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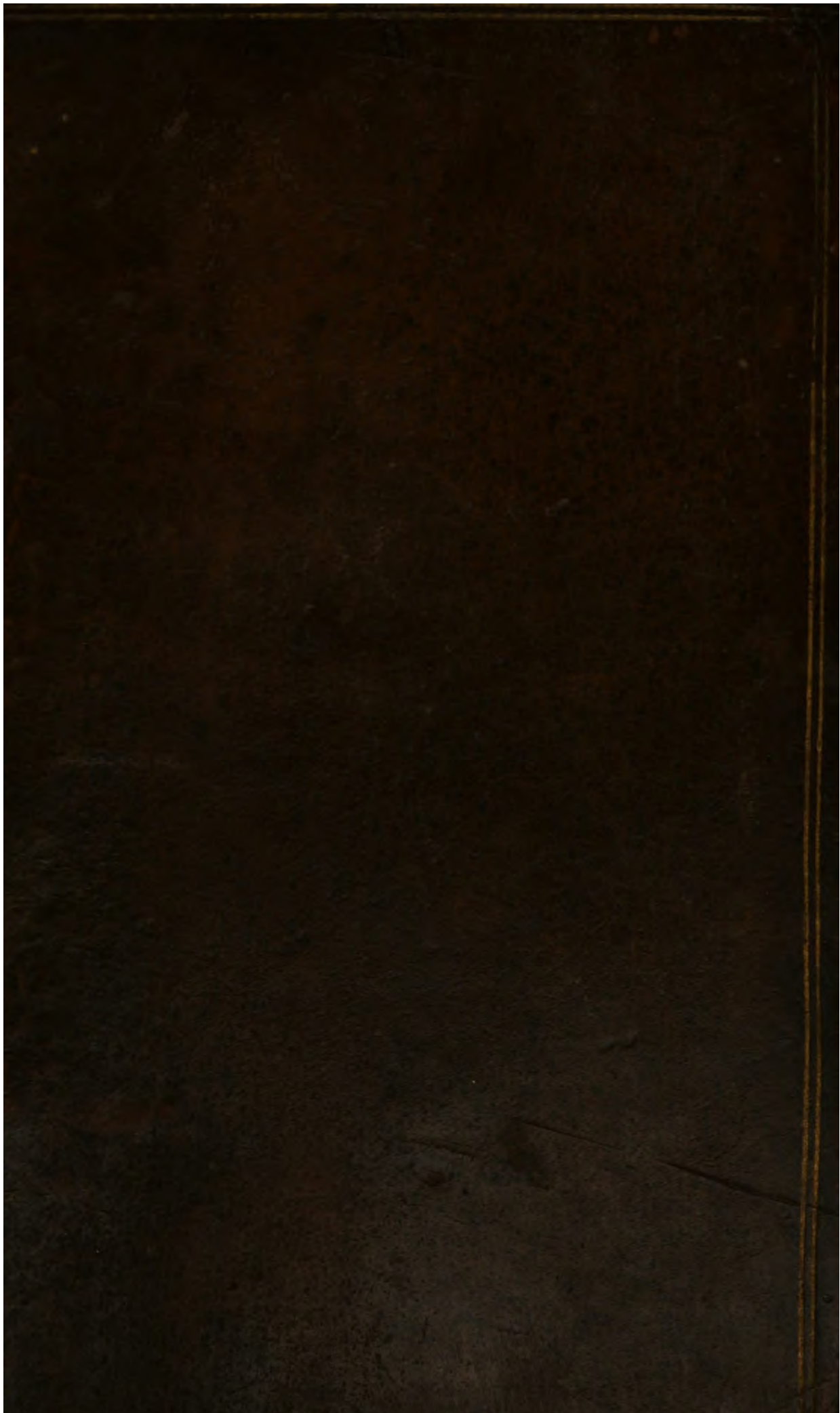
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THE

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Comi History

O F

DON QUIXOTE.

As it was Acted at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE

I N

DORSET GARDEN,

By Their Majesties Servants.

P A R T I.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. DARBY, in *Bartholomew-Close*, A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and F. CLAY without *Temple-Bar*; all in Trust for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WELLINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.

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To Her GRACE

T H E

Dutchess of Ormond.

DON *Quixote* having not only been well receiv'd upon the Stage, but also having clear'd himself with Reputation from the Slander and Prejudice which malicious Criticks had resolv'd upon, to sully and blast him; I could not forbear suffering him to aspire to this second Honour, of dedicating himself to Your Grace, from whose noble and unbiafs'd Judgment, he may assure himself of an obliging Reception, and a generous Security.

The Honour your Grace, and the rest of the Nobility and Gentry did me, to see this Play in its Rehearsal or Undress, was a happy Presage of its future good Fortune; the Stars were all in conjunction to do me Good; and, I think, I may safely say, without offence, That when the Ladies came to my Third Day, there never was at this time of the Year, in the Hemisphere of the Playhouse, so dazzling and numerous a Constellation seen before.

'Tis, Madam, from your Grace's prosperous Influence that I date my good Fortune; and I shall be very glad if this poor Offspring of my Brain has Merit enough to deserve the Honour of a Smile from so great and so good a Patroness.

Farther I dare not proceed on this Subject, lest I should involve my self rashly, in praise of what is even too great for Praise it self; and so only shew my own Ambition, in aspiring to write on so glorious a Theme, without doing you any Justice, who are always infinitely

iv *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

above whatever my Genius can ever pretend to in that nature.

The World, that knows the noble Stock from which you sprung, are sensible that 'tis impossible for you to derogate from such flourishing and signaliz'd Virtues : And those likewise who consider you, as the happy Comfort of the great *ORMOND*, whose indefatigable Zeal to serve his Majesty, and his afflicted Country, with his dearest Blood and Fortune abroad, leaves him scarce leisure to dry your Tears up for the last parting, or pay his paternal Blessing to his dear Children at home, ought to behold your Grace with double Reverence, and unite their Prayers and Wishes, that all things in his absence may tend to your Comfort, Satisfaction, and Honour ; and that the troublesom Hours may run swiftly off, to give way to the transporting News of his happy Return with Fame and Victory.

One of these general Admirers of both your matchless Deserts and Virtues, I beseech your Grace to believe me, whose duteous Wishes are constantly devoted to your Service. ——— And now particularly, may the whole Hierarchy of Angels protect you in the expected Hour of Trouble ; and may the rejoicing worthy Part o'th' World be bless'd with another noble, loyal, and valiant *OSSORY*, great and admir'd as his illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten Grandfather. And that this unvalued Blessing, and all others that can make your Grace, and that *truly noble, and most dearly lov'd Hero abroad, happy in one another*, may succeed to your Desire, is the Devotion and daily wish of,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's most Faithful,

and most Humble Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

Henry Dero

5

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

IN Hopes the coming Scenes your Mirth will raise,
To you, the just Pretenders to the Bays,
The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays.
And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains
Of labour'd Sense, or of improving Brains;
That feel the Lashes in a well-writ Play,
He bids perk up and smile, the Satire sleeps to day.
Our Sancho bears no Rods to make ye smart;
Proverbs and merry Jokes are all his Part.
The Modish Spark may paint, and lie in Paste,
Wear a huge Steinkirk twisted to his Waste;
And not see here, how foppish he is dress'd.
The Country Captain, that to Town does come,
From his Militia Troop and Spouse at home,
To beat a London-Doxy's Kettle-Drum;
One, who not only the whole Pit can prove,
That she for Brass Half-Crowns has barter'd Love:
But th' Eighteenpenny Whoremaster above,
With his Broad Gold may treat his pliant Dear,
Without being shown a bubbled Coxcomb here.
Grave Dons of Bus'ness may be Bulkers Cullies,
And crop-ear'd Prentices set up for Bullies,
And not one Horsewhip Lash here flaug their Follies:
Nay, our hot Blades, whose Honour was so small,
They'd not bear Arms, because not Colonels all;
That wish the French may have a mighty Slaughter;
But wish it safely——on this side o'th' Water:
Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd
To beg Commissions in the Standing Guard;
Even these, the Sons of Shame and Cowardice,
Will 'scape us now, tho 'tis a cursed Vice.

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our

Our Author has a Famous Story chose,
 Whose Comick Theme no Person does expose
 But the Knights-Errant; and pray where are those?
 There was an Age, when Knights with Lance and Shield
 Would right a Lady's Honour in the Field;
 To punish Ravishers, to Death would run:
 But those Romantick Days——alas! are gone;
 Some of our Knights now, rather would make one,
 Who finding a young Virgin, by Disaster,
 Ty'd to a Tree, would rather tie her faster.
 Yet these must 'scape too; so indeed must all;
 Court-Cuckold-makers now no Jest does maul;
 Nor the Horn'd Herd within yon City Wall.
 The Orange-Miss, that now cajoles the Duke,
 May sell her rotten Ware without Rebuke.
 The young Coquet, whose Cheats few Fools can dive at,
 May trade, and th' old Tope Knipperkin in private.
 The Atheist too on Laws Divine may trample,
 And the Plump jolly Priest get drunk for Church-Example.

E P I L O G U E.

By *SANCHO*, Riding upon his Afs.

'Mongst our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profess,
 There's an old Proverb, That two Heads are best.
 Dapple and I have therefore jogg'd this way,
 Thro' sheer good Nature, to defend this Play:
 Tho' I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may shew)
 May have Relations here, for ought I know.
 For in a Croud, where various Heads are addle,
 May many an Afs be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
 'Tis then for him that I this Speech intend,
 Because I know he is the Poet's Friend:
 And, as 'tis said, a parlous Afs once spoke,
 When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke;

EPILOGUE.

7


*So if you are not civil, 'sbud, I fear,
 He'll speak again——
 And tell the Ladies, every Dapple here.
 Take good Advice then, and with kindness win him,
 Tho he looks simply, you don't know what's in him :
 He has shroud Parts, and proper for his place,
 And yet no Plotter, you may see by's Face ;
 He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
 Nor ever brays against the Government.
 Then for his Garb, he's like the Spanish Nation,
 Still the old Mode, he never changes Fashion :
 His sober Carriage too you've seen to day ;
 But for's Religion, troth I cannot say
 Whether for Mason, Burgefs, Muggleton,
 The House with Steeple, or the House with none :
 I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
 For he ne'er goes to Church——no more than you.
 Some that would, by his Looks, guesfs his Opinion,
 Say, he's a Papish ; others, a Socinian :
 But I believe him, if the truth were know,
 As th' rest of the Town-Asses are, of none :
 But for some other Gifis——mind what I say,
 Never compare, each Dapple has his Day,
 Nor anger him, but kindly use this Play ;
 For should you, with him, conceal'd Parts disclose,
 Lord ! how like Ninneys would look all the Beaus.*

}

Lord how like Ninneys would look all the Beaus

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Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Don Quixote*, a frantick Gentleman of the *Mancha* in *Spain*, who fancies himself a Knight-Errant. } Mr. Bowen.
- Don Fernando*, a young Nobleman. } Mr. Powell.
- Cardenio*, a Gentleman, who being treacherously depriv'd of *Luscinda*, his betroth'd Mistress, fell mad. } Mr. Bowman.
- Ambrosio*, a young Student, and Stranger, a Friend to *Chrysofom*, and a great Woman-hater. } Mr. Verbruggen.
- Perez*, a Curate. } Mr. Cibber.
- Nicholas*, a merry drolling Barber. } Mr. Harris.
- Sancho Panca*, a dry shreud Country Fellow, Squire to *Don Quixote*, a great Speaker of Proverbs, which he blunders out upon all Occasions, tho never so far from the purpose. } Mr. Dogget.
- Gines de Passamonte*. } Mr. Haines.
- Palameque*, *Lope Ruiz*, *Quartrexzo*, *Tenorio*, *Martinez*, Gally-Slaves.
- Officers guarding the Slaves.
- Second Barber.
- Vincent*, a humourous Host, or Inn-keeper. } Mr. Bright.

W O M E N.

- Marcella*, a young beautiful Shepherdes who hates Mankind, and by her Scorn occasions the Death of *Chrysofom*. } Mrs. Bracegirdle.
- Dorothea*, alias Princess *Micomicona*, a young Virgin betroth'd to *Don Fernando*, but deserted by him for *Luscinda*, tho afterwards reconcil'd. } Mrs. Knight.
- Luscinda*, a young Lady betroth'd to *Cardenio*, stolen from a Nunnery by *Don Fernando*, whom she fled thither to avoid. } Mrs. Bowman.
- Teresa Panca*, Wife to *Sancho*, a filly credulous Country Creature. } Mrs. Leigh.
- Mary* the Buxom, *Sancho's* Daughter, a rude, laughing, clownish Hoyden; incomparably acted by } Mrs. Verbruggen.
- Hostess, and
- Maritornes*, her Daughter.
- The Body of *Chrysofom*. Knights of several Orders. Shepherds Shepherdeses, Inchanters, Inchantresses, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, *Mancha* in *Spain*. A pleasant Champian, with a Windmill in prospect.



THE
Comical History
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Champian, with a Windmill at distance.

The Curtain drawn, Don Quixote is seen arm'd Cap-a-pee, upon his Horse Rosinante; and Sancho by him upon Dapple his Ass, eating a Bunch of Haws.

Don Quix.



Ancho.

San. Sir.

Don. Qu. We are now in pursuit of valorous Adventures; enter'd into the pleasant Fields of *Montiel*, the Air is fragrant and delightful, and the Valley, near yonder Tuft of verdant Trees, cool and shady; therefore let us alight—And prithee take the bridle from *Rosinante's* Head, that he may the better taste the Refreshment of this flowery pasture; and when thou hast done so, shew

the same Courtesy to thy own friend *Dapple*, for they have born us this day with a Fortitude and Patience, that exact from us an answerable Return of Civility.

San. With all my Heart, Sir; and I wish that *Dapple's* Generosity could be as civil to me, as I to him, and return me a good Refreshing too: for as the Case of my Belly now stands, I find my Fortitude and Patience, inclining to yield to the Giant Hunger; and methinks, I begin to wish my self an *Ass* too, that we might improve good fellowship, and lovingly dine together.

[*Kissing Dapple.*

Don Qu. Do not indulge thy self too much upon thy Belly, good *Sancho*; an Epicure contradicts the function of the Squire of a Knight-errant, entirely: go, do as I have order'd, and at thy return I will give thee the honour of a Conference.

San. If the Conference were to be over a good piece of Beef and Cabbage, I could confer now like any Clergyman; but I don't like these windy Exhortations without Meat,——[*Aside.* Now am I to be fed with a tedious Tale of Knight-Errantry, when my Guts are all in an uproar within me for want of better provision.

[*Exit with Rosin. and Dapple.*

Don Qu. The gross and sordid quality of this Fellow, gives me the better reflection upon my self; for as his Thoughts are groveling, like his Nature, so mine are elevate like my Profession: On which let me now consider a little. What art thou? And what wouldst thou be, *Don Quixote*? A Renown'd Knight-Errant, a Tamer of Giants, a Righter of Wrongs, a Defender of Virgins, a Protector of Justice; in fine, a Scourge to the infamous World, and a noble Retriever of the golden Age: But hold, Illustrious Don, you are not Knighted yet, and consequently incapable of these Performances. What then? as I have read in Books of Chivalry, I may still undertake an easy Adventure, under the Title of the Maiden-Knight, till I receive that Honour, and then proceed, the Glory of that Function, the Terror of all Miscreants, and the Delight and Wonder of ensuing Ages.

Re-enter

Re-enter Sancho.

San. So, thanks be to Lady *Flora*, the Beasts are well provided for, *Dapple* is happy, he is exercising his Grinders yonder, whilst I carry mine here only for shew; for the Devil of any other use will my Master let me have for 'em: See——now is he making his Dinner upon Cogitations, and I am to have the Scraps of 'em for mine; Honour and Air is always our fare. Oh *Sancho*, *Sancho*! What hast thou brought thy self to?

Don Qu. Oh *Dulcinea del Toboso*! Thou Light of all Eyes, Empress of my Soul, and Sovereign Princess of my Heart and Vitals.

San. Ay, 'tis so; Thought of his suppos'd Mistress, a Murrain take her, is the first Course; and no doubt a Conceit of the next beating for her will be the second. Oons, this is choice Diet, I grow damnable fat upon't. Oh Dunce! You must leave Wife and Children to go a Squiring, must ye? Well can you eat Grass, good Squire? Can your Worship dine upon Clover? you may find Sallads in abundance; but like the Spanish Boors, your Countrymen, the Devil of any Meat to 'em, most Noble Squire.

Don Qu. Now Animal of little Faith, and less Ingenuity, what are you grumbling at?

San. Why troth, Sir, if your Worship will needs know, my Belly and I have had a sharp Combat; it was grumbling at me for a good Dinner, and I was cramming it as well as I could with the good hopes of the Island your Worship has promis'd me, when you come to be Emperour of——what d'ye call it?

Don Qu. Empires, *Sancho*, have their Titles as various as the Ways to atchieve 'em; but let it suffice thee, that when I am dubb'd Knight, as with the first opportunity I mean to be, Adventures of that nature will flow in upon us: so that in the space that one may trim a Beard, an Empire may drop into my mouth, and an Island, or at least an Earldom, into thine.

San. Pray Heaven my Government afford me Beef enough, to make amends for all these Days of fasting:

But

But I have found to my sorrow in your Service hitherto, that fair Words butter no Parsnips; he is blind enough that sees not thro' the holes of a Sieve: Desert and Reward seldom keep Company; and none are Fools always, tho every one sometimes; better on bare Foot than no Foot at all; and thou art known by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed; and he that——

Don Qu. Wheiw! a plague on thee, where the Devil art thou running with thy Flim-flams? What time of Year hence dost think I shall answer thee, if thou runn'st on threading thy Proverbs at this rate?

San. Well, well, Sir, that's all one; let every one be the Son of his own Works, for under the name of a Man one may become Pope: for my part, I see Land every day more than other; you promis'd Islands and Earldoms; but how you shall get 'em, or I govern 'em, is the question: the *Sanchos* know better how to govern a Plough than a Province; and since I have been your Squire, I have got no Preferment yet, but Cudgels and more Cudgels, Blows and more Blows: I have been but three days out a Squireing, and if drubbing could get me an Island, I have deserv'd one as big as *Great Britain* already.

Don Qu. Battles of Honour, *Sancho*, should not be disparaged by the base Epithet of Drubbing; thou hast done nobly, and as noble shall be thy Reward: therefore I once more tell thee, fear not thy Bones, and thou shalt be great; only because I know thou art an Admirer of Proverbs, always remember this—— That Patience grows not in every one's Garden.

San. Ay, and pray, Sir, do you remember this, that there is not always good Chear where there's a smoking Chimney; and there's Proverb for Proverb.—— But yet a plague on't, this plaguy Government won't out of my head; and methinks he promises it with as much Confidence, as if he were Emperor already, and carry'd the Keys of it at his Girdle.—— Let me see—— to be *Don Sancho*,—— good; to sit upon my Velvet Cushions of State, and look big upon my Vassals,——
good

good again; then to have my Wife be a Countess, and come to me in a Morning with — Good morrow my Lord the Governor, hah, ha, ha, very good, faith — Admirable! I am transported at the thoughts on't; therefore Bones ache, Guts grumble, I am resolv'd to be great in defiance of ye both.

Don Qu. Hah! What do I see! — Thanks to those propitious Stars that usher my Renown and Fortune: Occasion offers it self in a most glorious Adventure.

San. What's the matter now?

Don Qu. Seest thou that Giant, *Sancho*?

[Points at the Scene.

San. Giant, Sir.

Don Qu. That monstrous Giant, with Arms almost two Leagues long! See how he swings 'em about, and fans himself to cool his Head.

San. I see no Giant, not I, I see a Windmill.

Don Qu. 'Tis the dreadful Giant *Caraculiambro*, Tyrant of the Island *Mallindrania*, who devours every day to appease his hunger, 12 new-born Children bak'd, whose Bones he grinds between his Teeth to powder.

San. Ha, ha, ha, — 'Tis the Giant *Windmilliambro* you mean, Tyrant of the Island of Wheat, Barley, and Oats, twelve Bushels of which he every Day devours, and grinds the Grains between the Stones to powder.

Don Qu. See there, an innocent Wretch dress'd all in White, whom the horrid Cannibal is just now drawing into his Mouth.

San. Oons! What Innocent? what Wretch? what Mouth? Why don't you see 'tis the Miller in his White Coat, going to carry a Sack into the Mill-Door?

Don Qu. I tell thee 'tis one of the Brood of *Anteon*, whom I am oblig'd to cut off from the face of the Earth: therefore saddle *Rosinante* instantly; and if thou art afraid, go aside thy self, and pray, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal Battle.

San. Battle, Gadsbud, Sir, are ye blind? will ye battle a Windmill? have ye a mind your Brains should be dash'd out with the Sails?

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Jolt-head, to thee they may seem Sails, but to me they are like the hundred Arms of its Brother-Giant *Briareus*, whom I will instantly lop off and destroy, with whose Spoils we will begin to be rich.— Away, I say, that I may perform an Exploit for After-times to wonder at — Stand thou proud Miscreant, and fly me not; I will attack thee alone. Oh Beautiful and Ador'd *Dulcinea*, influence now thy Knight, I beseech thee! I come Cannibal, I come—Stay, stay, thou Monster.

[*Exit Don Quixote.*

San. Stay, stay; Ay you need not fear but the Windmill will stay for ye: D'sheart, he'll be knock'd o'th' Head now; and there's my Island gone before I come to't — Why Sir, Sir, come back for shame: Ah Plague of his mad Pate! What a Devil shall I do with him!

[*Exit Sancho after him.*

S C E N E II. *An Inn.*

Enter Perez and Nicholas.

Nicho. Gone from her Father's house?

Perez. Most certainly, and as 'tis thought in search of *Don Fernando*; who forgetting all his former Vows and Promises of Marriage to her, as common Fame reports, suddenly intends to wed *Luscinda*.

Nicho. *Luscinda*——Why 'tis in every one's mouth that she has long since been *Cardenio's* Mistress.

Perez. Ay, and more than that——has been betroth'd to him: but that's all one, the old Man her Father's Love of Money, *Luscinda's* Frailty——and *Don Fernando's* Treachery, has it seems brought my poor Niece *Dorothea* to this Distress; and poor *Cardenio* to a worse; who, as 'tis said, stark mad, runs wild amongst yonder Mountains of *Sierra Morena*.

Nicho. But leaving this discourse, now let's mind our new Affair that we agreed on last Night about *Don Quixote*, when we heard the two mad Fools, Master and Man, were gone a Knight-Erranting.

Perez. I have been cudgelling my Brains ever since, with studying how to retrieve 'em; for I confess it troubles

bles me, that a Man of clear Sense, good Learning, and sound Judgment, on all other Subjects and Affairs, should be so strangely bewitch'd upon the most ridiculous of all, Knight-Errantry.

Nicho. 'Tis indeed a strange Infatuation.

Perez. But I think I have employ'd my time very well to day in your absence; for whilst you have been enquiring which way the whimsical Knight is gone, I, and the old Woman his House-keeper, have been burning his Books.

Nicho. That was our last Resolve, I remember, and will no doubt contribute to his Cure; for 'tis most certain, that those Romantick Books of Knighthood and Poetry have been the main Cause of all his frantick Humours ——— But see, here comes mine Host.

Enter Vincent laughing.

Vinc. Hah, hah, ha, ha, ha.

Nicho. How now mine Host; What price bears Oats and Barley, hah? What new Ambassador, or noble Guest, with his large Pockets cram'd with Spanish Duckets, has made you so merry this morning?

Vinc. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ——— Oh my heart, Oh my Lungs, — ha, ha, ha, ha, Don Quixote, Don Quixote, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Perez. Why what of him ———

Vinc. The mad Fool has been charging a Windmill yonder, and swears 'twas a Giant: The Sails whisk'd him about like a rat in a mill-wheel, indangering his Neck every minute, till at last Fortune unwilling to spill the small quantity of Brains remaining, threw him some twenty yards off into a Fish-pond; ha, ha, ha, ha, Oh I shall burst, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Nicho. And where is he, prithee?

Vinc. Here just by, with his Booby Sancho; but the best Jest is, he persuades himself that 'tis all done by Inchantment of some Magician that owes him a spite, and that this Misfortune has happen'd only because he was not Knighted; and therefore has intreated me to do that Honour for him; calls me, Sir Constable, and my

my Lord; and my Inn, a Castle: and I am now going to get my Wife, my Daughter, and two or three other merry Fellows to assist me in the Ceremony, for I'm resolv'd to carry on the Jest; and if you'll stay with me till to morrow morning, you shall share in't.

Perez. With all my heart, the Diversion must needs be surprizing. Come, prithee let's go and find him out.

[*Exit Vin.*

Nicho. Oh yonder comes *Sancho*, first let's hear what he says.

Enter Sancho.

Sancho. Thanks be to good Luck——He has sav'd his Neck, however. Gramercy Fish-pond, our Adventures had all been at an end else, Faith; and so had my Government too, with all the noble Hopes of *Sancho's* Preferment: Yonder he is, as wet as a Water-Spaniel that has just been diving; and as angry, as if the Wind-mill had call'd him Coward, or Son of a Whore; and to provoke him more, had rail'd against Knight-Errantry.

Nicho. Oh, Neighbour, well met——Well, how goes matters? How fares our noble Friend, your Master? mine host tells us he has been fighting a devilish Giant yonder: Prithee how was't, for I am sure you must know.

Sancho. Tho I know no such matter, I'm resolv'd to banter the Barber however. [*Aside.*] Why 'tis even too true, Friend, 'twas a damnable Giant, his Name was *Garlick de Gambo*; and would you believe it, Neighbour, each Eye of him was as big as one of your Basons; each Tooth as long as one of your Poles, and as sharp as a Razor; his Chin had Beard enough to serve a whole Parish with Brushes; and his Mouth was as wide as your Shop-door, Neighbour: This is Truth, upon my Squirehood, I saw him.

Nicho. Bless us! Why this was prodigious: Come, let's go and congratulate him immediately.

Perez. The Lye is prodigious indeed. [*Aside.*] Ay, come, with all my Heart.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt Perez and Nich.*

Enter

Enter Hostefs.

Hostefs. Good luck betide us, have I found ye so merry at last ; there has been such a Noise within yonder, the House has been too hot to hold us : There's two Women, or Furies, (for I know not what to make of 'em) enquiring for ye : One of 'em has a Tongue louder than a fow-gelder's Horn : She says, she has come three Leagues after ye this Morning, and will have ye if ye are above Ground. She has a long lean wither'd Walnut-coloured Face ; she's as dirty as a Gipsy, and as ill-dress'd as a Rag-woman.

Sancho. Oh Plague, that must be my Wife by the Description ; and what kind of Creature is with her, prithee ?

Hostefs. A young Todpole Dowdy, as freckled as a Raven's Egg, with matted Hair, snotty Nose, and a Pair of Hands as black as the Skin of a Tortoise, with Nails as long as a Kite's Talons upon every Finger.

Sancho. Ay, that's my Daughter too, I know by her Cleanliness : I stole away from 'em with a design to my surprize Wife with a Countess-ship before she was aware ; but since they have found me out by the Scent, let 'em come in with a Pox to 'em. [*Exit Hostefs.*

Enter Teresa and Mary, weeping.

Teresa. Oh, Dromedary, thou founder'd Mule without a Pack-saddle ; or what other foul Beast shall I call thee, for Man thou art not, nor hast not been to me, Heaven knows the time when : Art not thou ashamed to see me, thou Nincompoop ?

Sancho. Why how now crooked Rib, how now Crocodile ; Can your Tongue wag this Morning ? Is the Matrimonial Horn-pipe tuning already ?

Mary. O Lord, Vather, why would you run away so, Vather ? And how do you think I shall get my new Pair of green Stockings home, and have my Sabbath-day Shoes mended, if you leave me and my Mother in this Fashion ? Oh, ho, oh. [*Howls out.*

Sancho. If any one wants a Pair of Marriage Bag-pipes,

I can sell him now a rare Bargain : A Man that had her for a Wife, and an Acre of Thistles, need not care which he burnt first. Oons, what a Coil is here ?

Teres. How have I deserv'd this, thou Man of the Devil ? Have not I been most true and loving to thee, mended thee weekly from Top to Toe, and taken as much Care of *Dapple* thy Ass, as if he had been born of my own Body ? Have I not clip'd the Bristles of thy Beard with Wife-like Patience, that no filthy Vermin might breed there ; and wash'd thee with my own Hands when thou hast been as full of Mire, as a Hog in a Highway ? Nay, and what's more, the last Night we were in Bed together, would I may never drink more, if I did not move to thee in the way of Kindness, whilst thou lay'st snoring like a drunken Carrier, and at last gav'st me a huge Thump, enough to spoil a Woman's Childing for ever after.

Sancho. Why, thou she Cormorant, thou Man-devourer, have I been beating the Conjugal Drum this twenty years, and dost thou blame me now for Snoring ? Oh Conscience, Conscience, where art thou ?

Mary. You don't do well, Vather, so you don't, to call my Mother such Names, she's no Drum ; lookee, slidikins, if any one else had call'd her a Drum, I'd ha' set my Nails in the Jaws of un.

Sancho. Here's a mettled Whore too ; 'sbud, a word or two more would make that young Cat set her Claws in my Face indeed.

Teres. Ay, you see the Child will take her Mother's part, however. Go to him *Mary*, speak to him Child, don't be afraid of his Whittle : Truth has a good Face, tho the Quoif be torn ; speak to him I say, *Mary*.

Sancho. Nay, *Mary's* an admirable Speaker, I'll say that for her ; Well, Offspring mine, *Mary* the Buxom, what say you, Humph ?

Mary. Why, I say, you shall go home with us now we have found ye, Vather ; I can't get the Cow home to night without ye : And there's a Bag of Barley must be carried to the Mill too : Gadfniggers, I'll hold fast by this Arm.

[Takes hold of his Arm.

Teresa.

Teres. And I'll stick close to t'other. [*Takes the other.*]

Sancho. So, now is here the true sign of the Marriage Mouse-trap; and I, a Pox on me, am the unlucky Vermin that's caught in't: I'm a notable Figure now, I believe, if my Picture were drawn: 'Sbud, you Man-Leaches, let go my hand; or, by my Hollidame——

Mary. O Lord you may'nt swear, Vather, the Devil will have you if you swear.

Sancho. And his Dam, there, will have thee, if thou follow'st her Advice, ye young Oaf. Here am I, that by seeking noble Adventures, am going to be an Earl; and in the twinkling of a Star to be able to make ye both Countesses: and yet this Devil of a Woman will be always crossing me, and damning her self to Clouted Shoes, and a Canvas Smock all days of her Life.

Mary. A Countess! O Lord, is that true Mother?

Teres. Phaw, waw, ne'er mind those great sounding Titles, Fool, they are a great deal too big for our Mouths, *Mary*; my Name has been always *Teresa*, and Good-wife *Panca*; and thou, time out of mind, hast been called *Moll*, or *Mary*; and at the latter end of my days to be called Countess, and I know not what, I shall die, I shall ne'er be able to bear it. [*Weeps.*]

Sancho. Why, there 'tis now; A Plague on't, who would put Honey into an Asses Mouth? I am making my self a Governor, and setting her upon Velvet Cushions of State, and this plaguy Woman of *Barrabas*, in spite of me, will sit bare buttock'd upon a Dunghill.

Mary. And do you say, that I should be a Governor's Daughter, and sit upon a Cushion too, Vather?

Sancho. Wowns, thou shalt be a Countess I tell thee in a Month's time, if that Adder there would leave her Hissing, and let me be quiet: I would marry thee in an instant to the great Lord Don *Whirligigario*, Son and Heir to the t'other great Lord Don *Wachum*: Thou shouldst walk in the Streets with thy Train held up, and two embroidered Lacqueys holding an Umbrel over thee, to keep thy amiable Phiz from Tanning.

Mary. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——oh Gemini, and that will fit my Humour to a Button, Vather: Well, the first

first thing I would do, should be to learn to be proud, and look scornfully; I warrant I'd carry my self like a Countess quickly.

Teresa. Alas, poor Mawkin, she's bewitch'd already; I find this Earldom will be the undoing of the poor Jade, do what I can: Why hear me, thou Father of Folly, thou wilful Corrupter of thy own Flesh and Blood: Does that Child look as if she could walk in State with her Train held up? 'Dsheart, 'twill give me the Gripes to hear how the Folks will laugh at her: Look how stately the Hoggruber goes, says one; she that was yesterday at her spinning Wheel, and went to Church with the Skirt of her Coat over her Head, to keep her from the Rain, has now a Tail three yards long, says another; and an Umbrel to defend her O'ive-coloured Countenance, with a Pox to her, says a third. This will be the cry all the Village over; therefore come away *Mary*, and don't be a Countess, Child.

Sancho. Call thy Mother Fool, *Mary* the Buxom, and be a Countess in spite of her: Remember thou art to be married, and breed a Race for the Honour of the *Pancas*; think upon the young Lord *Whirligigario*, Child.

Teres. Think upon thy self, *Mary*, remember thou hast sometimes worn Shoes, and sometimes none, Child.

Sancho. Crooked Logs make good Fires; think upon Don *Whirligigario*, *Moll*.

Mary. Ay, ay, Vather, I'm for Don *Whirligigario*, and there's no more to be said; but let my Mother sit bare buttock'd upon a Dunghil, if she will, I'll be a Countess.

Sancho. That's my good Girl; look'ee *Teresa*, the Court has given their Judgment, your Cause is lost in Course.

Teres. Well Satan, I know thou dost it to break my Heart, thou cruel Man; for the very hour that I shall see that Girl a Countess, will be the hour of my Death; I'm sure, the Jade will never be able to know her self, she'll be every minute hoydning and discovering her coarse Thread: Well, she's thy own, do what thou wilt with

with her ; but for my part, I'll ne'er consent to it, and so farewell : A Countess ! O Lord, I've no Patience to think on't. [Exit Teresa.

Mary. Good Lord, now is my Mother as rusty as an old Cow that has got the Belly-Ach, but I care not ; she dares not beat me, because she knows I'll beat her again. Well, de hear Vather, be sure you make me a Countess as soon as ever you can.

Sancho. I warrant thee, Girl ; and let thy Mother go and fume at home with the Smoke in the Chimney-corner : He that loses his Wife and Six Pence loses a Tester : Thou art my Darling, and shalt ere long be a Lady ; for she that has Luck has better than a good Estate in Reversion ; and the full Bags of Fools command Wise-Men for Followers. I by following Adventures intend to be a Governor ; and when I am so, I intend to make thee rich ; and when thou art rich, no body will say thou art Freckled, nor think thee a Dowdy.

*For Gold makes Country Joan look fare and bonny,
Tho old and chop'd, and skinn'd like Orange Tawny.*



ACT II. SCENE I. *Continues.*

Enter Perez with a Letter, and Nicholas.

Nicho.



AND are you sure, Mr. Curate, that your Letter is authentick, and that it says positively, your Niece *Dorothea* lives disguis'd amongst the Shepherds of *Cordoua* ?

Perez. 'Tis most certain, for the Discoverer of her is my particular Friend ; one of the best of that Quality too in all the Country, and has been often with me at her Father's House.

Nicho.

Nicho. 'Tis very odd, when this Devil Love gets once into a young Female Noddle, what Tricks and Gambols will it make her play : I had rather be oblig'd to tame a Hare in the beginning of *March*, and make it come to my hand, than any Woman in her Pride of Eighteen, if once she be touch'd with this loving Fury.

Perez. He writes me word here, he discover'd her one Evening by her Singing, for she can sing too like an Arch-Angle. The pretty Rogue was washing her Feet in a little Brook that runs just by his Cottage ; the Whiteness of which made him at first suspect her Sex, till viewing her Face nearer, he knew her perfectly, yet discover'd not himself, but follow'd her, and by that means found her Abode among the Shepherds.

Nicho. And how d'ye intend to get her thence ?

Perez. Occasion offers fitly ; to morrow will be the Funeral of *Chrysofom*, a young, witty and learned *English* Gentleman, that for the Love of a coy beautiful Virgin of these Precincts, call'd *Marcella*, put on a Shepherd's Habit to court her ; but she disdain'd him, he despair'd and dy'd. At this Ceremony will attend all the Shepherds hereabouts, and there will be a Dirge sung, with other Rural Games, made by a dear Friend and Country-man of his, call'd *Ambrosio*, in honour of the dead Man's Memory. Now among this Troop 'tis probable she comes, and I may then surprize her.

Nicho. 'Tis likely enough I confess ; and to assist a little, good Mr. *Curate*, I'll be there too ; and if the Clergy miss her, perhaps the Laity may come in for a Snack. But come, let's mind our present Diversion ; here comes mine Host, the Antick Ceremony of the Knighthood will be perform'd immediately.

Enter Vincent, Hostess, and Maritornefs.

Ah ! the Devil take all mad Fools : Was ever Man so plagu'd ? Come Wife, Daughter, and Gentleman, pray mind all your Instructions, that I may humour this frantick Ass with a sham Knighthood, and so get him out of my House, for I shall be undone if he stays a day longer in't. — He rose up in a Dream just now, and
fancying

fantasying he was fighting with Giants, falls a flashing two Bags of Red Wine, that stood up in a Corner, and has spilt twenty Gallons on't about the Floor. D'sheart! he has made me almost as mad as himself; therefore Wife, be sure you make haste, and remember your Part of the Ceremony,

Hostess. Ceremony! Hang him; Gad I'll charge him with a Constable, if he does not pay me for my Wine.

Perez. Ha, ha. O Neighbour! you must consider he's a mad Man.

Nicho. And such are not only excus'd from Civility but Law too.

Marit. He calls me Princess, Radiant, and Incomparable; and told me my Eyes glitter'd brighter than *Venus* or *Mercury*, with a World more of such Gibberish, that for my part, I thought the Devil was in the Man.

Vincent. Ay Gad, I'll get clear of him presently— Oh, yonder I see him; He's coming with his Armour to this Well, which he takes to be a consecrated Fountain, and therefore a Place fit to be Knighted in. Come, come all in, let's leave him to himself a little, whilst I go and get all my merry Grigs ready for the Song and Dance; we'll fool him methodically however. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter D. Quix. strip'd, and San. following, carrying his Armour, and laughing at him.

Don Q. Set down the Shell of my Renown, my Armour, that wondrous Case, that must defend this Body from vile Inchanters, Monsters, Giants, Furies; there, set 'em down by that most Holy Fountain, whilst, like a Tortoise, strip'd of her defence, I crawl about, and groveling, kiss the Earth, till Fate ordains the Honour to retrieve 'em. Go *Sancho*, go thou aside, my faithful Squire, and pray; Squires have no other Office in this Ceremony.

[*San. lays down the Armour.*]

Sancho. Why the truth on't is, Sir, you have nick'd me there to a Hair, for my whole Office has been to pray and fast ever since I came into your Service: I have told my Wife *Teresa* Wonders of ye, that I am to be an Earl and Governor, and the Devil and all; but the

the Horse next the Mill carries the Grift : Mischiefs come by the Pound, and go away by the Ounce : God send me a good Deliyerance, I say ; I am a Fool, I find it.

Don Qu. No, if thou would'st have thy self unravel'd, thou art a Mixture of Knave and Fool ; the Weights are often equal, but now, I think, the Fool weighs down the Balance : thou art now a silly desponding Varlet.

Sancho. Well, well, where nothing is, a little goes a great way ; and an old Dog will learn no Tricks. What a Devil d'ye call this Well a Fountain for ? And who the Devil consecrated it, unless it be two or three dozen of bald-pate Frogs I heard croaking in't ?

Don Qu. Hark, I hear 'em coming.

[A Martial Noise of Drums and Trumpets are heard within.]

Away, I say, and do as I command thee ; and if thou hast a Prayer better than ordinary, that treats of Knight-hood, and of brave Exploits, perform it with a Stomach ; do it, as thou usest to eat, voraciously.

Sancho. Why there's another véry pretty Task too, a thing that would baffle the whole Clergy, as I'm a true Squire, to pray as heartily as one can eat ; ds'bud, there's ne'er a Priest in Christendom can do't.

Don Qu. I have a shreud Suspicion that this Belly of thine, *Sancho*, will hinder thy Preferment ; whenever the Squire of a Knight-Errant gives himself to Eating, Honours fall off insensibly.

Sancho. Why then the Devil take all Honours ; a hungry Horse makes an ill Journey ; and half a Loaf is better than no Bread : rather than starve for a Governorship, I'll be plain with you, Sir——

Don Qu. Away, thou Prater ; I'll hear no more ; away, I say.

[Exit San. grumbling.]

Enter

Enter Drums and Trumpets sounding. Then enter Vincent, crowned with Laurel, and a Scutcheon in his Hand. Then Perez, Nicholas, Hostess, Maritornes, with Scutcheons. Then Singers and Dancers, representing Knights of several Orders, two and two, carrying Branches of Laurel. They march solemnly round Don Quixote, who kneels, whilst Vincent puts a Circle about his Head, and then speaks.

Vincent. Thou God that lov'st loud Drums that rattle,
Raw-Heads and Bloody-Bones, and Battle ;
That try't with Blows our Sense of Feeling,
Look down upon this Mortal kneeling ;
Grant him Honours, with Redundance,
Thumps, and Blows, and Kicks abundance ;
And when his Bones all broken be,
Be this the Type of Victory.

[Sticks the Scutcheon in his Circle. Don Quixote bows.]

Perez. Proud Giants let him better quell,
Than when he from the Windmill fell :
No more may Fish-ponds drench his Carcass,
Nor waggish Hosts make him a stark Ass.

[Sticks his Scutcheon. Don Quixote bows.]

Nicho. Let no Soul-broker have a Hand in
The Shaving of his Understanding.
Fame let him get at Tilt and Barriers,
And never more be swing'd by Carriers.

[Sticks his Scutcheon. Don Quixote bows.]

Hostess. Claret no more for Blood be spilling,
Nor no more costly Wine-bags killing ;
Left some hard-fisted Ostler flys on't, out !
Or angry Hostess scratch his Eyes out.

[Sticks her Scutcheon. Don Quixote bows.]

Maritor. May Dulcinea del Toboso,
That likes his tawny Phiz but so so,
By being in her Rigour lasting,
Get him more Honour, and more Basting.

[Sticks her Scutchen, and now all together round his Head, bear these Words, The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.]

Vincent. So, now remove him, whilst these Sons of Fame, these Knights that present the Times past Glory, perform the rest of this high Ceremony.

