "yet doth he not a whit the less believe this assertion as applied to *adamant*."—*Arcana*, p. 196.

HERM. And may you live together until time
Shall sicken with his age.
FROLL. CONR. Long live Albovine, king of the Lombards!
HERM. Cry up Rhodolinda too!
FROLL. CONR. Live Rhodolinda, queen of the Lombards!
ALB. Governor! 'tis our will that you expect
Honour and true safety. Your city's love
I shall perceive by popular noise, and your
Behaviour in this great solemnity.
Let the sun smile; the wind sport with our plumes!
This day let sick men too forget to groan—
Let all glad hymns in one mix'd concord sound,
And make the echoing heavens your mirth rebound.
[*Exeunt all but Grimold, Vollterri, Gondibert.*
GRIM. The king's head must now convert to rotten wood.
GOND. Why, Grimold?
GRIM. That court earwigs may live there, and devour
His brains. Dost not perceive how they begin
To creep into his ears?
GOND. Generous souls are still most subject to Credulity.
GRIM. He is a German in his drink: busied
With a wanton pride, which his flatterers
Admire for mirth, but his friends do pity.
VOLLT. He should be told his sins.
GRIM. By whom? Vollterri, now the king forsakes
The Camp, he must maintain luxurious mouths,
Such as can utter perfum'd breath, and these
Straight compose a faction, engross his ears.
They limit still his conversation.
Even as the slow finger of the dial

Doth in its motion circular remove
To distant figures: so by a subtle
Leisure they do prefix the hours,
When he must change his rotten parasite
For one more skilful, how t' admire, and praise.
No honest tongue can ever interpose
To tell him he is mortal.

GOND. It is the chief misery of princes,
Ne'er to understand their own crimes,—to sin
In ignorance.

GRIM. True, his confessor, that in sight extern
A patriarch seems, will gain by flattery,
And superscribe unto the king, as to the Pope,
His Holiness. But Gondibert,
Whom conclaves here in Court do canonize
For saints, will scarce admitted be in heaven
For angels.

VOLLT. Now Rhodolinda is become his rival
In high sovereignty, she will permit
No errors but her own: the king must mend
What she mislikes.

GRIM. She gives us leisure to expect
Her character. Women make themselves more known
When they do rule, than when th' obey.

GOND. Valdaura is enrich'd with a sweetness
So religious, that Paradine must sin
In private, or need no mercy.

GRIM. Th' ast nam'd her! though my obdurate sufferance
In active war hath quite depriv'd me of
All amorous gesture;* though not these forty
Winters have I seen any of her sex
But suttlers' wives, who, instead of fillets,
Wrap their sooty hair in horses' girts; though
My marrow is frozen in my bones,

* "Thoughts." *Folio.*

Yet I melt before her eyes. When I see her,
I grow proud* below the navel. For she
Is none o' th' French nursery that practise
The sublime frisk. None o' your jigging girls,
That perch paraquitoes on their fists,
And ride to the Court like Venus' falconers.

GOND. Grimold, hoarse men speak low:
Thou hast not caught a cold yet.

GRIM. She's none of those that on their heads advance
High swagg'ring plumes, like a gay forehorse
In a country team. O, she's worth the tempting!

VOLLT. Dost thou so commend her virtues, and yet
Wouldst tempt her unto vice?

GRIM. That's a trick I learnt of the devil. Those
That are virtuous need his temptation,
The wicked have power enough to damn themselves.

GOND. Hark how they shout! Away Grimold, or we
Shall lose the triumph!

[*Shouting within.*

GRIM. Room for Cuckolds, whose horns are so high,
They bore the moon as she frisks in the sky!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE SECOND.—SCENE FIRST.

Enter GRIMOLD, GONDIBERT, VOLLTERRI.

GRIM. This peace makes me rotten, dusty
As a cobweb. I live like a cricket
I' th' corner of an oven. Pox o' these o'ergrown
Cities. To be valiant here is to forfeit
The statute: and these furr'd gowns hold

* The *folio* has:—"I grow as proud and as nimble as her Paradine." Then follows:
"GOND. Grimold, speak low."

There is no sin so great as poverty.

GOND. Thou art as melancholy as a lean judge!

GRIM. Ay, or a corrupted officer at the noise
Of a parliament. In this division
Of unvalued trophies, territories
Vast and ample, gain'd partly by my sweat,
Not a single acre falls to my share.

Enter CUNYMOND, FROLLO, CONRADE, *Servants with a banquet.*

CUNY. Bear back there! they thrust as if they meant
To get me with child——

FROLL. You, sirrah! d'ye get the king's officer
With child?

CONR. Bear back there! or we'll put ye to the charge
Of surgery——

CUNY. Dispatch, fellows!

GOND. Is not that Cunymond?

GRIM. The same. He is a great astrologer.
The mere anatomy* i' th' front o' th' kalender.
You may know where the sign is by some toy
In's habit, which he removes as the sign
Removes.

CUNY. Frollo, did they enter here by your permission?

FROLL. Not by mine, sir.

CUNY. Nor yours, Conrade?

CONR. They are men of China, for aught I know.

CUNY. Then they must out. Gentlemen, pray avoid
The presence.

GRIM. 'Sdeath, sir! d'ye make us your voiders?†

* "Anatomy." *Folio.*—A skeleton. Mr Ainsworth, in his romance of Rookwood, uses the word "otomy" in the same sense.

† Baskets for receiving trenchers, broken bread, and the debris of a dinner table.

VOLLT. Must we carry away your cheeseparings?
Thrust your bodkins forth!
GOND. Draw i' th' presence? art thou mad?
GRIM. How he stands; he is created of starch,
And dares not use a boisterous motion
Lest he should fall in rumples.
CUNY. Sir, you may speak like a cannon! but you
Shall either go, or——
GRIM. Or what, sir?
CUNY. Or stay, sir.
CONR. By heaven! he shall do one, sir——
FROLL. Nay, captain, do not look as if y' had drunk
Vinegar. You must, or go, or—— stay, sir——
[*Loud knocking.*
CUNY. Hey! we are tumbling in a drum.*
WITHIN. Fellows o' the guard, make way there! Officers
Open the door——.
CUNY. Bear back there! Gentlemen! what d'ye mean?
Pray bear back—— [*Loud music.*

Enter ALBOVINE, RHODOLINDA, PARADINE, VALDAURA, HERMEGILD, THESINA, &c.

HERM. Phœbus will be thought more rash than Phaëton,
If now he hasten to the west. Sir, this
Glorious day merits well a longer age,
Than what is limited to all within
Our kalendar.
ALB. Hermegild, thy free heart adds to our triumph!

* This phrase, like that known at the time as "Jack Drum's Entertainment," meant "ill treatment, or turning an unwelcome guest out of doors."—*Halliwell's Prov. Dictionary.*

GRIM. Sir, I've some few words I needs must utter:
Since my last services in Hungary,
You remain on my tally six thousand
Ducats: I'm loth to score up still, and pay
Myself with my own chalk.
ALB. Wouldst have thy soul dismiss'd a natural way?
GRIM. I would not starve; look like a parch'd anotomy
Sewed in a kid-skin. Pay your debts, sir!
ALB. I never met with boldness until now!
My courage is quite puzzl'd!
GRIM. Do your ears blister to hear this? My breath is
Wholesome. I cannot tipple like a duck
In a green pool, nor feed on berries in
A hedge, like some lost remnant o' my fathers'
Scattered lust. Sir, pay your debts!
ALB. Sure thou art some spirit! I cannot kill thee!
GRIM. In this division of the lands I help'd
To conquer; I am not furnish'd with
A mole-hill for a pillow.
ALB. Hermegild sat chief in the committee
For division of those lands: bid him reward
Your service: besides, I mistake the custom,
Or 'tis my treasurer's office to pay
My debts, not mine.
GRIM. No, sir (thanks to your royal thrift), it is
Your office to pay all; your treasurer's
Custom to pay nothing.
ALB. Do not interrupt my marriage rites!
[*Thrusts him away.*
GRIM. I cannot take your reference for payment.
ALB. Would thou wert dead!
GRIM. Sir, I'll make my ghost my executor,
And walk after death ere I'll lose my money.

ALB. Sit, my Rhodolinda; this is thy sphere!
In th' absence of the sun we must receive
Our light from thee. Paradine, thy bride expects
Thy service.

PARAD. Sh'as an ill bargain on't, to rule one night,
And ever after to obey.

HERM. Captain, though the king be prompt in mercy,
Yet hath he so much anger in him,
As will express him mortal. 'Tis for your
Safety to avoid the presence.

GRIM. I'll bribe your lordship with a Ginny toothpick!*

HERM. You must repent this language.

PARAD. He must not, Hermegild!

HERM. How, my lord!

PARAD. These whom you number in your faction
Enjoy, by your assistance, proud structures
And fertile granges, to maintain their gaudy
Riot. Sir, you had a frail memory,
Or a degenerate heart, when you forgot
His merit; might you incorporate those in one,
The sordid bulk could ne'er make up his shadow.

HERM. I am prescrib'd my discipline in court!

PARAD. Grimold, away! 'tis my desire you leave
The presence.

GRIM. I am obedient, sir, to your desire.

* "Ginny" is a provincial term, signifying a strong serviceable article, but, it is surmised, is of more modern date than that of the play. As Shakespeare has said, "I will fetch you a toothpicker from the farthest inch of Asia," it may be that D'avenant proposed to import his from Africa, Guinea just shortly before having begun to shew its wealthy resources, and to trade with England and other countries. Toothpicks came into use as the necessary concomitants of forks, which were imported from Italy about 1600, and were popularly regarded as a superfluous article of luxury. In how much more derision were toothpicks held, and those who affected them were characterized as conceited coxcombs. The subject formed a butt for the shafts of satire, and was consequently seized upon by Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other wits of the day.

GOND. 'Slight, thou hast made a brave retreat.
VOLLT. I look'd when both of us should taste
Of immortality. [*Exeunt Grimold, Gond. Vollt.*
HERM. He that inflam'd this fire will scorch his busy
Fingers. My lord, it was unkindly done
T' affront my anger thus: but I have hope
It is your last fault.
PARAD. I cannot reckon it among my faults.
Sir, you involve your meaning in your speech.
The world shall find me honest.
HERM. You are a bridegroom now.
ALB. Hermegild, make your anger known,
For else your frowns will cause your loyalty
To be suspected. This night should be as smooth
And pleasant, as that to which we owe our bless'd
Nativity.
HERM. Sir, you are great on earth! I am merely
Your creation. My passions do afford
Your high delight all sympathy.
Old Time hath thrown his feathers from his heels,
And slowly limps in's motion to prolong
This triumph: but if Paradine affront
Hymen, and me with sullen rage, it shall
Be call'd my piety to suffer.
[*Rhod. stands up.*
RHOD. Hold! Your Excellence ought t' excuse my speech!
When your victorious sword depriv'd me of
My father, I enter'd to captivity,
As to th' oblique shade, where death inhabits.
Till you allow'd me Hermegild, who with
His high philosophy did make
My bondage sweet. My father lov'd him well:
He was his noblest servant, and must not
For his virtues suffer, until your sacred tongue
Forbid me share with you in sovereignty.

ALB. Boy, this was a bold crime. You must not give
Me cause to chide my fond heart. Valdaura,
Urge him to proffer friendship unto
Hermegild; you are powerful o'er his nature.
I have deserv'd to lose my chief prerogative——
VALD. I am too timorous to deal with anger:
If he prove stern of nature, my marriage
Is my funeral. My lord!
HERM. Paradine, I've an humble love. I will
Present it first to your refusal——
PARAD. I want your phrase to make my manners seem
Less rugged. All that is love I cherish
With such religious heat, as my Valdaura
Claims, since our young nuptial——
ALB. This embracement is a sacrifice
To thee my queen; whose deity
Consists of love. Sit, and with your
Persons straight intrench the table. Some wine!
Fill in my German plate; I'll drink as when
I'm hot with victory. This to my bride——
CUNY. Sound high!
ALB. More wine and noise! Now, boy, I celebrate
Valdaura's health——
CUNY. Bid their instruments speak louder.
They're afraid to wake the neighbours.
ALB. This is legitimate blood of the rich
Corsick grape: precious as thy tears,
My royal girl, when thou art penitent
To heaven. [*Whilst the king talks, they drink.*
HERM. Spare me in the next, and I'll esteem you.
Courteous; so much wine will put me to the charge
Of physic.
CUNY. Your lordship owns it as a prime virtue——

ALB. Shall the world bleed, but frown, and thou renew'st
A chaos. Malign the pride of some far
Eastern queen, whom travellers belie,
And I will forage there like loud thunder;
Or like the northern wind upon the main,
Where lazy hulks are toss'd like chips.
RHOD. I merit no such compliment.
ALB. I'll do't. 'Tis thought I am immortal.
The chief of my great ancestors, that made
A wild incursion o'er this fertile soil,
Was but a type of me. More wine!—Thy breath
Is as the smoke of spices. I taste thy
Melting lips, and straight ingender kisses.
Heart! boy, you are too ravenous.
PARAD. I ever held your Majesty my best
Example. Kisses nimbly gather'd
The faster grow.
HERM. The Lombards use to share this sport!
[*He kisses Thesina.*
ALB. Is not your name Pigwiggin?
CUNY. Pigwiggin! your Grace was wont to call me
Cunymond: I am no fairy.
ALB. Nor I the king of fairies. 'Slight, sir, d'ye
Present me with a cup made o' th' bottom
Of an acorn, or Queen Mab's thimble?
Fill me a bowl, where I may swim
And bathe my head, then rise like Phœbus from
The ocean, shaking my dewy locks.
A health to Cæsar's memory. Boy, do me
Justice, or thou afront'st my triumph!
PARAD. Conrade, the king will drown us all!
CONR. Y'have now, sir, but the moiety of his draught.
RHOD. Though fame lends you her trumpet, gives you leave

To speak your own praise, you cannot utter more
Than my belief shall warrant.
ALB. Now thou whisper'st like the amorous lute!
I am the broom of heaven; when th' world grows foul,
I'll sweep the nations into th' sea, like dust.
Thy father was magnanimous, and great
King of the Girpides.* Yet his title
Sat not so nobly on him as my conquest.
Know, his unkind fate was his chief glory:
For it was I that slew him; and thou his
Captiv'd daughter art my queen.
RHOD. Sir, if you continue this narration,
I shall weep.
ALB. Do, weep! then on my heart-strings I will thread
Thy tears instead of pearl: such a wealthy
Bracelet Jove would present unto his queen;
And she tuck up her sleeves to shew her gaudy wrists.
More wine! bring us the bowl of victory.
[*Exit Cunymond; Paradine kneels.*
PARAD. Sir, you engag'd your royal word, never
To present that fatal object.
ALB. Paradine, do not resist my pleasure.
I'll crush thee into air.
PARAD. I am in my ambition virtuous,
If I desire t' expire a sacrifice
To loyalty. Sir, ruin what you made,
But do not violate your vow.
ALB. Hence! I shall delight in fury!

Enter CUNYMOND, *with a skull made into a drinking bowl.*

Welcome, the horrid trophy of my chief war!
Rhodolinda, I'll try thy fortitude.

* Gepidæ.

This was thy father's skull: thou shalt pledge a health
Unto his ghost. [*He drinks: all rise up.*
RHOD. O fatal! my eyes shrink within my brow!
I gather agues like the spring, and tremble
Like the unlick'd lamb, newly yeaned upon
A sheet of snow.
VALD. Hide me, Paradine! the object doth so
Penetrate, that when I wink I spy it
Through my lids.
ALB. Tame, feeble soul! will she not pledge
What we do celebrate? Return her person——
CUNY. Madam, the king——
RHOD. The king's a tyrant; and thou his slave.
[*Strikes him, and Exit.*
FROLL. That's a favour, signior.
CUNY. I wear it as a jewel in my ear.
PARAD. Fly, dear Valdaura; sweeten her censure
Of this act, and mediate for the king.
VALD. Thesina, pr'thee help me in discourse;
My wonder, wench, doth so disturb my speech,
I fear I shall grow dumb.
THES. The work is pious we attempt.
[*Exeunt Vald. Thes.*
HER. The harmony of your sweet tongue is his
Best physic: divorce him from those black thoughts,
Whilst I employ my utmost skill to win
The queen to his embraces. She's great of soul,
And may determine what my fond heart laments
To prophesy.
PARAD. Y'are my best countryman, kind and loyal. [*Exit Herm.*
ALB. So pale and timorous! I'll sooner couple
With a mandrake, and beget groans.*

* The mandrake grows like lettuce, but its leaves are of a darker green. The flowers are purple, and the root for the most part forked. The groans or shrieks mandrakes are supposed to

PARAD. My royal lord,—
ALB. Hah! am I alone? have they all left me?
Where is my empire? Do I govern in
The vacant air?
PARAD. Sir, am I lost unto your memory?
You were wont to trust my service: the way
Unto your couch lies here——
ALB. None shall be proud but I. My smiles revive
The dead: but when I frown, the living straight
Melt into Ghosts.
CUNY. Lights for the king there!
PARAD. Cunymond, you are too officious. The king's
Departure must be private. [*Exeunt Alb. Parad.*
FROLL. The king is light enough himself.
He needs no torches.
CUNY. And heavy enough; for he seems to reel
With his own weight.
CON. No masks! no epithalamion now!
Call for a bone-setter, for time hath sprain'd
His feet, and goes awry. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter RHODOLINDA, HERMEGILD.

RHOD. O Hermegild! a general eclipse
In nature would not seem so horrid!
To cut those cordial strings which Hymen had but newly tied.
HERM. Ay, there's the horror! whilst his vows sat warm
Upon his lips; his breath not mingled yet
With cooler air; thus to perturb by stern
Practice your sweet rest, was worse than perjury.

emit when pulled, are probably similar to the sound made by parsnips, liquorice, eryngium, and other plants, when subjected in a like process. Albertus Magnus affirms that mandrakes represent mankind, with the distinction of either sex.

RHOD. To present my royal father's skull,
In drunken triumph.
HERM. Take heed! you will distract your memory.
There's a record time strives to lose; and fame
To hide beneath some oblique fold in her
Thick volume, as loth to discredit all
Mankind. Your father valued you next to
His interest in heaven. I've seen the good
Old king search for his picture in your eyes;
Then——
RHOD. No more; patience is sinful now. Thou art
Deeply read and wise: instruct me to be bold,
For Albovine hath taught me to be cruel.
HERM. Y'are now by holy church incorporate;
Therefore divinity forbids me use
My natural motions. Howe'er I think
It fit, you give him direful cause soon to
Repent: repentance sure is physic for his soul.

Enter PARADINE, VALDAURA.

Paradine and's young bride! your Excellence
Shall please that we retire: whil'st I disguise
My kind gesture, and seem to flatter in
The king's behalf——
PARAD. To bed, soft modesty! I will myself
Deliver to the queen the king's intent.
VALD. Sir, the king is cruel. Should you prove so
To me, I'd soon distill my soul to tears,
And weep an ocean deep enough to drown
My sorrows and myself.
PARAD. 'Twere stern guilt to doubt my nature. Fair saint,
To bed. I long to lose my youth in warm
Embraces; and ere the pearly morn appear

Make thee a teeming mother. To bed! With winged haste
Expect my presence. [*Exit Valdaura.*
HERM. How smooth appears the brow of youth!
PARAD. Hail, Rhodolinda! the royal mistress
Of this night. Thus Albovine, our great king, bade
Me say, Y'are dearer to his eyes than light.
Though every bride may claim from Hymen
Privilege to rule her lord, till Hesperus
Appear and cancel her brief charter.
Yet he doth humbly beg you'll not infringe
The Lombards' custom, whose virgins never vow
A continence the nuptial night.
RHOD. I yet want your meaning.
PARAD. 'Tis his chief hope that you will straight expect
His person in your bed.
RHOD. How! lye with him? I'll sooner choose a mansion
In a sepulchre: there commit incest
With the raw remnant of my father's bones.
Sooner embrace an airy incubus;
Mingle limbs with some ulcerous cripple,
Able to infect an hospital.
PARAD. O take heed! take heed, fair majesty! let not
His rash sin provoke you to intend so dire
An abstinence, ere yet the wine hath lost
Th' unruly operation. The king disclaims
His wanton pride, and mortifies himself
With sullen grief.
RHOD. Canst thou suspect I will prove inconstant
To what in cold temperance I determine?
PARAD. Heaven avert you should approve your error.
RHOD. I'll kneel, and vow with all solemnity——

HERM. O hold! 'twere black impiety in us
To suffer such a horrid crime. You may
Inform the king of my religious loyalty.
Already I have us'd persuasive speech
To reconcile this odds: but she grows wild,—
Repugnant to all mercy.

PARAD. As you esteem your royal self, or us
Who, when kinder planets rul'd, were servants
To th' unhappy king your father; cherish
No more this anger in your breast, lest time
Afford it growth and violence, till it
Disturb the world.

HERM. He counsels like a sacred oracle.

PARAD. I will inform the king, your continence
You only celebrate to this black night,
And give him hope that you'll hereafter smile;
His kind enticements meet with equal heat
And fertile love. Though I'm unhewn and shap'd
In war, this softens all my faculties——

RHOD. Stay, Paradine; didst thou not name my father?

PARAD. I did with a devout remembrance!

RHOD. And thou know'st how thy good country suffers?

PARAD. I think on it, and my heart hangs heavy
On its strings; galls them with its sullen weight.

RHOD. Hermegild oft receives certificate
From some in bondage there, which writ in prose, do,
I' th' reading, into verse dissolve: so sad
The business is, so fit for elegy.

HERM. So sad a requiem yet was never sung,
Though the hoarse raven, and the whistler * shrill,
The howlet and the evening dorr, made up

* The whistler is the curlew or whaup, and the howlet the owl. The dorr, like the beetle, being sheath-winged, makes a noise as it flies.

The fatal choir. The young men there are yok'd
In pairs, and stretch their sinews in a team,
To draw the wealthy harvest to the Grange,
Where th' insulting foe resides. The aged,
Heretofore in purple cloth'd,—that dispos'd
Of law and justice, are now sewed up
In dunghill clouts; and dwell on parched hills,
To tend the flocks, whose fleece the victor wears
In gaudy triumph.

PARAD. O harsh captivity! Our country groans!
Till now I thought the conqueror 'gan to ease
Their bondage, not add to the weight of their
Compell'd burdens.

RHOD. The king's a stern tyrant.

PARAD. Yet he hath us'd me still with gentle power,
Ta'en me from the cold earth, and warm'd me in
His bosom; and Hermegild has full cause
To bless his bounty. But you, now our queen,—
He values next to heaven; howe'er this rash
Error strives to disgrace his love. We are
His captives too; heretofore not heeded
By our stars; though we now grow tall with titles
And his favour.

HERM. My lord, the king is kind! Our memories
Were frail should we forget what hath so much
Pertain'd unto our knowledge. I'm so fond
O'er my religion, I dare not taste
Ingratitude: yet give me leave to say
You may mistake his love unto the queen.
The dry Tartar, who yokes his female's neck
With rusty iron, not with carcanets
Of threaded pearl; whom he preserves for physic
More than increase, will, the first night of their
Conjunction, feast her in's embroader'd tent;
Call her sovereign, and, like some amorous wind,
Sport with her hair.

RHOD. But my nuptial the king did celebrate
In Golgotha, where skulls and dusty bones
Inhabit.
HERM. Y'are skilful in the deeds that appertain
To strength and fury; but they that aim
At victory in Court must practise smooth
And subtle arts. Wise favourites do walk
I' th' dark, and use false lights. Nay, oft disguise
Their breadth and stature; seem lesser than they are:
For know, the slender worm or nimble grig
May wriggle down into th' oblique and low
Descent o' th' narrow hole, whilst th' o'ergrown snake
Peeps at the brim, but ne'er can view the bottom.
RHOD. Think on thy country, Paradine! Is there
In story no mention of some great soul
That did his country prize above his own
Mortality, and died to gain his nation freedom?
HERM. The noble Brutus, for his country's health,
Made Cæsar bleed; Cassius was heroic too,
And had in war loud fame, which he increas'd
By mingling in this act. 'Tis wrought with skill
And apt leisure. His thoughts grow numerous,
And engender horrid shapes, such as fright
His fancy.
RHOD. Paradine, good night!
HERM. Hymen and your bride will blame your tardy
Service. Sweet lord, a thousand times good night.
[*Exeunt Herm. and Rhodolinda.*
PARAD. False unto me! when thunder wakes the dead.
When the sky looks swarthy; the clouds like ink
In water poured; when the earth seems to stand
As in a gloomy shade. When the wind blows
Till it grows hoarse; till it convert
And sprinkle seas even to a dew, then I
Shall try the king, and fathom his wide soul.

If he start, complain of his mortality,
Kneel oft, and pray aloud, as heaven
Were deaf: if thus, I will conclude him false.
For horrid storms that tyrants waking keep,
Do rock the noble conscience safe asleep. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.—SCENE FIRST.

Enter RHODOLINDA, VALDAURA, THESINA.

VALD. I knew your Excellence did visit me
For mirth and laughter.
RHOD. So early up? your lord is temperate.
THES. I should like their tempers better, if she
Were down, and her lord up.
VALD. Fye, Thesina, your tongue's unruly.
RHOD. The morning might have shewn me too for mirth,
Had not the false king made the night so sad.
Black fancy fly!
THES. She moves as she were sick, this skirmish has
Much weakened her.
RHOD. Dost thou call't a skirmish?
THES. Ay, madam, a French skirmish; where th' onset
Is hot and fiery, but the retreat cold and tame.

Enter HERMEGILD.

HERM. Madam, the king!—
RHOD. Hah!
HERM. He greets your Excellence in a smooth phrase,
And begs you will permit his early visit.
RHOD. I'ld rather lose my eyes than see him.
VALD. (*kneeling*) When you did triumph in your father's Court,

My entreaty then had power to alter
Your commands; reward my young service
With kindness to yourself. When the tall
Cedar falls, with burly weight it strikes
The neighbouring shrubs low into the ground;
So we, that spring like rushes near your root,
Must in your death receive a funeral.

RHOD. What's this? D'ye moralise?

VALD. The king may have his anger warranted.
For heaven forbids such wild division
'Tween those whom holy church unites.

RHOD. Hark ye, Thesina! She has been gossiping
With the holy sisters: she preaches to me
Of matrimonial zeal. Troth, Valdaura,
If thy husband do infuse such schism,
I'll practise a divorce.

THES. We court ladies grow so squeamish after
We have tasted man. Your majesty may
Much profit her behaviour, if you
Awhile divide her from her lord.

HERM. So soon? Ere time permits them second
Their embraces?

RHOD. Ay, Hermegild. If those embraces do
Include such high delight, such rhapsody;
She makes me envious then, since all my hopes
Are widowed by the king. To night, Valdaura,
You are to sleep beneath my roof. This I
Impose as a command. [*Exeunt Rhod., Thesina.*

HERM. Is not this a harsh compulsion?

VALD. Sir, I willingly obey it. But as
Y'are noble, use your ablest skill t' instruct
The queen how of her anger to dispose
A safer way than 'gainst the king.

HERM. Alas! I'd rather cut my eyelids off
To prevent sleep, than lose one minute that
Could advantage a design so pious.

And be it part of your kind charity
T' endear me to your lord. 'Tis all the pride
In my ambition to do him service.
VALD. Sir, he already knows your worth, and thinks
Your friendship precious. [*Exit.*
HERM. I kiss your fair hands. The king already come?
I must seem pensive as the night.

Enter ALBOVINE, PARADINE, CUNYMOND, FROLLO, CONRADE.

ALB. She's lost, my boy; blown from my fist; her wings
Have gather'd wind, they fly (like those of Time)
Swiftly forward, but never back return.
PARAD. Sir, I have hope she will repent this breach
Of duty, and court your royal smiles again.
ALB. Is it a sin to drink? Nature has given
To fishes a prerogative, greater
Than we enjoy. They can ever tipple
And not be drunk.
CUNY. Fishes are dumb. They never fox themselves with talk.
ALB. Slave! thy mirth is treacherous! Paradine,
Thou hast consum'd to-night the wealth of love;
Wasted thy lips in moist kisses, embraced
A warmth that would give life to marble.
Whilst I (like the solitary Phœnix)
Expect no heat but in my funeral flame,
And strive t' engender of myself.* Yet, boy,

* "Phenix is a bird, and there is but one of that kind in all the wide worlde, therefore ignorant men wonder thereof. . . . She is without make, and liveth iii hundred or v hundred yeares; when the which yeares be passed she feeleth hir owne defaulte and feeblenesse, and maketh a nest of sweet smelling sticks," into which, after the summer sun has set it on fire, "she

Thou canst not make me envious; thou art more
Delightful than my Rhodolinda's smiles.
Let me survey those blue circles: his lids
Fall down as if weighty plummets hung on
Their fins. Thou art not temperate. Preserve
Thy dear eyes. Love was pictured blind, because
It makes men blind. I hug thee as my health——
PARAD. [*aside*] He bruis'd me in his arms. Can love express
Such violence and yet be false? Hermegild
Still whispers in my ear, the king doth hate
Thee, Paradine. But Hermegild is read in all
The arts of court, and strives perhaps
My sense to poison with lean jealousy.
HERM. Sweet lord! y' appear blushing like the morn!
Something your bride and you have done t' increase
The number of the worthies.
PARAD. He courts me too! I want a perspective
To draw these distant figures near my sight.
I ne'er shall sleep again.
ALB. Hermegild, thy aspect shews ominous!
How thrives our embassy?
HERM. I have consum'd my breath till I grew faint,
And wept to invite her mercy; but tears
Were spilt like water in the forge, only
T' inrage the fire. She doth abjure your visit.
ALB. Harsh, iron, nature!
HERM. [*aside*] The king seems fettered in his limbs; he wreaths
His arms as if he meant to bruise his heart.

commeth wilfully, and is there burned to ashes, and within three dais a little worme is gendered in the ashes, and waxeth little and little, and taketh feathers, and is shapen and turned to a bird."—*Bateman upon Bartholome.* 1582, *Folio.*

And Paradine doth find my charms predominant.
ALB. He that drinks forfeits his mortality!

Enter GRIMOLD.

GRIM. How, sir, must we not drink?
ALB. Soldier, to keep thy bladder moist, I will
Permit thee gape i' the morning's face, and catch
Her mizzling tears.
GRIM. If you'll extirpate this vice of drinking,
Give order for a privy search i' th' ocean;
There dwell the greatest drinkers. The whale, sir,
Drinks deep; let's hale * her on shore, and impound her
In a cistern.
ALB. Good! we will embark for sea.
I press thee up for this employment.
GRIM. Stay, sir, ere I engage myself in new
Services, pay me for my old. You rest
Upon my ticket six thousand ducats;
And I have not seen your Majesty's face
In any other metal, but your own
Flesh and blood these three months.
ALB. Thou grumblest like a grey wolf.
GRIM. 'Tis then for hunger, sir.
HERM. Captain, you mistake the king: He's royal
As his blood, and liberal as the sun
That shines on all. This unruly breath, where
The city meet in council, might perhaps
Blow their purse-strings loose, so fill the Exchequer,
And then you shall number your pay with your own
Fingers.
GRIM. I will outroar thunder, or the cannon!
Must they still walk in wealthy furs, whilst men

* To drag violently.
"The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down."—*Shakespeare.*

Of merit here are cloth'd in cabbage leaves?
PARAD. Grimold, you endanger your friends.
GRIM. My lord, give losers leave to speak. I've lost
My youth and blood i' th' wars, and I want food.
A reverend ass bears my wife and her young eggs
In paniers up and down the streets. I travel
Like a Tartar, with all my family
About me. Nay, nay, nay! you would be gone?
ALB. Art thou not yet dead?
GRIM. You must not move till y'have paid me. I know
You may be angry with more safety than I.
Bid some colossus of your guard cleave me
With his falchion; yet I shall steal a passage
O'er the black river when Charon slumbers,
And fright your grace.
ALB. I dare not strike thee, old man, lest thou
Shouldst fall to dust, and choke me.
GRIM. Good king, pay me. I love thy grace:
And will fight for thee whilst I've motion left
To stir a feather. My want constrains me to't.
By this hand, I'm fain to eat bran and parsley
Like a tame rabbit.
HERM. Lend me your ear, captain!
GRIM. You'll entice me now to enter into bond?
HERM. You look indeed like a young heir. Well, sir,
Value me according to my true rate.
I am your friend. You make ill choice of hours
For help of your design. The king hath now
Sad and tumultuous thoughts about his heart.
GRIM. Great men are always sad, when they
Should pay their debts.
HERM. Sir, you interpret ill. Grow more sober,
Then challenge all my power in your behalf.

GRIM. He that receives a kindness from the devil,
Shall be sure to lose by his gains.
CUNY. Captain, you should choose a luckier minute:
The king is now in love.
GRIM. With whom?
FROLL. With the queen.
GRIM. In love with his own wife! that's held incest
In Court: variety is more luscious.
ALB. Be powerful in thy speech, my Paradine,
Yet gentle too. She is the star that rules
My faculties.
PARAD. The queen will bless your temperance, and repent.
Hermegild is too busy; he must be more
At leisure, and I more active. [*Exit Parad.*
ALB. Hermegild, wear thy senses near us——
GRIM. Your majesty has a frail memory
To forget me so soon——
HERM. You'll forfeit me, and the king's mercy! away! [*Exeunt Alb. and Herm.*
GRIM. 'Tis no piece of unkindness to wish thee
In hell, for all thy friends dwell there. Th'ast none
Upon the earth. Gentlemen, will you be open to me?
CUNY. In all parts, sir, but our purses.
GRIM. Draw near! let us communicate our hearts!
Does not that wealth, which you disburse for powders,
Perfumes, clothes, and physick for the face,
Return with gain?
FROLL. Expound your riddle, sir.
GRIM. Have you not each a mistress that maintains

You in expense and riot? Hah! fame gives
It out, you smooth gallants are much obliged
Unto the sins of ladies.
CUNY. Conrade can prattle somewhat, sir, to that
Purpose.
CONR. Good faith, you do me wrong. I've worn, sir,
A lady's slipper in my hat, or so.
Frollo is the man that gets their pendants,
Armlets, rings, and all the toys of value.
FROLL. Excuse me, sir; not I. Signor Cuny-mond
Has all the voice at Court. We know, sir, when
And where a certain duchess, sir;—
You copulate with titles, you.
The heralds are your bawds.
CUNY. Hold! grow particular in such a theme as this!
GRIM. Well, gentlemen, I must be furnish'd too.
CUNY. With a mistress?
GRIM. Yes, enquire me out some old land-carack.
I am content to stretch my loins for a
Pension.
CUNY. At what rate do you value yourself?
GRIM. I was never pawn'd, sir.
CUNY. How, captain!
GRIM. In this lean age we value all things
According to the rate they pawn for.
FROLL. But we must know how much you would receive
In price of your activity?
CONR. You must never stray after fresh pasture.
GRIM. Some eight; ay, ay, eight hundred crowns a-year will do't.
I am desirous of no more, than will

spoke of his [illegible]
Op p 51

Maintain my genet and my dwarf. *
CUNY. Your excuse procur'd, 'tis fit you now tell,
How far in your defence I may engage
My honour: is not your flesh a little tainted!
Are you not unwholesome?
GRIM. O death, no; no, no, no! Do not think I have
A conscience so ill-bred to put myself
Upon a lady, when unfit for the affair.
CUNY. Well, captain, now with your own eyes survey
Your limbs; what use can a lady have
Of you? to propagate the cough o' th' lungs?
FROLL. Or beget cripples to people an hospital?
CONR. Or produce another nation that may
Wage fierce battle 'gainst the cranes?
GRIM. Yet I can follow your bodies with rough
Motion, and not shed my limbs by the way——
CUNY. I told ye he'ld make a jest on't.
GRIM. But I will kick ye in earnest,—— kick ye
For my exercise and warmth, till my toes
Grow crooked—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter VALDAURA, *reading to herself, then* ALBOVINE, HERMEGILD.

HERM. Pursue Valdaura, sir.
ALB. I hate these jiggeries.
HERM. You know I am material in my speech,
Full of duty; you want the silken garb
That must endear you to the ladies' eyes.
ALB. Yet I am loving in my drink.
HERM. Greet her kindly, sir: 'tis Paradine's bride.
You have not seen her since she endeavour'd

* The king and the nobles of the time generally numbered a fool and a dwarf among their retinue.

To increase the number of your subjects,
With loss of her virginity.
ALB. Rhodolinda doth so ingross my love,
That on other ladies I've but little
To bestow.
HERM. Sir, practise but your courtship here: in troth
You must affect the amorous cringe, gestures
Smooth and pliant; it will never do else.
I've heard the queen complain you are too rough:
And what these ladies do observe will take
A sudden flight unto her ear. Strike but
Their senses gently with your tongue. Often
Flatter 'em, and with a vigorous breath;
They'll then implore the queen in your behalf;
And, sir, th' endeavour of their praise will soon
Procure your peace.
ALB. If they would soften Rhodolinda's heart,
And reconcile me to her smiles, I would
Grow fond, and dally then with all the sex.
HERM. Begin your trial. If you salute this,
And other ladies too, with some impression on
Their lips; with managing their fingers thus,—
With seizure on her wrist, as if you had
Some business with her pulse, then you enchant.
Be flexive in your smiles, and, wanton-like,
Seek pictures in their eyes; and when they move,
Then, with personal conduct, guide their feet.
'Mongst them you cannot seem too cheap. They will
Admire you for't, and sing your praises to
The queen.
ALB. I shall be taught to spin and starch.
HERM. The engine's now compact; each wheel doth move
With silent screws. The mole's the subtle pioneer:
For, when she undermines the earth, her slow
Motion makes no noise. [*Exit.*

ALB. Y'are devout, Valdaura. Teach me to pray:
We have no leisure for't in war, and 't has
Been long time out of fashion here in Court.
VALD. I fear I make some breach of duty with
Your Excellence, to hinder thus
The passage of your royal thoughts.
ALB. You teach me now t' excuse my own abrupt
Demeanour; but I can do't. My harsh queen
(Whom the perspicuous eye of heaven forgive)
Doth much mistake the posture of my limbs,
And gesture of my tongue among your sex.
I never use, like rugged Polypheme,
To dandle cubs: Thus, I gently touch
A lady's lips—— yet make no battery on
Her teeth. [*Kisses her*] Was it not an airy pressure!
Tell my proud queen I've lost my iron garb,
And now am grown thus fond and smooth.
VALD. O royal sir, her cruelty hath put
My eyes unto th' expense of many tears.
ALB. Ay, but in vain! those clouds must weep apace,
That mean to penetrate the marble or
The flint. I wear no gauntlet on my hand,
Why should you think that I would bruise
Your fingers with my touch?——

[*Sports with her hand.*

Enter HERMEGILD, RHODOLINDA.

RHOD. Is this Paradine's garden?
HERM. Ay, Madam, and your excellence may find
A sudden growth in all that shadows us.
RHOD. Hah! ay, look there!
HERM. What is't your eyes so eagerly discern?
RHOD. The King! how sportful he is grown: how full

Of amorous game and dalliance ?
HERM. I spy Valdaura there : but is that the King ?
RHOD. Thou dost enquire t'affront my sight.
ALB. You must inform the Queen of this : Say, I
Am smooth, and musical, and trim, and that
I talk no more of war ; nor drink.
VALD. 'Tis my duty to urge all circumstance
That may credit you in her esteem.
ALB. It is a piece of courtship to salute
At parting—— [*Kisses her. Exit Valdaura.*
RHOD. Is that a safe conjunction in so hot a climate ?
ALB. Hell and death ! what raw discipline is this ?
I should conduct her in her way—— [*Exit.*
RHOD. So violent in pursuit of your game ?
Let's follow, Hermegild.
HERM. Not for all the sun beholds in 's journey
Through the world——
RHOD. Why ? Be nimble in thy speech.
HERM. It shews but silly art in industry,
To seek what you would not find.
RHOD. I prithee grow particular ! Dost think
They purpose aught i'th'dark ? or, was this same
But ceremonious form ! such a greeting
As courtship will admit in public interview !
HERM. The king was never given to compliment,
You know. As for Valdaura.
RHOD. What of her ?
HERM. I think that she is chaste, but—
RHOD. Do not involve thy language thus
In periods of suspense.
HERM. I wish the king had not deserv'd to be
Depriv'd of your soft embraces, then
He might have kept this constitution tame.

RHOD. O, is it so?
HERM. It ill becomes the garb of Majesty,
To run thus neighing, like a riotous horse,
After each female that he spies.
RHOD. Why, does he use it?
HERM. Madam, you question me, as if what I
Declare, were to your knowledge new and strange.
RHOD. By heaven! and so it is.
HERM. O my officious soul! must it be my crime
To give the information up? Would I
Had known the King was here, you should have made
Another path your walk.
RHOD. Hermegild, you did mis-spend that breath.
HERM. Alas, you had enough of grief before.
This addition will but shew a tyranny
In fate and me. It works with hight,* like new
Mighty wine! as if 'twould split the cask.
RHOD. O perjur'd, black, adulterous King! affront
My father's ghost? disturb his ashes in
His tomb? When drunk with pride, he mocked me with
The gaudy title of a queen, and now
I am become a stale for all his lust. †
Valdaura too! so pure of heart, forsooth,
That she would blush to see her own hand, if nak'd:
They are proscribed. Know, Hermegild,
Our country shall be free.
HERM. This is a noble rage! Heaven knows how I
Have griev'd at your decay of soul. 'Twas my
Sad fear, that all the angry sparks, which were

* A brisk movement.
† "I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale."—*Shakespeare.*

By justice kindled in your breast, had been
Extinguished quite, now they grow up in flames.
You now like Phœbus shew, when he hath wash'd
His face with dew. Your influence doth infuse
A noble heat, such as would motion give
Unto aged statues; make them pluck up
Their mossy feet, and walk.

RHOD. Thou giv'st my senses pride. What, in this great
Business wilt thou do t'encourage hope?

HERM. I will mingle poison in my ink, write
With a raven's quill! 'twill be a fatal
Scripture; and shall charm like those wise jigs
The syrens sing. Some must direction bear
T' our pensioners, that in our country rule
The stern edicts of law: some to martial
Spirits, who with their able skill do lead
Those regiments, the king hath garrison'd
I' the bordering towns. They shall revolt, my queen,
And seat thee in thy father's chair: they must
Be drunk with the elixir of my gold.

RHOD. When first I chose thee out for this great work,
I saw thee through a perspective reversed;
For thou didst seem much lesser than thou art.
Kneel, and be happy!—— Before
The genius of this place, and what is here
Immortal, I vow to assist with my
Most active skill, all thy designments 'gainst
The king; and when my just hopes are finish'd
To be thy wife. Such as do perjur'd prove,
Lightning will surely clothe with subtle flames,
And they shall burn like dark tapers
In dark hell: pale and sickly as that fire
The ghost of Nero makes.

HERM. This new ambition hath so exalted

All my faculties, that I seem taller
Kneeling, than when I stood. But here with strict
Solemnity I vow to teach my soul
New ways of merit: to revenge with stern
And horrid wrath, the King's proud tyranny.
To make your greatness absolute and high,
Or sink myself lower than a plummet
In the Baltic sea. Should I not this perform,
The stars would fall like cinders on my head;
And winds, imprison'd in the earth, break forth
In a wild ruin, and shake me into sand:
Then blow me in your eyes; where if in tears
You drown me, I am entomb'd in pearl: and then
My obsequies requite my death.

RHOD. Enough. I proffer to thy lip, the first
Taste of my affection—— [*They kiss, then rise.*

HERM. 'Twas moist and luscious! and I will cherish this
Endearment. Trees that tallest grow, do take
The deepest root; so I must first sink low
I'th' earth; and, after, climb to fathom clouds.
First, praise her mimic laughter: when she weeps,
Then gather up with covetous regard
Her tears for scatter'd pearl. Lick her spittle
From the ground. This disguis'd humility
Is both the swift, and safest way to pride—

RHOD. Sure, Hermegild, I have amaz'd thy sense,
Thou look'st like some o'er grown fiend, chain'd up
Within a silent cave. Let us retire, and I'll
Discover how I've practis'd my revenge.

HERM. I project to make you mighty! You shall
Ascend, my beauteous sovereign, till you
Can reach the moon, and pick those seeds of light,
The lesser stars, from forth their wand'ring spheres;

To wear as new embroidery on your sleeve.
I long to hear your fatal arts. Let's mix
Our senses, and contrive. A woman's will
Is not so strong in anger, as her skill. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PARADINE, *a Gentleman, and Page.*

PARAD. You bring no letters from Cracovia, Sir?
GENT. None, my lord.
PARAD. Nor from Sienna?
GENT. Your lordship in those few, receives th' entire
Purpose of my journey.
PARAD. Alas, my countrymen! captivity
Is hoarse,—they have more griefs than tongue: they speak
Not loud enough to wake the ear of heaven.
Henceforth to Hermegild bid them direct
Their sighs; for I'm so dull, so weary, and
Neglectful of ambitious ends, that I
Shall lose my strength, and favour with the King.
GENT. My noble lord, our prayers will over-rule that prophecy.
PARAD. You may expect, whilst I am able to
Perform. Boy, bespeak the gentleman a free
And bounteous welcome. Sir, I will hasten
Your despatch. [*Exeunt Gent., Page.*

Enter THESINA.

THES. My lord, I have tir'd myself in your search.
PARAD. The fair Thesina! You are rarely here
A visitant. Where have you left my bride?
THES. With the queen, my lord, who is so fond
Of her attendance, she'll scarce allow her space
To wink in her own service, and to-night
She lyes within her chamber.

PAR. Hah! so soon divided! Th' approaching night
Should help to second our embraces.
THES. Y'are now to trust my art. For Valdaura
Sent me t'express her joy, i'th'delivery
Of this message. You shall lye with her to-night.
PARAD. How can my faith admit of this, since she
Is billeted where the queen sleeps?
THES. I'll perfect my assurance; so you'll please
T'obey what I enjoin. When you approach
The spheres, where your bright Phœbe rules,
Do not occasion so much noise as shall
Express you living. You must not speak to her,
Nor, by your gestures, invite her speech. All this
Perform, lest you should wake the queen.
PARAD. To be dumb in copulation! This is
A fine receipt to get a silent girl.
But I shall prove obedient.
THES. And, sir, as y'are merciful to ladies,
Ripe in growth, do not breathe too loud, lest we
I'th' neighbouring room o'erhear the harmony,
And sin in wishes.
PARAD. Fear not, Thesina: I shall be temperate.
THES. But you young soldiers are so boisterous,
You'll think anon y'are battering some Town-wall.
Follow, Sir, I'll direct ye to the place,
Where, when the dark hour arrives, you must
Address your visit. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE FOURTH.—SCENE FIRST.

Enter PARADINE *dressing himself.*

PARAD. The early lark climbs higher than his voice;

And whispers into Phœbus' ear, a glad
Welcome; who smiles, and seems to prophecy
A gaudy day. Valdaura! Madam! speak
Sweet lady! or, if for concealment of
Our stolen rapture you silence still assume;
Yet rise, and bless my sight with thy fair
Presence. Come, and eclipse the envious day!
Not talk i'th' business, nor yet behold
The ground we till, as if we both were blind
And dumb. I'll no more by stealth engender;
Cripples are got thus. Kind Valdaura, speak!
[*A hand is thrust out between the Arras.*
See a new day breaks in her hand! These are
The rosy fingers of the morn!
[*Pulls in* RHODOLINDA.
Hah! the queen! Valdaura! Bride, where art thou? [*Looks in.*

RHOD. In vain thou call'st. The cannon's iron throat,
Although high mounted on yon pinnacle,
Scarce could reach her ear. She's in Pavia now,
Two leagues from hence.

PARAD. Thou art mysterious as an oracle!

RHOD. I sent her thither, with pretence she should
Survey the model of a garden-work.
But 'twas done, that Thesina might entice,
With apter leisure, thy person to my bed.
At noon thy wife returns.

PARAD. I've mistaken then my warm embraces,
And sinn'd with thee, th' adulterous queen!

RHOD. Thou hast enjoy'd what Albovine, with all
His royal sighs, his tears swoll'n bigger than
His eyes, despair'd to merit.

PARAD. O horror! Gape, rugged earth! Suck me in
Like some old pyramid, whose ponderous limbs

Have been thy burden since the flood, and now
Their own foundation sink. Could you make
No choice to quench your ravenous lust, but me?
Where were the broad-chin'd Zwitzers of your guard?

RHOD. This, Paradine, denotes a melting brain:
Which out of vulgar pity I forgive.
'Twas not the wanton taste of thy smooth limbs
That could provoke me use this stratagem;
But love of my revenge. I've strongly now
Engag'd thy power, to kill the king.

PARAD. Hah!

RHOD. Which do, and ere the sun arrive i'th' west;
Or with dishevell'd hair, my vestments torn
(As if I'd wandered through some hawthorn hedge)
I will approach the tyrant, acquaint him
With this deed, and call my own adultery
Thy foul rape.

PARAD. Who's within there? Hoa! my hogs-head's empty.
I was not born with so much brains as would
Bedew a clout, that my cold nostril stopt.
These Court smocks contain the very devil.
Good heaven! how lean should I have made my heart
With studious thoughts, ere I the skill had reach'd
Of such a damn'd projection.

RHOD. Collect thy scatter'd thoughts. What thy respect
To thy captiv'd country could ne'er charm thee
To revenge; be prompted to, by a kind
Affection of thy own dear life: revenge
Upon a tyrant; one, that loves not me,
Nor thee; unless in speech: He hath a smooth
Tongue, but a rugged heart. My Hermegild
Perceives this truth, and can deliver it

With all the pride of knowledge.
PARAD. Sure time grows humorous with age:
For things do differ much from the sincereness
Of their first creation. I will go weep
Till I am blind——
RHOD. Stay, Paradine. If thou dost mock my hopes
With a slow motion in this just design,
Expect to find my anger fatal. I'll to
The king, and make a forfeiture of both
Our lives: but if with hardy sinews thou dost march
To's throat, and slit the swarthy pipe, I'll call
Thee then my soldier. Besides thy country's thanks,
Thou shalt enjoy me for thy queen, thy wife,
My Paradine.
PARAD. New arts, t' involve imagination!
How can this be, and my own wife strongly
Possess'd of health and nature?
RHOD. Would'st thou embrace so eminent a bliss,
Without some danger to thy soul?
PARAD. My memory betrays my skill! I know
There are a thousand ways to discard her
From this foul, dusty orb.
RHOD. Alas, good easy soul! She'll ne'er be miss'd
Among the living. Know, Valdaura's false.
PARAD. How! false!
RHOD. She is an open whore, and hath taught me
This art of lust.
PARAD. More horrible than hell!
Now furnish but my hands with an hour-glass
And a long dart, then seat me on some rotten
Monument for the picture of lean Death.
Make me the common executioner
Of nature, for ere long I shall become
The sexton's pensioner to fill his graves.
Valdaura false!
RHOD. Wilt thou thus leave me in a wild suspense,

Whether I shall find thy courage active ?
PARAD. For credit of your own humanity,
Do not infringe the vulgar privilege
Due to all hearts. Give me but leave to think ;
And ne'er doubt your business. Though I'm a young
Sinner ; yet I shall soon enquire the way
To hell. 'Tis a continued thoroughfare
From this climate thither. Or let me but
Delay my journey, till the trivial rage
Of Christian princes meet in horrid battle ;
And then I shall have company enough :
Whole throngs to choke the throat of hell.*
Good night, Madame.
RHOD. Ere yet the morn's fair cheek hath lost her tears,
Dost call it night ?
PARAD. To me it seems the eye of heaven doth wink.
All things are cloth'd in darkness, black as your Design.
RHOD. Stay, for else my rage will not permit
That we survive another meeting.
If thou suspect'st we are too loud, I will
Distill my thoughts into thy ear.
[*She hangs about his neck whispering.*

Enter HERMEGILD, VALDAURA.

HERM. [*Aside.*] Though t'assist my great hopes with opportune
Induction, I consented to this act ;
Yet now I chide my fond spirits. For who

* This figure of speech, has, in all probability, been suggested by the representations which took place in the ancient mysteries ; —the "mouth of Hell" being one of the properties in usual request in such exhibitions. An engraving of this property, "choked with whole throngs,' as here expressed, will be found in the illustrations to Sharpe's Coventry Mysteries. London, 4to, 1825.

Dares trust th' unruly appetite of youth?
What I decreed she should but taste, she may
Delight to surfeit on. It shews fulsome!
Here's the precious medicine that must restore
Health to my hopes. [*To Vald.*] Follow, gentle lady.
You see 'em now?

VALD. Fall, fall, you thick and spungy clouds, until
You choke my sight. Do not my eyes begin
To bleed at this object?

HERM. Mark how close they meet: what variety
They use in lust: now, she hath melted quite his lips
With her hot breath, she hangs upon his ear.
Survey their gestures still. Now they depart.
[*Exeunt* PARAD. RHOD.

VALD. I'll summon all the hierarchy of heaven
To censure 'em.

HERM. Who knows but they are gone to wallow in
Their active sweats again? Alas, pure soul!
You perceive these figures no idea,
No object of the mind, or air incorporate
To cheat imaginary view.

VALD. Was this the cause, that made th' adulterous queen
So strictly urge my swift journey unto
Pavia?

HERM. Ay, and the motive that provok'd my soft
Conscience to hasten your return, that you
Might tell sad tales to heaven. For I,
That still was nurs'd upon a Sybil's lap,
Who with prophetic milk did nourish me,
Can deeply guess at th' ominous portent
Of sin. I hate such loose-rein'd stallions;
Such lascivious harmony in guilt.

VALD. So soon prove false,—ere the celebration
Of our marriage rites were fully ended?
Ere the sun in's journey o'er this region

Had twice beheld us thus incorporate
By holy church, and smiled upon the hopes
Of our encrease ?
HERM. Ay, there's a contemplation that would crack
Even heart-strings made of wire. Hymen's taper
But newly lighted, and he with rude breath
Blows from the quickening wick the gaudy flame !
Then, in the dark, thus wilfully mistakes
Your bed, and riots 'tween unlawful sheets.
Horror ! horror !
VALD. O my sinister stars ! thus I shall weep
Till I have emptied all my veins.
HERM. What should such white and harmless souls as we
Do crawling o'er this mountainous earth ? Alas,
We cannot drink, till we intoxicate
A whale ; nor surfeit, till our greasy cheeks
Do swell like th' udders of a cow. Nor can
We kneel like warm idolators unto
The rusty metal in a bag. We want
These helps to gain us honour and esteem.
VALD. I have a resolute intent to die,
And seek my mansion in a purer orb.
HERM. But ere you do begin your last walk, i'th' path
Invisible, some meritorious act,
Join'd to the charter of your creed, should help
T'assure your future bliss.
VALD. O name it, ere my sorrow shall decay
My strength : for I would mix ability
With will.
HERM. Your lord, foul and sinful as mortality
Can make him, Salamander-like, shall bathe
In blue fires, unless, by sufferance here
On earth, he penetrate the heart of heaven,
And soften their decree. It will be call'd

Your merit to revenge his crime, even with his death,

VALD. Would you have me kill him?

HERM. Since I am strict to virtue, I must needs
Be cruel unto vice. Let him not live
To increase his own guilt, and betray more ladies.

VALD. But shall I justice take from powerful heaven,
And use it with such cruelty?

HERM. Believe my skill in sacred Oracles,
My piety to warrant the design.
Nor will I fright the frailty of your sex,
With horrid circumstance; he shall not bleed.
This vial doth contain a draught; which if
In's usual beverage pour'd, will cozen him
Of's leprous soul in his most quiet sleep.

VALD. I do suspect my courage!

HERM. Tak't, fair pupil! think on't in your prayers.
If you but enjoy but one single motion,
That informs you it is good: do't with pride
And boldness masculine. Distinguish thus
Its operation. Four days must fully take
Their room i'th' kalendar ere it effect
Our hopes. Before that hour arrive, he must
Be wrought to kill the king. [*Aside.*

VALD. The vial liquid lead contains, or else
Some far more ponderous metal: for whilst
I bear it thus, the weight seems to infuse
A palsy in my hand. I tremble like
A string touch'd on my lute.

HERM. It is the fiend that would dehort* you from
A pious act: trust not his whispering charms,
But with a hardy courage, more than is
Natural in thy modest sex, proceed
To merit heaven. And now requite my forward zeal

Dissuade.

To virtue, with concealment of my name,
And interest in this act. Let not the queen
Nor your false lord, know me the perspective,
Through which you saw their ravenous lusts; but say,
The king reveal'd it to your ear. 'Twill make
Them wild, and doubt their own confederate Bawds.
Think not I forbid it as a danger
To my person; for I affect not life.
So soft and easy metal'd is my heart,
So well I love your sinful lord, that when
I hear the surly bell proclaim his death,
Like some new-weaned babe, I shall die crying.

VALD. Would you have him killed, yet love him thus?

HERM. Ay, but I love heaven better. Where, when
I come, troth I shall prove too fond a saint.
Those votaries that pray to me shall find
Their business soon despatched. Here, let this key
Obscure ye in my closet until noon:
For then the queen expects you will return
From Pavia. Farewell, the most abus'd,
But noblest lady in the world. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GRIMOLD (*in an old rug gown, muffled with clouts*), GONDIBERT, VOLLTERRI.

GOND. This is the privy gallery. Place the chair,
Vollterri, where it needs must interrupt
The king's passage.

VOLLT. If thy disguize should fail us, Gondibert
And I must be attach'd for impostors.

GRIM. And then be crop-ear'd too, like Irish nags.
You'll both prove fleet in a race, provided
The foe charge ye in the rear. Seat me with
Tender motion—— This luxurious city
Hath made me so rotten, I dare not walk
I'th' wind, lest I should be blown in pieces.

Enter HERMEGILD.

GOND. Quick, now counterfeit! here comes Hermegild.
Groan out like a boar. [*Grimold groans.*
HERM. Who owns that sick clamour?
GOND. One, Sir, presented here to tempt compassion
From all charitable eyes.
VOLLT. Want hath betray'd him to hunger, hunger
To this disease.
GRIM. O, O, O, the cramp! the cramp!
HERM. Where, Sir?
GRIM. In my stomach.
HERM. That's indeed a clear symptom of famine.
GRIM. I've eaten nothing this month but raw air,
And that gives but weak nourishment to age.
HERM. It is my wonder, in a state so rich
As ours, a climate still befriended thus
By nature (flourishing with hopeful springs
And summers chok'd with wealth), a soldier should
Be forced to make his hunger a disease.
A prodigy unparalleled, that want
Should e'er occasion such a dangerous fast.
Was't not devotion made him thus abstain
From meat?
GRIM. Pure want, Sir. I know small devotion, I.
For though I fast much, I pray as little
As most Christians of my calling. [*Groans again.*
HERM. He must be sent unto some hospital,
There eat warm broaths till he recover health:
And then I will procure him from the State
Some thrifty pension, to maintain the short
Remainder of his life in sober works.
He shall sing hymns, and pray to the kind saints
In a blue gown.*

* The costume of servitors.

GRIM. Alas, sir, I am grown so hoarse, the saints
Can hardly hear my orisons.
GOND. He will prove, my lord, a chargeable cure;
For the physicians do prescribe him nought
For medicine but *Aurum Palpabile.**
GRIM. The elixir of gold would surely much
Assuage the grief in my stomach—— [*Groans.*
HERM. He must needs be hungry, that like th' ostridge
Can digest metal.†
VOLT. The king, for his last services, remains
His debtor six thousand ducats. My lord,
You shall express much charity, if you
Procure it in a sudden payment. The same will
Defray his sickness charge, and maintain him
Well in's health.
GOND. Your lordship shall engage us, then, to drown
Your chief title in the best grape. We'll drink
Your health, until we raise the price of wine.
HERM. Let him continue there his seat. Perhaps
They, whom I shall straight conduct this way,
Will so commiserate his want, that he
Will soon relieve't, though he increase his own.
There is some art in this, which I must needs
Discover, or forfeit my pains. [*Exit.*
GOND. The fiend is gone! [*Grimold rises.*

* Aurum potabile.
"That gold inwardly taken, either in substance, infusion, decoction, or extinction, is a cordial of great efficacy in sundry medical uses, although a practice much used, is also much questioned, and by no means determined beyond dispute."—*Brown's Vulgar Errors.* The chloride of gold has been used in Paris, in more immediate times, for the cure of diseases of a secret nature See Wilkin's edition of Brown, vol. 2, 8vo, 1835.

† Ulysses Aldrovandus says of the ostrich:—"Ego ferri frustra devorare, dum Tridenti essem, observari, sed quæ incocta rursus excerneret." See also *Brown's Vulgar Errors* upon this point, in collected edition of his works, vol. 2, p. 494. 8vo.

GRIM. Will all the vast accruements I project
From this disguise, convert into
The slender purchase of an hospital?
VOLT. Thou turn votary?
GOND. He'll pray in no language but the High Dutch:
The angry tongue, which seems to threaten more
Than implore.
GRIM. Six thousand ducats for a mansion in
An hospital, no bigger than a coffin;
Where, like Carthusians, we must feed, not to
Prevent hunger, but to hinder lust. Princes
May easily pay their debts, when they enforce
Their creditors to buy titles and places
At their own rates.
VOLT. Hark! there's somebody approaching hither.
'Tis no safe game to sport with kings. I'll be gone.
GOND. Grimold, now trust to your own performance.
I may have use for my ears; I would not
Yet leave them in the pillory. [*Exeunt. Gond., Volt.*
GRIM. Gondibert, Vollterri, forsake the storm
E're ye are wet? Weazels! Monkeys! Dogs!
[*Drops down in his chair.*

Enter ALBOVINE, HERMEGILD, THESINA.

HERM. Madame, you are now fully satisfied
I' th' intention of this visit. I wish
You'ld be as free and sportive with him as
Your modesty will give you leave.
THES. Trust my obedience and my skill, sir.
ALB. He looks like a watchman in that rug.
HERM. Your majesty receives new cause to doubt
The truth of his disease, from my servant's

Information; who swears, this very morn
He hath been seen in all the violence
Of drink, and i' th' bordelli too. For, sir,
Though he be old, he's given much to propagation.
ALB. Let us retire 'tween th' Arras, and we
Shall share i' th' whole discovery. [*He groans.*
THES. Alas, who is't that so provokes the tongue
Of pity?
GRIM. An old soldier o' the king's——
THES. Hah! Captain Grimold! how come you thus
Imprison'd in a chair? Have you the gout?
GRIM. I am not rich enough t' enjoy the gout.
THES. What name, then, do you give to your disease?
GRIM. The physicians call it famine.
THES. How? Heaven secure the State! I hope we are
Not guilty of a sin so horrible,
To deny a soldier fit materials
For conservation of his life.
GRIM. 'Tis fourteen days since I have had a just
Occasion but to pick my teeth.
THES. Alas the day!
GRIM. Each of my thighs are dry'd, and hardened like
An old West-Falia Flitch. All m' interals
Are shrunk up; my bladder is no bigger than
A pig's; and were my lean jaws unmuffled,
You should see me mump, like a matron that
Had lost her teeth.
THES. O cruel stars!——
GRIM. Hah! does she weep?
THES. Could you, on this wide earth, find no object
For your fury but brave Grimold? Or is't
Because you saw it was my chief virtue

To affect a soldier?
GRIM. If she should be in earnest now?
THES. I hope you do not utterly despair of life?
GRIM. I may linger out a score of years, or so;
But I cannot live long.
THES. Since you are mark'd for sudden death, cold death
That silenceth all tongues; and since this place
Is so secure from neighbouring ears, I will
Disclose, what until now my modesty
Inforc'd me to conceal.
GRIM. I shall forget to counterfeit. [*aside*]
THES. Know, sir, that I have lov'd you long—lov'd you
With soft and tender passion.
GRIM. O rogue! what do I, like the picture
Of Winter, in this wither'd habit? I must
Recover my health. But alas! madame,
Do not deride his destiny, that now
Is taking flight to reach that place where your
Best star inhabits, and shall have power
To tell loud tales, if you prove thus cruel.
How could you e'er love me? I have been old
Even since your first original growth.
THES. But if you will permit, I may express
A little vanity in love. I can
Inform you, sir, how much we ladies prize
Age before youth in lovers. Old men are
Discreet sinners, and offend with silence;
But young men, when the game is done, do crow
Like pregnant cocks, boast to the world their strength
In folly. Besides, sir, an authentic
Lady says in her Problems thus:—
The young and slender graft is eas'ly broke,
But who can shake or bruise the aged oak?
ALB. A rare adage.

HERM. The lady author, sure, is o' th' Moderns.
GRIM. My joy is turn'd to a disease; it makes
Me speechless! I ever thought these Court-tits
Were much taken with my smooth looks; but that
Their modesty still kept them from my reach.
Foolish modesty! it has hindered my
Preferment much; for since I left the camp,
I have been in love with some three hundred
Of 'em, yet never durst lay claim to one.
Uh! uh! if heaven should so affect
Our mutual appetites, as to restore
My health, would you continue still to doat
Upon an old sinner?
THES. O, I should grow more fond; preserve you long
Alive with zealous orisons!
GRIM. 'Las, poor maulkin! she's caught! I shall grow rich;
For I have heard these Court ladies allow
Large pensions to their paramours. Help! help!
To move me higher in my seat——
[*She takes him by the hand; he rises.*
THES. Bless us! methinks, sir, you begin to use
Your legs with active strength!
HERM. A precious ape!
ALB. He will show fine tricks anon!
GRIM. Some strange influence from your touch hath given
A second youth unto my faculties;
Before, I seem'd to crawl like to a crab;
Now my joints grow supple, as if I were
Provided for a race. This hand inspires my strength——

Enter CUNYMOND, FROLLO, CONRADE.

CUNY. I have a key, will give us passage here to th' park.

THES. Unhand me, sir, for I shall forfeit all
My fame else. They'll think I am immodest——
[*He spies them, then drops down in his chair.*
CON. Captain Grimold!
FROL. He sits like a witch, sailing in a sieve.
CUNY. Ha! sick! Gentlemen, avoid the windy side,
Lest he infect you with his breath. I know
His disease, and whence it came; shortly
You'll see him wear a curtain 'fore his nose;
That's now the newest fashion that came from Paris.
FROL. Ay, 'tis it; he has them growing on his
Temples here—they'll shortly be as big
As turnips.
CON. He must to Rotterdam, to the fat doctor there,
And be stew'd in a stove, until he spit
His venom out.
CUNY. And whilst you are in physic, captain,
You fare like Oberon. 'Tis a very
Slender diet. The lean thigh of a wasp
To dinner, and some two or three of your
Own penitent tears for your beverage.
GRIM. I've but so much breath left as would make up
A short prayer to secure my last jaunt:
Yet I will spend it in a hearty curse
For your dear sakes.
CUNY. March on! if he do find himself aggriev'd
Let him send me a challenge after his death,
And I will meet him i' th' Elysian fields.
[*Exeunt Cunymond, Frollo, Conrade.*
GRIM. I will eat that Cunymond!
ALB. How prompt the slave is in's metamorphosis!
HERM. To him again, madame!

THES. Alas, dear captain, what bodily hope
Can a young lady have of your performance,
That fall so soon in a relapse?
GRIM. When you depriv'd me of your hand, you took
Away my strength and heat; touch me again,
And I shall walk stiff as Cacus. [*She lifts him up.*
THES. Take leisure in your motion, sir.
GRIM. Look, madame, I creep as other mortals do,
On the surface of the earth.
THES. Methinks you stand upright, too.
GRIM. Ay, a lady's warm hand will make it stand.
A little physic from your lip, and then
My cure is quite finish'd—Hem! sure this was
Nestor's receipt to recover his youth. Hem!——
THES. I shall be sainted for this miracle.
GRIM. I am as wholesome as a nut, and have
As proud flesh about me as the youngest
Gamester of 'em all.
THES. Fye, sir!
GRIM. If this heat continue, I must e'en call
For a julip, or sow my wild oats
In the next soil I meet.
THES. Your tongue is blister'd.
GRIM. When shall we solace our bodies?
THES. Your meaning, sir?
GRIM. I mean i' the dark. Speak, pretty finch with the
Green tail! Ha! must we kiss close, and often?
Wriggle up and down like young eels——
[*Hermegild comes behind him, and pulls him by the arm.*
HERM. Captain, I have brought the king here to view,
And to commiserate your lean sickness,
And your feeble wants.

ALB. Thou old ravenous goat!
HERM. He looks now like an alchymist, that is
Broiling o' red herrings.
THES. Or like the brazen head, when 'twas about
To speak———— [*She takes the king aside.*
GRIM. You mean to hang me now?
ALB. Hast thou deserv'd an easier sentence?
GRIM. When I am dead, then all my debts are paid:
For I leave small lands and chattels behind me.
But hark ye, my liege, you may pay your debts
In your life time, so deprive your executor
Of a trouble.
ALB. O, what a trivial exit shall I make
From my own world! for when I die, I die
For love.
GRIM. And I for lechery. Sir, I would fain
Depart in quiet like other young Chrysomes: *
Fain make all even 'tween the world and me.
I beseech your highness discharge my arrears
For my last service in Hungary,
Then hang me when you please.
HERM. Captain, I will be a suitor for your reprieve.
You shall only forfeit what his grace owes you;
And then your life's secur'd. [*Grimold kneels.*
GRIM. I will rather die twice. O Sir, pay me
Six thousand ducats, and then proclaim
Your sentence here aloud. I would fain die

* "Chrisome," as Blount explains in his Glossographia, 12mo, Lond. 1661, "signifies properly the white cloth, which is set by the minister of Baptism upon the head of a child newly anointed with Chrism after his baptism,—vulgarly taken for the white cloth put about or upon a child newly christened, in token of his Baptism, wherewith the women used to shroud the child, if dying within the month of birth." The term "Chrisomes," in the bills of mortality, is used to signify such children themselves.

Merrily. I have not been drunk at my own charge,
This four months.

Enter RHODOLINDA.

ALB. Hermegild, iterate now thy sweet raptures.
Speak to her ; for by th' gentle carriage of
Her eyes, I do perceive she 'gins to penetrate.

THES. Away, Captain! be gone whilst you are yet
Mortal. I have much power with Hermegild,
And will upon your patient sufferance
Redeem my credit with your thoughts. Quick then,
Move with silence. [*Exeunt* GRIM., THES.

HERM. Madame, the feather'd arrow sings i'th' air,
Ere it arrive where it must wound ; so this
Sweet harmony, I'ld have you counterfeit,
But tempts him to security in sleep,
Before his death.

ALB. I'm much oblig'd to that good soul.

HERM. True my royal lady ! yet now peruse
The greatness of his being, his fate in battles,
And by your own remembrance be inform'd
Of our captivity.

ALB. Honest Hermegild !

RHOD. He was too cruel to a nature so remiss
And timorous as mine?

HERM. Alas, this crime he expiates with sighs
So hot, that they would singe his royal beard,
Did not his numerous tears opportunely drop,
To quench the flames.

ALB. That's compliment !

HERM. These angry frowns upon your brows make you
Appear aged.

RHOD. Could I assure my heart, he would no more
Triumph o'er my dear father's memory ;
I then should meet his love with too much passion.

ALB. When I am more my chronicle, or speak

My deeds with pride, may my tongue blister, till't
Infect my breath with epidemic heat.
HERM. You hear his vows?——Seem fond.
If you can shed
A tear or two, the more to credit this
Atonement, 'twill much advantage our pretence.
Sir, now enjoy what your indulgent grief
Merits to keep, e'en from the hands of death.
Good heart, see how she weeps! [*King kisses her.*
ALB. I'm soon o'ercome in this soft war.
S'death all
Can thaw but I. I never wept, but when
Th'unruly wind blew in my eyes; and 'tis
No argument for stern battle; else I
Would fight. To testify the joy my soul
Conceives, I'll drink————
HERM. Sir, you neglect to use her like a lover,
With amorous gestures,
ALB. Fill me a bowl with Negro's blood, congeal'd
Even into livers! Tell her, Hermegild,
I'll swallow tar to celebrate her health.
HERM. Sir, this dull German phrase makes her
suspect
Your temperance. Mark how she trembles!
ALB. I must go learn to compliment. Dost hear?
I'st fit I proffer her to mingle limbs?——Thou
know'st——
HIRM. Sir, not to-night. That was a serious suit
She bade me make, when first she purpos'd this
Atonement.
ALB. I do obey. Though I have thoughts
would fain
Persuade me to rebellion. [*Exeunt* ALB. RHOD.
HERM. This was a subtle caution, else my hopes
Had twice been cuckolded. Let 'em revel
With their salt lips. Th' other sport is fulsome.
But Paradine disturbs my sleep; he's young,

Enrich'd with all the fertile strength of nature ;
And needs must prove more riotous in sin
Than I. My dark practice, and use
Of silent contemplation, has made
My marrow thin and black ; like ink within
My bones. I want the prompt alacrity. The Queen
Hath tasted him, and may, perhaps, still to
Possess his lust, remove Valdaura from
This foggy soil ; then make him lord of all
My hopes. This to prevent, I have decreed,
Valdaura first shall minister his death.
I've taught her too, t' insinuate to his creed,
That the king told her of's adulterous lust ;
Good ! for when he thinks the king doth know
that guilt,
His own safety then will soon provoke him
Hasten our prodigious murther. This may
Be done, before the poison operate
In dire effect ; for that delays its power ;
Till fourscore hours expire their course : which then
No antidote, nor human skill resists.
Mount, mount, my thoughts ! that I may tread
on kings,
Or if I chance to fall, thus soaring high ;
I melt like Icarus, in the sun's eye. [*Exit.*

Enter PARADINE *and his* PAGE.

PARAD. The sun doth melt us with his scorching
beams.
Go fill my usual beverage ! I'll drink
Till I am cold. [*Exit page.*
The constitution of my soul agrees
Not with this climate. I grow weary
Of mortality. Even in my first growth,
Since my corselet was my load, I have took
My breeding in the camp ; where had I still
Remain'd a dull practick soldier, and ne'er seen

A woman, nor the Court, I might have had
Some hope to gain by faith, but now I reach
At wild despair.

Enter PAGE *with a bowl.*

PAGE. My lady, sir, commends her love, and this
To your acceptance. She made the mixture
With her own hands.

PARAD. The queen prescrib'd this hour for her return.
That she grows black with sin, perverts my sense,
I must seem not to know't. Say, I greet her health. [*Drinks. Exit page.*

Enter VALDAURA *in close mourning.*

PARAD. Hah! why, Valdaura, dost thou appear like
A funeral night, in dark and swarthy weeds?

VALD. I mourn for you, since you must hasten your
Eternal absence now from me, and all
That else are mortal.

PARAD. Speak things that are less dangerous to my sense.
This wonder will distract me.

VALD. Ere winged time shall with swift motion add
Another hour to th' life of this sick day,
Thou shalt begin thy last sleep.

PARAD. A pale swan hath sung my dirge! O fatal
Music! but how comes this intelligence
To ears of flesh and blood? Have you of late,
Been gossiping with the grim Stygian dames,
And seen their scissors gall my vital thread:
For to my own sense I need no physic.
My faculties enjoy that pleasant strength
Which appertains to youth and temperance;
Why should I yet die?

VALD. How, Paradine! Art thou so full of guilt
(Most ulcerous and deform'd), yet thinkst to keep
Thy life at nature's charge, t'exist till age
Makes thee a cripple: then in thy bed
Like some good old patriarch, thy soul dismiss
With a divine rapture? No, no, just heaven
Provides more rash and horrid deaths for such
As in adultery bathe their silken limbs.
PARAD. Hah!
VALD. I know thy guilt; the king hath told me all.
'Twas wondrous strange! our vows but new arriv'd
In heaven, that did oblige our mutual faiths
In love: and thou with savage lust to break them!
Though grief hath much consum'd my tears, yet I
Have some still left t'express my pity.
PARAD. [*aside*] My adultery already known, both to
The king and her? why these are prodigies
Indeed. How sin imboldens the aspect!
She doth accuse me for a guilt, which yet
Remains unpardon'd in herself. Mine was
A dire mistake: but hers——that must be known
And then her veins shall weep.
VALD. You are poison'd, Paradine.
PARAD. With that cold draught you sent me now i'th' bowl?
VALD. The viper's vomit, nor the blue steam
Which fat toads do breathe in tired motion
Bears not such a dangerous enmity
'Gainst human nature, as that you drunk.
PARAD. Stay! methinks I feel no insurrection
In my blood, nor need an iron corselet
To contain my flesh; sure it swells not yet.
VALD. It takes a subtle leisure to disperse
Through all your organs and your arteries,
That it may straight with abler violence
Consume your strength.

PARAD. And then I shall look goggle-ey'd, and stretch
I'th' cheeks, till my face shew like a pompion,
Round and yellow?
VALD. Far, far more deform'd.
PARAD. Will't make my eyes start from my skull, or drop
Like bullets at my feet? Speak, shall I foam
At mouth like some young courser that is hot
And angry with his bit?
VALD. Not the first chaos was so ugly and confus'd,
As you'll appear, when this distilment works.
PARAD. Yet I forgive you all, e'en from my heart:
Whilst my cogitations now are sober,
And can distinguish things with pregnant sense,
I do applaud this cruel benefit.
These subtle vanities of Court have tir'd
My observation. I was nurs'd within
Some armoury, and took a proud delight
In active war; but since our drums have ceas'd
Their noble clamour, I find no business
Upon earth for me; 'tis fit I grow immortal.
VALD. I did not think his fancy at this news
Could prove so temperate.
PARAD. To sleep in cold earth, whilst my dead neighbour
Never at my coffin knocks,—to enquire my health,
By way of visit: for all are silent
In the grave. Harsh destiny! such as I
Could ne'er expect from thee, Valdaura.
VALD. My nature you shall find much different
From what your knowledge heretofore discern'd.
I have contriv'd another way to punish
Thy adulterous heat.
PARAD. You find my sufferance tame enough. Publish all!

VALD. To meet your sin with apt revenge, I'm grown
A foul loose whore.
PARAD. Hah! contain thy speech. Express but so much
Modesty as may secure thy life; for
My death doth not concern my rage so much,
As this foul murder of thy fame.
VALD. 'Tis truth: and I confirm't with pride.
PARAD. Oh, oh! these are the Mandrake's groans, fatal!
For whoso hears them straight encounters death.
Now smile, sweet heaven, since thus I but return
Her own justice. For my adulterous act
She takes my life, and shall I let that bold
Adulteress live?—— [*Stabs her with's poniard.*
VALD. Oh, oh! Hold, hold! leave me a little breath
To use in prayer.
PARAD. I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would
Not hurt thy soul. Here solitary sit,
Whilst I send up an humble sacrifice,
That shall bespeak a pardon for thy crime,
Ere thou arrive near heaven. [*Puts her in a chair.*
VALD. Dare you trust my last words?
PARAD. O speak, ere thou dost catch an everlasting cold,
And shalt be heard no more.
VALD. I am not false unto your bed: I ne'er
In act, nor guilty thought, did violate
My marriage vows.
PARAD. Art thou not a whore?
VALD. No vestal that preserved with quickning oil
The sacred flame, was in her chastity
More cold, more timorous than I: nor are

You poison'd.
PARAD. Hah! was not that a mixture of distill'd
Venom, which I drank?
VALD. 'Twas healthful, as the blood of grapes to age,
And all your faculties do still preserve
Their wonted harmony.
PARAD. Sweet spirit, do not riddle thus with heaven,
Nor sport thy soul away. Why didst accuse
Thyself of stern murder, and pernicious lust;
Yet art thus clear from both?
VALD. 'Twas to enrage your violence, with hope
To make you soon my executioner.
For, hearing you were false, I found no joy
In life: your hand hath seal'd my wishes.
PARAD. New arts t'increase my wonder: I'm o'erreach'd,
Where I thought my nature was most skilful!
E'en in love! O stay; had not distraction
Seiz'd my memory, I should at first have told you
The mistake, by which the sinful queen
And Hermegild betray'd my chaste honour.
VALD. Nam'd you Hermegild, guilty of that sin?
He's then a horrid hypocrite; he did
Entice me by a poisonous practice to
Contrive your death, but found my nature loyal.
PARAD. New wonders still!
VALD. I feel the frozen hand of death. Oh! oh! oh!
PARAD. Valdaura! bride! O noble girl!
VALD. Mercy, mercy! [*She dies.*
PARAD. Already turn'd a ghost! There's a rare music
Now in heaven, since thou art gone t'increase
The sacred choir. I may behold thee in
The purple sky, mixed there with other stars,

But never on this soil again. Be this
Thy tomb awhile. The curtains softly drawn——
Hermegild treacherous? with poison too?
That was her word. 'Tis fit I seem t'have drunk
The medicine up. Good! the rough young soldier
May spy at last these spirits of the Court,
That walk in artificial clouds: or if
Their high conceptions soar above my reach,
Yet they have mortal hearts; such as our own
Country steel may with feeble motion prick,
Prick till they groan: for I have now decreed,
Whom my dull sense cannot subdue, shall bleed.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.—SCENE FIRST.

Enter HERMEGILD, THESINA, PARADINE, RHODOLINDA.

THES. Shall I belie my own silence?
HERM. Be sudden in your speech, confirm my words:
Then dispose e'en of my wealth and person.
I will consent to matrimony; make
Any use of this new interest.
THES. Sir, you'll forget my merit in this danger?
HERM. Never. My lord, I have discover'd all.
See, how aguish her guilt hath made her.
How she trembles like a frosty Russian
On a hill. Nay, lady, ne'er scatter thus
Your wild looks. Confess the truth, and you'll gain
Mercy. Valdaura (whose soul heaven keep
From purging fires) hath told her Lord; the king
Knows of his wanton stealth with our good queen.
You were the instrument that betray'd him
To th' mistake, and whose secrecy to doubt

But yours, our reason cannot yet inform us.
THES. Thus kneeling, I confess with penitence,
'Twas I reveal'd it to the king.
RHOD. Tear forth her eyes, and let her then grope out
Her way to hell—
HERM. Stay, dear madam!
RHOD. Paradine is poison'd, who knows, but she
Doth amply share in that guilt too?
HERM. At my humble suit constrain your fury!
We shall discover all. My noble Lord,
It is a grief that will deprive my life
Of many years, to think I'm held by your
Suspect, an agent in that practice.
PARAD. I have revealed the evidence,
That doth persuade my creed.
HERM. What, lady, do you know of this? Speak with
Courage. I am your safety.
THES. I saw the king reach to Valdaura's hand
A poisonous vial, and, with religious hints,
Taught her to mix it in her husband's draught.
PARAD. Hah!
HERM. Persist in my instructions? [*Aside.*
THES. 'Twas that night when he enjoyed her person—
PARAD. Enjoyed her! how?
THES. As you enjoyed the queen.
PARAD. Heaven! will these miracles ne'er cease?
RHOD. I shall convert to stone!
HERM. Now retire, Thesina, till I have begg'd
Your free restorement to the queen's mercy.
THES. My lord, you'll not forget your kind promise
Of matrimony.

HERM. I've nought else to trouble my remembrance.
Away, away! [*Exit* THESINA
RHOD. What did remain suspense is here confirm'd:
My forehead feels as rugged now as his.
HERM. Now, Sir, y'have heard such real circumstance,
As needs must settle your belief, and free
My heart from your unkind dislike.
PARAD. Valdaura's damn'd! she howls so loud that she
Disturbs all hell! O perjur'd whore!
RHOD. Now Paradine! Instruct thyself with thoughts.
Is't evident he ever could affect
Thy person with sincere dotage, yet thus
Betray thy strength in thy fort; where thy
Honour still stood sentinel?
HERM. I have other motives to teach you doubt
His loyalty in love. Which my fond heart
Cannot conceal, though 't would advantage much
My own profit. He hath of late hung thus——
Upon my neck; until his amorous weight
Became my burden: and then lay slabbering o'er
My lips, like some rheumatic babe. This sport
My serious brain abhor'd. 'Twas my wonder
(Since you are called his minion) he could ere
Affect my look. I that am like coughing
Winter, old and froward; you the darling
Of the lusty spring.*
RHOD. Speak! is that bag, that should contain thy gall
Shrunk up? hast thou nothing bitter in thee?
Thou art far, far more opportunely stor'd

* This evidently refers to the practice of James I., who was accustomed to use his favourites after a similar fashion.

With time and place for thy revenge, than we.
I'th' middle age of day, when the bright sun
Most powerfully doth warm the world; in thy
Secret closet he takes his usual sleep,
Go, drill his heart! and make the couch whereon
He lyes his easy monument.

HERM. And then enjoy a queen, with all that doth
Belong to her achievement, or her birth.
As for my services, they merit no
Reward. I know my own creation much
Unfit for Court affairs. If you but wrap
Me in a shirt of hair, then seat me in
A dark and gloomy cell, where I may tumble o'er
Some deep voluminous Rabbin, you make
Me safe and happy.

RHOD. Do't, Paradine! and fame no trumpet then
Shall need to speak thy praise. Thy country will
Afford thee power to sanctify the chief
O'th'days within our kalender.

HERM. And to thy memory high statues build,
'Bout which our noblest virgins once a year
Shall dance in circles, and sing, until they make
The marble move, like to those loose quarries,*
Which o'erheard Orpheus and his harp. Or if
These cannot inspire heroic fury,
Yet argue thus; you knew his bed, but by
Mistake; which was our guilt not yours; and for
Our country's benefit contriv'd. But he
Defiled your sheets in the salt pride of lust.
Horror! this would incense the temperate dove;
Turn all his moisture into gall; teach him
To wear spurs on his heels, and make him fierce
In duel as a British cock.

* "He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap." *Waller.*

PARAD. Fire! fire! and warm blood! [*Exit.*

HERM. Follow, follow him, my dear sovereign!
Add new heat unto his rage. And d'ye hear!
Since he is poison'd, 'twere most fit some learn'd
Physician did endeavour to secure
His health.

RHOD. I heard him say, he is already furnish'd
With a powerful med'cine.

HERM. Should you now forget your royal promise,
I lose all my industrious merit,
And remain a sacrifice to love.

RHOD. Dost thou grow jealous?

HERM. Valdaura now is sever'd from her soul:
And Paradine is abler in delights
Of youth, more moist and amorous than I.

RHOD. Away, fool! I seal thy safety with my lip. [*Exit.*

HERM. Thus nurses hush their froward babes asleep.
Shortly she'll present me with a coral club,
A whistle strung with bells. These female arts
Can ne'er my dark authentic practice cheat.
Paradine must die! So I still secure
My hopes. When that sad hour arrives,
Wherein the poisonous draught must work,
No charmed med'cine can resist its strength.
I hug my genius! 'Twas a subtle reach
To tell him that the king hath horn'd his brow:
For that will more incense his wrath, and aggravate
The queen's revenge. The weight I bear, doth make
My motion slow; slow as the snail I tread,
Who travels with his tenement on's head.

[*Exit.*

Enter GRIMOLD *in new clothes*, GONDIBERT, VOLLTERRI.

GOND. The king has paid him all's arrears.
VOLLT. 'Twas by Thesina's suit to Hermegild:
The snake has cast his skin too, now.
GRIM. O Sir, 'tis a poor snake that cannot cast
His skin once in a summer.

Enter CUNYMOND, CONRADE, FROLLO.

CUN. 'Slight, here's Grimold! didst not thou say he was dead?
CONRAD. But I have heard since, his ghost walks.
FROLL. Look! 't has found the hidden treasure then, which
Made it walk; for the ghost hath bought itself
New clothes.
GRIM. Nay, nay, stay, gentlemen! let us forget
Old quarrels, then end our new acquaintance.
We are for the country now. I'll but tell ye
A few of your faults, and leave th' amendment
To your own leisures; but you all think
Y'are wiser than I.
CUNY. We should abuse our judgments else.
GRIM. Mark, this is a new Court-thrift: when you are
Loth to maintain flatterers you publish
Yourselves with your own praise. Lay your fingers
Here—Not a word, lest I return ye a blow.
I know ye cannot speak without a compliment.
VOLLT. They use it in their prayers, they.
GOND. Cunymond, in one single compliment
So much wasted his lungs, that I was fain

To call for *aqua vitæ* to recover his breath.
GRIM. I've heard you have transported from Paris
The geometrical cringe, and the art
Of numbering the hairs upon your chins.
VOLLT. And of starching your beards.
GOND. Yes, and of perfuming your very shadows.
GRIM. And they say it is your custom to sleep
In pomatum masks.
VOLLT. And that you paint your pretty vis'gnomies.
GRIM. Yes, and colour them so red, that you seem
To blush more than the sign of the King's-head
Before a country Inn.
GOND. Y'abuse Astrology too ; for you clip
Black taffeta into stars; and for a foil
To your beauty, fix 'em in several regions
Of your face.
GRIM. Which makes it look like the picture of Doomsday,
When all the planets are darkened.
VOLLT. Nay, nay, stay awhile!
GRIM. Leave off your jigging motion when you mix
Yourselves in a salute; your bodies seem
To dance upon your knees. You pinion up
Your elbows thus,—like pullets trust upon
A spit; then wreath your hams in thus, and move
With a discreet leisure, as if you meant
To number all the pebbles in the street.
And then you fleer as if y' had wash'd your gums
In vinegar. This you admire for gesture
Of the newest fashion. I say, 'tis scurvy!
For he that greets a lady so, does look
Like a soap-boiler upon a close-stool.

VOLLT. If you will take physic for your soul's health,
Retire into that part of the kingdom
Which lies farthest from France.
GOND. He counsels well; for the French air hath made
Many of our gentry drunk.
GRIM. And now move hence; but with your lips sew'd up,
For fear of a compliment. You two shall straight
Take horse with me, and be billeted in
My quarter. Stay, gentlemen! one word more:
This is a hot climate; when you must needs
Marry to increase your tribe, your best way
Is to go a wooing in the city;
For certain rich widows there love Court fools,
And use to play with their baubles. Farewell!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

A canopy is drawn, the king is discovered sleeping over papers.

Enter PARADINE *with his sword drawn.*

PARAD. To make him bleed, and leave his arteries
Where the delighted spirits walk, shrunk up
Until they curl with heat. The wither'd frame
Straight to convert to dust; then th'umerous * wind
To fan it o'er the world. Speak, just heaven!
Is this fit usage for a king? Cassius
Was rash; perhaps to gain noise at's funeral,
Or in's Elysian fields; beneath a pleasant hedge
To tell some prattling ghost what he had done.
Hah! but Brutus, noble Brutus! the pride
Of Arts and War! so temperate, his soul
Was more harmonious than the spheres. Instruct,
Heroic lord, thy young pupil! Why did
The mighty Cæsar fall by thy cold wrath?
All silent as the night! He sleeps: before

* Qy. "uberous," fruitful?

Him, too, those papers that concern my house
Affairs, and my official rule in State.
Here he comments on my letters! here with
Thrifty documents limits my expense.
Can this indulgent care be counterfeit?
And merely carry a pretence of love? He made
My wife a black adulteress. O horror!
Yet who knows but 'twas rather his revenge
Than lust; a furious riot, after that
He knew I whor'd his queen.
[*He blinds his own face with a scarf, sheaths his sword, and then kneels.*
Sir! My lord the king! Sir!
ALB. Ha! Paradine! What witty emblem's this?
The more to certify thy love dost thou
Appear blind?
PARAD. O, sir, do not mock my penitence, nor seem
Thus to disguise the knowledge of that crime,
Which hath defil'd my modest blood, and makes
Me now asham'd t' encounter with your eyes.
ALB. He is drunk! maudlin drunk!
PARAD. Sir, I could creep alive into my tomb,
And mix society with ghosts, whilst I
Have yet warm motion left, could I but hide
My guilt from your perspicuous sight.
ALB. By heaven! drunk with cider or thin beer;
That looks like the urine of a babe. I'm sure
The Corsick grape infuseth no such whining passion.
PARAD. Those immaterial powers, that see the thoughts of men
When growing in their hearts, can witness I
Abus'd your royal bed, but by a dire
Mistake.
ALB. Hah!
PARAD. Your black adulterous queen betray'd
Me to her lust by wicked arts.

ALB. This is a sober passion, but implies
Something that is horrid.
PARAD. Had not heroic war taught me t' affect
No rage, but noble; she and Hermegild
Had entic'd me now to lengthen this your sleep
Until the day of general accounts.
ALB. Suspect must now be rash. Make your face known! [*Snatches off his scarf.*
He blushes like a bride, whom, through her thin
Curtains, the peeping sun beholds in soft
Skirmish with her lord. I must counterfeit
And seem to know all. Paradine, 'twas far
From my conjecture, that a heart so much
Oblig'd unto my love as thine, should wrong
My honour in a sense, which, but to mould
In words, would teach my tongue to stammer,
And deafen all that hear it.
PARAD. Thunder and sulphurous fire snatch my cold limbs
From this dull earth. Sir, whilst my soul affords
Me reason, and can direct me unto whom
My true allegiance is a debt,—kill me!
When I am mad I shall forget all duty,
And refuse t' obey your royal charter.
Thurst your good sword home till my heart shall kiss
Your hilts. Are you so slow in justice? Think
How, by a dark mistake, I whor'd your queen—
Whor'd your queen! O prodigious phrase!
ALB. Howl, meagre wolves and empty tigers! Let the hoarse
Thracian bull bellow till he rend his throat;
And the hot mountain-lion roar until
Their clamour wake the dead! The resurrection
Is too long delay'd, since we want horror
To celebrate this news. Good! I have now
Decreed it. Draw thy bright weapon!—
PARAD. For what dire use?

ALB. That we may meet in single battle here,
And struggle till we want our souls.
PARAD. Though this high enticement charms my blood, like
The music of the drum ; yet my remembrance
Calls you king—my royal master. I would
Not join rebellion and ingratitude
To the prolix number of my sins.
ALB. O fond, indulgent boy ! I mourn at this
Decay of thy humanity and sense.
Does it become my great being and my
Glorious name in story, to offend
Without resistance? Draw ! and be nimble
In thy motion.
PARAD. I dare not so disgrace my religion,
And my love.
ALB. 'Tis time that I were dead, for I shall else
Outlive my chief prerogative. I have
Forgot how to command. Unsheath thy sword !
Or this breach of duty shall teach me think
I ne'er enjoyed thy real love, and 'twas
Not a mistake, that usher'd thee to sin between
My sheets, but a considerate lust.
PARAD. No provocation like to this could tempt
A danger from my arm. [*He draws.*
ALB. Why dost thou dally thus with feeble motion?
Bear up, and use more violence !
PARAD. Some surgery from heaven! Are you hurt, sir?
You willingly oppos'd your breast against
My steel, and never sought t' endanger me
With yours.
ALB. Th'ast perform'd what my wish did prophecy ;
I'm prick'd here, about the heart, and my veins

Grow empty.

PARAD. Then glorious war, and all proud circumstance
That gives a soldier noise, for evermore farewell!—— [*Falling on his sword.*

ALB. Hold, Paradine! 'Tis my last suit, that thou survive
To minister a just revenge on those
Whom I proscribe. Help my quivering limbs,
And seat me in the chair.

PARAD. Shall posterity read it in story,
And believe; a prince that doth deserve to be
The first i' th' list of those that gather'd noise
In war, can be thus covetous t' expire
In silence dark? Fall on my fatal point,
And yet command that I survive the tragedy?

ALB. 'Twere in me an affectation trivial
To cherish life, now Rhodolinda's false.
For should I still preserve my soul in flesh,
I know my mercy is so fond to her,
I should forgive her all; and wert thou dead,
My hope were then depriv'd of future justice.
Live to revenge her falsehood. I know thy heart
So sincere and noble, that I suspect not thee
A sharer in her guilt. When thou
Didst first confess the adulterous crime, join'd with
Thy own mistake, through Hermegild's deep art,
My faith conceiv'd the truth; for thy nature
Is much too blunt and credulous for court.

PARAD. Should I but speak each cunning circumstance——

ALB. Contain thy breath! To hear that told would make
My soul wander in my last journey.
'Till thy relation brought it to my ear,
I never knew her false.

PARAD. Still my amazement doth increase! Were you
Not told of this before?
ALB. My knowledge only learnt it of thy tongue.
PARAD. Stay! Nor with Valdaura you did ne'er project
My death by poison?
ALB. Never.
PARAD. Yet one reply, then make my joy exceed
My wonder. Did you never in my bed
Commit a lustful stealth?
ALB. Angels in that are not more free from guilt.
PARAD. What potter made this earthly skull? Pardon,
Dear Valdaura, my dull suspect! Sing out
Thy hymns in heaven; and never listen more
To my fond speech; for they have made me mad!
ALB. I cannot gripe the air. Mark, how it steals
Through all my knotty fingers!
PARAD. Extacy!
ALB. Now my last and short[est] minute is arriv'd;
I do resign my crown.
PARAD. To whom, sir?
ALB. To him I hate. But be thou sure he wear
It not 'till near his death; for it's a happiness
To live enthron'd, but 'tis not safe to die
A king.
PARAD. He doth pervert my sense.
ALB. Let the drum cease! I'll have no more battles.
He, that to waste his trivial rage, doth fight
A battle, rides a hawking with the devil.
PARAD. Mad as the northern wind!
ALB. He sends a thousand drinking animals

To take their flight i'th' air, whilst little black
Devils—d'ye not see 'em?—they look like ravens.
Mark how they prey on those immortal fowl,
And plume 'em in their talons! I do not like
This falconry: it is too sad a game
For sinners——Oh! oh! oh!—— [*Dies.*

PARAD. There died the noblest trophy of our war!
The Lombards now have lost their victory.
So hardy of creation, his heart-strings
Were as cordage, tough; crack'd like a cable
When the freighted bark starts from the anchor.
All that are nurs'd in war shall mourn for thee.
Our ensigns now we will of cypress make. [*Knocking.*
Hah! It is the wind that whispers! He must
Be hid. I'm sure this noise can never wake him.

He puts him behind the arras, [*then*] *opens the door.*
Enter RHODOLINDA.

O, are ye come?

RHOD. Thou hast a wild aspect! Is it done?

PARAD. He has paid for his warfage already,
And is now entering Charon's boat.

RHOD. Th'art precious as my soul!
[*He opes the arras.*

PARAD. There's the old face!

RHOD. He looks like a pale country virgin
That longed to eat mortar.* Our chief design
Is finish'd: but thou must add one knot more
T'oblige my gratitude, and then we shall
Triumph with safety. Hermegild must die!
He knows too much.

PARAD. It is as if the Parcæ spoke. If there
Be any other whom your envy, or
Your hate would have dismiss'd the world, make
him

* "I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,
And nothing but chalk, lime, or oatmeal can eat:" &c.
Song in Shadwell's Miser.

But known, and he is numb'red with the dead.
RHOD. Dear Paradine, I sure shall ravish thee,
My appetite is grown so fierce. Let me
Begin with thy moist lip——
PARAD. Let's to't like monkeys, or the reeking goat. [*Pulls her to kiss him in the chair.*
RHOD. Oh! oh! oh! help! help!
[*Both are bloody about their mouths.*
PARAD. Cease your loud clamour, Royal whore!
RHOD. Thou didst eat my lips.
PARAD. Thy flesh is sour, musty; more tainted than
A carrion in a phlegmatic ditch; for else,
Like th' Anthropophagus, I had devour'd thee up.
This made Valdaura bleed, and must let forth
Thy swarthy* soul. [*Stabs her with his poniard.*
RHOD. Oh! oh! oh!
PARAD. For Albovine my royal master, this!
And this to pacify Valdaura's ghost!
RHOD. Oh! oh! oh!
PARAD. So hard and stoney is thy heart, that it
Reverts the point of my bright steel.
RHOD. Mercy, heaven! [*She dies.*
PARAD. Since thou hast receiv'd my justice, I wish
Thee mercy too. [*Knocking.*
HERMEGILD. (*within*). My Lord!
PARAD. 'Tis Hermegild! Now I shall end my chief
Discovery. What a full sepulchre is this!
[*Carries her in.*
Now I must practice my disguise. [*Knocking again.*]
Revert the spring twice and you may enter.
[*Counterfeits a sick voice, sitting.*

* "Lep'rous." *Folio.*

Enter HERMEGILD, THESINA.

THES. My Lord, I have lost my honour in your service.
You may chuse one that shall affect you worse.
HERM. Lady, this is no time to woo: but
D'ye think I'm so profane to violate
My vow? Nimbly depart. I do conjure
Your absence with this kiss.
THES. If you should prove false?
[*Exit* THESINA.
HERM. 'Slight, these wenches at
Fifteen are as riotous as elephants.
Marry a court kitten! There he sits! Hah, sick!
My sweet lord, how thrives your health? D'your pulses
Still preserve their temp'rate music? Have you
Effected yet our great business?
PARAD. The king is dead! That sanguine instrument
Did set his soul at liberty.
HERM. The laurel, myrtle, and the bay shall still
Cold and naked stand before the winter's
Frosty breath; still strip their boughs, to make
Your head triumphant wreathes. Where is the queen?
Methinks, my lord, your body and your mind
Seem much disturb'd.
PARAD. Oh, oh! The poison works.
HERM. Alas, my sweet dear lord! (precious med'cine!)
He cannot possibly survive the next
Minute. Does it destroy your strength?
PARAD. Oh, oh! It scorches all my entrails up;
As if like Porcia I had swallowed coals.
I spit scum, such as o'er th' hot cauldron boils.

HERM. And are you fastened in the chair with weakness?

PARAD. I cannot rise. A stiff convulsion in
My sinews fetters all my limbs.

HERM. Hah, hah, ha!

PARAD. O heaven! Will you permit him laugh?

HERM. I know th' ingredients of thy poisonous draught.
'Twas I that gave it to thy wife. 'Twas I
Did counsel her to mingle't in thy wine,
When thou wert hot, and all thy pores open
As thy mouth.

PARAD. Oh, oh, oh!

HERM. Do, groan, till thou raise an echo in this
Square roof. Ere long thy ribs will start from thy
Loose chine, thy lank belly swell into a hill.

PARAD. O horror, horror! Is heaven asleep?

HERM. The king ne'er knew of thy adult'rous crime.
'Twas I told it to Valdaura and made her think,
Thy guilt proceeded not from a mistake,
But from thy wilful lust. I've strung
Thy nostril with a spinner's thread, so led
Thee through subtle labyrinths, t'involve
Thy senses; and now I triumph o'er thy fate.
This is Italian spleen.

PARAD. Had I but strength to actuate my revenge!

HERM. Good, dull soldier, why didst thou leave the camp,
Thy rusty morion there, thy batter'd corselet,
And thy shiver'd lance, t' amble here at court
In slippery silks; to walk in cloudy mists
Of perfum'd air? 'Tis I have shak'd thy brains
That heretofore were thick as curds, into
A pale, thin whey.

PARAD. Draw near, and let me then but kill thee.
HERM. Troth, thou art so feeble now, that were I kill'd
By thee, I scarce should think that I were dead.
[*Paradine rises, and snatches Hermegild's sword from his side.*
PARAD. No! That shall arrive unto the test. Dog! grim
As th' angry fiend, that must devour thy soul!
I am not poison'd
HERM. Hah! Does he counterfeit?
PARAD. See here! what abject ruins thou hast made
O' the noblest structures in the world.
[*He draws the arras, and discovers Albovine, Rhodolinda, Valdaura, dead in chairs.*
HERM. The queen there too! O trivial arts, with my
Own mine I've blown myself e'en into dust.
PARAD. I will now see, if thou canst bleed like things mortal.
HERM. Deprived of my defence! If th'ast a soul,
Great as thy fame, restore my sword.
PARAD. Thou bark'st against the moon! I will requite
Thy own tyrannous scorn. That destiny
Was just, that thus betray'd thee to my mirth.
There, Stygian dog! [*Wounds him.*
HERM. Oh, oh! Whilst I have warmth, I'll move with violence.
PARAD. Where now are all the subtle trophies of
Thy brain? Plots dark as hell! Projections grim!
Such as threat'ned nature, and seem'd to fright
The genius of the world. Now, now prevent
These dire salutes—
HERM. Return my sword, then manage steeples like

To pikes: yet, I'll affront thy fury.

PARAD. Hardy as the Scythians' race, I greet thy heart!

HERM. I stagger, and am drunk with my own blood!

PARAD. Take my last anger, and good night!

HERM. Oh, oh! Thou hast stuck needles in my heart! [*Falls.*

PARAD. Now I do swell with horror and stern rage:
I will distract the whole world. Fire! fire! fire!
Murder, treason, and incestuous rapes! Fire! fire! [*Exit.*

HERM. I spy a white soul hovering in the air!
One when corporeal was sure
Some humble hermit here on earth.
He's acquainted with the way to heaven:
Should mine take flight alone, I fear
'Twould stray! Hoa! you, you that ascend the spheres!
We sinners still seem hoarse to angels' ears.
What, hoa! He turns not yet: who knows but he
Still liv'd in low valleys, built his mansion
In some ag'd wall? but my path ever lay
On hills, where the good patriarchs never trod.
Vain arts! Ambition in all sacred schools
Is held the sin of heathens, and of fools. [*He dies.*

Enter PARADINE, GOVERNOR, CUNYMOND, CONRADE, FROLLO, *the Guard, &c.*

GOVER. O dire and tragic sight! The king, the queen,
And fair Valdaura slain!

PARAD. Here's another object fit for wonder,
Though not for pity. [*Spurns Hermegild.*

GOVER. Hah! He dead too? Whence should these sorrows flow?

Lay hold on Paradine.
PARAD. All, stay! I'll bore his haggard soul that strives
With saucy strength to captivate my limbs:
Hark! The big drum recovers breath, and speaks:
March on! The scatter'd foe retires, and all
The glorious horse are slain. I am magnanimous
And high! O, ye unkind false stars! Ye mock
Poor Paradine! A few clean tears to wash
My sins away, and I am seen no more.
GOVER. Seize on him, on forfeit of your lives.
PARAD. Their lives are forfeited to me.
[*He fights with the Guard. They wound and disarm him.*
Here, here, it gall'd my very heart!—
GOVER. Convey him gently in, and use all help
Of surgery to stop his wounds; for from
His mouth we must receive the knowledge of
These fatal deeds. Some give th' alarum to
The ports. You Signors, lead to th' citadel;
Where we'll proclaim Albovine's young issue,
By's former wife, to be his lawful heir.
Wild fancy may project things strange and new:
But time records no tale so sad and true.

THE
CRUEL BROTHER.

The Cruell Brother. A Tragedy. As it was presented, at the priuate House, in the Blacke-Fryers: By His Majesties Servants. London, Imprinted by A. M. for John Waterson, and are to be solde at the signe of the Crowne in Paul's Church-yard. 1630. Small 4to.

The Cruel Brother. A Tragedy. In the collected edition of the works of Sir Wm. D'avenant. Folio. Lond. 1673.

Extreme liberties have again been taken by the Editor of the folio edition, with the original text of this admirable tragedy. Several of the most poetic passages have ruthlessly been expunged, and without any definite or intelligible reason. The "Cruel Brother," as given to the public in 1630, and now reprinted, will, in point of plot and composition, bear favourable comparison with any work of Ford, or other of the contemporary dramatic poets.