Here Hostess and Maritornes raise up Don Quixote, and lead him to the farther part of the Stage, and arm him. Then a Dance is perform'd, representing Knights Errant killing a Dragon: Which ended, they bring Don Quixote to the Front of the Stage.

Vincent. Now sing the Song in Praise of Arms and Soldiery.

S O N G.

SING all ye Muses, your Lutes strike around ;
When a Soldier's the Story, what Tongue can want
Sound ?

Who Danger disdains, Wounds, Bruises, and Pains,
When the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains.
Rich Profit comes easy in Cities of Store,
But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do roar.
Yet see how they run at the Storming a Town,
Thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half-Moon.
They scale the High Wall,
Whence they see others fall,
Their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory pursuing,
Tho' Death's under foot, and the Mine is just blowing.
It springs, up they fly, yet more still supply,
As Bridegrooms to marry, they hasten to die :
Till Fate claps her Wings, and the glad Tidings brings,
Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they're all Kings.
Then happy's she whose Face
Can win a Soldier's Grace ;
They range about in State,
Like Gods disposing Fate :
No Luxury in Peace,
Nor Pleasure in Excess,
Can parallel the Joys the Martial Hero crown,
When flush'd with Rage, and forc'd by Want, he storms
a wealthy Town.

Vincent.

Vincent. Ladies, the last great Honour now afford,
And arm the Champion with the Spurs and Sword.

Hofess. Let this bright Spur, with prickly Rowels,
That wounds thy Courser near the Bowels,

[*Putting on the Spurs.*

Mind thee, in thy Adventures thick,
How thou for Womens Rights should kick.
So Fortune, thou bold Knightly Tony,
Send thee more Wit, and me more Money.

Maritor. About thy Loins I gird this doughty Blade,
To fight thy Battels, and make Foes afraid:
Cudgel, and cudgell'd be, be no Man's Debtor;
The more that stupid Pate is maul'd, the better.
Thy Fate defends thee from the Pains of Killing;
Who has no Brains, is past all Sense of Feeling.

Vincent. Then lastly, with this Knightly Thwack,

[*Draws the Sword, and strikes him.*

And these about thy Sides and Back,
I Dub thee for an Arms Professor,
Champion for War, and Wrongs Redressor.
Once, twice, and thrice, now rise with Grace,
The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.

[*Don Quixote Rises.*

Don Q. Sir Constable, the Honour you have done me
devotes me to your Service during Life; shew me a Mon-
ster, Giant, or Inchanter, tho ne'er so huge or terrible, that
has wrong'd ye, and you shall see me make him do you
Justice, and lay his Recreant Head beneath your Feet.
And you great Princesses and Illustrious Beauties, that
this great Hour have done Don *Quixote* Honour, low at
your Feet your Knight offers his Homage. My grateful
Thanks likewise to you my Friends, by whom this Sword
and Arm shall always be commanded.

[*To Perez and Nicho.*

Perez. All Honour to the Son of Fame, and bright-
est Planet of Knight Errantry, Don *Quixote de la*
Mancha.

Nicho. May his Heroick Deeds make *Amadis du Gaul*
a Trifler.

Vicent. Don *Bellianis* of Greece, and *Felixmarte* of *Thriania*, be Mushrooms to the Pine of his tall Glory.

Don Qu. Good my Lord, your Excellence too much honours me ; and so does your fair Lady — of whom I must presume to beg one Courtesy — additional — which is — a Plaister — for with your Lordship's too much Zeal in Dubbing me, I humbly do conceive — my Head is broke.

Vincent. Most happy Omen !

Perez. Yes, if it bled three Drops.

Don Qu. It has three hundred, I feel 'em in my Collar.

Hostess. Run *Maritornes*, fetch the *Unguentum Album*.

Don Qu. Most Radiant Princess ! I shall trouble ye.

Marit. Why truly Sir, since you have made me a great Lady, I can't help being as proud as one ; and to send a Princess for a Plaister, is, in my Opinion, a little undecent.

Nicho. Oh, Madam, your Highness shall not need, I have one ready here in my Pocket. [*Pulls out his Box.*]

Enter Sancho hastily.

Sancho. Odsbodikins ! if ever you'll see a fine Sight as long as you live, come away quickly to the Inn-Door.

Perez. How now *Sancho* ? Where's your Obeifance to this Noble Knight ?

Sancho. Mum, Mum, I understand ye — Most Noble Emperor, that is to be, I kiss your Majesty's Foot.

Don Qu. 'Tis well, my Squire — but prithee what Sight is this thou hast seen at the Castle-Gate ?

Sancho. Why at the Castle-Gate then, since you will have it so, there's a dead Man walk'd by in more State, and with greater Noise after him, than a *London* Alderman, whose Soul is gone to Hell for Usury ; than he has, I say, when his Son and Heir hires a whole Troop of Blue-Coat-Boys to sing Psalms, and try if they can bawl it out again.

Vincent.

Vincent. Oh! 'tis the Funeral of *Chrysofom*, that dy'd for Love. My Lord Don *Quixote*, 'tis fit you should be there, perhaps some Adventure may shew it self.

Don Qu. Your Excellence counsels well; there may indeed; for now methinks I'm weary of soft Ease, and long for some Exploits to rouse my Valour. Now Giants, Monsters, tremble for I come,

[*They put on his Helmet.*

*To purge the World of Vice by powerful Arms,
In spite of Hell, and Necromantick Charms.*

[*Ex. Don Qu. and Sancho.*

Hostess. The Devil go with him: Must we lose our Money for our Wine after all then, for a Jest? Ds'life, I'll run after him, and fetch him back.

Perez. No, no prithee good Hostess let him alone now, I'll see thee paid upon the Word of a Priest; I'll be his Pledge for once: for out of Kindness to his Family, I intend very suddenly, by a Trick, to cure his Frenzy, and bring him home again.

Hostess. The word of a Priest; thank'ee good Sir, I desire no better Security for all the Wine in my Cellar.

Nicho. If there be any sport in't, you are sure of me, Mr. Curate.

Perez. Oh, thou art to be my chief Engine——but more of that another time; now let's to the Funeral, and if I can but find my Niece there.

Nicho. We'll fuddle mine Host to night in his own Castle, as Don *Quixote* calls it.

Vincent. Ah, wou'd I cou'd see that, my jolly Lads, I'd try your Forces, i'faith.

Maritor. And did not I do my Speeches purely, Mr. Curate?

Perez. Ay, little *Maritornes*, that thou didst, I assure thee.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *A deep Grove.*

Enter Dorothea alone, dress'd like a Shepherd in Mourning, and crown'd with a Cypress Garland.

Doroth. They come with Sighs, and as half dead with Sorrow,
Attend the Body of the wretched *Chrysoptom* ;
Whilst I, that seem to mourn another's Fate,
Dissolve in real Tears, to know my own.
Poor *Dorothea* ! Where are now the Comforts
That us'd to make thy Days divinely happy ?
Where now are Blessings from indulgent Parents,
That us'd to smile upon thy Morning Duty,
Kiss thy refreshing Cheeks, lean on thy Bosom,
And in soft Rapture, invoke Heav'n to guard thee ?
All gone, quite lost, thou'rt now a friendless Vagabond ;
Undone by Love, and by a Man betray'd ;
For who could else undo an innocent Maid ?
Forc'd in these Groves among the stranger Swains
To waste a woful Life,——Oh false *Fernando* !
But hush——no more, they come.——

[Goes to meet 'em.]

Then re-enter Dorothea with Ambrosio, and other Shepherds and Sheperdesses crown'd with Cypress ; then the Body of Chrysoptom follows on a Bier, crown'd with a Wreath, and cover'd with Flowers : They march in solemn Procession round the Stage ; then the Bier being set down in the midst of it, Ambrosio speaks.

Ambros. Thus to the Grave, the last Retreat of Mortals,
Has sad *Ambrosio* brought his dearest Friend :
Oh that he could revenge his hapless Death upon the
cruel Tigress that has caus'd it ! With what a pleasure
would I fly to execute ! Or could my Breath blow
Plagues among the Sex, and only amongst them, no
Male thing suffering, what Rapture should I feel ! But
slas ! I wish in vain ; no Pestilence can hurt 'em : One
poisonous

poisonous Viper cannot hurt another: A Woman is the Plague, the hottest Plague; and where they harbour, breed Contagion round 'em.

Doroth. To me I'm sure a Man has been a greater, and bred more desolation. [*Aside.*]

Enter Don Quixote and Sancho.

But good *Ambrosio*, was this fair Murdres thorowly satisfy'd of your dead Friend's Affection?

Ambros. Too too well, there past no Minute of stealing time, that he past unemploy'd to do her service; he was a Man, the brightest of her Sex, if they cou'd e'er consider, would be proud of; an admirable Scholar, rare Musician, Learn'd without Pride, and Valiant without Passion: The Elements were all so temper'd in him, that, except Love, his Breast was still and calm; no Gust within to ruffle his rare Judgment; so knowing too, and yet withal so modest, that tho his Reason could instruct great Teachers, he never thought himself the wiser Man.

1 Shep. He was indeed the Wonder of his Time.

Ambros. Oh ye immortal Powers! How comes it then that all this Worth is thrown away on Woman? Woman; that as the Poet nobly tells us,
Deceitful Woman, that will in time forestall
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

[*Don Quixote comes up to Ambrosio.*]

2 Shep. Bless us! What Romantick thing have we got here?

1 Shep. I know not, he looks like the Ghost of some murder'd King in a Tragedy: Prithee observe the tother too that comes slouching after him, that must be some rare Fellow by his Look.

2 Shep. By the Mass I admire him, I must go stare at 'em. [*They stare at Sancho, and Sancho at them.*]

Don Qu. I am, Sir, by Profession a Knight Errant, renown'd for righting Wrongs; my Name's *Don Quixote*, otherwise call'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*.

1 Shep. Faith 'tis I'll-favour'd indeed; there you are in the right, in troth, Sir Knight.

Sancho. And you must know I am the Renowned *Sancho Panca*, this Renowned Knight's Renowned Squire; and, all in good time, am to be a Renowned Governour.

Don Qu. I have with wonder heard some part of your Discourse, and therefore, as it is my Duty, make Request to know if you are wrong'd.

Doroth. Some Madman, sure.

Ambros. He looks no better. Sir Knight, who-e'er you are, if you'll have patience till we have perform'd the Funeral Ceremonies, I shall have time to answer, but till then——

Don Qu. With all my heart, most courteous Knight, and will assist my self.

Enter Perez and Nicholas.

Perez. He's got hither before us, I see.

Nicho. And I warrant they take him for some strange Monster: How they stare and grin at *Sancho*?

Ambros. Perform the Dirge, and let all other Rites be done in solemn Order: And oh thou dear best Pattern of true Friendship, accept this poor last Tribute from a Friend, whose Love to thee was boundless as thy Merit!
[Kisses Chrysoftom.]

Here a Song is sung by a young Shepherdes; then they all dance a Solemn Dance, expressing despairing Love; then Ambrosio, and others, lay Chrysoftom in the Grave; mean while a Dirge is sung by a Shepherd and Shepherdes.

S O N G.

I.

YOUNG Chrysoftom had Virtue, Sense,
Renown, and manly Grace;
Yet all, alas! were no Defence
Against Marcella's Face:

His

His Love, that long had taken Root,
 In Doubt's cold Bed was laid,
 Where she not warming it to shoot,
 The lovely Plant decay'd.

II.

Had coy Marcella own'd a Soub,
 Half beauteous as her Eyes ;
 Her Judgment had her Soul controul'd,
 And taught her how to prize :
 But Providence, that form'd the Fair
 In such a charming Skin,
 Their Outside made their only Care,
 And never look'd within.

DIRGE.

Sleep, poor Youth, sleep in Peace,
 Reliev'd from Love and mortal Care ;
 Whilst we that pine in Life's Disease,
 Uncertain Bless'dless happy are.
 Couch'd in the dark and silent Grave,
 No Ills of Fate thou now canst fear ;
 In vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r enslave,
 Or scornful Beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal Storms disperse,
 Far from thy happy Mansion keep ;
 Earthquakes that shake the Universe,
 Can't rock thee into sounder Sleep.
 With all the Charms of Peace possesst,
 Secure from Life's Torment or Pain,
 Sleep and indulge thy self with Rest,
 Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is thy fear of future Doubt,
 The Sun is from the Dial gone,
 The Sands are sunk, the Glass is out,
 The Folly of the Farce is done.

Ambros. Oh, I shall choak with a revengeful Spleen, against that curst she that robb'd me of this Jewel; each single Ray of whose transparent Virtue, out-shin'd a Million of those Counterfeits, those dull false Pebbles Women.

Doroth. My Uncle, as I live; how shall I shun him?

[*Exit.*

Perez. I'm sure 'tis she, I know her by that Blush.

Nicho. Follow her close, then the Game lies just before ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Don Qu. Sir, to me, there is no brighter Jewel than a Woman; and he that dares affirm my peerless Mistress, sweet *Dulcinea del Toboso*, is a Pebble, is but a Turf himself, and holds his Soul at nothing.

1 Shep. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is rare stuff.

Ambros. Some Officer sure grown frantick.

2 Shep. The Squire-Governour too looks with the same Air, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sancho. What a Plague do these Frogs in green Liveries grin at? A Knight Errant to these Fools now, I warrant, is as strange a Sight as a *Rhinoceros*: hoh, hoh, ha, ha. Laugh on, laugh on, Boobys; there's some difference sure between a Kite and a Pismire: What a Pox, Earldoms are not got by keeping of Sheep—hoh, hoh, hoh, hah.

Enter Marcella.

Don Qu. Hah, here's some wonderful Adventure. What beauteous Vision's this?

Sancho. Oons, if this should be some Empress or Queen now, and my Government at my Elbow before I'm aware.

Ambros. By Heaven 'tis she; the very charming Devil, that has done all this mischief.

Marcel. Great cause thou hast to wonder, rash *Ambrosio*, that I, who from my Infancy devoted to Solitude, have shunn'd all human Converse, should now un-ask'd, expose my Person here; but know I do it to defend my Honour against the poisonous slander of vile

vile Tongues, who render me the Cause of their Un-rest, and the late Death of thy ill-fated Friend.

Ambros. Oh! Tigress of more cruel and fell kind, than ever yet in *Africk* Desarts bred, canst thou defend thy self?

Marcel. Yes, and with Justice too; his Death was caus'd by his obstinate Folly.

Ambros. Of loving thee too well. Oh barbarous Women! The Sacred Powers above lent ye Beauty to give Delight, not kill, tho it had Power; yet you all, fill'd with the old Serpent's primitive Mischief, knowing that Power——convert it to our Ruin.

Marcel. Oh, silly Men, that knowing then our Mischiefs, will yet turn amorous Coxcombs to provoke us.

Ambros. Thou very Devil in an Angel's Shape, thou know'st it was the Fate of my dear Friend, he could not help his loving thee.

Marcel. Why then, thou very Fool in thy own shape, the less my Obligation; who is oblig'd to one for any Courtesy, that cannot help the doing it?

Ambros. Yet dost not pity him?

Marcel. Pity's the Child of Love; and I ne'er yet lov'd any of your Sex: I might have some Compassion for his Death; but still the Occasion of it moves my Mirth.

Ambros. The Occasion of it! Why thou strange Cruelty! Art thou not the Occasion? Did he not die for thee?

Marcel. For me! No, certainly. Was he not a Man, one grounded too in Knowledge, a Philosopher, dress'd in the Pride of all those glittering Arts that raise your Sex, you think, so much above us? Poor ignorant Women, I warrant he despis'd us in his Heart; Toys, Puppets, fashion'd only for the Pleasure, Mirth, and Convenience of lordly Man; and could he die for Love? Fie! 'tis impossible! Who ever knew a Wit do such a thing?

Ambros. Triumphant Mischief; have you no Remorse?

Marcel.

Marcel. I rather look on him as a good Actor ;
That practising the Art of deep Deceit,
As Whining, Swearing, Dying at your Feet,
Crack'd some Life Artery with an Overstrain,
And dy'd of some Male Mischief in the Brain.

San. Ah plague, I find now this is no Queen ; this
Woman is too much a Tattler to be of any great
Quality.

Don Qu. Peace, Bottlehead.

Ambros. Oh ! that some Power wou'd bless me with
a Charm, to plague thy Heart as thou hast tortur'd
his ; that thou might'st feel the force of those hot
Flames, that burnt the Life out of the Noble *Chry-*
soptom.

Marcel. But since your Words have no bewitching
Arts,

No Charm your Person, nor your Eyes no Darts ;
Happy *Marcella*, who no Danger fees,
Untouch'd by Love, does neither burn nor freeze.

Ambros. His Merit, tho not mine, would inspire Love
In any generous Woman.

Marcel. That's as she priz'd it :
Men will be vain, and value their own Parts ;
But 'tis our Fancy that bestows our Hearts.
Merit is what we love ; sometimes a Fool
Out-does the Philosopher in a Woman's School ;
But if she's wilful, and has no Remorse,
Believe me, Fool, 'twill be in vain to force.

Ambros. Heaven ! Why did our Creation come by
Women ?
Can Mankind be no other way increas'd ?

Marcel. No other way ; so set your heart at rest.

Ambros. We doubt 'em, even whilst in their Arms
we lie ;

Prospect of Cares we find, but none of Joy.

Marcel. Pish——Now I laugh at ye, you know you
lye : [Smiling scornfully.]

Beauty, you as your greatest Blis pursue,
Feign what you can ; nay, Fool, we know it too.

Fair

Fair is my Face, my Liberty my own ;
I will accept no Love, nor promise none :
Nor pity any would my Peace betray,
Tho there should die ten thousand in a Day.

Ambros. Once to revenge this Lover that lies dead,
Grant ye, Immortal Powers, that I may wed ;
I'll quell the Pride of your Rebellious Race,
Form Woman new, and make her know her Place.

Marcel. Hear him, sweet Heaven, and let his Con-
fort be

Arm'd with another Soul like that in me ;
A Soul that too fond Passion ne'er confin'd,
But knows the Cheats of all his cozening Kind :
Your Rage, weak Sir, will slenderly prevail,
My Rule's effectual, and it cannot fail.
Our easy Natures oft with Pride you vex ;
But know that I was born to plague your Sex,
Form'd to attract, and featur'd to excel :
Beauty's a Charm 'gainst which you want a Spell.
When Heaven conveys such Influence to you,
Correct with awful Frowns, and make me sue ;
But whilst your Fate's submitted to my Sway,
I know my Power, and Men shall obey. *[Exit.]*

Ambros. D'ye hear the Insolent, Shepherds, you that
were Friends to the brave *Chrysofom* ? 'Sdeath ! Shall
she brave us thus ! For shame run some of ye, and
bring her back ; let's make her have some Sense of her
Barbarity, at least.

*[They offer to follow her, and Don Quixote draws
and opposeth.]*

Don Qu. Let no one dare to follow her on his Life :
I find she does but Justice to her Sex, that are too often
much abus'd by ours ; therefore, as I profess my self
Knight-Errant, 'tis fit that I protect her.

2 Shep. You protect her, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don Qu. Knights, I will do't, and more than that
against ye all.

San. That he will, Frogs, and against a hundred
more of ye, for all your grinning.

I *Shep.* Oons ! What do the Bedlams mean ? Come Friends, let's bind 'em, and put 'em into the dark, the Fools are distracted.

Don Qu. I'll try how found your Senses are, Sir *Dog-bolt.* [*Fight here, and Don Quixote and Sancho beat 'em all off; then re-enter Don Quixote and Sancho, strutting.*]

San. There's for your grinning, Rogues ; I think I am even with ye now. Woons ! What a fine thing Fighting is, when a Man is sure of having the better of it ? And what a delicate Difference there is between a Toledo Blade and a Sheep hook ? But come, Sir, let's get away, for fear they rally. 'Sbud, I think I behav'd my self bravely.

Don Qu. Why troth, if thou couldst but keep thy Eyes open a little better, thou might'st in time come to do something : But, a Plague on thee, thou fight'st as a Crab crawls, backwards ; for instead of giving 'em a side-long Thump just now, if I had not stepp'd quick aside, thou had'st struck my Knighthood o'er the Pate : But however, thou mean'st well, I dare swear ; and, I believe, fight'st as well as thou can'st.

*And he's no braver that subdues an Host,
Than he is that stands still and keeps his Post.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



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

*The Inn.**Enter Perez and Dorothea.**Doroth.*

H, I beg ye for my Mother's sake, or if ever you lov'd poor *Dorothea*, when with her prattling Infant Innocence, and springing Beauty in its early Blossom, she us'd to please; by both I do conjure you, let me not see my Father.

Perez. Trust to me: You must to your past Crime add a greater, by hateful Disobedience.

Doroth. Oh! I shall die with Shame. Alas! I left him alone, unfriended, warp'd with Age and Sorrow! That good Old Man! That kind indulgent Father; I shall never dare, forlorn as now, to meet his Eyes again! Barbarous *Fernando*! That false cruel Tyrant, pleas'd with the Spoils of my dear Virgin Honour, has ravish'd that bless'd Sight for ever from me.

Perez. Had you no Contract from this false *Fernando*?

Doroth. In Vows and Oaths a thousand; I was too artless to desire him more: Heavens! He would swear till he was black in the Face; dissemble six long hours by the Clock; and when he vow'd the Truth of his Affection, the Protestations came so fast and thick, so fierce withal, and eager in expressing, that I've been fain to let him kiss and breathe, for fear the thronging Lyes should suffocate him.

Perez. Yet after all this, to pretend to marry *Luscinda*; nay, forge a false Letter from her, to her betroth'd Love *Cardenio*, implying, she had deserted him; and then
sacrile

facrilegiously steal her from a Nunnery, to which she fled for Sanctuary, is such a Stain to his Nobility, as wants Example; and rather than not have Justice done thee, Girl, I resolve the Court shall know it.

Doroth. To marry *Luscinda*, there's the Dart that stung me! Oh, let all Virgins by my Fate take Warning, and never more believe that faithless Sex.

Perez. Come, no more Tears; a Cause so just as thine can never want an Advocate.

Doroth. 'Twas that Heart-breaking News that stabb'd me most; so that forgetting Father, Sex, and Honour, in this Disguise I was resolv'd to seek him, and either cause him to perform his Vows, or die in the pursuit of my Desire.

Enter Nicholas.

Perez. The Lady *Luscinda* shall be instantly inform'd of his Treachery; and what Interest I can make against him, thou art assur'd of: Come let's about it—— How now, thy Face seems to have some surprize in't. Is there any News stirring?

Nicho. Yes, and some that will surprize you indeed, or I'm mistaken: As I was standing at my Post without, to give you the better opportunity of Discourse, who should I see below at the Inn-door, but Don *Fernanda*, and in the Habit of a Nun, a Lady with him?

Perez. Strange Fortune! Art thou sure 'twas he?

Doroth. Oh Heaven, how my Heart throbs?

Nicho. I saw his Face, and also guess the Lady to be the Fair *Luscinda*; there's some strange difference between 'em, for by her Actions she seem'd much dissatisfy'd: hark, they are coming up this way; step but into the next Room, you may discover more.

Perez. Do so, good Niece, and let's observe 'em; then when thou seest thy opportunity——appear, and charge him boldly; I'll not be far off.

Doroth. Nay, I'll will speak to him, tho Death attends it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Fernando, and Luscinda in the Habit of a Nun.

Luscin. Is there no end of your Impiety? Have Nunnery Walls, strong Gates, nor Iron Bars, nay, nor the Deity ador'd within, to whom I fled for help in my Distress, not Power enough to hinder one Man's Wickedness? You sacred Powers, have you forgot your Justice, that you send none to succour poor *Luscinda*!

Fernand. The Powers you speak of, Madam, that knew what's better for ye than you did for your self, you see assisted me in my Design.

Luscind. Oh impious Wretch! Dare you think Heaven assisting in wicked Actions? No, 'twas the Aid of Hell, in some curst Minute, when all good Angels slept, or else stood neuter.

Fernand. Hell, Madam; what has Hell to do in Love-affairs? The Devil is Foe profess'd to Amity; no, my sole Aid was my own prosperous Genius, Courage t'attempt, and Fortune to succeed; this gave me power to scale your Nunnery Walls, and recompense my Love with spoils of Beauty.

Luscind. Have you no Conscience. You are of noble Blood, and in your Veins should run a stream of Virtue, that should distribute Justice thro' your Soul; *Cardenio* was your Friend, my betroth'd Husband, and in severing us, you do not only fix a foul Stain upon your House's Honour, but violate the Laws of all Humanity.

Fernand. Why then let that most great and strong Omnipotence, that, to my Fame's Confusion, makes me love, answer for all my Crimes: I love *Luscinda*, and 'tis in vain to tell me the Mischiefs I have done, I know 'em all; I know I have been treacherous to *Cardenio*, false to my Friend, but 'twas for Love of thee; I own I forg'd a Letter in thy Name, which caus'd his sad Distraction and Ruin, but thou wer't still the Cause; nay, more than that thy Beauty, made me a Traitor to an innocent Virgin; forget my Vows, break all my Oaths and Promises, and leave her pregnant with heart-breaking Sorrow, and Love's dear Load, the Trophy of my Conquest, to follow still my headlong Fate and Thee.

Luscind.

Luscind. Oh Heaven ! And can you own all this without a Blush, a scarlet Blush, to stain your Cheeks for ever ?

Fernand. Why should I deny it ? I still have too much Honour to dissemble : I've told this Truth only to let thee see, the power of thy Attractions and my Love. Think what the Man would do for thee, when his, that could do all these mighty Ills to get thee. If thou wouldst have me virtuous, do but love me, the Miracle is wrought ; for 'tis a sacred Verity, What Sins foe'er Love drives me to commit, thou art the certain Cause. And since I know the Scruple, which the Priests call honourable, affects you Women more than Love or Fortune ; take there my hand, and be this hour my Wife ; I vow it most religiously.

Luscind. No, kill me rather, and wed me to the Grave. I'll die a thousand Deaths, rather than falsify one Sacred Vow, or the least Particle of plighted Faith to my beloved *Cardenio*.

Fernand. Keep then that Faith for him, give me but the Reward that my Desire and Services deserv'd, and I'll be satisfied.

Luscind. Vile Wretch, would you dishonour me ?

Fernand. Not I, by Heaven ; your stubborn Obstinacy and faulty Noise, these may perhaps dishonour ye ? not I ; I'll be as secret as the Virgin's Blush, that with a rosy Tincture paints her Cheeks, when trembling she consents.

Luscind. You will not force me, rash as you are, young and ungovernable ; you dare not be so base ?

Fernand. O thou needst not fear it, thou wilt be kind and give me no occasion : I must confess, it is not with my liking to cater for my Love as Satyrs do ; Beauty's most sweet to me that's won with Patience, Heart-burnings, Dangers, Plottings, and Contrivances : I'll wait on thee and watch thee into yielding, tire thee with Sighs, and mould thee soft with Kisses ; dress the dear Banquet with industrious skill, that I may hereafter feed with greater pleasure.

Luscind.

Luscind. Come, come my Lord, let Reason take its place, and let these flowing Tears quench your hot Blood; remember who you are, what I am too, then you must do me Justice.

Fernand. And you must do it me. Remember who thou art: I do most sensibly; thou art mine by a double Right, by your Father's Consent first, and next by Stratagem. You'll urge, perhaps, you are betroth'd t'another, fled to a Nunnery to perform your Vow; and I that forc'd you from it, act strange Sacrilege: but I, sweet Creature, am not of that opinion. Are those dear Eyes that warm all Hearts——with Passion, that lovely Face and Body, fit for a Nunnery? Fie, Sweet, 'tis Contradiction to the Intent of Providence, that gave thee Beauty to delight and love. A Nunnery Air in two days time would kill thee, make thy plump Youth lean as Anatomy, and Prayer would waste thee into a Consumption.

Luscind. Ah! never think to move me with your Fallacies. I'm fix'd as Fate.

Fernand. 'Twas Sacrilege to Love, not to have freed thee; and Treason to my self, had not I lov'd: As for the Failure to my Friend, 'tis trivial; when Beauty charms, Friendship avails but little; and, I may think, had the occasion offer'd, *Cardenio* would have done the same to me.

Luscind. Oh no, he was too good, too true a Friend. See me, my Lord, thus prostrate at your Feet; if ever Pity lodg'd within your Bosom, if Human Nature, or the Sense of Honour, have not quite left your Soul, and the Brute enter'd, by all the Sacred Powers I do implore ye to desist from your bad purpose; for be assur'd, I never will consent. [*Luscinda kneels and weeps.*]

Fernand. What sudden shock was that? A Bolt of Ice, methought, shot thro' my Heart: I'm cold, as if an Ague Fit had seiz'd me: Hah, What am I doing? What lovely Tears are those? I find I'm but a squeamish Whore-master, I am not harden'd enough to go thro' with't.—Ah! that sparkling Glance has shot new Fire again into my Soul, and I would dwell upon this Breast

Breast for ever. Oh thou great God of Love, that rul'st our Passions, command'st our Wills to baffle Reason, Honour, Virtue, Religion, Fame and all Morality, influence her Bosom with thy hottest Flame, and let her feel thy Power!

Enter Dorothea.

Doroth. I am come.

Fernand. Hah———What art thou?

Doroth. I am what you call'd for, Love; or if you please to have me use another Nomination, to express all tender Attributes of Passion, in Sorrows, Sighs and Tears; I'm *Dorothea*.

Fernand. *Dorothea!* By Heaven, 'tis she dropt out o'th' Clouds, I think!

Luscind. A very Angel, sure, sent to relieve me.

Doroth. I am a Messenger from him you invok'd, who gives you strict Commands to obey his Laws, and, in a more especial manner, Constancy; for Breach of that his dreadful Vengeance punishes much more than all the rest: this I am come to tell ye.

Fernand. You are come very opportunely indeed, you have nick'd the time, that I must needs say.

Doroth. Oh my dear Lord! the Joy I have to see ye, exceeds my Sorrow to have heard what's past, for I have heard it all.

Fernand. Why then you have heard enough in Conscience; a Plague of my hot Head, that could not consider the Inconvenience of a damn'd Inn, when a Love-Intrigue was going forward———so then I know I must expect your Hatred.

Doroth. Oh Heaven! my Hatred? What for a small Frailty, a slight Forgetfulness, which all young Men have naturally, when their Loves are absent? To remedy which, and to prevent such Danger, in this Disguise, thro' Groves and Plains I've sought ye; left Parents, Kindred, Friends, and all the World, to follow my dear Lord.

Fernand.

Fernand. And now ye have found me, shall I beg one Favour?

Doroth. You may command my Life.

Fernand. 'Tis this then—— to leave me instantly.

Doroth. Ah, that's not in my power till I am dead; I'm bound by Oath, as you are, to the contrary: but that I e'er can hate ye, is impossible; no, no, my Lord, what would make other Women loath and desert, has no effect on me; what tho I see you cling to that young Beauty, doat on her Looks, and languish for her Favours, it moves not me, I know too well my Power; I am as fair as she, as young, as charming, form'd for the Pleasure of my dearest Lord; blest'd too with Virtue, Constancy, and Duty equal to her, or any of my Sex; and when he pleases, he'll return to me: in the mean time, I will not grudge the Kisses he gives others, but love him for my own.

Luscind. You shall have small occasion, Madam, to grutch me.

Doroth. I know it, Madam, for you are wise and fair, and know to take another's Right's injurious; this is my Lord, my Dear, my betroth'd Husband.

Fernand. So, now all's out; I never was so trick'd in all my life; I know not what to say to her.

Doroth. Madam, I hope you will not think me rude, if I desire a little Privacy; I have a thousand passionate things to say fit for no Ear but his.

Luscind. With all my Soul. [*Is going, and he stops her.*]

Fernand. Oh! I must beg your pardon, the Jest must not go so far neither.

Doroth. Nay, let her go, my Lord, am not I here, the happy she that you were once fond of? What can you seek from her I cannot give you? Remember, oh remember, the dear Hours, when with transporting Passion you have sued for such an opportunity, when every Visitant was irksome as a Fever, each flying Minute tedious and too long, and all your Prayers and Wishes were address'd to invoke Night, that we might be alone; and can I now be troublesome?

Fernand.

Fernand. S'death I shall ne'er hold out: I find I'm softning; her pretty pleading Eyes and charming Tongue melt me, I know not how.

Luscind. Bless'd Accident! there's Pity in his Look; she wins upon him. [*Aside.*

Doroth. Madam, my Lord has thought on't now, and you may retire, if you please.

Fernand. Art thou resolv'd to ruin thy self? Darest thou provoke my Anger?

Doroth. Not by my Will, Heaven knows: I'd lose my Life to please ye.

Fernand. Too credulous Fool! How couldst thou believe I would affront my Quality, by mixing with thy Lowness?

Doroth. I was not basely born; besides, could boast a noble Value in my Face and Virtue, which made Don *Fernando* think me worthy of him, and raise me to his Love, which, while Life lasts, I will preserve for ever.

Fernand. Why, wilt thou add to my Misery by obstinacy? Poor Creature, I shall kill thee.

Doroth. Why then, no harmless Dove, or tender Infant, will ever die so patient: Death I long have courted, and should you stab my too fond Heart this instant, you should perceive me smile to meet the Blow; make me your Slave, put round my Neck a Chain, wear my poor Arms with Fetters to the Bone, torture this Body where your Image lies with Cruelties unpractis'd; and what's worse than all, before my Face, act Kindness to another.

You are my Fate, which still I must pursue.

To shew the World what constant Love can do.

Fernand. And might I chuse a Wife 'mongst yon bright Host of radiant Angels, thee I'd prefer before 'em:

[*Runs and embraces her.*

Oh thou dear Charmer, thou hast once more won me, cur'd my dull Sight, and made me see my Folly; shot thy Perfections to my Heart so strongly, they shall live there for ever!

Doroth. Oh killing Joy!

Luscind.

Luscind. Ay, now, my Lord, I honour ye, this was a noble Conquest o'er your Passions.

Fernand. Ah, Madam, 'tis with shame I bend my Knee to beg your Pardon for my brutal Folly; I was enchanted, mad.

Luscind. Not more my Lord, you have it.

Fernand. Heaven! what a thing is Man when Reason leaves him? But I'll retrieve my Fame by my new Services; I'll seek *Cardenio* out, heal his Love-sick Frenzy, and fraught with Joys, present him to your Arms.

Doroth. Sure without some allay, my heart can't bear these Transports of true Pleasure.

Fernand. By Heaven, my Breast is so overcharged with Joy, there is no room for Thought: Call all below there, I'll have a thousand Witnesses of my new Contract and repeated Vows.

Doroth. My Uncle *Perez*, that with diligent Care found me among the Shepherds, is within, and waits with Impatience, I know, my coming out.

Fernand. That good Man then shall join our Hands this Instant fast, fast, for ever: Lead the way, *Luscinda*, whilst I and my unvalued Blessings follow. Oh my best Life! How could I talk of killing thee, thou tenderest sweetest Good! but with Love's Balm

I'll heal the Hurt my rude Expressions gave;

I was thy Tyrant, but am now thy Slave. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Mountains and Rocks at the end of the Deep Grove.

Enter a Barber with a Bason on's Head, and carrying Trimming Instruments, followed by Don Quixote, and Sancho mounted at distance.

Barber Sings, With my Strings of small Wire, &c. Odsdiggers—— This was a rare Contrivance to keep me from the Rain, the Shower would have pepper'd me else, Faith.

Don

Don Qu. Stand, insolent Knight, and yield that precious Helmet, or thou diest

Barber. Helmet! O Lord? what d'you mean, Sir? what Helmet?

Don Qu. That which thou bearest, Wretch; the golden Helmet of *Mambrino*.

Barber. *Mambrino*! Ds'heart, Sir, I know no such Man; I am a Barber, Sir, and going to trim a Gentleman in the next Town here; I never use a Helmet; this is nothing but a Bason, Sir.

Don Qu. Hah, darest thou dispute? Prepare then for the Combat.

[Goes to thrust at him.]

Barber. Help; Murder, Murder; ds'heartlickins, is the Devil in the Man? [Runs off, and let's the Bason fall, and Don Quixote takes it up.]

Sancho. Hey day, what a Plague are you doing now? Zoons! will he rob the poor Barber?

Don Qu. What Barber, Jolthead? Do'st not see the Treasure I am Master of, for which I've watch'd so many Nights and Days, and oft resolv'd to lose my Life, or purchase? This is the precious Helmet of *Mambrino*, Rascal, which I have got as the spoils of Victory, from the Renown'd Knight of the Three Roses.

Sancho. From the Knight of the three Razors, you have indeed.

Don Qu. Is it not rare? Do'st not admire the Workmanship.

Sancho. Why, troth Sir, the Bason I must needs say is as clever a Bason as a Man would desire to be lather'd in; but as for any great Workmanship that I see in the Bason——

Don Qu. Bason! what Bason, Sot? I tell thee 'tis a Helmet.

Sancho. A Helmet, ha, ha, ha, ha; what, is this a Helmet?

Don Qu. A famous one, and made of *Spanish* Gold, in Value worth a Province, only there wants a Beaver.

Sancho. Only you want Brains rather, say, ha, ha, ha, ha. And so this Helmet, you say, is all Gold, so is it?

Don Qu. Of purest Gold, by Art too made impenetrable.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, very good; why then I know where the Wind sits: but, Of little meddling comes great Ease; Let not the Fault of the As be laid upon the Pack-saddle; Every Herring must hang by its one Gills; and He that hears much, and speaks not at all, is welcome both in Bower and Hall; and, He that—

Don Qu. And he that has the Tail and Cloven Feet, take thee for a Block-head: Art thou stringing thy Proverbs again, and a Pox take thee, without Head or Tail to 'em? Look out there, *Dolt*, and see who's coming; if my Eyes dazzle not, here's an Adventure will give occasion to employ this Helmet.

Sancho. Pray Heaven we meet no more Carriers; my Bones ake still with the last Combat of Honour: but I think, if my Eyes inform right, here's no great fear of a Quarrel, these People are all bound to the Peace already.

Enter Palameque, Quartrezzo, Lope Ruez, Marinez, Tenorio, and Gines de Passamonte, chain'd as Galley-Slaves, with two Officers, and other Soldiers, guarding them.

Don Qu. Bless me; what Scene of Cruelty is this? Dost thou observe how they have chain'd and bound these honest People?

Sancho. Honest People! What a Plague, are ye blind again? Zoons! don't you see that these are Rogues, condemn'd for some notorious Crimes, and forc'd by the King to serve in the Gallies?

Don Qu. Force, *Sancho*; the King can force no Body; I must examine this.

Sancho. Nay, if you come to examining once, here's like to be fine Work.

1 Officer. *Pedro*, go before to the Inn, at the bottom of the Hill yonder, and bring hither some Wine and a Manchet, that we may refresh a little; the Heat of the Day, and the Dust have almost choak'd me. [*Ex. Pedro.*

Come you, Sir Thief, of more than common mark, what

what [*To Gines*] are you employing your self about? What are you gnawing of your Chain, hah?

Gines. Gnawing it? Why d'ye make an Ostrich of me? Dy'e think I can digest Iron? Confound the World, you know well enough, I suppose, the strength of the Necklace I wear here, or you would not be so rusty; I should teach you another manner of Speech, if my ten Pickers were at Liberty: But come 'tis well enough, there's no more to be said.

I Offic. Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave swelling, lest I make St. *Andrew's* Cross upon your Pate.

Don Qu. By this Man's Inhumanity, *Sancho*, I do perceive these Wretches have great need of my Assistance; therefore I have some thoughts to free 'em.

Sancho. The Devil you will.

Don Qu. It falls out fitly for my Knightly Function to succour the Distressed; therefore no more of your Proverbial Fooleries. I tell thee, I'll make them free as Air.

Sancho. O Lord, O Lord! Why, pray, Sir, consider a little; you are going to free these Rogues from the Gallies, and the Holy Brotherhood will send us thither in their places; oh that ever I was born! Oons, consider, good Sir, consider what you are doing.

Don Qu. Thou foulest Insect, canst thou fear the Brotherhood, when I am by thee? Follow me, I say, and courageously too, or by the Star of my Hopes, my fairest *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I'll spit thee like a Frog.

Sancho. Oh what will become of me? 'sheart, I shall have that grim Fellow's Sword in my Guts within this two Minutes.

Don Qu. Captain, as a Knight-Errant, on whose Sacred Office depends the Laws of executing Justice, and consequently to be well informed in the Case of the Afflicted, I request to know the reason why these Men are carried thus; for if my Judgment has inform'd me right, 'tis much against their Wills.

I Offic. Against their Wills, Sir, why troth, I think there need no great dispute to be made of that: I suppose there are few Malefactors so very stouthearted to go to the Gallies with their own Consent.

Don Qu. Generous Sir, your Answer is ingenuous; and I beseech you therefore, give me leave to add a little to this Obligation, and know from you, before you pass on farther, the nature of their several Crimes.

Sancho. So, he's got into his Examinations, and the Devil can't hinder him.

Offic. The Nature of their Crimes, ha, ha, ha;

[*Viewing Don Qu.*

What has he got on his Head there, a Bason? Who the Devil is this Scare-crow, I wonder? a Man would take him for one of the Knights of the Round-Table, if 'twere not for his Brazen Head-piece there. [*Aside.* The nature of their Crimes, ha, ha, ha, ha; why faith, Sir Knight, or Sir Errant, or what you please to call your self, I'm not at leisure to give you a six hours Information of their several Affairs; but if you think fit to take a brief Relation from themselves, there they are, I shall have patience till my Comrade comes; and so your Servant, good Knight of the Bason; ha, ha ha.

Don Qu. Captain, your Courtesy obliges me. Well Friend, [*To Palam.*] what adverse Planet, or odd turn of Fortune, has made thee wear that Collar, hah?

Palam. Love, Sir.

Don Qu. Love! Can there be such Barbarity in Nature, to chain the Brave, and make 'em Slaves, for Loving? Heavens, I my self had been long since in the Gallies if Love had been a Crime that could condemn me: No, no, dear Brother, set thy Heart at rest, whilst there's a Lover's Arm, and conqu'ring Sword to strike in thy Defence, for this thou shalt not suffer.

[*Embracing the Slave.*

Palam. Ay, but good Sir, your Patience; my Love, was not the sort that you conjecture, for you must know, Sir, I was in love with a Parcel of Gold Plate, and that so desperately, that hugging on't too closely, had not the Commissary took me napping, I believe we had joined Affections till this hour.

Sancho. Look'e, Sir, the Lover there has open'd his Case very plainly; *He that handles a Thorn shall prick his*

Fingers: Your dear Brother has told ye he's no better than a Thief, in few words.