During the Second Act, in a dialogue between the Duke and Foreste, the allusions to the state of France and of England at the date of the play are significant. "The French," observes the Duke, "have fiery nimble spirits." To which Foreste replies:—

> "They have
> Spirits; but they all are useless made
> By froward and affectate violence.
> * * * 'Tis a giddy nation;
> And never serious but in trifles."

Anon the Duke says:—

> "They now are fully ripe; they reach
> The height and top of mortal faculties.
> Nature in them doth stand upon the verge
> Of her own youth. The English want
> Three hundred years of that perfection,
> And as the moon ne'er changes but i' th' full
> Even so the mighty nations of the Earth,
> Change in their greatest glory."

This nation is now within sixty years of the three centuries so prophetically awarded to it; and from the aspect affairs have progressively assumed, the Poet may probably be found to be not so very far out of his reckoning.

There can be little doubt that the character of Castruccio is in the earlier portion of the play meant for George Wither, whose satirical vein was the cause of his incarceration in the Marshalsea prison. He was a Puritan, and held a captain's commission in the Commonwealth during the time of the Great Rebellion. His work entitled "Abuses stript and whipt," to which allu-

sion is made in the scene between Castruccio, Cosimo, and Dorido in the Second Act, originally appeared in the year 1613, and ran through several editions, the last of which is dated twenty years later, and is included in his Juvenilia, being "a collection of those poems which were heretofore imprinted and written by George Wither. London, Printed for Robert Allott, at the Beare in Paules Church Yard, 1633." His death occurred in 1666. Davenant was not the only Poet of the day who brought Wither before the public, for in the last masque performed prior to the death of King James the First, written by Ben Jonson, not only are the "abuses stript and whipt" referred to, but the Laureate himself appeared upon the stage, and gave a personal representation of him, successfully imitating his style of writing, and his manner of speaking. "The Shepherd's Hunting," which is considered to be Wither's best work, was written in prison.

The present play is dedicated to Sir Richard Weston, of whom we have this account:—

Sir Richard Weston obtained, through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, the appointment of Lord High Treasurer, an office which gave him precedency after the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the Lord High Chancellor Clarendon says: "he was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction by father and mother. His education had been very good among books and men. After some years' study of the law in the Middle Temple he travelled into foreign parts, and at an age fit to make observations and reflections; out of which, that which is commonly called experience is constituted. After this he betook himself to the Court, and lived there some years; at that distance, and with that awe as was agreeable to the modesty of the age, when men were seen some time before they were known; and well known before they were preferred, or durst pretend to it."*

His retention of office was at its commencement somewhat doubtful, as it was believed that he had given offence to his patron, who would not have scrupled to put him aside if such had been his pleasure; but the assassination of the great favourite, by Felton in 1628, placed him

* Clarendon, vol. I., p. 85. Oxford, 1826, 8vo.

firmly in his seat, for Weston, who had been created a baron the same year, so thoroughly ingratiated himself with his royal master, that he not only remained treasurer until his death, but was elevated to the Earldom of Portland in 1632.

The treasurer did not take the murder of the unpopular duke much to heart, as is sufficiently proved by an anecdote preserved in a letter, dated 1st November 1628, from the Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville:—"My lord of Arundel is grown into great grace with the king, and hath resumed his lodging in Whitehall; but my Lord Treasurer is *Dominus factotum*, unto whom, the residue they say, are but ciphers. He diverted the king from that sumptuous funeral for the Duke, by telling him it would be but the show of an hour; but if his Majesty would do him true honour, let him erect a monument for him to remain to all posterity, which would not cost half so much.' But after the Duke's burial, when the king put my Lord Treasurer in mind of his own project, and would needs have it presently go on, 'I would be loth,' quoth my Lord Treasurer, 'to tell your Majesty what the world would say, not only here, but all Christendom over, if you should erect a monument for the Duke before you set up one for King James your father.' "*

The same writer, 19th Sept. 1628, in another communication to the same friend, says: "Notwithstanding that on yesterday was sennight, all the heralds were consulting with my Lord Treasurer to project as great a funeral for the Duke as ever any subject of England; nevertheless, the last night at ten of the clock, his funeral was solemnized in as poor and as confused a manner as hath been seen: marching from Wallingford House, over against Whitehall, to Westminster Abbey, there being not much above a hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin, borne upon six men's shoulders; the Duke's corpse itself being there interred yesterday, as if it had been doubted, the people in their madness might have surprized it.† But, to prevent all disorders, the

* Court and Times of Charles I., vol. 1st., p. 419. Lon. 1848.
† *Ibid.*, p. 399.

train-bands kept a guard on both sides of the way, all along from Wallingford House to Westminster Church, beating up their drums loud, and carrying their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders, as in a march, not trailing them at their heels, as is usual in mourning. As soon as the coffin was entered the church, they came all away without giving a volley of shot at all; and this was the obscure catastrophe of that great man."

Weston was evidently a man of ability, but profuse in his expenditure, selfish, and unprincipled. Clarendon has an amusing story of his rapacity and its consequences. Sometime after the assassination of Buckingham, who had previously received warnings that his life was in danger, a vacancy occurred amongst the six clerks in the office of Sir Julius Cæsar, who was master of the rolls, and to whom the right of patronage belonged absolutely. My Lord Treasurer, always on the look-out for plunder, got the king to solicit the appointment from Sir Julius, who had intended to give it to one of his own sons. It is not easy to refuse a king, and the nomination was transferred by his Majesty to his *Dominus Factotum*, as Mead calls him, who instantly sold it to one of his minions for six thousand pounds. It happened that the Earl of Tullibardine, who was allied to the Cæsars, having heard of this transaction, and the promise that young Cæsar was to have an equivalent, took occasion to remind Weston on the subject, who pleaded forgetfulness, adding, "if he would give him a little note in writing, he would have it despatched to the king that afternoon." The Earl wrote down on a slip of paper these two words—"Remember Cæsar," which the treasurer put into a little "pocket in which he kept all his memorials first to be transacted."

Day after day passed away; the "little" paper remained securely in the pocket of my lord. Tullibardine did not visit the forgetful treasurer for some time. The paper was lost sight of, when one day the servitor, who took care of his lordship's clothes, having occasion to furnish him with a change of raiment, found it in the "little pocket," and instantly placed it before his master, who was struck with horror as he beheld the mysterious words, "Remember Cæsar." The recent murder of his

patron, the great and unpopular favourite, and the previous warnings given to him, at once flashed on his memory. He sent for such friends as he believed he could depend on. They came, and, remembering the fate of the Roman Cæsar, advised him to shut himself up in his own house, keep the gates closed, and not admit, upon any pretence whatever, any persons but those of "undoubted affections."

In this unenviable state of mind the affrighted jobber remained a prisoner in his own house for some time, dreading daily assassination. At last the Earl of Tullibardine called and was admitted to his presence, and his first inquiry was, "had he remembered Cæsar?" This at once dispelled the delusion, and relieved him from his very inconvenient but well-merited confinement. Clarendon does not inform his readers whether Cæsar *was* "remembered," but it is not unlikely that the ridicule which must have attached to Weston, had there been any public exposure, would do more for the young man in the way of obtaining an appointment, than all the solicitations of the Scotish nobleman.

The Treasurer had his debts twice paid by Charles; but his extravagance continued until his death, which took place in 1638. His honours expired upon the death of the fourth Earl, which occurred in 1688.

Lord Portland had four sons: Hierome or Jerome, Thomas, Nicholas, and Benjamin. Clarendon says that the king's regard for him was extended to his family, and more particularly to Jerome, to whom he gave in marriage "a young beautiful lady nearly allied to his Majesty and to the Crown of Scotland." But all the king's bounties and his own large accessions could not "raise a fortune to his heir," Jerome; and after "six or eight years spent in external opulency and inward murmur and trouble that it was not greater; after vast sums of money and great wealth gotten, and rather consumed than enjoyed, without any sense or delight in so great prosperity, with the agony that it was no greater, he died unlamented by any; bitterly mentioned by most who never pretended to love him, and severely censured and complained of by those who expected most from him, and deserved best of him; and left a numerous family, which

was in a short time worn out, and yet outlived the fortune he left behind him."*

The lady who became wife of Jerome was Frances Stuart, daughter to Esme Stuart, Duke of Lennox, who was descended from the younger brother of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, the father of Lord Darnley; and in this way one of the blood-royal. Jerome, the second Earl of Portland died in 1662, leaving a son, who survived him only three years, when the succession opened to his uncle Thomas, with whom the peerage terminated.

* Clarendon, vol. i., p. 95. Oxford, 1826, 8vo.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD WESTON,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

My Lord,—I should do my inclination wrong, to call this the first testimony of my zeal to your Lordship: For I did never think the wonder or the praise that I have written, just, until I found your Lordship's character in both: and yet the age is grown unworthy to receive such truths; therefore, some were purposely conceal'd; and this fit esteem of your Lordship, is chiefly left to delight Posterity. I could urge the dignity of Dramatick Poems, but that were vainly to direct, rather than woo, an acceptation. Those errors, your Lordship's leisure shall vouchsafe to read in this Tragedy, are its original Crimes, having received no examination since the Birth, and being advised to correct it, by a survey, I said, I had study'd your Lordship, and would not lessen the noble office of your Mercy. This confidence, I hope, shall nothing prejudice

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

William D'avenant.

THE PERSONS OF THIS TRAGEDY.

The DUKE	*of Sienna.*
LUCIO,	*A Count.*
FORESTE,	*Creature to Lucio.*
CASTRUCHIO,	*A satirical Courtier.*
COSIMO,	*A Courtier, and Cousin to Castruchio.*
DORIDO,	*A Gentleman, Companion with both.*
LOTHARIO,	*A frantic young Gallant.*
BORACHIO,	*A Rustic, Tenant and Servant to Lothario.*
A MONK,	*A Suitor.*
A GENTLEMAN,	*A Suitor.*
CORSA,	*Sister to Foreste, Wife to Lucio.*
LUINNA,	*Wife to Foreste.*
DUARTE,	*Woman to Corsa.*

A BOY, *who sings.*
SERVANTS, &c.

The Scene:

ITALY.

THE CRUEL BROTHER.

ACTUS PRIMUS.—SCENA PRIMA.

Enter FORESTE *and* LUCIO.

FORES. I must not be so rude as to believe
That you, my Lord, can your affections set
Upon a maid, so humble in her birth
As she you name; for regard of honour,
Do not mock the sister of your servant.
LUCIO. This way to madness leads: teach not my heart
Such modern Heraldry. Let it dispose
Of charitable thoughts with natural eyes,
Unlimited by customary form,
Which gain and nicety have made an art.
Virtue not blood ennobles us, and earns
Her attribute, without hereditary help
From ancestors. O, my dear Foreste!
Thy Sister with such noble wealth is fraught,
That to be covetous for her, appears
A holy sin. But thou art cruel grown:
Thy memory is sick. The old effects,
That witness how I love thy learned soul,
Are quite forgot.
FORES. Young lord, disclaim that thought!
Here I promulgate you my Patron are;
You found me in estate so poor, so low,
That you were fain to stoop to lift me up;
You are the Duke's Creature! Who dotes by art,

Who in his love and kindness, method keeps:
He holdeth thus his arms, in fearful care
Not to bruise you with his dear embracements.
And what is she whose Virgin blood disdains
To quench your lawful fire? Or whom the Duke
Would not procure to climb your marriage bed
Upon her knees? And shall I then,
Like to the treacherous moon, strive to eclipse
The sun that gives me light? Shall I consent
That she, that tumbled in a womb with me,
Shall give your issue birth? The royal Duke
Would thank me for such charity. My Lord,
Though you are wise, you are but young.

LUCIO. Heart of viper!
Sure time hath lost his feathers from his heels.
Mark, how slow he goes! Shall I ne'er be old,
That my designs may repute have
And credit in the world? I do not ask
Thy sister for my whore, but for my wife.

FOREST. Sir, 'tis already join'd unto my creed,
For I would eat your heart, should it contrive
A way in thought how to cheat my sister
Of her pure chastity. I love you so
That I with care suppose; she not deserves
To be your wife, and so esteem of her
That she is much too good to be your whore.
In this new argument I am too bold,
You know my duty well. The Duke's abroad
Though but the birth of day. Go, Sir!

Enter DUKE, CASTRUCHIO, DORIDO, COSIMO, PAGE, *and* FOLLOWERS.

DUKE. My glorious boy, you are too vigilant:
The Sun and you do visit me at once.
This courtship is not safe. You must not meet
Your lover with a rival, glorious
As yourself. Foreste! Welcome from Genoa,

How fares our brother Cardinal?

FORES. In health and ease. He bade me tell your Grace,
It was a deed of charity to think
Him worthy of this same great employment.
And this letter he humbly recommends
To your perusal.

[*Duke reads the letter to himself.*

CAST. How can it choose
But choke the very soul, and bruise the heart,
To think that such a giddy snipe: a fool,
That merely lives to disparage Nature,
Should creep to this ambitious Government.
Still he rules the Ruler. The Duke is ward
Unto a page; whose eyebrows wear more beard
Than doth his chin. And there's his instrument,
A dark fellow; that with disguised looks
Could cheat an hypocrite, older than time.

DORID. I've heard a better character of both,
Such, as to the young Count, wit, and valour gives:
Unto Foreste,—honest spirits.

CAST. Report is then become a bawd to luck;
Whom Fortune doth enrich, Fame doth flatter.

DUKE. Sure this tame Priest will make us cowards.
We must a truce confirm with Genoa.
Well, be it so. Where now, my noble boy,
Shall I occasion find, to testify
That you deserve my love, by virtue of your own?
In sickly times, when war and civil spleen
Besiege the heart with treacherous designs,
A friend shall find a cause to make him known,
But now in fair weather, I need not ask
What hovel's* near?

LUCIO. In this, I dare discredit fate.
They are not so wealthy in affliction:
With sorrow so well stor'd; as could suffice

* Hovel: a Canopy.—*Halliwell.*

To try my sufferance in the behalf
Of you my Prince, and still most royal Master.
DUKE. Dar'st thou then die for me?
Here! Make thyself a sacrifice to fame.
Take it: and I will be thy chronicler.
[*Proffers him a naked ponyard.*
LUCIO. It were, Sir, but ingratitude in me
To lessen thus the number sanctified
Of your true friends. Be you pleas'd to sheath it
In that same part, which you do most abhor.
DUKE. O, Lucio! Thou art my earwig now,
Creep'st in my ear to feast upon my brains.
When in my private grave I lye enclos'd,
More silent than my ruin'd Fame, no tongue
Shall pay his tribute to my memory
But thine: for thou art likely to survive.
Thy years are few, but full of gratitude.—
Come! Hie we to the Park: the sprightful morn
Gives motion wings, and liberty to those
Whom lameness stakes unto the ground.
[*Exeunt Duke and train.*
CAST. Royal dotard! Like tinder, thou dost waste
Thy forced fire, to give another light
Whose saucy flame will darken thine. Monstrous!
DORID. Why dost thou spend thy gall in secret thus?
A pox upon't! Turn thoughts to action:
Heaven knows I had rather enrich myself,
Than envy others wealth. Employ thy brain.
Get the Duke's fist to this, and thou shalt share
Five hundred crowns.
CAST. What is't?
DORID. The old business.
CAST. And not yet sign'd? This 'tis to be modest.
Had I had reputation in thy creed,
It had been done long since. There's my agent.

Enter FORESTE.

Hence and provide me thanks. Save you, Signior!

FORES. You may with charity.

CAST. Am I in your remembrance, Sir?

FORES. Signior Castruchio, as I take you.

CAST. The same. Because I never did desire
To gain by being troublesome, I lost
The dear benefit of the practique part.
Custom's a suitor's safe encourager.
I the Duke have sery'd, since I was able
To serve myself. Yet never had the luck
To get by it; and, as the times promise
Never shall, unless I imitate the crab,
And find my way, as he doth his, backwards.
That is, to make petition to the foot
That he will please t'instruct, and teach the head
When to commiserate my affair.

FORES. Signior, I need a comment to your words.

CAST. If you will move my Lord, the Count,
To get the Duke's fair hand subscribed here;
Then shall I feel my self well understood.

FORES. Sir, my abilities are most pregnant
When I find I may be profitable
To any courtiers just and modest suit.
I pray what sense carries the inscription?

CAST. Only this, Sir. There is an engine made
Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels:
For they once screwed up, in their return
Will rive an oak; but with such subtle force
That motion gives no leisure to impediment.
The large and ponderous log is soon consum'd
To shavings more transparent than a glass.
Of these the skilful, boxes make, scabbards,
Sheaths, chests, and molds for children's c ıbinets.

FORES. Trust me an engine of importance great!

But now, what would the engineer himself?
CAST. Faith, Signior, nought but a monopoly
For all those wares his engine makes.
FORES. Keep it. Good Sir, keep it. A monopoly!
Why, Sir, the common-wealth hath been so crush'd,
With th' insulting charter of such patents,
That now the very word defiles the cause.
I had thought you, Signior, would have engag'd
My industry in such a suit as might
No way disparage though it did enrich,
However not abuse the public weal.*
CAST. Very good, Sir. My Lord the Count, your self,
His servile instrument, and some others,
Of this new faction that now engross
All offices, and send your scouts abroad,
Intelligencers strict, that bring you home
The number and the rate of what yourselves
Or others in the dark can put to sale.
Nature hath not altered yet: the first
And antick method to preserve our breaths.
We must eat bread if we intend to live:
Which how to get—unless this humble way
That you deride—in troth I cannot tell.
It makes me mad to think you should expose
Us men of heart,† to those fastidious helps
That 'scape your own acceptance. Your wide throats
That soon will swallow any thing which fills,
Although it nourish not. A pox upon you all!

* It had been the custom for a very long time for royalty to grant to favourites and others, "for a consideration," patents for inventions, many of them of a most impracticable kind; but which were thrust upon the public with such persistence, as to cause a distaste for all patented inventions, however meritorious.

See Thomas Heywood's verses upon "Monopolies" at end of this Volume.

† Art. *Folio.*

FORES. I did expect you would begin to rail.
Good troubled soul! I knew you well before.
You are the only man, whose wealthy muse
Doth furnish all the fiddlers in the state
With desp'rate ballads, and invective songs.
Libels of such weak fancy and composure,
That we do all esteem it greater wrong
T' have our names extant in such paltry rhyme,
Than in the slanderous sense.
CAST. Very well, Sir.
FORES. You, you must be a satirist forsooth!
Calumniate by instinct and inspiration;
As if just heaven would borrow gall of you,
Wherewith to write our faults. O strict account!
Your gall, which in the pen so overflows,
That still it blots where it inscribes.
You imitate the property of dogs,
Who bark and snarl most at him they know not;
For else among all those you scandalize
Why nam'd you me, almost a stranger to your eye?
My ancestors that built no monument
For their fames to dwell in, you also bring
Into the knowledge of the critic world.
Why I could never see thee yet but drunk:
Which makes thy verses reel and stagger so.
CAST. Come, Sir! We may exchange one thrust unseen. [*They draw, fight, close,* FORES. *flings down* CAS. *and disarms him.*
FORES. A pretty Cur! Dare it bite as well as bark?
How now, Sir, your mathematical thrusts?
Then have at ye! Yield me thy sword, or else thou dy'st.
I have no joy to set at liberty
A soul so unprepar'd. And as thou art
My enemy, I take a full revenge,

By suffering thy corrupted blood to dwell
And taint within thy veins. W' are discover'd !

Enter a MONK.

Take thy sword. Now, get thee home and rail upon 't,
Because 'twould fight no better.
CAST. Yet we may meet i' the dark. You have a throat,
And there are knives in Italy. [*Exit Castruchio.*
FORES. A good day attend my ghostly father !
Doth this your tarriance here discover aught
You would with me ?
MONK. Your leisure shall produce my utterance.
O Son, your fame is of complexion clear,
Such as ensnares the virtuous eye, to love
And adoration. Such as would procure
All the skillful angels suitors to her,
And such as serves for my encouragement,
For I no letters have from noble friends,
Which a requital from themselves invite,
By courtship bold and troublesome to others,
Nor am I with that wicked metal stor'd,
That rules the mighty, and betrays the mind
To toil in a design which angers heaven,
And makes the devil blush. But yet,
Dear Son, I have a suit to thee.
FORES. Which I desire to know.
MONK. In the ancient convent of St Augustine
There is a holy brother lately dead,
Whose place if you will but confirm on me
By the Duke's letter to the brother-hood,
Then shall I better leisure have to pray
For you, my patron.
FORES. Alas, my father !
The times are more observant to your tribe.
It is the method now, that your deserts

Need not to usher but succeed reward.
The treatise, written lately, to confute
The desperate sect in Mantua,* calls it you
The author?

MONK. It knows no other.

FORES. There your preferment safely taketh root.
Believe me, ghostly father, I will chuse
The fittest time to work in your behalf.

MONK. Heaven prosper your designs.

[*Exit Monk.*

FORES. What throngs of great impediments besiege
The virtuous mind! So thick in multitude
They jostle one another as they come.
Hath vice a charter got, that none must rise
But such, who of the devil's faction are?
The way to honour is not evermore
The way to Hell;—a virtuous man may climb.
Let the flatterer sell his lies, else-where
It is unthrifty merchandize to change
My gold for breath. Of all antagonists
Most charity I find in envious men.
For they do sooner hurt themselves, than hurt

* In the year 1627, Vincent de Gonzaga II., Duke of Mantua, died without lawful issue. The succession was claimed by Charles de Nevers in right of Marie, daughter of Francis the X., who, having no sons, the Dukedom passed to his brother Vincent. Charles, the rightful heir was opposed by the Duke de Guastallo, a cadet of the family of Gonzaga. Nor was this the only contention, for the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine, respectively, claimed Mounferrat, a valuable portion of the Duchy.

The Emperor of Germany, coveting Mantua, took the initiative by asserting a right as overlord or Dominus directus. In this attempt he followed the example of Edward I. of England, whose conduct towards Scotland afforded his Imperial Majesty an admirable precedent.

In 1630, when Davenant published the Cruel Brother, the Mantuan struggle had not terminated: indeed, it was not until many years afterwards that the Imperialists reaped the full benefit of the seeds of strife originally sown by his Imperial Majesty.

Or me, or him, that rais'd me up.
An envious man is made of thoughts.
To ruminate much doth melt the brain,
And make the heart grow lean. Such men as these,
That, in opposing, waste their proper strengths,
That sacrifice themselves in silly hope,
To butcher us; save revenge a labour,
And die to make experiment of wrath.
Let Fame discourse aloud, until she want
An antidote. I am not scar'd with noise.
Here I dismiss my fears. If I can swell,
Unpoison'd by those helps, which heaven forbids,
Fond love of ease shall ne'er my soul dehort :*
Maugre all flattery, envy or report.

[*Exit Foreste.*

SUITORS [*within*]. O, good your Grace, hear us!
Hear the complaints of us poor men!
O hear us! We are all undone! Good, your honour, hear us.

Enter DUKE AND LUCIO.

DUKE. Death encounter 'em! Lucio shut the door!
'Tis the plague of greatness, the curse
Of pomp, that in our darkest privacy we must
Ever public be to every man's affairs.
How now! All these saucy troops of brawling
Suitors, attend on you my glorious boy?

LUCIO. It is their humble skill not to arrive
Before your Grace, but by an advocate,
A Mediator blessed in your eye.

DUKE. How apt am I to love! Yet now observe
Unkindness in my care, and bitterness
In physic. I study how to make thee less
That I may make thee more and more my own.
Office and dignity are enemies

* Dissuade.

To health and ease. Respect grows tedious,
Observance troublesome where 'tis most due.
He, that gives his soul no more employment
Than what's her own, may sleep within a drum;*
While busy hearts that love to undertake
Beyond their reach of years, are fain to use
Drowsier potions: yet watch the winter night
With more distinction than the parish clock.
Could'st thou resign thy titles and thy cares
To make me yet more capable of still
Enjoying thee?

LUCIO. My zeal unto myself forbids my speech:
Since if I make reply to this, I but
Disparage duty, and consume my breath.
Where sight is young and clear then spectacles
Are troublesome, and rather hide than shew
The object. The most devout obedience,
Which I shall ever owe unto your Grace,
Becomes my heart much better than my tongue.

DUKE. But yet observe, my Lucio,
Th'unkind tricks of Nature: how we are fool'd
By a religious constancy in love.
A Prince's hate doth ruin where it falls:
But his affection warmeth where it shines,
Until it kindle fire to scorch himself.
If we are subject to the sin of Heaven,
Too much charity, extremity of love;
Let there be mercy shewn in punishment.
Why is the corrupted use of Royal love
Imputed to our charge, and to our audit laid?
We that with all those organs furnish'd are,
All those faculties natural in men:
Yet limited in use of each; prescrib'd
Our conversation by a saucy form
Of State. How can we chuse, by this restraint,

* Mill, *Folio.*

But struggle more for liberty? Make choice
Of some one ear, wherein to empty out our souls,
When they are full of busy thoughts, of plots
Abortive, crude, and thin. 'Tis cheap and base
For Majesty not to be singular
In all effects. O then if I must give my heart
To the command of one, send him, sweet Heaven!
A modest appetite, teach him to know
The stomach sooner surfeits with too much,
Than starves for lack of that supply
Which covetous ambition calleth want.
For when my Friend begs, my bounty then
Concludes to make me poor before that he
Shall so unthrifty be of breath to ask in vain.
Distraction! tameness! O my Lucio!
How canst thou conster this? After I have chid
I seem to flatter thee.

LUCIO. My gracious Lord!

DUKE. Peace!

I will no more employ my memory
Thus to discourage thine. Where's Foreste?
'Tis fit he know you are not vigilant
In his behalf. Farelo de Sforza,
My old Secretary, is newly dead:
The place is his. I shall expect no thanks
From you, nor yet from him;
My bounty is requited in her choice.

LUCIO. Your Grace will bring us both within the reach
Of public envy.

DUKE. Thou now would'st certify,
His birth obscure and base discourageth
Such earnest help to his so great promotion.
Not a jot: Know my boy! 'tis the vulgar,
Not the royal trade to patch up things:
Or seek to mend what was before of quality
Perfect enough it self. To make a man

Of nothing. Why, this same creation
Inclines a little near divinity:
Near the old performance, which from Chaos
Drew this multitude of subtle forms.
LUCIO. Since you, the royal maker, do commend
The metal, and your workmanship; it shews
There's little skill in those which envy him.
Foreste is your creature. Many times
I do acquaint him what the general voice
Doth urge in his disgrace. He laughs it out,
And swears he would not lose that privilege,
Which Nature gave him by her kind mistake
In his nativity, for the sea's worth.
As if from's issue he could ne'er deserve
A monument, unless himself do hew
The stones whereof 'tis built; unless he raise
His monument on a wart; his dignity
On poverty obscure and base.
DUKE. We do affect his thoughts. Such industry
Proclaims him fit for high designs. Some men
Attend the talking drum,* and riddle out
Their lives on Earth, with madness, sophistry,
Calling their loss their gain, danger delight;
Some men converse with books, and melt the brain
In sullen study how to vindicate
The liberal arts. Those loose formalities
Then grow methodical; and die i' th' dark.
Some practice rules of State, and suffer much
For honour's sake; nay, tread upon themselves
At first, to reach the higher. Some pursue
The plough, and in their wholesome sweat do swim;
And some, that furnish'd are with nimbler souls,
Employ their times in wanton exercise,

* Qy. A convocation of metaphysicians? "*He dreams drumbles, i e.*, He is half-asleep or stupid." "*Drumley*, muddy, thick, confused."—*Halliwell.*

Masques and revells, the compliments of love;
And love I find the easiest vanity.
LUCIO. (*aside.*) O gentle Corsa! make it so with me,
Fain would I, if I durst, reveal to him
The heat of my affection, and where 'tis fix'd.
[*A noise within.*
DUKE. Hark! sure the gallery door is left unlockt
Are we debar'd all place of privacy?
Nature in us hath lost her vulgar right.
A loud bawling suitor doth not waken
Charity, but deafen her.
A shame upon 'em all! In, Lucio!
[*Exeunt Duke and Lucio.*

Enter SUITORS *at the other door.*

1. Heaven bless his Grace!
2. Amen: and my Lord the Count's good Honour.
3. Friend! went the Duke this way?
2. Here. This way.
3. Pray shew me him they call Signior Lucio.
2. The Count! Come, I'll shew you him.
1. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

Enter DORIDO *and* COSIMO.

DOR. Dost hear, Cosimo?
COS. What say'st thou?
DOR. I prithee stay! Why, slip but here aside
And thou shalt see the most resplendent fop,
That ever did discredit nature. Signior
Lothario; a country gentleman,
But now the court baboon; who persuades himself,
Out of a new kind of madness, to be
The Duke's favourite. He comes!

Enter LOTHARIO, BORACHIO.

Th' other is
A bundle of proverbs, whom he seduc'd

From the plough, to serve him for preferment.
LOTH. Borachio!
BOR. My lord?
LOTH. Survey my garments round, and then declare
If I have hit it.
BOR. You have, sir: but not the mark.
LOTH. What mark, thou bold parishioner of hell?
BOR. Why, sir, the mark I aim at: Preferment.
After a storm, comes a calm: the harder
You blow the sooner your cheeks will ache: and he
That cares for your anger may have more of't
When he list. For my part, I know my mother.
LOTH. The froward sisters have conspir'd. Slave! dog!
Wilt thou never leave this immense folly?
Can nothing serve those dull lips but proverbs?
BOR. Sir, I know none of your proverbs. First come,
First serv'd. These words that are nearest the tongue
Have opportunity soonest to leave the mouth.
LOTH. Is it then decreed I must grow mad?
BOR. I'll be no more flouted, nor bruis'd, not I.
What need my lord be beholding to me
For's mirth; when he may laugh at's own folly?
Besides, though motion and exercise
Be good for gross bodies; therefore, must they
Of the guard pitch me up and down like a bar?
LOTH. Sa, sa, sa! A mutiny in heaven!
BOR. If there be, you are not likely to come
Thither to appease it; first end this quarrel
Upon earth. I have served you this six months
In hope of an office; and am no more
An officer than she that bore me.
LOTH. Alas, poor fool!
I pity thee. Thou wilt believe nothing

But that which may be seen or understood.
I say thou art an officer; or if thou art not
Thou shalt be, which is better: for that fame
Which we now enjoy is in some danger
To be lost; but that which we never had
Cannot be lost before we have it.

BOR. O, rare conclusion!

LOTH. Besides. Look here and then rejoice.
Is the Count, whom they call my rival
I' th' Duke's favour?
Is he, I say, accoutred like to me?
Why, his sleeves sit like stockings on his arms.
His breeches are like two cloak-bags, half sew'd
Together in the twist, and his other
Garments shew like plaisters on him. Follow!
And make thy fortune fat.

BOR. Well, he that still expects but tires his hope;
What one cannot, another can: 'tis so
With days and hours too. And, for my part,
Let the glass run out.

[*Exeunt* LOTH. BOR.

DOR. His man's as full of proverbs
As a constable: he coins 'em himself.

COS. And such another head-piece fill'd with whey,
As is the master here, the sun ne'er saw.

DOR. He walks like a Zealand-stork.

CAST. But, sure, the Duke
Enables error in their fancy, by some
Behaviour equivalent to what
The master and the man expect: for else
Folly cannot be so sickly-ey'd, but time
Will give it strength to know it self.

DOR. Why, Sir, this dignifies the jest. They scarce
E'er saw the Duke, and are less known
Unto the world. His Grace well apprehends

These voluntary mistakes of Nature,
In preservation of their intellects,
Are fitter subjects for accidental mirth,
Than a comical continuance. It is
A levity too humble in a Prince,
To heed such trifles,
COS. Nay! Prithee, lead the way!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter FORESTE *and* LUINNA.

FORES. I cannot tell, why thou, my girl, should'st joy
In my advancement thus. Honour and place
Bring sullen thoughts with them; business of such
A rugged quality as takes away
The amorous garb: those soft wanton touches
Wherewith the youthful flatterer betrays
The weaker side to action; whose effects
More weakness brings. I shall no leisure have
To comfort thee with smiles. When 'tis assign'd
That I must venture for a boy; 'twill be
In haste. My business will not suffer me
To stay, and make a prologue to the act;
To kiss, or simper invitation.
LUIN. It is not fit I apprehend you now.
But I wish that you would know, my duty
Is so well preserv'd from all corruption,
Which either youth, or foul example might
Produce, that it implores for sufferance,
To certify the world how strong it is.
FORES. I was assur'd before. This is the time,
In which I shall oblige posterity
Or fall, my wench, by flattering error.

Hast thou to my sister counsel giv'n ?
Instructions safe, whereby her actions
May warrant her promotion well deserv'd ?
LUIN. It was my tongue's last employment.
FORES. I would have her wear her growing fortunes
In a handsome fashion. Do but observe
The unpolish'd garb of city Dames: of those
Whom fathers' purse-strings hoise up to honour.
How they do suck their chins into their necks,
Simper with unskilful levity, and trip
On their wanton toes, like kibe-heel'd fairies.
The devil's dam shews like a vestal Nun
To them. More powerful in humility.
Instruct my sister, gentle wife.

Enter LUCIO.

LUIN. I shall be earnest to my utmost skill.
FORES. My Lord is come ! Where is my sister ?
LUIN. With the Florentine ; who instructeth her in music. [*Exit.*
LUCIO. Signior Foreste, you see my love is rude and bold.
I am the usher to my own entrance.
FORES. My good Lord, the proverb will persuade you,
To be bold with what's your own.
Your title's strong both to the house and me.
LUCIO. I am in debt for both. Wilt thou not chide
To see my heart assume this liberty [*Music.**
Upon my tongue : before it rightly knows
Thy sister's heart ?
The Duke's consent, as yet unasked too. Hark !

* This "music," as just referred to by Luinna, is performed by Corsa, without. The subsequent song also proceeds from her.

FORES. Cease that noise! 'tis troublesome.
[*Cease music.*

LUCIO. How, Foreste! Hast thou ears, and wilt thou
Silence such hopeful harmony, or is
Thy thrift unnatural? Wilt thou forbid
Thy friend to share in what is good? Sweet tongue
And hand persist in what your kindness proffer'd.

FORES. Obey him! If the music not deserves
Your strict attention, you must blame your self.
[*Song.*

LUCIO. Shew me the way, Foreste!

FORES. Whither, Sir?

LUCIO. My heart is stol'n out of my ear; let me
But know the thief, and I'll forgive the robbing.
Speak! Who is't that, with a voice so amorous
And shrill, confounds the other's hollow organ?
Still so reserv'd, and unto me?

Enter CORSA.

FORES. Why then look there! The voice was hers. Go Sir,
And take what else you would enforce from my possession.

LUC. Is this that child of Orpheus? How! kneel to me?

FORES. Stay, Sir. If she consent but to abuse
The property of motion, in such kind
As may exalt her person, but on such
Above this height, I am her enemy
For evermore. Consider what you do.
She brings no portion but humility.
If her first payment fail: who dares assure
The future debt? Pray look into her lap:
You'll find she comes not from the East enrich'd
With diamonds' bright wealth, whose wanton worth
Unskilful fancy prizes not from use,

But from the idolatrous doting of the eye.
Her chaste obedience is all her dowry.
O bitter speech! It cuts my very soul
To think that fortune should create us two
Mere patterns of your charity.
LUCIO. Dare you authorize this idolatry?
Then I'll kneel too.
FORES. And I
Will join to make th' offence seem virtuous.
Now interchange your souls. Where passion is
So fond, it cannot well be counterfeit.
Each unbusied angel, hear me speak!
O send, send down unto this youthful pair
Celestial heat. Such serious love as makes
A business of delight. Instruct her soul
To practise duty in the humble strain,
And furnish him with an acceptance prompt.
Make her fruitful as the vine, which grows
Crooked with the weight of its own encrease:
So blessed in their issue, that when time
Shall think them fit to taste the privilege
Of death, they shall not need a monument,
Yet dwell as chief i' th' memory of fame.
CORSA. Amen, amen!
LUCIO. Such is my prayer too. O Foreste!
Excessive joy disturbs my utterance.
My words are parted on my tongue. O speak!
Thou know'st my heart! Tell her, there may lie hope
I shall deserve those tears that shew like dew
Upon the morning cheek. Entreat her, that
My years may not disgrace my love. Though I
Am young, I cannot counterfeit.
I ever speak my thoughts. I am o'ercome.
CORSA. Alas, sir! so am I. There needs no art
To help belief where no suspicion is.

FORES. Now, I will leave you to yourselves.
[*Exit Foreste.*

CORSA. I've much to promise, in my own behalf,
Of future love and humble duty
To you my dearest Lord. Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship. He sends his worms
To books, to old records: and they devour
Th' inscription. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man.
But I shall ne'er forget on what strange terms
You take me to your bed.

LUCIO. Excellent wretch! I am undone with joy.
I will not blame the coward to fear death,
Since the world contains such joy as this.
Why do you weep, Lady? Can you suppose
Foreste would consent to what is done,
Unless he knew there were no danger in't?
Sure his mother was a Sybil. He sees,
With a prophetic aim, the end of his
Designs, before they come to action.
He is too wise to err. Why weep you then?

CORSA. It is a folly in my eyes.
I know not why they weep: unless they weep
Because they now have lost their liberty;
Heretofore each man, which chance presented,
Was to them a lawful object: but now
They are to look on none but you.

LUCIO. Mark then the bondage I impose on mine.
My poor eyes have no object but your face:
Of which I will deprive them thus—
[*Covers her face with her white veil.*
Shroud thee in thy vestal ornaments.
Creep, creep, my glorious sun, behind a cloud,
For else my eyes will surfeit with delight.

I never felt true joy till now. Methinks
A brisk alacrity, a nimble fire
Conveys me strangely from my flesh.
Not the cannon's iron-entrail, when wrapp'd
Within a swarthy case of troubled air,
Could equal me in emphasis of motion.
CORSA. Though modesty would suffer me to boast,
Yet 'twere not in the power of breath to make
My joy so known, as it is felt.
LUCIO. Come then, my dear Corsa, the priest attends
Within. The world wants men, and Hymen is
A nimble God. When all is past prevention,
The Duke shall know my choice.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DORIDO *and* COSIMO.

DOR. This disgrace makes thy cousin boil his heart
In his own blood.
COS. He hath writ a most pestilent libel,
Which must be sung all about the city,
By one he calls his Daw ; a tall, big fellow.
DOR. I know him. He sings like Phalaris' bull.
COS. I suppos'd at first, he'd have a challenge sent him.
DOR. But that's contingent now : Foreste being made
Secretary of State.
COS. I have heard o' th' new edict, which institutes
A mysterious toy, i' th' hatband, for those
Of the faction.
DOR. Why, about two days since one of the sect
Sent me a challenge : because my sister

Drunk his Lord's health, with her quoif on. Each hour
These giddy participles do embark
Themselves for duels. The one is akin to
My honourable lady. Th' other
To my very good Lord.

Enter CASTRUCHIO.

COS. There comes my cousin, chawing his lean heart.
DOR. Good morrow to the court satirist!
CAST. The world is alter'd, Dorido. Foreste
Is step'd beyond my reach. We cannot meet
In duel: the heralds stand between.
But my fine thrush can sing you a new libel.
DOR. We shall have your thrush in a cage shortly.
Remember whom you deal withal.
CAST. Hang him! dull, open slave. His thoughts may be
Discern'd through the shaving of a deal board.
I'll sift and winnow him in an old hat.
DOR. Prithee, sweet Castruchio! Leave thy barking.
'Twill be treason shortly for any man
To carry ears within three miles of thy tongue.
CAST. Why, signior, what faction are you of?
DOR. Not of your faction, sir, if none return
Unto the prison for your libelling.
You remember your vices-strip'd and whip'd.
Your trim eclogues, the fulsome satire too,
Written to his Grace: wherein you flatter,
Whine, and damn your self to get a pardon,
For what seems there a resolute offence.
Satires are more useful now than ever.
Nor grieves it me to see the humour us'd,
But thus abus'd. To see a bard still reach
At holy Bayes. Passion o' me! I'll tell thee!

Thy rhymes include not so much brains as would
Suffice to fill a cherry-stone.
CAST. You'ld fain make me angry.
DOR. Ay! With thyself.
COS. And then thou spend'st thy gall with more
justice,
Than when thou rail'st against Foreste.
CAST. Cry you mercy, precious coz! Hath
Foreste so great a share in your tongue too?
Sympathy is corrupted. Behold society amongst
The wicked! whilst a virtuous man
Is left alone to resist his bad fate.
Let him chide the fulsome age, rail against
The times, aloud. Though in a vault, or 'tween
Two hills, he shall find no zealous echo
To second his bold language. When I die,
I die a martyr to the common-weal.

Enter LOTHARIO *and* BORACHIO.

LOTH. Dull caitiff! Leave these abortive provects,
And talk in the newest fashion. I'll have
My very dog bark i' th' courtly garb.
DOR. Step aside! They are as mad as thy cousin.
LOTH. The excrements and mere defects of nature
Shall be reduc'd to ornaments in me.
I'll feed upon the tongues of nightingales,
For so each fart I let will be a song—
CAST. For the Peripatetics, being butchers
Here in Sienna,— [*Aside, behind.*
LOTH. A Pallas hewn in an entire carbuncle,
Encircled with a mote that flows with Lhasis—*
CAST. Deriv'd their augury from the warm entrails
Of a calf. [*Aside.*

* It would hardly have been necessary to notice this absurd nonsense of Lothario, were it not for the mention of a word, "Lhasis," of which no explanation has been found in any contem-

BOR. Sir! These are some of those that laugh'd at ye
In the presence.

LOTH. At me? Thou liest. They laugh'd at thee.

BOR. Why then the devil will ne'er give a man leisure
To believe a truth.

CAST. Signior Lothario! The great minion
To our Duke: I greet your health with all joy.
[*Comes forward.*

COS. And I, with all humility.

DOR. And I, with all celerity.

LOTH. Hark! Thou dull sinner. Is this real? hah!

BOR. Sir, let him, that hath a heart of his own,
Think what he list.

porary or more modern dictionary. As it subsequently occurs in the drama, and is used by Foreste in such a way as plainly to shew it was meant a provocative to animal passion, it may not unreasonably be conjectured to be the mandrake, or rather the juice of it called "mandragora," of which Albovine in the preceding drama, when infatuated with love for his captive, Queen Rhodolinda, made, as he himself asserted, considerable use.

The Goddess of wisdom is usually reputed to have had a cold temperament. Hence Lothario has her hewn in an entire carbuncle, a precious stone of which Macer says, Lib. v., cap. xxiii.,

"*Ardentes* Gemmas superat carbunculus omnes,"

and immersed in a mote or ditch flowing with mandragora, which, in some cases, (says Dr Brugis in his "Vade Mecum, for chyrurgeons," Lon. 1652), sometimes so much troubles "the brain that the patient performs many undecent gestures."

The next matter for inquiry is, how the word Lhasis was used to describe this stimulant.

Now, Sir Thomas Browne, speaking of the mandrakes of Leah mentioned in Genesis as solicited by Rachel, observes that from thence "hath arisen a common conceit, that Rachel regarded these plants as '*a medicine of Fecundation*,' whereby she might become fruitful, which, notwithstanding, is very questionable and of uncertain truth." Works, vol. iii., p. 312. Lond. 1835, 8vo.

Thus, as the earliest notice of mandrake is to be found in this colloquy between Leah and Rachel, may not Lhasis be Leah figuring in a Latin garb? Leasis and Lhasis are pretty like each other. But see afterwards, (page 176), where the word occurs in the mouth of Foreste.

LOTH. Do they adore, or flout me now?
BOR. All is witchcraft. I know when the moon winks.
There's something in't besides an eclipse.
LOTH. Miscreant! what suspicious follies
Dost thou create within that wooden skull?
And with what heathen-phrase utter'd! Know, dog!
If I employ my wrath—
BOR. Alas, Sir! I've more faults than misbelief.
Therefore give me your blessing, and let me
Go home in peace. 'Tis true, when the sky falls
We shall have larks. But let weaker stomachs
Expect such curious meat. I can eat
Oats and garlick under my own roof.
DOR. How? will Borachio leave the court?
CAST. What accident of dire portent is fallen?
LOTH. Gentlemen! applaud my patience. Because
He cannot furnish me with wholesome suits
He doubts my power to get 'em granted.
CAST. Why we will furnish him with suits.
BOR. But won't ye flout, and play the knave with one?
CAST. How, knave! Was that the word?
BOR. Interpret the word as yourself shall please;
I scorn to be your dictionary.
Marry come up! are your ears so tender?
I hope I'm a man, although a sinner.
CAST. Use no choler, amorous child. But if
Thou wantest suits, thy Lord being near the Duke,
May furnish thee with——
COS. Or, methinks thou would'st become a knighthood.
Get him to beg it for thee.
BOR. No, no! Hot words make but warm air. A fig
For a knight-errant, that hath a stile and ne'er a hedge.
DOR. Then get a patent to survey brine-pits.

Or else for casting ordnance in lome.*
CAST. Or else search Saint Peter's patrimony.
Lay-prebend'ries are good, and Symony
Is an old paradox.
BOR. Hold, hold!
Enough sufficeth all women but whores.
He that expects the morning lengthens the night:
Therefore straightway let my Lord get the Duke
To sign these patents: which done,
I'll return to the wife of my bowels,
And die for joy.
CAST. Why, this is fit and requisite.
COS. If Signior Lothario do consent.
LOTH. It is decreed.
BOR. Who would hasten time when we may be old
Too soon. Let me take down a cushion and pray,
For I shall have more dignity than will suffice
To damn a Monk.
CAST. Who could perish in a better cause?
BOR. Why! Can I help it if a man be born
To offices? Or, as my master said,
Predestinate in the womb of greatness.
'Tis not our faults. Each man obeys his star,
In spight of his teeth.
DOR. All this is Alcaron.
BOR. One thing grieves me. I've a bad memory
Already, and now 'twill be made worse.
CAST. How! can preferment hurt thy memory?
BOR. O Sir! Preferment makes a man forget
His dearest friends; nay, his kindred too.
COS. Look! Thy Master's building more castles in the air.
CAST. He has intelligence from Spain, and
Fortifies to no purpose 'gainst the next Spring.

* Leather or hide.—See *Cotgrave*.
A leathern cannon was proved at Edinburgh, fired three times, and found to answer, 23d October 1788.

LOTH. All offices shall be sold i' th' dark.
BOR. How! Grow not old in another's garment,
Sell what's your own. Some of those offices
Are mine by promise.
LOTH. Still cross to my designs. I'll stretch your sinews.
DOR. Hold, Signior Lothario, hold! Mercy
Becomes the powerful.
BOR. Let the devil take the knighthood, and make
His dam a lady.* I'll not be his ass,
That serv'd for blows and provender.
[*Exit Bor. Loth. running after him.*
DOR. Let's relieve Borachio, or all our comic scenes
Are at an end. [*Exeunt omnes*
[*Chairs out.*

Enter DUKE *and* FORESTE.

DUKE. Foreste.
FORES. My gracious Lord.
DUKE. Are yet our letters to his holiness
Dispatch'd?
FORES. They are so, please your grace.
DUKE. Did the French Ambassador make some shew
Of discontent at his departure hence?
FORES. Both in his words and looks: for when he heard
Th' English-Leiger had oppos'd his treaty
Concerning traffic with the Florentine,
His anger straight dismiss'd the argument,
And seiz'd upon the nation; nay rail'd
Against the Leiger too, whose opposition
Might be chidden as too nice a virtue,

* It has lately been suggested that Shakspere might possibly have read Don Quixote; but there is really nothing to prove that he did. That D'avenant was acquainted with Cervantes may be safely inferred, for Borachio is quite an Italian Sanchò Panza.

But could not be accused as a vice.
'Tis known indeed the French do take a pride
In the emphasis of sudden anger,
As if alacrity in ill did make
The fault look handsomely, and dulness add
Deformity to sin.
DUKE. 'Tis faithfully observ'd.
FORES. Swell'd with uncharitable pride : such as
Admits no stile of neighbour ; as if grown
Above the use of friendship ; they seem to call
Those mighty Islanders nearest their soil,
Poor borderers to their continent. Such,
Whose thin numbers have in bloody battle
Made their multitudes their impediments ;
Worn their ensigns, instead of scarfs.
DUKE. The chance of war
Admitteth many times of miracles,
Even such, as do discredit history.
High Providence confers the conquests there,
Where probability conferr'd the loss.
And this is done, that we may attribute
The praise to him that gave the victory,
And not to them that got it. Observe, besides,
That when the weak do overcome,—the strong
Do leave that stain for their posterity
To wipe away : which is already done.
The French have fiery nimble spirits.
FORES. Your Grace deals justly in your praise.
They have spirits : but they all are useless made
By forward and affectate violence.
He that spends his fury and his strength
I' th' first charge, must not hope to make's retreat
So nobly, as the modest combatant,
Whose onset slowly moves : as careful not
T' outride his skill. Their valour is t' attempt,
Not to perform. 'Tis a giddy nation ;
And never serious but in trifles.

DUKE. Thou dost mistake—in natural effects.
Where fancy is so rich, 'tis incident
To some mis-expence. These witty riots
Divulge the wealth o' th' brain. Fruit that is ripe
Is prone to fall, or to corrupt itself.
According to the age of Monarchies,
They now are fully ripe: they reach
The height and top of mortal faculties.
Nature in them doth stand upon the verge
Of her own youth. The English want
Three hundred years of that perfection.
And as the moon ne'er changes but i' th' full,
Even so the mighty nations of the earth
Change in their greatest glory. First, their strict
And rugged discipline to vain delights,
Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
Their battels fierce to duels splenative,
Or witty quarrels of the pen.

Enter LUCIO *and kneels.*

LUCIO. Here may my knees take root: whilst I
do grow
A living statue of true obedience,
Or let my royal master grant his pardon.
DUKE. Sure we may trust the judgment of our eyes.
Thou dost not look as if thou could't commit
A sin so horrid, so ugly as can fright
Our mercy from us. Rise, we pardon thee.
Now let us know thy crime.
LUCIO. It is no crime,
Unless against that great prerogative
Your ear hath overrun.* Perhaps my heart
Hath made escape through these fond eyes. And I,
I' th' rash discretion of my youthful blood,
Confin'd myself in matrimonial bonds.
DUKE. Hah! married? Speak suddenly! To whom?

* You have to bridle nature.—*Folio.*

FORES. To my sister. Sir, pardon the permission
[*Foreste kneels.*
Or frown, and leave your creature more obscure
Than when you own'd him first. Now is the time
To shew your charity divine. Preserve
What you have made.

DUKE. Foreste, this is ill.
What, confederate with ungovern'd youth?
But rise, we pardon you. Where's the lady?

Enter CORSA.

Rare beauty!——
You have our pardon and our favour too.
I thus invite more knowledge of your worth.
Believe me, Lady, you have a feature
That would betray a more experienc'd eye,
Than Lucio's is. Excellent wretch! with a
Timorous modesty she stifleth up
Her utterance. O! such a pregnant eye,
And yet so slow of speech, is a wonder
More delightful than any nature makes.
Hast thou, Lucio, so much unhappy wit,
As to be jealous yet? Wilt thou suppose
Thy self secure in our discourse?

LUCIO. Heaven forbid, your Grace should e'er employ
Your time so ill as to discourse with her,
'Till I grew jealous.

DUKE. Come hither, Lady! Come confess, how chance
You have bewitch'd my boy with subtle smiles,
With wanton 'haviour of those pretty eyes?
Doth heaven bestow such noble ornaments,
To be abused in the use? and now,
He is your prisoner too, in cheerful bonds,
How can you have the heart to make such spoil
And havoc of his beauty? Hah! speak lady!

CORSA. I hope your Grace hath thoughts more merciful.
I know this match was made in heaven; and not
Provok'd by any sinful art in me.
How I have us'd him in this little time
That he hath been my Lord, let him declare.
My duty is so strict, I need not blush
To hear the story told.
DUKE. No! look, look there. His eyes, for very shame,
Their lustre lost, are crep't into his head,
Encircled with the weakly colour blue.
The roses in his cheeks are wither'd quite,
His clear and brisk aspect is muddy now
And dull: his voice that was so shrill,
And could even trumpet-like out-scold the echo,
Is hollow grown and hoarse. Have you then us'd him well?
CORSA. Alas, most gracious sir, go not about
To make my lord suspect my loyalty.
If nature sicken in his faculties,—
Which heaven be thanked I perceived not yet,—
It cannot prove a guiltiness in me.
DUKE, Believe't, young wife, I am no proselyte.
I still aver you are that greedy nymph,
That hath devour'd the rich complexion of my boy.
See how his features shrunk, his beauty stain'd.
The Scythian Dame, whose cruelty is such,
Whose lust so prodigal, that she doth strive
To kill the able lecher in the act,
Making her womb his sepulchre; would yet
Have spared that wanton handsomeness to show
As pattern of her levity,
CORSA. I hope your Grace will pardon ignorance,
That so ill manner'd is, as not to know your meaning.
DUKE. No matter, lady.
My accusation shall withdraw itself.

Pretty innocence! Lucio, prepare.
'Tis our will to make thy wife a courtier;
She shall be high in favour, if she'll leave
Her modesty; that's out of fashion now.
In neighbour courts the ladies so prevail
With masculine behaviour: they grow
In factions able to depose their husbands
From the charter of their sex.

FORES. [*Aside.*] 'Tis strange that his dislike is fled so soon.

DUKE. Your marriage we will solemnize with Masques
And Revels. If invention ever mean
To get reward for subtlety, 'tis now.
We take notice, Lucio, she is thy wife,
And thy sister, our Foreste.

FORES. & LUCIO. We your grace's humblest creatures.

FORES. Affection is become a parasite;
Strives to please whom it cannot benefit.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter DORIDO, COSIMO, CASTRUCHIO.

DORID. Known, by whom! By city wits?

COS. Or my lady's workmen.

DOR. Who ne'er saw verse, but what their suitors writ,
Which they read like prose too.

CAST. I'll not discredit my patience; talk on.

DOR. They say you are particular with a
Great lady.

COS. Yes, and her pensioner.

DOR. Some loose thing, belike; yet will be at charge
To secure her fame from noise. For thou pray'st

Against all lechery but thine own.
COS. And she hath wish'd, in witty penitence,
Thou hadst been single in the world.
DOR. Ay, for then she had liv'd chaste.
He grows angry, his eyes look red.
CAST. No, Sir. They blush to see a fool.
DOR 'Twere fit they would employ their modesty
At home. For thou art a fool in print.
COS. Yet had he liv'd, when the old sybil
Presented her divine manuscripts to
The dull Roman, he would have scolded with her,
Unless his pamphlets had attain'd the first
Acceptance.
DOR. True, for every poet thinks himself
The best poet in the world.
COS. And that satire not the worst, wherein
He chides women for wearing their half-ruffs,
Which pinn'd behind trans-scituates the face,
Or makes 'em look, like Janus, with two faces.
DORID. A just exception : for going hastily
To kiss his whore, he could not find her mouth.
COS. Why sure her breath was strong enough
To direct him to it.
CAST. Yet I have heard nothing, but what deserves
More pity than anger.
DOR. Now when he hath provided some high toy
For the press ; he thinks on dedication,
Straight chuseth one of the faction, who must
Not patronize, but buy what he makes vendable,
With praise in the epistle.
COS. Can you deny this, cousin Satirist ?
DORID. And nothing makes learning so cheap,
But that every writer sells his works.
[*Exit Castruchio.*
COS. Nay, let's follow, and worry him to pieces.
[*They after him.*

Enter LUCIO *and* FORESTE.

LUCIO. Foreste, our ruine is contriv'd above.
If our master prove unkind, the planets
Govern ill; For our gratitude and care
Deserve more constancy.
FORES. Looks he so strangely on ye?
LUCIO. As if the object were but new to him,
And his own heart unsettled in his breast.
LORES. Is his violence so soon tir'd? Survey
The register of your own deeds. Speak, sir!
Have you so engross'd his ears, as if their
Organ were yours, not his? Confin'd 'em to
Your own tongue, and so depriv'd the sorrowful,
The griev'd in heart, of an easy audience?
LUCIO. Never!
FORES. Since you have shar'd the Duke's prerogative,
And by his love held opposition
At such great advantage: did you e'er slight
With cheap regard, those of high and noble birth?
LUCIO. My soul abhors such tyranny.
FORES. Have those who wear th' Eternal's livery
Bought their wages of ye? Or have they found
Bold and skilful flattery more helps
Advancement, than deep and modest learning?
LUCIO. Never! since my distinction was of power
To help its choice.
FORES. In nice trial, or evidence of law,
Hath custom which only gives us hope
Of certainty in justice, been traduc'd
By your obscure help?
LUCIO. Never!
FORES. Hath the desolate widow scar'd mercy
From your eyes, with her old ruin'd beauty?
For grief was never amorous; or hath
The torn beggar too soon dismissed your charity,

Because not giddy enough to delight wantonness?
LUCIO. Never!
FORES. Then if our great master withdraw his love,
The weight of sufferance cannot bruise ye;
For the whole world will share i'th' burden.

Enter a young GENTLEMAN *with a letter.*

LUCIO. From whom is this, sir?
GENT. From my Lord Marquiss de Loretta.
LUCIO. I humbly kiss his hand.
GENT. Now luck flatter me but once, and I am made.
'Tis short, pray heaven it be sweet, or I'll ne'er love
The proverb.
LUCIO. Sir, have you ever been in service,
Under any eminent commander?
GENT. Never yet.
LUCIO. Read these, Foreste.
How reputation lessens in esteem,
Courtesie grows so cheap that denial
Seems less troublesome than consent,
And performance is only lazy.
The labour of subscription hinders more
Than thought of that to which it doth subscribe.
This letter would fain make you a captain
In the new troops sent to the Valtaline.
But sure your modesty will teach you baulk
The grant, though I should beg ye to receive't.
FORES. Sir, shall the grey head—the old souldier,
That tries misfortune by his constancy
In sufferance; affronts the winter's rage,
Whilst his blood is frozen into coral,
His sinews into wire; whose valour thinks
To wear chain'd shot as bracelets on his loins.
Shall his preferment be intercepted?
Shall he now trail a pike under a boy,

Whose experience is younger than his face?
LUCIO. No: the friendship of the noble Marquiss
Shall never countenance such unjust deeds.
Find a suit more capable of my grant
And your acceptance—it is your own.
[*Chair at the Arras.*
GENT. Noble signior, I'll put ye to the test.
FORES. Princes' letters are cheaper far than those
Which scriveners put to sale. If such pigmies,
Apes in doublets, procure command o'th' camp,
Let the cranes wage war again. No opposition
Is too weak to ruinate. Go, young lord!
[*Exit Gentleman.*
The Duke is ill accompanied, if only
With his own thoughts. Discover more. Perhaps
His discontent concerns not you.
LUCIO. I fear, yet my hopes would fain comfort me.
Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Enter LUINNA *and* DUARTE.

LUIN. I would not be unmannerly, but if
She be at leisure, tell her I am here.
DUART. Please your Ladyship to sit, I'll tell her so.
She's come already.

Enter CORSA.

CORSA. I saw your entrance. How do you, sister?
LUIN. I humbly thank your honour, I am well.
Pray dismiss your woman: I would impart
A privacy.
CORSA. Watch my lord's coming from the Duke,
and bring
Me word, before he is uncoached.
DUART. I shall. [*Exit Duart.*
LUIN. O madam, time is now grown old and runs
But slowly; I thought each hour a year
Until I saw your ladyship.

Cos. Why what's the matter? I hope my brother's well,
LUIN. Yes, I thank heaven. But, pray, come hither!
Who do you suppose was with me last night
When my husband was at court?
CORSA. How should I tell, without you instruct me?
LUIN. Why, give a guess.
CORSA. The Lady Benvolia, or the Lady Utruvia! Who was it?
LUIN. Nay, 'twas a Man too.
CORSA. That's fine i'faith. Pray name him to me.
LUIN. What think you of the best man in Sienna?
CORSA. How! Was the Duke with ye?
LUIN. Yes, disguis'd too. He either came, or else
Pretended so, to meet your husband there.
After some talk, in which he did express
His love to all our family, he gave
An ample praise of you: and said he saw
Already so much worth in your fair breast,
As will add a knot to your Lord's heart,
And his own: nay, and make his constant love
A pattern for every Royal Master.
CORSA. Indeed, I daily pray to have it so.
LUIN. Then he gave me this same jewel; to you
He recommended the receipt of this.
CORSA. Trust me, wench, they are both full of glory,
Rarely cut and set.
LUIN. Your's is the better of the twain.
CORSA. It is!
But truly I mislike the manner of the gift.
Dost thou think his thoughts are honourable?
I prithee tell me.
LUIN. Th'are such as I suspected at the first;
Such as made me to refuse these jewels.
He swore I was a traitor, if I thought

He meant amiss. Or, if I did deny
To bear this same to you, I did but ill
Requite his kind request unto my husband.
Then in the close he us'd such art, such subtle phrase,
To free his thoughts from the strict jealousy
Of mine ; as reconciled me to obey his will.
You know besides how harsh it is to chide
With Majesty, or slight Princes' favours.

CORSA. I'll shew it to my Lord.

LUIN. I had thought t'have shewn my husband mine too ;
But, since 'tis capable of curious questioning,
I mean to stay awhile.

CORSA. Thou counsel'st well. We'll wear 'em both at once.
Mine is the best I e'er was mistress of.

Enter DUARTE.

LUIN. And mine is not eclipsed much by yours.

DUART. Madam, my Lord is near at hand.

CORSA. Come, sister, we shall hear the news at court.

LUIN. I'll wait upon your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTRUCHIO, LOTHARIO, BORACHIO.

CAST. Sir Knight, believe't ; Foreste is the man
That dulls your reputation with the Duke,
And suborns the Count against ye.

LOTH. Dares he control my purposes ?

CAST. Ask honest Borachio else.

BOR. Nay, he'll not believe me :
Though I should swear you flout him
Behind his back. And when a man
Sees things plainly he need not buy spectacles
Till he grow old.

LOTH. I'll mince the villain into sand, to fill

My hour-glass.

CAST. In this garden he walks continually
After dinner. Here, stay! and expect him.
And Signior, in this skin of parchment, mark!
What pains I take to perfect your revenge.
I'th shape of a tree, which takes root in Hell,
You shall discover all his base descent.
On that branch appears a Hangman. Then,
A Jakesman; then, a Tinker. On's mother's side
A Bawd profess'd; then, a Tybb: then, a Tripe-wife.
A Synagogue of Welsh Rabbies could not
Express more skill in genealogies,
Than this includes. Sir, shew it him,
And he insaniates straight.

LOTH. I'll make him wear it on his forehead.

CAST. Excellent rage! but not a word of me.
I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit Castruchio.*

LOTH. Not the four winds, met in March, shall cool my spleen.

BOR. Sir! now we are private, 'tis a fit time
To be troublesome——

LOTH. I'll cram Cerberus with sops
Made of the slave's blood——

BOR. Concerning those offices. I've thought on 'em,
And will have 'em all in spite of Bolton's teeth.*

Enter FORESTE.

FORES. Signior Lothario! Borachio too!

* "There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the author that it contained all the English Proverbs. Nay, replied she, *Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton;* which proverb being instantly looked for happened to be wanting in his Collection."—"Who this Bolton was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring."
Ray's Proverbs, 8vo., 1768.

Thou art an honest fellow.
BOR. Ay, your Worship is wise to speak no more
Than what you may well stand to.
LOTH. Base stem, deriv'd from Isope-root,
Our ancestors were not so familiar.
Behold ! and grow more mannerly.
[*Shews him a Parchment.*
FORES. What's here ? My pedigree ? Some saucy knave
Hath counsel'd him to this affront. What, ho !
[*Enter Servants.*
I must know th' original projector.
Lay hold upon those fools !
LOTH. Lay hold on me ?
Take off your hands ; or I will toss ye all
Into the clouds, and kick the mountains after ye.
BOR. I pray bid the Gentleman take good heed ;
For my Master can do all this, and more too;
I have seen him.
SERV. Be you quiet. You that desire offices.
BOR. If I do, what then ? There be those desire
Worse things.
LOTH. Know ye not, rogues, that I can muzzle up
The testy Unicorn in a spinner's thread ?*
FORES. Lay hold on him.
BOR. He that cannot run for his liberty
Hath no courage in his heels. Let the gout
Take him that hath legs and wont use 'em.
[*He runs away.*
FORES. No matter, let him go. Convey that fool
Unto the porter's lodge.
LOTH. A chaos shall succeed this usage.
[*Exeunt Servants with Lothario.*

Enter LUCIO.

Whither so fast, sweet Lord ?

* See reference to this and explanation in the Biographical Notice of D'avenant, *Ante.*

LUCIO. Foreste, I have ta'en my leave o'th' Duke.
FORES. Must ye away to night?
LUCIO. Now, presently. My followers attend
At door. I only came to kiss thy hands.
FORES. The sun will fail ye ere ye reach Lucca.
LUCIO. I must through: His Grace will have it so.
Why dost thou make thy head to shake and reel
Upon thy shoulders thus? Is it o'ercome
With thoughts, and such as must be hid from me?
FORES. Take heed! suspicion is the favourite
Of Time and Nature. It takes a sudden growth:
And gathers in the breast like balls of snow
On snow; until the weight make it deny
To be remov'd: then melts at leisure too.
LUCIO. He's too moderate that will, at my years,
Be satisfied thus.
FORES. Why then consider thus. You go to Lucca,
There to congratulate the safe approach
Of the Pope's Legate; he hath been there a week;
And why he was not visited ere this,
Or why, upon such strict and short summons,
Yourself must now be sent, quite puzzles me.
Actions rare and sudden do commonly
Proceed from fierce necessity: or else
From some oblique design: which is asham'd
To shew itself i'th' public road.
LUCIO. Foreste, is this all?
FORES. Why, my sweet patron, this is enough
Of danger, since none is merited.
LUCIO. Young thoughts encourage me to sufferance.
Each storm is usher to a gentle calm.
Who toils with speed gets soonest home to rest.
The plodding mule shall sleep eternally.
Why should the stricken deer bemoan his death?
His obsequies were full of noble rites:

Actæon's quire a jolly requiem gave,*
And th' arrow from the bow did sing his dirge.
FORES. Thus thy years do riddle grief away;
Making the sorrow swift, because 'tis mortal.
Let me wait on your Lordship to your horse,
And at your better leisure read this same.
I'll tell ye as we go who brought it me.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. To wrong my boy, unkind, incestuous heat!
Why is copulation legal? It gives
Authority to lust, for chastity
Would soon conclude the World. O virtuous
Prejudice, when error prevents folly!
Fiends, Devils, that do live in liquid fire,
Have constitutions not half so hot,
So riotous as mine. But why is this?
The beauteous Corsa is not yet defil'd.
He that repents ere he commits a fault,
Doth, like a thirsty sinner, store his soul
With mercy, to absolve that sin himself,
Which he may afterwards more securely
Fall into. Enough, this soon initiates.

Enter CASTRUCHIO (*behind*).

The credulous Count, her husband, I have sent
To Lucca. And to-morrow he returns.
My plots are limited too short a time
To become actions. Nor was it skill
To send the jewel by her Sister. Mark!
My soul and brain are perfect courtiers grown.
In my declension, and my greatest want
They leave me to instruct and help myself.
CAST. [*Aside.*] These fancies are not old; the whole court

* Referable to the baying of Actæon's dogs as they pursued him to the death.
"And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing."—*Spenser.*

Observes him strangely altered. But why
Am I sent for? That I must know, by safe
And cautelous insinuation.
DUKE. How soon I've profited in discipline
Of Hell. I must through. What I did mean
Adultery at first, will now, I fear,
Become a rape.
CAST. Hah! still upon that string? I like it well.
'Tis musical.
DUKE. Castruchio! art thou come?
Thou hast been long a Courtier, but whether
'Twas want of skill in me to choose a man,
Or want of luck in thee to be my choice,
Suspense makes neutral. But, know! my love
Was tardy, because still void of leisure
To warrant passion well bestow'd, by safe
Though tedious trials. Affection
That is slow, is sure: and now I wear my heart
Not in mine own breast, but thine.
CAST. I have but one life. It is some error
In your Grace, thus t'oblige me to the loss
Of more in your dear service.
DUKE. I am not skill'd in words. But I affect
Thy fury. For thou art the bold Satyr,
That whips Foreste and the wanton Count
In thy tart verse.
CAST. My gracious Lord! I shall conceive much grief,
If my zeal mistake in accusation
Of those men, which th'uncertain tongue of Fame
Delivers to my charge.
DUKE. Nay, make not thy confession an excuse
Rather than a story, for there needs none.
I hate Foreste and the Count, and would
Devise succinct * ways to my revenge.

* Some sudden.—*Folio.*

CAST. Heaven forbid! I'd rather far disgrace
The skill of my subject; call accusation
Slander, than that the busy multitude
Should note inconstancy in you.
DUKE. (*Aside*) This is a damn'd hypocrite.
Chameleon's changes are not so intricate to sense.
Castruchio! ease me with nimble apprehension.
I have not leisure to be modest now.
Speak,—hast no acquaintance with any near
Corsa's person: the Count's fair wife?
CAST. I humbly beg your Grace would not mistake
The conditions of my duty.
DUKE. I beg of thee not to mistake the sense
Of my designs. My words import my heart.
And both, no danger unto thee.
CAST. I hope my skill in servitude will not
Provoke my Prince to tempt my honour.
DUKE. What prolix love is this thou dost indent
With my acceptance? Make choice of services?
CAST. Your grace will give me leave; since that I know
I not deserve to share in your high secrets,
To doubt my safety in knowing this.
DUKE. Death! and horror! Thy suspicions are too thin.
Consider why I sent the Count to Lucca?
Upon my life, thou art secure: therefore
Reply unto my former question.
CAST. My gracious Lord, I have some interest
In her woman.
DUKE. Is Corsa's woman known to thee?
CAST. She is. Perhaps——
DUKE. Discharge thy tongue. May my ears blister
If they digest words to thy prejudice.

CAST. Perhaps I knew her—beyond the modest strain.
DUKE. There's gold! Castruchio, shew some pity,
On rebellious blood. Be thou my harbinger;
[*Flings him a bag.*
Billet me this night where she doth lye,
And thou art made for ever.
CAST. Must it be this night?
DUKE. Strict opportunity will have it so.
Her Lord returns with the next sun.
CAST. I cannot say herself shall porter be
Unto your entrance; but her woman shall.
DUKE. Enough! There's more gold. Summon up thy brain,
Thy heart, thy soul, to meet in consultation,
And so contrive my peace. Farewell!
CAST. I will instruct your Grace, ere long, both when
And how to make this amorous assault.
DUKE. Myself and my Exchequer are thine own.
There needs no art to work him into evil; [*Aside.*]
He's bad enough t'infect the very Devil.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter DORIDO.

DORID. Good! They have left the garden door unlock'd
I'll venture in to help discovery.
Castruchio is grac'd with rare employment.
The Duke and he do here consume the night.
These are the hours for ghosts, adulterers,
And thieves. The slave is haggard.* At supper,

* Wild or irreclaimable.
"As I have loved this proud, disdainful haggard."
Shakespeare.

Being full of gold, his vain appetite
Fed at Nero's rate ; I was discarded
With a frown : shaken like a bur from's sleeve,
As if my closure heretofore had been
Impertinent. Ambition lessens all
Beneath itself to nothing. The higher we do stand
So much the less those men appear, whom we behold below.
Hark ! kind fortune lend me thy ears.

Enter CASTRUCHIO *and* DUARTE.

CAST. The night grows aged now. 'Twere fit the Duke
Would hasten his departure. In troth, wench,
Thy service to him exceeds requital.
But what ! She took it willingly ?
DUAR. No, but she did not.
CAST. Pox o' these modest lies ! I say she did.
DUAR. In troth, you do abuse her then ; I'm sure
Her shrieks did scare my heart up to my lips.
CAST. Then thou could'st have kiss'd heartily.
DUAR. I wonder it wakened not the whole house.
CAST. Is't possible ! What means did the Duke use
To stifle up this noise ?
DUAR. Nay, I know not. But since she was no more
Pliant, it doth repent me much I e'er
Was instrument to his other actions.
CAST. What, repent ! I prithee, sweet Duarte,
Wrong not divinity so much, waste not
A virtue that would more profit others :
And to suppose that the lady was ravish'd
Is an heresy, which my soul must ne'er
Be guilty of. Do not I know, women
Are a kind of soft wax, that will receive

Any impression ?

DUAR. And do not I know, there is difference
In workmen as in wax ? Hard wax, when cold,
Accepts of no impression. By coldness
I infer chastity ; for chastity is cold.

CAST. But those workmen are harder far
Than that hard wax. And 'tis hardest of all
To find those workmen ; unless by Russia
Where the people freeze till they spit snow. Come,
Kiss me chuck ! Again ! Once more !

DOR. A precious satirist ! This surly dog
Inveighs 'gainst lechery in others, 'cause
He would engross all women to himself.

CAST. Your greatest thieves are commonly begot
When parents do their lechery by stealth.
Men get cowards when frighted in the act.
And by such vulgar consequence, 'tis now
A proper time to beget a pander:
One that may hereafter do to other men
The same office, which we do the Duke now.
Come ! Shall we in and try ?

DUAR. You presume much on an easy nature,
And how extravagant you are abroad
I am not so unkind to question.

CAST. Faith, wench ! I've some interest in
Every child that plays i'th' street.
The Duke's come down. Go, go !
Give your lady a caudle ! and let me hear
How she likes her new bedfellow. [*Exit Duar.*] I'll meet
His Grace two hours hence, when he hath dismissed
Those thoughts which still succeed unlawful lust.
[*Exit.*

Enter DUKE.

DOR. O damn'd villany ! Is this th' employment
That doth make ye proud ? I will haunt ye still,
To strengthen my intelligence. [*Exit Dor. after Cast.*

DUKE. O silly, weak evasion! Being dark,
I creep within my cloak. 'Tis modesty
In sin to practise every disguise
To hide it from the world. But creatures free
from guilt
Affect the sun, and hate the dark, because
It hides their innocence. O traitor lust!
That leads us with encouragement to fight,
And, when we have discharg'd our veins for thee,
W'are besieg'd with thoughts that more perplex us
Than the former. For then we did complain
Of strength, but now of weakness more.
Away, away! 'Tis time that I were gone.
The modest morn doth blush i'th' east, as if
Asham'd to see so foul a ravisher. [*Exit Duke.*

Enter CASTRUCHIO *and* DORIDO.

DORIDO. So swift of foot? I must overtake ye.
CAST. How now! The world is wide enough:
wherefore
Dost thou jostle me?
DOR. Cry mercy, Signior! The day's blear-eyed
yet,
And my own haste made me unmannerly.
CAST. Signior Dorido, is it you? 'Tis much
To see you appear before the sun.
DOR. Faith, Signior, the Count being out o' town,
I thought Foreste would have more leisure
To peruse my new suit. He's early up,
Which caus'd my vigilance.
CAST. Why Signior, use a means more absolute.
It is true, Foreste does all: but how?
As the instrument govern'd i'th' workman's hand.
Instruct me with conveniency of time,
And I will work the Duke in thy behalf.
DOR. Then, Signior, you will oblige my prayers.
CAST. At supper, when you departed from me,

You gave demonstrations of discontent.
Who knows, but whilst the soul's employ'd within,
The body might neglect some outward form,
Which curiosity prefers to custom;
Custom to abuse? It was my business,
Not disrespect of you, that did deprive
My compliment of vanity. I shall
Rejoice when I can shew you kindness.

DORID. I will be bold to think so.

CAST. I'd have thee build thy mansion on a rock,
Favourites are served in with those dishes
The prince best loves. And meat we most affect
We soonest surfeit on. Instruct thy soul.
The Count is but a glorious trifle.
And to be factious without benefit——
Well, think upon't. I know a way to get
The Duke's best ear without Foreste's help.
Farewell! [*Exit Castruchio.*

DOR. The profit of the day be your's. These tricks
Shall make me wear him in my eyes. The slave
Doth usher out his breath in state; as if
His honours had outgrown his own knowledge,
Yet [he's] but a tame pander. The beauteous Corsa
Is ravish'd by the Duke. O black horror!
Arise my soul, inspire my industry
With noble purpose. Something I'll do
That shall proclaim my spirit. [*Exit.*

Enter CORSA *and* DUARTE.

CORSA. Hence, hence, like time, who swiftly flies away
But evermore returns. Go, cruel wench!
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress, even to
Eternal loss. The angels, that live above,
Have seen it all: they know thee well enough.
In the general Session of the world,

It will not my adultery be call'd,
But a prodigious rape deriv'd from thee.
DUAR. Good madam, your conscience is too bold:
It troubles you too much. Dismiss't! Think,
That other ladies have offended more.
CORSA. Out, devil! Wilt thou betray my soul too?
Duarte, hence! I am inspir'd with strength
To make revenge prove masculine.
Fly quickly hence! Why dost thou stay? There's gold.
I prithee, wench, in all thy pilgrimage
Disperse my fault in charitable sense.
Use me nobly with thy tongue. So, farewell!
DUAR. Or let my sin no mercy find in heaven,
No pity here on earth. [*Exit Duarte.*
CORSA. Now all the motives of my Lord's delight
Exterminate for evermore with me.
My silent lute's interred in the case.
My voice now rather frights than captivates
The sense.

Enter LUINNA.

O, sister! dare you visit me?
I am a strumpet grown. Hence! and secure
Your fame.
LUIN. Alack! what prodigy is this?
CORSA. I will tell thee all. For I should disgrace
Iniquity to be modest now. The Duke——
LUIN. Ay me!
What in that name can privilege offence?
CORSA. Hear, my Luinna, hear! In midst of night,
By my pernicious woman's help, he opes
My chamber door: whose faithful hinges shriek'd
To warn me of his dire approach. His hand
Employ'd a torch; a torch, whose fancy weak,

Aged, and black, had over grown the flame,
And shew'd methought like unto Tarquin's ghost,
Preaching* in fire : as if it counsel'd him,
To prevent such penance by forsaking
His attempt. This I told him too. But he,
That came not to consider but to act,
O'er-ruled my hands with his, and then made shipwreck
Of my honour.

LUIN. O royal villain !
My joints and sinews dissipated are,
And scatter'd in a trembling fear. But mark !
More sorrows yet. My husband looking in
My cabinet did spy that jewel there,
Which the Duke last gave me. It was to him
A new and unknown star : and comet-like
Employ'd his thoughts with such astrology
As made an optick of his jealousy,
Through which he could discern the cause, th' effect
Of its being there. I told him all the truth :
And truth's oftener praised than rewarded
Here on earth ; for he dismiss'd me straight
With fatal looks.

CORSA. My brother is a noble gentleman.
Go, go, and kneel to him. All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth, or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth. Shield us, sweet heaven !
The sybils dance about my heart. They lay
Their verges here : infusing a prophetick fear ;
Which whispers we shall never meet again.
Let's take a solemn leave. Farewell for ever !

[*They Kiss.*

LUIN. Farewell ! the noblest lady o' th' world.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

* Walking.—*Folio.*

Enter COSIMO *and* BORACHIO.

COS. I am glad to see thee well, Borachio!
But where's thy master? What, in durance still?
BOR. Alas, Sir! ay! good gentleman, the room
Wherein they have put him is so little,
He fills it up to the roof: and is fain
To leave his legs sentinels without door,
To watch the rest of his body. 'Tis no
Chamber but a court-cupboard.
COS. But they make him amends in his diet?
BOR. They cannot, sir; for he's a faint eater.
If he would pray so often as he fasts,
He had been at liberty long ago.
He'll dine upon a single pea, and leave orts.*
COS. Do they no more regard his potent hopes?
BOR. Alas, sir! when fortune's tippet stands up
Few men will lend a pin to tack it down;
I, and my lineage have sweet loss of him:
I'm sure o'that.
COS. Nay, that's too evident.
BOR. O, Sir! I would not a' give this rush,
T'have been assur'd all th' offices in's gift.
But hang such dukes, I say, that suffer thus
Their favourites to be imprisoned.
COS. How now, Borachio! dost thou speak treason?
BOR. Sir, I have said no more than what I mean
To unsay again: which is but a kind
Of losing one's labour. And 'tis better
To be ill employ'd than to be idle.

Enter CASTRUCHIO.

COS. How the slave sows his proverbs together.

* Refuse.

"A barren spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts and imitations.—*Shakespeare.*

Are you come? I have stay'd until the clock
Gave your promise the lie.
CAST. My time was spent to more advantage.
I have declar'd my interest in your blood.
If you assist my plots, you needs must share
Success, that hath already warranted
A large requital.
COS. I am resolv'd: and wish my self more able.
CAST. 'Tis well. But, now you undertake business,
You must be as serious as a muscle.
That is; wear your beard upon your tongue; talk
Bravely, but of all avoid Dorido,
As you would to drink a violent poison.
COS. Enough! He is a stranger to my thoughts.
CAST. There's fresh encouragement!
[*Gives him Gold.*
COS. A little more of this metal would puzzle
My geography; Is this Italy
Or the Indies? There, Borachio! Weep no more
For thy master.
BOR. Alas! I'm apt to weep, though I but see
An onion stripp'd naked.
CAST. I thought to meet thy master here. I'm sure
I saw the warrant sign'd for his release.
BOR. The devil take your worship for me! Why
D'ye bring such good news, on a work'y day?
CAST. But thou pray'st ill, in praying the devil
To take me.
BOR. Why could he ever come to less purpose
Than when he finds you doing well? Though he
Lose his labour once; I dare warrant ye,
He'll come again on the same errand.
CAST. A bitter fool.
BOR. Sir! Let we friends be true to one another.
There are but few true friends extant. Let them

Be kindly us'd and kept, if only for the breed.
CAST. With all my heart! Translate thy meaning.
BOR. Is my master at liberty?
CAST. I'll defer an answer of this, until
Thy own eyes be a little older.
BOR. Well! Is he still in favour with the Duke?
CAST. Why he shall shortly govern all at court,
And be a very mote in the Duke's eye.
BOR. Enough! 'Tis not wholesome to burst with joy.
CAST. But, what then?
BOR. I've thought with much care on these Offices:
And find my self fitting to be in 'em.
I will have 'em all; come cut and longtail.
For, my wife will be such a glad woman.

Enter LOTHARIO.

COS. Look! who comes there?
BOR. O, Sir! give me your blessing. [*He kneels.*
LOTH. Weep not, Borachio! I have prepar'd
Such bloody art in my revenge; as makes
Men's wits more famous than their cruelty.
Let horror propagate. All's too little
For my use. But you, sir! had the honour
To release me.
CAST. Or else I had been much dishonour'd.
COS. Sir, now he supposeth you in durance;
And is himself secure, haply drunk,
Or riding in the stews; you may take some
Advantage on his soul to. Lose no time.
LOTH. That's my intent.
For it were dull humanity to aim
No further than his life. I'll pursue him
Even to hell.
CAST. And let me alone so to facilitate
The project, by search of fit time and means:

As shall declare the act less troublesome
Than thus to threaten it with words.
BOR. You, Signior Castruchio! Signior Coxcomb!
Are you tir'd with doing well? You have scarce
Brought my poor lord out of the prison doors,
But you long to have him in again. Nay,
Ne'er look! For my sword dwells within a yard
Of my tongue, and shall defend what I say.
CAST. What a pernicious calf is this!
BOR. What harm have my poor wife and children done
To you or yours, that, seeing me within
A hairs' breadth of a hundred offices,
You confound all, by leading my poor lord
Into new broils?
LOTH. Bold miscreant! if I but stir——
COS. Nay, Signior, let him alone. Borachio!
Steep thy wrath in cold water: follow,
And be dumb. All shall be well.
BOR. Yes, persuade me to dry ice in an oven!
But I'll follow your heels so close, as I'll
Go near to tread upon your kibes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter DORIDO *and* FORESTE.

DORID. Signior! I knew ye a brave commander
Under the great Petruchio; and, since
That time, your constant virtues have deserv'd
More recompence than fate will minister
By me. My kindness is no miracle:
Since gratitude is only sick, not dead.
But, pray, believe what I have said is truth.
FORES. O, sir, 'tis the error of unskilful love
To be too constant in her charity
To all. But I have grounds more relative
To make me jealous of the truth; and I

Believe you with my heart. And yet 'tis strange.
Doth this Castruchio think his haggard fate
Can triumph over mine? Because in lust
The devil did instruct his industry:
Dares he attempt my life?

DOR. I give you real grounds for my suspense.
Reward, sir, may make a villain bloody,
Though it cannot make him valiant. The Duke
Will let him want no gold.

FORES. Nay, 'tis often seen.
Amongst the several creatures of a Prince,
Such instruments as these most profit reap.
Employments noble do requite themselves,
And honour pays the great of heart: who lose
But time in service which is the body's wealth.
Your friend stays. If you please t' appear with him,
From thence, at my summons: I shall discover more.

DOR. Noble signior, I am yours. [*Exit Dorido.*

FORES. What, hoa! Luinna! wife!

Enter LUINNA.

LUIN. My Lord!

FORES. Come hither, love. Signify in secret
When was the royal lecher here disguis'd?
What did he send thee last? When must ye quench
The Cyprian fire? hah! you may tell me all,
For I'll not blab. Alas! I'm more silent
Than my grandsire in his tomb. A subtle pimp, I.
A pander learned in the art. Tell me, chuck!

LUIN. Alas, my noble lord! What do ye mean?

FORES. Why nothing, I: yet 'tis enough I feel
The wrong. If ignorant, I suffer twice.
And therefore let me know my enemy.
The little worm, when trod upon, will turn

His head, to look upon his murderer.
And hath my spleen no eyes? Is the revenge
Of man less curious than a worm's? She weeps!
O, Luinna, the sacred knot's untied.
Thou hast defil'd and stain'd the vestal sheets.
Thy breast shall be no more my pillow.

LUIN. O! say not so. Let thunder strike me dead,
If I e'er knew the Duke with knowledge more
Dishonest, than what harbours in the eyes;
Only by sight.

FORES. O new horror! Such brazen impudence
Would make a negro blush. Come, glorious whore!
Acquaint me with your tricks. Who, when, where, how?
For, besides the jewel which he gave thee,
I have proofs that will even damn my sister,
And convince thee too.

LUIN. My dear lord! Be not cruel in your faith.
What I have said is truth.

FORES. Still constant in thy perjury? Mercy
Were tameness then. Thou shalt die
Like an heroic whore: a stout martyr
To thy concealed lover. Appear, ho!

Enter DORIDO *and his friend in vizards.*

Hear, my she goat! These men are full and fresh!
But, if they cannot tire ye out, I will procure ye
Some of larger thighs, that feed
On th' unctious Lhasis and the Persian Crab;*
Or bring the riotous horse, and the town bull,
To drownd ye in the act. Take her aside,
And agree who shall begin.

LUIN. Stay, stay! O, my husband, my dearest Lord!
Will you permit such cruelty against

* See note at end of the volume.

Your own wife? She that hath so often slept
Within your bosom. O speak! do you want
The natural touch? Stay, stay, I will confess't.
FORES. Stay, I'm of too easy, too soft a soul.
My heart-strings, sure, are made of silk: and 'tis
A subtle whore, she knows it well enough.
But come, be brief. Charm me not with stories
Of my former love between us.
I see thee as thou art, and thou appear'st
Like an entire proportionable boil.
Why speak'st thou not?
LUIN. Sorrow was ever slow of utterance.
And I do tremble still. I knew the time
My duty hath been held in more regard
Than now it is. All former interest
Is quite forgot
FORES. Mark! Did not I suspect she would begin
Her charms again? Away with her!
LUIN. O stay! Now, now, I will reveal all.
FORES. Be nimble then, and tell me punctual truth,
For my revenge is honest, and would not
Willingly mistake when it shall strike.
LUIN. 'Tis true, your sister's ravish'd by the Duke.
Which fatal truth, this morning, I receiv'd
From her own mouth. But if I e'er did break
My marriage vows, or think unlawfully,
Then may I lose my interest in heaven.
My duty and my love remain still yours,
And this constancy deserves some kindness;
Therefore, if 'tis decreed that I must die,
Let me die a modest death. Expose not
Your poor wife unto the cruelty
Of ravishers.
FORES. What think ye, Sir?
DOR. My thoughts continue in the former sense.

I have a chaste and virtuous wife, however
You desir'd assurance from a trial
So unkind as this.
FORES. Still, methinks, that jewel which he gave her
Procur'd the same requital that my sister made.
But let it pass. I do conjure ye both,
As y'have been soldiers, to keep your tongues
A safe distance from your ears. Let not words
Disperse what you have heard. 'Tis external
Reputation that keeps some men from sin.
Our faults once known, we do neglect to mend
Since reputation suffers still; for that
Admits of help, but it is never cur'd.
And so the fatal jars 'tween man and wife,
If secret kept, dissention falls asleep.
But if once known to fame, fame talks so loud
She waketh it again. Your silence, Signiors,
Shall challenge much from my requital.
DOR. Besides our obligations to your worth,
Even both our honours would impose it
As a virtue, not a trouble. We are
Your humble servants. [*Exit Dorido with his friend.*
FORES. I will deserve you for my friends. Rise!
You must be clear'd by a stricter trial,
Till when I do neglect the large charter
Of husbands o'er their wives: and command ye
As a Judge th' offender. Hence! and become
My prisoner in your closet. Take heed
No curiosity in fear make you
To pry in my designs.
LUIN. I do obey ye cheerfully. [*Exit Luinna.*
FORES. O my heart! Shall my industry and hopes
Find this period? my sufferance is tir'd.
It is an old inconstancy in Fate,
Soon to erect, and soon to ruinate. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

A chair at the Arras.

Enter FORESTE *solus.*

FORESTE. No, no, my stars! It is too much to bear.
Though I were stomach'd like an estridge,
Yet could I not digest such hard dealing.
My wife defil'd, Corsa ravish'd, the Count
Abus'd where satisfaction is exempt
By nature, myself proscrib'd to suffer
By the cheap valour of obscure villains.
Would I had trode the humble path, and made
My industry less ambitious. The shrub
Securely grows. The tallest tree stands
Most in the wind. And thus we distinguish
The noble from the base: the noble find
Their lives and deaths still troublesome.
But humility doth sleep: whilst the storm
Grows hoarse with scolding. My gall o'erflows my heart,
And drowns propitious thoughts. I will be just
Yet cruel too. The darkness of the night
Is thick. I feel as I grope for way——
Stay! that sickly light from her chamber breaks.
Minion! I'll begin with you. [*Exit.*

Enter CORSA *and a boy.*

CORSA. Sing, gentle youth! Who knows if I shall live
T'employ thy voice again?

SONG.

BOY. Weep no more for what is past
For time in motion makes such haste,

He hath no leisure to descry
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider accident,
And how repugnant unto sense,
It pays desert with bad event:
We shall disparage Providence.

Enter FORESTE.

FORES. This is your dirge.
CORSA. Hah! Who is there?
FORES. 'Tis I! Dismiss that trifle hence, and shut
The door.
CORSA. Farewell, youth! Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Boy.*
FORES. But where's the rigled hag; the incestuous lump
Of heat? Where is she? Speak!
CORSA. Alas, Sir, who do you mean?
FORES. Why she that gossips with the devil's dam,
The subtle bawd, your woman. O sister!
I have heard all.— [CORSA *kneels.*
Nay, do not work distinction thus.
Kneel not to me; you are my patron's wife.
But yet where obligation is endear'd,
There injury condemns itself. Can you
Survive a wrong so eminent: a wrong
Committed 'gainst your husband, and my patron?
CORSA. O, Sir! I hope, if you have heard the truth,
You will believe it was a rape i'th' Duke,
And no adultery in me.
FORES. How, a rape! Weak and immodest shift:
Were Aretine alive: or had I brought
A crew of midwives here; whose obscene art
Might warrant the distinction good;

Although the cause did blush to own th'effect;
Yet thy appeal might stand; but here are none.
If compulsion doth insist until
Enforcement breed delight, we cannot say
The female suffers. Acceptance at the last
Disparageth the not consenting at the first:
Calls her denial, her unskilfulness;
And not a virtuous frost i' th' blood.
Come, sit thee down. Or, if ye mean to pray,
Kneel, and be nimble in devotion.
Thou art to die.

CORSA. My noble brother!
Do not fright my sufferance: use me kindly
With your tongue and looks; I am already
Reconcil'd to heav'n; and would perhaps
Consent to your design.

FORES. Blessed speech! Thou shalt prescribe my gesture
And my phrase.

CORS. 'Twere not unnatural in me, to wish
For life! Yet, minding what constructions
The world may make of my sinister chance—

FORES. Ay, there's the point. The giddy multitude
Have neither skill nor leisure to convince
Supposition, with arguments of strength
And charity. Their quick censure brings such
Effect as spectacles, when us'd in haste;
Which then do rather aggravate the shape,
Than give distinction of the form. Who, who
Would live to be an argument for them?

CORS. Do ye conclude, then, that I must now die?

FORES. Why is't not apt, and pregnant to your sense
It should be so?

CORSA. Ere I take my last leave of my kind Lord?

FORES. Ceremonious form doth oft so long
Delay our journey; 'till it prove too late
To reach our home. 'Tis a long way to heaven.
We must make haste. Nay, if your courage fail
Before it comes unto the test, I shall
Prepare to be unkind. Grim, black fancy!
Could you endure to see your Lord, defil'd,
Pólluted as you are? That kind patron
To all our family; whose constant love
Is warranted by time, that best can judge
Of constancy. Who took you to his bed
Upon conditions cheap, and dangerous
To his own estate.
CORSA. Sir, speak no more: but use me as you please;
I will obey in all.
FORES. Come, stretch down your arm, and permit this scarf
To fasten it to th' chair. Then veil your eyes.
We must not trust a woman's valour. So!
CORSA. Oh, oh, oh!
FORES. The torture's past. Thy wrist-veins are cut. Here
In this bason bleed; till dryness make them curl
Like lutestrings in the fire.
CORSA. Commend me to my dearest Lord. I am
His humble sacrifice. He'll not be more
Unwilling to grant atonement, than I
Have been to need it. The fates give others
Expiation: which now they want themselves.
I speak too loud. For who dares chide with them
That may employ thunder?
FORES. Her beauty 'gins to wither. She distills
Like to a rose. O! could I separate
The blood defil'd from what is pure, I would
Shed that; then restrain the current. Know!
Unskilful nature, if operation

Should long subsist in such gross mixture, men
Would be devils ere they liv'd in hell.
CORSA. I come, celestial quire! [*She riseth up.*
FORES. Extasy! through weakness in expense of blood!
Dear sister! Disturb not your last minutes.
CORS. I must ascend.——
FORES, How! Would you enter heaven with fetters on
Your soul? clogg'd with these mortal limbs. Sit down,
Expire in peace.
CORS. O my brother! whilst I am yet human,
Let me feel some interest in your blood.
What fault of mine deserves impediments
In my last journey? If my Lord were here
He would have seen me us'd with mercy.
FORES. Sweet soul! these are but mistakes of weakness.
CORS. Will not my Lord be merciful to me,
And to my memory? [*Riseth up.*
FORES. Sit still. I bring no negative reply.
Thy worth shall shine in such a character,
That being dead, he needs must woo thy ghost.
CORS. And will posterity consent, that I
Abide in list, with those of modest fame?
FORES. That astrologer who spies thee first
Within a star, must not find thee billeted
Near to Venus. Such error in his act
Would make me wreath his body into cords:
And with prolix strength draw the dull caitiff
Through his slender optic.
CORSA. Oh, oh, oh! [*Recorders: sadly.*
FORES. A convulsion in her arteries!
CORSA. Mercy, heaven!
[*She dies. Still music above.*
FORES. Hark!

As she ascends, the spheres do welcome her
With their own music.—Her soul is gone!
Hah! whither is it gone? O vast suspense!
Madness succeeds enquiry. Fools of nature!
[*Cease Rec.*
What ancestor, that died long since, hath brought
Us news of his abode, or told us how
They use him in the other world? O this
Wild mystery so much concerneth man,
That we would willingly dismiss suspense
With eyesight not with consequence.
For he that sees through faith, but flatters doubt.
Faith's a perspective; through whose narrow lane,
Little things far off seem so much too great,
Too near: that what was first unknown is more
Estrang'd from knowledge than it was before.
Yet, by the rules of lawful notion, it
Goes well with her: for she was ever given
To prayer: superstitious in humility:
And even unthrifty in her charity.
She held her virtues in such high extremes,
That her divinity was troublesome.
Grew from a saint a holy Cynic. Sleep here,
A sacrifice to thy wrong'd Lord: till I,
Thy priest, become an executioner
To him, who was thy cruel ravisher. [*Exit Foreste.*

Enter DUKE *and* CASTRUCHIO.

DUKE. Doth she insist in censure of the act
With such a stern impatience, and dislike?
CAST. Even so, Sir, my intelligence imports.
For, since her woman was dismissed, she sent
A messenger unto Lucca, to urge
Her lord's return: whom, by a labour'd consequence,
I do expect within this hour. He'll choose
To travel in the night for privacy.

DUKE. And I have sent to stay him there, until
A new commission order his return.
CAST. Most royal sir, you then may guess what frights
Such opposition in these messages
Will nourish in his heart. And, being young
He cannot feed on doubts. He'll rather think
His interest in you his privilege to err;
So, slight your mandate and come home,
To settle his suspense.
DUKE. Remorse doth cherish danger! Let me be safe.
Secure me in thy wholesome art. I would
Express my self without a tongue.
CAST. My gracious lord! my apprehension lies
Not in my ears, but in my brain. I can
Conceive without the noise of words. It shews
Apparent to my intellect. The Count,
Presuming on that free address he still
Hath had unto your person, will hither bring
Corsa and Foreste to shew the shape
And quality of his new sufferance.
Be you within your bed, to free you from
The world's suspicion: whilst I do place,
Behind the gallery door, which leads unto
Your closet chapel, such trusty spirits,
As shall dare to thrust their weapons home.
DUKE. O quintessence of soul! I will devote
My actions wholly to thy use. Good night! [*Exit.*
CAST. May slumber seize upon your royal eyes
With gentle closure. Know! poor Foreste,
The bag that holds my gall is so immense,
That when I steep thee in it thou art drown'd.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. Castruchio; I have better thought upon't.
CAST. My gracious lord!

DUKE. I would not have thee hurt my boy. Use him
Kindly for my sake.
CAST. Shall I not strike him here, between the ribs?
DUKE. Not for the world. Thou dost not know his soul.
He's of so soft, so sweet a property,
That he enchants where he is known. Besides,
I find I am so powerful o'er his youth,
That I shall soon extirpate from his memory
The wrong I did his wife, and him. As for
Foreste: his experience is of growth
Too stubborn, of practice stiff, and will not
Be remov'd from his revenge by strength of words.
Therefore, let him no mercy feel: but let
My boy be gently us'd for my sake. Farewell!
[*Exit Duke.*
CAST. This is a silly kind of love!
But let me think——So to contrive this plot:
That Lothario may destroy Foreste,
And I him, to make his silence safe! humh!

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. No, it must not be.
CAST. My royal Lord!
DUKE. Lucio, my boy, is not proscrib'd. Take heed
Castruchio! If thou dost extend thy hand,
In motion, boisterous and rough, to him,
Thou dost infect all thy other kindness:
And I shall see thee as a cockatrice,
That will enforce my optic nerves to shrink,
And pull my eyes into my skull! Look to't.
CAST. Most gracious sir! Were his person bulwark'd
With the Alps: were he hidden in's own fear;
He could not be more safe, than you have made him.

DUKE. Once more then, good night! [*Exit.*
CAST. A plague upon this tardy love. Such thoughts,
When first your blood did make your veins to swell
Like bridges o'er your flesh, had prevented
My employment. Softly, softly.
Fear and suspicion ever walk on eggs. [*Exit.*

Enter FORESTE *and Servants with a light.*

FORES. Leave here the light! and go to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Within cry. Break ope the door! Break ope the door!
FORES. Hah! who counsels so unlawfully?

Enter LUCIO *and Servants.*

LUCIO. O Foreste! the fatal hour is come.
Ring out your bells until they wake the dead.
Let the drum murmur in a sable bag,
Reverse your muskets, and trail your stubborn pikes
In slimey channels. Let trumpets groan,
And the shrill phiph* be hoarse. The fatal hour
Is come.
FORES. Why, what's the matter, sir?
LUCIO. O, my wife! By this she did entreat me
[*He shews a Letter.*
Suddenly, upon some urgent cause,
To haste from Lucca to her. Just now
I lighted from my horse, enter'd her chamber,
And found her newly murder'd in her chair.
My servants say that my arrival there
Did just succeed your departure from her.
FORES. Dismiss your servants, and you shall know all.

* Fife.

LUCIO. Hence! and expect me straight at home.
[*Exeunt Servant.*
FORES. I pray, come hither, Sir. Do you dislike
That justice which depriv'd your wife of breath?
LUCIO. Dost thou call it justice?
FORES. Yes, in the noblest strain: she was defil'd.
The royal goat, the Duke, hath ravish'd her!
And I, that never could admit excuse
In points of honour, where ever suspicion
Sufficeth to condemn, did summon up
My memory: wherein the kind effects
Of your best love to us are registred.
And, finding you betray'd in your own fort,
I slit her wrist veins, and gave perpetual
Liberty to her polluted blood.
LUCIO. O villain! More bloody than the tiger;
Whose empty entrails' noise doth, trumpet-like,
Encourage cruelty; though thou didst slight her
As my poor wife: yet she might well expect
Some mercy, as being thy own sister.
FORES. Had she included all propinquity
Of blood, which lawfull marriage keepeth known,
Or promiscuous copulation maketh
Intricate: this bare word, honour, had been
Enough t'have divorc'd her from my mercy.
Sweet Lord, do not mistake your servant,
Whose kindness thinks his own sister, when defil'd,
Was too base for your use.
LUCIO. A bloody kindness to distinguish so.
She was no adulteress but enforc'd. Her thoughts
Were pure: and such a noble sympathy
Indear'd her soul to mine; that her own tears
Might soon have wash'd away her body's stain,
And she again seem clean. Corsa!
O, my wife! my bosom girl! where art thou?
Speak, no reply? Art thou so much busied

With thy new acquaintance now in Heaven:
That thy poor Lord may not borrow one word
At parting? Draw, draw ingrateful monster!
That has prevented thus our dialogue.
FORES. Sir, cool your spleen! Take breath awhile:
And hear me speak.
LUCIO. No, false Syren! Thou holy hypocrite!
I know thy tricks too well! 'Cause I am young,
Too soft of heart, and apt to melt
In every flame of my own trivial love;
Therefore thou think'st to practise on me now
With subtle phrase. Draw, or else thou dy'st.
FORES. Come! Let me die, as she, a sacrifice
To thee my patron. [*Offers his naked breast.*
LUCIO. A sacrifice to me! O Foreste!
Why dost thou multiply thy skill
[*Flings away his Sword.*
To thy friend's prejudice? It is not well:
In troth it is not. Employ thy own heart:
Think upon't thyself. 'Tis not kindly done:
I should not have us'd you thus.——
FORES. O my dear Lord! where did I lose your heart?
I am o'ercome at these expressions.
I cannot weep much: yet my eyes are moist.
O my unskilful gratitude! what dire
Mistake confounds our properties! I kill'd
A sister to secure a friend. 'Twas ill—
'Twas not the right way. A true Roman now
Would walk aside, and with his own sword
Dismiss his own soul: and not permit
Moisture in youthful eyes thus to disgrace
The strength of elder love. I cannot weep,
But our divinity supplies us with
Discreeter ways to make affection known.
Enough. I will prefix but one short hour
To think upon't. Here, Sir, sheath your good sword,

'Till revenge prove ripe. And I conjure ye,
By all my sister's love, to follow me:
In whose behalf your justice may employ
It self. Which done, you shall behold my heart
Without a perspective.

LUCIO. If it concerneth her, by whom thou dost
Conjure my service, I'm bound to follow thee.

FORES. What hoa!

Enter LUINNA.

LUIN. My Lord?

FORES. Come Minion, come along with us. You walk
Unto the bar. If trial find thee false,
Thou shalt be scatter'd into atoms.

LUIN. O my divining soul! Sure my sister
Is not safe. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter CASTRUCHIO, LOTHARIO, COSIMO, *several ways.*

CAST. Signior Lothario!

LOTH. Here, Signior Cosimo!

COS. I am here. Speak low. Cousin Castruchio.

CAST. I am here too. Why are we scattered thus?

COS. 'Tis in search of Borachio; who, fearing
Danger in this action, commits himself
Very tamely to his heels.

CAST. Let him be damn'd unthought of. Have you heard
Or seen a passenger?

COS. No, yet Lothario gives me notice
Of a noise far off: but you know the length
Of an ass's ear.

LOTH. Passes there, say you! Who is't?

COS. He echoes by mistake. Nobody! But
My cousin says he'll lug the ass's ear,

Speaking of your man.
LOTH. The butcher's dog shall save him a labour.
CAST. Well, gentlemen, I have intelligence
By my boy, that Foreste and the Count
Are coming hither. Look to't. But let the Count
Be safe. You know his voice, Lothario ?
LOTH. Very distinctly.
CAST. Well, any man, but he, that stirs his tongue,
Invites his own ruin. Give me your hands,
I'll bring ye to a door : through which, if they
Do pass, it must be over us.
LOTH. Leave Foreste to my charge, for I am
His impediment.
COS. Softly, softly ! [*Exeunt omnes.*

The DUKE *(on his Bed) is drawn forth.*
Enter FORESTE, LUCIO, LUINNA.

FORES. Now set we the reflex at liberty.
[*He opens a dark Lanthorn.*
Here let me beg your tariance, till I
Resolve a doubt that most concerns my heart.
LUCIO. You shall, But do not execute revenge
Upon the Duke, till my assent encourage thee.
FORES. My actions are confin'd : upon, not in
The bed ! Guilt confounds all order and makes
Our rest unnatural. Mistress, stand you there.
[*He leads her to stand at the bed's feet.*
DUKE. Hah ! from whence that light ! who waits within !
Foreste, is it you ? what do you mean
By this uncivil visitation?
FORES. I am not so unthrifty of my time
To join replies unto demands. I must
Deprive you of your soul.
DUKE. How ? Is this language lawful unto me

Thy Sovereign Prince? Did not high providence
Treble the assurance of my safety,
By guards invisible, when I was first
Predestinate to this supreme function?
And dar'st thou tempt the strength of Heaven?
FORES. I know 'twere a profane curiosity
In me, to question the prerogatives
Of a free Prince. For ignorance, and a dull
Easy faith, must flatter bondage still:
Or liberty, the eldest child of Nature,
Confounds predominance, by suing for
Equality amongst the sons of men:
And so revokes a chaos.
DUKE. Which soon returns: unless distinction
Persuade thee fix my royalty above
Thy reach. That art my natural subject.
FORES. Enough, false Sir. Warm not the air
with words.
Be still, or I conclude you in a trice.
And now requite the leisure I permit
For prayer, by a true reply to what
I shall demand.
DUKE. I will.
FORES. Look on your opposite!
Did you ever make her an adulteress?
Speak truth! So come your soul to heaven.
DUKE. Never! So come my soul to heaven, as I
Speak truth.
FORES. O, Sir,
Take heed! the perjurer hath little hope,
On the last day, to hide himself i'th'crowd,
He is a sinner much too eminent.
But what meant that jewel which you gave her;
And which she conceal'd till its own lustre
Did betray it?
DUKE. I gave it to disguise the cause, for which
I sent the other unto Corsa.