Don Qu. The Function discovers Wit in't however, Blockhead; and History tells us, some have made themselves great by't. The wise *Lacedamonians* had none but Thieves in their Privy-Council; but let that pass now. My young Stripling, what say you to th' matter? How came you strung here? What brought your Neck to th' Yoke?
[To Lope Ruez.]

Lope. The King's Evil, Sir.

Don Qu. How so? Can the Law punish thee for a Disease.

Lop. No, no, Sir, want of Money and ill Friends, that's the Evil I mean.

Don Qu. Gad thou'rt in the right, Brother, that's a King's Evil indeed.

Sancho. So, that's his Brother too, he'll pick up a World of Relations amongst these honest People.

Lope. My fault was nothing, only a slip o'th' Tongue, a little Perjury, or so; but having no Money, and a damn'd covetous Lawyer, that would let no Man swear falsely but himself, I could not get it off, so was sent hither.

Don Qu. 'Twas hard, troth Brother; but come to the next in Order, What says your thoughtful Neighbour here? What's he in for?
[To Quartrezzo.]

Quart. Why, for a few hot Words the Law call'd Treason; I hate the Government, and I spoke my Mind.

Don Qu. There's a brave Fellow for ye now!

Sancho. Oh! a very brave Fellow indeed! — damn'd Rogue, I warrant; the Gallows groans for him.

[*Aside.*]

I Offic. His Brother, there too, has the self-same Kidney; there are not two such Traitors in all *Spain*.

Don Qu. Gad a mettled Fellow that too, I warrant him; and who knows but some villainous Lye of some Court Pimp or other, has brought him into this Condition? Gad, I have seen many a Priest that has not had so honest a Look.

Sancho.

Sancho. Nay, he's an extreme honest Person without doubt—Oh Lord, now do I begin to tremble.

Don Qu. But come to the Text : What says my old Friend here? What unkind Star, what strange Malevolence brings that grey Beard to this Calamity? Thy Aspect does seem wise, and I should guess thy Occupation has been noble too.

Tenorio. It has, Sir, and most antient : I have been now this fifty years a Bawd, but that brought me not here, Sir ; 'twas foolish Curiosity to know Simples, dealing in Herbs, Wax, crooked Pins, and Needles; which the Vulgar said they found in Sheep and Children ; this brought me hither. To be plain, Sir, I am hamper'd now for Witchcraft.

Sancho. Oh ! A small matter, a thing of nothing.

Don Qu. For Witchcraft, Umph ! 'Twas there then the Devil ow'd thee an ill turn : Thy Bawding Trade was honourable enough ; great Ministers and Court-Matrons have been Bawds ; the Occupation is of antient standing. But now to th' last ; here is, methinks, a Fellow that has a written Volume in his Face of Actions wonderful, chain'd more too than the rest : The Reason, Captain ?

I Offic. The Reason : Why, the Reason is, because that's the very Devil of a Fellow ; his Name is *Gines de Passamonte*, a most notorious Villain, that has done more Mischief alone than all the rest have : and, besides, so plaguy strong, that we are not sure he's fast enough, for all he's chain'd so.

Don Qu. 'Faith he's a fine Person to look on ; his Face and Whiskers wou'd become Knight-Errantry extremely : pray look up, Sir, and as the rest have done, be pleas'd to tell me how the Gallies chance to be honour'd with your Company.

Gines. Oh, Sir, for that your humble Servant ; 'tis no new thing to me : they have been honour'd with that before now, Sir ; I know how the Water and Bucket will agree with my hot Stomach.

Don Qu. What! for some Duel of Honour, I warrant? Some Governor's proud Nephew kill'd by thy noble Hand.

Gines. No, no, Sir, my Hand was employ'd another way; I was condemn'd for seven Years the first time, for ravishing my Sister: Confound the World, I lik'd her; and there's an end on't.

Sancho. Oh! there's another very honest Fellow too.

Gines. And now I'm going thither for robbing a Church: I had occasion for the Plate and Ornaments, to raise some Money to buy my Whore a Petticoat; and, just as I had got 'em, the Devil sent the Priest to stop me: but I soon gagg'd and hamstring'd that poor Fool, fought thro' the Town; and had not a whole Troop of Dragoons that were by chance a mustering, fall'n upon me, I and my Purchase had been now at liberty.

Sancho. Very good: Did you never hear of a thing call'd Conscience, pray Friend?

Gines. Conscience! What's that, the Itch? I had it when I was a Boy, I remember.

Sancho. O Lord, Conscience the Itch!—here's a damn'd Son of a Whore for ye. [*Aside.*] And so then I warrant, honest *Gines*, you wou'd fleece me too upon occasion, were you loose, and I had a good Booty?

Gines. No, no; thou look'st too much like a Thief thy self, thou shouldst pass free; we always spare one another.

Don Qu. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there's for you, Buffle; by the Honour of Knight-hood, thou deserv'st thy Freedom, if 'twere but for that Jest——Give me thy Hand.

Gines. I have use for them; but there's my Foot at your Service. [*Kicks him.*]

Don Qu. Oh, I cry thee Mercy, I see thou art manacled.——But prithee don't be angry, Friend; hark ye, what wou'd say now if I shou'd give thee Liberty?

Gines. Nothing.

Don Qu. Why so?

Gines.

Gines. Because an Impossibility offer'd by a Fool, deserves no Answer from a wise Man.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha ; there I think, Sir, your Brother *Gines* was even with you too.

Don Qu. That thou shalt see presently ; and whether to our Profession any thing is impossible. Sir Captain, I have with Care examin'd all you Prisoners, and find, tho there are several heinous Faults committed, for which the Law shou'd punish 'em, yet the main Stroke of Justice belongs to Heaven, to Heaven's Vengeance therefore let us leave 'em. And, since I am by Oath bound to relieve 'em, as Wretches and distressed, let me intreat you, as a Respect to me, to give 'em Liberty.

1 Offic. Liberty ! what a Plague, would you have me set the King's Prisoners at Liberty ? Oons, who would be mad then ? No, no, good Sir *Errant*, march on your way, and settle your *Bason* right there—Free the King's Prisoners ! That were a good one, faith.

Don Qu. Your Pate shall want a *Bason*, Captain *Scoundrel*. [*Knocks him down, and disarms him.*] Run *Sancho*, and help *Gines* ; now, peerless *Dulcinea*, aid thy Knight : unfetter *Gines*, dear *Sancho*.

Sancho. Now can't I deny him for the Soul of me, tho Heaven knows what Mischief will come on't.

Here Sancho trips up another's Heels, then unfetters Gines ; then they all release one another ; then they strip the Captain, who runs off : Then enter second Officer with Wine ; Gines seizes it, strips him, throws all the rest down on one another, and beats 'em.

2 Offic. Oh, the Devil ! what's here to do ? Treason, Treason ! Murder, Murder !

Don Qu. Now let the World declare, whether Knight-Errantry is not the noblest of all Sciences ! [*Struts about.*

Sancho. Or, whether noble Squires of Knight-Errants ought not to be Earls and Governors of Islands!

[*Struts about.*

Omnes. Huzza, Liberty, Liberty ! Thanks to the noble Knight-Errant ; Liberty, Liberty ! Huzza.

Gines. Thanks to our noble and valiant Redeemer ; here's to his Health ; and, Brothers, let's entertain him with a Song: Confound the World. Dear Redeemer, we are no more Rogues than the rest of Mankind ; all the World are Rogues, and deserve the Gallies as much as we. Come sing the Song to that purpose, Brother.

S O N G.

WHEN the World first knew Creation,
A Rogue was a top Profession ;
When there were no more in all Nature but Four,
There were Two of them in Transgression :
And the Seeds are no less,
Since that you may guess,
But have in all Ages been growing apace ;
There's Lying and Thieving,
Craft, Pride, and Deceiving,
Rage, Murder, and Roaring,
Rape, Incest, and Whoring,
Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vices in Vogue,
And make all Mankind one Gigantical Rogue.

View all Humane Generation,
You'll find in every Station,
Lean Virtue decays, whilst Interest sways
The ill Genius of the Nation.
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier Le Cringe, and Alderman Squeeze,
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practice-of-Piety Groper ;
But of all, he that fails our true Rights to maintain,
And deserts the Cause Royal, is deepest in grain.

He

*He that first to mend the matter,
 Made Laws to bind our Nature,
 Shou'd have found a way
 To make Wills obey,
 And have model'd new the Creature ;
 For the Savage in Man
 From Original ran,
 And in spite of Confinement now reigns as't began :
 Here's Preaching and Praying, and Reason displaying,
 Yet Brother with Brother is killing and slaying :
 Then blame not the Rogue that free Sense does enjoy,
 Then falls like a Log, and believes——he shall lie.*

Don Qu. I do acknowledge, Sir, your Musical Courtesy, and am well pleas'd to see your Gratitude ; yet one thing more I must enjoin, without which the rest appears as nothing.

Gines. Any thing : Confound the World : Dear Redeemer, command any thing.

Don Qu. 'Tis this ; That you all, loaden with that Chain from which I now have freed ye, go instantly to the great City of *Toboso*, and there, before my Mistress *Dulcinea*, present your selves, letting her know, her Beauty's Slave, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, has sent you to her, to enquire her Health.

Palam. *Toboso!*

Quart. *Dulcinea!*

Mart. Enquire her Health !

Gines. And how far is this *Toboso* off, good Sir ?

Sancho. Not above a thousand Leagues ; not very far ; 'tis a very pretty Message truly.

Gines. Confound the World ; d'ye know what you say, Sir, to desire us to go a thousand Leagues ? Oons, we must hide our selves in the Mountains here by, for fear of being taken ; we must shun all Roads and Cities.

Don Qu. How's that ? Dare you disobey my Commands, Rascal ?

Gines. Rascal! Keep good Words in your Mouth.
D'ye hear, Friend, we are no Sheep.

Sancho. Good Sir, come away whilst you are well ;
that Devilish *Gines* has Mischief in's Heart, I see by's
Looks.

Lope. We can't go to *Toboso*, not we ; that's in short,
Knight.

Gines. No, Knight, we'll go to no *Toboso* ; if you
have a Wench there, and any News for her, you may
send it by your Booby there ; we thank ye for your
Kindness, but——

Don Qu. But——Ungrateful Slave, I'll make thee go
thy self ; and, like a Cur too, with thy Chain betwixt
thy Legs—— Fall on, *Sancho*, let's chastise these Vil-
lains.

Sancho. Oh mercy on us, what will become of us
now ?

*Here Don Quixote sets upon 'em ; they run to a Heap of
Stones, and knock both him and Sancho down, and
beat 'em.*

Palam. Come, Sirs, the Coast is clear ; now let's
away.

Gines. Follow me, Boys ; I'll carry ye where ye may
sculk securely,

To a plump Doxy here hard by of mine,
Shall cheer your Hearts with Kisses and good Wine.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Mountain of Sierra Morena continues.

Don Quixote and Sancho appear lying along on the Ground.

Don Qu.



Ancho.

Sancho. Umph. [Groans.

Don Qu. Son Sancho, art thou asleep?

Sancho. Oh, yes, upon a Down Bed the Governor lies, as you see here, stretch'd at

his Ease, thanks to your most invincible Arm, only with some two or three hundred Bruises of State upon his Bones. I have got my Earldom, and a Load of Honour now, or else the Devil's in't.

Don Qu. Look ye, Sancho, I have often told thee, these Successes of Chivalry cannot always be of one Degree or Value: so that tho naturally, as it may happen, a Kingdom or a Continent may drop into a Knight-Errant's Mouth, and an Earldom or a Province into his Squire's; so sometimes too they may chance to meet with Carrier's Pickstaves, Giants like Windmills, Thumps with Stones, and the like; nor are they to grumble or repine at the Variety of Accidents, because they are liable to our Profession.

Sancho. Profession! Oons, yours is the Devil of a Profession; besides, all your Accidents, I mean your ill ones (for good ones I despair of) are, a Plague on't, all of your own making. Would any one with an ounce of Brains, after he had miraculously done such an

an Exploit, have pretended to force those rude Rogues to go a thousand Leagues off, upon a sleeveless Errand to the Devil, to *Toboso*? — I know not where, Ah.

Don Qu. Very well, *Sancho*; talk on again; the smarting of thy Bones, I do perceive, has made thee sharp and witty. [*Sancho grins at him.*]

Sancho. Come, come, Sir, Babling Curs never want fore Ears: 'Tis but an ill Proceſſion where the Devil carries the Candle: He that speaks does ſow, and he that holds his Tongue may reap. I think I pay dear enough for't, if I do talk.

Don Qu. I confeſs thou haſt Reason, as I have, to reſent it; but who could expect ſuch Ingratitude after ſo good a Turn?

Sancho. Who? Woons! Who could expect otherwiſe from ſuch honeſt People? Han't you heard often enough the old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he ſhall be the firſt to hang ye?* — Ah plague of your Brethren, your Brother *Gines of Paſſamonte*, the Devil paſs him, h'as made me black and blue on my left Side here: But let it go, the Governor will be wiſer one day.

Don Qu. If a deſponding Puppy were fit to make a Governor of, I ſay that for thee, *Sancho*, thou wouldſt make a rare one: But come, I'll not anger thee now, becauſe I know thou art in pain. Prithee come hither, and ſee how many Cheek-Teeth, and others, they have beaten out here; for it ſeems to me that my Mouth is quite empty.

Sancho. Ay, there's ſome other part of your Head empty too beſides your Mouth, if I am not miſtaken: But come, let's ſee; O monſtrous! here's ſix Grinders wanting on one [*Peeps in's Mouth*] ſide: Oh unfortunate and deplorable State of Knights-Errant! that wander over Mountains and Valleys, committing Omicils and Slaughters, not heeding the Sun, the Moon, nor the 'Clipses, or the wild Campaigne, tho never ſo Eſtill, for the reward of broken Teeth and Bruifes.

Don Qu. Oh Profanation to all Learning and Sciences! Omicils, 'Clipses, Campaigne and Eſtill, for Homicides
Eclipses,

Eclipses, Champion and Steril! Be dumb, thou Earth-worm, or speak in thy own Style, on pain of Annihilation. A plague on thee, thou confounded Prevaricator of Language. [Cardenio Sings within.

Sancho. Why then in my own Style, for you know well enough that I'm no Schollard, I believe here's another Adventure coming, and I hope 'twill end better than the last, because it begins Musically.

Don Qu. Ha! who have we here?

[Cardenio enters in ragged Clothes, and in a wild Posture sings a Song. Then Exit.

S O N G.

LET the dreadful Engines of Eternal Will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill;
My Rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid Execution do.
Or let the Frozen North its Rancour show,
Within my Breast far greater Tempests grow;
Despair's more cold than all the Winds can blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?

Yes, Luscinde's Eyes;
There Aetna, there, there Vesuvio lies,
To furnish Hell with Flames,
That mounting reach the Skies.

Ye Pow'rs, I did but use her Name,
And see how all the Meteors flame;
Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns
Than once at Phaeton's Fall.

Ah! where are now those flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play?
Where, guarded by a Troop of Loves,
The fair Luscinde sleeping lay:

There

*There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay ;
We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark, -
Nor nothing fear'd but shortning Day.*

*Glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate ;
Why must I burn for this Ingrate ?
Cool, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing will prevail.*

*When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gain her
Ends,
And for better, and for worse, 'tis for Marrow of the
Purse,
Where she filts you o'er and o'er, proves a Slattern or a
Whore.*

*This Hour will tease and vex,
And will cuckold ye the next :
They were all contriv'd in spite :
To torment us, not delight ;
But to scold, and scratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right ;
But all are Witches by this Light :
And so I fairly bid 'em, and the World, Good Night.*

Don Qu. By the Matter deliver'd in this Song, I perceive this poor Gentleman's Distress was occasioned by Love ; therefore 'tis fit I follow and relieve him.

Sancho. You relieve him ! 'Sbud, why don't you see the Man's mad ? How the Devil can you relieve him, unless you could give him Physick ? Pray, Sir, hold your self contented ; you may be a good Knight Errant, but for a Brainerer, the Lord have mercy upon ye.

Don Qu. Thou art a Clod, *Sancho*, and hast not Soul enough to fathom the depth of my Understanding ; but know, thou Lump uniform'd, that our Profession extends to aid the Mind, as well as Body : were he as mad as *Ajax*, or that stout Peer of France, *Orlando Furioso*, with one hour's Conference, I'd make him spout Politics with a Secretary of State, Law with a Judge at the Assizes,

Assizes, and Theology with a Convocation of Bishops; therefore follow me, and saddle *Rosinante* immediately, for I intend to overtake him, and then thou shalt see this done in an instant. [Exit Don Qu.

Sancho. I shall see my self well thrash'd again, I believe; and so 'tis likely will end the Adventure of the Madman: But hang't the Devil is not always at one door, *He that is in is half way over*; there's no help for't now. I must follow him, tho my Government come at last to be no better than to govern a Herd of Cattle. Well, *He that blows in the Dust will make himself blind*; and, *If it were not for Hope, the Heart would break*; there's three Proverbs left yet to comfort me.

[Exit after him.

Enter Don Fernando, *Luscinda, dress'd like a Nun, Dorothea in her Shepherdess Clothes, with Perez and Nicholas.*

Doroth. Can you then be so good? Do I not dream that you have repented of your late Unkindness, and now resolve to own poor *Dorothea*?

Don Fern. The Resolution is as firm as Fate; thou'rt now my own for ever.

Luscind. Bless'd Accent! And now, my Lord, I honour ye: This was a noble Conquest o'er your Passions.

Perez. 'Tis great and worthy, like himself.

Don Fern. Ah! Madam, 'tis with shame I bend my Knee to beg your Pardon for my brutal Polly: But I'll retrieve my Credit by my new Service, in presenting to your Arms the wrong'd *Cardenio*.

Luscind. All Honour and Happiness attend your Lordship; and pray Heaven we may find him quickly: Oh how I long to give that Heart a Remedy, that lost its Peace for me!

Perez. He cannot be far off; for, as the Shepherds have directed us, yonder's the Rock wherein he sleeps by Night, and where 'tis likely we may find him.

Nichol. And did they say *Don Quixote* was here too?

Perez. Both he and *Sancho*: Therefore, my Lord, if you are resolv'd to further the Contrivance I lately told

ye

ye of, and do an Act of Charity, by getting the poor Lunatick Gentleman home to his House, this is the Place and Juncture.

Don Fern. Most willingly, and will make one my self: For the Scene well acted, must needs create Diversion. Come, my sweet Love, you must have your part too.

Perez. Oh! my Lord, she is to be the principal Actress, and we have a Dress ready for her: She's to personate the Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*; who being depos'd and driven from thence by a monstrous Giant called *Pandaflando of the Dusky Sight*, comes some three thousand Leagues to the fam'd *Don Quixote*, to redress her Wrongs, and re-instate her: This Plot will doubtless draw the frantick Fool from these wild Desarts, and we shall share the Mirth.

Doroth. Let's about it presently: And for your Princess, let me alone to divert my dearest Lord here; you shall see me act it like any Player.

Don Fern. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I shall die with laughing
—— I'll be some Don to usher in your Majesty,

Nichol. And I'll be your old Squire to introduce your coming: I have the Tail of mine Host's Mare to make me a Beard shall reach to my Knees.

Don Fern. 'Twill be rare Sport; my Servants shall all be disguis'd too for the Business. Come, Madam, pray be merry with us, all will be well; I warrant ye, we shall soon find your Love *Cardenio*, and cure him of his Frenzy: I have already sent for a Doctor, and given order what to do: And, Madam, doubt not but you shall meet with Joy.

Luscind. Heaven grant we may; let me but see *Cardenio* once more mine, I'll envy not the rest of the World's Pleasures. [Exeunt.

Enter Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Sancho.

Carden. You much amaze me, Sir, in this wild Desert; a Place that only suits the Miserable, where People

ple civilized never inhabit, to meet such Courtesy as yours.

Don Qu. Sir, Humanity is one of the best Rules of my Profession; and I shall be highly pleas'd, if my good Fortune [*Salute here*] has led me to be any way a means that may contribute to your Satisfaction.

Carden. Your Person I am wholly a Stranger to, and cannot but admire, why in this Country, so blest with Peace, you practise Arts of War, and travel thus in Armour: But perhaps there is a Secret in't not proper for my knowledge; I'll therefore stint my Curiosity, and beg you, if you know where there is any thing to drink, to give a little to assuage my Thirst; for in this slender interval of Sense, I can make use on't; but if my Fit should take me, as at uncertain times it often does, all Charity were lost.

Don Qu. Run *Sancho* and search the Wallet; there is, I think, some Wine; bring it hither presently.

[*Sancho stares at Cardenio.*]

Sancho. Why, here's another of the Starving too; a Knight-Errant, I warrant him, by his Tatters: What a devouring meagre Look he has! 'Sbud, he makes me hungry at the very sight of him. [*Exit.*]

Carden. And now to satisfy your Curiosity, Sir, of knowing what I am, and how I came thus wretched, I will relate my Story, but with this Condition, that you will promise me upon your Honour, during the time of telling, not to interrupt me, nor by a Question or Contradiction stop me; for if you should, my Accident of Madness would return, and I should then do things extravagant.

Re-enter Sancho with Wine.

Don Qu. Oh! fear not, Sir, you shall find me more attentive: Come, fill a Cup, *Sancho*—— Here, Sir, here's to your better Fortune. [*Drinks.*]

Carden. May yours be happy, Sir, with perpetual Blessings, whatever becomes of me.

Sancho. Why then, by my Governorship, I believe this plaguy Devil my Master can conjure in good earnest:

to

to my thinking the Madman talks as wisely as any Bishop of 'em all already.

[*Cardenio drinks ; they sit down.*

Don Qu. Now pray begin, Sir, I am silent as a Dormouse ; sit down, *Sancho.*

Carden. Know then, good Sir, my Name's *Cardenio*, a Gentleman of *Arragon*, well descended, who, from my Childhood to my riper Years, liv'd with a Credit and Content unparallel'd, till Love, that fatal Bane to human Happiness, subdued my Senses to bewitching Beauty, and forc'd my Soul to doat upon *Luscinda*, a noble Virgin of unmatch'd Perfection.

Don Qu. Hum, hum, hum.

[*Don Quixote makes signs of applauding his Story without speaking.*

Sancho. Come, Sir, Sorrow's dry, and before you go any farther, here's your Lady *Sindy's* Health.

[*Drinks, and fills to Cardenio.*

Don Qu. Peace, Blockhead ; or if you must be mannerly, with a pox t'ye — do it by Signs as I do:

[*Don Quixote seems to threaten Sancho.*

Carden. Take heed, good Friend ; pray remember the Conditions. Sir, I lov'd her, and was lov'd with that Success, nothing was wanting but the happy Day to crown our Wishes, which was at last appointed.

Don Qu. Hum, hum, hum. [*Makes Signs.*

Carden. And because Love's best Guard is Secrecy, I trusted my Affair only to one, the Son of a Grandee, his Name *Fernando*, my Youth's Companion, and, as I thought, my Friend ; him I entrusted with my dearest Treasure, and in his Honour thought my self secure.

Don Qu. Hum, hum, hum.

Sancho. Hey, hoe, hum. [*Drinks.*

Carden. But ah, let none depend on the Heart's Sincerity, because the Face seems honest ; for some few days after, *Luscinda* having a great Wit and Genius, and one that still delighted much in Reading, I sent to her, by my false Friend *Fernando*, a foolish Book of Chivalry call'd *Amadis du Gaul* ; not that she valu'd it for the Contents, for she had Sense to know 'twas all ridiculous,

culous, the Exploits of the Knights-Errant all Romantick, and their whole Volumes fill'd with lying Fables. But—

Sancho. But! A plague on your Buts—[*Don Qu. starts and stares*] you have done your Business: Gad-zooks, here will be Murder presently; my Master will tear out the Soul of him, if he speaks a Word more against Knights-Errant.

Carden. But that before, we had a rallying Argument upon a modern Madman, call'd *Don Quixote*, a strange whimsical Monster, in [*Don Qu. frowns*] which I affirm'd, That the Bright, Renowned, and Peerless *Dulcinea*, fam'd Mistress of that foolish frantick Idiot, had once a Bastard by her Apothecary.

[*Don Qu. rises suddenly*: *Sancho trembles.*

Don Qu. Oh Fire, and Furies! Oh shame to Arms and Honour!

Sancho. Nay then, the Storm comes with a Vengeance: Fire, Fire; Murder, Murder!

Don Qu. Am I a Knight, and hear this hellish Slander?—Awake, *Don Quixote*, thou sleep'st, awake I say—Hark'e, dost hear me? Madman, Fool or Devil, if thou hereafter darest but move my Lips against sweet *Dulcinea*, or but so much as name that cursed Potheary with peerless *Dulcinea*, or think of any of his Tools, or Implements—*Storax*, or *Savine*, get thee each Day a Heart, for I will be as cruel in the tearing it, as is that abhorr'd Tongue, that slanderous Viper, in poisoning the Fame of Radiant *Dulcinea*—

[*Here Card. throws the Wine in's Face suddenly.*

Sancho. So, there's the first Gun, the Broad-side's coming; here will be devilish Work between the two Madmen presently.

Carden. The Rack's a foolish Torture, *Phalaris's* [*Carden. falls into his mad Fit*] Bull, or the Iron Wheel of witty *Dionysius*, that were proper for him—Hah! What art thou! The Traitor *Fernando*! And thou art his Catamite, his Pimp, art thou? [To *Sancho.*

Sancho. Not I, Sir; I'm none of his Pimp, not I. Would I were a Mouse for two Minutes, so I had but e'er a Hole to creep into.

Carden.

Carden. Oh, that I now had thirty Rows of Teeth, or were an Eagle with an hundred pair of Claws, that I might tear and eat this Traitor, Traitor.

[Falls upon Don Qu. and Sancho, throws 'em down; beats and kicks 'em, and then Exit.

Don Qu. Oh *Dulcinea del Toboso*, pardon my Negligence, I beseech thee; I had forgot to invoke thy Influence when first I rose this Morning, and see what comes on't.—Is the Madman gone, *Sancho*?

Sancho. Yes, yes, and wonderfully recovered; you have been as good as your Word, you have cur'd him to a Miracle. Whether he can spout Politicks like a Statesman, or Law like a Judge, I know not; but he can kick and cuff like a Devil, that I'm sure of. [Weeps.

Don Qu. A Plague of his mad Pate, the Fit was a little too far gone upon him.

Sancho. A Plague of Radiant *Dulcinea*, I say; would the Pothecary had poison'd her; or would her Nurse—had drown'd her—in her Cradle—with a Water of her own making—rather than my *Bones* had been concern'd about her; or her *Bastard* either.—But come, *Better late than never*; I'm resolv'd now to retire in time from this Highway to Battoons and Bruises, and visit my Wife and Children again, whilst I can make shift to crawl to 'em; for to that Scantity of Travelling my Squireship has brought me. [San. speaks sobbing.

Don Qu. Wilt thou then leave me, *Sancho*?

Sancho. Leave ye? Ay, and 'tis high time, I think, Sir: 'Tis an old Saying, *The Ant had Wings to do her hurt*: Farewel Knight-Errantry, i'faith: And to begin to get rid on't, there, Sir—there's the dudgeon Dagger you gave me, the Rust upon't has kept it warm and quiet; besides, I never shew'd it the Sun to tan it, not I: There's the Murrion too, that did Service at the Siege of *Golletta*; this Jerkin likewise, that has defied all Weathers; pray give 'em your next Squire, together with some hard Crufts here to keep his Teeth going, lest he forget to use 'em: These, I think, are the main part of my Equipage, and so part fair.

Don Qu. 'Tis very well.

Sancho.

Sancho. As for the Government of the Island you promised me, e'en let that hang a drying a little, for some more able Earl than I to manage; for I'm satisfied now, *That the Hen lays as well upon one Egg as upon many;* and *Several come for Wool that return shorn;* So much thou'rt worth as thou hast, and so much thou hast as thou'rt worth. I know you don't like my Proverbs; but now 'tis as broad as long, *Better play a Card too much than too little: A good Pay-master needs no Surety:* And my Grannum us'd to say, *The Legs carry the Belly, and not the Belly the Legs;* and there's an end on't.

Don. Qu. Oh Pox! Nay go on, go on, thread 'em, string 'em, away with 'em, take thy Belly-full of Proverbs at parting however; but remember this when I am an Emperor, Dogbolt.

Sancho. An Emperor, ah! Gad save your hot Head, you had better go home along with me, and look to your Ploughmen.

Don. Qu. 'Tis very well, Clodpole.

Enter Nicholas, disguised with a long white Beard.

Nicho. Know thou most doughty and renown'd Knight-Errant, that I am call'd the Squire of the White Beard, Servant to the mighty Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*; who, by the Fame of thy most noble Deeds, has travel'd from her Country to this Place, to beg a Boon of thee; and now, behind yon Bush she stands on foot, and begs admittance to thy Lordly Presence. [Bowings.]

Don Qu. Friend, go and tell the Queen, *Don Quixote's* at her Service, and will attend her here—Hum Hum.

[Looking scornfully on Sancho.]

Sancho. How's this? A great Queen come from her Country to beg a Boon of him: 'Sbud, if this Squire of the Beard should speak Truth now, I have made a fine business on't. Zookers, here she comes as fair as a Church-Saint, as bright as a Cherubim; 'sdheartlikins, I ne'er saw such a Creature in my Life.

Enter

Enter Don Fernando leading Dorothea as the Princess Micomicona, with a Retinue of Servants drest after the Moorish Fashion. *[She kneels.*

Don Qu. By the Honour of Knighthood, Madam, 'tis too much; your Greatness must not kneel to your unworthy Servant; nay, I beseech your Majesty.

Dorothea. Thrice Valiant Knight, thou Flower of Chivalry, Soul of true Lovers, and Quintessence of Courtesy, I've sworn to live for ever in this Posture, and make my bended Knees one piece with the Earth, unless you grant me the Request I come for.

Don Qu. Madam, I'll do't, whate'er it be; therefore pray rise: Let me but know what Miscreant has wrong'd ye, this powerful Arm shall thunder in your Quarrel more swift than the hot Bolts that split the Clouds.

Don Fern. I see, most Renowned Sir, loud Fame has done you Justice in sounding thro' the World your Courtesy.

Dorothea. Assur'd of this, I now may rise with Comfort. *[Rises.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. All Honour to the blazing Comet of Knight-Errantry, the Rose and Tulip of Fame and Fortitude, my noble Country-man *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; the Report of this great Queen's coming being spread already thro' our Neighbourhood, so far increas'd my Joy and Wonder, that I could not contain my self from seeking you out, and being an Eye-witness.

Sancho. Ay, 'tis so; I am utterly undone, a most miserable Rogue: Stay, is there no way to rig my self without his taking notice?

[Sancho steals on his things again.

Don Qu. I am glad to see your Reverence well, good Mr. Curate, and would entertain ye longer, but that I thirst to receive the Queen's Commands.

Perez. The Trick takes rarely, I see. *[Aside.*

Don Fern. As we could wish; but how thrives our Affair? Have my Servants found *Cardenio*?

Perez.

Perez. Just as I came hither, as he was lying fast asleep under a Cork-Tree: He was very unruly at first; but being overpower'd by Numbers, they soon bound him, and carried him to the Inn you order'd.

Don Fern. And has *Luscinda* seen him?

Perez. Not yet, I have advis'd the contrary, till he has taken the Medicine the Doctor order'd, and slept upon't.

Don Fern. 'Tis well; in the morning I my self will be his Doctor: At present let's mind the Game on foot.

Doroth. To be brief then, brave Sir: In *Æthiopia*, where the Sun sheds his swarthy Influence, making my Natives all of sable Hue, as I had been, had not the Skill in Charms of my kind Father, wife *Finacrio*, hindred it in those Dominions: You must know, I'm call'd — I'm call'd — most Generous Knight — I say I'm call'd — O Heavens! The memory of my Grievs hinder my very Speech! What am I call'd? Quickly, 'd'slife I've forgot. [To *Perez* aside.

Perez. The Princess *Micomicona*!

Doroth. I'm call'd, the Princess *Micomicona*, so nam'd from the Kingdom of *Micomicon*, late left me by my Father.

Sancho. How proud he looks already? There's some great Honour coming to him, I see't in's Face: — O Dog, Dog *Sancho*! Don't you deserve to be hang'd?

[Aside.

Doroth. The good old King knew by his Skill in Magick what would befall me after he was dead; how *Pandafilando of the Dusky Sight*, a horrid brutal and misshapen Giant, should treat of Marriage with me; which refus'd, should then make War, and drive me from my Kingdom; to relieve me from which distress, he told me at his death, that I must travel into *Spain*, where I should happily meet with a Knight-Errant, the Honour of his Country and that Order, the Valour of whose Arms should kill the Giant, and presently restore me to my Kingdom; which Knight must be your self, to whom (my Father has commanded me) after the Giant's Death,

if

if you think fitting, to give my self in Marriage, and make you Monarch of *Micomicon*.

Don Qu. Oh Madam, your Father was too gracious— What think you now, Hog-grubber? Is Knight-Errantry worth chawing, hah?—Which had I better do now, be an Emperor, or go home and mind the Ploughmen, umph, Jolthead? [To Sancho.

Sancho. Ah, dear Sir, consider, No man is born wise; A Bishop is no more than another Man without Grace and good Breeding. Alas, I confess my self a Booby, Sir, a fearful Scoundrel: There's my Head; I beseech ye, Sir, break it across; or if you please to honour me with a dozen or two of Kicks, Sir, I shall think my self highly obliged, so you assuage your Anger, and forgive me.

Nicho. Her Majesty I hope remembers likewise, that the wise King, to reward my Fidelity, when this good Knight had slain *Pandaflando*, gave charge to make her Suit to him, that I might be an Earl or Governor of some Island.

Sancho. You an Earl! Hark'e Friend, *Slow Fire makes sweet Malt.* There may be more than one Egg in a Hen-Roost. If you meddle with my Mouth, I shall snap at your Fingers; d'ye see, therefore look to your self; what a Plague, all is not got by wearing of long Beards.

Don Qu. No, no, Friend, you know you must go visit your Wife and Children.

Sancho. Ah Sir, if you mention that, you slay me—you flea me alive. Alas, Sir, I dare as well hang my self as go home without my Government; my Wife, and the young Cockatrice my Daughter, now I have put this plaguy Countess-ship into her Head, will worry me if I fail her.

Don Qu. Well, Vermin, for some good Service past, in consideration too of some late Drubbings, I will once more take thee into Grace; but if again I catch thee grumbling, thou art no more my Squire: There are others would be Earls too, you see, *Sancho*.

Sancho. What, that dry old Kex? 'Gad, I'd have throtled him with his own Whiskers if he had said three
Words

Words more.—But come, 'tis well enough now; and since we are reconcil'd, as soon as ever you marry that delicate fine Queen there—my Island will be within an Inch of me in a twinkling.

Nicho. I shall laugh out; I'm not able to hold.

Perez. Was ever Fool so transported? [Aside.]

Fern. Hush; look grave; his Master turns this way. [Aside.]

Doroth. You have rais'd me from the lowest Vale of Sorrow, to the highest Mountain, Sir, of humane Happiness: I'm all Air methinks. Let Musick sound there; and let my menial Slaves begin a Dance to entertain this Wonder of Knight-Errantry. [Dance here.]

Sancho. This will I make my Black Subjects do every Morning to divert me—I'll sing a Song that was made at Teresa's and my Wedding, that her Majesty may know my Parts.

[Sancho sings a Song, and then dances ridiculously.]

S O N G.

'T Was early one Morning, the Cock had just crow'd,
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
My Holiday Clothes on, and Face newly mow'd,
With a hey down, hoe down, drink up your
brown Berry.

The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so red,
For the Sun was just then getting out of his Bed,
When Teresa and I went to Church to be sped,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to woo
thee;

Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry,
derry ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey lang-
tridown derry.

II.

Her Face was as fair as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.

D

And

*And her small Ferret Eyes did lovingly squint,
With a hey down, &c.*

*Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were useless for biting her Thumbs,
Had late, like ill Tenants, forsaken her Gums,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.*

III.

*But when Night came on, and we both were a Bed,
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such strange things were done, there's no more to be said;
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her Head ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.*

Doroth. This is unexpected.

Don Qu. My Squire, Madam——honest and trusty,
but no great Head-piece.

Doroth. He has perform'd to a miracle, and I resolve
to do him grace. [Kisses her hand.]

Sancho. Now Spawn of old Father Time, let me see
your Beard do as much.

Nicho. Her Majesty values me more for my Head than
my Heels, Skip-Jack.

Don Fern. Madam, you must needs have heard of the
Renowned *Sancho Panca*; his Fame sounds almost as
loudly as *Don Quixote's*: This is the famous Squire,
Madam,

That by his Master's side defies Battoons and Clubs,
Whose Back and Sides, both Black and Blue, now
wear the honour'd Drubs.

Sancho. That I do, by my Faith, Madam; which,
if your Majesty will give me leave to strip, you shall see
if you please.

Doroth. I know him now, he's just the very Person
my Father once described, who, I also remember, was
sorry for a Misfortune, which he knew by his Art had
happen'd to him, which is, that *Sancho's* married, to
whom

whom I else had been obliged to give one of my Maids of Honour.

Sancho. Why then, the Devil take all Ill Luck ; now I see that old Saw is true, that says, *Every Man once in his Life will find a minute to curse his Marriage.* If I had not been yoak'd now to my Blouze at home, a Pox take her, I might have had a *May Lady*, a *Virga tacta*, with a Head as gawdy as a Tulip, and a Shape as slender : Odzooks, I've no patience to think on't ; I'll go and hire some Rat-catcher to poison the Cups and Dishes at home : Who the Devil would lose Preferment for the sake of Two-peny-worth of Ratsbane ?

Perez. In troth, my good Friend and Neighbour, honest *Sancho*, I am sorry to hear this ; for as I remember, 'twas my luck to give *Teresa* and you the Blessing.

Sancho. A Plague on your Blessing ; I perceive I shall have occasion to wish you hang'd for your Blessing—— Good Finisher of Fornication, good Conjunction Copulative.

Nicho. The profane Wretch defames the holy Ordinance of Marriage, and ought to be presented to the Inquisition.

Perez. Speak reverently of our Function, *Sancho*, or I'll excommunicate you the Church.

Sancho. I care not ; I should lose nothing by it, if you should, but my Nap in an Afternoon.

Doroth. Is your Valour, Sir, at leisure to begin the Journey towards the Giant ?

Don Qu. Madam, I am. *Sancho*, a word with thee : I've been considering on this Adventure, and must confess, tho I may be an Emperor, my Head runs more on Honours Ecclesiastical ; a Pope methinks, or Cardinal ; I'm for some grave and solid Dignity that tends towards Religion.

Sancho. Religion ! Oh Gadzooks, Sir, never mind it ; take care of being Priest-ridden, good Sir, whatever you do, unless you have a mind to lose all your Dominions as soon as you come to 'em.

Don Qu. I must reflect upon't. Now, Madam, please your Majesty to set forward,

Lead me where-e'er you please ; 'tis still my Duty
To right a Lady's Wrongs, and fight for Fame and
Beauty.

Don Fern. Long live the Illustrious and Incompara-
ble Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

[*Exit Don Quixote, leading Dorothea, and
Fernando following.*]

Perez. How I admire his Fortitude and Virtue! —
Well Neighbour, what's your business ?

[*Perez going out, Sancho stops him.*]

Sancho. Why look'e Neighbour, tho I wish'd you hang-
ed just now, 'twas only in my Passion, d'ye see—
and never the sooner for a hasty Word—you know ;
and therefore because I know you can forget and forgive,
I'll make bold to desire a Favour of you.

Perez. Well, Neighbour, tho you were a little hard
upon the Priest-hood ; yet, because I know 'twas done
without any intention of harm, I'll pass it by for once :
come, come, what is it ?

Sancho. Why, you must know that my Master, *Don
Quixote*, is just now breeding a new Maggot in his Pate,
not to be an Emperor, but a Pope, or a Cardinal : And
if so, my Preferment's gone again, for I am wholly un-
fit for any (what d'e call it) Ecclezaskical Dignity, be-
cause I am a married Man ; and for me to be every
foot hunting for Dispensations to enjoy Church-Livings,
were to pound a Snow-ball in a Mortar, with design to
make Powder on't : therefore I would desire you as his
Friend, to advise him to be an Emperor by all means,
that I may have an Office proper ; for to say the truth,
I may chance to make an Angel of a Governor, but I
shall be a very Devil of a Church-man.

Nicho. How's this ? Have I caught thee a second
time villifying the Church ? Nay, now the Inquisiti-
on shall know it, and the Maid of Honour be mine
for my good service ; I'll about it instantly : you are a
precious Rogue indeed.

Sancho. Will ye so, ye old Bearded Goat ? I'll have
a Tuft on you first, i'faith ; I'll send ye mark'd to the
Inquisition however. How now ! What a Plague, doe

He shed his Beard as Snakes do their Skins? Hey day,

[Sancho goes to take him by the Beard, and pulls it off.
Who the Devil have we here? our merry Neighbour and
Townsmen, Mr. Nicholas the Barber?

Nicho. The Planets have decreed it——Sword, [Stares
as if mad.] Fire, Ruin, Plague and Desolation. Woe
be to Spain! the fatal Beard is off. [Exit Nicho.

Perez. I must second the Barber——or this Accident
will——discover us—— [Aside.] The great Eclipse is
coming; Dooms-day too is too near! Woe, Woe, to
Spain! the fatal Beard is off. [Exit Perez.

Sancho. The Beard is off indeed, and as cleverly as
the Wearer himself could have shaved it: But what this
is to Spain, and Eclipses, and Dooms-day, there I am
puzzl'd again. The Beard has discovered the Barber,
and if the Barber don't discover the Trick of the In-
chanted Beard, I shall begin to fear there's some Dog-
trick in the business; I knew him for an arch Rogue
when he was at home, and therefore doubt him the
more now: Gad I must after him, and know the Truth.

——But stay, first let's take a Dram of Consideration,
Friend Sancho——Let me see——

The Fortunes of this Day are worth repeating:

My Morning's Breakfast was a lusty beating;

My Noonning time, more lucky tho by far,

Cramm'd then with hopes to be a Governor.

But now, this Evening Whim has chang'd it so,

That what I am, Plague take me, if I know;

Whether an Earl, fit to wear Pearl and Ruby;

Or Sancho, as I was——a Country Booby. [Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Ordinary.

Enter Fernando and Luscinda.

Fernan.



*H*E's dress'd, and ready to come out; the Doctor tells me too his Sense is perfectly recovered, the Phrensy being only continued by Colds and ill Dyet; the Medicine has taken effect; which, assisted

by his gentle Sleeps, have quite restor'd him.