LUCIO. That name will prick my fury on,
Although I strive to be propitious.
FORES. I know, Luinna, thou art merciful.
Forgive me, gentle girl. It was the first
Bargain we did make i' th' Church,—
To share in sufferance.
LUIN. And 'tis my duty, sir,
To be most prompt in the observance.
FORES. My Lord!
LUCIO. A rude summons, that calls me, as a judge,
To censure on the errors of my Prince.
DUKE. What! Is he there too? O, killing object!
FORES. Behold, young lord, the cruel ravisher!
Whom Time himself shall never parallel,
Though he survey his old records, and scratch
His reverend head to waken memory.
LUCIO. O horror! Furnish us, sweet heaven! with some
Instinct. Inspire remorse, or we accuse
Thy skillfulness to predestine us a Prince,
Murdering, whom thou didst anoint our Sovereign.
FORES. My heart swells. I'm full of grief and danger.
Some iron hoops to help my ribs, or I shall burst!
DUKE. The cause deserves great alteration:
More than mortality can see, and yet
Be safe. I wonder heaven takes so little
Notice of it. I am not sing'd to death
With lightning like the dorr,* nor murdered through
The ear with thunder, like a bat. O, Lucio!
Mind not my former love; but strike! until
I groan my last.
LUCIO. Foreste, sheath thy sword! It must not be.

* See ante, p. 43.

He was our royal master once, and might
In modesty compare himself with all
Best Princes, whom Fame reserves as patterns.
For my sake sheath your sword!
DUKE. O, I shall survive my royal charter!
My creature is more beautiful than I:
More wealthy in his love.
FORES. For my own part I will annihilate
Myself: for should I live, I should grow mad.
But I am bound to care for you. My Lord,
Take heed! I know the tricks of Majesty.
They think they cannot be secure after
Doing ill, but by doing worse, that is,
By killing quite, whom erst they did but wound.
LUCIO. And that's the surgery which I desire.
I will endure all. O, my Lord, my Lord!
I will not bid posterity tell tales, nor charge
Historians to insert in annals,
On such a night a great Italian-Duke
Ravish'd his creature Lucio's wife,—sister
To Foreste his active counsellor.
FORES. Lucio, compos'd of such an humble love;
That, to secure his master's feet, would spread
And scatter all his limbs, for him to walk on.
LUCIO. And Foreste, whose industry and care
Outwatch'd lean vigilance till she grew mad.
But come! Let's leave him to contrive our deaths.
My heart so fills my mouth I cannot speak.
DUKE. Lucio stay! Foreste, stay awhile!
Leave me not thus anatomiz'd with breath.
[*He riseth from the bed.*
Dissect me really with your good swords!
Behold my breast, take out my heart! and if
You find your figures there, then use my fame
With mercy.
LUCIO. Foreste, come away!
FORES. Make haste, Luinna.

LUIN. I am wak'd out of a strange amazement.
[*Exeunt Foreste, Lucio, Luinna,*
DUKE. Hide me ye swelling hills, ye rough and scabbed rocks !
Ye quarries cleave, and suck me in, then join
Again. Would it not make a Patriarch mad ?
O, who shall bribe the Sun, that in the day
Of general accounts he may avouch
He never saw me here. Hah ! false memory !
I have forgot to tell them of Castruchio.
'Tis best to o'ertake 'em. I cannot guess
Which way they went. [*Exit the other way.*

Enter CASTRUCHIO, LOTHARIO, COSIMO.

CAST. Hell and the pillory take such dull ears !
It cannot be, but they have pass'd the cloisters,
And ere this, with help of private keys,
Entered the Duke's bedchamber.
LOTH. Those were the authors of that noise, I spoke of ?
CAST. The very same. A pox upon demurs !
COS. Will you lead the way, that we may hearken
If they be there or no ?

Re-enter DUKE.

DUKE. If I should come too late ?——
LOTH. That's none of the Count's voice.
Have at you, sir ! [*Stabs him.*
DUKE. O, O, O. I'm surpriz'd in my own snare.
CAST. It is Foreste, sure. Let's make safe work.
Kill Lothario ! Lay him by him, and depart.
COS. A match. [*Fight. Lothario stabbed.*
LOTH. O villains, O, O, O ! [*Lothario dies.*

Enter FORESTE, LUCIO, LUINNA.

FORES. What noise is that ?
CAST. Another Foreste ?

LUCIO. My Royal master bleeding on the ground!
O murderous villains!
LUIN. Murder, murder, help! oh help! [*Exit.*
[*Lucio fights with Cosimo, Foreste with Castruchio.*
FORES. The Duke, my Sovereign, slain! and Lucio
Bleeding at his feet. Villain! take this thrust,
At my own prejudice.
LUCIO. I am foil'd by a base hand.
CAST. Fly, Cosimo, fly! [*Exeunt Cast. and Cos.*
FORES. Some comfort yet remains, in that I am
Proscribed to share in thy fate, though it be bad.
I lose much blood. O, trivial fortitude!
False sinews, do you begin to shrink? [*He falls down.*
DUKE. Lucio! Let my soul carry your pardon
With her unto heaven; and yours, Foreste.
This stratagem was mine, but the success
Was much against my will.
LUCIO. Sir! I forgive you all.
FORES. Nay, let us join hands. We do forgive
Each other, and the world. The like mercy
May heaven bestow on us.
DUKE. Amen, amen!
LUCIO. Amen, amen! [*They die.*
FORES. There his heartstrings broke. Lucio, my patron,
Already chap-fallen too! That sight deserves a tear,
Though I should stab my eyes to warrant it.

Enter DORIDO, LUINNA, *Courtiers with lights.*
CASTRUCHIO *and* COSIMO *led in.*

DOR. Bring the slaves in! Their deeds will soon convince
Their faint denial. Where did you leave them, lady?
LUIN. Here, here! O, my Lord, my Lord!

FORES. I have not breath enough to comfort thee
With words. Mercy, Heaven! [*Dies*
LUIN. O my Lord! My husband! He's dead, he's dead!
DOR. Hold the lady there! O, dire spectacle!
The Duke, Lucio, Foreste, and Lothario
Lie breathless here. I did suspect some black
Conspiracy, which made me haunt these two
Unto the Palace, but I did lose them
By the Chapel stairs. O, bloody dogs!
What devil prompted thee to this [base] action?
CAST. I hope I've not so much blood left, as will
Preserve me for an answer.
COS. I feel my end too near.
DOR. Take them away! And close their wounds, though there
Be some mercy shewn by thus deferring
That reward which your black souls shall receive
In hell. Yet, know the law will, here on earth,
Provide such tortures as shall make your deaths
Exemplary to all succeeding times.
[*Exeunt some with Cast. and Cos.*
Gentlemen! your silence may be excus'd,
Where there's so much cause of admiration.
Some help the dead from hence, others
Call up the Councillors of State.
So intricate is Heaven's revenge 'gainst lust
The righteous suffer here with the unjust.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

JUST ITALIAN.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Just Italian. Lately presented in the priuate house at Blacke Friers, By his Maiesties Seruants.
London, Printed by Thomas Harper for John Waterson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Paules Churchyard, 1630. *Small* 4*to.*

The Just Italian. Printed in Sir William Davenant's Collected Works in Folio, 1673.

Whether the plot of the Just Italian has been derived from any foreign source we cannot say, and are rather inclined to think it original. It may be remarked, however, that there is a considerable resemblance between the character of Alteza and that of Margaret in Fletcher's "Rule a wife and have a wife," printed in 1640, but first performed in 1624; and Altamont's reproof of his arrogant helpmate may be placed in juxtaposition to that of Leon under similar circumstances. It is not saying too much when we affirm that D'Avenant has the advantage. That Fletcher's Comedy as a whole is superior to the Just Italian may be conceded, without at all detracting from the great merit of the future Laureate's excellent Tragicomedy.

Like the two preceding Plays, the version of the Just Italian, as given in the folio edition, has had many unwarrantable liberties taken with the original text.

The Just Italian is dedicated to the Earl of Dorset, of whom we have the following account:—

Thomas Sackville, first Lord Buckhurst, is celebrated as the author, in conjunction with T. Norton, of the Drama of Ferrex and Porrex, the first regular English tragedy, and which was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple at Whitehall, 18th January 1561. It was "applauded by the most ingenious men of the time," and was eulogized by Sir Philip Sidney in his Apology for Poetry. His Lordship, who became an accomplished statesman, obtained the earldom of Dorset from James I. He died suddenly when seated at the Council at Whitehall, 19th April 1608, and, on the 26th May following, was buried in Westminster Abbey.—*Collins, Second Edition, vol. i., p.* 526, *London*, 1741, 8*vo.*

Sir Edward Sackville, grandson of the Earl, upon the death of his elder brother Earl Richard, succeeded to his honours and estates in 1624. He had obtained great notoriety in 1613, for his duel with Lord Bruce of Kinloss, an account of which, written by himself, is

printed by Collins in his "Peerage" (p. 555). It is a most interesting narrative. To this noble Lord the "Just Italian" is dedicated. He died on the 17th July 1652.

In Howel's Familiar Letters, small 8vo, 1673, p. 504, there is a long elegy upon the "most accomplished and heroic Lord, Edward, Earl of Dorset," &c., in which his Lordship's virtues are carefully enumerated. Amongst them the reader is assured that he was

> A Lord, whose intellectuals alone
> Would make a house of Peers, and prop a throne,
> Had not so dire a fate hung o're the crown,
> That priviledge, prerogative should drown.

The following character of the noble Lord by the Earl of Clarendon, who had the best means of knowledge, may be accepted as correct.

"His person was beautiful, and graceful, and vigorous; his wit pleasant, sparkling, and sublime, and his other parts of learning and language of that lustre, that he could not miscarry to the world. The vices he had were of the age, which he was not stubborn enough to contemn or resist. Yet his known great parts, and the very good general reputation he had acquired, notwithstanding his defects (for he was eminent in the House of Commons whilst he sat there, so he shined in the House of Peers when he came to move in that sphere) inclined King James to call him to his Privy Council before his death. And, if he had not too much cherished his natural constitution and propensity, he would have been an excellent man of business, for he had a very sharp, discerning spirit, and was a man of an obliging nature, much honour, and great generosity, and of most entire fidelity to the Crown."

Collins mentions that the Earl took the execution of Charles I. so much to heart, that he never afterwards stirred out of his own house; and he refers, as his authority, to Sir Edward Walker's account of the Knights of the Garter, a MS. then in possession of John Anstis, Esq., Garter King at Arms.

Of "Will. Hopkins," the writer of the introductory verses, "to my friend M. D'Avenant, on his legitimate poeme," we are unable to give any account. At a later

date there was a Charles Hopkins, a friend of Dryden, the writer of three tragedies, who, in 1694, published a volume of poems, now rare, and which are admitted to possess great merit. The following year he wrote another poetical piece, called the History of Love, and subsequently translated into verse Ovid's Art of Love. He died in 1700. He was a son of Dr Ezekiel Hopkins, Bishop of Londonderry. It is not improbable that D'Avenant's friend was of the same family.

Thomas Carew, the writer of the verses which follow those of Hopkins, is better known, although not so much appreciated, as he appears to have been upwards of sixty years since, when Thomas Park, the Editor of Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, in prefacing some specimens of his poetry in "The Lyre of Love," a choice selection from various authors,* thus wrote of him:—

"Sufficient honour has scarcely been awarded to the poetical merits of Carew. He displayed a character of his own. In his writings are discovered the first specimens of light and elegant composition, of that playful tenderness and interesting gaiety to which our language was yet a stranger. Notwithstanding the venerable decision of Johnson, it is not to Waller that English literature must originally ascribe the refinement to which it has since attained."—vol. i., p. 61.

Thomas Carew was of gentle birth, descended from an ancient family in Gloucestershire. The general belief is that he was born in 1577, but sufficient evidence of the correctness of this assumption has not been preserved. He was the younger brother of Sir Mathew, a staunch Royalist during the great rebellion, and he held the office of Sewer in Ordinary to Charles the First. He was on the most friendly terms with Jonson, Suckling, and Davenant, as well as a familiar associate of Lord Clarendon, when a student at the Bar, who, in his account of his own life, describes him as a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, "and author of many poems (especially in the amorous way) which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least

* Lyre of Love, 2 vols. small 8vo. London, 1806.

equal if not superior to any of that time." * He died, says Park, in 1634, the year succeeding the performance of his Masque entitled "Cœlum Britannicum," (London, small 4to, 1634), which was performed at Whitehall on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, 18th of February, 1633, his Majesty and a number of the nobility being Masquers. The author was assisted by Inigo Jones in preparing the masque for representation, and it was set to music by Henry Lawes.

A very beautiful edition of Carew's Poetical Works, from the original edition of 1640, was printed at Edinburgh in 1824, small 8vo, edited by Thomas Maitland, Esq., afterwards a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Dundrennan, who has prefixed an interesting prefatory notice. It is remarkable that Park and Dundrennan assign different periods for Carew's birth and death—the former stating his birth to have been in 1577, and his death in 1634; the latter, his birth in 1589, and his death in 1639.

Mr John Payne Collier, in the reprint of Davenant's "Wits," in his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. viii., 8vo, 1825, states that the introductory verses addressed to the Reader of that comedy, signed "T. Crew," are the production of Thomas Carew, and this we find confirmed by their appearance in the edition of Carew's collected works, of 1640, the text of which was used by Lord Dundrennan.

As "the Wits" is dated 1636, Park must be wrong as to the year of Carew's death. The "Biographia Britannica" entirely differs from Park and others in the dates of his birth and death. In dates, too, of the editions of his Poems.

* Life of Lord Clarendon, vol. i. p. 36.

To my friend, M. D'AVENANT, *on his legitimate Poem.*

EVEN so the silly Midas judg'd of old
'Twixt Pan and great Apollo. As this bold
Herd, of his race, that th' untun'd pipe admire,
And hear thy strains, as the dull ass the lyre.
What wonder then, if thou the lawful son
Of Phœbus, taste what was to him begun?
Hence, giddy fools! Run to the noise they make
At Paris Garden; or your selves betake
To the new motion,—the fine puppet plays,
And there adore. Commend the learned lays
That make a din about the streets, or els
Extol the Jew's trump, or the morris bells.
These, your great heads may manage. Only let
The wiser few,—whose blessed ears have met
The harmony that all the Muses make,
And from those heavenly sounds assurance take
That thou sing'st the same tunes,—admitted be
To thy Seraphic Music, and set free
To entertain their souls in that high choir,
Which, not weak fools, but such as know, admire.

Will. Hopkins.

To my worthy Friend, M. D'AVENANT, *upon his excellent Play*, THE JUST ITALIAN.

I'LE not misspend in praise the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious page
Of thy triumphant work; the sullen Age
Requires a satire. What star guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid Ingenuity?
I have beheld, when perch'd on the smooth brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow

Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speak.
Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drouth
Of wit, that, with the cry, spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn, and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces;
When they admire, nod, shake the head,—they'll be
A scene of mirth, a double Comedie.
But thy strong fancies, raptures of the brain
Drest in poetic flames, they entertain
As a bold impious reach; for they'll still slight
All that exceeds Red-Bull, and Cock-pit flight.
These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd Kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense: but, like lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
Keep natural unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy Play,* whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wisemen, that govern Fate, shall entertain.

Tho. Carew.

* From these lines it may be inferred that the Just Italian had not, on its first representation, been well received. The reference to Beaumont and to glorious Ben proves that the public taste was pretty much the same then as in Shakespeare's time, and it has been equally so from the commencement of the present century until now, when "dumb show and noise" have taken precedence of poetry, wit, and common sense. Let us hope that in the future the vaunted educational advantages offered now-a-days, and these School Board ventures, will educe a larger amount of comprehensive brain.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF DORSET, &c.

My Lord,—The uncivil ignorance of the People had depriv'd this humble Work of life; but that your Lordship's approbation stept in to succour it. Those many that came with resolution to dispraise, knowing your Lordship's judgment to be powerful above their malice, were either corrected to an understanding, or modesty: And this large benefit hath betray'd your Lordship to a Dedication. I am bold to believe, fancies of this composure have been nobly entertain'd by the most knowing Princes of the World. The ignorance, that begets the change in this our age, it may become your Lordship's example to correct, me to lament, if so tame a passion can possess a Poet, and one, exalted with a hope to be receiv'd.

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

William D'Avenant.

THE PERSONS PRESENTED.

ALTAMONT,	*The Just Italian.*
FLORELLO,	*A cast Soldier, his Brother.*
MERVOLLE,	*Friend to Altamont.*
SCIOLTO,	*A young Florentine.*
ROSSA, MOLARD,	*Companions to Florello.*
NIENTE,	*Usher to Altamont's Wife.*
DANDOLO,	*A Count of Milan.*
STOCCATA, PUNTO,	*His Champions.*
ALTEZA,	*Wife to Altamont.*
CHARINTHA,	*Her Sister.*
SCOPERTA,	*Sister unto Altamont.*
BESOGNIA,	*Woman to Alteza.*
MUTES, &C	

The Scene:

FLORENCE.

THE JUST ITALIAN.

ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter MERVOLLE *and* ALTAMONT.

MERV. This puzzles my belief: the sickly moon
Hath not yet twice expir'd her usual change,
Since you did mingle souls. And can it be
That she so soon recoils from grace, and the
Harmonious quiet of your bed?
ALTA. My dear
Mervolle, she is lost! As well may I
Collect the scatter'd winds into a bag,
Or from the wat'ry surface scrape the gilt
Reflections of the sun, as bring her heart
Within the quiet list of wives, that will
Obey and love.
MERV. Can the Duke, her uncle,
Give an encouragement to her revolt;
Maintain the female's charter 'gainst the male?
ALTA. Him and his supreme title she still names
To justify the glory of her birth;
And then recites the villages and wealth
She brought to me for dowry, in parallel
With what I formerly possess'd. She doth
Affront my memory with stories of
My lean and niggard fate, and, urging then
Her vast supplies, doth challenge leave to call
Her pride and rigour just.
MERV. This grief is of sad quality
ALTA. The heart hangs heavy on

The strings, when it alone contains the cause
And knowledge of its weight: for troubled winds
In their dispersion lose their strength; so griefs,
Whilst th' are reveal'd, diminish from themselves.
But the calamities, that do perplex
The nuptial bed, are of a property
Recluse, and must be hidden even from friends.
For on such secrets fame doth feed with fierce
And meagre appetite; and, as swift* fame
Doth travel with them, they increase. So much
Commerce I have with human arts, that I
Can steep my gall in my own tears; and make
That salt which she intended bitter. Shew
Her crime to spring, not from poison'd malice
But, from the feminine mistakes of wit:
For, modern courts now preach, wit doth reside
In ladies' subtle riots, and their pride.

Enter FLORELLO, ROSSA, MOLARD, *in Soldiery mean habits.*

MERV. Behold your brother, Sir! whose safe return,
This morn I mention'd to your ear.
ALTA. Thy growth
Hath so o'er-reach'd my sight, that I'm enstrang'd
To my best blood: and, but thy figure in
My heart I wear, by which my memory's
Inform'd, I should not know I had thee here.
FLO. I reckon this the chief delight I have
Receiv'd on earth. And, Sir, your love is of
Such sov'reign quality, a little soon
Will overcharge my sense. Give but a part
To me, the rest confer upon my friends—
Who, though in wither'd habits, do deserve
Society with kings: for never yet
Did bolder soldiers listen to the drum.

* Eager.—*Folio.*

ALTA. Gentlemen! Ye shall enrich my knowledge.
ROS. Noble Signior! unprofitable love
Is all our wealth.
MO. But we'll contrive ourselves
For your best use.
FLO. I've said, consider them
Within; their weeds are overgrown and cheap,
ALTA. Brother, howe'er wise fate may answer it,
Methinks, these your own robes are not o' th' right
Tyrian dye; nor hath the rich weight of your
Tall plume the estridge rob'd of both her wings.
FLO. Even thus, Sir, poor, and with small victory
Am I return'd from our cast troops. Our pay
Rests in arrears, and—Pisa's lost: but you,
I hear, have found a jewel that contains
All price and lustre, and you do wear it
In your bosom: A noble wife, whose birth
And beauty are alike unvalu'd as
Her dower. This I encounter'd on
The lips of fame; and I made haste to share
In your success, and put your bounty to
The test.
ALTA. Florello! I have lost my sleep.
Things differ much from the sincerity
Of their first growth. Alteza hath forgot
The allegiance of a wife: she doth practise
How, with her riot, to impoverish States,
And, by her lofty pride, to justify
The immortality of flesh. This theme
Is sad; but I will give you cause t' expect
The utmost strength and power of my relief.
FLO. You teach my feeble wants a confidence.
ALTA. If you a while obscure yourself, for fear
Your poverty increase her scorn, you shall

Perform a rational request. Our young
Fair sister is conceal'd for the same cause.
FLO. Your mention doth anticipate my love.
Is our fair sister well?
ALTA. She doth enjoy rare beauty, and much health.
MERV. I hear your wife.
ALTA. You and your friends move back! and be not seen.

Enter ALTEZA, CHARINTHA, NIENTE.

ALTEZA. Try Signior Allidore, Antonio's son:
Utruvio, or the rich Pirracco,
Gritalin, or old Contarini of
Placentia.
NIENTE. Madam! your husband hath
Protested 'gainst your credit, even to these.
ALTE. Slave! go force an answer more delightful.
NIENTE. I obey you, madam. [*Exit.*
ALTE. Is't come to this?
I'll be a crooked spinster first, and with
My spittle and my flax procure my bread.
ALTA. What is the cause my Princess thus delights
In frowns? Anger sits on her brow like age.
ALTE. Hence! I see thee, and my eyes shrink into
My skull: the raven's not so ominous
And black.
ALTA. Yet urge the cause, my love, why your
Defiance is so violent and loud?
ALTE. A Millanoise shew'd me, to day for sale,
Bright and spacious jewels; but, in the dark,
Your pusill malice hath betray'd my faith
With merchants. You have now my credit wrought

So low and cheap, I cannot stand depos'd
For th' trivial loan of forty thousand crowns.
ALTA. I would survey a list of all your wants,
That I may so have power to hasten the redress.
Do you dislike your properties
Of house, your vestments, or service of your table,
Give but a name unto thy wish.
ALTE. I would have my orchard——pav'd with agates.
ALTA. O, and your garden walls rais'd high, t' hedge in
Paraquetos, and th' rhetorical daw!
ALTE. Thou hast a rude heart, and a blister'd tongue.
CHA. Well! The first day of your conjunction, Sir,
I little thought you would have us'd her thus.
MERV. Charintha's become her sister's pupil.
FLO. And I perceive a masculine itch beneath
Her left eye; she longs to taste man.
ALT. Come, love!
Be gentle as thy bridal smiles, for, by
Thy self I swear, my speech did purpose nought
To tempt thy spleen. Lend me thy melting hand.
ALTE. There! 'Tis to reach back the heart I gave ye.
ALTA. You spirits, that secure the property
Of human love, be still official here!
Why should we not for ever thus remain
Incorporate and conjoin'd? 'Tis sympathy
And love that gives the world continuance
And life. Each species Love preserves. 'Tis love
That makes th' eternal wisdom thus forbear
The silly crimes of dull humanity:
And suffers us, like each delighted fly,
To play the trivial wantons in his eye.

ALTE. You preach of love, but your obedience
Would more pleasure me.
ALTA. This argues thy revolt!
And is a stratagem against nature.
Thou wouldst usurp the charter of the male.
'Tis my confession that thy dower was vast
And opulent, and such as may support
Thy titles and thy birth, with all the pride
And cunning of magnificence. Let my
Sincere phrase instruct thy heart. Reassume
The blushes of thy youth; with timorous
Modesty behave thy gesture and thy tongue,
And then, thou shalt stand up exemplary
To all triumphant courts: the envy of
The eastern queens: th' Astrologers mistake,
Who shall direct their opticks unto thee,
As to a new and unknown star.
ALTE. Sister!——
ALTA. The small musicians of the air, whom
Queens
With mimic falconry do perch upon
Their fists, shall be thy food. Thy maids shall eat
Young pelicans and squirrels' hearts.
ALTE. Exc'lent!
ALTA. Thy beverage shall be prophetic and
Divine; for thou shalt drink that sov'reign dew,
That hangs upon the frighted lillies' cheek,
And brew'd* with Syrens' tears, such as they shed
In real obsequies.
ALTE. O bounteous sir!——
ALTA. The soft entrail o' th' Persian worm,
th' ermine's pale fur shall clothe thy limbs.
ALTE. More precious still!
ALTA. Those gums and spices which the Arabian
bird
Collects to make her tragic piles, shall be

* Mingled.

Thy winter fuel.
ALTE. Pretty Sir, proceed!
ALTA. Thou shalt have marmasets, and dwarfs; the male
And female too, to procreate in thy house;
That thy delights may ever be renew'd.
Thy jewels shall increase, as if the lov'd
Indies were thy quarry. Th' Almighty Sun
Shall rise and see a nobler day break from
Thy cabinet, than yet the illustrious east
E'er knew.
ALTE. But how will you perform these hopes?
ALTA. The miracle and power do both consist
In my large wealth.
ALTE. Death on my tribe! Your wealth?
ALTA. Ay, my sweet love.
ALTE. Your wealth?
ALTA. This iteration
Scarce will delight, if it be negative.
ALTE. Canst thou persist in such accursed schism?
ALTA. Did you not then intend, when you endow'd
Me with your wealth, that I should call it mine?
ALTE. By heaven! Not I. I forfeited the love
O' th' great Duke, my uncle, to marry thee;
That wert a thing shrunk from thy fate, and lost
Unto the lips and eyes of men; but yet,
In most assured hope, that thou would'st prove
An humble and obedient husband.
ALTA. Th'art more impudent than the Basilisk,
Who stares i'th' blessed face of man, until
He kill him with his eyes.
ALTE. Hear, Altamont!
For I will give solemnity unto a vow, that shall
For evermore divide thee from my bed.
MERV. Dear Madam, hold! Each sense
Of mine doth blush that can perceive your wild

Rebellious wrath. Hath not the church nam'd him
Your husband and your lord?
ALTE. M'opinions of
The church, I'll tell to th' conclave, not to you.
ALTA. Is this the help divinity gave man?
Snuff the moon! She burns dim. The spheres are now
Ill tun'd, and aged nature backward reels.
ALTE. Thy anger's vain. Here I do banish thee
My bed, and we will never more embrace.
ALTA. Rebellious fiend!
ALTE. I now divide my house:
This side is mine, with the dimensions that
Dependence have on this square frame! For here
My family and I will rule. That side
You, and your meagre ragged train possess.
Thou may'st henceforth my neighbour, but no more
My husband, be. Charintha, come away——
ALTA. I must pursue, lest she her anger make
Too loud; so we invite the public scorn.
[*Exeunt Alteza, Charintha, Altamont.*
MERV. Is not thy brother's wife a pure tame hen?
How dost thou like her noise?
FLOR. Were she but mine,
I'd teach her keep a noise too after death.
MERV. How so?
FLO. I'd strip her skin o'er her ears and
Make a drum on't.
ROS. She was born in a storm.
MO. And begot sure with the boatswain's whistle.
FLO. Mervolle, you have nam'd Charintha
As a precious virgin, of nature most
Remiss, a quiet tongue, and such a heart
As might become an able sacrifice
T'expiate the whole world?
MERV. This I esteem'd
My justice on her merits, but it seems
Her sister's documents o'er-rule her now.

Her dowry is of ample rate, and may
Deserve the chief of our Italian youth.
FLO. What's Dandolo, that sues to her for love?
MERV. Dandolo, the Count of Milaine! A thing
Composed of spicery and starch! Nature
Contriv'd him in her sleep. If's ignorance
Might answer for his sins, he would account
Amongst his wealth the land he has in heaven.
FLO. I heard you say, she never saw him yet.
MERV. Never, Sir: he woos her by his letters.
She desiring a personal survey
Ere prosecution of the suit, he sent
Her word, he'd make's address by stealth; but we
Expect him not ere th' birth of the next moon.
FLO. Will his arrival be so long delay'd?

Enter ALTAMONT.

Brother!—How thrives your patience o'er your wife?
ALTA. Some philosophic hope remains: the storm
Can't last, because 'tis still more violent.
Sh'ath ta'ne caroch for the Palace, and means
Straight to disgrace me to the Duke,
By her complaints.
MERV. Her veins o'erflow with gall!
ALTA. Forello, I desire thou'lt not appear
Before her eye until thy habit's chang'd.
My present power sums but a thousand crowns,
Which I have brought and prostrate to thy use.
[*Gives him a Bag.*
FLOR. Sir, it is fit your blessings were increas'd,
And that your wife had read your worth.
ALTA. My art betrays my hopes, or I have found
A remedy to cure her pride: your help,
Mervolle, I must crave, and with swift speed.
[*Exeunt Altamont, Mervolle.*
FLO. Rossa, Molard, friends to my soul and
brain,

Advance your subtle eyes ! The sovereign mine
Behold, that makes the solemn Patriarch dance,
And the anointed king to skip, as doth
His limber dwarf.
ROS. Yellow as foot of kite.
MO. Shall we be tender natur'd, and divide?
FLO. This is the portion will procure us all
High dignity and place. Rossa, you must
Find cause to number these. Go, ransom out
Our captive weeds, and the rich habit I
From Pisa brought: whilst you, Molard, with the
Assistance of these few, procure us fit
Materials to adorn and put in bright aspect
Our corps. Enquire for pearls ; stones of
The cunningst soil ; we'll like them, and disburse.
ROS. Is there some aged vessel now asleep
In the dock, that will pay for her caulking?
MO. Florello, must we stop the public leaks?
FLO. Ere long we shall be great, be able to
Advance with smiles, and with our frowns destroy.
You, Rossa, I'll create a Magistrate.
Go practice the austere cough. Pale delinquents
Thou shalt learn to jeer, and to sleep o'er men
Condemn'd.
ROS. The calling, Sir, I do vouchsafe.
FLO. Thou, my Molard, shalt rule in villages,
Grow popular, and mistake the laws. Thou shalt
Delight i'th' kalendar: the rubrick days
Thou shalt observe, and then destroy thy beef.
Whilst thy dull earthy tenants feed until
They smell.
MO. My launcepresado* then shall sop
His crust in cyder and in wine.

* Lancepesade. The officer under the corporal.

"Arm'd like a dapper lancepesade,
With Spanish pike, he broach'd a pore."—*Cleaveland.*

ROS. And my dread corporal shall sin no more
for leeks.
His girdle and his socks he shall unpawn.
FLO. The solitary hostess shall no more
Boil the carrion meat, that she must trust,
In her own tears. Nor with a requiem bring
The service up, as if it were the haunch
Of her dead husband.
ROS. I am entire flame.
FLO. The geographic Captain shall no more
Study the Town map, that's dark walks may be
Contriv'd through slender alleys and through lanes
To 'scape his hungry creditors abroad.
ROS. Thy province is Chaldea. Thy father
Was a Rabbi.
MO. And thy aunt a Sybil.
FLO. These are the victories of wit: by wit
We must achieve our hopes; which to refine
And purify, with paces doubled, let's
Descend a marble vault: there taste the rich
Legitimate blood of the mighty grape.
'Tis precious as the milk of Queens, such as
Would teach dull Saturn laugh. It magnifies
The heart, and makes the agile spirits dance.
It drowns all thoughts adulterate and sad;
Inspires the Prophet, makes the Poet glad.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE SECOND.—SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter ALTAMONT, MERVOLLE, SCOPERTO.

ALTA. I have receiv'd a mandate from the
Duke,
That will, I fear, increase her insolence.
Like a old tyrant he bestows his threats,

As if his anger did obey his will,
Not justice, nor the laws.
MERV. Does your wife know
This preparation you have made to cure
Her haughtiness ?
ALTA. All is discover'd to her ear.
The news hath taught her boil her heart
In her own blood. She now weeps vinegar;
Boasts of revenge, as if the thunder were
Her own.
MERV. 'Twere fit your pretty agent here
Receiv'd instructions how to shape her garb
And port, just as th' employment doth require.
ALTA. Her knowledge is already satisfied.
Alteza's threats shall only move her scorn.
SCO. I will perform my best in your behalf;
But I do fear I am not valiant, Sir.

Enter NIENTE.

ALTA. O, you ! that call your sins your duty, that
Obey your lady's riots out o' zeal !—
NIENTE. Signior !
ALTA. Her honour's spittle you preserve
As a restorative for your salt itch.
NIENTE. I beseech ye—
ALTA. You thread in bracelets too
The pearls that drop from her authentic nose.
NIENTE. What mean you, sir ?
ALTA. To cleave you from the scalp
Unto the twist; to make nine skittles of
Your bones, and wind your heart-strings 'bout my thumb.
NIENTE. O Mercy, Sir ! So rotten are my limbs
That, when you stretch your cheeks and blow on me,
I straight am scatter'd into sand.
ALTA. Coward !
Creep straight into my hour-glass then, and there

Eternally distinguish fatal time.

Enter ALTEZA.

ALTE. What slave disturbs the quiet of my ear?
[NIENTE *steps behind her.*
NIENTE. Ne'er look, Sir! I serve my lady, and I
Do scorn to yield.
ALTA. D'ye bristle, Porcupine?
NIENTE. Take heed! I have the malady of France.
ALTE. Stay, Altamont! withdraw thy violence!
If thou disorderst but a hair, that doth
Belong to th' eyebrow of my meanest groom,
I will proclaim my superiority;
And rule i'th' streets.
ALTA. Hell cannot miss thee long!
ALTE. Insult beneath thy own low roof! This part
O'th' house doth call me sovereign.
[*She spies* SCOPERTA, *and comes near her.*
ALTA. Retire!
ALTE. Is that the piece you have so magnified,
She you boast of for your pastime Royal?
ALTA. She clips the grey and shiver'd wings of Time
To make him slow, that our embraces, like
Succeeding minutes then, may add unto
Their length. Let me engender on thy lips.
SCO. So our progeny may still be kisses.
ALTA. A meek and gentle heart, whilst thus we bill
We imitate the sober lust of doves.
SCO. That kiss, sir, was so powerful and moist
That you have robb'd my lips of all their wealth!
ALTA. Take back thy wealth again!
ALTE. Are ye so hot?
ALTA. Thy lips are thin and lank, Alteza, as

The lids that close thine eyes. Hers gently swell,
Like eastern fruit, and are more soft than is
The fleecy air that clothes the infant morn.
ALTE. Pray, a word! Is there in this pageantry
Aught like to truth? Discover your intent!
ALTA. I'll make my anger equal unto thine,
And my revenge above them both. This bright
Auspicious maid shall govern in my bed.
She is my concubine: the off-spring of
Her womb shall triumph here, maugre thy sight;
Whilst envy does consume thy flesh until
Thy body lighter grow than thy loose mind.
ALTE. How well my stars behave their influence.
ALTA. Mervolle, go! My mistress guide unto
Those lodgings that o'erview the garden mount.
SCO. If you retard your presence whilst the sun,
In's race, fill up one hour, you'll find before
Your next review, that grief hath made me old,
And I shall look more like a matron than
A bride; so much your absence mortifies.
ALTA. Thou art, to every sense I have, a spell.
Conduct her straight, Mervolle, to some throne.
[*Exeunt Mervolle, Scoperta.*
ALTE. Then are the vows, the ecclesiastic rites
With which the zealous priest oblig'd us to
Peculiar heat, to abstinence from change
And various love, quite cancell'd by your lust?
ALTA. Accuse thy pride!
ALTE. Thou art a perjur'd man.
ALTA. Go! Thou art light as feathers, or the air.
Were but an atom individual plac'd
With thee in balance even, 'twould hoise thee up
To th' clouds.
ALTE. Thy breath is fulsome as that steam
Which toads, when they engender, vaporate.

ALTA. Alteza, bath in penitential tears
Thy leprous heart, or when the elements
Are mix'd and the sad day arrives, that dooms
The world unto eternity of joy,
Or pain, thou shalt, like to a glimmering lamp,
Be hung upon the sooty walls of hell.
ALTE. I smile at thee and thy thin arts; like to
Some homely village Levite, thou dost preach
Of terrors strange, to keep dull faith in awe.
I pray, stay! I am not angry, Sir.
ALTA. No?
ALTE. I practis'd all this while how t' endanger
Your spleen, Sir, not my own; which, if my powers
Prove just, I shall perform e'er long.
Niente, send the party in! [*Exit Niente.*
ALTA. More wrath?
ALTE. A slow device, Sir, but o'my own brain.

Enter SCIOLTO.

ALTA. Who art thou?
SCIOLT. A keen guest invited here.
ALTA. To what?
SCIOLT. To taste—your wive's gammons.
ALTA. Bold slave! Be in thy speech more evident.
SCIOLT. I am come to get your children for you.
ALTE. D'ye want a clearer paraphrase? He is
My servant, Sir; my stallion, if I please.
A courtly implement, and much in use
Among ladies of my growth and title.
ALTA. O, my cold blood! My patience will be wrought
So low, I shall learn t' mike a heifer.
ALTE. Since I'm so aptly furnish'd with delight,
Your concubine may fearless walk about

The house, and share the wholesome sun in peace.
ALTA. Thy tongue I do neglect: but you, Sir, shall
Ere long complain of your mortality:
The minutes you must waste on earth are few.
SCIOLT. This I consider, Sir, and therefore make
Such haste to mingle with your wife; that the
Kind world may have some issue from my loins.
ALTA. If this prove true, let babes piss out my eyes.
[*He draws his Sword, Sciolto his, Alteza her Stiletto.*
ALTE. Hold, Altamont! or else I wound thy heart.
SCIOLT. If you advance an inch beyond that rush,
I'll amble through the streets, and blow your dirge
With the great horn that grows upon your brow.
ALTA. If there be gall in heaven the gen'ral bag
Is opened, and it falls in showers.
SCIOLT. 'Slight, Sir;
I come t'ease the labour of your body,
And you want courtship to return me thanks.
ALTE. Hang him, ingrate!
SCIOLT. But what hereafter I
Perform, shall be for your good lady's sake,
And not for yours.
ALTA. Pray, Sir, let's interchange
A little breath; withal, if you consent,
We'll put our swords to a more quiet use.
SCIOLT. Now, Sir, you pour sweet cassia in my broth.
My blood affects to skirmish more
With ladies than with men. What would you speak?
ALT. My true opinion, Sir, concerning you.
I know you do but counterfeit this lust,
This lawless heat. You purpose not t'abuse
The charter of my bed.
SCIOLT. Who told ye so?

ALTA. I read it in your noble feature and
Your looks. You have religion in your shape,
And can it be you should so soon commit a crime,
So much unwholesome to the angels' sight?
Let me now make a forfeiture of eyes,
If ever I beheld a man that's more oblig'd
To nature for his limbs. A carnal frame
So full of equal strength I never saw.
SCIOLT. The better shap'd I am, Sir, the more cause
You'll find, to love the issue I shall get
Upon your wife.
ALTA. Do not belie thy own
True merits and comport! Th' adulterate fire
Did ne'er inflame thy sober heart. I know
Thou scorn'st to do't.
SCIOLT. Not I, believe it, sir!
Sir, I will do't. Is your lady fruitful?
I would be loath to lose my labour on her.
ALTA. Pestilence! and blood!
[*He draws, and they as before.*
ALTE. Fling a danger from thy arm,*
I'll summon strait, with trumpet and
With drum, the world to hear thy infamy!
SCIOLT. O fie! You an Italian, Sir, and thus
Behave the knowledge of disgrace with loud
And popular complaint.
ALTE. Nay, it becomes you finely,
Does it not?
SCIOLT. You think, because you're cursed,
We'll allow you short horns. I'll graft
Upon your head a pair so tall, they shall
Go near to prick the very planet, sir,
That rul'd at your nativity.
ALTE. He sleeps!

* *i.e.*, If you do an act that endangers life.—*See ante*, p. 98.

SCIOLT. Signior! Go, take down a cushion, and pray!
You cannot choose but know the frailty of
The times; the surfeits of the womb, and how
Great ladies do relieve their appetites.
Your own confession of my parts commends
Your wife in her sage choice. There be that sin
With feeble ushers and the wither'd dwarf.
ALTE. He wants a judgment to consider this.
SCIOLT. I merit better looks, Sir, that must thrash
All night for ye, and without wages, sir.
ALTE. Dead as a monument! Let us leave him.
SCIOLT. Had he the devil for's physician chose,
He could ne'er have come by the like cordial.
[*Exeunt Sciolto, Alteza.*
ALTA. You swelling mountains, that o'erview the earth,
Fall now, make me eternally unseen!
Philosophy contract thy meek sage brow!
Let patience be no more thy saint. As soon
Give med'cines to the dead, teach statues how
To walk, and angry winds to sleep i' th' north.
As soon bid empty lions play with kids,
And to the shaggy Scythian say, go weep
As virgins do, when they their loves inter.
The blind and shuffled elements, that first
In chaos strove, were not so opposite
As this religious frost unto my heat.
Patience, thou art more fond than teeming wives,
Tamer than sleep; divinity, which calls
Our anger sin, and courage pride, hath sent
This silly cherubin on earth, patience—
The coward's sword—which only doth disarm
Dull sleep, that neither can nor would do harm.
[*Exit.*

Enter SCIOLTO, ALTEZA, NIENTE.

SCIOLT. Florence knows me well: I'm called Sciolto.
ALTE. I needs must sing my usher's praise:
He made a most discreet election of a man.
SCIOLT. Your mercy and your kindness, lady, thus
Advance my shape; your pleasure was I should
Despise your husband's frowns; and I behav'd
Myself with terror masculine: but now
We are peculiar and reserv'd, I know
Humility, a soft and quiet garb;
A distance that shall well become the state
So eminent and rich a beauty claims.
ALTE. Sir, that we do expect, and then you shall
O'ertake our noble sense with newer love.
Our husband is a trifle, such as can
No way disturb your peace or safety here.
SCIOLT. Madam, store me with arms
And weapons to resist his personal assault,
And I shall need no more protection than my self.
ALTE. Active and bold: Niente thou hast made
A choice out-parallels the world.
NIENTE. Madam,
See his horse veins, th'are large as conduit pipes;
His sinews are like cables.
SCIOLT. 'Las! not mine!
'Tis true, that if I like my opposite,
I have a trick to give an easy fall,
And stand to't stiffly too when I ha' done.
NIENTE. I will assure your ladyship, the bawds
Give him a good report.
ALTE. Do they, Niente?
NIENTE. He's great with ladies of all ages,

All degrees.

SCIOLT. Excuse me, Sir, th'are great by me.

ALTE. As how, Sir?

SCIOLT. Madam! They are all with child.

ALTE. How, Signior, is your appetite so strong?

SCIOLT. Blame the humorous planets that o'er-rule
The blood. Ere yet this present month expires;
Let's see—Ay! some three and forty ladies
Or thereabout will quicken with male twins.

ALTE. All of your begetting?

SCIOLT. So wise fame sings.
I will make bold to gather my first fruits.
[*Goes to kiss her.*

ALTE. Stay, my pregnant Signior! Our love is not
Yet ripe: there is a larger distance too
Belongs unto our lips.

SCIOLT. How, dear Lady?

ALTE. I am too proud to have my favours soon
And easily conferr'd. Such smiles are cheap.
I mean to procreate by prescription, Sir.
Make my lust as physical as my meals.

SCIOLT. Death! I'm suitor unto Galen's widow.
Madam, I know it not becomes the high
Demeanour of your birth to dance, just like
A kid, to th' music of each wind that blows.
Ere you admit of dalliance, I should use
Some industry of tongue, and flexure of
The pliant joints, to court and woo consent.

ALTE. And can your rudeness covet then where your
Safe wit and knowledge warns your abstinence?

SCIOLTO. Only a little t' recreate the chine.

ALTE. Keep back, if you'll continue life. When I
Am pleas'd to be delighted, Sir, I can

Command the function of your limbs.
CHARINTHA [*within.*] Madam!
ALTE. Sister, I come! Show him to his chamber.
SCIOLT. Hast no good book, whose comfortable use
May fill th' expence of time?
ALTE. What would you read?
SCIOLT. Any o' th' moderns. Rabelais i' th' praise
Of Midwives. Aretine on Copulation:
Or th' Odes of Theophile unto his whore.
ALTE. My usher in my closet can appoint
Your choice of these.
SCIOLT. Think on the frailty of the flesh;
And be not long unmerciful.
CHARINTHA [*within*]. Sister! Madam!
ALTE. Away! I come, I come!
[*Exeunt Niente, Sciolto.*

Enter CHARINTHA, BESOGNIA.

CHA. The Millaine Count, my suitor, is arriv'd.
ALTE. Signior Dandolo! Why, 'tis yet a month
Ere he should meet your expectation here.
BESO. 'Tis he, Madam! and such a he as must
Be only likened to himself.
CHA. More rich
And gaudy than the east. So liberal too,
That you would think he nature's steward were.
He gives amongst my slaves, as if unto
Ambassadors he did cast donatives.
ALTE. Milk him, my Charintha. Oft I have preach'd
Unto thine ear a sov'reignty o'er man.
Take all he gives, it's princely fashion now.
Could but thy acceptation beggar him,
Thy little wit were ever magnified.
CHA. You know I am o' th' wits. I have been sworn

To beggar suitors, and to jeer my husband.

Enter FLORELLO *in rich habit.* ROSSA, MOLARD, *shifted like his servants.*

FLO. Which is the lady that I come to woo?
CHA. My name's Charintha!
FLO. Present me thy lips!
I say, advance!
ALTE. You are not understood.
[*He kisses Charintha, then gives her a jewel.*
CHA. My Lord, I scarcely own desert enough
T'entice this jewel from your cabinet.
FLO. A stone, a stone! The thing grows. I've enow.
ALTE. So free? I am Charintha's sister, Sir.
FLO. It may be so. A fine house, fine town too!
Were Florence mine, I would not give it for
The best winter seat my father left me.
ALTE. 'Tis, Sir, th' ambition of my love, that you
Would know me for Charintha's sister——
FLO. I shall. Rossa, remember it.
ROS. My Lord?
FLO. I must know her for Charintha's sister.
CHA. Is there no trick in ceremony, Sir,
To give your memory a better hint?
FLO. I kiss none but thee, a device i' th' blood!
But princes have one toy or other still, to make
Their descent known.—There, a diamond that,
And that a ruby—— [*Gives to Alteza.*
ALTE. What means your Lordship?
FLO. Th'are none of mine. I have enow. Wear 'em!
ALTE. Your Lordship binds my great acknowledgment.
I'th leisure of a wink he'll give away an empire.
BESOG. I am Charintha's woman, Sir.
FLO. Who can help it? Mistress, wilt thou not bid

My servants welcome? Th'are rich choughs, th'ave store
Of villages and plough'd earth.
CHA. Their judgment is
So kind, Sir, as to know they may command
The house.
ROS, MO. We thank your ladyship.
FLO. This is my parasite, and this my pimp.
I've a fool, a dwarf too at home. I made
My jaunt too early by a month, or else
My train had been enlarg'd.
ALTE. Th'are rarely fix'd,
If they import as much as you denominate.
FLO. I keep my parasite to cure the dull
Melancholy of state. He does admire
My wit and beard. He says I cannot sin.
Princes would still be sad but for such worms.
ALTE. But how, Sir, does your pimp adhere to use?
FLO. He is as pertinent to Lords as lust.
My fool I keep to laugh at me. My dwarf,
Is for my wife. I do not intend she shall
Affect the court, and then she'll quickly learn
To make the toy useful.
CHA. My Lord, be pleas'd
To walk, and use th'advantage of the air.
FLO. I've instruments distinct, that take a charge
O'th' several quarters of my frame. My dwarf
Doth dress me up unto the knees, and, when
His stature leaves his reach, young Virgins then,
Th'issue of decay'd barons, do begin
And govern to the navel. Whilst upwards,
Barbers, painters, and parasites are us'd.
CHA. But will your Lordship walk and see the spring?
We have a garden where it ever dwells.

FLO. And shall we be delighted and entranc'd ?
CHA. We'll sacrifice the utmost of our wealth
And love t'express your welcome, Sir.
FLO. Wilt i' faith ?
There's a saphire chain : tie thy monkey in't——
Take it ! for by this hand I am in haste,
And cannot offer twice.
BESO. If you should chance,
My honour'd Lord, to drop those trifles here,
I would be mannerly, and reach 'em up.
FLO. I will give thee a bushel of seed-pearl
To embroider thy petticoat.
CHA. This way——
ROS. Your Lordship hath forgot to leave notice for
Those princes in disguise that shall by chance
Demand ye at the gate.
ALTE. Who does he mean ?
FLO. A leash of German Dukes that walk in rug.*
I should consult with 'em about the subversion
Of a state or two ; but I'm not yet at
Leisure.
ALTE. My Lord, they shall be answered so.
ROSSA. Your hypocrisy wants a little art.
MO. Your bounty will impoverish us too soon.
FLO. Ye both do lie. I weave my cunning close.
Fortune, redeem the credit of thy eyes.
Thou wilt, if thou art partial now and kind,
But wink on me, though to the world th'art blind.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

* "Clad in Irish rug, or coarse freeze."—*Peacham.*
"A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown ;
A rug ; for night-gown he had none."—*Swift.*

ACT THE THIRD—SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter ALTAMONT, MERVOLLE. SCIOLTO, *at the other door.*

ALTA. This is the truth. Therefore consider now
My fate. Hah! Sciolto!
MERV. What makes he there?
ALTA. 'Tis Sciolto, the brute adulterer,
He whom I lately mention'd' in my speech,
A slave more salt than is the Baltic wave,
More hot than hell, a Satyr, or a goat.
SCIOLT. And shall be still so, Sir, unless your wife
Dismiss her pride, and vouchsafe to cool me.
ALTA. Devils and death, I'm murder'd through the ear!
[*He draws. Sciolto pulls forth a case of pistols.*
SCIOLT. Take discipline awhile. Know, if there be
A boisterous motion us'd, I have for each
Of you a round cinnamon plum, and they
Shall enter your nice stomachs the wrong way.
ALTA. Though thou wert hardy as the lion's race,
And arm'd with all th' artillery on earth,
I durst assault thee as I am; but so
I cannot satisfy revenge.
MERV. Sciolto, now my memory begins
To know you better—for your riots bold
And lewd demeanour in this city hath
Been long observ'd—I wonder much y' employ
Your precious minutes in a course so vile.
SCIOLT. What, as to copulate and increase [our] kind?
It has been a vocation ever since
The sun spied man thus crawling on the earth.
MERV. But what excuse canst thou in honour urge,

For wearing such advantageous defence
Against his just and single violence ?
SCIOLT. I have an odd humour not to be kill'd.
ALTA. O Alteza, had but my name been hid
Beneath some fold in the voluminous
Dark book of fate, I might have miss'd
Of my creation then, so I should ne'er have seen
Thy face.
SCIOLT. My curses, Sir, have cause t' assault
Her, more than yours : for she has starv'd me here
With want of natural delight. My free large
Growth, and tincture of my hair, denote
My constitution cannot suffer me
To wear a surplice, or proceed as eunuch.
Though I should bath and swim in julips, Sir,
I've still unruly heat about my chine.
ALTA. A Salamander, that doth feed and clothe
It self with flame, was thy progenitor.
SCIOLT. Have I not equal reason to complain ?
In three hours not so much as a dry kiss.
Th' old amorous deacon that embrac'd his cow
Was not so destitute.*
MERV. Fine calumny !
SCIOLT. A Negro might be useful now, although
Sh'ad but one eye, and that fixed on her heel.
ALTA. I'll strew upon thy food the teeth of snakes.
SCIOLT. Signior, presume no more upon a fond
Easy nature. I have been abstinent
Too long. Haste ! And with pliant steps present
Your wife ; Or else I'll assure ye you shall seek
Some other man to cuckold ye for me.
MERV. Sciolto, this is barbarous !
ALTA. I'll shoot
Thy heart with needles, small as splinters of a hair,
That thou may'st die, and yet not know

"'Every ane to his taste,' as the auld man said when he kissed his coo."—*Scotch Proverb.*

That thou art kill'd.
SCIOLT. I thank ye, Signior, but
We Florentines do sleep like levorites,
With our eyes open.* Howe'er, I could vouch-safe
To shoot you now, and so prevent your kindness.
MERV. Sciolto, hold! If either charge do miss,
He that survives shall grind thy marble heart
Between his teeth.
SCIOLT. I meant not to give fire.
There is a trick of gravity i' th' state
Call'd Law. Besides, you dead, the children which
I chance to get upon your bucksome wife,
I should go near to keep at my own charge.
ALTA. Africa breeds no monster like to thee.
SCIOLT. I'll to my chamber now, and fortify.
There I remain, during the pleasure of
Your wife, your tenant, Signior, in fee tail. [*Exit.*
ALTA. It is a cunning, and promiscuous slave.
This story of Alteza's abstinence
He doth but counterfeit, to gull my sight.
MERV. Had the devil himself crept into flesh,
And undertook this service to your wife,
She had possess'd the weaker instrument.
He hath in's veins a most intemperate blood;
His valour's so renown'd, that all the smooth,
The curl'd, and silken nobles of the town,
Do homage to his sword: and by such acts
As these he glorifies his truant youth.
ALTA. Thy faith was jealous I seduc'd thy ear
To share untruths: but now, thou know'st too much.