Luscind. The Sorrow and Distresses he has suffer'd, have chang'd him so, I fear he has forgot me.

Fernan. Never fear it, Madam—Here he comes, pray step in there till I am ready for ye. [*Exit Luscind.*]

Enter Cardenio new dress'd.

Carden. My Lord, it seems I stand indebted to ye for Courtesies relating to my Health of Brain and Body; but my wounded Soul, in its most dear and tender part, my Love, stabb'd by your Falshood and unnatural Cruelty, stands yet unsuccour'd, that is, unreveng'd: therefore as I must thank ye for the one, my Sword for th' other demands Satisfaction. [*Cardenio draws.*]

Fernan. Hold, pause a little: The sacred Blood of Friends is of more value than to be shed rashly without debate or reasoning. What's your Quarrel to me?

Carden. Oh, bring me not to my mad Fit again, from whence I'm just reliev'd, by such a cursed Repetition.

Luscinda! think on *Luscinda.*

Fernan. Well, I'll speak the rest; I know I took her from thee.

Carden.

Carden. And can'st thou hope to live? [*Offers to fight.*

Fernan. Hold yet, and hear me speak: 'Twas my resistless Love, not I, betray'd thee; the God of Amity oppos'd in vain; all the soft Bonds of our endearing Friendship were scorch'd and burnt, by her bright Eyes, to Ashes.

Carden. I'll hear no more; defend thy self, or die.

[*Offers again.*

Fernan. I will not fight with thee. Is this obscure Cottage a proper Stage to drink the Blood of Friends? No, I'll reserve it for some Amphitheatre, that when we play the Prize for fatal Beauty, no less than Thousands may admire the Action.

Carden. Away thou Trifler, I am loth to call thee Coward.

Fernan. I believe thee, and know thou can'st not do it with a safe Conscience; for I, too often in our Days of Friendship, have proved my self so contrary, that well thou knowest I fear thee not, *Cardenio*: no, the reason why I refuse, is—I have wrong'd thee; and by my good Will, I would have my Blood be the last means of giving Satisfaction: therefore I charge thee first mark my Proposals: I took a Lady from thee—Well, to atone it, here is one in Exchange, whom, if you use ill, or with undecent Obstinacy slight, we then must fight indeed.

[*Brings in Lusinda veil'd.*

Carden. And so we must, Sir; your Women shall not be your Bucklers long—Hah!—This is a Face indeed that my Heart bows to, whose Eyes, tho guilty, are too fierce for mine. [*She unveils and embraces him.*

Luscind. My dear *Cardenio*, I am thine for ever; cheer thy sad Looks, and smile with Joy upon me; for Fate shall never, never part us more.

Carden. Oh thou sweet Vision, get thee from my sight, for I must love thee, tho I know thee false.

Luscind. By Heaven I am as true as Truth it self; the Letter thou receiv'st, was none of mine, but of *Don Fernando's* counterfeiting.

Carden. Hah! What is't I hear! *Don Fernando's* counterfeiting?

Fernan. I must confess it was, Sir, for which I ask your Pardon; my headlong, rash, and most ungovern'd Passion, check'd at no Crime that would indulge my Wishes: This caus'd her flight into a Nunnery, from whence I forced her, and had no doubt proceeded, had not my Guardian Angel, my dear *Dorothea*, prov'd my good Genius to prevent my Mischief.

Enter Dorothea.

Carden. Oh Heaven! is this *Dorothea*!

Luscind. The very same, Sir.

Fernan. Let this atone then for my rash Offence, that I surrender back this precious Jewel, bright and un sullied; and for my Sin in seeking to corrupt her, with Shame and Sorrow once more beg your Pardon.

Carden. My Lord, you've done me Justice, and I thank ye. Oh my sweet Life! I shall grow wild with Joy, such vast Content crouds in, I cannot bear it. Oh, Madam! How shall I repay your Goodness too?

[To Dorothea.

Doroth. Let me be happy in the re-uniting my Lord and you, I then am over-paid.

Carden. Let this declare my willingness, I have forgot what's past.

Fernand. And this mine——We will be Friends for ever.

[They embrace.

Enter Perez and Nicholas.

Carden. Oh, my honest and worthy Friend, I am thy Debtor too.

Perez. My Care, Sir, was my Duty, and I'm heartily glad to see my Diligence so well succeed. And now if you please to change the Scene, and give your selves a little Diversion, there's Matter working within, will occasion it, I'm sure.

Doroth. Ha, ha, ha, ha——what, *Sancho* has told his Master, I suppose the Accident of the Beard?

Nicho. Yes, and in the horriblest Fright you ever knew; he is now with him; the Rogue begins to stumble

ble upon our Contrivance of the Princess too, Madam; so that we must set more Wheels a-going.

Fernan. But prithee how wilt thou top upon him now, for he must needs know thee now thy Face is bare?

Perez. We'll make him believe that all things are governed by Inchantment. The Inn-keeper has provided half a dozen merry Fellows, with Magicians and Devils Vizards, such as are used in *Carnival* time, with other rare Anticks, and all to assist in the Frolick. He also has a rare Contrivance to carry him off, which is, a great wooden Cage, in which two Eagles formerly were kept; the use of it, if you please to be present, you'll see with Satisfaction; and if you can laugh, you'll have cause, I warrant you.

Nicho. Your Lordship must take no notice that you know me, but look and speak as if you ne'er had seen me.

Fernan. I'll warrant thee, my merry Face-smoother, I'll humour the Jest.

Doroth. And to confound *Sancho* the more, I'll go to his Master presently, and press him to go on with his Journey towards the Giant.

Perez. I'll wait on ye, and second what you say.

Nicho. And then come I enchanted.

Luscind. We must be Spectators of the Sport too, one way or other.

Carden. Oh, that may be easily done; and to help forward with the Jest, I'll act the part of an Inchanter, and assist in the Song. I long, methinks to see this strange Knight-Errant, for I remember him not; tho' once in my Distress, I'm told I met him to his cost.

Fernan. Ha, ha, ha—— I heard indeed you swing'd him once confoundedly. But come, prithee, let's make haste to him, and see this rare Performance of Inchantment.

Doroth. 'Tis time we were there. Come, Uncle, you are to second me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Town with the Inn.

Enter Don Quixote and Sancho with the Beard.

Don Qu. Thou tell'st me Wonders, *Sancho*.

Sancho. Strange, and true, Sir—There's the Beard, and within is the Barber; I am sure these Eyes saw him; and I think I know his sniveling, Sheep-stealing Phiz too well, to be mistaken in him.

Don Qu. I am not a jot the more of thy Opinion, because thou say'st thou hast seen him; for, *Sancho*, I am satisfied thou canst not see.

Sancho. Not see!

Don Qu. No, thy Sense is often blind—thy Reason always; besides, a thousand strange Defects brood in thee to clog thy Understanding.

Sancho. Very good: Well, will you do me the Favour to let me feel then, if I can't see? Will you let me be sensible of the Dash in the Chops, that damn'd Squire of the *Horse-Tail* gave me before I unbearded him; I hope I may with some assurance say I felt that, mayn't I?

Don Qu. Why, according to the Stoical Philosopher—no.

Sancho. No? 'Gadsbud, what a strange kind of a Creature am I then, that can neither feel nor see! But whatever you say of my Understanding, I'm sure I know this, *That a Man's Life is a Winter's Day, and a Winter's Way: A Cudgel that bruises, is a thing that contuses*: I have a sore place here in my Shoulder, occasion'd by a Stone from one of the Galley-Slaves, shall make me believe I can feel, whatever your damn'd Stokick or Philosopher, with a Pox to him, says to the contrary.

Don Qu. I tell thee, Clod-pate, there is no certainty in Nature; so that if thy Nose were batter'd flat with a Smith's

Smith's Hammer, or thy Head open'd with a Church-Key, so that one might see thy Brains, thou ought'st not unlearnedly to say, thy Head is really broke, but that thou suppos'ed it to be so.

Sancho. Ah, the Devil take your Supposes; will you make me mad? Won't you let me feel I am beaten, when the Cudgel is upon me? Nor see that the Sham Squire yonder, is that cunning Rogue *Nicholas* the Barber of our Town, that comes to put a trick upon ye? And that the Beard you hold in your Hand there, is a white Horse-Tail ty'd on to play the Prank in?

Don Qu. Why, Faith, as to the Beard, it may seem to thee a Horse-Tail indeed, as I confess it does to me; but 'tis Obstinacy to be positive in't, because thou knowest too well how these Inchanters persecute me.

Sancho. Ah plague; nay, if that Whim possess your Brain again, you will find a number of Inchantments within yonder: There's your Lady *Misrisoma*, what a Devil do you call her, is as much a King's Daughter too, as I am Knight of the Garter, or Golden Fleece; the Giant *Dandipratdando* may dance a Jig in her Dominions as long as he pleases, for all your Prowess: For Curiosity tempting me to peep thro' the Key-hole of a Door this Morning, who should I see but your chaste delicate *Misrimosa*, sitting in the Lap of the young rampant *Spanish* Don that came with her, and clinging as close as two Faces in a Medal.

Don Qu. How's this!—O excommunicated Rascal dar'st thou affront the Queen?

Sancho. Queen! Oons, what Queen? 'Tis a hopeful Queen that will let one of her Subjects ruffle her like a Bulker in a Bawdy-house. 'Sbud, I saw him brush his Whiskers upon her Face twenty times one after another.

Don Qu. Oh slanderous Villain, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Beats him.]

Sancho. Oh, Good Sir, Mercy, Mercy, I may be mistaken—I do but suppose I saw all this—I do but suppose it, Sir.

Don

Don Qu. Suppose this then too, Rascal——to confirm
ye. [Beats him.]

Enter Dorothea.

Doroth. Hold thy dead-doing Hand, most noble Errant: Wonder of Wonders! What Empire's Revolution, or other Accident of vast and mighty Moment, could raise the Anger of the great *Don Quixote*?

Don Qu. That Rat, that Vermin there, that but for the Reverence I bear to your Majesty's Person, my Foot shall tread into his primitive Clod, amongst his fellow Worms that there inhabit: Would you believe it, Madam, the blasphemous Varlet had the Impudence to tell me you were no Queen; and that you were as familiar with the Master of your Ceremonies, as if he had been privy to your Intellect, and had gotten you an Heir to the Kingdom of *Micomicon*?

Doroth. Oh, I forgive him freely; his Error, no doubt, is caus'd by some Illusion, that often happens in my Affairs: Therefore, Noble Sir, let's go with our best Speed to attack the Giant; when he is dead, all these Chimera's vanish.

Don Qu. Desponding hang dog, what say you to this now? Is she a Queen, or no?

Sancho. Why, as well as a beaten Governor can give his Judgment, I do suppose she is.

Enter Perez and Nicholas.

Perez. Miracles! Miracles! Bold Knight, stand on thy Guard, for here's a wonderful Adventure coming; the Inn's all in Confusion; and by the several Transformations there, we find the Inchanters are in search for thee: My Hostess within mews like a Cat, and *Maritornes* answers like a Screech-Owl; two bawling Carriers are turn'd into He-Affes, and bray incessantly; and the good Reverend Squire here to this sage Princess, seems, in my Eyes, chang'd like to our Town-Barber.

Don Qu. Oh Power of strong Inchantment! Is this possible? But that I know how I am persecuted, I should have sworn this was my very Neighbour, that oft with
Razor

Razor keen and lathering Wash-ball mow'd the rough
Stubble from my dented Chin, and snapp'd his Fingers
with acute Agility.

Doroth. This cannot be my Squire, I know him not.

Sancho. Hah——ah——

[*Sancho grins, and shakes his Head.*]

Nichol. I am thy Squire, O Queen, but now enchanted by the sage *Merlin*, who is coming hither, for endeavouring to deprive great *Sancho Panca* of the Wife the Fates allot him, the Maid of Honour; for in short time the Destinies so order, *Teresa* shall bequeath to Death her Beauties, and he survive with the fair *Rumpibella*.

Don Qu. D'y hear this, Bacon-face? Are not you a damn'd desponding Son of a Whore, hah? What can you say now?

Sancho. Why, I say, Good News and a Bag-pudding, is better than Ill with nothing to Dinner: If *Mrs. Rump*, what d'ye call her, fall to my lot by your means, you shall suppose me another Drubbing as soon as you please; and as for *Teresa's* Beauty, let her bequeath it to the Devil, or where she pleases: All Shoes fit not all Feet; *Sancho* shall bear the Loss of that well enough.

Enter Don Fernando and Lusinda.

Fernan. Prodigy on Prodigy! Stand forth, thou most Renowned, for an Adventure's coming hither to thee, has struck us blind with gazing: A Golden Chariot drawn by fiery Horses, descended from the Sky, out of which came forth an Aged Man with a Majestick Form.

Luscind. He comes, he comes; O how I tremble!

Don Qu. Madam, dismiss your Fear; whilst I am by ye, you are safe as in a Sanctuary.

Enter Vincent disguis'd like Merlin.

Vincent. To thee, O Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face*, from my low Cell near hot *Vesuvio's* Mouth, where our black Spirits with perpetual labour, surrounded with blue Flames and sulphurous Smoke, with horrid silence, forge our Magick Spells; I, the sage *Merlin*, come, sent by the Fates to hinder, for a time, thy present Enterprize:
The

The Queen must Patience have, and *Pandiflando* revel and range within her large Dominions, till it shall come, that the *Manchegan* Lion and the *Tobosian* Dove are join'd in Wedlock; for so 'tis fix'd, spite of *Trinacrio* and his pristine Charms: Therefore, all you my Partners in the secret, dark and mysterious Art of *Necromancy*, appear, and with a Charm as strong as Destiny, seize on the most Illustrious Knight and Squire, and in the Incharnted Chariot bear 'em hence to th' Place the Fates have ordered. [*Dreadful Sounds of Musick heard.*]

Enter two Women representing Urganda and Meliffa, two Inchantresses, led by Montefmo, another Inchanter: They seize Don Quixote and Sancho Panca.

Don Qu. I feel the Charm already; my Blood freezes, and my enervate Arms, enur'd to Battle, grow weak and spiritless.

Sancho. What d'ye feel? 'Sbud, Sir, you only fancy so; for my part I feel nothing, not I, only my Fingers itch to be battering that old Fellow; who for all his disguise there, is as like mine Host of that plaguy Inn, where I was tossed in a Blanket t'other day, as one Thumb is like another: Ay, and now I look nearer him, 'tis he, Sir, 'tis he.—A Trick, a Trick; Gadzooks, I know him.

Don Qu. Peace, sordid Wretch.

Nicho. Oh impudent Scoundrel! Darest thou affront the Great *Merlin*, that design'd so well for thee?

[*The Inchantresses seize him, he struggles to get loose.*]

Fernand. See, *Merlin* frowns; wo, wo be to thee, *Sancho!*

Doroth. I fear we shall be punish'd for his sake.

Luscind. Oh, naughty *Sancho*, hast thou no sense of Fear, when thou seest the very Offspring of the Devil before thy Eyes? I shall laugh out; I am scarce able to contain.—Lord, how the Fools look!

[*Aside to Doroth.*]

[*Musick sounds in Recitative, then an Inchanter and two Inchantresses sing in parts this Song.*]

S O N G.

SONG.

- Montefmo. *With this, this sacred charming Wand;
I can Heaven and Earth command;
Hush all the Winds that curl the angry Sea,
And make the rolling Waves obey.*
- Urganda. *I from the Clouds can conjure down the Rain,
And make it Deluge once again.*
- Meliffa. *I when I please make Nature smile as gay,
As at first she did on her Creation-Day:
Groves with eternal Sweets shall fragrant
grow,
And make a true Elysium here below.*
- Chorus. *Groves with eternal Sweets shall fragrant
grow,
And make a true Elysium here below.*
- Meliffa. *I can give Beauty, make the Aged young,
And Love's dear momentary Rapture long.*
- Urganda. *Nature restore, and Life, when spent, renew;
All this by Art can great Urganda do.
Why then will Mortals dare
To urge a Fate, and Justice so severe?
See there a Wretch, in's own Opinion wise,
Laughs at our Charms, and mocks our Myste-
ries.*
- Meliffa. *I've a little Spirit yonder,
Where the Clouds do part asunder,
Lies basking his Limbs
In the warm Sun-Beams,
Shall his Soul from his Body plunder.*
- Urganda. *Speak, shall it be so? No,
That Fate's too high; I'll give him one
more low,*
- Meliffa. *Let it be so, &c.*

Then

Then enter Furies bearing a great Cage, into which they put Don Quixote; Sancho struggles to get off; the Inchantresses wave their Wands, and then there is an Antick Dance of Spirits to fright Sancho, who at last drive him into the Cage by Don Quixote.

Vincent. You Mortals that have view'd our Magick Skill,

As you would 'scape our dreadful Charms, be still:

Whilst we our secret Consultations make,

None but th' Inchanted must have leave to speak:

For *Sancho's* Fault you all had felt his Case,

Had you not been reliev'd by *Merlin's* Grace.

[Magicians go aside and consult.]

Don Qu. You must be saucy, with a Pox t'ye, and now see what comes on't? Had not *Merlin* been gracious, the Queen and all this Company had been inchant-ed thro' your Insolence; you see how narrowly they have 'scap'd.

Sancho. I see! 'Sbud, why, don't you say I can see nothing? I suppose I am in a Cage now, coop'd up like a green Goose with your wife Worship: But to say I see this were Madness, unless I resolve to have my Bones broke.

Don Qu. A Cage! Oh blind Stupidity! Now I will refer my self to any thing that's wise, to know if thou dost not deserve to have thy Bones broke, to call th' Inchant-ed Chariot here a Cage?

Sancho. Oh——so then, this is a Chariot, is it?

Don Qu. Yes, Rascal, what else can it be? Did not the great *Merlin* call it so?

Sancho. Oh, very good——Nay, nay, I suppose it.

[Shaking his Head at Don Qu.]

Don Qu. 'Tis something odd, I confess: The Knights of old, that suffer'd on these occasions, were carried thro' the Air in some strange Cloud, or mounted on a flying *Hippogryphis*——But perhaps the Method's chang'd.

Sancho. 'Tis chang'd to a very pretty Method, truly——If any one would see a Raree-Show, let him come hither: Here's the Emperor and the Governor
Cheek

Cheek by Jole, like too Paraguites hung up in a Hall-Window: Lord, if we were in *England* now, what a World of Fools Six-pences we should get for a sight of us! A Groat to see the Emperor, and Two-pence the Earl; 'Oons, we should put down all the Holiday Monsters clearly.

Don Qu. Well well, Dog-bolt; you are witty again, are ye? and, I suppose, know the Privilege of the Place you are in.

Sancho. The Narrowness of the Place I'm in, I suppose I do; 'tis in vain to be angry here, Sir, here's no room for drubbing.

Don Qu. No, I forgive thee, because I perceive the Inchantment works upon thee; besides the Fable says, *That in the Toil, once the Wolf and the Sheep were Friends*: Then I know thou art nettled too about the delay of thy Preferment; which troth, as things stand, I must needs say I cannot now prefix a time to.

Sancho. Why troth, I as faithfully believe ye.

Don Qu. What grieves me most, is to see the trouble the Queen is in yonder: But Madam, I beseech ye don't despair, these Accidents are common to Knights-Errant; but 'tis only for a time, for I shall soon be free again to aid ye—till when, confirm your hopes in my past Promise—She thanks me with a Sign; but the rest, that by thy Fault are now deprived of Speech, by their Actions, *Sancho*, seem to threaten thee.

Sancho. Why, let 'em threaten; if they will help me out of my Incharnted Castle here, I'll give 'em leave to take their Revenge: But a pox on my ill breeding and folly, old Father *Merlin* has found another way, and there's no more to be done but Patience, and be wiser another time—*A scalded Cat fears cold Water: If Wishes could bide, then Beggars would ride: The Worth of a thing is best known by its Want; and One Nightingale in a Bush, sings better than two Jackdaws in a Cage.* And so, Sir, let's behold our selves, as one blind Fool said to t'other.

Don Qu. Oh Plague! why, thou art in thy Kingdom, I see now; this is the rarest place to string thy Proverbs
and

and thy Flim-flams in ; I must get *Merlin* to inchant that Tongue of thine a little, I find there will be no peace else.

Musick sounds again ; the Magicians return ; then a Dance of Furies ; which ended, they take up the Cage, and prepare to go out.

Vincent. The Hour is come, and all the Sons of Art in Council sit ; haste and set forward there.

Enter Hostess and Maritornes.

Hostess. Why Dolt, Madman, Afs ; a Murrain take thee, whither wilt thou let them carry thee——thus like a Fool ? 'D'sheartlinks, hast not Brains enough to see 'tis only a-Trick upon thee to make thee a——mew ——mew ——

[Mews like a Cat, when Vincent waves his Rod.

Maritor. And you, Jolt-head Governor, don't you know a Proverb, that says, *Bray a Fool in a Mortar, and you'll find all of him but his Brains.* Where the Devil are you riding like a——whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo——

[Scrieks like an Owl.

Don Qu. Alas, sweet Ladies, I pity ye ; I see you feel my Fate, but cannot help me.

Till *Merlin* does ordain I shall be freed,
Valour's in Bonds, and Chivalry lies dead.

Sancho. Earl *Sancho* is cag'd past all relief,
Not like a Governor, but like a Thief.

[They are carry'd off.

Don Fern. Ha, ha, ha, ha——rarely perform'd of all hands : Grammercy mine Host, thou hast acted thy Part like any Comedian.

Vincent. Ah, to divert your Lordship and the good Company here, I could do twice as much as this is.

Perez. There was no way to get him home but this, which has been excellently well-humour'd on all sides.

Luscin. The Princess *Micomicona* deserves a real Kingdom for the Wit she has shown in't.

Carden. She has indeed done it to a Miracle ; and manag'd, not only the Action, but the Romantick Style
so

so naturally, that a wiser Head than *Don Quixote's* might have been deceived.

Doroth. Not unless he had some Sparks of his Phrensy. But what pleases me most is *Sancho*, who is every foot at a loss, whether he shall be a Governor or nothing.

Fernan. Ha, ha, ha——Come now, let's go dine, and laugh an Hour away about it within.

Nicho. Ay, ay, a Jest sounds always most merrily at a good Dinner, my Lord; and to say the truth, the Squire of the Beard has been enchanted so long, that he begins to be hungry.

Fernan. Oh, thy Mirth shall begin presently then; were thy Hunger as sharp as one of thy own Razors, it should be blunted——Come, mine Hostess too, and little *Maritornes*——y' have all done admirably. Oh, how every little Subject pleases us, when Love has tun'd our Souls by his sweet Harmony! [*Embracing Dorothea.*] Now my dear Friend, I hope your Joys are perfect too.

Carden. In my *Luscinda's* Love, mine are as perfect as Heaven has Power to make 'em.

Luscin. And mine in meeting with my dear *Cardenio*.

Doroth. And let each kind, too late repenting, Maid,
That fears she's by unconstant Man betray'd,
Yet by peculiar Fate, and Grace Divine,
At last retrieves her Lover——guess at mine?

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the First Part.





THE
Comical History
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

As it is Acted at both Theatres,
By Their Majesties Servants.

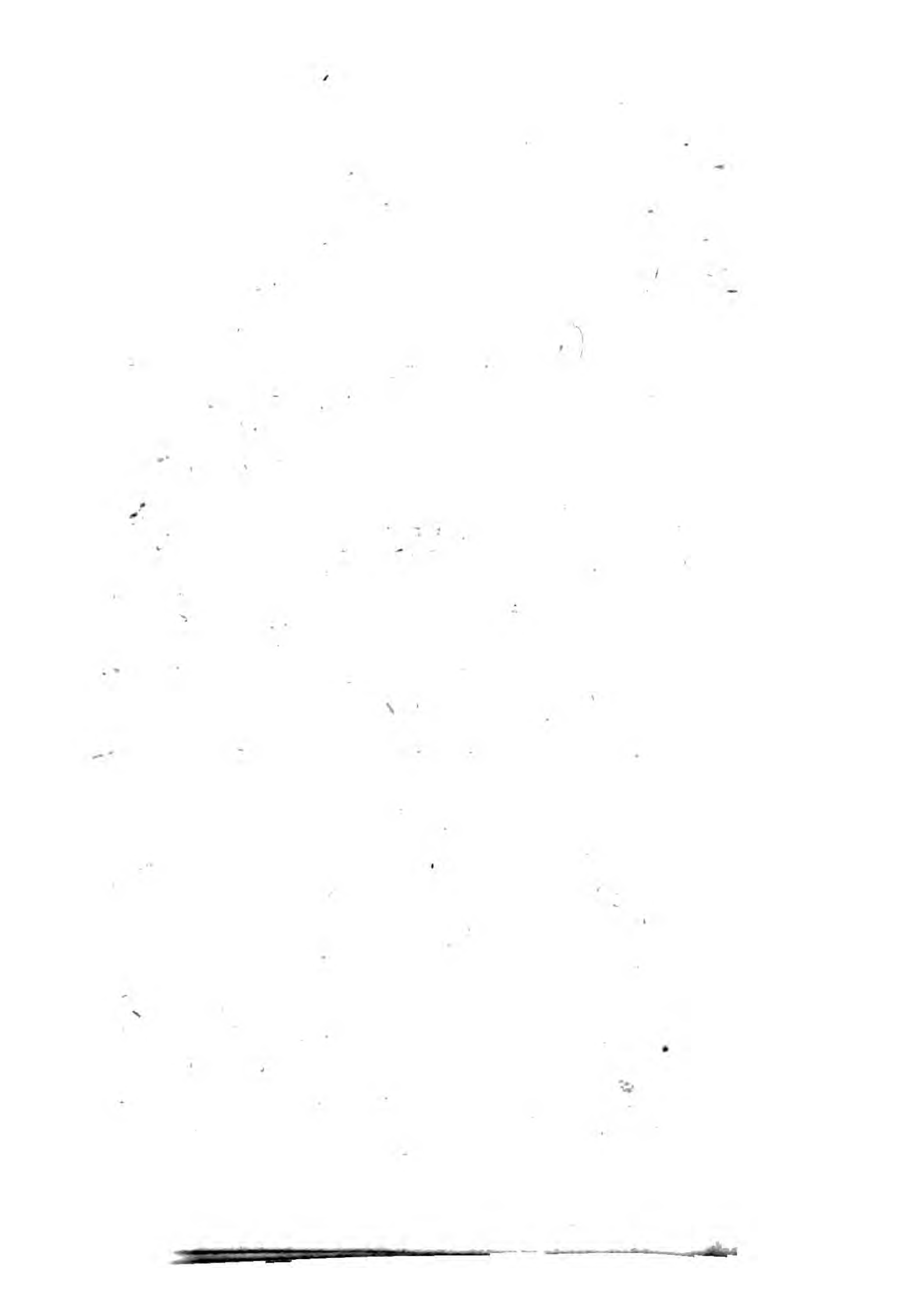
PART II.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.



L O N D O N,

Printed for JACOB TONSON; and for JOHN DARBY,
ARTHUR BETTESWORTH, and FRANCIS CLAY, in
Trust for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WEL-
LINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.





To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,
Lord Chamberlain of their Ma-
jesties Household, and Knight of
the most Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.

M Y L O R D,



S in old Times, when Wit had flourish'd
long,
And *Rome* was famous for Poetick Song,
The Learned *Bards* did round *Mecenas*
throng;

To him, as Wit's Dictator, brought their Store
And Standard, that best try'd the Muses Ore :
So in our *Albion*, tho her Bards are few,
Yet each one covets a Dictator too,
And for *Mecenas*, fix (my Lord) on you.
You like the famous *Indian* Gourd are set,
Under whose Shade sits cool each pigmy Wit,
Free from the railing Criticks blasting Heat.

Let

Let the rich Spring flow clear, or be impure,
 Fenc'd with your Name the Poet is secure:
 Your Wit's a Sanctuary, where each one
 Is safe, that wisely does for Refuge run.
 The roving *Icarus* in Poetry
 By you is levell'd, when he soars too high.
 By Judgment's Rules, and awful Sense reclaim'd,
 The wild High-flyer is to Nature tam'd:
 Nor does the grovelling Muse crawl off a sham'd,
 But by your mild Reproof his Faults discern;
 Made fit for Fame, if not too proud to learn.
 Each Genius still, is by your Candor priz'd,
 The Great not flatter'd, nor the Less despis'd.
 For as great *Maro*, *Naso*, *Flaccus*, may
 In your indulgent Beams with freedom play;
 So *Bavius* too, and *Mævius* uncontroul'd,
 May bask about—and grac'd with Smiles, be bold.
 Oh boutidless Glory! yet for ease too great,
 Anxious, tho' prais'd, and restless in its State:
 Wit's Fate, and that of Sovereignty's the same,
 Both sit high crown'd, both plagu'd by too much Fame.
 As Courtiers for Preferment teasing come,
 And at the *Levee* throug a Monarch's Room:
 So when *Apollo* crowns a darling Son,
 The lesser Tribe will all be pushing on,
 To get a Scyon of his sacred Bays,
 To plant their Credit in succeeding days.
 Thus your Renown——your Trouble does increase;
 Less great (my Lord) you had been more at ease.
 Like Heroes, who to War unsummon'd come;
 If less courageous, had been safe at home.
 A common Fate best suits with common Clay,
 Stamp'd off in haste upon the first Essay;
 But Poets are no Products of a Day.
 Kings reign by Conquest, Choice, or Right of Birth;
 Soldiers get Fame——and Grandees share the Earth.
 But Wit's a Prize so rare, there scarce appears
 One mighty *Dorset* in a Thousand Years:
 And then too, Heaven that knows the Gift is great,
 Thinks one enough to honour the whole State.

Thus

The Epistle Dedicatory.

97.

Thus are the two great Blessings Wit and Love,
Kept (as sublimest) with most care above.
Heaven grants us sparingly of both a taste,
One rarely found, and t'other not to last;
Lest the weak Mortal, in his Extasy,
Like the first Man, may know too much and die:
Yet has this nice forbidden Fruit, which Heaven
From Millions keeps, to you been frankly given.
You have (my Lord) a Patent from above,
And can monopolize both Wit and Love;
Inspir'd and blest, by Heaven's peculiar Care,
Ador'd by all the Wise, and all the Fair;
To whom the World united give this due,
Best Judge of Men, and best of Poets too.

Please to permit me then, as all the rest
Of Muses Sons already have address'd;
Thus, for your Patronage, to make appeal,
The last attending, but the first in Zeal.
Let but this Play the usual Grace receive,
And if your generous Breath says——Let it live;
Don Quixote then, is fix'd in deathless Glory,
And *Sancho*, on the Stage, is famous as in Story.

Which is,

My Lord,

The humble Suit of your Lordship's most obliged

and eternally devoted Servant,

T. D'Urfey.

E T H E



T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE good Success which both the Parts of Don Quixote have had, either from their natural Merit, or the Indulgence of my Friends, or both, ought sufficiently to satisfy me, that I have no reason to value the little Malice of some weak Heads, who make it their business to be simply criticizing.

I will therefore desist from any Answer in that kind, and wholly rely upon, and please myself, with the good Opinion and kind Censure of the Judicious, who unanimously declare, that I have not lessened my self in the great Undertaking, of drawing two Plays out of that ingenious History; in which, if I had flagg'd either in Style or Character, it must have been very obvious to all Eyes: but on the contrary, I have had the honour to have it judg'd, that I have done both Don Quixote and Sancho Justice, making

The P R E F A C E.

making as good a Copy of the first as possible, and furnishing the last with newer and better Proverbs of my own, than he before diverted ye with.

Besides, I think I have given some additional Diversion in the continuance of the Character of Marcella; which is wholly new in This Part, and my own Invention; the Design finishing with more pleasure to the Audience, by punishing that coy Creature by an extravagant Passion here, that was so inexorable and cruel in the First Part, and ending with a Song so incomparably well sung and acted by Mrs. Bracegirdle, that the most Envious do allow, as well as the most Ingenious affirm, that 'tis the best of that kind ever done before.

Then I must tell my severe Censurers, who will be spitting their Venom against me, tho to no purpose, that I deserve some acknowledgment for drawing the Character of Mary the Buxom, which was entirely my own, and which I was not obliged to the History at all for, there being no mention of her there, but that Sanchica, which was her right name, was found washing in a River by the Duke's Page, and leap'd up behind him on Horseback to guide him to carry her Father's Letter to her Mother; yet by making the Character humorous, and the extraordinary well acting of Mrs. Verbruggen, it is by the best Judges allowed to be a Master-piece of Humour.

The rest of the Characters in both the Parts were likewise extremely well performed, in which I had as much Justice done me as I could expect; nor was the Musical part less commend-

able, the Words every where being the best of mine in that kind: and if in the whole, they could draw such Audiences for so long time, in such violent hot Weather, I shall not despair, that when the Season is more temperate, to see at their next Representation, a great deal of good Company.

I have printed some Scenes both in the First and Second Part, which were left out in the Acting—the Play and the Musick being too long; and I doubt not but they will divert in the Reading, because very proper for the Connexion. And as I have in this, and in all my things, studied to promote the Pleasure and Satisfaction of my Friends, so I am very well satisfied, to find by my Profit, that I have not lost my Labour.



P R O-

PROLOGUE,

For Mr. Powel.

*THIS sultry Season, which was wont to clear
The Town of all the Friends we hold most dear,
Believe me, we are very glad to see you here.
The Wits that now defy their God the Sun,
(Proof 'gainst his Beams) to see Don Quixote run,
Such Miracles have he and Comick Sancho done.
Faith, since good Nature did your Hearts inspire
To use us kindly once, don't let it tire;
But let our second merry Scenes be grac'd
With your united Praise, as were our last.
If you object the Weather is too hot,
The World is in a Ferment, think of that:
Heroes abroad sweat for the glorious Day,
And I am sure you cannot choose but say,
That 'tis much safer sweating at a Play:
For in the main, vast difference will appear
'Twixt those that sweat for Pleasure, or for Fear.
Well then, 'tis time to doubt you were unjust,
Since you have been so civil to our first;
For those abroad, as well as here at home,
To see our last, we thank 'em, all have come;
Some to oblige us, from the Bath have staid,
Th' unteeming Wife, and the Green-sickness Maid,
Such Sport has been, it seems, in what we play'd.
From Richmond some, where Crouds of Beauty dwell;
Nay th' Cits have left their darling Epsom Well,
And jogg'd from them to us like honest Men,
Upon their trotting Pads of Three Pound Ten:
Then, we have had some of the Black-Coats too,
Men skill'd in Books, that our Don Quixote knew,
That fearing to be found out at a Play,
Sat in the Pit, in Coats of Iron-Gray.
In short, 'tis plain, we all Degrees have had,
Their Money too ——— for which we are not sad;
And if you please to favour us once more,
I encourage you, the Poet just now swore,
This is a better Play than that before.*

EPILOGUE,

By *Sancho* and *Mary* the Buxom.

Sancho. Come prithee, *Mary*, tho our Case be bad,
Let's make the best on't—humour thy old Dad,
And speak to th' Folk.

Mary. Icod, I think y'are mad:
What would you have me say?

Sancho. Why tell them that
Tho th' plaguy Poet makes us lose our State,
And doff our Robes which made us look so gay,
That thou wilt serve 'em in some other way,
Provided they'll be civil to the Play.

Mary. What other way, Zooks, can I serve 'em in,
Unless they have any Lockram Smocks to spin?
Will these, d'ye think, prefer a Country Tool
In Serge and Dowlas——Vather, you're a Fool.
For ought I see, amongst this long-nos'd Crew,
They'd rather wear out Smocks, than pay me to
make new.

These love your Flaunters, trick'd in huge Com-
mode,

Sprunt up with Wire and Ribbons a Cart-load.
Lord! how each Courtier-man would scowle at's
Wife,

Dixzen'd as I am now here in a Coif.

Gadslids your Top-high Flyers of the Town,
Now, scarce wear any thing that is their own;
One has false Teeth, another has false Hair,
One has an Eye-brow made, another's bare:
Some flabby, lank, unwholesom barren Phillies,
Stuff Cushions up, to counterfeit great Bellies;
And others, that they may look round as Drums,
Dress t'other place, and wear 'em on their Bums.

These are the Dishes that these Folk esteem,

A Country-Rasher won't go down with them.

Therefore, for my part, I'll no Favour crave;

I know their Humour, and my Breath I'll save:

Yet to conclude, I say this of the Play,

Icod 'tis good, and if they like't they may.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- D**UKE *Ricardo*. - A Grandee of *Spain*. } Mr. Cibber.
- Cardenio*, a witty young Gentleman, }
his Companion and Friend. } Mr. Bowman.
- Ambrosio*, a young Student of *Salamanca*, and Kinsman to the Duke, }
an inveterate Enemy to Women, } Mr. Verbruggen.
ever since his dear Friend *Chryso-
stom* died for Love of *Marcella*. }
- Don Quixote*, a Frantick Gentleman }
of the *Mancha*, who ran mad with } Mr. Boem.
reading Books of Chivalry, and
supposes himself a Knight-Errant. }
- Manuel*, Steward to the Duke, a plea- }
sant witty Fellow, who with *Pedro* } Mr. Powel.
and the Page, manages all the De-
signs used in the following *Don
Quixote*. }
- Pedro Rezio*, a Doctor of Physick, and }
Assistant to *Manuel* in fooling *Don* } Mr. Freeman.
Quixote. }
- Bernardo*, Chaplain to the Duke—A }
positive, testy, morose Fellow. } Mr. Trefuse.
- Diego*, a rough ill-natur'd vicious Fel- }
low, Master of the Duke's Game, } Mr. Harris.
and chief Shepherd, in love with
Marcella. }
- Page to the Duke, another witty young }
Fellow, and Agent in the fooling } Mr. Lee.
Don Quixote. }
- Sancho Pancha*, Squire to *Don Quix-
ote*, a dull, heavy, Country Booby }
in appearance, but in discourse, dry, } Mr. Underhill.
subtle, and sharp; a great repeater
of Proverbs, which he blunders out
upon all occasions, tho never so ab-
surd, or far from the purpose. }

W O M E N.

- Dutchess*, a merry facetious Lady, that perpetually diverts her self with the extravagant Follies of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*. } Mrs. Knight.
- Luscinda*, Wife to *Gardenio*, her Companion. } Mrs. Bowman.
- Dulcinea del Tobaso*, Page to the Duke, commanded by him to personate *Don Quixote's* feigned Mistress. } Mr. Lee.
- Marcella*, a young beautiful Shepherdess of *Cordua*, extremely coy, and averse to men at first, but afterwards passionately in Love with *Ambrosio*. } Mrs. Bracegirdle.
- Donna Rodriguez*, Woman to the *Dutchess*, antiquated, opinionated and impertinent. } Mrs. Kent.
- Teresa Pancha*, Wife to *Sancho*— a poor clownish Country-woman. } Mrs. Lee.
- Mary*, her Daughter, a ramping ill-bred Dowdy. } Mrs. Verbruggen.
- Ricotta*, *Flora*, two other Country Lasses.
- Taylor*, *Gardener*, *Painter*, *Grazier*, *Small Man* and *Woman*, Petitioners to the Governor *Sancho*.
- Inchanters*, *Furies*, *Carver*, *Cryer*, *Constable*, *Watch*, *Musicians*, *Singers*, *Dancers* and *Attendants*.

T H E



THE
Comical History
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Ambrosio, Manuel, Pedro.

Ambros.



O, Gentlemen, are all things in order for the Duke's Design of entertaining this whimsical Knight-Errant?

Man. They are, Sir; every Servant in the House answers to his Cue as readily as if he had been brought up in a Theatre.

Ped. We find no one tardy in the business but Diego the Duke's Master of the Shepherds, who we hear has almost

almost lost his Wits for Love; and the Cox-comb grows every day so mop'd with it, that he neglects all other business.

Ambros. There's something in that Fellow more than ordinary, a Swarth Complexion, Hot and Saturnine; you had best look to him, Master Steward, for I know him to be of a mischievous Nature, and not honest. Farewel, I must go seek the Duke, who is gone to the Grove, just by the Park-side yonder, to meet *Don Quixote*, and bring him to his Castle.

Man. Have they lodg'd the Knight then?

Ambros. 'Twas all the Work of the Neighbourhood to watch his motion: *Sancho* we hear was sent of an Errand to *Tobaso* this morning, but about what we know not—and the Knight stays yonder, waiting for his coming—Farewel, you had best make haste home before, to get all things in readiness.

[*Exit Ambrosio.*

Man. I intend it, Sir. Come, Doctor, we shall have rare Sport.

Pedro. ———'Sdeath! is't possible the Frenzy should still be so strong upon the Fool? 'Tis not above a Month, since a Brother of my Profession told me, that he administred to him at his House, and had great hopes of his Cure.

Man. There was such a Report indeed. The manner of his ridiculous Inchantment, and bringing home in a Cage too, is very authentick——But *Sancho* and he one Night made a shift to give 'em all the slip, and this is now his second Sally.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha——And in good time, he undertakes it, to give the Duke and Dutchess Diversion.——Come let's be gone, that I may be ready for my part in the Scene.

Man. The Chaplain must not know of it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Diego Solus.

Diego. What are their Frolicks or their Sports to me, that have a burning Fever in my Breast, that hourly consumes.

consumes me? I know no Master now, but raging Passion, nor own Obedience, but to Love's great Power, and my Heart's Murtheress, the ador'd *Marcella*; whom to enjoy, I'll hazard Credit, Fortune, nay venture at once my Soul and Body's Ruin, and ne'er believe that I can pay too dear. [*Pulls out a Letter and muses.*]

Re-enter Ambrosio.

Ambrosio. I've mis'd the Duke and Dutchess strangely, who, I believe, are gone the left-hand way over the Pattock.——How now, who have we here, *Diego* the chief Shepherd?——This is the loving Fool they lately talk'd of. I'll stay a little to observe him.

[*Absconds behind.*]

Diego. This Letter here shews me the Road to Happiness, which is just sent me from a trusty Friend that I employed to watch her Evening Haunts, and now 'tis done effectually.——[*Reads.*] *Know she's the proudest of her Sex, as well as the most beautiful, and therefore shuns all Conversation with ours, and generally with her own; therefore to indulge her Humour, I have observed her several Evenings together to walk alone, exactly about Seven, in the Myrtle Grove, that joins to the Ambassador's Garden, where at the aforesaid hour, you may securely seize her. I would assist ye, but the Ambassador is this minute sent for to Court——But at my return, I expect the Pleasure, to hear that you are reveng'd upon that proud Beauty, that so long has tortur'd ye——The account of which Action will give a secret Pleasure to your faithful Friend, &c.*

Diego. The Action —— Oh how my Heart leaps in my Breast to think on't! Remorse avaunt, I am resolv'd this Evening to force the scornful Fair to quench my Flame, and glut my Love with the sweet Spoils of Beauty——

[*Exit Diego.*]

Ambrosio. Here's a pretty business going forward; why what a damn'd Wolf, or Satyr of a Fellow, have I discover'd here among the Sheep-coats!——In Love, did they say?——Ay, this is the very Devil of a Lover, a most admirable Monster to justify my Quarrel to the

Sex :

Sex : This sort of *Coridons* now, would fit the Female Devilings. Damn 'em I'll take no notice on't ; no Usage can be bad enough for 'em——But hold, is that Resolution like a Gentleman ? Does it consist with Honour ? Pox on't, would Chance had never led my feet this way. Now I'm a greater Villain than the Ravisher, if I permit the mischief. 'Tis so, and I must prevent it.

*In spite of Rancour she shall Succour find ;
I'll save her Honour, tho I hate her Kind.* [Exit.

Enter Don Quixote solus.

Don Qu. Oh that I had, as once young *Phaeton*, the Rule of the bright Chariot of the Sun, that I might whip the Hours into more speed ; or for a Minute could disarm the Furies, to give one good smart Lash to lagging *Sancho*, whom I this morning sent, with a Love-Message, to my ador'd and charming *Dulcinea*. Post on ye sluggish Minutes, run dull Squire ; and let thy Thoughts inform thy heavy Heels, the Longings of my Soul : In the mean time, here in this Grotto, rest thou Load of Love, think on thy lovely Charmer, and let thy amorous Soul send forth no other sound but *Dulcinea*.
Oh *Dulcinea* ! [Exit.

Enter Sancho.

Sanc. Yonder he lies, and as melancholy as a Cat in a Church-Steeple, expecting my return.——And now, good Brother *Sancho*——be pleas'd to go on with your Design ; and since you don't like the Message you are sent about, let's see how your Wit can bring you off.——Let me see, your maggot-pated Master *Don Quixote* sends you to *Toboso*, to the Princess *Dulcinea*——Very good——Did you ever hear of any such Princess *Sancho* ?——No——Or has your Master ever seen such ?——Neither.——Why then your Errand appears to be but a kind of mad Whimsy, *Sancho*.——No doubt on't.——Well then, what Remedy ?——Why thus Brother——if your Master can fancy Princesses,

Part II. of Don Quixote. 109

fes, where none e'er were—Windmills to be Giants, and Flocks of Sheep, Armies—and say every foot, that his Sight is beguil'd by Inchantments—'twill be as easy for you to take the next Comer, *Sancho*— and persuade him to believe 'tis the radiant *Dulcinea*.

Enter two Country Wenches.

1 *C. W.* Come Cousin *Ricotta*, prithee come along ; Uddidikins, I'll be hang'd if the Bride ben't gone to Church before we can get thither.

2 *C. W.* Why prithee how can that be, Fool, when Father *Jodobet* the Priest, and *Gasper* the Piper, are just gone before us ?

1 *C. W.* Pshaw that's all one, the holy Cormorant has been at Breakfast already, he has devoured half a Turkey, and drank a Bottle of *Malaga*.—this morning ; so that he has nothing to do till Dinner, but to chop up *Mafs*, and see 'em join'd according to Custom.

2 *C. W.* He see 'em join'd according to Custom : Why how now, you plaguy Hoyden you,——d'ee make a Pimp of the Priest ?

Sancho. Why how now, you young pert Baggage, a Pimp of a Priest ! why is that such a Miracle ? This comes as pat as I could wish, these are two rare Jades for my purpose. [*Aside.*

2 *C. W.* What ails the Slouch, can't you go on your way ? I spoke to my Cousin *Flora*, I did not meddle with you, Swag-belly.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, it shall be so Faith, this shall be the Princess *Dulcinea* Godzookers,—— and this other Dowdy, here, shall be her waiting Woman——
ha, ha, ha. [*Sancho stops 'em.*

1 *C. W.* What's the matter with the Paunch, what ails the Bristle-chops, can't you let us go and be hang'd ?

Sancho. Till my Lord *Don Quixote* has kindled his amorous Taper at the Glow-worm Rays of your Lady the Princess there, not for the World—— my dear Linda-brides.

2 *C. W.* What Lady, what Princess ? what a Dickins, is the Booby mad ?

Sancho.

Sanc. Therefore appear, thou Mirror of Knight-Errantry, here is thy Queen, here is thy *Dulcinea*, Moon of thy Hopes, North Star of thy Desires, shining with all her fiery Beams upon thee.

Enter Don Quixote.

Don Qu. 'Twas *Sancho's* Voice,—and see yonder he stands—Welcome thou blest, thou long'd for Messenger.—Well, and what Success good Friend, hah! was the God of Love compassionate?

Sanc. Success, 'sbud—kneel, kneel; Sir, oons are you blind? Why there she is, Sir, the Princess, the Peerless *Dulcinea*, the grand *Toboso*, the silver Trumpet of Renown, the Fire-Arms of Beauty, and the Touch-hole of Love, attended by the most beautiful Babberlips of *Spain*, the lovely—*Whiffundera*. [They kneel.

Don Qu. Where is the Princess, *Sancho*?

[Staring about.

I. C. W. Ah Devil on ye, what Game, what Foolery's this? Pray let's go, will ye?

Sanc. Oh Princess and universal Lady of *Toboso*, why does not your magnanimous Heart relent, seeing the Pillar and Prop of Chivalry prostrate before your sublimated presence? 'Sbud, Sir, are you dumb?—Or are your Senses ravish'd from you, at the Beams of those fair Eyes, those luscious Bubbies, and Amber-locks, adorn'd with Pearl and Diamonds?

Don Qu. Pearl and Diamonds! [Rubs his Eyes.

Sanc. 'Dsheart, what d'ee lie rubbing your Eyes so for? Why don't you see all this?

Don Qu. Upon my Knighthood—No.

Sanc. The Devil were in ye if you should.—How the clownish Jades stare at one another.

Don Qu. I see no Princess: the Objects that present themselves to me, are Faces most uncomely: Dost thou see this rare sight, *Sancho*? [Rises up.

Sanc. Do I? I think I do: I see the Princess shining with Gold there, like a Sunbeam, and the most bright and altified *Whiffundera*, blazing like a Star of the first Magnitude.

I. C. W.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 111

1 C. W. Well enough, Brewis-belly: Adflidikins leave off your Fooling, and let's be gone, or I'll call out to the Vineyard yonder.

2 C. W. There be Folks there that will take our parts; you may chance to get a Drubbing for your Jokes, if you han't a care, Bacon-face.

Sanc. Zooks, Queen Blouze may be in the right in that, therefore I'll make haste.

Don Qu. If that be the Princess that spoke last, some devilish Spell this moment is upon me, I am bereav'd of all my Sight and Senses.

Sanc. How, how's that, Sir? I hope not so—— This is what I look'd for; Ha, ha, ha, ha, the Trick fadges rarely. [Aside.

Don Qu. Dost thou smell nothing, Sancho?

Sanc. A perfum'd Sigh or two; the Princess breath'd, Sir, nothing else.

Don Qu. Nay, then 'tis plain I'm inehanted again,— by my Knighthood, it seem'd to me of Garlick.

Sanc. Garlick! Oh Villains, now could I eat one of these Inchanting Rogues. And I warrant the Princess and her Lady, Sir, seem to you like two Hog-rubbing Dowdies?

Don Qu. Todpoles! Witches! I have not seen two uglier.

Sanc. Good lack a-day, that these devilish Fellows can do this!——Keep in your Breath, and be hang'd. [Aside.

2 C. W. Keep you off and be hang'd. So-ho, in the Vineyard there.

1 C. W. Pedro, Valasco, Tarzoe, So-ho; Odssid come near me again——a couple of cogging scoffing Gibers, what a Murrain can't you let People go along the Road? Did we meddle with you? Odssid come near me again, and I'll give thee such a gripe on the Weazon, I'll make thee cackle again. [They run out.

Don Qu. Ugh——there's another whiff, the very—— Quintessence of Garlick. Oh thou Extreme of all Wick- edness, thou abhorr'd Inchanter; whoe'er thou art, think not, because thou canst pervert my smelling Fa- culty,

culty, and put these Clouds and Cataracts in my Eyes, to eclipse that dazzling Beauty from me, that it shall serve thy turn: No, Miscreant, the time shall come, when by my powerful Arm all Charms shall be dissolv'd, and this bright Planet, hid by vile Inchantment, shine bright and clear for ever. Is she gone, *Sancho*?

Sancho. Yes, Sir, and upon so fast a Gallop, that 'tis impossible for *Rosinante* to overtake her; therefore pray Sir consider the Proverb that says, To ill Accidents apply Patience; Let every Conscience fit it self to the Times. We shall have a smiling minute, when we shall first these plaguy Inchanters before they are aware. In the mean time be pleas'd to think of being an Emperor as soon as you can Sir——that I may be a Governor, and raise my Family; for to my thinking I should become governing hugely well: And now I talk of governing, yonder comes a Company, that I think look like Emperors and Governors indeed.

Don Qu. Not a word more——I know 'em, 'tis the Great Duke of that noble Seat thou seest there, with his fair Dutchess: And I suppose my Fame has reach'd his Ears; he comes hither now to find me out.

Enter Duke Ricardo, Dutchess, Cardenio, Lusinda, Rodriguez, and Servants.

Down swelling Griefs, awhile be hush'd and silent, whilst from these great Ones I receive that Ceremony my noble Function merits: And d'ee hear *Sancho*, be sure you behave your self with that Decorum as suits my Squire, and the Place y'are in.

Sancho. Well, well, Sir, a word to the Wife is enough——Manners makes the Man, quoth *William of Wickham*——Now we are to deal with People that have a sense of Governing, I warrant ye let me alone for behaving my self.

Duke. Lure off the Hawks, the day's too hot for Sport, we'll out again in th'Evening——Most noble Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*——Fortune has now oblig'd me to my Wishes; thou Quintessence, thou Soul of Arms and Honour, welcome into my Province.

Don

Don Qu. Your Grace's most devoted, lives no longer, than whilst he is yours in all humble Duty.

Duke. Illustrious Errant, I am prond to thank ye—Madam, that you may know how highly Fortune honours me, I am oblig'd to tell ye, this is the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, the shining Sun of *Spain*, the *Mars* of Arms and Chivalry, whom I desire you to invite to my Castle, that we may shew how we admire such Virtue.

Dutch. I am his Greatness's most humble Servant, and hope he'll so far honour us.

Don Qu. I kiss your beauteous Hand, most excellent Lady, and wholly subject my self to your Commands.

Sanc. Subject himself to her Commands—Gadzooks very pretty, that—Well, this plaguy Devil my Master, has a notable way with him sometimes.

Card. We are all—Valiant Sir, your humble Servants and most oblig'd.

Lusc. But most of all our Sex—as to a Champion, whose daily Endeavour is to right our Wrongs, with Sword and Lance, on Mountain or in Valley, to vindicate the Cause of injured Ladies.

Duke. And this good Fellow, if I mistake not, must sure be trusty *Sancho*, the honest Partner of this brave Knight's Dangers.

Sanc. Your Mightiness has hit it to a hair—I am the very *Sancho*, indeed; a Governor elect too, for all I look so; and as for Dangers, why little said is soon amended; Common Fame is seldom to blame, but Patience is a Plaister for all Sores. My Master and I have heard Wolves howl at midnight before now—we know how an Oaken Cudgel can bruise, and what danger is in cold Iron: We are no Flinchers, we.

Don Qu. You will forget, Blunderhead. [*To Sancho, Aside.*] A clownish Prater, my Lord, I hope your Grace will excuse him. [*To the Duke.*]

Duke. Oh, *Sancho* is very pleasant, and his Proverbs become him extremely—Go some of you and bridle this noble Knight's Horse, that I see feeding yonder,
and

and bring him to the Stable; we'll go in the back way over the Garden.

Sancho. And pray Mistress, since I see you have nothing else to do, will you be so kind as to go to yonder Hedge, where [*to Rodriguez.*] you will find a dapple grey Ass, ————ty'd, and do so much as put him up with *Rosinante*; and pray take what care of him you can, because the poor Fool is a little skittish, and I can't wait on him my self, by reason you see me oblig'd to follow my Master.

Rod. How now, ignorant Bufflehead, d'ye know who you talk to?

Don Qu. Oh confound him, did you ever hear such a sordid Son of a Whore? Why, thou complicated lump of Dullness, does this good Gentlewoman look like a Groom? Does she seem fit to manage in a Stable, thou incomprehensible Rascal?

Dutch. 'Twas only a small mistake, Sir Knight; my Woman's very good-natur'd, and I know *Sancho* intended no Affront.

Duke. No, no, 'twas a Civility any one might have begg'd; besides, *Dapple* may be nearer related to *Sancho* than we imagine. I have bit my Tongue almost thro'; I shall ne'er be able to hold out.

[*To Cardenio Aside.*]

Carden. Nor I, I dare not look that way for fear of laughing aloud.

Luscind. How Mrs. *Rodriguez* swells! I warrant she could poison *Sancho* now with all her Soul, for she knows nothing of the Design. [*To Card.*]

Rod. I shall hardly expose my Sense, to resent anything from such a Rustical Brute; my Breeding and his, I suppose, have been in different Stations: Therefore the best way of expressing my self about it, is by contempt. I despise the Creature.

Duke. Well, well, since you despise him, so let it end then. Come, most Heroick, shall I lead the way—my Wife attends your motion.

[*Don Quixote leads out the Dutchess.*]

Don Qu. Her Grace extremely honours me——
Hah——Dunghil Vermin, is this your manners
with a Pox t'ee? [*Aside to Sancho.*

Sanc. Where the Devil's the harm on't? Gadzooks I
thought Waiting-Women might have gone into Lords
Stables, as well as Footmen into Ladies Bed chambers;
but live and learn, and be hang'd and forget all;
there's a good Proverb however. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Bernardo, Manuel, Pedro, and Page.

Man. Come, are the Musicians ready now for the En-
tertainment? The Duke and Dutchess are just at the
Gate.

Page. They are all tuning their Instruments in the
next Room.

Man. *Page,* prithee run and tell the Cook and the
Confectioner, my Lord will have the Banquet after the
Musick is ended. [*Exit Page.*

Bern. And what's all this Preparation for, I wonder?
What silly Gambol is going to be plaid now?

Man. And why silly Gambol? Lord, you are always
so peevish, *Mt. Cuff-cushion,* there's no living with ye;
any thing that does not suit your grave testy Humour, is
silly presently. Pox, methinks you should know your
station of being unmannerly a little better; be civil here,
and be rude when you get into your Pulpit.

Bern. Ah, thou art a pretty Fellow to govern a Fa-
mily, with a flashy Head, and a Heart void of Consci-
ence, Morality and Religion. How dar'st thou profane
the Pulpit, Reprobate? A Whore were a more natural
thing for thee to talk of.

Man. Why that's a Pulpit you love to preach in too,
as well as I, for all your Canting.

Pedro. No, you must let him govern every thing, and
then Sir Gravity will be easy; let but the Head Butler be
his Crony, and my Lady's pretty Chamber maid sit on
his Bed-side in a morning, and mend his Stockings, and
then

then you shall hear him rail no more, nor ever have a Sermon against Drinking or Whoring.

Bern. Why thou Insect, bred from Excrement; thou Quack, with not Skill enough to cure a Lap-dog of the Mange! Thou Venery-promoter, art thou shooting thy Turpentine Pills at me too?

Man. Put him but into a Fret, and 'twill be better Sport than a Bear-baiting, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bern. Fulsome Idiot, poor Wretch.

Man. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ——— poor Vestry-dawber.

Pedro. Come, come, prithee, ——— now let's leave him to chew the Cud upon Contemplation ——— here comes my Lord.

Enter Duke, Cardenio, and Page.

Duke. Is he unarm'd?

Page. They are doing it, my Lord, and treating him in all points, as your Grace has order'd.

Card. My Lady Dutchess will grow fat with laughing, I never saw her take so much pleasure in any Jest before:

Duke. Go you and assist in the Ceremony; and be sure [To Man. and Pedro.] to use him according to the Custom of Knight Errants of old, which I have read t'ye in Books of Chivalry ——— How now *Bernardo*, what is your reverend Solidity musing on, ha?

[Exit. Man. and Pedro.]

Bern. I am musing, my Lord, on those Books of Chivalry, which I have of late often found you reading; and I profess I wonder, that a Man of your clear Sense and good Parts, should waste your precious time so unprofitably.

Duke. Testy Fool; now, if I would permit him, would this peevish Block-head be impertinent two long hours by the Clock ——— Come, come, I'll endure no Reproof now; if thou'lt be sociable, and take part of the Musick and Banquet, 'tis well, if not ———

Bern. The Musick ——— No, not I, Heaven estrange my Ears from hearing such Vanity; ——— as for the other part,

Part II. of Don Quixote. 117

part, it is my duty to give a Blessing to't; therefore I shall attend.

[Exit Bern.

Card. Ay to the eating part, I warrant thee; if any of thy Tribe are wanting at that, I much wonder.

Musick sounds, then Enter Don Quixote unarm'd, with a rich Mantle over him, and led between the Dutchess and Lusinda, Sancho following with Rodriguez and Servants: They place Don Quixote in the chief Seat, and all sit down.

Duke. Long live the Flower of Knight-Errantry, the Renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

Dutch. Vivat the Succourer of Widows and Orphans.

Card. The Righter of Wrongs, and Retriever of the antient and most noble Laws of Chivalry.

Lusc. The Tamer of Giants, and undaunted Queller of Monsters and Furies.

Duke. Let the Sports begin to entertain him, and let no Part be wanting to do him honour.

S O N G.

I.

IF you will love me, be free in expressing it,
And henceforth give me no cause to complain;
Or if you hate me, be plain in confessing it,
And in few words put me out of my pain.
This long delaying, with Sighing and Praying,
Breeds only delaying in Life and Amour;
Cooing and Wooing,
And daily pursuing,
Is damn'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

II.

If you'll propose a kind Method of ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But if you stick to your old way of fooling me,
I must be plain, I am none of your Man.

Passion

*Passion for Passion on each kind occasion,
With free Inclination, does kindle Love's Fire ;
But tedious Prating,
Coy Folly debating,
And new Doubts creating, still makes it expire.*

The Lady's Answer.

I.

*YOU love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
Still have recourse to the Tricks of your Art ;
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.
Eye, fye, Deceiver,
No longer endeavour,
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won :
No fond Caressing
Must be, nor Unlacing,
Or tender Embracing, till th' Parson has done.*

II.

*Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their Humours to rail at their Wives ;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comfort's Destroyer, and Plague of their Lives.
Some are affirming,
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree ;
Venturing that Chouse you,
Must let me espouse you,
If e'er, my dear Mouse, you will nibble at me.*

Here follows an Entertainment of Dancing, then the Banquet is prepared and brought in ; the Duke places Don Quixote at the upper end of the Table, but he refuses it.

Enter

Enter Bernardo, and says Grace.

Don Qu. I do beseech your Grace, I shall die with Blushing.

Duke. The highest Merit must have highest Place.

Don Qu. My Lord, you confound me with excess of Favour.

Duke. Nay, nay, it must be so Sir.

[They sit, and Sancho waits on Don Quixote.]

Bern. On my Conscience this is that Scare-crow Knight-Errant *Don Quixote*, that I have heard the Duke talk so often of: Oh the whimsical Idiot!

[Sits at the lower end.]

Dutch. Indeed, Sir Knight, if I may speak my thoughts, your Modesty is a great deal too nice: You needs must know your place where-e'er you are.

Sancho. Now have I two Proverbs at my Tongue's end, that I'd give half my Government to vent — One is, He that has more Manners than he ought, is more a Fool than he thought; and t'other is, There is more ado with one Jackanapes, than with all the Bears.

Dutch. How now, Friend *Sancho*, what are you muttering? Come we must have no Wit lost.

Sancho. Ah Blessing on your Noblenesses Prattling Place; y're a Princely Jewel, I'll say that for ye: And now my Master *Don Quixote* has put me in mind on't — I could tell ye a very pretty Tale that happened in our Town, concerning Places.

Don Qu. You will prate, Jolt-head — I beseech your Graces, let this Coxcomb be thrust out; we shall hear a thousand Follies else.

Bern. By my Sincerity these are both craz'd alike, and I shall never have Patience to hear half their Fooleries.

Duke. By no means, my noble Sir; *Sancho* must needs go on with his Tale.

Card. Oh we lose our chief Diversion else — for his Wit and good Humour must needs make it very pleasant.

Lusc. Therefore begin quickly, honest Friend, for my Lady Dutchess and I are impatient till we hear it.

Sanc. Why then thus it goes: You must know then, that there was a Gentleman in our Town, nearly related to *Don Alonzo de Maranon*, Knight of the Order of *St. Jaques*, who was drown'd in the *Heradura*, about whom that Quarrel was a little while since in our Town; master of mine, pray Sir, were not you in't?—Where little *Thomas* the Mad-cap, Son to *Balvasino* the Smith, had a deep Wound in the *Scrotum* as they call'd it, about the Widow *Waggum*.

Don Qu. A Plague on thee for a Crust-grinder, dost thou begin a Tale without head or foot, and then ask me a question?—Now do I sweat for the Rogue.

[*Aside.*

Sanc. Well, well, then 'tis no great matter—And so this Gentleman, that I told you first of, invited a poor Husband-man to Dinner; and so the poor man coming to the Gentleman Inviter's House, Heaven be merciful to him, for he is now dead; and for a farther Token, they say, died like a Lamb—for I was not by, for at that time I was gone to another Town to reaping.

Bern. Ay, and prithee come back from Reaping quickly, without burying the Gentleman, unless thou hast a mind to kill us too with Expectation.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don Qu. Oh tardy Hell-hound, I'm in a Fever for him.

[*Aside.*

Sanc. Ne'er fear, Sir, I'll be mannerly: [*To Don Quixote apart.*] And so, as I was saying, both being ready to sit down to Table, the poor Man contended with the Gentleman not to sit uppermost, and the Gentleman with him that he should, as meaning to command in his own House; but still the Country Booby pretending to be mannerly and courteous, would not; till the Gentleman very angry, thrusting him down, said to him, sit there, you Thrasher, for wherever I sit with thee, shall still be the upper end: And

now

Part II. of Don Quixote.

121

now ye have my Tale forsooth, and I hope pretty well to the purpose. [Don Quixote frowns on Sancho.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Duke. A very admirable Tale, and quaintly delivered, ha, ha, ha.

Dutch. Poor *Sancho* will pay for this anon; the Knight looks very angry, I'll try to divert it—— My Lord, *Don Quixote*, I beseech ye, if my Request be not improper, how fares the gracious *Dulcinea del Toboso*?——and what Giants, Bugbears and Captives have you sent her lately?

Don Qu. How could I mumble that Dog, if I had him in a corner. [Aside.

Sancho. What a plague's the matter? I've said something amiss now, I see by's look.

Don Qu. Ah Madam there you divide my Heart in sunder, the Beauteous *Dulcinea* is enchanted.

Dutch. Is't possible!

Bern. Ye crack-brain'd Idiot, I profess I can bear no longer. Fie, fie, my Lord and Madam, what d'ee mean?—— I vow your Graces are much to blame, t'indulge the Frenzy of this Lunatick?

Don Qu. How? What's that Sir, Lunatick?

Card. Now comes the Sport.

Lusc. The Priest has smothered his testy Humour till he's black in the Face.

Bern. Who thrust it into your Brains, *Don Quixote*, or *Don Coxcomb*, that you are a Knight-Errant, with a murrain t'ee, and that you can kill Giants, Monsters, Bugbears——or know of any Princess that's enchanted? Is not this *Spain*, incorrigible dull Pate? What Errants are there here? Or what use of 'em, hah?

Don Qu. Oh monstrous! Oh thou old black Fox with a Fire-brand in thy Tail, thou very Priest, thou Kindler of all Mischiefs in all Nations; d'ee here, Homily, did not the Reverence that I bear these Nobles, bind my just Rage, I would so thrum your Cassock, you Church-Vermin.

Bern. I profess, I have a great mind to strip, I have much ado to forbear—— but hold, I will not shame

my Coat——I will absent me prudently——Well, Mad-man, Passion is an ill Arguer, some other time we will dispute this point——Till when farewell——Addlepate.

Don Qu. Adieu Scripture-groper. [Exit Bernardo.

Duke. A waspish strange old Fool! I hope, Sir, you take no offence.

Don Qu. None, none, my Lord, upon my Honour; Women and Priests may say any thing.

Duke. He shall beg your Pardon. Hey *Page*, bid the Chaplain wait me in the Park. [Exit *Page*.

Dutch. Come will you retire, Sir, for an hour, and then we'll divert you abroad with Hawking.

Don Qu. I am your Grace's ever.

[Exit, leading the Dutchess.

Sanc. I am glad of this; that Black-Coat's prating has made him forget me.

Garden. Come, my Dear, let's follow and laugh.

Lusc.——*This but begins the Farce which yet we see: Where these Fools are, there must Diversion be.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Diego disguis'd, pulling in Marcella.

Marcel.



HELP, help, for Heaven's sake help.

Diego. You call in vain, nothing can help you now but fair Compliance.

Marcel. Help, help——is no blest charitable Creature near, to help a Maid in her Distress?

Diego. Yes I.

Marcel.

Marcel. Thou art a Devil.

Diego. So, my dear, art thou, a very Devil; and the Hell I've suffer'd, thro' thy nice Female Pride and Obstinacy, is greater than the Damn'd below endure: but I am now grown a profound Magician, and I can conjure that proud Demon from thee, that late insulted o'er all Human Kind. You now must love, *Marcella*.

Marcel. Curst Sound, and now more curst than ever, coming from the Mouth of such a Fury!

Diego. Ay, this is well now——I am pleas'd to see that *Lucifer* keeps his old station in your proud Heart; my Spell will work the better. Mildness perhaps had wrought me to a stile of whining Love, to court and sue for Favour, look like a Fool, be modest, cringe and bow, lie like a Chambermaid, and at last get nothing: but y'are an Ill-favour'd Monster, and I scorn ye.

Marcel. No Succour yet! no kind relieving Passenger.

Diego. But now you shew your Sex in their true Quality, you more oblige me; I now can bluntly seize thee without Wooing, and like a Man, claim Beauty as my due, pattern the noble Savages of old, when Women, like the rest of other Females, patiently couch'd under the Male Predominance; and since you are obstinate and stubborn, instruct the rest of Men by my example.

Marcel. What dost thou propose, oh, thou most abhorr'd?

Diego. To make a Convert of thee— What a strange, coy, wild, impertinent, unnatural thing hast thou been hitherto? thou worest thy Eyes as if thou wert a Basilisk, destroying others, still, to please thy self; thou taught'st thy Tongue to murder all thy Lovers by proud Refusals—— thy Hands to tear their Letters, and thy Feet to run away like an ungrateful *Daphne*, tho an *Apollo* followed.

Marcel. 'Tis my Nature, born for my self; all Men are my Aversion.

Diego. Then know that I was born to new create thee; I will not have those Beauties lost thro' Pride, which Nature first intended for Enjoyment; your Eyes shall learn to smile, your Lips to kiss, your Tongue to

praise your Lover, Arms t' embrace him : I'll mould your Body to a proper form, make every Part about you do its Office, and fit ye for the business of the World.

Marcel. The Devil shall have you first.

Diego. The Devil shall have me after, Child, as he and I agree upon't; but before-hand I'll beg his Devilship's pardon.

Marcel. Oh, how I hate this Fellow! What a Rage I feel within my Bosom glow against him? What! Shall I sue to any Man for Favour; I that have thro' the Series of my past Years, made 'em the business of my Jest and Raillery? Shall I submit and beg? I'll rather die first.

Diego. I can but think how much the case is altered; how many tedious hours with down-cast Eyes, pale Cheeks, a throbbing Heart, and Arms a-cross, have I watch'd a kind Look of this *Calista*, who now I can command——Come will you be kind and free?

Marcel. If (as the Word has always been a stranger to me, when it related to thy Sex) I could be kind, canst thou believe, oh thou foul Criminal, such Words as these could win me!

Diego. Oons I have no Compliments; all Women have been spoil'd since Men first us'd 'em.

Kiss and Consent at first begot the Joy;

'Twas Sighs and Whinings bred the Pish and Fie——
I will be fool'd no longer. *[Strikes him.*

Marcel. Stand off rude Hell-hound, I yet have some defence; when Innocence fights, each Pin, each little Bodkin, will prove a Lance to wound the curst Assailer! Oh, thou most vile of Creatures that is (thou Man) dost thou believe I will yield tamely to thee? No, I will make each Nail an Eagle's Talon, my Teeth shall tear thy Flesh, my Eyes shall blast thee; and in this noble Cause, this little Arm, in my defence, be like the Club of *Hercules*, thou worst of all Male Devils, Ravisher——

Diego. Oh, I shall cool your Courage.

[Goes to seize her. Ambrosio confronts him.]

Enter

Enter Ambrosio.

Ambr. And I yours, Sir : I must make bold to interrupt your Sport a little, the Duke shall have no Satyr in his Family. Come, come, Sir, deliver me your Sword.

Diego. My Sword ? It must be this way then : I'm upon the forlorn Hope, and so have at ye, Sir.

[Fight, and Ambrosio disarms him.

Marcel. *Ambrosio!* Heavens ! Is't he I am oblig'd to for this Succour ? The Man of all the World I've least deserv'd from——I'm so confounded with shame, I cannot look on him. *[Aside.*

Ambr. Now Villain, you shall obey in spite of ye ; but more of that presently, first let's see the Woman.——Hah, *Marcella!* Oh blind, blind Chance, Oh ill-contriving Fortune ! thou knowest I hate the curst Cleft Tribe in general ; and couldst thou 'mongst the rout of Female Mischiefs, find me no other to oblige but this ? This worst of all the Sex ! This damning *Eve*, with not one only, but Legions of Serpents round her !

Marcel. What do I feel ! His Words shoot thro' my Heart, as if 'twere wounded with a Sheaf of Arrows ; I am not angry neither to hear him rail, but chang'd so, that methinks I could hear more.

Ambr. Oh thou dear *Manes* of my brave Friend *Chrysofostom*, are thou not angry with thy poor *Ambrosio*, whose ill-plac'd Stars maliciously compel him to vindicate the Honour of thy Murtherers ?

Marcel. Since the good Deed y'have done, cause 'twas for me, so much offends your thoughts, oblige us both, and kill me, for I can bear Death better than your words. Kill me, and I am then out of your debt, and you reveng'd for *Chrysofostom*.

Ambr. No, live however, and (if a Woman can) repent : for 'twere Damnation certain, now to kill thee ; live therefore, but let me see those baneful Eyes no more, lock from henceforth those *Ignes Fatui* up, that lead Men wandering into Bogs and Ditches ; veil 'em, I say, that I again may never be troubled to defend your Caterwaul-

ing; a Creature that can purr, and then can squeak, that scratching can repulse the eager Lover, and yet be prompt and willing to Engender: Away, there's Counsel for ye. Come, Sir, now march before me; something remains for you too — go on.

Diego. Had I but done the Deed, I had not car'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Marcella.

Marcel. Yet thou art brave: Oh Heaven, what shall I do to pay the Debt of Gratitude I owe thee! what a forlorn and miserable Wretch had I been but for thee! Oh I am lost! What Beauty, Riches, or the Gloss of Honour, with all th' Allurements never could subdue, is conquer'd by this great, this generous Action: my Heart is melting, and a new strange Passion fills all my Bosom; that firm resolute Will, that stood unshock'd to the Deserts of *Chrysofom*, is wholly Captive to the brave *Ambrosio*. In vain is Art or Obstinacy now.

[*In vain does weakned Force resist the stronger;
The Fort's o'er-pow'r'd, and can hold out no longer.*]

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke, Cardenio, and Manuel.

Duke. Is the Doctor ready with his Disguise for *Merlin*?

Man. He has been dress'd this hour, my Lord; the Page too is perfect in his part of *Dulcinia*; we only wait my Lady Dutcheffes coming back, who is gone after the Hawk the back-side of the Wood — And then we shall begin the Comedy.

Carden. The Knight and the Parson are still in hot Argument yonder; the Cassock and the Helmet are at mortal odds; the Church-Militant scorns to truckle to the Camp; he'll not ask him pardon, he says, tho' all the Knights of the *Round Table* were by to back him.

Duke.

Duke. I took this opportunity of slipping from 'em, to take breath a little, and laugh by my self—— See here they come, away *Manuel* to your Fellows, and as soon as ever it begins to be dark, do as I've order'd.

Man. We'll be punctual at the minute, my Lord.

Enter Don Quixote and Bernardo.

Duke. Well, Chaplain, is the business reconciled? have you done Justice to this noble Knight?

Bern. I profess, I think I have; I have told him plainly he is a Mad-man, and have conscientiously propos'd to him a certain Remedy.

Don Qu. I have not told you yet, that a Clergyman may be a Blockhead, tho I may suppose it, only to shew the different Manners betwixt my Function and yours.

Carden. Nay, if the Sword and the Gown can agree no better, we are like to see but an ill Reformation.

Duke. Once more, I say, ask him pardon, *Bernardo.*

Bern. For what, my Lord? I profess, I begin to fear he has infected your Grace with his own Distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha—— He'll call me Fool presently.

Bern. For me that have swallowed and digested Sciences, as common as Loins of Mutton, to affront Learning so vilely, to compare with one that's ignorant of all——a downright Madman.

Don Qu. Good words, Priest, good words; did Religion teach you to be rude, Sir Cassock? Besides, to shew I am not so ignorant as you'd make me, know I have learnt the Sciences——and made addition to excel your Gown by one much better than the rest, Knight-Errantry.

Bern. That a Science, oh ridiculous! harkee; prithee prepare thy Brains a little, to answer me one Question.

Duke. Ay, now they buckle to't.

Bern. What's a Knight-Errant good for?

Don Qu. Every thing: He that is honoured with that Function, understands a Science that contains in it all the rest, which thus I make appear. First He must be skill'd in the Law, to know Justice Distributive and

Commutative, to do right to every one: He must be a Divine, to know how to give a Reason clearly of his Christian Profession: He must be a Physician, and chiefly an Herbalist, to know in a Wilderness or Desert, what Herbs have Virtue to cure Wounds; for your Knight-Errant must not be looking out every Pissing-while for a Surgeon to heal him: He must be an Astronomer, to know in the night what a Clock 'tis by the Stars: He must be also a Mathematician, and principally a good Cook, because it may very often happen, he may have occasion to dress his own Dinner. Nor should he only be adorn'd with all Divine and Moral Virtues, but he must descend to Mechanicks also; for he must know how to shoe a Horse, to mend a Saddle, to soal a Boot, to dearn a Stocking, to stitch a Doublet, and in short, to do all things that Reason can imagine. And all these things, and as many more, is your Knight-Errant good for.

Card. What say you to this, my good Divinity-teacher? methinks the Knight has given ye a fair account of his Function.

Don Qu. And now I have answered his Question, I think 'tis but reasonable to ask him one: I demand of him then, and put it fairly to his Conscience, I say I desire to know of him——What a Chaplain is good for.

Duke. By my troth a shreud Question.

Card. And put home too, as the Case now stands.

Bern. Oh sinful Caitiff, is that a Question to be ask'd in these religious Times? Come, come, I'll tell thee that presently——Humh, good for? Why in the first place, let me see, What's a Chaplain good for? Oh, now I have it; why all the serious part of the World must allow that [*They laugh*] Hum——What's a Chaplain good for? Well I profess I was ne'er so puzzled in all my Life. [*Chaplain offers to speak, and they hinder him.*]

Card. Ay, 'tis plain now, the Cause is lost, the Chaplain's confounded, he has not a word to say for himself, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Duke.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Eagerness and Rage have so choak'd him, he has no utterance——Ha, ha, ha, ha:

Bern. What am I become a Jest? fie my Lord, where is the Decency, where is the Sagacity! O strange, this is very unseemly—And I'll be gone lest Choler arise, and I exceed the bounds of Discretion: Oh, my Lord, this is very unseemly. [Exit.]

Duke. Now will he be musty this Month, and we shan't get a word from him,

Don Qu. Hah, what dreadful Sounds are these!

[Horrid Sounds are heard within.]

Card. Most wonderful!

[A Noise like a Womans Shrieks.]

Duke. Oh yonder are the Lights, I see they are coming. [To Cardenio.]

Don Qu. That last to me seem'd like the Cry of Women, this may be some Adventure worth my notice.

Enter Dutchess, Lusinda, Rodriguez, and Sancho, as frightened

Dutch. O save me, my Lord, save me.

Duke. How now, for Heaven's sake what's the matter? [Embraces her.]

Lusc. The Wood's all in a Flame, a thousand Spirits are in't, and all coming this way, Oh——What will become of us?

Rodr. One of 'em made me shriek so loud with a Fright, that I'm sure I could not be louder if I were to be ravish'd.

Sanc. All Hell is broke loose yonder! There are Devils a-foot, and Devils in coaches, and Devils of all sorts, shapes and sizes. Oh! Where's this Plaguy Chaplain now? I never had such a mind to pray in my Life. Fly, fly, good Sir, oh Gadzooks they'll be here in a twinkling

Don Qu. Why let 'em come, stand by me and fear nothing. [Horrid Noise again.]

Duke. This is something more than natural, and I confess amazes me.

Enter Manuel disguis'd like a Devil blowing a Horn.

Lusc. Save us ye Powers—— What horrid thing is this ?

Duke. I'll speak to't, for by *Don Quixote's* side, how terrible soe'er it be, I cannot fear: speak thou frightful Vision—— What art thou ?——

Man. I am a Devil.

Duke. Lucifer !

Dan. No, his Butler; I fill up molten Lead in Cups of Agat to all the Wretches that are damn'd for drinking.

Card. What dost thou from thy Office then, and whither art thou going?

Man. My Master now has lent me out to *Merlin*, Prince of the Inchanters, who is coming yonder, bringing the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso* with him enchanted; and I am sent before to seek a famous Knight they call *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, to tell him how the Princess may be freed.

Don Qu. If thou wert a Devil of Parts and Understanding, thou wouldst have known, without my Information, that I am *Don Quixote*.

Man. By my Conscience and Soul, Sir, I think you are, and I beg your Pardon with all my Heart; but I was so busied in my several Cogitations, that I forgot the chief, as I hope to be fav'd.

Sanc. Gadzooks, I am not half so much afraid now as I was; this Devil seems to be a very honest Fellow, and I'll warrant him a good Christian, because he swears by his Soul and Conscience: but yet he makes me laugh to talk of *Dulcinea's* Inchantment, ha, ha, ha——Mum for that, I'm sure I know the Trick of that, better than any Devil of 'em all. [*Aside.*]

Man. Prepare thy self therefore, oh most Renowned, for here they come; clear, clear thy Eyes from dust, and pick thy Ears, that thou mayst take the Secrets with attention; nor be thou daunted, for *Merlin* holds thee well.—— I can say no more, the rest himself will tell.

[Exit, blowing his Horn.

Don Qu.

Don Qu. I see Impertinence is a Vice amongst those in the other World as well as this; foolish Spirit might have spar'd his bidding me not be daunted, if he had known how to manage a Speech wisely.

Duke. The Butler was in the right, Sir; here comes more of the Devil's Officers.

Don Qu. Let him send all his Family, my Lord, I know how to answer them, I'll warrant ye——

Musick sounds, and then a Dance of Spirits is performed; which ended, the Scene opens, and discovers Pedro drest like Merlin, and Page like Dulcinea, sitting in a Chariot.

Pedro. I come, O valiant Knight, to let thee see, tho all the rest of sage Inchanters hate thee, that *Merlin* is thy Friend: Here is thy Mistress enchanted to a foul rude Country Dowdy, by the malice of thy cruel Foe *Lyrgander*; and if thou seest her now beauteous as formerly, 'tis thro' my present Grace, and to move pity in those that are concerned to disinchant her, for she must turn to her vile shape again till the curst Spell be ended; which to perform, observe my Words with care, and listen to what the Destinies ordain.

Don Qu. Most reverently, and in all humble duty, I thank the gracious *Merlin* for his Clemency.

Sanc. What a plague have I been in a Dream then all this while; and when I thought I had fooled others, am I a Fool my self; and is she really enchanted after all?

Dutch. Now is *Sancho* at his Wits-end to know, whether he may believe his Eyes and Ears or no.

Lusc. But his Master there is wholly transported; the Lady *Dulcinea's* fair Eyes have enchanted him more than she is by the Magician *Lyrgander*, ha, ha, ha.

Card. Softly, sweet Love, they'll hear ye.

Sanc. Why a Man shan't be sure that he has his own Nose on at this rate; I would have laid my Earldom that I am to have to a Cucumber, that I had enchanted her my self, and now Mr. *Merlin* there makes it out, that it was done before. Gadzooks I believe we are all enchanted,

chanted, and Swarms of Devils, like Gnats and Flies, are buzzing in every corner.

Don Qu. Peace Babbler, eternal Mill-clack, let your Clapper lie still a while, that the great *Merlin* may unfold himself.

Duke. We have had the Prologue to't already, he has stroked his Beard three times—now one good found Hem—and we have it.

Pedro, speaking—with a grave and loud voice.
If Dulcinea, from an ugly Creature,
Would be transform'd to this her former Feature,
The Powers, who now her Beauty do retain,
To free her from the Curse, do thus ordain;
That Sancho shall three thousand Lashes give
Himself; and them on Buttocks bare receive:
This done, from her Inchantment shall relieve her;
But not perform'd, she shall be charm'd for ever.
 [*Sancho starts, and looks dismay'd.*]

Don Qu. A thousand Blessings fall on *Merlin's* Tongue, that like an Oracle has now delivered these happy Sounds—Oh *Sancho*, Brother *Sancho*, or how shall I stile thee, to express my self more tenderly; my Son, my Friend, how am I overjoy'd to know that thou art to be the glorious means of *Dulcinea's* Freedom? For now I reckon it as good as finish'd.

Sanc. Oh not too fast, good Sir; there's a great deal to be said upon this matter yet: An old Ape has an old Eye: I know well enough Mr. *Merlin* has ow'd me an Ill-will ever since the Cage business, and now thinks to revenge himself upon my Buttocks for't; but 'tis all one, Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd; Better a fair pair of heels, than die at the Gallows; tho I han't an ounce of Brains, I may have a drachm—I can tell that four and five make nine, tho I am no Conjuror.