* "Isidore sayth that euery swift beast is fearefull and fighteth not, and hath no manner kinde of armour nor of wepon, but onely lightnesse of members and of lims, and is feeble of sight as other beasts be, that close not the eyelids in sleeping."—*Batman on Bartholome. De Lepore.*

MERV. 'Twas my suspect of Fame, and the dispersement
Of your deep wrong, that manacled till now
Your hands. My temp'rate lectures cease. Obey
Revenge, and I will follow it, until
My wealth and life are forfeited to law.
ALTA. Hah! wilt thou? O my quickened heart, entomb'd
Before within my breast, wilt thou? This, this
Then is the direful night, wherein I'll give
A strict and cruel justice to revenge.
MERV. This then is the night, wherein my bold love
Shall merit me th'eternal name of friend.
ALTA. Come swear! swear now, on this victorious sword,
Thou wilt obey th' injunctions of my wrath,
And yet in personal act not move, but when
My will appoints a mixture of thy strength.
MERV. My choice religion, and the honours of my blood,
I here do pawn to ratify the vow.
[*Mervolle kisses the Hilts.*
ALTA. Now work, my injur'd spirits, till you make
Dull sorrow rise in nimble flame. Anger
Is blood pour'd,* and perplex'd into a froth,
But malice is the wisdom of our wrath. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLORELO, CHARINTHA, ALTEZA, ROSSA, MOLARD.

CHA. Your Lordship's letters were of a prompt style!
FLO. This orient rope is yours, and you must wear't;
I sick'n else, and grow a villager
In Elyzium.

* Made to rush tumultuously.

CHA. Your bounty chokes my thanks.
ALTE. Take it! Afflict me, Fame, if e'er I knew
His parallel. He woos at Nero's rate.

Enter BESOGNIA.

BESO. Madam! There's a new Dandolo, a new
Count, lighted at the gate, and craves entrance.
FLO. That's rare, i'faith! Have I a shadow walks
Without leave o'the sun?
ALTE. A conspiracy!
FLOR. Did not Mervolle say, 'twould be a month
Ere he arriv'd?
ROS. Be bold! and meet your chance.
FLO. Stand firm! And stiffly on your sinews. Then
Avouch me still for the true Dandolo.
ALTE. Charintha, 'tis some stratagem! But if
He jewels bring, and in a hand as large
And open as yon easy snipe's, thou hast
Ill luck if thou constrain him not to loss.
CHA. I'll smile no longer than these rich sparkles
Shine in my eyes.

Enter DANDOLO.

DAND. The lady that is nam'd
Charintha here, must be reveal'd; for I'ld
Exalt her lips, and make 'em known to mine.
FLO. 'Slight! This is the great Cham. Hark ye, Signior——
CHA. My Lord, I pray afford him leave to speak.
DAND. What is that saucy groom? Does he sell eggs?
FLO. I'll shew ye my trade. A poor sword-man, I.

ALTE. Sir, you destroy the quiet of my house:
He shall have safety here, and leave to speak.
CHA. I'm called Charintha, sir. Proceed to speech.
DAND. I'll first do special grace unto your lip.
My pen hath woo'd you oft; but now by stealth
Thus single I'm arriv'd, a moon before
The time I did prefix.
CHA. Ay, Sir! The cause?
DAND. 'Twas winter when I specified the date
Of my approach, and then my blood was cold;
But now the spring is come things would couple.
These, Lady, are very sercular pearl.—
ALTE. Ay, Sir! And in such toys she much delights:
Although her modesty be loath to make
Her fancies known. Would you had brought some few
To match 'em.
DAND. Do you affect 'em, lady?
CHA. I rejoice in all the works of nature.
DAND. I am instructed then.
ALTE. As how, dear Sir?
DAND. That I did ill to leave my pearls behind.
ALTE. Sister, this hulk is neither rigg'd nor fraught.
CHA. I'll have no more of him. He is too costive.
FLO. Sir, a word. Methinks you look like raw pork.
DAND. Has not this house the privilege of peace?
FLOR. Ladies! This impostor steals my titles,
And my name. I ask leave to punish him.
ALTE. We'll not protect his crimes. Use your justice. [FLORELLO *draws his stiletto.*
FLOR. Unless you are an estridge,* Sir, and can
Digest steel, cool your lungs, and calmly wait

* Ostrich. *See ante*, p. 72.

Th' inquiry I shall urge.
DAND. Hence, and be dead!
FLO. Molard! Reveal how long thou hast been pimp
To the family of the Dandolos?
MO. About some thirty years, Sir. I've procur'd
Both time and place for your good father's game,
Ere since he was capable of woman.
ROS. He us'd the trade, sir, in his infancy.
MO. I scarce could walk, when I began 't,—
The first I brought him was my nurse.
FLO. Can'st point at aught he did
Some two and twenty years ago?
MO. Distinctly, sir. I know that gentleman.
He was got on a tripe-wife of Lucca.
FLO. O, th' action of my father's loins!
ALTE. My Lord?
FLO. I'm an old Jew at genealogies.
This fellow's descent I know now, and where
He took's creation too. By chance, thus have
I met forty of my father's bastards.
Th' are poor, and put me oft to charge. Brother,
Welcome! Rossa, give him a quardecus.*
DANDOLO. Bid kings wind silk, and Princes
Measure oats.
CHA. Your train of parasite, pimp, fool, and dwarf,
Speak you, at first, to be the true young Lord.
ALTE. Yet th' other has some marks that do belong
Unto a Count, o' th' last edition too.
DAND. D' you think y' are the Count?
FLO. I do think it, sir.
DAND. Thought's free.
ALTE. He should be a Venetian,

* The fourth part of a crown.

By the wit and policy of his courage.
DAND. Beauties! were your hands clean they should be kiss'd.
FLO. Bold illegitimate!
DAND. Sir! You shall know
No man e'er got me, but my own father. [*Exit.*
FLO. Besognia, speak in my behalf. I'll give
Thee a pearl then, big as a pompion.*
BESO. Which, when your Lordship does,
I'll return ye a pointed diamond, big as a steeple.
ALTE. Yon thrifty counterfeit has much perplex'd
Your servant's wit.
CHA. My Lord! Let's in, and jeer.
FLO. Slow method fools obey. To th' stars advance
His head, who thus resists the power of chance.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter SCOPERTA, SCIOLTO.

SCO. Like to my genius he doth move about
The house. Our souls are surely near allied.
SCIOLT. Calls he her his concubine? By this hand!
There's not a prince in all the east, has such
Another. This Altamont still gripes 'em
In the flank. He knows to choose his cattle.
Be thou pleas'd, O young and wholesome lady!
SCO. The garden, signior, doth contain more walks,
As pensative in shade as this. I do
Beseech you change your path, and leave me here.
SCIOLT. The fumes of spicery! you must not move.
[*Holds her in his arms.*

* Pumpkin—now called Vegetable Marrow.

ALTAMONT, MERVOLLE, *from above.*

MERV. My vows have promis'd you the ample truth
Of my intelligence. Behold! whom there
Sciolto keeps in amorous whisper.
ALTA. Hah, Scoperta! Libid'nous girl! what makes
She with that horse?
MERV. Shall I disturb their speech?
ALTA. No, let 'em knit and generate. My words
Shall never penetrate her ear, until
I am reveng'd for what my eyes have seen.
MERV. There is a general tainture in the sex.
ALTA. She is proscrib'd. I've filed her in the list
With those that taste to-night a bitter fate.
Away, away! This object ruins all
My faculties. [*Exeunt from above.*
SCIOLT. I sigh my first salute
Was so intemp'rately perform'd. But O!
The justice of my stars! My love is now
Reveng'd upon my lust. With pure chaste flame
I court the mistress unto Altamont;
One here reserv'd for sinful use. Stay, stay!
SCO. If I am seen, my life is forfeited.
SCIOL. Hast thou not heard my vows, whose violence
And number well might satisfy suspect
In wayward kings?
SCO. How dare I traffic thus for love
With thee: when thy accounts with heaven
Are yet not clear'd, that lust betray'd thee to?
SCIOL. With what advice of modesty canst thou
Accuse my blood; when in this mansion thou 'rt
Contain'd for the like sin?

SCO. Were I well known
Unto the quality of thy new love,
I would reveal myself, and take from thy belief
The false opinion of my guilt.
SCIOL. If e'er I practise impious heat again,
Some long-arm'd fiend, that in the centre dwells,
Reach at my foot, and pull me into flames.
SCO. Bear witness, immortality and truth,
That I'm official here but by pretence.
My veins are cold and chaste as northern snow.
SCIOL. Thy name? and then my doubts I will forsake.
SCO. Scoperta is my name. I sister am
To Altamont; not mistress of his lust.
SCIOL. O dire affinity! my love is now
Allied unto my hate. Yet Altamont
Ne'er merited my wrath. It is the wit,
The policy of sin, to hate those men
We have abus'd. When first I spy'd the grace
And lustre of thy shape, methought I lov'd,
And my sick heart inform'd me love was good.
SCO. And you when I beheld, I said to heaven,
O make but his immortal part like to
The garment nature clothes it in, and he'll
Remain a type, from whom shall be deriv'd
The prophets, and the kings that rule the earth.
SCIOL. Her beauties so increase, that they do make
My comprehension poor.
SCO. I should have us'd
More leisure and nice art, when I did give
My love away.
SCIOL. O stay, until my vows
Afford a larger warrant of my faith.
SCO. Our new society must not be seen.
But if thy love be free from carnal arts,
Such as the curled youth of Italy

Do use, make me thy sudden stealth. Early,
Ere the succeeding sun arrive in th' east,
Appear beneath my casement's view, and I
Will follow thee along the spacious world. [*Exit.*

SCIOL. Go, noble maid. Wert thou divided from
My reach, by sheets of elemental fire,
By streams of reeking blood, by purple mists,
Which cannons in their acclamation breathe,
Or winds when met to blow each other from
The earth, yet I would pull thee to my heart.
False lust, I take of thee eternal leave.

Enter NIENTE, ALTEZA.

ALTE. Convey those odours thither, and disperse
The costly smoke about the room.

NIENTE. I shall.

ALTE. Place soft and easy finger'd lutes behind
The arras; voices feminine and young,
And spread the couch with the green Persian quilt.

NIENTE. All is prepar'd. [*Exit.*

SCIOL. For what are these design'd?

ALTE. I feel a slothful grudging in my veins,
And therefore mean to solace with a male.
Brush thy beard, and follow me.

SCIOL. Now am I
As rascally a sinner as ever.

ALTE. Why com'st thou not?

SCIOL. O love! A little grace.

ALTE. Is not thy blood well? Kiss me, Sciolto.

SCIOL. Shall we be wrapt in curlings intricate?

ALTE. We'll have our artificial heats,
And, with our own panting, cool us
To new and younger strength.

SCIOL. And shall we 'tween two shady poplars hang
I' the Indian net, whose slippery closures may
Entangle us so fast, we ne'er shall be
Untied again?
ALTE. We'll grow as in one skin.
SCIOL. Yes, much!—not an inch—
ALTE. I want thy meaning.
SCIOL. And shall my action more. It mightiness
And state taught me to fast from flesh; and now,
I am well pleas'd to make 't perpetual Lent.
ALTE. I like this well. My male is witty grown.
SCIOL. Go, kneel to your husband! And beg from him
Lawful recreation. Myself intend
To purchase a few beads, and turn vot'ry.
She'll ne'er move hence, till I've enrag'd her spleen.
[*Aside.*
ALTE. What motive, sir, persuades ye use me thus?
SCIOL. Why—ye are not handsome.
ALTE. Trim prodigy!
SCIOL. Question your glass. Your face
Was carv'd out of a blue cabbage, and 'tis
Contracted now to one oblique wrinkle.
ALTE. Villain, thou ly'st!
SCIOL. Thy aged skull, instead of hair,
O'ergrown with moss, and looks as if 't had been
A thousand years entomb'd.
ALTE. Adders and snakes!
SCIOL. Thy solitary teeth in distance stand,
Like the decayed arches of a bridge.
ALTE. Better th' adst been unborn.
SCIOL. Wilt not yet go?
Thy fingers are all crook'd, like the talons
Of a griffon.* Thou walk'st on cloven feet.

* See Appendix, "Griffin."

ALTE. Hoa! Niente.
SCIOL. Thy bones are pil'd across,
Much like the sticks upon a conjuror's fire.
ALTE. Are my grooms dead? What hoa! I'll impound ye. [*Sciolto pulls out a case of pistols.*
SCIOL. It must not be. For with these two, of which
I mean to rob your armoury, there shall
Be passage forc'd, broad enough for a team
Of southern elephants. Farewell, oyster! [*Exit.*
ALTE. Where are my grooms, my slaves? Injurious wolf!
Bark at my precious feature, and thus strew
My beauty o'er with infamy and dust?
Strike my green youth with epithets of age?
My Altamont ne'er us'd me thus. He oft
Compar'd me to the stars, my eyes t'eastern light
When day smiles at her birth. O! I could curse
The giddy judgment of my blood; that thus
Seduc'd me to forsake that saint, and mix
My knowledge with this devil. He's fled too,
Untouch'd by my revenge. Niente, hoa!

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTA. 'Tis Alteza! I know her sinful voice.
[*She kneels.*
ALTE. O, sir, if anguish, or distress, can make
An humble heart, behold your lady now,
That shortens thus her stature, at your feet.
ALTA. What may this forc'd humility portend?
ALTE. Sciolto, cruel as the winds in March,
Hath strook my woman-hood with tyranny
And scorn. Can fate present so large a test
Of your true love, both to your self and me,
As that you minister revenge upon
His life? Go! and salute his recreant heart

With your bright steel, and then obedience claim
Replete with fond idolatry and love.
ALTA. The fiends are surely married too; for there's
No torment like a wife! False Alteza.
ALTE. So ill I merit charity, that all
My passions argue cunning and pretence.
ALTA. This is a wise hypocrisy, to hide
Thy lust, or snare me in some guilt, whereby
The Duke may claim my life, and thou receive
More quiet space t'enjoy Sciolto's limbs.
ALTE. Those angry spirits that reside below,
In flaming ovens, are not more cruel in
Their envy, than am I in hate to him.
ALTA. So soon dost steep him in thy gall, whom thou
Hast washt i'th warm distilments of thy heart?
ALTE. If e'er I knew him with more guilt than what
My wishes and my thoughts contain'd; let wrath
Then make me her experiment, to try
How much of pain mortality can bear.
ALTA. Thy perjur'd attestations cease; for though
The hours are few since first you did confer,
Yet you had both the pregnant thrift to make
The time advantageous to sin.
ALTE. Express
Some mercy in your faith, and hear me speak.
ALTA. Keep thy denial 'tween thy blister'd lips.
If utter'd, thou art dead.
ALTE. Love is no more.
ALTA. Dost weep? I sooner thought t' have seen the flint
Supple as spunge; th' obdurate diamond melt
At the glow-worm's pale eye.
ALTE. How hath the pride

Of courts misled my youth, that you should think
I've lost all tender compliments of grace?

ALTA. Thou wert a virgin sweet, so precious in
Thy frame, that with the cordage of thy hair
Thou might'st have fetter'd kings. Thy voice has marr'd
The beauties of the night. When thou didst sing
The quiet stars would fall asleep and wink.
Thou art all discord now: thy glory's dark,
Thy thin and rosial blood is turn'd to ink.

ALTE. I have out-liv'd the help of penitence,
And benefit of hope.

ALTA. Oft have I said
Let's leave the false, the busy world, and sleep
Beneath our vines; nature, not cunning, then
Augments our wealth; the dew of heaven is cheap,
Nor need we pay for th' sun's warm light.
If kind divinity allow t'each human soul
A star; our issue we'll increase, until
The bright and numerous throng be all employ'd.*

ALTE. But I am sterile as a wilderness.
My name is sickness to your memory.

ALTA. Witness, you silent powers! the crime is not
Derived from me. T'explain my innocence,
Know, she that here I hous'd t'affront thy pride,
Was my chaste sister, not my concubine.

ALTE. Then you are loyal still to th' marriage vow!

ALTA. But—she treads the slimy path. Scoperta
Is now thy rival in Sciolto's lust.

* We'd sit beneath the arching vine, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy while the heavens
Still left us youth and love. . . .
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home,
When love becomes immortal.—*Lord Lytton's Lady of Lyons.*

ALTE. All springs from the ambition of my guilt.

ALTA. Although thy penitence be rash, it doth
Become thee well, and thou hast quite dissolv'd
The stony corners of my heart. This night
I purpos'd thee a cruel death, but now
Rise, and continue mortal still! I'll lay
My mercy on thy lip, and for it take
My last farewell. I'll never see thee more.

ALTE. This is a mercy that confounds the will
And strength of all my gratitude. O sad
Decree. You have divorc'd me from your eyes.

ALTA. Two neighbouring lillies, whom rude winds disperse
'Mongst restless dust, may sooner meet upon
Their stalks again, and kiss each other in
A second growth, than we our loves renew.

ALTE. Take heed, sir, how you prophecy. For my
Humility, with moist contrition join'd,
May hope to wash my leprous stains away.

ALTAMONT. O no! My jealousy is grown so sick, that my
Suspect informs me it will ne'er be cured.

ALTE. I creep thus to my tomb, indebted for
Your love, 'till all the drowsy world shall rise
To general accounts: and then my want
Of earlier gratitude will make my debt
A sin. [*Exit.*

ALTA. O trivial property of life!
Some do attend the mighty war, and make
Divinity their yoke, 'till for the sport
Of kings th' augment the number of the dead.
Some walk in slipp'ry paths of Court, and feed
On silent smiles, the gravity of mirth.
Some travel in the search of human arts,
But knowledge is reserv'd; she sits so high
In clouds, we cannot reach her with our eye;

Or, if with patient steps we to her climb,
Death says we cannot reach her with our time.
For wither'd age arrives, when numbering on
Our griefs not years, the tedious space of life
We straight accuse. For life is like the span
Forc'd from a gouty hand, which, as it gains
Extent and active length, the more it pains. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.—SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter DANDOLO, BESOGNIA, STOCCATA, PUNTO.

DAND. My journey was by stealth, else I had brought
With these, legions of Dukes to speak my birth.
BESO. My lady 'gins t' enquire, sir, after sleep,
For it grows late.
DAND. My corporal method
I will disorder, ere I'll miss her view.
This British groat is thine. Traffic for pins!
BESO. Make the devil your factor; there's a stock
To set up with. [*Flings it again. Exit.*
DAND. No bribes? I am belov'd.

Enter FLORELLO, ROSSA, MOLARD.

FLO. Brother, I wish you would avoid my haunts.
'Tis not for my credit, nor yet for our
Dead father's, thus to make your person known,
Being y'are illegitimate, begot
By the motion of the evil spirit.
DAND. Go! let that fellow die.
STOC. Why, let him, sir.
PUNTO. Were we his heirs we had cause,
To hasten his decease.
FLO. D'ye walk like Neptune in a masque,

Attended on by two o'th' calm winds?
DAND. Th'are nobles of a supreme race. This is
Stoccata call'd, and that Punto. They both
Are come to warrant my creation good,
Upon the gauntlet of a giant or a whale.
FLO. Maintain your birth!—Were you my father's bawds?
STOC. Alas, you are young, sir. You know not us!
We cannot swell and rant like things that would
Be rather heard than felt: but we can thrust
Our whinyards home, with joy and quiet too.
PUNTO. Sweet heart, you are not read i'th' rudiments
Of wrath. You shall perceive some that are loud
And active with their lungs; courage in them
You may suspect: but when you see a cool
And silent anger like to ours, then keep
Your wandering hands at home. Soft sir, beware!
STOC. Stay, woo't thou kill him, Punto, or shall I?
PUNTO. I've business now of a more serious garb.
Dispatch him thy self. Early to-morrow
I'll do as much for thee on the two Zwits.
FLO. D'ye make no more o'th' infants of the earth?
STOC. Fie, sir. Draw you weapon in a Lady's
Chamber? You still display a courage ill
Brought up, most vainly nurtur'd, sir, believe't.
PUNTO. Forbid it, heaven! But you should have free space
T'employ your best strength in your [own] defence.
But, Sir, 'tis sober patience makes us safe.
If now on either's haunch you did confer
A kick; our secret wisdom would direct
Us how to bear it for the time, and in
Our own advantage too.
FLO. Is't possible?

STOC. Hear, Sir, th' advice of an old shot. I've hit
The mark more than once in my time, and tam'd
Many a mad boy too. If either of 's
Vouchsafe to greet ye with a hand or foot,
Take it, and be thankful: lest, by return
Of wrath, worse do ensue.

FLO. Not I, believe't.

PUNTO. He's young, Stoccata. Carve him gently up!—

FLO. They take me for a capon. What weapons
Fight ye with, demiculverin * or drake? †

STOC. Steel of Toledo is all we manage.

FLO. What then remains, but Rossa and Molard
Assault you two; I, my bastard brother.

ROS. Come, Sir!

MO. We'll jerk you with our iron rods.

STOC. Keep your sword warm! It 'longs to the scabbard.

PUNTO. O, Sir, your valour still imports some want
Of a discreet and temperate breeding.

DAND. Tumultuous fights the vestments mar.

Enter CHARINTHA, BESOGNIA.

CHA. His bounty ne'er will give me cause t'advance
My wit: he grows much troublesome.

DAND. Lady! Behold two worthies here! Dragons in fight.
They come to preach my birth. Th'are known to Fame.

FLO. Fame blew 'em from her breech.

DAND. I say th' are potentates; and they do awe——

FLO. The chrysome babe.‡

* A cannon of four inches bore.

† A small piece of artillery.

‡ See page 79 *ante*.—The chrism with which the child was anointed, was a hallowed ointment, composed of oil and balm, used by the Roman Catholics in the Sacrament of Baptism, and for certain other unctions.

PUNTO. Signior, you still forget
The quiet and the courteous ways of spleen.
FLO. I will try your politic patience, Sir.
[*Kicks 'em.*
PUNTO. You see we still are calm—
STOC. He has but thin
Philosophy that cannot suffer this.
CHA. Yon marmalet Count deserves as much too.
DAND. I do oppugn the motion with my scorn.
FLO. D'ye scorn, sir, to be kick'd?
DAND. Pardon me, sir!
I say't aloud; the proudest wight on earth
Shall not kick me, excepting your dear self.

Enter NIENTE.

NIENTE. I have privacies, madam, for your ear.
FLO. You, and your fierce champions straight remove;
Crawl hence, and be not visible again!
PUNTO. Enhance our pay we'll kill him in the dark.
DAND. Agreed! Six ducats you shall number more. [*Exeunt Dandolo, Stoccata, Punto.*
NIENTE. The neighbours say, forty serjeants wait his
Departure hence, who give him a new name.
CHA. Hah! What do they call him?
NIENTE. Florello! And report him brother
Unto Altamont.
CHA. My eyes are informed. Two faces more allied
In all devotes of view I have not seen.
The younger brother unto Altamont;
Fantastic too as winds, and sillier than

A silenc'd priest. Fate had much preferr'd me.
BESO. Madam, it must be he. I've tane a strict
Survey of's nose; 'tis so like Altamont's.
CHA. He is already so exhaust, that his
Wise bounty can no more be argument
For wit: and now to have this plea for his
Dismission is above my joy. Signior!
FLO. Sweet love, I have been bold to give away
One or two of thy farms to these my foll'wers.
They are kind wretches both, and love thee well.
CHA. Indeed?
FLO. Yes, faith. They bid me, rather than
Thou should'st thus pine for love, to marry thee.
CHA. Stand off! More distant yet.
FLO. Would'st view my limbs?——
CHA. When you do make your Christianity
More known, you must be call'd Florello.
FLO. Hah!
CHA. Forty blue fiends wait to arrest you in
Your passage home.
FLO. Madam, I am traduc'd!
CHA. Could your abusive arts make choice of none
But me? Be sure this visit is your last.
FLO. I must not, dare not, leave ye, till I've clear'd
The errors in this calumny.
CHA. Return!
Or you affront my power, and I shall think
Your love, is, as your person, counterfeit.
The strength of all my charity affords
You but this key, which in my orchard gate
You may employ, and free you from th' arrest.
Besognia, I'll to bed.

[*Exeunt Niente, Charintha, Besognia.*

FLORELLO, ROSSA, MOLARD, *look ghostly awhile at one another.*

FLO. A sober truth!
Sums I ow'd when I embark'd for Pisa.
ROS. Now shall I, like a melancholy worm,
Feed on raw roots——
MO. Sing canticles of woe!
I must e'en go tag points in a garret.
FLO. This key, with rescue o' th' young
Rapiers of the law will bring us home.
ROS. No moneys, sir?
FLO. Faith! We must all disrobe! Our vestments
Old stitch on again, and mortgage these to raise
A sum that may assist my liberty.
MO. Creep in our rags of tinder! In our thin
And dusty webs again!
ROS. I feel a herd
Of small cattle graze on my left shoulder.
FLO. O my forward bounty! There's but sick hope
My jewels will return; since custom shows,
What ladies thus from their dull suitors get
They do preserve as tribute to their wit.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCOPERTA, *and her Woman under a Canopy.*

WOMAN. The longer moiety of the night's unspent.
SCO. Since time grew old, he slowly finds his steps
I' th' dark: by day he swifter moves. Get thee
To bed. The casements of thine eyes are shut;
Imprisoning their dear light.
WOMAN. Madam, good night! [*Exit.*
SCO. Come, my Sciolto! And confirm the virtue of

Thy faith; or I disperse my soul in sighs,
And make this chair my easy monument. [*Reads.*

Enter ALTAMONT, MERVOLLE.

MERV. All are departed that to Charintha
Made visit: your servants have begun
Their sleep, and guards are plac'd upon the gates.
ALTA. Are my bold instruments in ambush laid,
And scatter'd for the best advantage of
Their conceal'd action, and their view?
MERV. They are.
ALTA. Expect me then beneath the garden mount. [*Exit Mervolle.*

ALTAMONT *steals to* SCOPERTA, *and shews her his Arms besmear'd with blood.*

SCO. You swelling clouds choke my afflicted sight!
ALTA. The stars like scatter'd embers fall. The tears
Of men do meet in seas, and seas o'erwhelm
The earth. Th' amazed herds howl to the sun
For help; whose beams suck moisture up, till he
Hath made the flood his draught; but vomits all
In show'rs again; such as Deucalion saw!
SCO. Nature, it seems, is frighted from her health.
ALTA. Behold my coral hands! They seem to blush
With guilt of human sacrifice. Methinks
I look like to a Memphian priest, that had
Dissection made of Hecatombs t'appease
Their false divinity. Alteza's dead!
SCO. I want pretence to soothe my faith; else I

Would hope your hands deprived her not of breath?
ALTA. Fathers that feed on sons, and sons that drink
Their mother's blood, reach not that cruelty
Which her stern guilt did throw into my breast.
SCO. May some kind saint weep o'er your soul until,
With holy dew, he wash this sin away.
ALTA. Thou dost mis-spend thy vestal charity.
In the solitary age of night I come,
To find those angels that have business now
On earth, in synod here with thee: hoping
I shall receive reward for my just act.
SCO. The hours that gave her opportunity
To err, were known so few, that my belief
Concludes her guiltless of the actual sin.
ALTA. Before the hindmost part of her vex'd soul
Forsook her thrilling lips, she did confess
Sciolto had perform'd all circumstance
That doth engender man. Sciolto too,
Confirm'd her attestation as a truth.
SCO. Be deaf, sweet heaven, to this! Did Sciolto
Iterate her foul speech?
ALTA. He did, which I
O'erheard, and forc'd a passage to his heart.
From its warm throne I snatch'd the aching lump,
And threw it straight unto a hungry fiend.
SCO. Is he dead too? The Genius of the world
Is sick, all forms must cease.
ALTA. Dost weep for him?
SCO. O sir, should I restrain the flux, my eyes
Would drop from their loose strings instead of tears.
ALTA. This obsequy doth make compassion, sin.
SCO. O Sciolto! art thou so early fled
To taste eternity, and unknown fate?

ALTA. Stint thy hoarse dirge, pernicious whore! I had
Some hope the interview that you enjoy'd
Might be enforc'd by his unruly strength:
But now, I find it was with thy consent
Procur'd. Y' have struggled in each other's lust.
All now is evident as light.
SCO. I bring
My innocence to the clear survey of heaven.
ALTA. Though dull, to men of harsh strict discipline,
Yet know, I have some cunning in my rage.
I came to fright this secret from thy heart.
My hands I did not bathe in human blood:
Alteza and Sciolto are alive.
SCO. This joy will make my heart dance in my breast.
ALTA. Sink into th' earth, where sorrow dwells. Ere yon
Dim morn shall add one hour unto her age,
Sciolto's soul shall take a doubtful flight:
It only stay'd to mingle company
With thine. My anger was so just, I would
Not prosecute thy life until my doubts
Were clear'd. Go, go, and number o'er thy beads!
SCO. Is there, in all your veins, no drop unmix'd
With gall, that from our mother is deriv'd,
And so may tempt compassion from your breast?
ALTA. Alteza mourns, as if to expiate
A nation with her grief. Had'st thou reveal'd
Such penitence, it might have softened my decree.
But thou art sour and stern of soul.
SCOP. No mercy, for our noble Mother's sake?
ALTA. My mother when she lay, a pattern cold
For th' figure on her tomb, spent her last breath
In praise of thee. Quoth she, for my sake, use

Thy sister well; th' acquaintance that she hath
In heaven is great. In the blossom of her growth
She shall o'ercome the eyes of men, and, in
Her age, she shall have skill in prophecy.
But O, false lore! Our mother kind, whom I
A Sybil held, thou now hast prov'd a witch.
SCO. I am too weak to force from your belief
Mistakes so strong.
ALTA. Go pray! The hours are swift:
I've purpos'd thee a pris'ner here till my
Return. This is a sickly rheum, and not
Compunction in my eyes.
SCO. The last of all
My merits shall be call'd obedience to
Your will. If you do owe a kindness to your self;
Think on religion and the laws. [*Exit.*
ALTA. Nature, do thou direct my spleen. The laws
Are sinfully contriv'd. Justice should weigh
The present crime, not future inference
On deeds. But now they cheapen blood: 'tis spilt
To punish the example, not the guilt.
Religion too, on our Italian earth,
Grows like the cedar big and high, but yields
No fruit. The abject race of men she doth
Confound with hope, and bids them not obey,
T'augment humility, but her own sway! [*Exit.*

Enter MERVOLLE, SCIOLTO, *and three Mutes.*

MERV. Your strength does but entangle ye the more.
SCIOL. I'll not be truss'd, sir, like a pullet thus.
MERV. Leave nothing that can minister defence.
Disarm him of his pins!
SCIOL. Pare my nails too!
MERV. You shall be anger'd straight, till you bestow

The time to bite 'em off. Soon as we spy'd
You scaling o'er the orchard wall, we guess'd
The hopes of your visit. There have been snares
Laid for your feet e'er since you left the house.
[*Exeunt Mervolle, Mutes, they having rifled him of his pistols and his sword.*
SCIOL. There is some danger in this chance. My dull
Heart beats with slow and ominous leisure.

SCOPERTA *from her window.*

SCO. Pale planet, shine! It must be he. My ears
Persuade me they o'ertook his voice. Sir, sir!—
SCIOL. Hah! Scoperta? A cruel destiny
Hath murder'd all our joy. Endeavouring an
Address for stealth of thee, I was surpris'd,
Disarm'd, even here i'th' presence of my stars.
SCO. There's not a star in all the firmament
Belongs to us.
SCIOL. O none! or, if there be,
Their influence is so weak that at this distance
Babes may blow 'em out. Sure, our creation
We have took unknown to fate.
SCO. Our love was of too nimble growth. Unless
Philosophy give hope that after death
We may converse, this is the last of all
Our interviews.
SCIOL. That fatal prophecy
Will shake my soul from out my flesh; and I
Like some tame hermit shall unwounded die.
SCO. The word that's heard abbreviates our discourse,
And life. The sand that limits both is fall'n
Into the reach of number, now: and I
Have spent with thee the hasty time prefix'd

For a devout employment of my beads.
The murderers are within.
SCIOL. Grim wild horror!
Hast thou no weapons there that I may use
T' annihilate their vigour and their shape?
SCO. Unto thy lips I'ld throw a kiss; but with
The strings of my poor solitary lute
They've bound my hands.
SCIOL. O my hot rage! I could
Spit fire till I enkindle yonder grove,
Raising a flame that might perplex the Earth,
And make 'em think that heaven had dropp'd a planet.
SCO. And I could weep until I quenched that flame,
And drew suspicion that a second flood
Was come to drown mortality again!
SCIOL. This sudden elevation of the soul
Presageth death: as if it practis'd how
To rise and climb, ere she begins her flight.
SCO. Whence is that noise?
SCIOL. I'll be as calm as are Arabian winds.
Scoperta, stay! Unheard we will converse.——
SCO. They come, they come! Dear love! for evermore, farewell!
[*The Mutes snatch her from the window.*
SCIOL. O, for the giant race! to help me heave
Those mountains up, that I might bury this
Proud structure and my self! Yon burly oak,
Whose roots reach hell, I'll manage till I pound
And batter all the marble into flour.

Enter ALTAMONT, MERVOLLE.

MERV. You have o'erheard what will your knowledge grieve.
ALTA. Her soul is ill prepar'd.
MERV. I gave command

They should a while delay her death, lest want
Of leisure might destroy her penitence.
ALTA. Remain within the summons of my call:
And leave me here. I charge thee, by thy vow,
And by our friendship's dear use, that thou depart.
[*Exit Mervolle.*
SCIOL. Speak what thou art!
ALTA. Some call me Altamont.
I've seen thee walk arm'd like a magazine,
With small artillery entrench'd: but thou
Art fitly now prepar'd for sufferance.
SCIOL. Not thy tame sacrifice, but victory
I'll be. For naked as I am, I will
Resist my death, and since unfurnish'd to
Revenge, I yet shall trouble thy best strength.—
ALTA. Sciolto! Though, thou merit treachery,
And opposition that, by darkest stealth,
May cozen thee of thy luxurious soul,
Yet I will give thee fair and equal game.
SCIOL. False tyranny!
ALTA. Stay! This I will perform.
And 'tis to know the rigour of thy might,
What wondrous flame and spirits do possess
Thy spacious breast.
SCIOL. There's relish of intent!
ALTA. I'ld learn the providence and justice of
My fate; try if they'll let me fall before
Th' encounter of thy bestial strength; thou that
Augment'st thy sins t' o'ercome the memory
Of heaven, in silly hope th' accounts may be
Unwillingly survey'd because th' are long.
Receive thy sword!
SCIOL. Miracle of bounty!
ALTA. If, whilst we struggle in the pride of hope,
Thou canst so weaken my defence, that I
Become disarm'd, thy liberty is gain'd.
SCIOL. With solemn penitence I could accuse

My crimes 'gainst thee : but grief's akin to fear.
This great demeanour of thy spleen divides
Th' intent of gratitude. I know not which
T'afford thee most,—my envy, or my love.
ALTA. The moon hath now put on her brightest robe ;
My anger too doth carry fire enough
To light us to the charge. Guard well thy heart !
SCIOL. A little respite give. Must we needs fight ?
ALTA. You then would cozen me of my revenge ?
SCIOL. Yet stay !—Know, I do love thy sister well.
ALTA. Mark, sweet heaven ! With what exalted triumph
He boasts the foul remembance of his sin.
[*Thrusts at him.*
SCIOL. Stiff as a column !
ALTA. Th' Arcadian wrestler told
Young Theseus so ; but he did yield as if
His sinews had been made of silk. So fierce ?—
SCIOL. I'll work thy strength so low, that virgins shall
Have power to shackle thee with spinners' threads.
ALTA. Thus I will bore thy flesh, till thou become
Transparent as a sieve.
SCIOL. This closure hath
Entangled us. Let's make another charge !
ALTA. Even thus divided billows part, that they
May meet in greater foam.
SCIOL. Wilt thou not bleed ?
Not yet ? I skirmish with unbodied air.
ALTA. Thy guilt betrays thy hand unto mistakes,
And thus my injur'd spirits greet thy life.
SCIOL. That wound gapes like to a yawning giant.
ALTA. So hot is thy lascivious blood, that, as

I sprinkle it, it scalds my hands.
SCIOL. I reel
Before thy breast, and stumble at a wart. [*Falls.*
ALTA. Thy sword's my captive now. Mervolle, hoa!
SCIOL. I have some courage yet left in my teeth;
If thou art kind, come nearer with thy throat!

Enter MERVOLLE, *and* MUTES.

ALTA. O the celestial powers are just. See, there!
He bleeds like to a spring, that borders on
The Rubick sea, whilst I remain untouch'd.
MERV. Has he not lost the benefit of breath?
ALTA. Stop all his wounds, and give him time to spend
The rest of's moisture in repentant tears.
[*They bind him with scarfs.*
SCIOL. My wounds clos'd up! What means this courtesy?
ALTA. That thou might'st leisure have to pray. Be sure,
Mervolle, when's devotions have arriv'd
Unto a powerful length, you strangle him.
SCIOL. Can thy young honour stoop to such low flight?
ALTA. Unto resistance equal I expos'd
My strength, to try thy courage and my fate.
This was my justice to myself: justice
I'll give to thee. Thy crimes do merit death.
SCIOL. O, soothe my last ambition then!
Be thou my executioner.
ALTA. Thou art disarm'd.
Thy blooming honours now are wither'd on
Thy crest. I should deprive my anger of
Her fame, to be thy active opposite.

SCIOL. Scoperta, stay! My soul shall hover straight
With thine. Stay for me in the milky-path.
ALTA. Let Italy avouch the just demean
Of my revenge. Dull Britons know no wrath.
Th' unskilful youth, that equal duel give
To him that first incens'd the blood; but tempt
The courtesy of fate,—such take delight
To stroke abuse, pay injuries, with right.
MERV. This way, Sir, leads unto your grave. You shall
Have space to gain some friendship with the Saints. [*Exeunt Mervolle, Sciolto, Mutes.*
ALTA. A sudden frost congeals my heart; I shrink
Like crooked age; I am unweildy on my joints
As if my veins were empty grown.
[*Opens his doublet.*
Wounded! His point has stol'n into my breast.
Oh, help! I've yet some use for life. Th' nice search
I made to know heaven's secret justice is
Aveng'd. Bold earth! I weep into the sea
And sigh t' augment the winds. Repentance is
An immaterial salve, it cures th' unsound
Diseased soul, but not the body's wound.
[*Reels off, Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.—SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter NIENTE, ALTEZA, *in her night-gown.*

ALTE. A guard upon my gates! And have they there
Been plac'd ere since the first arrival of
The night?
NIENTE. Mervolle keeps the keys. He'll let

No servant be awake about the house.

ALTE. The sun begins to bathe i' th' mornings tears!

Hast thou Lucio call'd, and bid Pytho mix
With him in a sad song?

NIENTE. I have, madam.

ALTE. No more, Niente, shalt thou service do
For me. Last night I told thee I had lost
My vanity: that courtly lady serve
Who finds it first. But, lest thy wants augment
Thy sins, my charity affords thee this.

[*Flings him a purse.*

NIENTE. [A purse!]
Well! I'm resolv'd to mend, or—become worse.

[*Exit.*

A song between two boys.

1. This lady, ripe, and calm, and fresh,
   As Eastern Summers are;
   Must now forsake both Time and Flesh,
   T' add light to some small Star.

2. Whilst yet alive, each Star decay'd
   She may relieve with light:
   But death leads beauty to a shade
   More cold, more dark than Night.

1. The saucy faith of man doth blind
   His pride, 'till it conduce
   To destine all his abject kind
   For some eternal use.

2. But ask not bodies, doom'd to die,
   To what abode they go;
   Since Knowledge is but sorrow's Spy,
   It is not safe to know.

Enter MERVOLLE.

MERV. Howl, howl! Until you wake the inhabitants

Of graves! 'till you disquiet all the spheres,
And put harmonious nature out of tune.
ALTE. What means this fatal summon, that doth make
Amazement cold as is Iberian ice?
MERV. Great Altamont, your Lord, who still was prompt
To curb th' incitements of your wrath, threw wise
Advantage from his reach, and struggled with
The bold Sciolto, in an equal war.
ALTE. Down, holy flame! When hope doth sicken so,
I would not have the power to prophecy.
MERV. The surly lion and the testy boar,
Did ne'er maintain resistance with like fierce
And ruinous return of strength, for from
Their eyes such lightning flew, that villagers,
Whose early labours till'd the earth, did think
Rash Phaëton did scourge the fiery team
Again. Sciolto, chipp'd, ragged with wounds,
Did bleed away his strength. This his false sword
Your husband bade me prostrate at your feet—
And 'tis the last memorial of his love.
ALTE. Ambiguous history! He conqueror,
Yet this the last memorial of his love!
MERV. Wise heaven did mock your Altamont, for whilst
O'erjoy'd with victory, he spies in's breast
A large deep wound, and thence his soul took flight.
ALTE. O, my poor Lord! How soon hast thou begun
Thy immortality. The hasty spark
So upward mounts, and then no more is seen.
MERV. I' th' last remainder of his dying speech,
He briefly told his testament, which doth
Contain employments sad, and such as you

Must actuate straight. To please his ghost, shew now
A little loyalty and love ;—Rise ! and
Be conducted by my slow steps. I will
Inform your knowledge all that he enjoin'd.
ALTE. Th' obedience which I scanted to his life,
Unto his memory I'll strictly pay.
MERV. You have a loss that doth out-speak complaint !
If sweet and pliant discipline of Courts,
If feats of mighty war, or sober arts
Advance th' esteem of human quality,
'Tis fit your Altamont we strive to raise
Above the charity or skill of praise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLORELLO, ROSSA, MOLARD, *in their old habits.* DANDOLO, STOCCATA, PUNTO, *bound.*

FLO. Who did assist your passage to this walk ?
ROS. Mervolle, sir, with whom we used your name.
Do you observe the Count, and his two lean Janizaries ?
FLO. What, in captivity ?
ROS. Certain stratagems, sir, have been level'd
'Gainst the prerogative of your life royal.
MOL. Ere since the hope of day, they waited your
Descent from the Cloister bridge ; but doubting
Their own courage, and meeting us disguis'd
Thus in our original weeds, they would have brib'd
Us for two pistolets t'assist the prosecution
Of your death. Our grace and strength
Bound them to their good behaviour.
FLO. They walk like caterpillars on a leaf.
[*Takes Dandolo aside.*
Yield me the cause why you contriv'd my death.

DAND. Good faith, sir, for no harm.
FLO. Give me a knife!
[*They search Dandolo.*
ROS. Here is one belonged to Hans van Geulicke!
[*Florello cuts Dandolo's bonds, and gives him the knife.*
FLO. Take yourself solemnly aside and cut
Your throat! Do't straight, and neatly too,—
Y' had best.
DAND. The motion I dislike; 'tis dangerous.
FLO. Have you three throats? Can you revive as oft
As you are kill'd, to take new punishment,
That thus you mutiny against kind reason?
DAND. These thousand years 't has been observ'd
Th' eldest brothers of our house, sir, never could
Endure to cut their throats.
FLO. 'Tis fit, dear Count, that you
Must die. I'm else unjust unto my self.
DAND. With sapient arts we will project to save
The reputation of your justice.
FLO. How?
DAND. I will promulgate I am dead, and both
My champions here shall swear't.
STOC. We'll venture one
Commandment to save another, sir.
FLO. This cannot satisfy. Howe'er, sir Count,
If you will patiently accept your death,
I'll furnish ye with guides for your last jaunt.
You Punto and Stoccata too! No more
Of your philosophy. Fix brow to brow,
Knock out each other's brains, and shew your lord
The way unto th' Elizian field. Do it
At first encounter too; for I'm in haste.
STOC. 'Slight, sir! I ne'er was in Elizium, I,
Nor should I find the way thither, though Signior

Argus lent me ninety-nine of his eyes.
FLO. Then Punto shall be conduct to ye both.
PUNTO. Good signior, any courtesy but this
You may command. You still do most presume
Upon the calmest and th' easy nature.
ROS. They all are forfeitures to th' law.
If you'll bestow them but as pris'ners to us,
They shall suffer, or give us a large ransom.
FLO. How! A ransom? These two are poorer than
Carthusian monks: lean as a Romish Lent.
Slaves who pretend sickness, that they may lie
In hospitals to steal the sheets. Acorns
They eat, such as Westphalia hogs do scorn.
ROS. The Count, sir, will untie his strings for 'em.
DAND. Ransom I'll give: for I do hate to die.
FLO. The ransom must be small.
Shuffle 'em together: and pack them hence.
I will not hear a syllable of thanks.
Rossa, see 'em hors'd for Millain.
[*Exeunt all but Florello.*

Enter CHARINTHA *to him.*

CHA. O, dismal change! Does your victorious sword
Hang now on aged belt of bandeleir? *
Is your high plume moulted to a sprig, small,
As if 'twere made o' the wing of a beetle.
FLO. Who can resist the frowns of destiny?
My suff'rance gives my merits their reward.
CHA. Your speech was wont to be in a more high
Exalted key: loud as a gulph! Your heart
Was full of jigs, and your feet did wander

* See note in Appendix, "bandelier."

Even like autumn's dust.
FLO. Affect so much
Humility as may employ your thoughts
With more compassion on my ruinous fall.
CHA. I threw on you perpetual banishment.
FLO. I'm come to manifest the sin of my
Disguise: though it proceeded more from hope
T'enjoy your person than your wealth. Witness
Each nimble register of human thoughts!
CHA. 'Has got a sweet and powerful way in speech. [*Aside.*
FLO. This is my real shape, in which I do
Appear a thin and wither'd soldier, born
I' th' later age of war; when glory's sick,
And honour trivial as the spleen of babes.
CHA. He was not wont to use this dialect.
FLO. Grant now, thou beauteous wealth of Italy,
An expiation for my crimes. For know!
I would be clean when I shall dedicate
My future vows to th' absent altar of thy heart:
Lest I do lose the use of my idolatry,
And make repentance sin.
CHA. Do all harmonious gifts reside within
Such coarse and humble weeds?
FLO. Destroy me not with scorn.
I know you ladies most delight i' th' frail substance
Of the body, in name, and gilded pomp;
Which was the fatal cause I practis'd them on you.
CHA. Y' endear the worst of fashion unto us,
By making it a custom in your selves.
If men did not
Provide such follies for our sight, we knew
Not where to find their use; for they digest
Them first, then they become our nourishment.
FLO. Vain men! We alter our creation so

With female shapes, that heaven scarce knows its
stamp :
And nature—that distinction still commands
T'each sex—forgets the work of her own hands.
CHA. I ne'er beheld a feature masculine
Till now. Had you but thus appear'd unto
My first survey, I might have lov'd in haste,
And yet excus'd the rashness of my eyes.
I 'gin to feel some danger in my stay.
FLO. Ere you depart, a small memorial from
Your hands, I crave, to wear upon my crest,
That it may tempt kind fate to look on me,
When I in glorious battle strive : and
I will absent my self for evermore.
CHA. I nothing keep for such sad use,
As to deprive me of so sweet a miracle.
FLO. Grant my request, or I'll pursue your steps.
CHA. If you continue still to beg, I fear
My bounty will prove rash : and I shall give
So much of love, as you can ne'er repay.
FLO. O, my auspicious stars! Should I not now
Make use of your good influence, I were
Unworthy of your care.

Enter MERVOLLO.

MERV. The choice you make
Can ne'er deserve your chaste and lawful fire,
She is, Florello, of a heart and strain
Too insolent for nuptial happiness.
FLO. Thou hast been called my friend,
But if thy spleen continue a dislike of her,
I'll blow thee from my memory, and with
My chiefest strength I'll punish thy mistake.
MERV. A desolate grief
Will more become thy breast than this proud rage.
Thy brother's dead, and his decease caus'd by

Her sister's pride.
CHA. My sister's husband dead?
FLO. Into my ears thou hast a horror pour'd
That hath already stiffened every hair
On my amazed skull into a reed.
CHA. Wilt thou neglect to cherish the swift growth
Of our new loves?
MERV. Like to her sister, she
But counterfeits a passionate esteem,
That thy fond nature she might tempt beneath
Her rule. If Altamont be dear unto thy thought,
Leave her, and straight attend his hearse
That in the chapel waits thy obsequy. [*Exit.*
CHA. Th' inspired needle's not more true
Unto the north, the sun to his diurnal race,
Nor rivers to the main, than I to thee.
FLO. Sorrow and love my senses do divide.
If I remain with thee, then only love
I serve, if, with sad steps, I tread the way
Unto my brother's hearse, I both obey. [*Exit.*
CHA. Thou dost requite the scorns which I did throw
On thy first love. My destiny must needs
Be tragic now: since the contracted scope
Of all my joy rests in diseased hope. [*Exit.*

Enter MERVOLLE, ALTEZA.

MERV. Behold the throne, your Lord commanded me
Prepare! And here you must be pleas'd to sit.
ALTE. Can this advancement aught refer to your
Delight, or to my Lord's last testament?
MERV. Justice hath laid her sword within your reach:

And you have power to sheath it so; that where
You execute, you may a murder do,
Or sacrifice. Bring the delinquents in!

Enter SCIOLTO, SCOPERTA, *at several doors, each led in, bound and hoodwink'd, by two Mutes.*

ALTE. Sciolto and Scoperta still alive?

SCIOL. Thy spirit, Altamont, ascended with
The love of all my chiefest orizons.

MERV. These two were, by your husband's jealousy
And hate, ordain'd for death: but, ere that we
Could actuate his will, his noble breast
Receiv'd a wound, that bade him straight provide
For's own eternity. The last of all
His speech referr'd them both unto your power.
You may appoint them live or die, and I'm
Oblig'd by vow to see perform'd what you
Command.

ALTE. O dire, sinister accident!

MERV. Your jewels and your wealth I have pack'd up,
To ease our flight when we have finish'd
This usurpation of the laws. Let them
Enjoy their eyes; that they may know their judge.
[*The Mutes unmuffle them.*

SCO. Hah, Sciolto!

SCIOL. Scoperta! O my girl!

MERV. Keep them divided from each other's reach.

SCIOL. I thought thy beauties had been dark and cold,
And th'adst, ere this, begun an easy sleep
Within thy silent grave.

SCO. And I suppos'd thee fled
A harbinger to heaven, with purpose to
Bespeak my billet near to thine.

SCIOL. Since this sad night did blind the drowsy world,
They thus have manacled my strength. They've watch'd
My hardy violence so tame, that now
Each feather'd forester roosts in my beard.
SCO. We cannot, sir, be mortal long; therefore
Receive a hope our sufferance will cease.
MERV. Sciolto, now requite the leisure I
Have given thy penitence, by rend'ring straight
Unto the world, how far thou didst corrupt
These ladies with thy guilt. For know, I still
Persuaded Altamont thy lust enjoy'd
No more than what concern'd the wish or hope.
And I was usher'd to th' belief of this,
By knowledge of those secret spies which he
Employ'd to watch your personal removes
About the house; whose labours ever miss'd
Of finding that success he prophecied,
SCIOL. I do confess m' imagination once
Did sin against them both: but, if it e'er
Extended unto act, let me lose heaven.
MERV. If Altamont were now alive, he would
Permit this utterance clear his faith. Madam!
You hear that he Scoperta vindicates
By oath; though his own crime doth carry an
Import more evident and black; but yet,
When you behold his feature and his youth,
Your mercy may conceive 'twere pity that
He should so soon depart from time and flesh.
ALTE. Sir, you have skill to know my womanhood
Is weak as ignorance or sleep. Why should
You seat me here, thus to dispose of law:
That ne'er knew any justice but revenge?
MERV. Your sentence I am bound to execute.
ALTE. Have I not heard you say, my husband did

Ordain them both for death ? 'Twould ill become
The duty of my knowledge t' alter his decree.
MERV. Keep your intent. I will usurp
The office of your tongue. Mutes, strangle them !
SCIOL. If, in thy functions, gentle nature claim
An interest, let us embrace, and use solemnity,
Before we do forsake each other's view.
MERV. I grant what you request.
Make your performance short ; whilst I
Reveal m' opinions, lady, to your ear.
[SCIOLTO *and* SCOPERTA *kneel to each other.*
SCIOL. O Scoperta ! This is the last of all
Our busy dreams. What we possess is but
Imaginary now : thy shadow I
Embrace, not thee : for, like to it, thou'lt fly
From my enjoyment, and no more be seen.
SCO. So much of various fate, so soon express'd,
Two lovers yet ne'er knew, since sympathy
First dwelt on earth.
SCIOL. Ere long we must be cold,
Cold, cold my love, and wrapp'd in stubborn sheets
Of lead : hous'd in a deep, a gloomy vault ;
Where no society will mix with us,
But what shall quicken from our tainted limbs.
SCO. Whilst still there's noise, and business in the world ;
Whilst still the wars grow loud, and battles join ;
Whilst kings their queens salute in ivory beds.
SCIOL. But O ! How many ages may succeed
In heaven's dark kalendar, ere we again
Material be, and meet in our warm flesh ?
SCO. And whether that our souls, when they're preferr'd
To taste eternity, will ever think
Upon the bargains of our human love ;
Is unto me a desolate suspense.
SCIOL. Philosophy doth seem to laugh upon

Our hopes, and wise divinity belies
Our knowledge with our faith ; jealous nature
Hath lock'd her secrets in a cabinet,
Which time ne'er saw : and he, that in it pries,
Unto religion forfeits his bold eyes.
SCO. Our reason frights our senses to distrust.
My lips do beg from thine a legacy.
SCIOL. O sad account. How is my bounty now
Exhaust ! This is the last I e'er shall give.
MERV. Blind them again, and stay their deaths awhile !
Madam, your knowledge is already taught
Scoperta's innocence. Sciolto's deed
Stands near your punishment ; but distant far
From remedy. Mark his goodly feature !
With what magnificence he's built ! Besides,
This morn his uncle too, the wealthiest of
Our senators, is dead, and has been pleas'd
T'entitle him his heir.
ALTE. Should I not chide ?
MERV. Think how you lov'd him once. He will, to save
His life, discard Scoperta's interest,
And marry you : a happiness complete for both.
ALTE. Hah ?
SCIOL. Slaves ! Stretch now your cordage out,
Pull till my eyes do start like bullets from my skull,
Murdering where they fly.
ALTE. Hold, hold ! Did my
Dead Lord bid you perform what I decree ?
MERV. He did : and I assured it with my vows.
ALTE. Hear then, without resistance of my breath,
Sciolto is condemn'd by law, as known
The fatal instrument that did deprive
My Lord of precious life. So he must die.