Don Qu. Oh prithee sheath, sheath up thy Proverbs now if thou lov'st me, and prepare thy self to disenchanted the Princess, dear *Sancho*.

Sanc.

Sanc. Ay, now 'tis dear *Sancho*, now you have occasion for my Buttocks 'tis dear *Sancho*; but just now I was a Babler, a Mill-clack, and every foot a Hound, a Vermin, and I know not what. Therefore I'gad I'll make much of one, good Men are scarce; the Hound shall have more wit than to lash himself, I'll tell ye but that.

Don. Qu. How's this! Dar'st thou provoke my Rage by a Denial?

Duke. Consider what you owe to the Merits of your Master, *Sancho*, that sure must soften your hard Heart.

Carden. And to the Princess too——his Soul, his better Part, from whose benign and wonderful Influence, all Honours must arise.

Dutch. 'Tis but three thousand Lashes—and alas—what are those?

Sanc. Alas those are nothing, I warrant nothing; [*Sancho mimicks her.*] but if your Ladyship's tender Hide were to disinchant some body at this rate, I believe you would be glad to bate some of those. Oons, does your Grace believe my Buttocks are made of Buckskin?

Lusc. Really 'tis great pity the World should be deprived of such an excellent Beauty; and I am very certain that generous *Sancho* will quickly relent, and willingly sacrifice his Backside to end the Inchantment.

Sanc. Why there's another now, I warrant that squeaking Devil could flaug a Man to death by her Good-will. Why what a plague has my generous Backside to do with Inchantments? [*Mimicking her.*] Or why must I be obliged to demolish the Beauty of my Backside, to recover the Beauty of her Face? 'Tis my Master's business I think; and since he is to enjoy the one, let him take the t'other along too; for my part I'll have nothing to do with it.

Page as for Dulcinea. Is it then possible, thou Soul of Lead, thou Marble-breasted Rocky-hearted Squire, that thou shouldst boggle at such easy Penance, to do thy Lord and me so great a Favour? Hadst thou been doom'd to eat a hundred Toads, three thousand Lizards,
or

or a peck of Vipers, to sheer thy Eye-lids, flea thy Head and Face, or broil thy self three hours upon a Grid-Iron; this had been something for thee to refuse: But since the thing imposed is but a Flaunging, a Punishment each paltry School-boy laughs at, and which each rampant antiquated Sinner chooses for Pleasure; this to deny, especially when the Performance would retrieve my Beauty, supple my skin, and make this Olive-coloured Face as fair as now it seems, is a Barbarity unpardonable, and the World will hate thee for it.

Don Qu. And let thy Sweetness know, that he shall do it, tho he could herd with a young Brood of Giants, fierce as the old that combated with *Jove*—*Harkee*, *Rascal*, *Garlick-eater*, I will tie thee naked to a Tree, and instead of the three thousand Lashes give thee six, and each of those six inches deep, if I but hear thee breathe another word like a refusal.

[*Takes hold of Sancho, who trembles.*

Pedro. Hold, noble Knight, thou erreſt, that muſt not be; for the great Powers have ordered the Penance done muſt not be forced but willingly.

Sanc. Why then every one as you were, and face about to the right again; God a mercy for that i'faith *Maſter Merlin*. [*Getting from Don Quixote*] Look'ee, Sir, there's no more to be ſaid, you hear what the grand Powers have ordered: Come, come, 'tis ill ſhaving againſt the hair; the Wearer beſt knows where the Shoe wrings him; beſides, you know the old ſaying, Scratch my Back, and I'll claw your Elbow; there's nothing to be done but by fair means, think of that, Sir.

Don Qu. Why then a thouſand times begging thy pardon, *Sancho*, I do intreat thy favour in this buſineſs.

Sanc. Humh—humh—intreat my favour.

Don Qu. Conſider Friend, our future Riſe depends on the Performance; for wanting her Influence I can be no Emperor, nor thou no Governor; which if once done, I promiſe thee within a month at fartheſt.

Sanc. Why, ay, Sir, this is ſomething now—but yet three thouſand Lashes, humh—

Duke.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 135

Duke. Nay, as to that, if *Sancho* be so generous to disenchanted the Lady, he shall not stay so long to have a Government, for I have now an Island at his service.

Card. Oh fortunate *Sancho*, Oh most happy Squire, I shall be proud to wait on him.

Dutch. And I.

Lusc. And all of us.

Sanc. Ay marry Sir, now you sound well indeed, there's no squeaking in this Bagpipe; why 'tis a wonderful thing to think now, how Benefits have power to alter Resolutions, and how merrily an Ass will trip it up Hill, that's laden with Gold and Jewels: Methinks I am strangely altered on the sudden, and am not so averse to this Lashing as before.

Don Qu. Well, are things yet according to thy wish? Art thou now satisfied, that by my means thou shalt become a Governor? Does thy Heart yet relent?

Sanc. It does, Sir, and you may see it in my Eyes. [*Weeping.*] You may find by me too, that he that is obstinate, wears his Coat soonest threadbare; and Folly may hinder a Man of many a good turn. I beseech ye, Sir, to pardon my Proverbs, and thank the Duke there for his noble favour, which I do now resolve to deserve by my speedy disenchanting the Lady *Dulcinea*, who yet ere morning shall find her business much bettered, if my Buttocks can be but in humour.

Don Qu. There spoke my Brother, my Right hand, my Genius.

Duke. The Island's name is *Barataria* — and here I do declare before ye all, *Don Sancho* is the Governor.

Omn. Long live the Governor of the Island *Barataria*.

Pedro, 'Tis well; and more to celebrate this Hour, I by my Art will shew how I approve it.

Pedro waves his Wand; then here is performed this Song sung by a Milkmaid, and followed by a Dance of Milkmaids.

S O N G.

SONG.

I.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
 That love green Fields and Woods,
 When Spring newly born,
 Her self does adorn
 With Flowers and blooming Buds,
 Come sing in the Braise,
 Whilst Flocks do graze
 In yonder pleasant Vale,
 Of those that choose
 Their Sleeps to lose,
 And in cold Dewes,
 With clouted Shooes,
 Do carry the Milking Pail.

II.

The Goddess of the Morn
 With Blushes they adorn,
 And take the fresh Air,
 Whilst Linnets prepare
 A Consort on each green Thorn :
 The Ouse and Thrush,
 On every Bush,
 And the Charming Nightingal,
 In merry Vein,
 Their Throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The Jolly Train
 That carry the Milking Pail.

III.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
 And Flow'rs can spring no more
 The Fields that were seen
 So pleasant and green,
 By Winter all candy'd o'er ;

*Oh ! How the Town Lass
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale :
But it is not so
With those that go
Thro' Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.*

IV:

*The Miss of Courtly Mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With Washes and Paint
Her Skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old ;
Whilst she of Commode
Puts on a Cart-load,
And with Cushions plumps her Tail ;
What Joys are found,
In Ruffet Gown,
Young, Plump and Round,
And Sweet and Sound,
That carry the Milking Pail.*

V.

*The Girls of Venus' Game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practising Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow blind and lame :
If Men were so wise,
To value the Prize
Of the Wares most fit for Sale,
What store of Beaus
Wou'd dawb their Clothes,
To save a Nose,
By following those
That carry the Milking Pail.*

Carden. Merlin is pleas'd at *Sancho's* Condescension, which he has prov'd by this strange Entertainment.

Don Qu. And *Dulcinea* smil'd most radiantly.

Luscind. And at her going made a low bow to *Sancho*.

Duke. Come Governor, now let us home to Supper, where we'll confer about some publick Matters relating to your Charge.

Dutch. Take heed you are not cruel, our Islanders will ne'er endure a Tyrant.

Sancho. Oh let me alone for that Madam, I'll be as mild as a Milch Cow: I have nothing rough about me but my Beard.

*Thus goes the World Sirs, many must fall low,
Whilst others rise up high;
Many get Governments the Lord knows how,
And so Gadzooks have I.*



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

Marcella walks over the Stage pensively.

Afterwards Enter *Cardenio* and *Ambrosio*.

Card.—  *Cynthia* rose amidst the Myrtle Grove,

[Speaking as *Marcella* passes by.
Like the Queen Mother of the Stars above.

Oh, dear *Ambrosio*, good morrow to thee, what you come from seeing Execution done upon *Diego*?

Ambr. I have seen him soundly whipt, and turn'd out of his Employment this morning.

Card.

Card. Insolent Villain ! Was there no one to attack but the chief Beauty of our Groves, the Glory of the Plains, and Darling of the Shepherds, the admired *Marcella* ? *Leandro* her Father it seems was there too, who, I hear, has made a particular Suit to the Duke about his Daughter.

Ambr. Your Intelligence is good, Sir.

Card. My Intelligence is good : Why, how now Friend, art thou grown resty ? Is that all, to say my Intelligence is good ? Nay, then you shall find my Intelligence is better ; for I heard a Bird sing, that the old Man, weighing your late brave Action done for her, and knowing you to be the Duke's Kinsman, has made an offer of his Daughter for a Wife for you.

Ambr. So, Sir.

Card. So, Sir, I gad, and I think very well too, Sir, what a Pox ails thee ? Why thou art as musty, as if thou hadst been offered a Witch without a Portion : Or dost thou banter me with a Fit of Dissimulation ? Hah, come, come, Sir, welcome your happy Planet with Smiles ; *Plato*, *Socrates* and *Aristotle* are good Companions when a Man has an Estate, but horribly dull and phlegmatick Fellows when the Assets are wanting.

Ambr. Very well, Sir.

Card. Thou art the Duke's Relation, and I know he loves thee, and will do very well for thee ; but still a Fortune of thy own making is more honourable, and I know *Leandro* dotes on his fine Daughter, and will give her a world of Wealth : Nor is his Family to be despised, for all he fancies a Rural Life among the Shepherds, he being, as I'm informed, lineally descended from the noble *Cid Ruy-diaz*.

Ambr. And what of all this, Sir ?

Card. What of all this ! Why then thou'rt a happy Fellow, I think, to have the prospect of enjoying so sweet a Creature, with so plentiful a Fortune : Yet what most surprizes me is, to hear that her sudden Love to thee, has quite altered her Nature ; and she that from her Infancy, was noted for the most reserved and coy of all her
Sex,

Sex, now talks of Love, blushes, sings amorous Sonnets, and lives quite contrary to her former Custom.

Ambr. So let her live; prithee why dost thou trouble me with the recital of a Woman's Follies: Their Wiles, their Mischiefs, and their *Protean* Changes, I know too well already. I am as well skill'd in the Philosophy of that damning Sex, as e'er was *Aretine*, and hate them as he did, with such a Rancour, that I have an *Odium* even for her that bore me, for being Female in her Generation: If thou wouldst please me, say the Plague's amongst them.

*But he that bids me for a Wife prepare,
Is forming the worst Hell, and fixing of me there.*

[*Exeunt.*

Card. What the Devil ails him? The young Fellow's bewitch'd I think. I thought he came hither on purpose to follow her, for I'm sure I saw her go down that Walk just now——But since 'tis otherwise, I'm certain she must meet him; and then a kind Word, and a sweet Look or two, I warrant will soon convert him from his Heresy.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord Duke has been looking for ye, Sir, this hour; he is now in the Hall with the Dutchess, ready to see the second Exploit which we are going to banter *Don Quixote* with, which is the Adventure of the Countess *Trifaldi*: If you intend to laugh, Sir, come away, for we are just going to begin.

Card. I'll follow thee; the Jest must needs be excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Ambrosio, and Marcella following.

Ambr. Was ever Man so teaz'd with what he hated? The more I shun the Plague, the more I am infected, how darest thou follow me?

Marc. What dares not Courage do? I am in your Debt, Sir, and like a generous Bankrupt, am so honest, I cannot rest, nor harbour any quiet, till I have made Re-payment.

Ambr.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 141

Ambr. By torturing me, is that the way, Tormentor?

Marc. Heavens! Can you talk of Tortures, I being here, that undergo the greatest that are possible? Is there a greater Torture for a Woman, than to suppress her Humour, veil her Pride, which she sometimes calls Modesty, and be forced, blushing beneath a thousand thousand Shames, to curse her Stars like me, and own she loves?

Ambr. Why thou Antipodes to Amity, dost thou pretend to Love?

Marc. Oh that thy Tongue were a sharp-pointed Dagger to wound my Heart, that it might bleed an Answer, as it does now my—Soul when it compels me to answer, yes—I do.

Ambr. What me, is't me thou lovest? Speak sweet Damnation.

Marc. I will not speak thou Devil!—Gods! What am I doing—Oh—give me back one minute of my past strength, that I may have the pleasure but of railing a little at him, and 'twill be Heaven to me. Where does thy Witchcraft lie, thou Sorcerer? In thy Eyes, thy Tongue, or in what other part? Tell me, that I may tear the fatal Charm, and give my poor tormented Soul some ease.

Ambr. Hey, Fits, Eruptions! This is Woman right now, there's now a Legion of Cub-Devils within her, that tumble up and down, and make her mad.

Marc. Forgive me, Sir, these strange Effects of Passion, these stubborn Weeds, which I will now endeavour to root out and demolish.

Ambr. That was a flattering Fiend now; soft and moving, to make us think she is a Foe to Pride.

Marc. I have seem'd proud, Sir, but 'twas all Hypocrisy, which Patience and warm pursuing had discovered, as now your Charms have done, and made me flexible.

Ambr. Ha, ha, ha, ha: now dearest *Chrysofom*, look down and smile to see the Victim offered to revenge thee.

S O N G.

I:

DAmon, let a Friend advise ye,
 Follow Cloris tho she flies ye &
 Tho her Tongue your Suit is slighting,
 Her kind Eyes you'll find inviting.
 Womens Rage, like shallow Water,
 Does but shew their hurtless Nature ;
 When the Stream seems rough and frowning,
 There is still least fear of drowning.

II.

Let me tell the advent'rous Stranger,
 In our Calmness lies our Danger ;
 Like a River's silent Running,
 Stillness shews our Depth and Cunning.
 She that rails ye into Trembling,
 Only shews her fine Dissembling,
 But the Fawner, to abuse ye,
 Thinks ye Fools, and so will use ye.

Ambr. A well-tun'd Devil this, oh she has great variety——

Marc. There are a thousand Frailties in our Sex,
 which every day and hour succeed each other, uncertain
 Natures with uncertain Passions, sway'd by the Ebb and
 Flowings of our Blood by Seasons, as the Tide is by the
 Moon ; like Rowers we look one way——move another :

*Sooth with our Tongues, to make Mankind obey,
 But scarcely ever think the things we say.*

Ambr. Go on, for now thou'rt on a Theme that
 pleases me ; rail at thy Sex, and I will hear with pati-
 ence, nay help thee onwards thus——Even from your
 Infancy you shew the Serpent in your perverse Natures,
 cry for each Bawble, then pout and be fullen: The
 stubborn Curse grows as 'twere seeded in ye, and springs
 uncultur'd from the first Original.

Marc.

Marc. We very often shew a Bud, 'tis true of Mischiefs, that bloom out in riper years.

Ambr. Why that's honestly own'd, and shews thou hast some Conscience; prithee proceed? come to the Girl of ten.

Marc. Her chief delight is, ere she can be one, to be thought a Woman; she always stands on Tiptoes, and her Hand is never from her Breasts to make them grow.

Ambr. Right again, right dear Sin-breeder, very right — proceed.

Marc. Boys of her own age she hates mortally, but still extremely pleased when Men accost her: To call her Miss, is an Affront unpardonable; but tell her she is grown tall and fit to marry, you win her Heart: Then you shall see her smicker, and make a thousand silly apish Faces, to let you see how well she understands ye.

Ambr. Young Crocodiles; but go on thou incomparable Orator, thou *Cicero* in Petticoats, prithee go on— Come to their Womanhood, their Pride of Eighteen, and so to One and twenty; What are they then, thou Sibyl?

Marc. He rallies me, this base Invective pleases him.

[*Aside.*

Then—Why then they are a second Race of Angels—
The greatest Blessings Heaven e'er gave Mankind.

[*Angrily to him,*

Ambr. Aw——Nay if thou flagg'st to thy old course, I hate thee; come I'll refresh thy Genius with a scrap of Poetry I lately met with in an honest Satire, that suits exactly with the present Theme.

At Fourteen Years young Females are contriving Tricks to tempt ye,

At Sixteen Years come on and woo, and take of Kisses plenty;

At Eighteen Years full grown and ripe, they're ready to content ye;

At Nineteen sly and mischievous, but the Devil at One and twenty.

• There,

There, there's a Poetical Touch now to inspire thee:
Come, prithee go on now.

Marc. Oh Heaven! He makes me his mere Jest, and
I ungratefully have been exposing my Sex to entertain
his Vanity.

Ambr. Nay, either rail quickly, or I'll be gone; I
have no other business with thee.

Marc. Yes, thou insulting Monster, I will rail; but
it shall be at thee, thou Seed of Rocks, unnatural Brute,
thou Shame of all that call themselves of Humane Race.

Ambr. Thou Woman.

Marc. Have I been from my Infancy adored, my
Person been the Idol of thy Sex, and drawn more Wor-
shippers than often Heaven it self, to pay Devotion to
my Beauty's Altar; and is it possible that thy Humanity
can so degenerate, to think me——

Ambr. Woman.

Marc. Reject a Joy too precious for thy Hopes, and
barbarously use me like——

Ambr. A Woman——Woman, that I could wish,
with all her Kind, were doom'd to stand in one great
Field of Flax, and I had power to set it on a blaze. Re-
member *Chrysoptom*, there, there, there's the Cause

That 'twixt thy Sex and me breeds endless Jar,

And for whose sake I shall till Death abhor. [Exit.

Marc. Do: But yet ere thy Death, I beg the Powers
Divine, thou mayst find one, one Woman, to give thee
as little rest, as thou hast left me now; for I shall ne-
ver, never rest again: Racks, Poison, Flames, Halters,
and Cutting Swords, I long methinks, I long to use ye
all; this comes of being coy, and of dissembling.

*All stubborn Maids, let my Example guide,
Henceforth ne'er sacrifice your Love to Pride:
Take whilst you can, the kind deserving He,
Lest, in refusing, you repent like me.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke, Don Quixote, Dutchess, Lusinda, Cardenio and Rodriguez.

Don Qu. Your Grace has here a very pleasant Prospect, the Landskip filled with sweet Variety; and then the Sea at distance near that Champian, makes the View more delightful.

Duke. A Seat for Sports, Sir, during the Summer-Season. I hope your Valour rested well to night, Sir: How fares the noble Governor of *Barataria* too? Have you seen him this morning?

Don Qu. Not yet my Lord, which in some little measure causes my wonder.

Dutch. Oh you must consider, Sir, the Task he has undertaken; the Zeal perhaps to disinchant your Lady speedily, might make him lash himself so much last night, as may require him to rest more in the morning. But see here he comes.

Card. Your Grace has found the Reason, it must be so.

Lusc. Mrs. Rodriguez there tells me, he has been writing a Letter to his Wife this morning, to inform her of his change of Fortune, and invite her to his Government.

Rodrig. He write it, I beg your pardon, good Madam, I told ye the Steward's Clerk writ it for him; for his part, poor Peasant, he can neither write nor read; he'll make a rare Governor.

Duke. Oh never the worse for that, Mrs. Rodriguez, the essential part of a Governor is Judgment.

Dutch. And, Rodriguez, I'd advise you to take care how you vilify him, *Sancho* is very satyrical—and there's an old Grudge depending between ye, about *Dapple* you may remember; here he comes, we shall now have an Account of his Letter, and the rest.

Enter Sancho.

Don Qu. How does my Friend, my Intimate? for since the Duke has honoured thee, and the Fates have ordained thee to do me such a signal Courtesy, 'tis fit I take thee into the List of Friends: Well, and how go matters, hah——Troth thou look'st lean upon it, I'm afraid thou hast over-jerked thy self; no, don't do so neither—Dear *Sancho*, come prithee tell me how many hundred, hah?

Sanc. Hundred, Sir, hold a Blow there a little: Soft and fair goes far, and Let him that owns the Cow, take her by the Tail; 'Tis easy to be prodigal at another man's Cost. Oons d'ee think a Governor has but one Business in his head at a time?——Charity, Master of mine, begins at home, you know; and ever while you live, Christen your own Child first: I have been cudgeling my Brains all this night, about writing a Letter to my Wife *Teresa*, and my Daughter *Mary*, (pray Heaven she don't die of a fit, when she hears she must come away and be a Countess;) so that betwixt one and t'other, as concerning the Lashes, to be plain with ye, I could give my self but Five of the Three thousand yet.

Don Qu. But Five! oh unreasonable Hang-dog! my Lord Duke, did your Grace ever hear such a pitiful sneaking Account?

Duke. I faith, Friend *Sancho*, five was too few of all conscience.

Card. 'Tis a palpable Affront to the Princess, five hundred had been too few.

Sanc. D'ee hear, pray Friend, will you meddle with your own matters; Go too, There's many will shuffle the Cards that won't play; and I beseech your Grace consider me rightly, I'll make my Master full amends another time; for tho they were but five, yet they were laid on with my hand, and with a thumping good-will I promise ye.

Dutch. Blows with a hand, Friend Governor, are rather Claps than Lashes; and yours, I see there, is so soft, that I fear the Sage *Merlin* will hardly except of such effeminate Discipline:

Sanc.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 147

Sanc. Why then, if your Grace pleases to provide me a good Holly-bush against night, I will so fegue my Buttocks before morning, that you shall say I have earn'd my Government I'll warrant ye; and I propose this the more willingly, because I intend to enter upon't to-morrow, as my Lord Duke has promised.

Lusc. That indeed, Madam, may do something to the purpose.

Dutch. D'ee hear, *Rodriguez*——Let there be such a Bush got ready.

Rodr. What means your Grace? I beseech ye consider my Place, and what I officiate in; and since lashing the Buffoon is necessary, let some of the Fellows of the Stable exercise him with a Horse-whip.

Sanc. Marry gep, goody Sock-mender, what you are too good, are ye?——Well, from the Conscience of an old Bawd, and the Pride of a fusty Waiting-woman, good Lord deliver me. If I had desired ye to lead my *Dapple* after me to my Government, how you would have cock'd up your Nose, I warrant.

Rodr. What, Creatures of that coarse kind! What Asses are ever used to go to Governments, thou unpolish'd Animal?

Sanc. Why, thou Pomatum-Pot, didst never hear of an Ass that went to a Government in thy Life?——Ah Pox on thee, where hast thou been bred?

Duke. Oh a hundred, a hundred, the grand *Sancho* speaks but reason.

Dutch. What Noise is this?

[*Drum beats within, and Trumpet sounds*

Don Qu. The Sound is dismal, and it seems to me as if some strange Adventure were at hand.

Card. It must be so, see here they come upon us.

Dutch. Some Embassy to the great *Don Quixote* without doubt.

Sanc. A Plague on their Embassy; whoe'er they are, I don't like their coming at this time——If this Adventure now should put any stop to my Government——I should make bold to wish their long-nos'd Ambassador hang'd there.

Enter two with Drum and Fife sounding hoarsly, and marching solemnly o'er the Stage; then Enter Pedro disguised like a Chinese, with great Whiskers, and a large long crooked Nose on his Face, leading in Manuel drest antickly in a long Robe, with three Skirts held up by three Pages and veil'd, attended by four Waiting-Women veil'd and drest antickly; then four Anticks in several Shapes, bearing a Table, on which stands the Figure of a large Golden Head: they go round the Stage, and then the Table and Head being plac'd in the middle, they dance; then Pedro advances to the Duke, and speaks.

Pedro. Most Noble Prince, you must be pleas'd to know, that in the flourishing Kingdom of *Candaya*, I am known by the Name of *Pierres* the Hardy, otherwise call'd the Knight of the *Roman Nose*, only Brother to the Countess *Trifaldi*, otherwise call'd the Afflicted Matron, the Lady you see yonder; who in her Prosperity, was chief Lady, or Waiting-woman, to the Queen *Donna Magunfia*, Dowager to King *Archipiello*; and from his Territories, thus far is come to kiss your mighty Hands, and your fair Dutchess's, and to intreat a Favour.

Duke. Thrice worthy Knight——Your self and the good Countess are most welcome.

Dutch. And tell her, Sir, if any Griefs oppress her, we shall be very glad to bring her Comfort.

Pedro. Your Beauty is most generous; but ere I proceed to that, I must desire to know, whether the valorous and invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be in your Castle, in whose search principally, to say the truth, she comes.

Duke. Tell her then likewise, noble *Pierres*, that here is the valiant Knight *Don Quixote*, from whose generous Condition, she may safely promise her self all Courtesy and Assistance.

Pedro. Then, blest be our happy Stars——I will inform her instantly.

Card. Oh admirable Function of Knight-Errantry, beyond all other happy!

Lusc. Oh Virtue excellent, to whom Ladies come from the remotest Regions of the Earth, to sue for Succour!

Duke. Secure in his strong Arm, and never-failling Valour.

Don Qu. Now I could wish my Lord, that prating Gown man, that dull Bag-pudding Priest, that lately rail'd at Chivalry—were by, to see whether such Knights are necessary.

Duke. Oh, a home-bred Book-worm, you must not think of him. Nay, Madam, this must not be, we are your Servants all.

Dutch. Your Merit claims respect, Madam, from every one; therefore pray sit by us, and please to unfold your Grievs. [*The Countess Trifaldi comes and kneels to the Duke; he takes her up, and he and the Dutchess seat her in a Chair.*]

Man. Illustrious Beauty, as soon as my full Heart and faltring Tongue will give me leave, I shall: But in the first place, I must desire to know, whether the most purifiediferous Don *Quixote* of the *Manchissima*, and his Squireiferous *Pancha* be in this Company or no?

Sanc. Why look ye forsooth, without any more Flourishes, the Governour *Pancha* is here, and *Don Quixotissimo* too; therefore most afflictedissimous Matronissima, speak what you willissimus, for we are all ready to be your Servitorissimus.

Don Qu. Upon my Honour, straitned Lady, let me but know the Tenor of your Wrongs, they shall not want redress; and now you hear *Don Quixote* speak himself.

Man. Art thou the Man? Blest be that *Madrid Phiz*, those toothless Jaws, and that way-beaten Body; here at thy Feet I prostrate my Unworthiness, to beg assistance from thy Magnanimity.

Don Qu. Oh Madam, Madam, what do you mean? By my Honour this must not be. [*Raises her up.*]

Man. And thou more Loyal Squire, than ever followed, in past or present Times, the ragged Fortunes of so August and so Renown'd a Master; thou second Part of

Errantry, longer in Goodness than my Brother's Nose there; thus do I shake thy Fist, and thus conjure thee to bear thy part in my Affair with willingness.

Sanc. Why truly Mistress, as to what you say, of my Honesty in following my Master—Ragged or not ragged, wet or dry, I think you are pretty right; but when you say, my Goodness is longer than that Gentleman's Nose, there I must beg your pardon, Gadzooks 'tis a meer Compliment; faith it comes short of that, I assure you.

Man. Be pleased to know then valorous and untamed Sir, that in the Queen *Donna Magunfia's* Court, I being Governess to the young Princess *Antonomasia*, and hindring her from marrying the Giant *Malambruno*, a great Inchanter; he, to vent his Rage more sensibly upon us, did it on our most tender part, our Faces, thatching our Chins, as you may behold them, with these unseemly Beards and loathsome Bristles.

Duke. 'Tis wonderful!

[They unveil themselves, and shew their Faces all Bearded.]

Dutch. Beyond all thought amazing!

Lusc. The Inchanter shew'd his Malice to the height.

Card. To make a Witch of a Woman before she comes to be fifty, is very hard.

[Sancho feels one of the Beards.]

Sanc. The Hair is plaguy fast set on; the Inchanter, as ye call him, has bearded them with a vengeance; why this would undo the poor Devils in a little time; if they're inclin'd to be cleanly, they'll spend all their Portions in one Year, only in paying for their Shaving.

Don Qu. How my Blood boils against this damn'd Inchanter! for I perceive now this Disgrace of theirs is done in spite of me, he knows I hate a Woman with a Beard—and now has plagu'd me with them in a Cluster.

Man. But see how harmless Innocence gets Friends; we were no sooner bearded, as you see, but to our wonder, in the place appears this golden Head, charm'd with Prophetick Speech by the great *Merlin*, who bid us instantly travel into *Spain* to find *Don Quixote*, and with him his Sword and Buckler *Sancho Pancha*, in whose renowned

nowned Presence, he would discover the Remedy to ease us of our Shames—This is our dismal Story, and thus far are we come, famed Knight, in quest of you; and lest you doubt the truth of my Relation, question the Head, and you will then know more.

Don Qu. Not that I question, most afflicted Lady, the truth of your strange Story; but to be satisfied in the method I must use in your relief, I will presume to interrogate the Head.

Duke. Now for the Oracle; thus far 'tis rarely carried.

Card. They act it to a Miracle: *Sancho* is so confounded yonder, he cannot speak.

Lusc. Oh! they'll give him vent presently.

Dutch. Pray Heaven the Head be in a good humour, and has not got a Cold, that we may hear distinctly *Merlin's* Order.

Sanc. Good Sir, be pleased to begin as soon as you can; for else the Head, to my thinking, by his gaping, will attack you with a Speech first.

Don Qu. Hem, hem, thou admirable Head, what is my Name?

Head. Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face.

Sanc. O Lord, and who am I, pray Mr. Head?

Head. The trusty *Sancho Pancha*, and now the famous Governor of *Barataria*.

Sanc. The Devil's in't, I see there's no keeping Preference secret; every one's Head, enchanted or not enchanted, will be meddling with other Peoples matters: and when am I to be settled in this Government, good Mr. Golden-pate?

Head. Not till the Adventure of the Beards is ended.

Sanc. Why then pray let it be ended quickly, for my Clothes are making; and my Wife is coming, and I must govern to-morrow, whether these good Women have Beards or no Beards.

Don Qu. Be brief, incomparable Head, and let me know the way to disinchant the Countess.

Head. This night between the hours of twelve and one, *Merlin* will send thee an enchanted Horse, on which

thou and thy valiant Squire must ride thro' the Region of the Air unto *Candaya*, to combat the curst Giant *Malambruno*, who by thy Hand shall fall; and from that instant, the Hairs shall peel from these disconsolate Faces, and every Chin be smooth as Infant Beauty.

Don Qu. Thanks to the gracious *Merlin*; and let the Horse but come, I'll in a trice be with this horrid Giant. *Sancho* prepare, for I will lose my Beard among those Infidels, ere suffer these to grow a moment longer.

Sanc. D'ee hear, d'ee hear, Sir; pray let Discretion rule the Roast with ye a little: I am a Governor now, and can speak Sentences by the dozen. What a Plague have we to do with Giants of *Candaya*? How do you think the Princess *Dulcinea*'s business will go on, if I am galling my Buttocks in a Journey towards *Candaya*? And as for these Gentlewomen, they'll do well to get into some Country or other where there's but little Sunshine, they may do business well enough in the Dark; for the Proverb says, When the Candles are out, all Cats are grey.

Man. Oh barbarous! art thou to be a Civil Judge, and canst thou want Compassion? Whither, Inhumane, shall we fly for Succour? who'll take a Waiting-woman with a Beard on?

Sanc. Well, well, that's all one, I shan't ride for all that.

Card. Truly, Sir Governor, the Countess is in the right; a Lady with a Beard, will look but oddly in a Queen's Bed-Chamber.

Dutch. Oh, the grand *Sancho* is a greater Friend to our Sex, than to suffer such Ignominy thro' his default.

Don Qu. I have taught him more Humanity I am sure.

Sanc. Ay, you may talk, but this shan't get me on Horse-back; for tho I am a Friend good enough for the Sex, yet I am for letting every one shave her self as she can. Now am I piping-hot just ready to enter upon my Government, and here's the Devil of a Head would hinder it, to send me of a Fool's Errand as far as *Candaya*. Gadzooks, let Waiting-women go hairy to their Graves, I'll not jolt so far to take away any one's beard, not I;
if

if my Master has such a mind to it, let him do it alone: I have other business enough he knows.

Duke. Why, Friend, the Island is rooted fast in the Earth, 'twill stay for ye till ye come again; besides, I find there is a necessity for your going: What say'st thou *fam'd Head*? Can *Don Quixote* end the Charm alone?

Head. No, 'tis impossible; *Sancho* must go, or these be Bearded ever.

Sanc. Oons, ye damn'd chattering Devil, ye lye; and I'll see if I can conjure you into a better Opinion: now I'm provoked, I'll see what kind of Witchcraft lurks within ye here. How now!

[Snatches off the Golden-head from the Table, and discovers the Page bare-faced, who is hid within it.]

What a Plague have we here?

Pedro. A Pox on him, the choleric Fool has discovered us.

Man. 'Tis so, he has spoil'd the rest of the Scene; come, let us take the Page away, and carry off all with a Laugh—ha, ha, ha, a Trick, a Trick, ha, ha.

Omnes. A Trick, a Trick, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

[They all get off.]

Duke. 'Tis plain now, this is a mere piece of Roguery.

Dutch. Invented, I warrant, by some Enemy to Knight-Errantry.

Luscin. And acted by some of the Mobile of the Village.

Card. That heard of his high-soaring Fame, no doubt, and therefore thought to blast it with this Jest.

Don Qu. Poor Insects I despise them.

Sanc. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——but what says Mr. *Head* here all this while to the business? Shall my Master and I go a Voyage to *Candaya*, Good Mr. *Head*? ha, ha, ha, ha; humph, what d'ee say nothing to it, to shave a parcel of rotten Waiting-women? Admirable Mr. *Head*, ha, ha, ha, ha, I think I have routed your Inchantment, I'faith, ha, ha, ha; what thinks your Worship of the business? as the Natural said to the Bishop, Who is the Fool now?

Don Qu. Peace, Buffle, all Drolls are below me to take notice of.

Duke. Ay, ay, Don *Quixote*'s in the right ; and so is likewise the Grand *Sancho* ; to honour whom, for this last witty Discovery, I'll instantly send for his Robe, and prepare his Officers to wait on him to his Government,

To do such Feats, Ages to come shall brag on :
Sanc. Nay, when I'm there, I'll govern like a Dragon.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Town.

Enter Teresa, and Mary Pancha, in poor Clothes.

Mary.



Come, come, Mother, pray be pacified and cheer up a little better ; and since my good Vather is got to be a Governor, and has sent for us hither to this curious Place to be Countesses and vine Volk, 'Slidikins let's go to't merrily, and not look sneaking, as if we were going to be hang'd for Sheep-stealing.

[*Speaks broad Country-like.*]

Teres. Ah, *Mary*, if I am melancholy, 'tis upon thy account, for thou'lt prove but an aukward Countess I'm afraid, now the blessing is fallen upon us ; hast left off blowing thy Nose between thy Fingers, *Mary*, and wiping it upon thy Smock-sleeves, Child ?

Mary. Yes that I have pray, and dipping my Knuckles in the Platter too.

Teres. And playing at See-saw a-stroddle cros a Board with the Plow-men ; and above all, thy dearly beloved Delight, moulding of Cockle-bread ?

Mary.

Mary. Aw, I have left 'em all off I'fackins; my Vather shall see when he comes, that his Daughter *Mary* shawn't disgrace her Gentility; he shall find me so chang'd in my Discourse, and my way so alter'd, that, Odsidikins, he shall hardly know me again.

[Takes a Letter out of her Bosom.

Teres. Ah Blessing on the good Man's Heart, here's his Letter; and little did I think, that my *Sancho* could have made his words good that he said to me, when he left me to go a Squiring: Good-lack-a-day, I have been so overjoy'd ever since I had it, and have read it so often, and kiss'd it and thumb'd it so much, that I have almost worn the Letter out; it has had two or three Mischances too, for the same day I had it, putting it into my Bosom as I was a washing, and being taken up with thinking, I dropt it into the Tub amongst the foul Suds; but I warrant ye I snatcht it out with haste enough: but then again, to see the ill Accidents that come by being overfond of a thing, at night carrying it to Bed with me, and reading it with Joy by an inch of Candle, which I held in my hand, I fell a-sleep, the Light went out I know not how; and in the morning I found the Candle in my hand, squeez'd as flat as the Letter, and, Gad forgive me, the Letter in the Chamber-pot.

Mary. Good-now let's see it a little, for I am hugely pleased with the Dress that the *Dutch* have found out for us here.

[Takes the Letter.

Teres. The *Dutch* have found out! why did ever any one see such a simple Hoyden? 'tis not the *Dutch* that have found it out for us, Fool, 'tis a huge great Lady that's Wife to one Duck, a huge great Lord, that the Letter says has done it, ye silly Jade.

Mary. Duck, Duck, good lord Mother, that you should mistake so; why what a Dickins, d'ee think I can't read, here's no Duck nor Mallard neither; I tell ye 'tis the *Dutch*, look here else; let's read again.

Mary reads.] Therefore now Goody B. E. A. N. Goody Bean-belly (Lord blefs us, my Vather you know us'd to joak, and often call ye so Mother) ha, ha, ha, ha, lift up your G. O. L. L. S, and thank Heaven that you are now

a Governor's Wife; my Lady the Dutch, ay here 'tis now.

Teres. Where, where is't now, ye blind Oatmeal-eater. [*Teresa reads.*] Hemh, *That you are now a Governor's Wife; my Lady the Dutchess;* the Dutchess ye ignorant Jade, that is, as I said before, the Duck's Wife, has sent my Daughter Mary a rich piece of Stuff, to make her a modish Dress: 'Tis she has sent it, Clodpate, not the Dutch; who ever knew them mind any Modes or Dresses either, ye senseless Mawkin?

Mary. Well, well, but then here again a little farther is best of all. [*She takes the Letter.*] I intend to marry Moll out of Hand; ha, ha, ha, ha, for her B. U. B. her Bubbies grow large, and seem to make motion for a Husband, ha, ha, ha. — Well, my Vather's a parlous Man I'll say't; O my Soul and Conscience he knows one's mind as well as if he were in one.

Teres. Ay, Lord save him, the Man had more in him than ever we thought, *Mary*; and then let's see, here I come in, in the next line. — Humph. [*She reads.* *Come to me as best thou canst, and against thy coming, I will provide thee a Coach, for I go to my Government tomorrow, with intent to make Money, as all other Governors do. — Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee.* [*She takes the Letter.*

Mary. Ah, bless the Soul of him, would the pretty Creature were here, that I might bus's him a little.

[*Teresa takes the Letter.*

Teres. Ah Gimminy, I could eat the Letter up me-thinks: — Well, dear *Sancho*, or dear Governor, here I am come to thee at last; good Lord *Mary*! I can but think upon his former words, which, Odsdiggers, I could ne'er have believed then, tho now I find 'em true. *Teresa*, said he, thou wert born to be a Countess, the what d'ee call 'ems, Planets I think he call'd 'em, have allotted thee Honours, said he: Thou hast an Eye like a Countess, says he; a cocking Nose like a Countess, says he; a Shape like a Countess, a jetting Bum like a Countess, and a — every thing like a Countess, said he: and Good-lack-a day, to see how the dear Man's words fall out.

Mary.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 157

Mary. Odflidikins, I am so merry, I could leap out of my Skin methinks; but come, Mother, now let's settle our Faces, and enquire for the Governor *Sancho's* House, pray.

Teres. It must be here about I'm sure, by the Directions of the Letter: Oh! here comes a Gentleman, I'll enquire of him. Now *Mary* look to your self, be sure.

Enter Manuel.

Man. Well they may talk of *Proteus* and his Changes; but in so small a time, if ever he wore so many shapes as I have done, I much wonder: the blunt Fool *Sancho* by chance made shift to frustrate our last Design, but I'll try if he has Brains enough to find me out in this Disguise. I am now, by my Lord Duke's order, to be Secretary, and Civility-Master, to fool him and his Wife in their new Government: He, I hear, is upon his way hither, and she too ought to be here to meet him, with the Dowdy her Daughter; I wonder their Tawny Ladieships stay so long.

Mary. Sir Gentleman, if I may presume to be so bold.

Teres. Prithee hold thy Tongue. [Putting her by.] I'll speak to him my self; Hem, hem, if your business, Sir [Makes awkward Curtsies.] be not much in haste, be pleas'd to know, Sir, that I am the Governor *Sancho's* Wife, Sir, and therefore desire you would do your self the Honour, Sir, to conduct me to his House, Sir.

Man. It must be they, their comical Figures shew they can be no other.

Mary. And look, Friend, I am his Daughter *Moll*, you must know, otherwise called *Mary* the Buxom; and now you know us, pray will you tell my Vather—that we are come, d'ee hear.

Man. In happy time good Ladies, for I have been here ready this two hours to attend your motion.

Mary. D'slidikins, d'ee hear Mother, he calls us Ladies already. [Aside.

Teres. Humph, you will be prating still, you will shew your self a Hoyden; why look Friend, to deal plainly,

we

we had made our noble Entrance sooner, but the Waggon broke, and we were forced for three hours, to tarry the mending.

Man. The Waggon, why did your Excellencies then condescend to make your approaches to your Government, by the contemptible convenience of a Waggon?

Teres. Why truly yes, Friend, for want of a better, our Excellencies for once made a hard shift.

Mary. There was ne'er a Cart to be had in Town, you must know, but one, that was carrying Lime to make Mortar to mend the Town-Hall.

Man. A Cart! a Chariot sure you must mean Miss Pretty.

Teres. A Cart, did you ever hear such a Jade! ay, ay, Sir, Miss meant a Chariot as you say: Pox take her, would she were whipt at a Cart a little; a thing that runs upon Wheels, Sir; a fine stately thing that runs I say upon Wheels. [To Mary aside.]

Man. Ay, it may run upon Legs for any thing thou knowest of it. [Aside.] Ay, ay, your Ladyship is in the right, it does run upon Wheels indeed: But come now, I beseech you, give me leave to usher ye to your House, I am my self a small Officer under the Governor and your Ladyship; to him I serve as Secretary, and to you as Civility-Master.

Teres. Good Mr. Civility, I shall soon know your good Qualities.

Mary. Oh, ho, ho, O Lord! I can't keep from laughing for the life of me.

Man. My duty at present, is to conduct you to the Chief Matron, to be new dress'd, as fits a Governor's Wife—it must be done instantly—therefore pray follow me, that you may be ready to receive your Lord, who intends to be here at Dinner.

Teres. Well, pray lead the way, Friend, I'll warrant I'll keep touch with ye.

Mary. Lord bless us, what's to be done now? I am in such a quandary I know not what I say nor do, for my part. [Exeunt with Manuel.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke, and Sancho dress'd fantastically as a Governor, between him and the Dutchess; Lusinda, Cardenio, Rodriguez, and Servants following. & D. Q.

Duke. Have the chief Citizens, and leading Men of the Island, notice of their new Governor's Arrival?

Servant. They have, my Lord, and this is the Place where they design'd to meet him.

Duke. 'Tis well; is there ought else, my most illustrious Don, in which my self, or the Dutchess there, can honour ye?

Don Qu. Ds'death, is that a Look like a Governor? hold up thy Head for shame; his Joy, my Lord, has prest so much upon his Spirits, his Tongue at present is not at liberty.

Card. The Favours these illustrious Persons bestow hourly, would make a dumb Man speak to return thanks.

Lusc. And yet he stands as if he did not mind them.

Dutch. Any thing in my power, the noble Governor is sure he may command, unless it be to give him leave to ravish my Woman *Rodriguez*.

Rodr. Me! I had rather see his Governorship hang'd, than he should come but as near as to whisper me—marry choak him, what the first day of his wearing Socks?

Don Qu. Oons is he dumb indeed? [*Fogs Sancho.*

Sanc. Hark ye, good Mistress Conserve-maker, hold your self contented: All Rats, lookee, care not for mouldy Cheese: If your Virginity is to be hanged upon the Tree till I shake it off, the Crows may come and pick at it for *Sancho*.

Card. Oh, this is well now; a few wise Sayings from a Governor look decently.

Sanc. Some of which should profit your pert Lady then methinks, that she is so quick at putting her Spoon into another man's Porridge; Look Friend, too much
Tongue,

Tongue, too much Tail—I say no more, but the Hen discovers her Nest by Cackling.

Lusc. Oh unfortunate Person! now have I rouz'd a sleeping Lyon that will tear me to pieces.

Dutch. No, no, Madam, the wise Governor will consider the frailty of our Sex.

Sancho. As to your Grace, I must needs say I am beholden; and if my Government stretch to my mind but an inch or two, I will shew my self thankful as well as I can—but for your Fleeters—and especially Goody Warming-Pan there, the Governor turns his Rump upon 'em, as things below his Place and Sagacity.

Rodr. Well, and I turn my Rump upon thee too—'Dlife ye were but a Stirrup-holder the t'other day, were ye?

Duke. Come good words, *Rodriguez*, there is distinction between *Sancho* and you now.

Rodr. Ay, the worse World in the mean time—I thought I might have deserved an Honour from your Grace, considering all things, as well as that Sheep-shearer.

[Weeps.

Card. Ha, ha, ha; Faith my Lord, Mrs. *Rodriguez* is in the right, and but that the Governor here has got the start of us, and that his People are coming to wait upon him, I would put one Shoulder to heave him out of his Authority, for the hard Joke he gave my Wife.

Sanc. I, but in the mean time, don't fell the Bear's Skin before you have caught him: All are not Thieves that Dogs bark at: You may turn the Buckle behind ye now Friend.

Enter Pedro and Baratarians.

Pedro. Health to the Duke, and next the Governor,

[Bowling to the Duke and Sancho.

To whom I, as his Phylician in ordinary,—and the Mouth of these grave Citizens, thus tender Homage—and am proud—t'inform him we come to wait upon him to his Government.

Don Qu. Your Hat, *Sancho*, your Hat: 'Dsideath don't you see they are all bare-headed? Come, come, look grave

grave and speak after me, we'll imitate the *Polish Election*, and give it them in Latin — *Sit bonus Populus.*

Sanc. *Sit bonus Populus.* [*Speaks loud and clownishly.*

Don Qu. *Bonus ero Gubernator.*

Sanc. *Bonus ero Gubernator.* [*They shout.*

Duke. So then, since all things move in their right order, here now let us part, and *honos nocios* Governour.

Sanc. The Governour is your Grace's Footstool, my Lord.

Dutch. I hope your Excellency will let us hear sometimes of your Transactions.

Sanc. Madam, there shall not be a Pound of Butter weighed, nor yet a Pudding be enrich'd with Plums, wherein your Graces shall not have a Finger.

Duke. Oh! Air, Air — I shall choak else, ha, ha, ha.

Card. Well, since it must be so, adieu most noble Governour. [*They make their Conge, and Exeunt all but Don Quixote, Pedro, and Baratarians.*

Don Qu. I yet must be a minute with my Friend, I'll follow your Grace instantly: You, Sirs, I must desire r'absent a little too, I have some private business with the Governour. How now, my kind Companion in my Travels, what means this Tenderness?

[*Pedro and the rest go out, Sancho weeps.*

Sanc. Nature works, Sir — I never look upon that scurvy Phiz of yours, nor think upon the many Drubs and Bruises you are to suffer, but my Bowels earn after ye, just like a Mother for her First-born — oh! [*Weeps.*

Don Qu. Brother *Sancho*, in troth this is too kind; come think of governing, Man, and let that cheer thee; in which Station to give thee some few Instructions, I have pickt out this Minute, therefore mind me.

[*Embraces him.*

Sanc. I will, Sir, and beseech ye speak slowly that I may keep pace with ye, because you know my Understanding was always rather for the Trot than the Gallop.

Don Qu. I'll fit it to a hair, hem, to begin then: If thou wouldst make thy self a proper Governour for these Times, thou oughtst principally to adorn thy self with these

these three Virtues or Qualifications, which are Morality, Conscience, and Decency. And first, of the first; To have, or be thought to have Morality, is extremely useful for a Governor, if it were for nothing but to be a Skreen, that People might not pry too much into his Religion; for if he is once noted for a moral Man (whether he be really so or no) let him be a *Jew* in his Opinion, or of no Religion at all; 'tis not three half-pence matter.

Sanc. I am glad of that Sir; for my Religion, like the rest of my good Parts, is somewhat Cloudy at present: 'tis like a Field of Corn ill manag'd; there will want a great deal of Weeding before the Crop would come to be good for any thing.

Don Qu. Another part of Morality, *Sancho*, is Self-knowledge, to be sure not to forget thy Original, nor blush to own that thou comest of a poor Lineage; for when thou art not ashamed thy self, no body will seek to make thee so; but if thou shouldst, like the Frog, fancy thy self an Ox, thou art undone; for many hundreds now live, that know thou wert at first but a Hog-keeper.

Sanc. That's true, Sir; but then, 'twas when I was but a Boy, for when I grew up to be Mannish, I kept Turkeys and Geese, which is counted the better Preferment by much in *Spain*, you know.

Don Qu. Well, let that pass: In the second place, a Governor ought to take care to have an admirable Conscience; he must have a Conscience so very tender, that a Fly can't buz upon it without making him squeek; it ought to sit strait and close to him, like a Thimble upon a Lady's Finger, and not as 'tis customary, like a Jockey's Boot that he can stretch which way he pleases: this will best appear in his impartial Execution of Justice; and to avoid Corruption, or taking of Bribes, which is so tempting, and withal so crying a Sin, that there is not one Governor in forty can forbear damning himself about it, do what he can.

Sanc. Why then, Lord have mercy upon my Soul too; for to deal plainly, I am afraid my Fingers (as well

well as the rest) will itch damnably to be handling the Money. [*Apart.*]

Don Qu. As to the manner of getting the Government, that piece of Self-denial is generally smothered; for if thou hast the Conscience to think thou deservest it, 'tis thy own fairly if thou canst get it in Course. I could be somewhat satirical upon thy parts now, but that I love thee, *Sancho*, and therefore will desist; besides, to do thee Justice, thou art not the first that has got a Government he was not beholden to his Desert for.

Sanc. No, nor shan't be the last, Sir, for Desert is govern'd by Fortune you know, and in a double manner; for if some were to have their true Deserts, they would be Princes and Governors presently; and if others, again, were to have theirs, Oons what an Army of Subjects here would be hang'd up in one Summer?

Don Qu. Well dear *Sancho*, for that Saying thou deservest not only to govern an Island, but an Empire: Therefore to proceed briefly, because I see thy People wait, I'll come to the third good Quality proper for a Governor, which is Decency.

Sanc. I have an inkling, that that good Quality will be as proper for me, as any of the rest—because I suppose it relates to Cleanliness, good Breeding.

Don Qu. Thou hast nick'd it, therefore be sure to take care to pare thy Nails, and scour thy Teeth clean; and when thou sittest upon the Judgment-Seat, take special heed thou dost not belch, nor yawn, for those are beastly Neglects, tho too commonly used among our modern Ministers of Justice.

Sanc. Why look'ee Sir, as to Belching, tho I learnt it of a stout Dutch Trooper that thought it became him very well, yet I shall make no great matter to leave it off; but as for Yawning, 'tis impossible for me, Zooks, I can as soon leave off my Proverbs, and that you know were to unhinge all i'faith: Why look now, your very putting in mind on't has set me at it already.

[*Yawns and gapes.*]

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Oh, the Devil, what a Yell is there for a Magistrate! But come, since I see Nature is not to be expelled with a Fork, observe the rest: Take heed of eating Garlick as thou hast used to do, for that will discover thy coarse Extraction, and be nauseous to all about thee; for in that manner I once knew a Country Recorder that used to give poor Criminals double Deaths, first by his abominable Breath, and afterwards by his Sentence.

Sanc. That will be a plaguy hard Chapter too, for to my thinking, a Clove of Garlick gives one's Dinner a curious hautgouft. [Shaking his head.]

Don Qu. Be sure always to walk slow and stately, and let the Fulness and Gravity of thy Look atone for the Vacuum and Cavity of thy Head: and lastly, above all, be sure to manage that Beard of thine wisely; scrub it, *Sancho*, comb it; mundify thy Whiskers, I say, that when thou waggest it on some great Occasion, thou mayst scatter no Vermin upon those that occasionally come to thee for Justice: And so good Fortune guide thee. [Embracing.]

Enter Pedro and Baratarians.

Sanc. Well, Sir, I can but thank ye; you have given me a plaguy deal of good Counsel, if I have but the Grace to follow it: but come, many Ventures make a full Freight; I'll do what I can, but especially for that about Garlick and Belching let me alone: and so, Sir, wishing you to be an Emperor in the space of a Whistling time, we take our leaves,

*To feast, and give our Islanders a Play-day,
And meet our Spouse, who now must be a Lady.*

Pedro, and the rest. Long live the Governor of *Barataria*, Huzza.

[*Exeunt Sancho and Baratarians one way, and Don Quixote another, weeping.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Terefa, and Mary, new dress'd, with Manuel.

Mary. Lord is this me? Odslidikins, they have made me so fine, that would I were hang'd if I know whether 'tis me or no.

Teref. Well, and what's to be done next, good Mr. *Civility*? What you have shown us already is curiously fine I'fakins.

Man. Leave off that coarse, that clownish word I'fakins; and if you would swear like a Lady o'th' Mode, you must say, by my Soul, my Lord, by my Honour, Madam, by the Universe, Cavalier; unless you are at Cards among your selves, and then you may inlarge a little, as thus, Soons I have had horrid ill luck to night, I have lost 50 Quadruples, Damme.

Teref. Well, that's very pretty, by the Universe, Cavalier.

Mary. It has such a pure sound with it, when one swears a little; and methinks the words, Mother, come off so roundly, that would I may never make water more, if I had not rather——

Teref. O Lord, O Lord! There the Quean had it out broad; why ye clownish Jade, have I——

Man. Hold, hold, good Madam, let me manage her; you must consider she is not yet wean'd from her Country Dialect. Oh fy Miss, you have said such a paw thing, that I warrant ne'er a one of the Town-Ladies would have said for a Thousand Pounds: Oh, you must not offer to say such a paw thing as that, nor do such a paw thing as that for the World, tho ye are in never so great an extremity.

Mary. No, I'cod, that's very hard tho.

Teref. Let me come to her, Sir; 'Dlife this rude Hilding will spoil all our Preferment.

Man. Oh, Patience, Patience, Madam; she must come to't by degrees: Young Lady, I blame you not for speaking, but for the manner of it; therefore from henceforth,

henceforth, when you would express your self on that occasion, if you are visiting or elsewhere, you must say, Dear Cousin, or Madam, I have an extreme desire to make a natural Evacuation.

Mary. A natural Evacuation ! O Lord, that's pretty I swear.

Man. Oh, Modesty is the most darling Jewel amongst all well-bred Ladies, tho it often occasions them distress enough too. I remember once at a certain noble Lord's Trial, a certain ruddy plump young Lady, dyed a green Manteau and Petticoat into a perfect Blue, thro' her rigid Modesty, and the violent Effect of natural Evacuation.

——— But come now, practise your Gate again a little
——— Walk, walk, hold up your heads——— So, snap your Fans——— Very good——— Wag your Hips a little more——— Admirable, Adroit and Easy——— leave but off the Country Hobble now, and I defy any Court-Lady of 'em all to out-do ye. *[They jig about.]*

Teres. Well, I swear, methinks I'm chang'd quite to another thing already.

Man. Oh, here's the Governor——— I hear the Musick. *[Loud Trumpets within.]*

Enter Sancho strutting, with Pedro and Baratarians.

Mary. Oh, that ever I was born ! Is that my Vather ? *[Staring and clapping her hands.]*

Teres. Ah, Blessing on the precious Eyes on thee, my dear Yoke-mate, my *Sancho* ; and art thou then a Governor indeed, mine own Oosle-cock ?

[She runs to embrace him.]

Man. Oh, hands off, good Madam ; such greeting is not decent in great Ladies.

[Takes her from Sancho's Neck.]

Teres. Gadslidikins I could smother him in that fine Coat methinks.

Mary. I must speak to him ; he looks like one of the great fat Men they call Judges, that used to ride thro' our Town——— Oh brave Vather ! Oh brave Vather ! Is't you Vather ? Is't you ? Oh Law ! Oh Law !

[Jumps and laughs.]

Sancho.

Sanc. Ha, ha, ha, ha; the poor Fools are almost craz'd thro' mere Joy; 'tis well, Spouse of mine, 'tis well, but not too much of Fondness now, good Crooked Rib. — And Daughter of mine, take care of Romping: Remember who I am.

Teres. Ah, dear Gravel-face, dear Ferret-eyes.

[*Learing at him.*]

Man. Madam, Madam, you forget.

Mary. I am my Lord the Governor *Sancho Pan-cha's* most humble Servant, upon my Honour; and wou'd I may ne'er make water if——[*Manuel stops her.*]

Sanc. Well said, *Mary* the Buxom; that's my good Girl, hold thee there, *Moll.*

Teres. And I am his Lordship's every thing; his hot Loaf and Butter, Suet-pudding, his Pancake, by the Universe.

Man. Pretty well that, Madam, indifferent.

Sanc. 'Tis very well, good Mouse-trap, 'tis very well; and you see I have been as good as my word: I told ye what my Squireship would come to *Teresa*; but you would not believe, you would be obstinate: A Woman, a Woman.

Teres. I was under some little doubt, my Lord, by my Soul, I must confess. [*Speaks mincing.*]

Man. Very well, that last, Madam, extremely well.

Mary. I would have laid a Groat I should have had no new Lockram Smocks of your giving me, Vather — not this——

Man. Aw, not a word more of that; 'tis well he does not hear ye.

Sanc. Here's *Dapple* too; come along with me, *Chuck*; the poor *Afs*, on my Conscience, is as glad of his Preferment as thou art; I'd have brought him in here, but that we should have wanted an Elbow-Chair for him to sit down in.

Man. There's an Alcove within, with a State and Velvet-Cushions, my Lord.

Sanc. No, no, 'tis no matter now, tho the Creature is good Company enough: Faith, he's trapp'd so richly, you'd wonder if you saw him; he's all over embroider'd,
like

like a High-Sheriff of a County upon an Entertaining-day.

Pedro. Please your Excellence to sit and rest a little, for I'm of opinion that this sultry Climate bears no Affinity with the Choler of your Complexion, especially when irritated by Motion: Excuse me, my Lord, 'tis my duty to be careful of your Constitution, which I perceive at present to be somewhat languid and sudorous; be pleased therefore to sit, and see the Sports that are provided to entertain ye.

Sanc. Ay, with all my heart; and d'ye hear Doctor, prithee let me have as few of your cramp Words as you can, for they'll work more upon my Constitution than any Dose of Pills you can give me. Come Family of the *Pancha's*, set down by me, and let's see these Sports he talks of, and afterward let's go to Dinner; for I feel a kind of governing Stomach, that methinks grumbles to be satisfied; I could eat heartily.

Pedro. Good my Lord, think not too much of Eating, 'tis very unwholesom.

Sanc. How! Eating unwholesom! Prithee honest Gut-scowrer, persuade me to that if thou canst: Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good Jest, Faith.

Sancho, Teresa and Mary sit down; then Musick sounds, and an Entertainment follows of Singing and Dancing: Which ended, a Table is brought in furnished; Pedro and Manuel wait; then is a Dance of Spinsters.

A S O N G, sung by a Clown and his Wife.

He. *Since Times are so bad, I must tell thee Sweet-heart,*
I'm thinking to leave off my Plow and my Cart;
And to the fair City a Journey will go,
To better my Fortune, as other Folk do:
Since some have from Ditches,
And coarse Leather-breeches,
Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.
Prithee come, come away from thy Wheel;

For

For if Gypsies don't lye,
I shall be a Governor too, ere I die.

She. *Ah, Collin! by all thy late doings I find,
With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;
Our Sheep now at random, disorderly run,
And now Sunday's Jacket goes ev'ry day on:
Ah what dost thou mean?*

He: *To make my Shoos clean,
And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen,
Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.*

She. *Fy, 'tis better for us to plow and to spin;
For as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy;
For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found,
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.*

He. *Why then I'll take Arms,
And follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour that now-a-days plaguily charms.*

She. *And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thy self after for leaving the Plow.*

He. *Suppose I turn Gamester;*

She. *So cheat and be bang'd:*

He. *What think'st of the Road then?*

She. *The High way to be hang'd.*

He. *Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for Life,
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.*

She. *That's dangerous too
Amongst the Town-Crew,*

*For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in,
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.*

He. *Will nothing prefer me? What think'st of the Law?*

She. *Oh! While you live, Collin, keep out of that Paw.*

He. *I'll cant, and I'll pray:*

She. *Ah! There's nought got that way;
There's no one minds now what those black Cattle
say:*

Let all our whole Care

Be our Farming Affair,

He. *To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.*

Two Voices.

Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can show ;

She. *So I'll to my Distaff,*

He. *And I to my Plow.*

C H O R U S.

Let all our whole Care

Be our Farming Affair,

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees
bear.

Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can show ;

So I'll to my Distaff,

And I to my Plow.

Pedro. How does your Excellence like the Entertainment? Do our Musick and Sports please ye?

[*Enter a Carver.*

Sanc. Yes, yes, I like your Sports well enough, — But here's a Sport that I think at present surpasses 'em. — Gad there's a rare Turkey, and I've a furious Inclination to be familiar with him. How now!

[*Carver goes to cut the Turkey, and Pedro strikes the Dish with a Wand, at which the Waiters snatch it away.*

Pedro. By no means, Sir, 'tis hot, undigestable, and corroding; the Flesh of that sort of Fowl, is highly pernicious to a Constitution that abounds with Choler: You must excuse me, Sir, I am stipended in this Island, to take care of its Governors, and study day and night to prescribe a Diet proper for 'em. [Teresa takes a

Comfit, and Manuel snatches it from her.

Man. You must not eat yet, Madam, 'tis ill Manners, the Carver has not help'd your Lord.

Teres. By the Universe that's true: Well, Sir, pray excuse me, I shall remember better another time.

Mary. O Lord, how my Chops water at one of them fat Birds there!

Man. Young Lady, keep your Elbows off the Table: Oh fy, 'tis highly indecent.

Sanc. Well then, prithee honest Fellow, hand hither

one of those Partridges ; those, Doctor, are harmless Meat I'm sure.

Pedro. Oh horrible ! This plaguy Cook has sent 'em in blood-raw ; the Rascal has pepper'd the Sauce too, as if they were to feed a Jew — away with 'em quickly : 'Sdeath this Rogue ought to be hang'd, he'll poison the Governour in two days time. *[Dish snatch'd away.]*

Sanc. Poison him ! No, Gadzooks, he's more in danger of Starving for ought I see.

—Come, prithee what must I eat then ? Quickly, quickly, Man, and don't square my Stomach by thy own ; give me a good hearty Collop of something that's warm and good, and don't judge me by thy self ; thou look'st as if thou hadst fed upon Smoke all thy Life time. *Manuel this while is teaching the Women to behave themselves.*

Pedro. Oh, that's very well, Sir : Jestings is wholesome, and I am glad to find your Excellence so disposed ; 'tis more nourishing for ye than any Meat that I see here : Reach me that Dish there, Friend.

Teres. Is it always the Custom, Friend, for the Governours to have thy hungry Preamble before Dinner ?

Man. Ever, Madam ; the Doctor very often makes a Speech upon Temperance an hour or two long, 'tis the Custom.

Mary. The Devil take the Customs then, I say, for I'm damnably sharp-set.

Pedro. Look ye, your Excellence may regale upon these with safety, till better Provision be ordered. *[Gives him a Dish of Wafers.]* And, Madam, these are light too, and of good digestion for Governours Ladies : But for any thing else here——

[Little Dishes of whipp'd Cream are brought in.]

Sanc. These ! Oons why a hundred of 'em won't fill a Man's mouth : Why, ye plaguy *Paracelsian* you, d'ye think I can dine upon Paper ?

Mary. Or I upon Froth ?

Sanc. 'Sbud give me a Glas of Wine there, I shall choak with Rage else : What a Plague is the meaning of this ?

Pedro. 'Tis Death for him; therefore I charge ye all forbear upon your Lives, till I have corrected it: Let me see the Glafs. [*Takes the Glafs and prepares it.*]

Sanc. Why ye damn'd Son of a Glister-pipe, must not I drink neither?

Pedro. Not till I have allay'd the acid Quality of the Wine, my Lord, and made it agree with your Stomach; if you should be sick, alas, 'tis as much as my Place, nay, as my Life is worth; therefore it behoves me to be exceeding careful: You are inclining to a Hectick, my Lord, hot and dry, and too strong Liquors will infallibly destroy the *Humidum Radicale*.—There now, I think I may venture it.

Sanc. Oh, confounded Potion-maker, this is mere Water, the very Liquor of Frogs, Gadzooks—Hark ye, what is your Name, Friend?

Pedro. Sir, I'm styl'd Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agnero*, I am a Native of *Tirte Afuria*, which lies between *Carragnet* and *Almodona del Campo*, and took my Degree in the Univerfity of *Ofuna*.

Sanc. Why then Doctor *Pedro Rezio Agnero* of *Tirte Afuria*, and Graduated in *Ofuna*, take that [*Throws the Glafs at him.*] and get you out of my fight, or I'll throw my Chair at your head: Why, Common-wealth's Hangman, let me eat, or take your Government again with a Pox t'ye, for an Office that won't afford a Man his Victuals is not worth two Pilchers. [*Exit Pedro.*]

Man. Oh my Lord, Passion is very unbecoming a Man of your Place; pray have Patience, it is the good Man's over much Zeal to ferve you.

Sanc. Here's another too, a mannerly Coxcomb, that preaches Patience to me, when I am ready to be starv'd—Gad I'll rid my Island of fuch Vermin as you quickly—you fhall know that a Governor muft eat in defiance of ye all, Rogues: Come, Spoufe, fall on; I'll have this. [*They snatch and eat ravenoufly.*]

Teref. I this.

Mary. And I this: But firft, Friend, I've great occasion for a little natural Evacuation. [*Aside to Manuel.*]

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Man. 'D'sheart not at Dinner-time, Madam! That were such a plaguy Indecency.

Messenger. My Lord the Governor, your Excellence is staid for in Council, where are to be debated some matters of great moment; you must come away immediately.

Sanc. How now, *Jack Sauce!* Must come away! Soft and fair goes far; after Dinner is time enough.

Man. By no means, my Lord; stay not a minute, I beseech ye; the Council will take it so heinously to neglect 'em at your first coming, that I fear, on such an occasion, they'll rise and mutiny: Therefore 'tis extremely proper your Excellency should go instantly, your Supper shall be mended, and atone for this to your satisfaction anon.

Sanc. Why this 'tis to be a Great Man now: When I was poor *Sancho*, the Devil of any Mutineers had I occasion to be afraid of; but now Cares and Dangers croud on apace. Come, *Teresa*, we'll take our amends anon; and, d'ye hear, let my Supper make me satisfaction without Doctor *Pedro Rexio's* direction; for if I find him here again flirting my Dishes, or squirting Advice, Gadsbud I will begin with a Cudgel upon him, and so on, till I leave ne'er a Physician in the Island.

[Exeunt Sancho, Teresa, and Mary.]

Man. Ha, ha, ha: Go thy ways, Governor; this will be rare Sport to send my Lord the Duke an account of, which I will do instantly, and tell him how methodically

Great Sancho, learn'd in nought but Carts and Plowing,

Rules without Power, and judges without knowing.


[Exit.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Judgment-Hall.

Enter Page, Manuel, and Pedro.

Page.  ASSURE ye, Gentlemen, my Lord and Lady were extremely pleased with the last Account you sent them of your new Governor's Actions: We had the Story every night at Supper, and with so much laughing, that an old Philosopher, plagu'd with the Spleen and Gout, could hardly have forbore. I am now dispatch'd hither upon a new Design to further the Jest; I have brought the Grand *Sancho* a Letter.

Man. Ha, ha, ha: So, dost know the Contents on't, prithee?

Page. Oh, each Particular, my Lord Duke read it to us in publick; 'tis a terrible Scrowl, and pretends to discover some Enemies that have laid a Plot to attack the Island; 'twill try the Governor's Courage, for here's horrible frightful News in't. Here, Doctor, you must give it him, I must back to my Lord again immediately.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha; this will, no doubt, have the designed Effect, especially surprizing him, now in this juncture; for we have kept him these three days so hungry, and so little in heart, that he'll be frighted with the least shadow of danger.

Man. This is the best place to give it him too, for he's just now coming hither to hear Causes——But, *Page,* prithee how thrives the Jest at home? How does the

Part II. of Don Quixote. 175

the uncurably maim'd *Don Quixote* behave himself, after the Loss of his Right-hand, *Sancho*, hah ?

Page. Why, Faith, so lamely, and the Jest grows so stale now, that my Lord Duke begins to be weary ; and therefore to get rid of him wittily, and send him home to his House, he designs a new Contrivance for me to act : What it is as yet I know not, but I suppose, by that time the Squire-Governor trots from his Island here, the Knight-Errant will be moving the same pace home-wards.

Pedro. It must be very suddenly then, for the upshot of our Government is drawing on apace, the Mob will soon be prepar'd for the Jest. And see, here comes the Pageant——'Dlife and the Petitioners too—— Now if any one can laugh at clumsy Justice, they may have a rare occasion : I must not be seen yet.

Page. Nor I.

[*Exit Pedro and Page.*

Enter Sancho, Constable and Watch, and Cryer, with Taylor, Gardiner, Canter, Small Man and a Woman : Sancho sits down in the Chair.

Cryer. Oh, yes ! Let all manner of Person or Persons that come not hither for Justice, keep Silence ; and let those that would have their Grievances redressed, express them boldly, for the Governor is prepared to hear them.

Sanc. He is prepared as far as Hunger will let him ; and tho I have observed my self to have much a clearer Judgment upon a full Stomach than an empty one, yet since they say, Spare Diet and Fasting whets a Man's Understanding, I'll try for once how wise 'twill make me. Come, Friend, what's your Complaint now, humph ?

Taylor. Why, and please your Honour, my Name is *Snip*, I am a Womans Taylor, and a Man that the Parish knows to be a Man, that is not a Man, who, as a Man may say, will willingly let a Man, tho it may chance a Man may be deceived with fair Looks ; yet, as your Honour knows, who are a Man.

H 4

Sanc.

Sanc. Who am a Man that is like to know very little of your business at this rate, Friend: Come, come, your Complaint, Mr. *Snip*, your Complaint.

Taylor. Why your Honour must know then, that my Complaint is against my Neighbour *Radish* there, the Gardener, who has feloniously, not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, taken from me, and defrauded me of a tame Cock-Pheasant, which I brought up by hand, and upon which I set an extraordinary value; yet this ravenous Cannibal laid violent hands upon the poor Bird, carried it home to his Wife, roasted it; and had I not come just in the Nick and hindred them, they had devoured it immediately.

Sanc. Umph, and what say you to this, *Radish*, hah?

Taylor. He, he can say nothing, my Lord; for lookee, to prove what I say is true, I have brought the Pheasant here along with me, poor Fool, just as I snatch'd it out of the Dish from them. [*Puts the Pheasant on the Table.*] And now since no proof is plainer than sight, I desire your Honour to do me Justice, and make him give me satisfaction.

Sanc. By my Faith, and nothing but reason, Mr *Snip*: What, what an Enormance is here? What can you say to this, *Radish*, hah? Is it your Conscience to come into a Neighbour's House, and steal away his Goods and Chattels? For his Pheasant in this place is a Chattel.

Taylor. Nay, I had not valued it so much, my Lord; but, to say the truth, the Creature was my Wife's, and the poor Woman was always stroking and playing with it.

Sanc. Gad 'tis a delicate tender young Bit, [*Sancho touches it and licks his Fingers.*] are not you a Rogue for this now *Radish*, to purloin and filch in this manner? It has an excellent taste, Faith: Must paltry Diggers and Delvers eat like Gentry? Oons, with a little good Sauce to it, this were a Dish for a Governor.

[*Tears off a Leg and eats it.*]

Gard. But, pray will your Honour hear me a little now? One Man's Tale is good till another's is told:
This

This nitty Jerkin here, this Thimble, this Bodkin, this cuckoldly Woman's Taylor, *Snip*, here.—

Taylor. Why how now ye Dunghill-raker, ye old rusty Pruning-knife, ye Maggot in a Pescod, ye Caterpillar; what, ye won't deny it, will ye?

Sanc. Oons, is not here a plain proof? What, ye won't deny a plain proof, will ye, Rascal?

[*Speaks with his Mouth full.*]

Gard. Ay, but pray do but hear me, my Lord, for yet you don't know the Trick on't; for you must know, this *Snip* and I used commonly to go to one another's Houses, and jestingly snatch away several sort of things to eat and drink, I from him, and he from me, 'twas common among us; and particularly t'other day, I had a curious Flask of *Florence* sent me for a Present, by a Friend that I used to accommodate with Fruit, of which, thro' neighbourly Courtesy, I gave *Snip* and his Wife a taste,

Sanc. Well, what then? Go on, go on; let him go on, *Snip*, let him go on; Gad I never eat a better thing in my Life. [*Speaks with his mouth full.*] [*Aside.*]

Gard. Now, what do these cheating Companions do, being resolved to have the rest of my Wine, but come t'other day to my House, and whilst his Wife, who pretended friendly to cut my Hair, put my face in her Lap, this sneaking Louse-snapper, *Snip* here, ran away with the Flask; for which, knowing no other way to be even with him, I yesterday made my Attack upon his Wife's Pheasant.

Taylor. Why ye inoculated Rascal, dare you say 'twas *Florence*, hah?

Gard. Yes, that I dare, Cucumber; and to prove it to your face, that I mean what I say, I have here another Flask of it, which was just now sent me by the same Person. [*Sancho takes the Flask.*]

Sanc. Nay, lookee, *Snip*, take heed of Lying; I don't sit here to see Justice abused; and if this be really *Florence*, look to it, *Snip*. [*Drinks.*]

Taylor. Besides, if it were, I think I han't been behind-hand with ye, you have been free to every thing

in my House time out of mind; it had a damnable sour taste I'm sure; and whatever you say, I can't think 'twas Florence, not I.

Sanc. What can't you think, Pimp-whiskin? What can't you think? 'Tis Florence, I say 'tis Florence; and *Snip*, y'are a——What a-pox, sure I can't be mistaken.

[*Drinks again.*]

Man. The Governor has made himself amends for his Fasting as it happens: But what will the Judgment be after all, I wonder?

[*Aside.*]

Sanc. Ay, ay, Florence, 'tis Florence, I knew I was right: And are these things fitting for Gardeners and Taylors? Fat Pheasants and rich Wines, Food for such Vermin? I am intraged at it, I burst with Choler.

Man. How will you please to punish them, my Lord?

Sanc. Punish them! Oons, I know not how I shall punish them: But since they have made a practice to steal from one another, 'tis plain each of them keeps a House to encourage Thievery, and 'tis likely, in short time, may practise upon others as well as themselves: Therefore I condemn them to pay ten Duckets a-Piece to the Poor, and from henceforth to be upon their good behaviour——Not a word more——away with them——

[*They shake their heads, and are thrust out.*]

Man. Bring the rest forward there.

[*Constable brings a Man forward.*]

Sanc. Well, Mr. Constable, who have you got here?

Const. Why, and it please your Honour, a strange hypocritical kind of Rascal, that formerly we knew to be a common Cheat and Thief, but of late he has taken up a Trade of Canting and Devotion, which we all believe only to be a Blind, that he may may manage his old Profession the better; for last night we took him up upon Suspicion of stealing a Velvet Cloak.

Sanc. To cover his Knavery withal: Very well Mr. Constable: Well, and what say you to this, Cloak-Merchant, hah?

Canter.

Canter. Why verily, I may not deny to thy Superiority, but that in my pristine days of Vanity and Youth, I was a great Sinner, before the Spirit of Grace had entered into me; nay with Shame I do confess it to thee, oh Governor.

Sanc. Take him away then and hang him, there's no more to be said.

Canter. Aw, but I will tell thee what I am now; let me plead, I beseech thee.

Sanc. Oons, what after Confession? 'Sbud, e'nt it Confess and be hang'd all the World over? What an impudent Fellow art thou! Gadzooks I'll not spoil such a curious Proverb to save ne'er a Canting Rascal in all Spain—— Away with him, I say.

Canter. Ah, Mercy, Mercy: Ah, Wo is me.

[*They drag him out.*]

Const. This is the worst Confession, Friend, you have been at a great while.

Sanc. Come, come, for more, for more, I find my Judgment much clearer now than at first: Well, Woman, what say you?

Woman. Ah, I have many sad things to say upon my Honesty, my Lord: I'm an undone Person, I am cracked, I am violated, or, to speak it in plain terms, I am ravish'd as one may say. [Weeping.]

Sanc. Alas poor tender young thing, thou look'st as if thou hadst been hardly put to it indeed: But where, where is this mighty Gogmagog that has done it? He must be of the Race of the Giants sure.

Woman. No, my Lord, 'tis not so much for his Largeness, as for his Strength and Ability: This is the vile Man [*Points to a very little Fellow.*] my Lord, this is he that, as I may say, has abused my Body like an unwash'd Rag.

Sanc. The Devil he is! What a Plague, did he attack thee upon Stilts?

Small M. My Lord, your Honour shall know, that there is not such another Impudence as that Woman in all Spain: I met her upon the Road this morning, and I know not how the Devil ordered the matter, but I found

found a small Ambition in me, of boarding such a huge tall Pinnacle; and so we agreed for half a Ducket about the matter; and upon the finishing of the business, I pull'd out my Purse, in which I had about twenty more, and paid her honestly.

Sanc. Nay, thou seem'st to be an admirable finisher of such a Business: Well, go on, Friend.

Small M. Now you must know, my Lord, this plaguy Quean, seeing my Purse better stuff'd than she thought, press'd me to give her more; which I refusing, as soon as I came to Town, she swore a Rape against me, which now occasions my appearance before your Honour.

Woman. Oh vile Creature, oh thou slanderous Monster, the Guilt of whose lying Soul equals thy prodigious strength of Body: Canst thou think to be believed against my Tears and Protestation? No, no, Wretch, the noble Governor understands Justice better.

Sanc. Alas, good Woman, don't afflict thy self so: Look'ee Friend Finisher, there must be more in this than ordinary——Have you that Purse about ye?

Small M. Yes, my Lord, here it is.

Sanc. Give it me, Friend, and we'll make an end of this Business presently: Come hither, Woman; You say this prodigious strong Fellow here, forced you against your Will, and you struggled and defended your self all you could, hah?

Woman. Yes upon my Honesty, my Lord.

Sanc. Very good: Then to let thee see how much I value honest Women, whose Weaknesses are often unwillingly overcome by such monstrous Fellows, there, there's that Purse for thee; and to make thy self amends for the Wrong he has done thee, get thee gone with it.

[Throws her the Purse.]

Small M. Oh, good my Lord, if you take that I am utterly undone, 'tis all I am worth.

Woman. Ah, Blessing on your honour's sweet Face, y'are a heavenly Judge upon my Honesty, and I shall pray for ye the longest day I have to live: —— Ah, Gad save ye, ye are an upright Magistrate in troth.

Small M. Oh Lord, I'm ruin'd, I'm lost, 'tis all I have got this two Years by hard Labour, and I han't a
Penny

Part II. of Don Quixote. 181

Penny more left in the World to help my self. Oh, that ever I was born. *[Howls out.]*

Sanc. Sirrah, you prodigious, you Finisher, leave your Bawling, and gather up your Legs, and run after her as hard as you can, and force away the Purse from her, and bring it hither to me.

Small M. Oh, I'll do what I can, but I fear 'twill be a hard matter, for the Jade's as strong as a Horse.

[Exit after her.]

Sanc. I begin to perceive that this Island of mine is very full of Enormities, which will require a plaguy deal of trouble to weed out: a Fool always sees more in his own House, than a wise Man in another's; if they will be Rogues, let them look to it. How now, see how they agree about the Business without there.

[Noise of shrieking, and scuffling within.]

Exit Constable, and re-enters again with the Man and the Woman fighting, he tattered and beaten.

Sanc. How now Woman, what's the matter now?

Woman. Why this impudent Fellow, my Lord, contrary to your Honour's Judgment, has followed me, and would have taken the Purse away from me again by force.

Sanc. And has he got it?

Woman. No I warrant ye, he get it, 'Dsilid, I'll tear his Eyes out first.

Sanc. Give it me hither, let me see if there's none missing: *[She gives it.]* There Fellow, take your Purse again: And d'ee hear Constable, bid the Beadle give that Honesty there two hundred Lashes.

Woman. Ah Mercy upon me, What means your Honour?

Sanc. If you had defended your Honesty as well as you did the Purse, ye Whore, you need not have feared Ravishing: Away with her; and d'ee here you Finisher, if I catch you finishing in such another Affair, I shall put an end to you with a Halter; and so with a Quibble thrown at your Head, get you out of my sight too, Sirrah.

[Exeunt Man and Woman with Officers. Cryer.]

Cryer. Manuel, and People. A Solon, a Solon!

[*Huzza.*

Sanc. Come, is there any more of ye, hoh? Gad my hand is in rarely for business, ever since the Cause of the Flask, and the Pheasant.

[*Aside.*

Enter Pedro hastily.

Pedro. Room, room here, where's my Lord the Governor?

Man. There he is, Doctor, what's the matter?

Pedro. Arm, Arm, Sir, you are not safe this minute, here's News now come, that several thousand of Buccaneers, Pirates and Banditti, have entered your Island: Here's a Letter sent too from the Duke, to give you Information, you must prepare for your defence immediately; there 'tis, pray read it, and let us hear the Contents of our Condition.

Sanc. Humph, *Turte Aufuria*, art thou here again? then there can be no good towards me I'm sure, the spiteful Rogue bids me read it too, and he knows I can as well do that as fly. Here, you Secretary, let's hear what this matter is; come read out, from another's mouth I can judge the better on't.

Manuel reads the Letter.] Signior Sancho, I am given to understand, that certain Enemies of mine, and of the Island, mean suddenly to give it a furious Assault: I know likewise, that several Spies are entred there with a design to kill you, for they stand much in awe of your great Abilities; take care of your self and Charge, and I will be ready to send you what Succour I can.

Your Friend the D U K E.

Pedro. Oh unfortunate Estate of this unhappy Island, that because of its Wealth and Fertility is perpetually plagued with Enemies, who bear a mortal Spite to all those that rule; those damn'd Banditti and Buccaneers have taken and flea'd three or four of our Governors already.

Sanc. The Devil they have!

Man.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 183

Man. The Noise comes nearer, they are certainly entered, my Lord; therefore come away quickly and arm, and be our General, to lead us against the Enemy.

Sanc. 'Dlife, I know no more what belongs to a General, than a General does to Cow-keeping: You knew my Abilities well enough, if you had not liked them, you should have told me so, and have taken your Government again; for if I am to be flea'd about it, I have made a fine Bargain indeed.

Man. 'Dlife, they'll come upon us before we have taken up our Arms; but it never shall be said, that I stood tamely and saw so famous an Island lost; I'll go and defend the Gates as long as I can against them.

[*Exit* Manuel.

Pedro. And I'll go, and prepare a certain Poison, and squirt it into their Eyes with a Syringe, thro' the loop-hole of some private Avenue.

[*Exit.*

Sanc. Squirt at 'em, said he; ay, if that would drive the Enemy away, I am as well prepared for it as any body: but these Buck——Banditti Rogues, I warrant, carry Guns with leaden Pellets, that will make no more of a Governor's Noddle, than if 'twere made of Past-board——Hark, they are coming still—— This your Ambition has brought you to, Don *Sancho*, you must be a Governor with a murrain t'ye, ye Plow-jobbing Rascal you.

[*Noise of Drums, Fighting and Shouts.*

Enter Teresa and Mary in their old Clothes.

Teres. Oh that ever I was born! Oh, undone, undone, lost, ruin'd!

Mary. Oh Vather, the saddest day that ever was known; my Mother and I have been plunder'd and stripp'd yonder, the Men with the black Whiskers and Buff-Coats yonder have rouzeled and frouzled us so, that they have left ne'er an inch of us unhandled—— Oh Lord, and one of 'em snatch'd so furiously at me, to get off my vine Petticoat, that Udsnidikins I thought once he had got away all.

Sanc.

Sanc. Here one may see now, the true Emblem of fallen Authority; here's the Countess and her Daughter metamorphos'd already.

Teref. Countess! Ah shame on't, I thought what my Countesship would come to; if we had not saved our old Clothes by chance, we had gone home to spin again as naked as ever we were born.

Manuel—within. Make this Breach good, keep that Gate there, raise those Ladders, fire the Pitch and Rosin, and get some Kettles of Scalding Oil ready.

Pedro—within. Bring out the Governor, we know him by his Robe; deliver him up, we'll make a Truce, for here are a hundred of us have sworn to roast him, and eat him for Supper!

Sanc. Oh, Gadzooks, for supper! [*Sancho trembles.*]

Teref. D'ye hear that, thou wretched Man? Come away quickly; down the back way here, there's a close Walk to the Garden-door may yet secure us.

Mary. Come away Vather, come away; Oh Lord, when shall I be married now, I wonder?