'Twere fit my care affected mercy in
Scoperta's doom; she's sister to my Lord:
But her sweet innocence doth make her safe.
She must remain among the living still,
And, in her room, I do condemn myself.
For my stern pride was the original cause
Of this black tragedy. Kind, sir! As you
Esteem your vows, see my edict perform'd,
And give me privilege first to endure
Its wrath. [*She descends.*

MERV. This carries wonder in 't.

SCO. I'll not resign these bonds of death, unless Sciolto share in the compassion too.

ALTE. Give me your pardon, gentle maid! I have
Depriv'd you of a brother that deserv'd
More pyramids than all th' Egyptian kings.
Instead of him, receive my prayers, my wealth.
When o'er his hearse you raise a monument,
And fix my marble figure near to his,
Create me weeping. I shall go with so
Much sorrow to my grave, that, being dead,
My ashes will have power to penetrate
The stones. Release this pious lady and
Perform your execution upon me.

[*One of the Mutes pulls off his vizard and discovers himself to be Altamont.*

ALTA. Away! You dreadful ministers of death.
The laurel sprig, the myrtle nicely wreath'd
In coronets, my love deserves; for she
Is grown too good for earth.

ALTE. My Altamont! [*She sinks.*

[*Mervolle unmuffles, and unbinds Sciolto and Scoperta, who straight embrace each other.*

SCIOL. This deceit brings wonder, great as our joy.
They that divide us now must use the strength

Of swelling floods, and help of thunder too.
ALTA. Put all thy beauties on again, and smile
At the return of our long absent love:
My wound is clos'd, and will have instant cure.
ALTE. The earth groan'd at my fall, so heavy are
My sins so much they did encrease my weight.
ALTA. Rise gently like a flame from incense sprung.
Mervolle, to appease my jealousy,
Ordain'd me this disguise, that I might hear
How in your sentence you behav'd your love
To me. Hadst thou continu'd false, I had
Encreas'd the anger of thy fate: but now
Thou art endear'd unto my heart again.
ALTE. Sir, I have hope my future loyalty
Will manifest your mercy well bestow'd.
ALTA. Scoperta, thou'lt excuse the carriage of
My doubts. I look'd on thee with th' eyes of love,
And love is still too strict in her survey.
SCO. My memory would sin, should it record
Aught that might nourish my dislike of you:
You made me taste of sorrow, not of wrath.
SCIOL. 'Tis I, that have most needful use
Of your kind charity: forget my errors past,
And, to oblige my future gratitude,
Give Hymen leave to know your sister for
My wife. My uncle's death hath lent me power
Still to maintain her in such quality
As shall become my dear respects to you,
The greatness of her virtue, and her blood.
ALTA. Take her! and be as tender of her health,
As heaven hath o'er thy wounds; which in their cure
Express much miracle. My joys so swell
My breast, that I do find there's danger in
Delight. How bless'd, Mervolle, are thy arts!
MERV. Some angel's care assisted the success.

Enter CHARINTHA, BESOGNIA.

CHA. Not Altamont's return to life, nor yet
Sciolto's and Scoperta's glad reprieve,
Nor all the joys in reconcilement of your loves
Expressed, can my cold senses please.
Florello is unkind!
BESO. The little god
Hath lately pricked her with his bawdy shaft.
ALTA. Tell me, Charintha, is thy love sincere:
Such as i' th' simple youth of nature is
Exchang'd by lovers with a harmless plight?
CHA. It is sincere, as holy hermits' vows;
And true, as their confession at their deaths.
MERV. Appear, Florello, and receive thy doom.

Enter FLORELLO.

ALTA. It was Mervolle's care thus to assure
Thy mistress' real love and constancy,
E're thou should'st give too much of thine away.
But now receive her from Alteza's hand.
ALTE. Charintha, thy election is so safe
Thou never wilt repent the judgment of
Thy sight. He cannot be so near allied
Unto the blood of Altamont, but he
Must needs participate in virtue too.
CHA. We will embrace each other, until age
Deprive our courteous sinews of extent.
FLO. The gentle turtle shall direct us how
T' augment our loves; the eagle to renew
Our youth, and we will strive to imitate
The crooked vine in our increase.
ALTA. Joy, joy!
The firmament is now unmask'd, and each
Of us hath found his star.
FLO. My lov'd sister!
I have o'erheard the story of your griefs,

And, from this noble Signior, I must beg
A faith indear'd,—the name of brother too.
SCIOL. You shall be precious to my eyes as day.

Enter ROSSA, MOLARD, *fantastickly cloth'd in* DANDOLO'S *habit.*

MO. The great Dandolo and his giant whelps
Are mounted on a mule.
ROS. Naked they ride
As scouts of Tartary. They're victual'd with
A single egg.
ALTA. What are these walking drums?
FLO. Th' are such your knowledge shall affect: they must
Enjoy what I achieve. Dull men o' war,
The trophy of my victory behold!
She's mine! Bow, and do homage to her lip.
ALTA. Still thou dost mourn, Alteza, like a dove. [*Soft music.*
Hark, hark! how the Roman organ seems
T'invoke the Thracian lyre. The cymbals of
India call Castilian cornets forth,
And German viols wake the Tuscan lute!
The sacred noise attend, that whilst, we hear
Our souls may dance into each others' ear.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE
TEMPLE OF LOVE.

The Temple of Love, a Masque, Presented by the Queen's Majesty and her Ladies, at Whitehall, on Shrove-Tuesday, 1634. *By Inigo Jones, Surveyor of his Ma^ties. Workes, and William Davenant, her Ma^ties. Servant. London: Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop neare Whitehall.* 1634. 4*to.*

The Temple of Love. A Masque. In the collected edition of Sir William Davenant's Works. Folio. 1673.

Masques continued to be as popular in the reign of King Charles I., as they had been during the times of Elizabeth and James, and perhaps even more so, as they were particularly favoured by Queen Henrietta, who not only occasionally took part in them herself, but induced her husband also to do so.

In a letter addressed by Mr Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., dated London 3d January 1632-3, there occurs the following passage: "On Wednesday next, the Queen's pastoral is to be acted in the lower court of Denmark House, and my Lord Chamberlain saith, that no chambermaid shall enter, unless she will sit cross-legged on the top of a bulk. No great lady shall be kept out, though she have but mean apparel, and a worse face, and no inferior lady or woman shall be let in, but such as have extreme brave apparel, and better faces."—*Court and Times of Charles the First*, Vol. ii. p. 214. London, 1848, 8vo.

It may be presumed that this Masque is the one alluded to in a previous letter between the same persons, dated 20th September 1632: "That which the queen's majesty, some of her ladies, and all her maids of honour, are now practising upon, is a pastoral, penned by Mr Walter Montague, wherein her Majesty is pleased to act a part, as well for her recreation as for the exercise of her English. Ben Jonson, who I thought had been dead, has written a play against next term called 'The Magnetic Lady.'"—*Ib.*, p. 176.

The cause of the severe punishment inflicted on William Prynne, for the publication of his voluminous book against stage-plays, interludes, music, dancing, hunting, Christmas-keeping, May-poles, festivals, and bonfires, is significantly pointed at in the concluding sentence of the following excerpt of a letter from Justinian Paget, Esq., to James Harrington, Esq. at Walton-upon-Trent, dated 28th January 1632-3, which will be found in the book just referred to, p. 222:—

"Mr Prynne of Lincoln's Inn hath lately set forth a book entitled, 'Histriomastix; or the Player's Scourge, the sale of which is prohibited, and he to appear at the

high Commission on Thursday next, where, when I have heard what is charged against him, I will, if you desire it, send you a more particular relation. His book is extraordinarily stuffed with quotations of old authors, which, they say, are his only arguments. He cites St Austin, who saith, 'Si tantum modo boni et honesti viri in civitate essent, nec in rebus humanis Ludi Scenici esse debuissent.' But I do not conceive this to be the only cause why he is called in question, but rather some exorbitant passage concerning ecclesiastical government; for I hear he compares the playing on the organs between the first and second lesson, to interludes and stage plays. It is observable that his book was published the day after the Queen's pastoral at Somerset House."

And this is further confirmed by the following passage in a letter from Sir George Gresley to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., dated from Essex House, 31st January 1632-3 :—

"Mr Prynne, an utter-barrister of Lincoln's Inn, is brought into the High Commission Court and Star Chamber, for publishing a book, a little before the Queen's acting of her play, of the unlawfulness of plays; wherein in the table of his book, and his brief additions thereunto, he hath these words, 'Women actors notorious whores,' and that St Paul prohibits women to speak publicly in the church, 'and dares then,' saith he, 'any Christian woman be so more than whorishly impudent, as to act, to speak publicly on a stage (perchance in man's apparel and cut hair) in the presence of sundry men and women?' Which words, it is thought by some, will cost him his ears, or heavily punished and deeply fined."—p. 224.

Sir Simon D'Ewes, a Puritan, in his autobiography says, when arriving in London from his country residence he "heard a particular news, which much ensadded my heart touching William Prynne, Esq., that had been an utter-Barrister, and a graduate in the University of Oxford, who had lost one ear already in the pillory, or a part of it, and was to lose a part of the other to-morrow. He was a most learned, religious gentleman, had written many acute, solid, and elaborate treatises, not only against the blasphemons Anabaptists, in the defence of

God's grace and providence, but against the vices of the clergy, and the abuses of the times. He had been censured in the Star Chamber a few months before, for some passages in a book he wrote against stage-plays, called *Histrio-Mastix* as if he had in them let slip some words tending to the Queen's dishonour, because he spoke of the unlawfulness of men's wearing women's apparel, and women men's."

Prynne and his objections were silenced for a time by one of the most savage sentences ever pronounced against a man in, what are termed, the civilized ages, inasmuch as he was condemned to be disbarred, to be pilloried in Westminster and Cheapside, to have an ear cut off at each place, to pay a fine of £5000 to the King, and to be imprisoned for life.

The King figured in Carew's Masque of Cœlum Britannicum at Whitehall on the 18th February immediately following, when the Queen was present as the chief spectator, and, that day twelvemonth, at the same place, her Majesty again took part in the performance of this Masque, "The Temple of Love," which was presented at the expense of herself and the ladies of her Court.

The text of the first edition of the Masque has, with a few omissions, and trifling verbal alterations, been pretty accurately reproduced in the folio.

The Pastoral referred to in Mr Pory's letter is thus described in Henry Marsh's Catalogue of Books, appended to Sport upon Sport, London, 1662, published by him, in which there is a list of "incomparable Comedies and Tragedies written by several ingenious authors." "The Shepherd's Paradise, privately acted before the late King Charles, by the Queen's Majestie and ladies of honour: written by W. Montague, Esq." 8vo. In the Biographia Dramatica, it is said to have been first printed in 1629, 8vo. Probably Marsh's copy was the old one with a new title page. Montague was the second son of the Earl of Manchester. He turned Roman Catholic, and died at the end of the year 1669, surviving his patroness, Queen Henrietta, only a short time. Sir John Suckling characterizes this pastoral as perfectly unintelligible.

ARGUMENT.

Divine Poesy, the Secretary of Nature, is sent by Fate to Indamora, Queen of Natsinga, to signify the time prefixed was come, when, by the influence of her beauty, —attended with those lesser lights, her contributary ladies—the Temple of Chaste Love should be re-established in this Island; which Temple, being long sought for by certain magicians, enemies to Chaste Love, intending to use it to their intemperate ends, was by Divine Poesy hidden in mists and clouds; so as the magicians, being frustrate of their hopes, sought by enchantments to hinder all others from finding it; and by this imposture many noble knights and ladies have been tempted and misled. The fame of this Temple of Love being quickly spread over all the Eastern world, enflamed a company of noble Persian youths, borderers on India, to travel in quest of it; who arriving, were by the illusions of the Magicians, and their spirits of several regions, almost seduced, as others had been: but Divine Poesy appearing, discovered unto them some part of the Temple unshadowed, and prophecied of the time when Indamora and her train should arrive to effect this miracle; which, though it seems somewhat hard doctrine to most young men, yet these being spirits of the highest rank, forsaking the false magicians and their allurements, were resolved to entertain themselves, to contemplate on this apparition, until the coming of the glorious Indian Queen. At whose sight they being inspired with chaste flames, might be permitted by their faithful observance and legitimate affections, to enter and enjoy the privileges of that sacred temple. Then Divine Poesy sends Orpheus her chief Priest in a barque (assisted by the Brachmani and Priests of the Temple, who meet him on the shores) to calm the seas with his harp, that a maritime chariot, prepared by the Indian Sea Gods, might safer, and more swiftly convey them to achieve this noble adventure; after whose landing, having paid their ceremonies by moving in harmonical

and numerous figures, Sunesis and Thelema (which intimate the Understanding and the Will) joining together, the true Temple appears, and Chaste Love descends to invoke the last and living Hero (Indamora's Royal Lover) that he may help and witness the Consecration of it.

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

AT the lower end of the Banqueting House, opposite to the State,* was a stage of six feet high, and on that was raised an ornament of a new invention agreeable to the subject, consisting of Indian trophies: on the one side, upon a basement, sate a naked Indian on a whitish elephant, his legs shortening towards the neck of the beast, his tire and bases of several coloured feathers, representing the Indian monarchy: On the other side an Asiatique in the habit of an Indian borderer, riding on a camel; his turban and coat differing from that of the Turks, figured for the Asian monarchy: over these hung shield-like compartments. In that over the Indian was painted a sun rising, and in the other a half moon; these had, for finishing, the capital of a great pillaster, which served as a ground to stick them of, and bore up a large freeze or border with a cornice. In this over the Indian lay the figure of an old man, with a long white hair and beard, representing the flood *Tigris;* on his head a wreath of canes and sedge, and leaning

* A raised platform at the end of the Hall, with a canopy overhead, where the Royal party sat.

upon a great urn, out of which run water; by him, in an extravagant posture, stood a Tiger.

At the other end of this freeze lay another naked man, representing *Meander*, the famous river of *Asia*, who likewise had a great silver urn, and by him lay an unicorn.

In the midst of this border was fixed a rich compartment, behind which was a crimson drapery, part of it borne up by naked children, tack'd up in several pleats, and the rest was at each end of the freeze tied with a great knot, and from thence hung down in folds to the bottom of the pedestals; in the midst of this compartment in an oval was written TEMPLUM AMORIS: all these figures were in their natural colours bigger than the life, and the compartments of gold.

A curtain flying up, the first scene was discover'd, in which appeared a spacious grove of shady trees; and afar off on a mount, with a winding way to the top, was seated a pleasant bower, environed with young trees, and in the lower part walks planted with cypress, representing the place where the souls of the ancient poets are fained to reside. The delight of this prospect was quickly diverted to the sight of a more strange apparition; for, out of the heaven by little and little broke forth a great cloud of a rosy colour, which, being come down some little way, began to open, and in it was seen sitting a beautiful woman, her garment was sky-colour set all with Stars of Gold, her head was crowned with laurel, with a spangled veil hanging down behind, and her hair in artificial curls graciously dress'd, representing *Divine Poesy*, and by her a milk white swan. As she descends singing, out of those venerable shades came forth a company of ancient Greek poets, as *Demodicus*, *Fœmius*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Terpander*, and *Sappho* a

poetess, in habits varied and of several colours, with laurel wreaths on their heads. *Divine Poesy* sung this :

DIVINE POESY.

1

As cheerful as the morning's light,
Comes Indamora from above,
To guide those lovers that want sight,
To see and know what they should love.

2

Her beams into each breast will steal,
And search what ev'ry heart doth mean,
The sadly wounded she will heal,
And make the foully tainted clean.

3

Rise you, from your dark shades below,
That first gave words an harmony,
And made false love in numbers flow,
Till vice became a mystery.

4

And when I've purifi'd that air
To which death turn'd you long ago,
Help with your voices to declare
What Indamora comes to show.

THE POETS.

Soul of our science ! how inspir'd we come ?
By thee restor'd to voices that lay dumb,
And lost in many a forgotten tomb.

DIVINE POESY.

Y'are spirits all ; and have so long
From flesh and frailty absent bin,

That sure though love should fill your song,
It could not relish now of sin.

THE POETS.

Vex not our sad remembrance with our shame !
We have bin punish'd for ill-gotten fame,
For each loose verse, tormented with a flame.

DIVINE POESY.

Descend then, and become with me,
The happy organs to make known
In an harmonious embassy,
Our great affair to yonder throne.

She being descended to the ground, in a majestic pace goes up the State, attended by the forenamed poets; and the cloud that brought her down, closeth as it ascends.

DIVINE POESY.

Thou monarch of men's hearts rejoice !
So much thou art belov'd in heaven,
That fate hath made thy reign her choice,
In which love's blessings shall be given.

THE POETS.

Truth shall appear, and rule 'till she resists
Those subtle charms, and melts those darker mists,
In which Love's Temple's hid from exorcists.

DIVINE POESY.

Those Magi that with pleasant arts
To their false Temple led of yore
The noblest youth, with'ring their hearts
With lustful thoughts, shall be no more.

THE POETS.

For Indamora with her beauties light,
The truer Temple shall restore to sight,
The false shall be obscur'd in endless night.

The song after they have retir'd (playing on their instruments) by the chorus of Poets.

1.

Take leave now of thy heart,
The beauty thou shalt straight survey
Will tempt it to depart
Thy royal breast, and melt away.
Yet when she finds thy breast is empty grown,
In just remorse she'll fill it with her own,
So neither heart can mourn, or stray.

2.

Back to our shades we go,
But see how heavily we move!
Alas! their feet are slow,
That leave the object which they love.
Our dwelling is beneath, but those whose bayes
Is chastely earn'd in thy corrected days,
Shall after death reside above.

After this, Divine Poesy, and the Poets retire, and go forth; then the whole scene changeth into mist and clouds, through which some glimpse of a Temple is here and there scarcely discern'd.

The Entry of the MAGICIANS.

Out of hollow caves from under ground come forth three Magicians, one more eminent than the rest, their habits of strange fashions, denoting their qualities; and their persons deformed.

(1.) Tell me, thou wise protector of our art,
Why dost thou walk with such a hideous brow?
Darkness, and clouds do hover o'er thine eyes;
Thou look'st as thou hadst suck'd the vapor of
A pois'nous fen, till it has made thee drunk.
There's venom'd foam about thy lips.
(2.) Is thy belov'd
Old witch, dead and entomb'd? Or hast thou heard
Ill news from hell? Does the grand fiend
Chain up thy spirits from thy use? Speak, art
Thou not within thy circle still a Sovereign Prince?
When thou dost lift with magic power thy white
Enchanted sceptre thus, do not the thin
Unbodied people bow and obey?
(3.) O the Temple of Love, the mists that hid,
And so reserv'd it from our sinful use,—
Whilst we seduc'd the more voluptuous race
Of men, to give false worship in our own
Must be dispell'd! this is the sad ill news;
And it is come from heaven! A fiddling Deity—
Whom forsooth Divine Poesy they style—
This morn proclaim'd it from a falling cloud.
(2.) Who? Divine Poesy?
(3.) I know her well.
She's one that makes the holy jigs,
And sacred catches for the gods, when they
Are merry with mistakes of men, and laugh
To see us careless of their punishment.*
(1.) But who shall bring this mischief to our art?
(3.) Indamora, the delight of destiny!
She, and the beauties of her train; who sure
Though they discover summer in their looks,
Still carry frozen Winter in their blood.
They raise strange doctrines, and new sects of Love:
Which must not woo or court the person, but

* The last four lines are omitted in the folio edition.

The mind; and practice generation not
Of bodies but of souls.
(2.) Believe me, my magical friends,
They must bring bodies with 'em that worship
In our pleasant Temple: I have an odd
Fantastic faith persuades me there will be
Little pastime upon earth without bodies.
Your spirit's a cold companion at midnight.
(1.) Have we so long mis-led and entertained
The youthful of the world,—I mean their bodies—
And now do they betake themselves unto
The dull imaginary pleasures of
Their souls? This humour cannot last.
(2.) If it should, we may rid our temple
Of all our Persian quilts, embroider'd couches,
And our standing beds; these, I take it, are
Bodily implements; our souls need 'em not.
But where shall this new sect be planted first?
(3.) In a dull northern isle, they call Britaine,
(2.) Indeed 'tis a cold northerly opinion;
And I'll lay my life begot since their late
Great frosts. It will be long enough ere it
Shall spread and prosper in the south! Or, if
The Spaniard or Italian ever be
Persuaded out of the use of their bodies,
I'll give mine to a raven for his supper.
(3.) The miracle is more increas'd, in that
It first takes birth and nourishment in Court.
(2.) But my good damn'd friend, tell me: Is there not
One courtier will resent the cause, and give
Some countenance to the affairs of the body?
(3.) Certain young Lords at first disliked the philosophy
As most uncomfortable, sad, and new;
But soon inclin'd to a superior vote,
And are grown as good Platonical lovers

As are to be found in an hermitage, where he
That was born last reckons above fourscore.

To these come forth in haste another Magician, in shape and habit differing from the other, and spake as followeth;

(1.) Here comes a brother of our mystic tribe!
(3.) He knows th' occasion of our grief, and by
His haste imports discoveries more strange!
(4.) News! news! my sad companions of the shade!
There's lately landed on our fatal shore
Nine Persian youths, their habit and their looks
So smooth, that from the pleasures i'th' Elyzian fields
Each female ghost will come, and enter in
Their flesh again, to make embraces warm.
(2.) I hope these are no Platonical lovers,
No such Carthusian poets as do write
Madrigals to the mind? More of thy news!
(4.) The rest infers small joy, and little hope:
For though at first their youth and eager thoughts
Directed them where our gay altar stood,
And they were ready too for sacrifice,
I cannot tell what luckless light inform'd
Their eyes, but Love's true Temple straight they spy'd
Through the ascending mists, and would have enter'd it
To read grave frosty homilies,
And antick saws of chastity, but that,
As my swift spirit brought me word, a voice
Sent from within bade them with reverence
Desist till Indamora did appear, for then
The gates would open, and the mists dry up:
That thus conceal'd it from the general view,
Which now their expectation doth attend.

(3.) 'Tis time to wake our drowsy art, and try,
If we have power to hinder destiny.
Mount! mount! our charms! fetch me, whilst you aspire,
A Spirit of the element of fire!
(2.) Me one of air! (1.) The water me supplies!
(4.) Mine from the centre of the earth shall rise!
(3.) These shall infuse their sev'ral qualities
In men; if not t'uphold the faction of
The flesh, yet to infect the queazy age
With blacker sins. If we, now we have join'd
The force of all the elements t'assist
The horror of our will, shall not prevail
Against this hum'rous virtue of the time,
Nature, our weakness must be thought thy crime.
2. To these I'll add a sect of modern devils;
Fine precise fiends, that hear the devout close
At ev'ry virtue but their own, that claim
Chambers and tenements in heaven, as they
Had purchas'd there, and all the angels were
Their harbingers. With these I'll vex the world.
(3.) 'Tis well design'd! Thanks to thy courteous art!
Let's murmur softly in each others' ear,
And those we first invok'd will straight appear!
Enough! they come! To' th' woods let's take our flight,
We have more dismal business yet ere night.

The Antimask of the Spirits.

First Entry.

The fiery Spirits all in flames, and their vizards of a choleric complexion.

The airy Spirits with sanguine vizards, their garments and caps all of feathers.

The watery Spirits were all over wrought with scales, and had fishes' heads and fins.

The earthy Spirits had their garments wrought all over with leaveless trees and bushes, with serpents and other little animals here and there about them, and on their heads barren rocks.

Second Entry.

Brought in by the fiery Spirits, were debosht and quarrelling men with a loose wench amongst them.

Third and Fourth Entry,

Brought in by the Spirits of air, were of amorous men and women in ridiculous habits; and alchymists.

Fifth Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of water, were drunken Dutch skippers.

Sixth Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of earth, were witches, usurers, and fools.

Seventh Entry.

Was of a modern devil, a sworn enemy of poesy, music, and all ingenious arts, but a great friend to murmuring, libelling, and all seeds of discord, attended by his factious followers; all which was exprest by their habits and dance.

After these was an entry of three Indians of quality, of Indamora's train in several strange habits, and their dance as strange.

A Persian Page comes leaping in.

Hey! hey! how light I am! all soul within,
As my dull flesh were melted through my skin.

And though a page when landed on this shore,
I now am grown a brisk Ambassador!
From Persian Princes too, and each as fierce
A lover, as did ever sigh in verse!
Give audience then, you ladies of this isle!
Lord how you lift your fans up now, and smile!
To think, forsooth, they are so fond to take
So long a journey for your beauty's sake!
For know, th'are come! but sure, ere they return,
Will give your femaleships some cause to mourn!
For I must tell you, that about them all
There's not one grain, but what's Platonical!
So bashful that I think they might be drawn,
Like you, to wear close hoods, or veils of lawn.
My Master is the chief that doth protect,
Or, as some say, miss-lead this precise sect:
One heretofore that wisely could confute
A lady at her window with his lute,
Devoutly there in a cold morning stand
Two hours, praising the snow of her white hand;
So long, till's words were frozen 'tween his lips,
And lute-stings learnt their quav'ring from his hips.*
And when he could not rule her to's intent,
Like Tarquin he would proffer ravishment.
But now, no fear of rapes, until he find
A maidenhead belonging to the mind.
The rest are all so modest too, and pure,
So virginly, so coy, and so demure,
That they retreat at kissing, and but name
Hymen, or love, they blush for very shame!
Ladies! I must needs laugh! you'll give me leave
I hope; and 'tis to think how you deceive
Your selves with all this precious art, and care
Ta'en in your glass to dress your looks, and hair!
When, in good faith, they heed no outward merit,
But fervently resolve to woo the Spirit?

* These last two lines have been omitted in the folio.

Hah ! do you all look melancholy now ;
And cast a cloud of anger o'er the brow ?
'Tis time to fly, and my best swiftness use,
Lest kill'd with pins and bodkins for my news.

The Page retires, and the noble Persian youths make their entry, apparelled in Asian coats of sea-green embroidered, that reached down above their knees, with buttons and loops before, and cut up square to their hips, and returned down with two short skirts; the sleeves of this coat were large without seam, and cut short to the bending of the arm, and hanging down long behind, trimm'd with buttons as those of the breast; out of this came a sleeve of white satin embroidered, and the basis answerable to the sleeve, hung down in gathering underneath the shortest part of their coat; on their heads they wore Persian turbans silver'd underneath, and wound about with white cypress, and one fall of a white feather before.

Their dance ended, the mist and clouds at an instant disappear, and the scene is all changed into a sea somewhat calm, where the billows moving sometimes whole, and sometimes breaking, beat gently on the land, which represented a new and strange prospect; the nearest part was broken grounds and rocks, with a mountainous country, but of a pleasant aspect, in which were trees of strange form and colour, and here and there were placed in the bottom several arbours like cottages, and strange beasts and birds, far unlike the country of these parts, expressing an Indian landscape. In the sea were several Islands, and afar off a Continent terminating with the horizon.

Out of a creek came waving forth a barque of a gracious antique design, adorn'd with sculpture finishing in scrolls, that on the poop had for

ornament a great masque head of a sea-god ; and all the rest enrich'd with embost work touch'd with silver and gold. In the midst of this barque sat Orpheus with his harp. He wore a white robe girt, on his shoulders, was tied with a knot, a mantle of carnation, and his head crown'd with a laurel garland : with him, other persons in habits of seamen, as pilots and guiders of the barque, he, playing one strain, was answered with the voices and instruments of the Brachmani joined with the priests of the Temple of Love, in extravagant habits sorting to their titles : whilst this barque moved gently on the sea, heaving and setting, and sometimes rolling, arrived near to the farther shore, it turn'd and return'd to the port from whence it came.

The Song of the Brachmani, in answer to Orpheus his Harp.

(1.)

Hark ! Orpheus is a seaman grown,
No winds of late have rudely blown,
  Nor waves their troubled heads advance !
His harp hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconcil'd,
  The waves are sooth'd into a dance.

(2.)

See how the list'ning dolphins play !
And willingly mistake their way,
  As when they heard Arion's strains ;
Whom once their scaly ancestor
Convey'd upon his back to shore,
  And took his music for his pains.

(3.)

We priests that burn love's sacrifice,
Our Orpheus greet with ravish'd eyes ;
For by this calmness we are sure
His harp doth now prepare the way,
That Indamora's voyage may
Be more delightful, and secure.

(4.)

And now th' enchanted mists shall clear,
And Love's true Temple straight appear,
(Long hid from men by sacred power,)
Where noble virgins still shall meet,
And breath their orizons, more sweet
Than is the spring's ungather'd flower.

The barque having taken port, the Masquers appear in a maritime chariot, made of a spungy rockstuff mixt with shells, sea-weeds, coral, and pearl, borne upon an axletree with golden wheels without a rim, with flat spokes like the blade of an oar coming out of the waves. This chariot was drawn by sea-monsters, and floated with a sweet motion in the sea: Indamora Queen of Narsinga, sate enthron'd in the highest part of this chariot, in a rich seat, the back of which was a great skallop shell. The habit of the Masquers was of Isabella colour, and watchet, with bases in large panes cut through, all over richly embroidered with silver, and the dressing of their heads was of silver, with with small falls of white feathers tipp'd with watchet. This sight thus moving on the water, was accompanied with the music and voices of the Chorus.

(1.)

She comes ! each princess in her train hath all
That wise enamor'd poets, beauty call !
So fit and ready to subdue :

That had they not kind hearts which take a care
To free, and counsel, whom their eyes ensnare,
Poor lovers would have cause to rue.

(2.)

More welcome than the wand'ring sea-man's star,
When in the night the winds make causeless war,
Until his barque so long is tost,
That's sails to rags are blown; the main-yard bears
Not sheet enough to wipe, and dry those tears
He shed to see his rudder lost.

The song ended, all the forepart of the sea was in an instant turn'd to dry land, and Indamora with her contributary ladies descended into the room, and made their entry. Then, for intermedium the music began again, and sung this song.

THE SONG.

(1.)

The planets though they move so fast,
Have power to make their swiftness last,
But see, your strength is quickly gone!
Yet move by sense and rules of art,
And each hath an immortal part,
Which cannnot tire, but they have none.

(2.)

Let then your soft, and nimble feet
Lead and in various figures meet
Those stranger knights, who though they came
Seduc'd at first by false desire,
You'll kindle in their breasts a fire
Shall keep love warm, yet not inflame.

(3.)

At first they wear your beauties' prize,
Now offer willing sacrifice
  Unto the virtues of the mind,
And each shall wear, when they depart,
A lawful though a loving heart,
  And wish you still both strict and kind.

The Masquers having a while reposed, danced their second dance, which, ended, and the Queen being seated under the State by the King, the scene was changed into the true Temple of Chaste Love. This Temple, instead of columns, had terms of young Satyrs bearing up the returns of Architrave freeze and cornice, all enrich'd of goldsmith's work; the farther part of the Temple running far from the eye was design'd of another kind of Architecture, with pillasters, niches, and statues, and in the midst a stately gate adorn'd with columns and their ornaments, and a frontispiece on the top, all which seem'd to be of burnish'd gold. Into this Temple enters Sunesis and Thelema. Sunesis a man of a noble aspect, and richly attir'd; his garment of cloth of gold reaching down below his knees, and girt with a tuck at the waist, with wide sleeves turn'd up; his mantle of watchet fastened on both shoulders, and hanging long down behind, a garland of sinope on his head, with a flame of fire issuing out of it; his buskins were yellow, wrought with gold. Thelema a young woman in a robe of changeable silk, girt with several tucks under her breast and beneath her waist, and great leaves of silver about her shoulders hanging down to the midst of her arm; upon her head a garland of great marigolds, and puffs of silver'd lawn between, and at her shoulders were

angels' wings. These sung this dialogue, assisted by the Chori.

THE SONG.

SUNESIS and THELEMA.

SUNESIS.

Come melt thy soul in mine, that when unite,
We may become one virtuous appetite.

THELEMA.

First breathe thine into me, thine is the part
More heavenly, and doth more adorn the heart.

BOTH.

Thus mix'd, our love will ever be discreet,
And all our thoughts and actions pure,
When perfect Will, and strengthened Reason meet,
Then Love's created to endure.

Chorus.

Were heaven more distant from us, we would strive
To reach't with prayers to make this union thrive.

Whilst this song continued, there came softly down from the highest part of the heaven a bright and transparent cloud, which being come to the middle part of the air opened, and out of it came *Amianteros*, or Chaste Love flying down, clad all in carnation and white, and two garlands of laurel in one hand, and crown'd with another of the same; whilst he descended the cloud closeth again and returns upwards, and is hidden in the heavens. Chaste Love being come down to the earth, was accompanied by *Sunesis* and *Thelema*, *Divine Poesy*, *Orpheus*, and the rest of the *Poets* up

to the State, the great *Chorus* following at a distance, where they sung this song.

The Song.

Amianteros, *or Chaste Love.*

(1.)

Whilst by a mixture thus made one,
  Y' ar th' emblem of my Deity,
And now you may, in yonder throne,
  The pattern of your union see.

(2.)

Softly as fruitful show'rs I fall,
  And th' undiscern'd increase I bring,
Is of more precious worth than all
  A plenteous summer pays a spring.

(3.)

The benefit it doth impart,
  Will not the barren earth improve,
But fructify each barren heart,
  And give eternal growth to love.

Sunesis.

To Charles, the mightiest and the best,
And to the darling of his breast,
    (Who rule b' example as by power)
May youthful blessings still increase,
And in their off-spring never cease,
    Till time's too old to last an hour.

Chorus.

These wishes are so well deserv'd by thee,
And thought so modest too by destiny,
That heaven hath seal'd the grant as a Decree.

After which they all retire to the Scene, and Indamora and her ladies begin the Revels with the King and the Lords, which continue the most part of the night. Thus ended this Masque, which for the newness of the invention, variety of scenes, apparitions, and richness of habits was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that hath been done in *England.*

THE MASQUERS' NAMES.

THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

Lady Marquess HAMILTON.
Lady MARY HERBERT.
Countess of OXFORD.
Countess of BERKSHIRE.
Countess of CARNARVON.
Countess of NEWPORT.
Lady HERBERT.
Lady KATHERINE HOWARD.
Lady ANNE CARRE.
Lady ELIZABETH FEILDING.
Lady THIMBLEBY.
Mistress DOROTHY SAVAGE.
Mistress VICTORY CARY.
Mistress NEVIL.

The Lords and others that presented the Noble Persian Youths.

The Duke of LENOX.
Earl of NEWPORT.
Earl of DESMOND.
Viscount GRANDESON.
Lord RUSSEL.
Lord DONCASTER.
Master THOMAS WESTON.
Master GEORGE GORING.
Master HENRY MURREY.

The following notices of the different Masquers in this entertainment may not be quite out of place:—

The MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON was a niece of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose sister married William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. The Marquis, when only fourteen years of age, was sent for to Court, and was married to Lady Mary Fielding, the Earl's daughter, who probably was younger than her lover. But this could not matter much, as Buckingham never lost an opportunity of making high alliances for his relatives, whether male or female, whatever their age might be.

LADY MARY HERBERT, a daughter of Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke, and first Earl of Montgomery, died unmarried. The Countess of Carnarvon was her sister.

About the date of the Masque there were two COUNTESSES of OXFORD: Diana, the widow of Henry de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who died in the summer of 1625. She was the second daughter of William, second Earl of Exeter, and was esteemed a great beauty. Subsequently she became the wife of Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin. The other Countess was the Lady Beatrix Van Hemmena, of Friezland, by whom Robert, the next Earl, slain at the siege of Mæstricht in 1635, had three daughters and one son: Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth Earl, and the last male heir of that ancient peerage, which had been created by Henry II., in the person of Alberic de Vere, the son of Alberic, Lord High Chamberlain of England during the reign of Henry I. Aubrey was more distinguished for his vices than his virtues, and departed this life on the 12th of March, 170$\frac{2}{3}$.

ANNA MARIA HERBERT, Countess of Carnarvon, was a daughter of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. She married Robert Dormer, created Earl of Carnarvon and Viscount Ascot in 1628, who was killed at the first battle of Newburgh, September 20, 1643. The Earldom became extinct in 1709 by the death of Charles, their only son, without issue. The Barony of Dormer of

Weng, in Buckinghamshire, created in the person of the Earl's grandfather, in 1615, still subsists.

The COUNTESS OF BERKSHIRE.—The husband of this lady was second son of Lord Thomas Howard, summoned to Parliament in the 39th year of Queen Elizabeth as Lord Howard of Walden, and who, upon the accession of James I. to the English throne, was in May 1603 created Earl of Suffolk. She was his second wife, and brought him seven sons and three daughters. Their second son was, on succeeding his mother, made, 1st, Lord Howard of Charleton; 2ndly, Viscount Andover, 1621; and lastly, Earl of Berkshire, by Charles I., on the 26th of February, 1625-6. He married Lady Elizabeth Cecil, second daughter of the Earl of Exeter. The date of her demise has not been ascertained, but Lord Berkshire, according to Sir Egerton Brydges, survived until the 16th July, 1669, having attained nearly the age of ninety. He was the oldest Knight of the Garter, yet was so hardy that he might have lived several years longer had he not met with an accidental fall, which occasioned his death, after having lingered some months. Of this marriage there were nine sons and four daughters. Of the latter, the eldest became the wife of the immortal Dryden, one of the friends of D'avenant. She was christened Elizabeth after her mother. She survived her husband, and died in 1714.

The COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK, the mother of Lord Berkshire, was a remarkable woman, by no means scrupulous as regarded her moral duties. Sir Anthony Weldon does not hesitate to affirm that she was mistress of Sir Robert Cecil—a man "little in body and stature, but great in wit and policy, the sole manager of state affairs, in consequence of which she and her Lord were large sharers in the Spanish bounty," lavishingly circulated amongst the courtiers to procure a peace advantageous to that nation. According to "truth," as Weldon has it—"Audley End, that famous and great structure, had its foundation in Spanish gold."

COUNTESS OF NEWPORT.—This lady was the honourable Anne Butler, daughter of John, Lord Butler of Bramfield, by Elizabeth, sister of the Duke of Buckingham, "to which connection," Banks observes, "he probably

owed his advancement to the rank of peerage."* She had one brother and five sisters, one of whom, called Olivera, was the wife of Endymion Porter, to whom D'avenant dedicated his Comedy of the Wits.

It is presumed that the LADY HERBERT mentioned was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dormer, and sister to Robert, first Earl of Carnarvon. Her husband, Lord Herbert, the eldest son and heir of the fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester, was the faithful follower of Charles I., and the author of "A century of the names and scantlings of such inventions as at present I can call to mind, I have tried and perfected," &c., originally printed in 1663, and subsequently reprinted. It was from this curious work that the first hint of the steam engine is alleged to have been given to the public. The Marquis died on the 3d April, 1667. His son was created, December 2d, 1682, Duke of Beaufort, and from him the present inheritor of the honour is descended.

LADY KATHERINE HOWARD, eldest daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, married, first, George Stuart, Lord Aubigny, who was killed at the battle of Edgehill, and secondly James Livingston, Earl of Newburgh. She was niece of the infamous Lady Frances, better known as wife of Robert Carre, Earl of Somerset.

LADY ANNE CARRE was the only child of this inauspicious union and was born whilst her mother was imprisoned in the tower of London, 9th December, 1615. Her future husband was one of the Masquers, and we may perhaps be allowed to surmise, that it was during the rehearsal of the pageant, the graces of the lady gave rise to that love which brought about her marriage with William, Lord Russell. She was a virtuous and excellent lady, eminent in all the "duties of civil and domestic life."† The Earl of Bedford opposed the union, and only yielded upon the persuasion of the King, and the large dowry given by the Earl of Somerset, who reduced himself to comparative poverty to raise it. Lord Russell had every reason to bless this union, which took place during Easter 1637.

* Banks' Dormant Baronage, vol. iii. p. 119.

† Wiffen's Memoirs of the Russell Family, vol. ii. p. 131. London 1833. 8vo.

Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, died 9th May, 1641, when he was succeeded by his son, William, created after the Revolution Duke of Bedford, and who died on the 7th of September, 1700, in the 87th year of his age.

LADY ELIZABETH FIELDING was third daughter of the first Earl of Denbigh, and wife of Lewis Boyle, Viscount of Kenelmeky, in Ireland, second son of Richard, Earl of Cork. Upon the restoration, Charles II. created her a Countess for life by the title of Guilford.

The LADY THIMBLEBY was the Hon. Elizabeth Savage, sister of the second Viscount Savage, who in 1639 succeeded his maternal grandfather as Earl Rivers. She married John Thimbleby, a gentleman of Lincolnshire, who was made a knight by King James I. on the 7th of August, 1624.

MISTRESS DOROTHY SAVAGE was a daughter of Sir Thomas Savage of Frodsham, in Cheshire, by Elizabeth Darcy, daughter and heiress of Thomas Darcy, Earl of Rivers. The father was created Baron and Viscount Savage of Clifton, and in 1639 his son became Earl of Rivers as heir of his grandfather, in virtue of a remainder in the patent of creation. Dorothy married Viscount Andover, K.B., eldest son of the Earl of Berkshire.

MISTRESS VICTORY CARY has not been traced. She may have come of the Falkland Carys.

MISTRESS NEVIL was undoubtedly a daughter either of Edward the Sixth or Henry the Seventh, Lords Abergavenny.

JAMES, DUKE OF LENOX, was a son of Esme, brother of Ludovick, Duke of Lenox, the descendant of John Stewart, the younger brother of Mathew, Earl of Lenox, the father of the murdered Darnley and grandfather of James I. Ludovick was thrice married, the first wife was sister of the last Earl of Gowrie, and his last, the daughter of Howard, Viscount Bindon, whose first husband was a wealthy Vintner of the name of Prannel, who leaving her a rich widow, the Earl of Hertford, married her; and on his demise the Duke of Lenox and Richmond made her his Duchess. His Grace died on the 11th February, 1623-4, and her Grace, becoming a widow, was desirous of taking the place of Anne of Denmark; but His Majesty looked coldly

upon her. By none of his wives had the Duke any family.

His brother JAMES was successor to the Duchy of Lenox only, the Richmond Dukedom becoming thereby extinct on the death of Ludovick. It was revived in 1641 in the person of his son James, who was made Duke of Richmond. Hence, at the date of the Masque, his Grace was only Duke of Lenox. He married Mary, daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he had a daughter called after her mother, and a son Esme who died in minority in 1660, unmarried. Duke James the second died upon 30th March, 1655, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The EARL OF NEWPORT was the illegitimate son of Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, by Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, who left her husband, Lord Rich, after having two sons by him, the Earls of Warwick and Holland. By Lord Devonshire she had several children, of whom Mountjoy Blount was one. It is said she was divorced by her husband, and that she was subsequently married to her paramour by Laud, his Lordship's chaplain, at Warnstead, in Essex, on the 26th December, 1605—an act of which he subsequently so deeply regretted, that "it is believed to have shortened his days:"* A strange assertion, seeing that his Grace was *decapitated*. The fact that none of the sons succeeded to the Earldom of Devonshire sufficiently proves their illegitimacy.

MOUNTJOY BLOUNT, the second of these sons, notwithstanding this blot, was, by the favour of James I., created an Irish Baron, and, by his son, an English one. In the 4th of Charles I. he obtained the Earldom of Newport in the Isle of Wight. This accumulation of honours may have arisen from his connection with Buckingham, whose niece, as previously noticed, he had espoused. He died in 1665. The title became extinct in 1681.

The EARL OF DESMOND, by a concurrence of remarkable events, which have the appearance of romance, obtained an Earldom not inherited by his descendants,

* Banks' Dormant Peerage, vol ii. p. 539. London, 1809, 4to.

but still subsisting in a family not in the most remote degree related to the Patentee. The circumstances were these: Richard Preston came to London with James I. upon that monarch succeeding to the Crown of England. He was young, handsome, accomplished, and versed in those pastimes in which his master took pleasure. Standing high in the Royal favour, the King resolved to provide him with a wife, and casting his eyes about, remembered the Viscountess Tullyophelim was a widow, and that being the only daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ormond, the connection was a desirable one, at least for the gentleman. Kings are difficult to resist, and the widow became the wife of Preston, whom His Majesty made a Scotch Baron by the title of Dingwall, with a remainder to heirs of the body whatsoever. Lord Dingwall, in right of his lady, set up a claim to a considerable part of the Desmond estates, and one way or other contrived to enrich himself; so that having an only daughter, Elizabeth, she was considered as an heiress worth looking after. The Duke of Buckingham, always on the scent for whatever might aggrandize himself or his relations, thought the heiress, then a mere child, might suit his nephew, George Fielding, second son of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Denbigh, also at the time an infant, and he made overtures to the Scotish Baron, which were listened to with satisfaction by him. The marriage was settled in this way, Lord Dingwall was created Earl of Desmond, with a remainder to George Fielding. As the boy and girl could not, from their infancy, marry then, and several years must elapse before the contract between Dingwall and Buckingham could be implemented, matters remained in *statu quo*, until a series of events occurred which overthrew all these fine arrangements. The Duke, the prime mover, was assassinated by Felton. The Countess of Desmond died in Wales, and the Earl of Desmond was, in 1627, "cast away at sea about Holyhead, on his passage to England." This last event made George, Earl of Desmond, but lost him the Lady Elizabeth, who, it would seem, when she was in a position to judge for herself, was disinclined to take any other husband than one of her own

choice, which fell upon her cousin James, Lord Thurles, son and apparent heir of Walter, Earl of Ormond. King Charles, by letters patent, dated 8th Sept. 1629, declares that for the final end of all controversies between Walter, Earl of Ormond, and Elizabeth, daughter of Richard, Earl of Desmond, he had given his consent that there shall be a marriage between James Viscount Thurles and the said Elizabeth, and grants her marriage and the wardship of her lands to the said Walter, Earl of Ormond, ordering the Chief Governors of the Kingdom to pass a patent or form to that effect under the great seal of Ireland. In consequence of this mandate the marriage was solemnized, Christmas 1629, at London. Thus, after all the care of the High and Mighty Duke of Buckingham, and the astute and ambitious Earl of Desmond, their projects were rendered nugatory. The lady got the man she had chosen, and George Fielding got his intended father-in-law's Earldom.

WILLIAM VISCOUNT GRANDISON was the eldest son of Sir William Villiers, Bart., and his wife Barbara, daughter to Sir John St John, knight, and niece of Oliver St John, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1616, and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland 13th Aug. 1625, who was created Viscount Grandison on the 3d of January in the eighteenth year of the reign of James I., with a remainder to the Villiers family, which upon his death carried the title to his grandnephew William, who figures amongst the Masquers.

By his wife Mary, third daughter to Paul Viscount Bayning, he had an only child, Barbara, who was created by Charles II. Duchess of Cleveland, and had by him three natural sons, created successively by their father Dukes of Cleveland, Grafton, and Northumberland. The first and last peerages are extinct in this line, but the honours of Grafton still subsist.

Lord Grandison was a devoted servant of Charles I., and died of the wounds he received at the siege of Bristol. Whereupon, the Viscounty devolved on his next brother, John.

Clarendon's character of William is beautifully delineated, and we have no doubt is perfectly correct:—"His loss can never be enough lamented. He was a young man

of so virtuous a habit of mind that no temptation or provocation could corrupt him; so great a lover of justice and integrity, that no example, necessity, or even the barbarity of war could make him swerve from the precise rules of it. And of that rare piety and devotion, that the Court nor camp could not shew a more faultless person, or to whose example young men might more reasonably conform themselves; his personal valour and courage of all kinds,—for he had sometimes indulged so much to the corrupt opinion of honour, as to venture himself in duels—was very eminent, insomuch as he was accused of being too prodigal of his person; his zeal, affection, and obedience to the king was such as became a branch of that family; and he has often been heard to say that if he had not understanding enough to know the uprightness of the cause, nor loyalty enough to inform him of the duty of a subject; yet the very obligation of gratitude to the king, on behalf of his house was such, as his life was but a sacrifice; and therefore he no sooner saw the war unavoidable than he engaged all his brethren as well as himself in the service, when he was so unfortunately cut off."*

What a remarkable contrast the character of the daughter presents to that of the father. The parent a Bayard —*sans peur et sans reproche;* and his daughter, the Duchess of Cleveland, whose services to Royalty are duly recorded in the pages of Grammont, and the Atalantis of Mrs Manley.

LORD RUSSELL, subsequently the husband of Lady Anne Carre, succeeded his father as Earl of Bedford. William Lord Russell, the offspring of the marriage, who suffered in the reign of Charles II., was thus the heir of line of Carre, the once omnipotent favourite of James.

LORD DONCASTER was the only son of the magnificent Earl of Carlisle, a Scotchman named Hay, who had come to England with James, and marrying Honora, the daughter and heiress of Lord Denny, was created by his Royal master, Lord Hay, without having a vote or place in Parliament, but with precedence after the Barons. On the 29th June, 1615, he was advanced to the dignity of a Lord of Parliament "without any solemn investi-

* Clarendon, vol. iv., p. 151. Oxford, 1826.

ture, being the first that was ever so created; the lawyers then declaring that the delivery of the letters patent was sufficient without any ceremony." *

On the death of his first wife, he sought a lady of a higher position, and was successful, in November, 1617, in obtaining the hand of the beautiful and high born Lady Lucy Percy, daughter of Henry, Earl of Northumberland. He was then advanced to the Viscounty of Doncaster, and in 1622 was created Earl of Carlisle. He was employed on several Embassies to France and Germany, and was lastly honoured with the Garter. He had only one son, James, Lord Doncaster, who succeeded to his honours in 1636, and married a daughter of Francis, Earl of Bedford, by whom he had no issue, and dying in 1660 the title became extinct in his person. The Carlisle Earldom was then given to a Howard, and Doncaster formed one of the subordinate titles of the Duke of Monmouth,—an honour by virtue of which his descendant, his Grace of Buccleuch and Queensberry, takes his seat in the British House of Peers as an Earl.

Hay, Earl of Carlisle, the elder, when Ambassador in France, was remarkable for his sumptuous way of living. At one of his suppers an attendant is stated to have eaten to his share a pie that cost twenty pounds.

THOMAS WESTON, a younger son of the Earl of Portland, ultimately succeeded to the title. He married Anne, daughter of John, Lord Butler of Bramfield, niece of the Duke of Buckingham, and widow of Montjoy Blount, one of the performers in the Masque.

GEORGE GORING, a son of Sir George Goring of Hurstpierpoint, in the county of Sussex, created Lord Goring in the 4th of Charles I., and advanced to the Earldom of Norwich upon the death of his maternal uncle, Edward, Lord Denny and Earl of Norwich, in the twentieth year of the same monarch. He predeceased his father, who survived to witness the restoration of the son of the sovereign whose cause he had espoused, to the throne of his predecessor, and died in 1662. The eldest son George was an eminent commander during the great civil war, during which he was distinguished by the

* Banks' Dormant Peerage, vol. iii. p. 149. London, 1809, 4to.

name of General Goring. He had great military talents, and after the fall of the monarchy served the King of Spain as Lieutenant-General of the forces. He married Lady Lettice Boyle, daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork, but had no family. Upon the death of his wife he is said to have assumed the habit of a Dominican Friar in Spain, and died there in the odour of sanctity.

His brother Charles consequently succeeded his father. He married a lady of the name of Leman, the widow of Sir Richard Baker, and having no family, the titles of Goring and Norwich expired with him, March 3d, 1672. It is conjectured that this is the Sir Richard Baker, known for his racy chronicle.

The 1st Earl of Norwich had also four daughters: 1st, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Lord Brereton of the Kingdom of Ireland; 2d, Mary, the wife of Sir Drue Dene of Maplested in the county of Essex; 3d, Diana, who became the first wife of Thomas Covert, of Slaugham in Sussex, Esquire, and upon his demise, espoused George Porter, Esq., son of Endymion Porter, the patron and friend of D'avenant, and who was one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to Charles I.; and 4th, Catherine, who married William Scott of Scott's Hall in Kent, Esquire.

In the year 1784 the British Earldom of Norwich was conferred upon Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, but the title failed in the person of his son the late Duke, who dying without issue, the Ducal honour also became extinct.

Master Henry Murray was probably related to the Earl of Tullibardine, the ancestor of the Dukes of Athol, or to Murray of Cockpool, the favoured adviser of James I. in Scotish affairs, subsequently created Viscount Annand and Earl of Annandale in Scotland. However this may be, Henry Murray was one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber of Charles I.

He married Anne second daughter to Paul, first Viscount Bayning, by whom he had four daughters who became his co-heirs. The eldest of whom, Elizabeth, was wife, 1st of Randolph Egerton of Betley, Major General in the service of Charles I. The second daughter, Anne, married Robert Pierrepoint, nephew of the Marquis of

Dorchester. Jane, the third daughter, espoused Sir John Bowyer, Baronet; and the 4th, Mary, took as her husband Sir Roger Bradshaigh of Haigh, Bart., now represented by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras.

Upon the death of Henry Murray, his widow became the spouse of a Sir John Barber, Knight. She was created Viscountess Bayning of Foxly, by Charles II., for the term of her natural life. As she was aunt of the too well known Duchess of Cleveland, — the daughter of her sister, Mary, Viscountess Grandison,— the elevation to the peerage is easily understood.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Murray, upon the demise of her husband, Major-General Egerton of Betley became the wife of the Hon. Charles Egerton, fourth son of the second Earl of Bridgewater, born 12th March 1654, by whom she had a son, who appears to have died *sine prole*. Anne, the only surviving child of her first marriage, married Lord William Paulet, second son of the first Duke of Bolton, and was the mother of Henrietta, an only child, who, marrying William, third son of Charles, Viscount Townsend, had Charles, who was created Lord Bayning of Foxly, 20th October 1797. He was the only surviving son of the marriage. His mother died in 1755. Foxly was an estate in the County of Berks, which had belonged to the Viscountess Bayning.

THE

PRINCE D'AMOUR.

The Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour. A Masque presented by his Highness at his palace in the Middle Temple, the 24th February, 1635. *London, Printed for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleet Street.* 1635, 4*to.*

The Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour, in the Collected Edition of Sir W. Davenant's Works, 1673, *folio.*

The Prince D'Amour, to whom this Triumph or Masque owes its name, was the title of the Principal elected by his brother Barristers to conduct their Christmas Revels. Richard Martin, who addressed King James the 1st at Theobald's, in behalf of the city, on his Majesty's first entrance into London in 1603, and by whose facetiousness the King was at all times delighted, had filled the office of Prince D'Amour of the Middle Temple, and, in a Latin character of him, he is in consequence denominated as "Amor Principum, Principum Amor." The following authority, which is prefixed to the first edition of the present Masque, seems to have been sufficient, without any license otherwise, to admit of its publication:—

This Masque may be printed. By privilege of a most ancient Record in the Roles belonging to Prince D'Amour.

T. Mavnsell,
Master of Revels to his Highness.

February, 1635.

Mr Maunsell, the Master of the Revels to the Prince D'Amour, it will be observed, was one of the principal Masquers.*

It had been no uncommon custom for the members of the Inns of Court to entertain the King, Queen, and foreign potentates with Masques. So in honour of the nuptials of Prince Frederick, Palatine of the Rhine, with the Princess Elizabeth, "daughter to the Imperial Majesties of King James and Queen Anne," afterwards King and Queen of Bohemia, which were celebrated with great magnificence at his Majesty's chapel at Whitehall,† upon

* See Appendix No. VI.

† See Somers' Tracts, Leland's Collectanea, and Nichols' Progresses of King James VI. "The Lady Welden had a gown that cost £50 a-yard the embroidering, the Lord Montacute, that had paid reasonably well for recusancy, bestowed £15,000 in apparel for his two daughters. The Viscount Rochester, the Lord Hay, and the Lord Dingwall were rich and costly; but above all they speak of the Earl of Dorset." See Appendix.

Shrove Sunday 1612-13, the gentlemen of the Inns of Court were not behindhand in contributing to the festivities. "Showes, and fireworks upon the water," and other rejoicings having for some days previously been publicly presented, in the evening of the celebration of the marriage, after the Banquet all the Lords and Ladies and others present "fell to dancing, masking and revelling, according to the custome of such assemblies, which continued all the day and part of the night in great pleasure." On this occasion "The Lord's Maske" was performed, written by Dr Campion,—Ben Jonson the ordinary Poet of the Masques being at the time abroad.

Next day the Royal party assembled "in the tylt-yard, adjoyning to Whitehall," where "the King, mounted upon a steed of much swiftness, was the first who began the honourable pastimes, and a most noble martialist, tooke the ring upon his speare three severall times together, whereat the trumpets still sounded to the great joy of the beholders."

Meanwhile "the gentlemen of the Innes of Court, in the best and rarest manner they could devise, prepared Maskes and Revells in the Court, that night to be presented; and about the houres of eight or nine they passed from the Roles in Chancery Lane to Whitehall, in as Royall a manner as ever gallants did to the Court of England. First, there rode some three score brave-spirited gentlemen, upon great barbed horses, most richly trapped with imbrothered furnitures, themselves attired in cloth of golde and tissue, most gloriously shining, lighted by a number of torches to beautifie the showe with more eye-pleasing delights. After them, some sixe-and-thirty Maskers, divided by twelves, in most strange anticke sutes. Likewise, upon costly-trapped steedes, each of them having a blackamore page attending on horse-back, with torch-lights burning in their hands. After them followed three chariots of Masquers and Revellers, in garments of a mervellous fashion, so artificially disguised, that they moved much wonder. Upon them attended a number of footemen, bearing burning torches, many trumpets sounding melodiously, which was a sight both to eye and eare, of an exceeding glorie. These performed many delight-

full dances in his Highnes' presence and other pastimes of pleasure, to the great comfort of all the beholders, and to the high honours of this magnificent marriage."—See Nichol's Progresses of King James I., vol. 2, p. 551. In the same volume at page 566, the Masque itself will be found. It is styled "The Memorable Maske of the two honorable houses or Inns of Court,—the Middle-Temple and Lyncoln's Inne; as it was performed before the King at Whitehall on Shrove Munday at night, being the 15th of February 1612-13; at the princely celebration of the most Royal Nuptiales of the Palsgrave and his thrice gratious Princesse Elizabeth, &c." "Invented and fashioned, with the ground and speciall structure of the whole worke, by our Kingdome's most artfull and ingenious Architect, Innigo Jones; supplied, aplied, digested, and written by George Chapman." Nichols remarks: "The expenses of the present Masque were, according to Sir William Dugdale, no less than £1536, 8s. 11d." "The King made the Maskers kiss his hand at parting, and gave them many thanks, saying 'he never saw so many proper men together;' and himself accompanied them to the Banquet, and took care it should be well ordered, and spake much of them behind their back, and stroked the Master of the Rolls [Sir Edward Phillips] and Dick Martin, who were the chief doers and undertakers."

"The next day being Shrove Tuesday, a day of jollitie by custome, ... The bountie of his Majistie exceeded; for his Highnes' Court was free for all people of fashion, as well citizens as others, and few came thither that departed without kind entertainement." "The night proceeding, much expectation was made of a stage play to be acted in the Great Hall by the King's Players, where many hundred of people stood attending the same; but it hapned contraire:—as upon the night before, a most famous Maske came to Court, by the gentlemen and Studients of the Law, from the Rolls Office by land; so some three hundred Gentlemen more, of the same estate and calling, to equal them in stateliness, came likewise up the Thames by water, with a Maske, to Whitehall, at whose setting forth from Winchester House in their barges, a peale of ordinance, placed on

the Banckeside, seemed as it were thunder; the barges were beautified with many flagges and streamers, lighted with a number of burning cressets and torches, attended on by drums and trumpets, which sounded all the way most melodiously. The Gentlemen and Masquers had most glorious and rich suits of cloth of gold and silver, with other robes of much delight and pleasure."

They were received at the Privy stairs, but, in consequence of great expectations having been entertained that the Masquers of the preceding evening would be out-done, especially in dancing, the hall was so over crowded, as to leave scant room for the Masquers, that it was deemed advisable to postpone the performance until the Saturday following, the more so on account of the King being "so wearied and sleepy with setting up almost two whole nights before, that he had no edge to it."

On Saturday the 20th February, therefore, proper arrangements were made, and the Masque, which was entitled "The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple" was exhibited with great success. The poetical portion was written by Mr Francis Beaumont, who dedicated the Masque on its publication to Sir Francis Bacon, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, "the chief Contriver" of it, and one of the principal Masquers, he having been used to such exhibitions in former years. It is estimated that the cost exceeded £2000. The passage by water alone, designed as the marriage of the Thames with the Rhine, was upwards of £300.

To liquidate the charge in apparel for the Actors, the Readers at Gray's Inn were assessed each man at £4; the Ancients, and such as at that time were to be called Ancients, at £2, 10s. a piece, the Barristers at £2 a man; and the Students at 20s., out of which so much was to be taken "as the Inner Temple did them allow." Which being performed, there was an order made 18 Maii the next following 'That the Gentlemen who were Actors in that Masque, should bring in all their Masquing apparell, as provided at the charge of the House.'" The expenses of a very splendid Masque the four Inns together presented to Charles the First at Christmas 1634-5,

estimated at £2400, were thus divided: Every Bencher contributed £5, every Utter Barrister of seven years' standing, £2, 10s., every gentleman under the Bar, 20s.; besides several Officers larger sums.—See Origines Judiciales, p. 150.*

"The King's Majestie, in the Royaltie of his mind, and in regard of these rare devises of the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court, being most of them sonnes to great States of Land, invited them all within few daies after, to a Royall banquet, when not onely by his Highnes, but by the Palsgrave and his Bride, they had most kind and friendly thankes." There were upwards of eighty present at this "solemn supper," whereof one half were the Masquers, who had performed. "The King husbanded the matter so well, that this supper was not at his own cost, but he and his Company won it upon a wager of running at the ring, of the Prince and his nine followers, who paid £30 a man."

The Gentlemen of Gray's Inn, under the patronage of Sir Francis Bacon, presented "The Masque of Flowers," at the Court of Whitehall, in the Banquetting House, upon Twelfth night 1613-14 "being the last of the solemnities and magnificence which were performed at the marriage of the Right Honourable the Earle of Somerset and the Lady Frances, Daughter of the Earle of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlaine."

The birth of James, Duke of York, in October 1633, caused them again to signify their intention of presenting their Majesties with a Masque at Whitehall, in testimony of their loyalty, "and some held it the more seasonable because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his Histrio-Mastix against Interludes,"† and this perhaps the more so, as he was one of their own order.

Accordingly, on the 3d February 1633-4, the Masque called "The Triumph of Peace," written by James Shirley was performed. The Masquers having assembled at Ely-House, and proceeded by torch-light to Whitehall in

* See "Barristers" in Appendix for explanation of the several titles.

† See Whitelock's Memorials, p. 19.

magnificent array. This procession is celebrated in Lyric verse preserved in Mr John Payne Collier's "Broadside Black-Letter Ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: Printed for private circulation by Thomas Richards, 1868," 4to. The Ballad is called "The Honor of the Inns of Court gentlemen, or a briefe recitall of the magnificent and matchlesse show, that passed from Hatton and Ely-House in Holborne to Whitehall, on Monday night, viz., the third of February, and the next after Candlemas. To the tune of our Noble King in his Progresse." This Ballad was one of Martin Parker's temporary effusions.

My noble Muse, assist me,
that I may with credit
undergoe the taske.
A humor hath possest me
to write a new ditty
of the triumphant maske,
Which lately was performed
in high magnifique sort,
To the honor of those gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

These noble minded gallants,
to shew their true loue
to our Royall King and Queene,
Did largely spend their talents
To make a faire shew,
that the like was never seene.
To set down all exactly
my skil comes far too short,
To the honor of those gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

. . . .

A hundred sweet yong gentlemen,
that all vpon great horses
were mounted gallantly,
Clad in white cloath of tissue then,
And red and white feathers,
most glorious to the eye;
In equipage most sumptuous
they past in solemne sort:

These were the braue young gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

. . . .

But that which admiration
exacts from all men
which saw or heard of it
Was the charets
Which in fashion
for mighty princes and conquerors most fit.
The glory of this action
exceedeth all report,
To the honour of those gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

And sixe there were in number :
in those the maskers
themselves did sit in state,
Which made the people wonder,
And rauished the senses
of all that there did waite.
The oldest man aliue
cannot the like report,
To the honour of those gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

. . . .

Our gracious King, with his dear Queene,
did sit to behold
this so beautiful show :
It ioy'd their hearts when they had seene
The true and loyal loue
that their subiects to them owe.
Vnto their long liu'd credit
they shewd their princely sport,
To the honour of those gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

Many thousand punds of gold, 'tis thought,
hath not the charge
of this matchlesse maske defray'd ;
Yet let no critick deeme that naught
Which hath on a sudden
employ'd so many a trade.

Young people may hereafter
vnto their young report
The honour of those gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

For an account of this splendid Masque, which was repeated some days afterwards, by royal command, in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, and which is said to have been the finest, as it was certainly the most costly, of the kind ever presented in this country, exceeding the incredible sum of £21,000, see "Life of Shirley," in Dyce and Gifford's edition of his works, 8vo, 1823.

The Masque of D'avenant, now reprinted, is called "The Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour," and was presented by the gentry of the Temple for the entertainment of the sons of the Elector Palatine. The names of the Masquers, who all were members of the Inns, are given at the end.

Charles Prince Palatine of the Rhine, second son of the marriage of Frederick with the Princess Elizabeth, King and Queen of Bohemia, had come to England in the preceding November to solicit his restoration to the Palatinate. His brother, Prince Rupert, shortly afterwards followed him. Charles was born at Heidelberg in 1617, so that when he came to England he was only eighteen years of age, while his brother Rupert was two years his junior. Both received the honour of the Order of the Garter. Rupert attained the dignity of Earl of Holderness and of Duke of Cumberland upon the extinction of the male line of the Shepherd Earl, 1643. Prince Rupert's exploits in the Civil War are too well known to be repeated here.

The text of the folio edition of "The Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour," differs very slightly from that of the first edition.

TO EVERY READER.

THE Intention of this Entertainment to the Prince Elector being hastily prepar'd, as from eager hearts that could delay no Ceremony that might render an expression of their Loves: it could not be but I must share the inconvenience of that haste; since length and aptitude of time is still allowed to these Composures: and this (devis'd and written in three days) might happily have found an excuse, if the presentation had been as suddenly perform'd as it was prepared. But there was a sad necessity for the delay, and I may justly style it a misfortune, that the general work could not receive the benefit of alteration by that unprofitable leisure, which since we have rather lost than enjoy'd. Though some Truths are not conveniently urged, this I was forc'd to say in a malignant time, when most men strive to raise themselves a reputation of Wit, by cavil and dislike.

W. D.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF THE PRINCE D'AMOUR.

A Masque presented by His Highness, at his Palace in the Middle-Temple, the 24th of February 1635.

BEFORE the scene was discovered, the Princes being prepared under the State at the upper end of the hall; the Master of Ceremonies to the Prince d'Amour receives an employment by a whisper from his Master, then moves to the Prince Elector, to whom this entertainment was only directed, and speaks this :—

SIR, this short journey from my Princes' throne,
Is meant in Embassy to you alone;
To you, whom he receives not as his guest,
For you are both his ornament and feast.
Although his greatness is not taught to bow,
His subjects fear he will do homage now,
Which he esteems no less'ning to his State,
Since 'tis his Love decrees it, not his fate.
Nay more, his message moves so low, I fear,
What sounds like tender courtship in your ear,
His jealous Barons will dislike, and cry
I am perverted to disloyalty;
Urge my commission false, then tax me for
An easy traitor, no ambassador.
As if my words would pull his empire down,
Shorten his sceptre, and contract his crown;
Thus, whisper'd by my fears, I must impart
For ceremony now, what is his heart

Though, with content of Truth, I may report
You have a num'rous faction in his Court.
This palace where, by sword, then law maintain'd,
His few, but mighty ancestors have reign'd,
Is consecrated yours; which he doth give,
Not in regard he hath short time to live;
For so, since his successor is unknown,
You take what is his subjects', not his own,
And what is a surrender now, would be
Receiv'd to-morrow as a legacy:
If more of his free love I should relate,
They'd style it homage in our jealous state.

At the upper end, opposite to the State, was a stage of six feet high: and there was presented to sight a front of architecture with two pillasters at each side, and in the middle of the cornice a compartment, with this inscription in an oval:

LES TRIUMPHES DU PRINCE D'AMOUR.

The curtain flying up, on the sudden the scene was discovered with a village consisting of ale-houses and tobacco shops, each fronted with a red lattice, on which black Indian boys sate bestriding roles of tobacco, and, in the place of signs, globes hung up, stuck up full of broken pipes. Before each door were seen old logs, and trunks of hollow trees: on them sate the persons of the first antimasque drinking, and making to each other such ridiculous salutes, as did intimate a joy of meeting, and acquaintance. This continued a while, and then they prepared for their first entry.

THE FIRST ANTI-MASQUE.

Two, whose habits presented them for swaggering soldiers, and of the cheaper quality, such as

are said to roar, not fight; their beards mishapen, with long whiskers of the stilletto cut.

Two Dutch sea officers: a gunner and a Boatswain.

An old over-grown debauch'd Cavalier, that seem'd unwieldy with his weight, his riots had so enlarg'd him.

A begging soldier, with a knapsack hanging at his back.

A Sutler's wife, denoted by her dress of the camp, her head being bound with a saddle girth,* instead of phylliting.

These after their entry was perform'd, retire.

On the sudden, the scene wholly changing, appears a camp of tents, distinguish'd by their several colours; and in the midst was discover'd the Temple of Mars, the form being square, and of the Doric Order, with trophies of arms on the front. Within the middle of the Temple stood the statue of Mars, of copper, upon a pedestal.

This having continu'd a while in prospect, the Priests of Mars came out of the Temple, cloathed in crimson robes, of the antick shape, girt in the waist, and, being tucked up, fall in a fold; on their heads, mitres of a helmet form, with a poniard advanc'd on the top, and they sing this by way of preparation.

(1.)

Come shut our Temple and away,
Our bold seditions God shall stay;
We'll serve no sacrifice to day,
Our humour is to feast, not pray.

* See Ante, page 29.

(2.)

The battle which our knights have won,
Did last until th' amazéd sun,
For fear, did mend his usual pace,
And set betimes to hide his face.

(3.)

And now the story of their fight
Is universal, as his light,
Which Fame upon her swifter wing
Hath early brought for us to sing.

This song ended, with a slow pace they descend, playing on their instruments and, being advanc'd near the State, sing this to signify some battle lately fought.

(1.)

Hark! hark! the trouble of the day draws near,
And now the drum doth teach the heart to beat,
Whilst trumpets cherish not, but wound the ear
Of such, who are ordain'd for a defeat.

Chorus.

Hark! hark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruin doth create.

(2.)

Charge! charge! cries ev'ry bold ambitious knight,
Whilst artificial darkness hid their way,
The lightning of their swords was all their light,
For dust, and sulph'rous clouds had chok'd the day.

Chorus.

Hark! hark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruin doth create.

(3.)

Burn! burn! was straight the noise in ev'ry tent,
Whilst some, mis-led by their disorder'd fear,
Did help to kindle what they should prevent,
And scap'd the van to perish in the rear.

Chorus.

Hark! hark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruin doth create.

(4.)

Fly! fly! cries then the tame dejected foe,
Each wond'ring at the terror which he feels,
And, in the hurry of their overthrow,
Forsook their arms, and trusted to their heels.

Chorus.

Hark! hark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruin doth create.

(5.)

Stand! stand! was now the word our knights did give,
For, weary of pursuit, they had no will
To grace with death, who basely sought to live,
As if unworthy of their pains to kill.

Chorus.

Hark ! hark ! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruin doth create.

The priests of Mars retire, and strait the masquers appear as coming out of several tents, their habits being martial and richly embroider'd, inclining near the old Roman shape; their helmets triumphantly plum'd, whiles the bevir falling o'er the face serv'd for a disguise, and supply'd to each the office of a vizard. These by their appearance and demeanour were devised to intimate those heroique Knights Templars, to which the Palace of the Prince d'Amour was anciently dedicated. They descend with a majestic pace, and dance their first entry, then retire towards the scene: whilst with amazement they discover Cupid descending in a bright cloud, who at their interview sings this :—

(1.)

Whither so gladly, and so fast,
As if you knew all danger past
Of combat, and of war ?
As you believ'd my arms were bound,
Or when I shoot, still ev'ry wound
I make is but a fear.

(2.)

Arm now your breasts with shields of steel,
And plates of brass, yet you shall feel
My arrows are so keen ;
Like lightning that not hurts the skin,
Yet melts the solid parts within,
They'll wound although unseen.

(3)

My mother taught me long ago,
To aim my shafts, and draw my bow
When Mars she did subdue.
And now you must resign to love
Your warlike hearts, that she may prove
Those antick stories true.

This being sung, Cupid having dispersed his darts amongst them, which charms them from designs of war to inclinations of love, they all retire.

The scene wholly changing, there appears a square Piazza, resembling that of Venice, and 'tis compos'd of palaces, and lesser fabrics, with courtezans looking out of windows and balconies, fantastically adorn'd, some in Italian, others in a Turkish dress; and this prospect prepares the second Anti-masque, who strait are discovered walking in the Piazza.

The Second Anti-masque.

The First.

A grave formal Spanish lover, who addressing himself to some courtezan in a balcony, salutes her often with congees tedious and low.

The Second.

A jealous Italian lover, who fixing his eyes on another mistress at her window, denotes the vexation of his humour by desperate sighs, beating on his breast, and sometimes a melancholy posture, standing with his arms wreath'd.

The Third.

A giddy fantastic French lover, who being likewise addressed to some beauty, gazing at her

window, his humour is discern'd by strange ridiculous cringes, and frisks in his salutes, with which he seems to invite her acquaintance: having divers notes of levity in his habit, and wearing his mistress' fan tied with a ribband in his ear.

The Fourth.

A dull Dutch lover, personating some yonker* of Utrecht, who gazing upwards too, doth often apply his handkerchief to his eyes, as if the grief of his despair did make him weep.

The Fifth.

A furious debauch'd English lover, who in his habit striving to imitate his neighbour, the monsieur, still outdoes his vanity, which his accoutrement doth severally express, and he hangs in the right ear his mistress's muff, in the left her shoe with a chapeen.† He is not fix'd to one balcony, but directs himself to all, offers to draw his sword, and seems to threaten with his fist, as he would rather break their windows, than desire them opened, that he might gain a look from his Lady.

These several humours being a while artificially expressed, they descend, and dance their second entry, and retire.

The Scene wholly changing again: There was observ'd in a grove of cypress intermingled with

* *Yoncker.* (Belg.) A lusty lad, a gay fellow.

† I've worn, sir, a lady's slipper in my hat."—See Ante, p. 53.

"*Chapin* (Spanish)—Shoes with high cork or wooden soles." *Blount.*

"By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine."—*Hamlet.*

Mr Charles Knight, in his edition of Shakespeare, has a note on chopines, which Evelyn calls "wooden scaffolds." In illustration, he gives woodcut specimens and a very interesting account of their use in Venice, quoted from Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

myrtle trees, the Temple of Venus, being an eight square of the Corinthian order: within the Temple her statue of silver, standing in a niche, with Cupid by her, to whom she seems to deliver an arrow; the pillasters and ornaments were heightned with silver.

From this Temple the Priests of Venus are discern'd to come in loose white robes, their heads adorn'd with Coronets of flowers, and playing on their instruments, they descend and sing this:

(1.)

Unarm! unarm! no more your fights
Must cause the virgins' tears,
But such as in the silent nights,
Spring rather from their fears.

(2.)

Such diff'rence as when doves do bill,
Must now be all your strife:
For all the blood that you shall spill,
Will usher in a life.

(3.)

And when your ladies falsely coy
Shall timorous appear,
Believe, they then would fain enjoy
What they pretend to fear.

(4).

Breathe then each others' breath, and kiss
Your souls to union:
And whilst they shall enjoy this bliss,
Your bodies too, are one.

(5.)

To morrow will the hasty sun
Be fear'd more of each lover,

For hind'ring to repeat what's done,
Than what is may discover.

The Priests of Venus retire, and the Masquers appear in the Scene, their vests altered to a more soft and Courtly change; with several adornments, that might present them to every understanding for a troop of noble lovers. Their second entry being danc'd, they retire into the Temple.

The Scene wholly changing, straight was perceiv'd in a grove of laurel trees, the Temple of Apollo, being round and transparent, of the order of composita, the columns and ornaments being heightened with gold, his statue of gold, standing in the middle of the Temple, upon a round pedestal: behind and between the columns did appear a prospect of landscape.

The Priests of Apollo approach from several parts of the Temple, cloath'd in carnation robes, with wreathes of laurel on their heads. They sing this when they descend :—

(1.)

Make room for our God too, make room!
For now surpris'd, and ravish'd with delight
Apollo is from Delphos come,
T' inspire, and breathe himself in every knight.

(2.)

His God-head is inclin'd to prove
How justly proud, and happy you will be,
When with the powers of War and Love,
He shall unite his wiser Deity.

(3.)

Then still, as if not made of earth,
Express your thankfulness in active pleasure.

Whilst you design your hearts to mirth,
Your ears to numbers, and your feet to measure.

This ended, the Priests of Apollo retire to make way for a new discovery of certain persons in the Scene, which seem half hidden behind the trees: Then invite them to descend by singing this:

(1.)

Behold, how this conjunction thrives!
His radiant beams Apollo strives
So much to strengthen and increase,
As growth and verdure ne'er should cease.

(2.)

Come you industrious slaves of plenty, bring
All that is hop'd for in an eastern spring:
Or all that autumn yields, when she doth pay
Those promis'd hopes where 'tis perpetual day.

(3.)

Come strew this ground, delay us not with sloth,
Strew till we walk on sweet Cecillian flowers,
To prove how seeds have hastened in their growth,
Drop Indian fruits, as thick as April showers.

Now descending from the Scene, appear twelve men, wildly habited, waistcoats of flesh colour made them shew naked to the middle, their heads cover'd with green leaves, their waists girt with the like, and a green basis fring'd, reached to their knees, which did declare them labourers on a fruitful soil! and what they carried did demonstrate a fruitful season.

For moving down in order towards the State, each supported in his arms a small square frame, the wood hidden with green boughs, and on that bore a charger full of precious fruits, and covered

with blossomed twigs and flowers: which, being fixed near to the State, were so joined together, that there was straight discovered a table richly furnished with a banquet, that looked as it were hidden in a grove: and whilst the Princes accepted of this entertainment, the Priests belonging to the three several Deities sung this:

The Song of Valediction, after the Banquet.

PRIEST OF MARS.

The furious steed, the fife and drum
  Invite you still to triumphs of the war,
Till you as glorious shall become
  On earth as Mars, in heaven as bright a star.

PRIESTS OF VENUS.

The balm's rich sweat, the Myrrh's sweet tears
  Perfume your breath when you would passion move:
And may her heart, that you endears,
  The centre be, her eye the sphere of love!

PRIESTS OF APOLLO.

And may your language be of force
  To body winds, and animate the trees,
So full of wonder your discourse,
  Till all your guesses shall be prophecies.

CHORUS *of all.*

May our three Gods so long conjoin,
  To raise your soul, and rarify your sense,
Till you are rendered so divine,
  'Twill be no sin t'implore your influence.

Thus, as all pleasures and triumphs are full of haste, and aptest to decay, this had an end; yet may live mentioned a while, if the envy of such as were absent do not rebuke the courteous memory of those who vouchsafed to enjoy it.

THE MASQUERS' NAMES,

ACCORDING AS THEY WERE RANKED BY THEIR ANTIQUITY, IN THAT NOBLE SOCIETY.

THO. MAUNSELL.
WILL. MORGAN.
WILL. WHEELER.
MICH. HUTCHENSON.
LAUR. HYDE.
THO. BOURKE.
EDW. SMYTH.
EDW. TURNOR.
THO. WAY.
THO. TRENCHARD.
GEO. PROBERT.

THOSE IN THE FIRST ANTI-MASQUE.

PHILLIP MORGAN.
JOHN FREMAN.
JOHN BRAMSTON.
ED. SMYTH.
CLEMENT SPILLMAN.
JOHN NORDEN.
WILL. LYSLE.

THOSE IN THE SECOND ANTI-MASQUE.

JOHN STEPKIN.
CHARLES ADDERLY.
JOHN RATCLIFFE.
RICH. MAY.
GILES HUNGERFORD.

The Music of the Songs and Symphonies were excellently composed by Mr HENRY, and Mr WILLIAM LAWS, His Majesty's servants.

APPENDIX.

GEPIDÆ. Page 38.

"De Gepedum ac Burgundionum vestitu ac moribus, seorsim Sidonius Apollinaris ita canit:—

Vis dicam tibi, quid poema frangat:
Ex hoc barbaricis abacta plectris,
Spernit semipedem stylum Thalia,
Ex quo septipedes videt patronos,
Fœlices oculos tuos et aures,
Fœlicemque libet vocare nasum,
Cui non alia sordidæque cæpæ
Ructant, mane novo decem apparatus.
Quem non ut vetulum patris parentem,
Nutricisque virum die nec orto,
Tot tantique petunt simul Gigantes,
Quot vix Alcinoi culina ferret.
Quid me, etsi valeam parare carmen,
Fescenninicolæ jubes Diones,
Inter crinigeras situm catervas,
Et Germanica verba sustinentem
Laudantem tetrico subinde vultu,
Quod Burgundio cantat esculentus
Infundens acido cornam butyro!"

See the 11th Book of Lapsius "de Gentium aliquot Migrationibus." Basle 1555, folio:—heading which are two characteristic woodcuts, one representing a "Vandalus," the other a "Gepeda," and at the end of that Book there are a "Longobardus," and a "Herulus."

There is also an account of the Pannonians, forming the 4th Book, illustrated by a woodcut representing one of that nation.

MONOPOLIES—Page 124.

When D'avenant penned these lines against the Monopolists of Sienna, he had in view one of the abuses which, no doubt, helped to increase the feeling against Monarchic Government, which was beginning to develope itself.

In November 1640, it was resolved by the Commons that all Projectors and Monopolists should be disabled to sit in the House, whereupon several members withdrew, and others were elected in their place.

Thomas Heywood, a dramatist of much eminence, in the following year issued a poem of six pages, with this title—"Reader, Here you'll plainly see Judgment perverted by these three, a Priest, a Judge, a Patentee." Then comes a woodcut of the three perverts, the judge in the centre, the priest on the one side, and the patentee on the other; the latter with a small cask under his arm, probably intended for Abel, who was a London Alderman. The priest is intended for Archbishop Laud, and the judge for Finch, the Lord Keeper, who, being voted a traitor by the Commons, 21st December 1640, prudently retired to Holland before impeachment, thereby saving his head, which Laud, by not following his example, unfortunately lost.

Granger* mentions a head, by Hollar, of a "Monopolizer of sweet wines." Beside him stand three barrels, over which the word "*Medium*" is inscribed. On the sign there is this motto, "Good wine needs no bush, nor A bell." Below are these lines:

> Thou purchas'd (Medium) to enrich thyself,
> Thy plot was naught; thou must return thy pelf
> Unjustly got; besides thou shalt endure
> Far sourer sauce to thy sweet wines be sure.

One Richard Kilvert was a partner of Alderman Abel in this unpopular monopoly of sweet wines. In the library of the late James Bindley, Esq., were three singular tracts referring to these worthies. One of them was entitled, "A dialogue or accidental discourse betwixt Mr Alderman Abell and Richard Kilvert, the two main projectors for wine, and also Alderman Abell's wife, &c., containing their first manner of their acquaintance, how they began to contrive the patent itself, how they obtayned it, and who drew the patent. Also in what state they now stand in, and how they accuse and raile at each other with invective speeches, &c., with the manner and fashion how projecting patentees have rod a tilting in a Parliament time." "Printed also in the same year of Grace, 1641."

There were two in verse; one of them has this title, "The copie of a letter sent from the roaring boys in Elizium to the two arrant knights of the grape in limbo, Alderman Abel and Mr Kilvert, the two great projectors for wine, and to the rest of the worshipful brotherhood of that patent. Brought over lately by *Quart Pot*, an ancient servant to Bacchus, whom for a long time they had most cruelly rackt, but hoped shortly to be restored to his ancient liberties. Whereunto is added the ora-

* Granger's Biographical History of England, vol. iii., p. 249.

tion which Bacchus made to his subjects on the lower world; published for the satisfaction and benefit of his subjects here." 4to, 1641.

Amongst Richardson's scarce portraits there is re-engraved from a woodcut, "Abel and Kilvert, two wine projectors."

OF MONOPOLISTS.

How comes this swarme of Locusts to appeare
More this than any other Temperate yeare,
This crew of moathes and cankers that bereaves
Our flourishing Orchard both of fruit and leaves?
Who do not onely vex us here about,
But pester all the Trees the Realme throughout?
I mean those drones that fly about in mists,
Divelish *Projectors*, damn'd *Monopolists*,
Who now are hid in holes, and keep a loofe,
Being indeed not Parliamentall proofe;
Yet may we find them in our bread, our meat,
In every draught or bit wee drinke or eat
Our Bevers and the bootes we plucke on, whether
We have them made of Calve-skin or Neats' Leather.
Our Salt, and Oatmeal Porridge are not free,
But they from their ingredience must have fee.
Our cloath, stuffe, lace, points, tagges, even to a pinne,
Nay, even the linen next unto our skinne,
And needle it is sow'd with; they make Boote
Of every thing we wear from head to foote;
Nay I may speake it to them (with a pox),
I find them even in my Tabacco box.
To leave your petty feoffors and feoffees,
And come to your brave skarlet Patentees.
Who, when our sope of sweetest oyle was made,
By which they drove a good and wholsom Trade.
These by ingrost Patent coveting gaine,
Compos'd it all of stinking rape and tuaine:
For what care they, so it may make them rich
To fill our bodyes full of scabs and itch,
Which was a great cause, as some Artists guest,
To bring amongst us a contagious pest.
An then thinkes one, where sope has fayl'd without,
Balderdash wines within will worke no doubt.
And then comes in (that project once begun)
New imposts upon every Pipe and Tun.
The price of French and Spanish wines are rais'd
How ever in their worth deboyst and crais'd.
The subject suffers in each draught he swallows,
For which they may be doomed unto the gallows.
Abel and *Cain* were shepheards (the text sais),
But which is strange, turned Vintners in these days.
The wicked *Caine* his brother *Abel* slew,

Which in these brother Vintners proves not true.
For unto this day *Caine* keepes up his signe,
But *Abel* lyes drowned in his *Medium* wine ;
Projecting *Kilvert* (some say) was the cause,
Who making new Lords had devis'd new lawes,
But those that would the ancient custome vary,
Shall now ('tis thought) be made exempleary.

LHASIS—Pages 142 and 170.

It has been suggested by a learned authority in the South, that Lhasis is derived from Lazer. Ingenious as this suggestion assuredly is, we are, nevertheless, not sufficiently convinced as to accept it in place of the conjecture hazarded previously. Had the word only been used by such an empty inflated fool as Lothario, his immersing the goddess of wisdom in "a mote" of Assafœtida would have been natural enough. But when it is used by such a man as Foreste when he proposes to subject his wife to a disgrace which it is not necessary here to repeat, it would be strange indeed had he suggested Assafœtida as calculated to increase the vigour of the men he indicated to degrade her.

In Cooper's Thesaurus Linguæ Romanæ et Britannicæ 1578, a work of deserved authority, we have the neuter noun Lazer thus translated, "a gumme or juice issuing out of an herbe called *Laserpitium*. Some have taken it to be that which Apothecaries call Benswine, but there be great arguments to the contrary. I take the worst kind of Lazer, which is of Media, to be our Asafœtida, and that of long tyme we have had none of the best and true Lazer out of the Province of Cerene." He gives an adjective Laserpitiatus, as meaning "mixed with Benzwine," and refers to Pliny's "Laserpitiatum Ascetum," as meaning "Vinegar made with Benzwine." In Ainsworth's Modern Dictionary, Laser is translated, a "gum from which Assa-fœtida is extracted." But in no English dictionary is such a word as Lhasis given, although, had it been in common use, it would surely have been found in some of them, and its Latin or other origin given.

In the notes by Lister upon "Laseratum" in his edition of Apicius, cap. xxx.,* he says, "Laser, vero factum est ex voce Laserpitium truncata. Apud recentiores vero deperdita illa planta, et obscurata ejus notitia, multa in nominibus partium confusio inducta et aliæ pro aliis appellatæ."

In the excellent comedy by Plautus, called "Rudens," act iii., scene 2, Trachalio thus implores Venus:

* Apicii Coelii de opsoniis et condimentis, sine arte coquinaria Libri Deum. Cum annotationibus Martini Lister. Amstelodami. 1709, f. 47.

"Teque oro, et quæso, si speras, tibi
Hoc anno multum futurum serpe et *Laserpitium*."

Thornton has translated this drama, which he calls "The Shipwreck," following the example of Madame Dacier, who renders it into French under the name of "L'Heureux Naufrage," discarding the original title, "Rudens" or "The Cable." Although, in a note, he quotes the above lines from the comedy, he leaves them untranslated in the text. Notwithstanding this omission, he gives this explanation, "Sirpe is a plant which they tell us is a species of Benzoin, or Benjamin, from whence the ancients used to extract an odoriferous juice, which was called Laserpitium, that is Lac Serpitium. This was very common in Cyrene."—*Comedies of Plautus translated into familiar blank verse by Bonnel Thornton, 2d edition, London* 1769, *8vo, p.* 315.

In Johnson's Dictionary will be found this explanation of Benzoin, "a medicinal kind of resin imported from the East Indies, and vulgarly called Benjamin. It is produced by making an incision in a tree, whose leaves resemble those of the Lemon tree. The best comes from Siam." Assuming that Sirpe is the resin called Bezoine or Benjamin, then Lazer—which Lister remarks is the word Laserpitium truncatum—becomes another resin or gum called Assafœtida, the medical properties of which are not of a kind to be described as the "unctious" Lhasis, a word which may have been manufactured by D'avenant, whose knowledge of stimulants, judging from what he says in Albovine, was limited to Wine and "Mandragora." In the excessively rare "Herbarium Apulei Platonici," printed in 1480, there is a rude woodcut of the Mandrake, which is represented as an herb "habens radicem habentem similitudinem humanam" and the root "posita in vino inebriat vehementer."

Thus the root of the Mandrake when steeped in wine, according to the author of the Golden Ass, produces "vehement" inebriation.

At the end of the Index to "The Herball, or Generall Historie of Plantes, gathered by John Gerarde of London, Master in Chirurgerie," much enlarged by Thomas Johnson, London, folio 1636, is "A Catalogue of the British names of Plants; sent me by Master Robert Dauys of Guissaney, in Flintshire," in which the following plants occur:—

Llysie Jvan—Mugwort.
Llysie y Wennol—Celandrine.
Llysie y Moch—Nightshade.
Llysie y Criber—Teasell.
[Called in Latin Labrum Veneris, or Carduus Veneris.]
Llysie Amor—Floure gentle [or Flower of Love].

These are all of a like order. But that genus: the Llysie y Moch, called Bindweed Nightshade, or Enchanter's Nightshood, in Latin *Circæ Latetiana*, better illustrates the Lhasis

of D'avenant than any of the others. Gerard says of it:—"There is no use of this herbe either in Physicke or Surgerie, that I can reade of; which hath happened by the corruption of time and the errour of some who have taken Mandragoras for Circæa; in which errour they have still persisted unto this day, attributing unto Circæa the virtues of Mandragoras; by which meanes there hath not any thing been said of the true Circæa, by reason, as I have said, that Mandragoras hath been called Circæa; but doubtlesse it hath the vertue of garden Nightshade, and may serve instead thereof without errours."

Of the Mandrake, Mandragon, or Mandragoras, which has been so confounded with the Nightshade, Gerard says:—"There hath been many ridiculous tales brought up of this plant, whether of old wives or some runnagate Surgeons or Physicke-mongers I know not (a title bad enough for them); but sure some one or moe that sought to make themselves famous and skilfull above others were the first brochers of that errour I speake of," viz., the resemblance to a man. He continues:—"They add further, that it is neuer or very seldome to be found growing naturally, but vnder a gallowes, where the matter that hath fallen from the dead body hath giuen it the shape of a man, and the matter of a woman the substance of a female plant; with many other such doltish dreames. The fable further affirms that he who would take up a plant thereof must tie a dog thereunto to pull it vp, which will giue a great shreeke at the digging vp; otherwise, if a man should do it, he should surely die in short space after. Besides many fables of louing matters, too full of scurrilitie to set forth in print, which I forbear to speak of."

"Mandrake is called of the Grecians '*Μανδραγορας*,' of diuers, '*Κιρκαια* and Circæa'; of Circe, the witch, who by art could procure loue, for it hath been thought that the root hereof serueth to win loue."

With reference to the "Persian Crab," coupled by D'avenant with the "unctuous Lhasis," Polmet, in his "History of Druggs," particularizes a portion of the claw of the Crab as calculated to produce unnatural excitement of the passions, in effect similar to Cantharides.

GRIFFIN—Page 244.

"Gryffen or Gryffon (Gryps)—A strange bird with four feet, armed with cruel claws, being from the breast upward fashioned like an eagle, but of purple colour, with red fiery eies and whitish wings, and in the hinder part black, made much like a lyon"—*Blount.*

"Grifes, the Gripe, hath so great clawes and so large that of them bee made cups that bee set uppon boordes of kings. And Gripes keepe the mountaines, in the which bee gemmis and

precious stones, as Smaragdus and Jaspis, and suffer them not to be taken from thence as Isi. saith, lib. 14, cap. 3."—*Batman on Bartholme.*

"Jungentur jam Gryphes Equis."—*Virg. 8th Eclogue.*

"Griff-graff.—By hook or by crook."

Among the curiosities mentioned in an "Inventaire du Trésor de St Denys," Paris 1682, is "Un Ongle de Griffon dune grandeur prodigieuse," which had been sent to Charlemagne "par Aaron Roy de Perse," and thereafter "Envoyées à S. Denys par Charles le Chauve." Whether this, among other antiquarian treasures, was preserved after the first Revolution we have not ascertained.

See also Brown's Vulgar Errors, 8vo Ed., vol. ii., p. 434.

BANDOLEER—Page 269.

According to Halliwell, "Bandoleers" were little wooden cases covered with leather, each of them containing the charge of powder for a musket, and fastened to a broad band of leather, which the person who was to use them put round his neck. The land chief is also frequently termed a "Bandoleer."* Their use was not confined to England.

Middleton, in "the Black Book," 1604, makes his light burning Sergeant, "Lucifer," invade all the houses of evil reputation in the city of London, where he witnessed many remarkable facts. He patronizes an especially fat lady called Andrey, otherwise Maud, whom he kissed, "hugged her excellent villanies, and cunning, rare conveyances; then turning myself, I threw mine arms, like a scarf or bandileer, cross the Lieutenant's melancholy bosom, embraced his resolute phrases and his dissolute humour, highly commending the damnable trade and detestable course of their living, so excellent-filthy, and so admirable-villanies."†

PRINCE D'AMOUR, p. 319.

Oldys, in his Life of Sir Walter Ralegh, prefixed to Ralegh's History of the World, thus observes:—"Now as for these productions of his muse, since several of them are mentioned in the former part of these sheets, they need be here only recapitulated; as his poems on Gascoigne's Steel Glass, the Excuse, the Silent Lover, the Answer to Marlow's Pastoral, with his poem of Cynthia, and two more on Spenser's Fairy Queen. Since the time that these seven were before spoken of, I have

* Archaic and Provisional Dictionary, vol. i., p. 138.

† Middleton's Works by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, vol. v., p. 517. Lond. 1840. Crown 8vo.

met with four other such like poetical pieces, which seem also to have been composed by the same hand, for those elegant tautologies or ritornelles, wherein his sonnets and madrigals are usually so correspondent with each other." Oldys adds as a footnote:—"Three of these pieces are to be found in an old collection of several ingenious Poems and Songs by the Wits of that Age, 8vo, 1660, and annexed to a comical speech in prose, called Le Prince D'Amour, printed the same year; which, by the latter part thereof, entitled Noctes Templariæ, or a Brief Chronicle of the Dark Reign of the Bright Prince of Burning Love, appears, in a volume of the Harleyan MSS., 90, c. vii. fol. 556, to have been written by Sir Benjamin Rudyerd. The poems published with this speech are improperly said in the title, to be written by the wits of the age in regard to the time they were published; for, as the publisher owns in his dedication to the honourable society of the Middle Temple, the wit in this collection was born long before our unhappy intestine divisions, and as much in the poems themselves is evident; there being among them several written in the time of King James and Queen Elizabeth, and one or more as old as King Henry VIII."

Among the entries from the manuscript of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, introduced by Malone into his "Historical Account of the English Stage," occurs the following:—

"On Wensday, the 23 of Febru. 1635, the Prince d'Amours gave a masque to the Prince Elector and his brother, in the Middle Temple, wher the Queene was pleasd to grace the entertaynment by putting of Majisty to putt on a citizen's habitt, and to sett upon the scaffold on the right hande amongst her subjects.

"The Queene was attended in the like habitts by the Marques Hamilton, the Countess of Denbighe, the Countess of Holland, and the Lady Elizabeth Feildinge. Mrs Basse, the law-woman [*i.e.*, the woman who had the care of the hall belonging to the Middle Temple], leade in this royal citizen and her cumpany.

"The Earle of Holland, the Lord Goringe, Mr Percy, and Mr Jermyn were the men that attended.

"The Prince Elector satt in the midst, his brother Robert on the right hand of him, and the Prince d'Amours on the left.

"The Masque was very well performed in the dances, scenes, cloathinge, and musique, and the Queene was pleasd to tell mee at her going away, that she liked it very well.

HENRY LAUSE } made the Musique.
WILLIAM LAUSE }
Mr CORSEILLES made the Scenes.

Addendum to footnote p. 319.

Sir John Finet, in his "Observations touching Foreign Ambassadors," 8vo, 1656, remarks:—"that the jewels only which were worn by the king, queen, and prince, were valued that day, by his majesty himself (upon occasion of discourse happening to the purpose of the braverie then appearing), at *nine hundred thousand pounds* sterling."

BARRISTERS—Page 323.

"Barristers or Baristers may be said to be of two sorts:

"1. The *outward* or *Utter* baristers are such as, for their long study and great industry bestowed upon the knowledge of the common law, which must be for seven years' space at least, are called out of their contemplation to practice, and in the face of the world to take upon them the protection and defence of clients' causes. These always plead *without* the Bar, and are in other countries called '*Licentiate in jure*'; howbeit, in modesty, they at first continue themselves hearers for some years, like the scholars of Pythagoras, that for the first five years never adventured to reason or discourse openly upon any point of their master's doctrine.

"2. The *Inner* Baristers are those who are admitted, as a mark of respect, to plead within the Bar; such are King, Queen, or Princes' Attorney, Solicitor, or Serjeants, or any of the King's Council. But at the Rolls, and some other inferior Judicatures, all Lawyers of the degree of the Bench are admitted within the Bar."

"*Moot.* A term used in the Inns of Court, and signifies the handling or arguing a case for exercise; as in the Universities there are Disputations, Problems, Sophisms, and such like acts. It seems to be derived from the French word *mot*, i.e., verbum. Quasi, verba facere, aut sermonem de aliqua habere." In several places in England the Courts of Justice are known by the name of the "Moothall."

"*Mootmen* are those students that argue Readers' cases in the Houses of Chancery, both in Terms and Grand Vacations. Of Mootmen, after some years' study, are chosen *Outward Baristers;* of which degree, after they have been twelve years, they are commonly chosen *Benchers* or *Antients*, of which one of the younger sort reads yearly in summer vacation, and is called a *single Reader;* and one of the *Antients* that have formerly read, reads in Lent vacation, and is called a *double Reader*, and it is usual between his first and second Reading nine or ten years. Some of these Readers are afterwards called *ad statum et gradum servientis ad legem*, and of Serjeants are constituted the honourable Judges and Sages of the Law.

"For the entrance of the young student, who commonly comes from one of the Universities, were first instituted and erected

eight houses of Chancery, to learn there the elements of the Law; viz., Cliffords-Inn, Lions-Inn, Clements-Inn, Bernards-Inn, Staple-Inn, Furnivals-Inn, Davies-Inn, and New-Inn. And each of these houses consists of forty persons or more. For the Readers, Utter Baristers, Mootmen, and inferior Students, there are four famous and renowned Colledges or Inns of Court, called:—the Inner Temple, to which the first three Houses of Chancery appertain; Grayes Inn, to which the next two belong; Lincolns-Inn, which enjoys the last two saving one; and the Middle Temple, which hath only the last. Each of these Houses of Court consists of Benchers above twenty, of Utter Baristers above thrice as many, of young gentlemen about the number of 160 or 180, who there spend their time in study of Law and commendable exercises. The Judges of the Law and Serjeants, being commonly above the number of twenty, are equally distributed into two higher and more eminent Houses called Serjeants' Inns. All these are not far distant one from another, and altogether make the most famous University for profession of Law onely, or of any other human science in the world, and advanceth itself above all others. Quantum inter Viburna cupressus. Lo. Coke."

"*Apprentice.* In former time Baristers were called Apprentices to the Law. As appears by Mr Selden's Notes on Fortescu, p. 3. So the learned Plowden stiled himself; and Mr Hen. Finch, in his Nomotechnia writes himself—'Apprentice del Ley.'"—*Blount's Glossographia.* Lond. 1661.

WILLIAM AND HENRY LAWES. Dr Burney, in enumerating the number of masques performed during the reign of Charles, and referring to the Prince d'Amour, observes that the vocal and instrumental music, with the symphonies, are said to have been composed by William and Henry Lawes.* Upon this point there is no room for doubt, as the fact of composition by the brothers is positively stated at the end of the masque, and the learned Doctor might, with as much reason, have thrown a doubt on the authorship of D'avenant or the scenic displays of Inigo Jones. He appears to have entertained no high opinion of the merits of either of the brothers, although the generation in which they lived thought otherwise. He has made a special attack upon the music of Comus, of which Henry was the composer. A great part has been lost, but a portion was in existence when Burney wrote, and probably is now in existence. The notes by Henry Lawes set to "Sweet Echo," are selected as a specimen of his composition, and declared neither "to constitute an air or melody; and, indeed, are too frequently prolonged for recitative." Milton believed them admirable, and praised the "composer for his exact accommodation of the accent of his music, and the quantities of the verse."

* History of Music, vol. iii, 4to, London, 1789, p. 385.

WILLIAM and HENRY Lawes were brothers, and sons of Thomas Lawes, a Vicar-choral of the cathedral church of Salisbury, and a native of that city. The elder brother was placed at the expense of the Earl of Hertford under Cooper, or Coperario, an Englishman, who, having studied in Italy, upon his return to England, Italianized his original name. William's first preferment was in the choir of Chichester, but in 1602 he was called to London, and was sworn a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, an office he resigned in 1611, and became one of the chamber musicians to Charles I. Fuller says, "he was respected and beloved of all such persons as cast any looks towards virtue and honour."

It was but natural when the great contest between the monarch and his subject involved the nation in a civil war, during the progress of which the best blood of the land was profusely shed, William Lawes should take up arms for his royal master. To screen him from danger, Lord Gerrard, the King's general, made him a commissary. Disdaining to avail himself of this intended security, he lost his life by an accidental shot at the siege of Chester, 1645, having exposed his person incautiously. The king deeply lamented his death, and although in mourning at the time for his kinsman, Lord Bernard Stuart, killed at the same siege, his Majesty put on particular mourning for him "when *dead*, whom he loved when *living*, and commonly called the Father of Music." *

Among Beloe's anecdotes is given the following epitaph on William Lawes:—

Concord is conquer'd! In his urn there lies
The master of great music's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by men whose *Wills* were Laws.

HENRY Lawes was also a disciple of Coperario. Burney says †—"By the cheque-book of the Chapel Royal, it appears that he was sworn in Pisteller in January 1625, and in November following, Gentleman of the Chapel; after this he was appointed clerk of the cheque, and one of the public and private musicians of King Charles I." The writer is somewhat puzzled as to the meaning of the word pisteller, which was not to be found in any of the lexicographers of the time. Tyrrwhit apparently hit upon the meaning, for he says—"unless it implied a reader of the Epistles, I am utterly ignorant of its import." His supposition appears to be the correct one, for in "Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" there is this explanation—"Pisteller, one who reads or sings the Epistle; Palgrave, however, has, Pysteller, that syngeth the masse. It occurs in Nominale MS."

The constant depreciation of the works of the brothers by Burney is remarkable, yet he candidly tells his readers that

* Fuller's Worthies, vol. iii., p. 136, London, 1840, 4to.
† Page 393.

"*bad* as the music of Lawes appears to us, it seems to have been *sincerely* admired by his contemporaries in general. It is not meant to insinuate that it was pleasing to poets only but that it was more praised by them than any other music of the time." It is certainly an extraordinary fact, if Dr Burney's judgment is to be allowed any weight, that music, which for a long series of years delighted the King, Queen, nobility, gentry, lawyers, civilians, and poets, upon which Waller "bestowed his fragrant incense," and Milton lavished his praise, should have been in itself so very wretched. If the Doctor be right, what shocking bad ears the good folk of the seventeenth century in England must have had.

The breaking out of the Rebellion necessarily put an end to Henry's court employment, and he betook himself to teach the ladies to sing, and "by his irreproachable life and gentlemanly deportment, contributed more than all the musicians of the time to raise the credit of his profession." Upon the coronation of Charles II., he composed the anthem on the occasion, having "retained his place in the Royal Chapel."* He died on the 21st day of October, 1662, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Prefixed to the edition of "Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voices, London, folio, 1653, by Henry Lawes, servant to his Majesty King Charles I., in his Public and Private Music," is a beautiful engraving of the author's head by Faithorne, which has been re-engraved by Sir John Hawkins for his work.

* General History of the Science and Practice of Music, by Sir John Hawkins, vol. iv, p. 56, London. 1776, 4to.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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