Sanc. Nay, if like an Ermine I am so known by my Skin, e'en take it among ye, Faith, [*Strips from his Robe.*]
If you would have the Musk-Cat's Fee too, I should hardly stand out, if I thought you hunted me for that: but there's no disputing the case now, you must fly, Governor; and if you save your Bones by the loss of your Jacket,

*Thank Fortune that did safe thro' Dangers carry
Earl Sancho, from his Land of Baratary.*

[*Exit Sancho.*]

Enter Manuel and Pedro.

Manuel. Ha, ha, ha, ha, they are gone, the whole Nest are flown.

Pedro. Here's the Robe of Authority left, the poor Snake has cast his Skin thro' fear.

Manuel. Come, now let's make haste to the Duke, I know he longs to hear of the Comical Exit of the Governor.

Pedro.

Part II. of Don Quixote. 185

Pedro. Let's give the People a Hoghead of good Liquor to make merry with, for playing their Parts so well, and then take Horse and away.

Manuel. Oh, I warrant ye they shall want no Tipple, I have given order already. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Cardenio and Ambrosio.

Card. Not see this famous Combat? prithee, in what old rotten Tree or Tod of Ivy hast thou been lurking? 'D'sdeath thou givest thy self over to Moroseness and Melancholy of late—A Pox, when once a Man of Letters comes to be moped, he grows a Coxcomb, and not fit for a Friend's Conversation.

Amb. Prithee, I gave no heed to thy flying Report; I heard, indeed, that a new-come Errant, that call'd himself the Knight of the Screech-Owl, had challeng'd *Don Quixote* to combat him about the Beauty of their Mistresses: but I thought it only a romantick Jest, and could not imagine it would have gone farther.

Card. If the Duke had not caused one of their Launces to be blunted unknown to him, it had gone farther I assure you; but as the Tilt was now, our famous *Don* here was only vanquish'd, by being overthrown from his Horse, and by that was oblig'd to perform any Injunction the Knight of the Screech-Owl should impose upon him.

Ambr. And who is this new doughty Knight, prithee?

Card. Nay, that as yet is a Secret; but his Commands are, That *Don Quixote* should retire to his House, and bear no Arms for the space of one whole Year—This, according to the Conditions of the Combat, he is punctually to perform; and the Duke and all are just coming hither to entertain the new Knight, and see the business ratified.

Ambr. Why this will certainly murder *Don Quixote* with grief, he'll ne'er be able to have patience—
How now, Winter-pippin, what news bring you?
What

What Smock-stratagem or Curtain-intrigue are you labouring with now, hah?

Enter Rodriguez.

Rodr. Ay, y'are a cruel hard-hearted Wretch, to use a poor young Thing as you have done her without there: She's come after ye again, I'faith, and as mad as a March-hare: A shame on her shallow Pate, it should be long enough before I'd have crack'd my Brain for ere a one of ye.

Enter Marcella, mad.

Card. By all that's good, *Marcella*—And now I remember me, I heard indeed she was run mad for Love: What a barbarous Fellow art thou to destroy a whole Family at once!

Rodr. Well then, there's an end of 'em; prithee let me go.

Card. Not yet, by Heaven; thou shalt hear her speak.

Marcel. 'Twill be to night; the God of Love has promis'd me he'll bring him to me in his Mother's Chariot, drawn by white Doves, and with her Breath perfum'd: There lies my Dearest, crown'd with fragrant Roses, vigorous and young, and charming as a Deity. Hah! what do I see! The dear Man turn'd to a Dragon! See! see! his Mouth and Nostrils breathing Flames that singe my Veins, and scorch my Heart to Cinders.

A S O N G, at the Duke's Entertainment, by St. George and the Genius of *England*: Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Cibber.

Mr. Freeman.

Genius of England, from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss,
 Arise and spread thy sacred Wings;
 Guard from Foes the British State,
 Thou on whose Smile does wait
 Th' uncertain happy Fate
 Of Monarchies and Kings.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cibber.

*Then follow brave Boys to the Wars,
The Laurel you know is the Prize;
Who brings home the noblest Scars,
Looks finest in Celia's Eyes.
Then shake off the slothful Ease,
Let Glory inspire your Hearts;
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
It is the noblest of all other Arts.*

Rodr. Alas poor crack'd-brain'd Creature!

Ambr. Devil ——

Card. 'Sdeath, hast thou no Human Nature? Does it not trouble thee to see her thus?

Ambr. To see her thus! why now she's in her Kingdom; her darling Mischiefs now have gather'd head, and riot in her Brain: Oh, take this from me, Friend; when once a Woman's mad, she's in Perfection.

Marcel. What, is he going? nay then farewell dissembling——all Female Arts and Tricks be gone, avaunt, and let the Passion of my Heart lie open: Turn, turn thou dearest Pleasure of my Soul, and I will bathe thee with my Eyes fond Tears; lay thee upon my Breast panting with Love, and speak the softest words into thy Ears that ere were spoke by a kind yielding Maid; kiss thee with eager Joy, and press thee close, close to my Heart till I am lost in transport, and am for that short time a Deity.

Ambr. 'Dsheart the Duke's coming too; prithee take her away, dear *Rodriguez*——I'll get thee a Husband for't one time or other. [*Marcella sings.*

A S O N G, Sung by *Marcella*.

I Burn, I burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes;
Each Eye-ball too, like lightning flashes;
Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,
Which in a thousand Ages can't expire.

Blow,

Blow, blow, the Wind's great Ruler,
 Bring the Po and Ganges hither,
 'Tis sultry, sultry Weather;
 Pour 'em all on my Soul,
 It will hiss like a Coal,
 But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride, hot as Hell,
 That first made me rebel;
 From Love's awful Throne a curst Angel I fell:
 And mourn now the Fate,
 Which my self did create,
 Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.
 Adieu, adieu, transporting Joys,
 Off ye vain fantastick Toys,
 That dress'd the Face and Body to allure;
 Bring, bring me Daggers, Poison Fire,
 For scorn is turn'd into Desire;
 All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

Rodr. Ay, hang ye; ye all promise for one another,
 but you never care to come to't your selves——Well,
 not for that, but to get some Remedy for the poor
 Creature; I'll do't for once: Come Bird. [Exit.]

Marc. Bird, right; thou art the Bird of Night: Come,
 I'll go with thee; by thy broad Face and toothless Gums
 I know thee, and that hook'd Nose that shades the
 Stumps remaining, thou art Grimalkin——Whoo, whoo,
 whoo——Come along Bird. [Sings.]

[Exeunt Marcella and Rodriguez.]

Card. Well, if thou art not strangely punish'd for
 this, I shall wonder.

Ambr. Pish, prithee no Bantring——See the Duke
 and Company.

Enter

Enter Duke, Dutchess, Luscinda, Don Quixote unarm'd of his Sword, and without a Helmet; Page, arm'd like a Knight, having a tawny Mask on with large black Whiskers, and a Buckler, wherein is painted a large Owl; Squire with a Lance and Slipper.

Don Qu. Vanquish'd, because my Horse fell! Oh rigorous Laws of Chivalry! must my hard-got Renown, purchas'd with Danger, be poorly lost thro' *Rosinante's* Weakness? My Courage still stands fast, tho he is fallen: I beg the Combat once more, I'll fight him in my Shirt, with a Dutch Knife set sharp as any Razor.

Duke. Oh, it must not be, Friend; the Laws of Knighthood are, you know, inviolable: Besides for you, the Quintessence of Errants, thus rashly to recant your own Agreement, will be a flaw in your Renown for ever: Therefore take heed, not a word more of fighting.

Page. What, does he murmur? does his high-flown Vanity think he's disgrac'd by being o'ercome by me? Hah, noble Don, is't so?

Duke. No, no: Valiant Sir, the Knight is highly satisfied in being vanquish'd by so-brave a Warrior— Look up quickly and seem pleas'd, for this damn'd Knight of the Screech-Owl, now his hand is in, will worry us all else.—'Dsheart what a terrible voice he has.

Don Qu. The Devil worry him and his Voice too, 'tis a very Screech-Owl's to me indeed. [*Aside.*]

Dutch. Courage is not disgrac'd, tho 'tis unfortunate; and tho *Don Quixote* is batter'd and o'er-thrown, he's valorous as ever.

Lusc. *And when his Year of Penance is past o'er,
Again may cudgel, and be cudgell'd more.*

Card. One may see by his Looks, that his Pate is plaguily harass'd about this business. [*Aside.*]

Ambr. Oh, the whimsical Worms are all now at work——Ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Damn'd Fortune, thou inconstant treacherous Strumpet, hast thou then serv'd me thus?

Duke. Mum, Mum, Sir; the Knight of the Screech-Owl observes ye.

Page. Sir, I perceive you do not grace my Conquest with that clear Brow, that Aspect of Contentment my Valour has deserv'd, but seem to lowre and grumble at your Fortune, as if you thought my Chains disgraces to ye——Hah, speak thou conquer'd, are thou so presumptuous?

Dutch. Oh, by no means, Sir, the Knight was always a Person of few words; and as to the Moodiness of his Phiz, 'tis natural to him; I dare say, for the Knight of the ill-favour'd Face, 'tis not in his power to mend his Looks.

Lusc. Besides, here being no occasion for Mirth, some Gravity is becoming.

Page. Could I but think my easy Penance given him, extorted Frowns, he soon should know my Power. Blood of the Heroes, did not I in *Arragon* o'ercome the proud *Don Guzman de Alvaro*, who being my Slave by just right of Conquest, I made his Neck my Footstool to mount my Horse by; nay, over the parch'd Plains forc'd him to carry a Sack of Barley for his Provender? Nor was that all, for when at Night we rested, to shew my Power, and punish his Ambition, I made him wash my Shirts, and mend my Stockings.

Don Qu. This is the very Devil——Oons I tremble every inch of me. [*Aside.*

Page. And if I thought this Shrub, this Mushroom-Errant durst mutter Discontents, or look as if *Tobosian Dulcinea* excell'd my bright *Castara de Vandalia*, I'd set him instantly to stich my Boots, and greafe 'em with the Oil of his own Labour.

Card. Say something quickly to him to mollify him; stiching of Boots is but a scurvy Employment.

Don Qu. Lord Sir, what need you be so cholerick? I said nothing of *Dulcinea* that I know——Oons he has so cow'd me with his plaguy Voice, and his confounded

Part II. of Don Quixote. 191

founded Whiskers, that I can't get out a hard word for the heart of me.

Ambr. Ha, ha, ha, his Heart's quite sunk, the blustering of the Screech-Owl has bullied him clearly.

Duke. Come noble Warrior, be pleased to sit down a little; and to shew how much we prize all Knights of your brave Order, I'll beg ye to let my Servants shew their duty in a Musical Entertainment.

Page. Your Grace is generous; and to shew my gratitude, I dedicate thus far of my sharp Sword to you and yours for ever; the rest is bright *Castaria de Vandalia's*—Come I'll sit down; you Sir, stand by and wait. [To Don Quixote.]

Dutch. Oh, not so, I beseech ye Sir; for my sake let him sit with us.

Page. Your Grace shall then prefer him; sit down.

[They seat themselves.]

Don Qu. Ah Plague on your Whiskers——I'm in an Ague still.

A Dance here of the Seven Champions, then a Song by
St. Dennis.

*D*E foolish English Nation,
Dat former Conquest brag on;
Make strang a Discourse
Of St. George and his Horse,
And de Murd'ring of de Dragon.

But should de French Invade 'em,
And boldly cross de Water,
How de Williamite here
Voud trembla for fear
Of de Jack grand Roy, mon Maitre.

You boast of your Fifth Henry,
Dat once in France did forage;
But to answer dat same,
Do but read Nostredame,
Garzoon will cool your Courage.

Our

*Our Gold will take your City,
Tho fighting ne'er can get one,
Veel on Salsbury-Plain
Bring on Millions of Men,
D'en——wheiw——vere'is Great Britain?*

Page. As much, my Lord, as can be possible for us that carry Arms to like soft Pastimes——I am oblig'd for this; and that I may, when your occasions offer, be grateful to my power, be pleased to command *Alonzo de Bubone* of *Castile*, your Grace's Champion, you soon may find me out, my Lord, by Fame: Besides, I'm of a Family numerous and antient, the Owls at Court are my Relations all——City and Country throng with the *Bubones*, and 'mongst the Priesthood, and the daggled Law, are numbers of Screech-Owls; in honour of whom

*This ample Form I on my Buckler place,
And wear it for the Glory of my Race.*

Dutch. We are his Greatness's, the Knight of the Screech-Owl's most humble Creatures.

Duke. And now, brave Sir, I hope all Animosities betwixt you and your noble Brother here are forgot: Come, I must have the honour to reconcile all matters; he has resolv'd to obey your Command, in retiring home, and bearing no Arms for a Year; and you, according to the Conditions of the Combat, in honour can demand no more.

Page. I am not limited, my Lord; and I must tell your Grace, there is another small Injunction, which in Obedience to the Laws of Chivalry, I must impose, and he must execute: 'Tis this, my Lord, that since the peerless *Castara de Vandalia* has influenc'd me with Conquest, and he adores the conquer'd *Dulcinea*, he therefore be oblig'd to wear that precious Relick my Squire has there, which is that fair one's Slipper, during his Truce from Arms, and Year of Penance——

Duke. Oh that he shall do most Ceremonially.

*[Duke puts the Slipper on Don Quixote.
Card.*

Card. 'Twill look like some new kind of Order, and give him good occasion from thenceforth, to call himself the Knight of the Order of the Slipper: That once perform'd, he's free.

Don Qu. Well, I see now that wise Man was in the right, that said, Valour was a Virtue between two vicious Extremes, Cowardice and Temerity: I'm in the Snare, and I must get out on't as well as I can; make Laws and keep Laws, as *Sancho* used to say when his Mouth run over with Proverbs: And therefore since 'tis my fortune, I will travel home with my new Order here as patiently as I can: And so farewell t'ye all; nay, let no one touch me, nor speak a word more, for my Heart's too full to bear any Complimenting; and as low as my Stomach is brought, I could eat that roaring Knight up methinks, if it were not for his Whiskers. But since 'tis as 'tis, let Fate bear the blame on't, whilst I

*This long Tear study to wipe off my stain;
The next, in glittering Arms, shine out again. [Exit.*

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha; farewell poor Knight-Errantry, you must know I have been weary of the mad Fool of late; and so contriv'd this Trick to send him home to his House to be cur'd——And now Senior *Don Alonzo de Bubone*, be pleas'd to veil your Whiskers.

Card. The Page, as I live, the Rogue alter'd his Voice so, I did not know him.

Dutch. Ha, ha, ha; nothing could be acted better indeed: Well Sir, my Lord Duke shan't forget your diligence.

Page. One of the Servants told me in a whisper just now, my Lord, that your Grace may now have an account of *Sancho's* flight from *Barataria*, for the Steward and the Doctor are just come from thence.

Duke. Oh come then, let's in, that Story will be very grateful at Dinner: Cousin, I have a small Affair with you too, but this is no time to chide: Besides, I hope you will satisfy me in some passages I heard lately of
I you,

you, which seem to blast your Virtue and Reputation: I must have a Minute to confer with you about it.

Ambr. With all my heart, my Lord.

Lusc. I have heard of your Humour, Sir; and I hope my Lord Duke will punish thee, for refusing poor *Marcella*, thou inveterate Woman-hater.

Dutch. Come, my Lord, methinks I long to hear how the Countess *Teresa*, and her Daughter *Mary* the Buxome, behave themselves in their change of Fortune.

Card. Very comically, no doubt, Madam, and must certainly divert, when your Grace comes to hear their several Histories.

Duke. Which, to relish our Meat and Wine the better, I intend shall entertain us presently: Amongst the rest of Diversions, there are two that are always recreative, which are a Fool in Person, and a Fool in Character; the Fool in Person, we have just now had a Scene of; and as to the Fool in Character,

*The Governor not being now before ye,
You must content your selves with Sancho's Story.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

The End of the Second Part.



THE
Comical History
OF
DON QUIXOTE.
WITH THE
MARRIAGE
OF
MARY the *BUXOME.*

PART III.

Non omnes Arbusta juvant humilesq; myrica.
Vir.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

L O N D O N,

Printed for JOHN DARBY, ARTHUR BETTESWORTH,
and FRANCIS CLAY, in Trust for RICHARD, JAMES,
and BETHEL WELLINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.





To the Right Honourable

Charles Montague, Esq;

*One of the Lords Commissioners
of the Treasury, Chancellor of
the Exchequer, and one of His
Majesty's most Honourable Pri-
vy Council.*

S I R,



H O I know your Character is adorned with so much Goodness and Humility, that it could dispense with, and excuse even such a Presumption as a Dedication of the following Piece, yet I must with Modesty decline such Pretensions, and own, That tho its innate Defects are not so obnoxious as are supposed, yet its publick Misfortune has so lessened its Reputation,

I 3.

as

as has made it uncapable of deserving such an Honour.

My whole Extent of Ambition then is, having this Opportunity of the Press, (instead of it) most humbly to dedicate myself, a Presumption perhaps little inferior to the other; nor can I forbear to bring you what all the rest of my Tribe do to indulgent Patrons, *viz.* an Inconvenience——whilst Poetical Impertinence attends the good Offices you do, and Generous Condescension and Good Nature creates you Trouble.

But, Sir, be pleased to remember however, That you are the Cause of this Inconvenience——Had you been less affable and obliging, I had been more timorous and modest. Had your Eye shot the haughty Austerity upon me of a right Courtier, great in Dignity and Office, mine had quickly been dazzled, and had seen no farther; nor had your valued Minutes ever been disturb'd with dilatory Trifles of this Nature: But my Heart, amongst the rest of the World, on dull Consideration of your Merit, had supinely wish'd you Prosperity at a distance, which now, warm'd by your Influence, and embolden'd by your Smiles, can be contented with nothing less than laying it self at your Feet, and pretending to the particular Honour of your Favour.

Con-

Condescension to grant Admittance, and generous Will to do good Offices, are rare Virtues in Great Men at Court; and he is fortunate whose Dependence there answers his Expectation. But when a Poet's happy Stars guide him to one who not only is glad to meet occasion to befriend him, but that eagerly seeks it out; who tho continually fatigu'd with great Employments in the State, and hourly busied in the noble Service of his King and Country, yet will generously spare a few Minutes from publick Affairs to do an humble Suitor a good Turn; one who never entertain'd such a one without a welcome Smile, if he could effect his Desire, or a good-natur'd courteous and modest Dismission, if he could not; one who tho a Courtier, never forgot his Promise, but perpetually gives the World occasion to own his Word as sacred as his other Virtues: 'Tis to a *Mecænas* like this my Heart devotes it self; 'tis him it will admire; nor is it possible for me to suppress its Ambition.

Now, Sir, since every discerning Judgment must allow this to be your Character, be pleas'd to pardon me, who write it as a plain Truth, not as Praise, but your undoubted Due: for I dare no more pretend to praise you, than presume to equal your Wit or other Excellencies. My Desig

is only gratefully to acknowledge and publish to the World how much I am obliged to your Virtues, without lessening their Value by my unnecessary Applauses.

Amongst all the good Qualities that seem praise-worthy in human Nature, the most proper and most reasonable is *Gratitude*; and amongst all Persons, on whom for Benefits received there is a Duty incumbent, I, Sir, am most obliged to own my Acknowledgments to You: for never had any one less Opportunity to deserve your Kindness, nor ever had any one more generous or hearty Proofs of it. And since 'tis decreed that my humble Fate will permit me to express my Gratitude no other way than by Expression, Thanks, and verbal Acknowledgment, That, Sir, whilst I live be pleased to believe you shall hourly receive, large and unbounded as your generous Intentions to me.

Amongst all your numerous Favours, be pleased, Sir, to let me own the first, (which shall eternally grow to my Heart and Memory) which was your sending for me to introduce me to *The late Adored Queen of ever-glorious Memory*: Of all whose gracious Smiles on me, enrich'd with Royal Bounty, you and *your good Lady, my ever honoured Patroness*, were the happy Causes. When Majesty, like the Sun, shone with a Heavenly Influence, you took care to plant me
in

The Epistle Dedicatory. 201

in the View, and gave me the Opportunity of receiving the Grace that follow'd; nor did you stop there, but afterwards made me known, and honoured me with your good Word to most of the principal Nobility, the true Patrons of Poets and their Art, by whom I have not since been forgot, and whose Favour is a certain Fortune to any Son of the Muses. And this most generous and uncommon Grace, Sir, when I cease to remember, or fail in point of Duty, you may certainly take it for granted, I am ceased to be at all.

And now, Sir, that my Ambition may know its bounds, and soar no farther, let me beseech you to accept of this Dedication of my self and Duty; and likewise be pleased to receive this Trifle of a Play, tack'd to it to divert you a Minute, when such a Space from Business will permit: For I am not ignorant, no more than the rest of Mankind, of the troublesome Diligence your Zeal for the King and your Country exacts from you, the Care of your great Charge and Offices, or of the Envy your Virtue raises in ill Men; yet I am confirm'd it cannot possibly turn to your Prejudice, but that as you was an Honour to the last Parliament, you will still be acknowledged so to this, and raise your
I 5 Reputation

202 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Reputation yet higher, (if possible) to an
Eminence equal to your Merit ; whilst I
with Pride fix my Fame at its *Ne plus
ultra*, in bearing the Title of,

S I R,

Your most Humble,

and most Devoted Servant,

THO. D'URFEY.



THE
P R E F A C E.



Had not troubled the Reader with a Preface, did I not find it extremely reasonable to vindicate my self a little, as well as the ensuing Sheets, against the unnatural Mistakes, ill Judgment, and Malice of some part of the Auditory when this Play came upon the Stage: And as I will not defend the Faults which with Justice and unbiassed Opinion it is taxed with, so on the other side I will not be run down without defence, when perhaps I can prove the cause of its Miscarriage not to be thro' its own Defect, (as 'tis generally believ'd) but occasion'd by the Ill-nature of an inveterate Faction,

tion, and some unlucky Accidents happening in its Representation. In the first place therefore I must inform the Reader, that this Third Part before it came upon the Stage was acknowledg'd and believ'd by all that saw it, and were concern'd (as well those that heard it read, as those that were Actors, who certainly, every one must own, are in their Affairs skilful enough to know the Value of things of this nature) to be much the best of all the Three Parts; of which Opinion I must also confess my self to be, and do not doubt, that when it is impartially read and judg'd, to find many more to join with me in that belief.

But as all Dramatick Pieces that depend upon Humour must receive their good or ill Fate from the good or ill Humour of the Audience, this it seems had the misfortune to meet with the latter; and tho prepar'd by my indefatigable Diligence, Care, Pains, nay, the Variety which I thought could not possibly miss the expected Success, yet by some Accidents happening in the Presentment, was disliked and exploded; The Songish Part which I used to succeed so well in, by the indifferent performance the first day, and the hurrying it on so soon, being straitned in time thro' ill management — (tho extremely well set to Musick, and I'm sure the just Critick will say not ill writ) yet being imperfectly performed, was consequently not pleasing; and the Dances too, for want of some good Performers, also disliked: all which, tho impossible

possible for me to avoid, and not reasonably to be attributed any way to a fault in me, yet the noisy Party endeavoured to use me as ill as if it were, till the generous Opposition of my Friends gave me as much reason to thank them for their Justice, as to despise the others Malice.

I must confess when I heard the Ladies were prejudic'd about some Actions and Sayings in *Mary the Buxome's* and *Sancho's* Parts, I was extremely concern'd; not that I was conscious to my self I had justly offended, because I know no other way in Nature to do the Characters right, but to make a *Romp* speak like a *Romp*, and a *Clownish Boor* blunder out things proper for such a Fellow; but that I should in doing this unfortunately have 'em counted nauseous and indecent, and so disoblige that essential part of the Audience which I have always studied with so much Zeal to divert in all my former Plays with innocent Mirth, Scenes of Decency and good Manners.

In exposing Humour, some coarse Sayings will naturally happen, especially in *Farce* and *Low Comedy*; and 'tis some sort of Excuse for me, that I can affirm——A Jest adapted to the Genius of the Pit, bearing some little distant Obscenities and double Entendres, has past currently in all the Comedies of the past and present Age, tho I have now the ill Luck to be most detected: I am sure, offending in that nature is much against my design of pleasing; and I have
thro'

thro' Nineteen of the Twenty Plays I have writ, always studied to shun it as much as I can, for my own particular satisfaction, as well as to oblige the nicer part of the Audience.

As to the Poppet Shew in the Fourth Act, the Accident of its being plac'd so far from the Audience, which hindred them from hearing what either they or the Prolocutor said, was the main and only reason of its diverting no better; and as I cannot blame an Audience for finding fault on such an occasion, so I desire my impartial Reader and Judge to weigh in the perusal of it, whether I have not done my Part, and whether that Scene is not wove in properly with the rest of the History, and more likely to give satisfaction than any of the rest, tho' it unhappily succeeded otherwise. As for those that call it Bartholomew-Fair Stuff, I'm sure they never digested Don Quixote's History, or at least that part of it where the Poppet Shew is presented; that Passage being, as I always thought, and as a Noble Person of as much Honour and Wit as any that pretend to judge of these Matters, was pleased to allow, is the most material extravagant Foolery that ever Don Quixote was guilty of thro'out all his whimsical Adventures, and therefore most proper to be inserted in the Play. To finish then, as it is the most difficult undertaking that can be to find out new Humour to please in so critical an Age as ours is, so 'tis some pleasure to me to know, that my severe Judges cannot hinder

hinder me from the Reputation of having diverted them for several years together in spite of their own Ill-nature : A hard task indeed— And among Men of Sense and Justice, one would expect a modest hearing, if once in seven years a Play should fail in diverting, especially when Accidents are the material Cause.—But since that Blessing is not to be expected by a Poet, nor the modest Method of the old Romans at all proper to be an Example to our critical and over-witty Britons, let Folly and Ill-nature vent its Spleen till its own Unreasonableness makes it nauseous to the World. Oblig'd with the kind Indulgence and Instruction of some few superior Judgments, I will contentedly sit down, and say to all the others, as a famous Wit once said before ;

Let but some few, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Work, I count their Censure
Fame.





PROLOGUE,

Enter Mr. Horden.

Hord. **T**Hrice on one Subject to employ a Muse,
 'Tis own'd has very seldom been in use.
 Yet thus far I the Poet's Cause pursue,
 Suppose one had a Mistress fair and true,
 Is three times Visiting so much to do?
 Don Quixote, like a Beauty that ne'er cloy'd,
 Should charm anew, tho' twenty times enjoy'd,
 Thus for the Author then most humbly praying——

Enter Miss Cross.

Miss C. Hold, Mr. Horden, hold, what are you saying?
 If it be any thing of Prologue nature,
 Know I am come to help ye in the matter.
 Come, make your Honours, and begin agen;
 You are to court the Ladies——I the Men.
 Come, come, your Bow——your Speech too, quick and
 short.
 Lord, y'are so dull methinks——
 Hord. Lord, y'are so pert.
 Miss C. Your Love to th' Poet sure is wondrous small,
 Why, you say nothing——
 Hord. ——Because you say all.

Miss C.

PROLOGUE. 209

Mifs C. *I must say something, if you wonnot speak
To th' Ladies; come, what Offers can you make?*

Hord. *Faith, I can offer nothing that they'll take.*

*The Poet must excuse me, I can't prattle,
Nor ask 'em ought——unless to drink a Bottle.*

Mifs C.——*A Bottle——Are good Manners quite
forgot?*

Is that a thing to ask the Ladies——Sot?

Are Ladies proper to be so harangu'd?

Hord. *Why not——*

Mifs C. *Incense should smoke where Beauty's Beams
do shine,*

The Mistress of all Hearts, a Power Divind.

Hord. *Every one in his way——a Bottle's mine.*

Mifs C. *Nay, then I see 'tis an Affront design'd;*

For which henceforth I'll banter all your Kind,

Praise a pert Coxcomb's awkward Shape and Air,

Tell th' Chesnut-colour'd Spark he's wondrous fair.

Admire a third, whose Coat all powder'd grey,

Looks like a Miller on a Market-day;

Or his, who swashingly from Flanders comes,

With slouching Sleeves that reach down to his Thumbs;

Commend one's Foot and Hand, another's Nose:

I'll have a thousand Tricks to fool ths Beaus:

Shew 'em by Dancing what to Art belongs;

Or if that fail, I'll charm 'em with new Songs

And thus I'll draw 'em to the Play in Throngs:

I will but throw 'em out my Hook, and streight

Shoals of Male Gudgeons nibble at the Bait;

Some by Diversion of my Voice——and some

In expectation of my Prime to come.

Hord.

Hord. *Why then you think ———*
Your Interest with the Sparks is wondrous strong.

Miss C. *Yes ; What think you ? ———*

Hord. ——— *Child, th'art three years too young.*

Miss C. *Perhaps as much too young, as you too good ;*
Yet 'tis as I would have it understood.

Hord. *Nay, I confess th'art planted in a place,*
Where, like a Melon underneath a Glass,
The Town's warm Beams soon Ripeness will produce,
No Hot-Bed like a Play-house for that use.

Miss C. *Think what you please I'll follow Virtue's*
Rules,

And keep my Melon close from Knaves and Fools.
And now, to turn out of this serious way ———
Be pleas'd but quietly to hear the Play,
Then if you can laugh, you shall do't to day.

Hord. *Why, that's well said, my Dear ——— So let's*
away [Exeunt



EPILOGUE,

By *Mary the Buxome.*

*WELL, Gentlefolk, I dare now wage a Crown,
You take me for the veriest Romp in Town,——
But ere I part from ye, I'll let ye see,
There's other Molly Buxomes besides me ;
More Hoydens, that as aukward Gambols shew ;
I'll warrant forty in that upper Row [to the Gallery.
Icod, perhaps too forty more below. [to the Pit.
They're just like Hens ; They'll be amongst the Cocks : }
Let's see, is ne'er a one in the Side Box ? }
Yes—— There's a Swinger—— by yon Bully-Rocks. }
Then let me look in th' Places too fore-right,
Humph ! Strange ; I think there's ne'er a one to night.
Each of 'em thought I'd paint her for a Blowze ;
And so they're gone, Icod, to t'other House.
Gadstidikins ! What wou'd I give t'have shew'd
You, Errant Knights, a Romp in a Commode.
For if the Truth with Reason may be spoke,
One may be found among the Gentlefolk ;
Who, tho she gravely does to Visit come,
Will leap upon the Footmens Backs at home.
The Country Wife too, she that comes to Town.
To see her Kin, and buy a tawdry Gown ;
Goes to a Play, there hoydens with the Men,
Cuckolds her Spouse, and so romps down again.
Here too about the Streets they swarm like Bees ;
And all the Nation round, thro' all Degrees :
From the Court Velvet Scarf, the Gay and Witty,
To her that slabbers Custard in the City :
From thence back here again to Bulking Betty ;
And so good night ; 'tis time to end my Ditty.*

[Exit.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

D ON <i>Quixote</i> .	Mr. Powell.
<i>Sancho</i> .	Mr. Newth.
<i>Basilus</i> , An accomplish'd Gentleman, but poor, betrothed to <i>Quitteria</i> .	} Mr. Horden.
<i>Camacho</i> , A jolly fat-headed Farmer, very rich, but very dull and igno- rant, given by her Friends for a Husband to <i>Quitteria</i> .	
<i>Jaques</i> , A Clownish Country Fellow, Hind to <i>Camacho</i> , and to be mar- ried to <i>Mary the Buxome</i> .	} Mr. Pinkeman.
<i>Carraasco</i> , A Batchelor of <i>Salamanca</i> , Friend to <i>Basilus</i> , learned, drolling, brisk, and witty, and perpetually bantring <i>Don Quixote</i> and <i>Sancho</i> .	
<i>Gines de Passamonte</i> , alias Master of the Puppet-shew. <i>Peter</i> .	} Mr. Lee.
<i>Charlemain</i> .	
<i>Marsilius</i> .	} Puppets, designed to be acted by Children.
<i>Orlando</i> .	
<i>Don Gayferos</i> .	
<i>Melisendra</i> .	
<i>Bishop Turpin</i> .	
<i>Guards and Retinue</i> .	
<i>Carter to the Lyon</i> .	Mr. Smeaton.

W O M E N.

<i>Quitteria</i> , A young witty Virgin, Daughter to an old Gentleman of small Fortune, betrothed to <i>Basilus</i> , but forced by him to marry <i>Camacho</i> .	} Mrs. Finch.
<i>Dulcinea del Toboso</i> .	
<i>Teresa</i> , <i>Sancho's</i> Wife.	Mr. Smeaton.
<i>Mary the Buxome</i> , His Daughter.	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Altisidora</i> , Woman and Confident to <i>Quitteria</i> .	} Mrs. Cross.
<i>Clowns, Musicians, Dancers, and Attendants</i> .	

The S C E N E,

A Pleasant Meadow, near a Village.

T H E



THE
Comical History
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Discovers a Cage with a Lion in a Cart, Don Quixote with his Sword drawn standing over the Carter kneeling; Carasco, Basilius, standing by, and Sancho upon a Tree near him.

Don Quix.



LAVE, open the Cage, or die. *[Offers to kill him.]*

Carter, Oh, Good Sir Knight be pacified.

Basil. 'Dsdeath, Sir, are ye mad? d'ee know what you

bid him do? Have you a mind to have us all torn to pieces?

Caras.

Caraf. 'Dlife, I have cry'd up Knight Errantry to fine purpose, if I must stand by and see him and my self worried about it.

Don Qu. Oh! Good Sir Counsel-giver, if you fear that, put your self in safety, and be gone——Sirrah, open quickly, or I'll open your Puddings with this.

[Offers to run him thro'.]

Cart. Oh Lord, Sir, the Lion has not eaten all this day, and is so hungry that he'll make no more of us than of so many Kitlings——At three mouthfuls we shall be in his Puddings our selves, Sir.

Don Qu. Cowardly Villain——Dog, Dog, do it, or——

[Offers again.]

Cart. Well, well, Sir, I will, I will——Oh! That ever I was born! What will become of me?——

Bafil. Nay, if my Counsel has no better Effect, e'en let your Donship fight your Battle by your self: If you are for duelling of Lions you had best get an armed Rhinoceros for your Second; for my part, I'm for no Tilts with these four-footed sharp-phang'd Antagonists, so will prudently withdraw.

Caraf. And I——This is no time for bantring.

[Exeunt.]

Don Qu. Poorness of Spirit! How I look down upon 'em——Of all the Passions plaguing weak Humanity, the basest sure is Fear——Come, Fellow, hast thou done?

Cart. Done! Yes, yes, Sir, time enough, Sir, time enough. Done!——'sbud, where shall I save my self?

[He unbolts the Cage, and runs and gets upon another Tree.]

Don Qu. The General of *Oran* sends not this Lion, as thou hast said, to th' King; but some Enchanter sends it to try me——to prove my Courage and undaunted Soul——He shall be satisfied——*Sancho*, where art thou?

Sanc. Here, here, Sir, here, 'oons where [Speaks out of the Tree,] should I be? I intend to be no Lion's meat to day, not I——And d'ye hear, Sir, pray take my advice for once, and let him alone; you see he says nothing to you, but as the Proverb says, tho the Bear

Bear be gentle, don't bite him by the nose—— Sweet Don, let him be quiet, and come away.

Don Qu. Dull Insect, that canst imagine to knock manly Resolution oth' head with a Proverb: Come away! Alas, poor Soul-less Wretch! What, from the Road of Glory, on which this third time I have made my Salley, to exercise the Function I was born for! No, no, *Don Quixote* stirs not from the Path of Honour, tho' hemm'd with Lions fiercer than that fam'd one that in th' *Nemaan* Vale was quell'd by *Hercules*—— Let me see, where shall I best attack him? Lions, to me, to me, you Lions Whelps. Come all ye Inchanters, that have form'd this Monster to try my Valour, bestride your fiery Dragons, and behold me; behold this Hand tear from his hollow Trunk the bloody Heart, and dash it in your Faces.

Cart. [*on the Tree.*] Hark ye me, Friend, now I have got my self out of harms way, I don't care much if I spend another wise word or two upon ye: Therefore for your life, d'ye hear, don't meddle with his Throat, but get you packing if you intend to eat your Supper to night. Gadslidikins, there are a pair of Portcullises before it, that some Folk call Teeth, that will make no more to grind that Arm of yours than if 'twere a Black-pudding; therefore once more I say take care.

Don Qu. Come forth, thou miscall'd Terror of the Forest, and try if thou canst make me give thee ground. Men say thou art the King of Beasts; come forth, and shew thy Royal Bravery; do it, and whet thy clawish Weapons keen to oppose my Force, and speedily, or I shall believe thee not to have Courage proper for thy Bulk, but that like thy Diminutive, a Cat thou art only valiant in Confinement—— Come, come forth, I say. [*The Lion turns his Tail to him.*]

Sanc. Oh! For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't go so near him; you see he turns his Backside to ye, to let you see how much he minds what you say; therefore pray don't trouble your self with picking his Teeth, nor challenging his Claws; for if one of those crooked Nippers

Nippers should get hold on ye, the Lord have mercy upon ye for a Knight-Errant.

Don Qu. Hah! By *Dulcinea's* Life, the Monster fears me, and dares not meet the Lustre of my Eyes—Ay—'tis so—'tis now shewn plain, his Back-parts tremble at me.

Cart. O Sir, pray hold your self contented; he only shakes his Tail in contempt—and if you are wise, stand farther off; for if he gives ye a thump with the bunch at the end on't, he'll knock you as flat as a Flounder.

Don Qu. By all my Fame, 'tis now as clear as Truth, my daring Courage has quite daunted him——*Sancho*, come down, and give him three Bastinadoes with a Cudgel to provoke him to come out.

Sanc. I give him three Bastinadoes—not for three Kingdoms Gadzooks, I——Come, Sir, too much Mettle is dangerous in a blind Horse: Content your self with the thought that he dares not come out t'ye, and so the Victory is yours——And good Sir, put him to no farther Trial.

Don Qu. I have challeng'd him fairly.

Cart. Ay, ay, Sir, we are both Witnesses of that—I'll coakes in with him, it may be he'll leave off, and I may save my Horses by't, [*Aside.*] that else would certainly be torn to pieces.

Don Qu. Dar'd him, and boldly; and the Inchanter sent him.

Sanc. Ye have, ye have, Sir, and we'll both of us give ye a Certificate that he has refus'd to answer ye.

Cart. 'Sbud you have done wonders, Sir—and to stickle more in the business were only to tempt Providence, as one may say.

Don Qu. Fellow, thou'rt in the right, and I'm oblig'd to think my Honour satisfied: For as the Laws of Chivalry direct us, no Combatant is tied to do more than to defy an Enemy; if he refuse, he is discomfited.

Sanc. Right, right, Sir; Odsheartlikins you never argued better in your Life-time——He speaks a little Sense now; pray Heaven it hold.

Don

Don Qu. Come down then, Friend, and shut the Cage——And *Sancho*, descend, and call to those that fled——Come quickly——thou art so tardy in every thing.

[*Carter comes down.*]

Sanc. Hold a little, good Sir, and let me but see the Pin in the door, and I'll be as nimble as an Eell in your Service; for perhaps the Lion, tho he cares not to scratch the Hide of a lean Knight, may have a Fancy to chew the Cud with a plump Squire——Oh! Now I think I may venture.

[*Comes down, and Exit.*]

Cart. So, now all's secure again, and give ye Joy of your Victory, Sir Knight——for Gads-digs, little did I think to see that *Madrid* Face of yours look so cheerily by this time——But let it be as it is, you have done Wonders, as I said before.

Don Qu. 'Tis well, and there's a Ducket for thy Reward——Oh, the unvalued Virtue of true Valour! Well may Inchanters make me unfortunate, but of that Essence they can ne'er bereave me.

Enter Basilius, Carasco, and Sancho.

Basil. Tho *Sancho* has told us how the business was, yet let's resolve to cry up the Exploit.

Carasc. O, as much as if he had quarter'd the Lion and eaten him. May Wreaths of Oak, the Meed of mighty Conquerors, for ever flourish on *Don Quixote's* Head.

Basil. Thrice worthy, and eternally renown'd, I congratulate your Victory. We hear the Lion trembled to behold you, nor durst accept your Challenge.

Don Qu. Both these saw it.

Cart. Yes truly, the Beast's hinder-parts shook like an Aspen Leaf, as the saying is.

Sanc. The truth on't-is, he did wag his Tail very frightfully.

Don Qu. The Inchanters therefore have not now prevail'd: This is my hour, my Friends.

Basil. Still may it prove so, fortunate and happy.

[*Embracing.*]

K

Carasc.

Carasc. Thou Soul, Heart-blood, and Genius of Knight-Errantry.

Don Qu. Go, Fellow, to *Madrid*, and tell the King *Don Quixote* did this Action, no longer now Knight o'th' *Ill-favour'd Face*, but with a new Title grac'd—
Knight of the Lion.

Cart. Very well Sir, Whene'er I've occasion to drink a Flagon with his Majesty, I shall make bold to do your Errand; and so Good by t'ye. Ha, ha, ha, tell the King, said he — Ah Lord save thy craz'd Pate.

[Exit. Scene shuts.

Basil. When I saw first the Lion's flaming Eyes, I could not think the Adventure was so easy.

Don Qu. Ah — to a valiant Heart and resolute Will, nothing is hard.

Carasc. I was confirm'd he would succeed — and do still prophesy that more and greater things shall court his Valour — But now Friend, setting this Discourse aside, I think it proper to inform the noble Knight of the *Lion* your Suit to him, which is to make one in the Plot to morrow at *Camacho's* Wedding, who is, by Compulsion of Friends, to marry with *Quitteria*, the Rich *Andrugio's* Daughter. I suppose your Greatness has heard of the former Love between her and my Friend *Basilus* here.

Don Qu. I have, thou Frog of *Aganippe*, thou Nursling of *Parnassus*, perpetual Delight of the *Salamanca* Schools, I have; and am well known too in his Worth and Virtues: I've also heard *Camacho* is a Dolt, a fordid Lump, a Glutton, that crams his Paunch, but neglects his Mind; laugh'd at and scorn'd by every Man of Sense, nor prais'd by any one but *Sancho* there, whose Brains are in his Belly.

Sanc. Ay, ay, say what you please of my Belly, or *Camacho's* either; he has refresh'd me often with good Beef and Brewis — and as far as a good Word or a Compliment goes, my Paunch and my Brains too shall be at his Service: Besides, he has sent for my Wife and Daughter from home, and offers *Mary* a good Dinner, who is to be married to morrow, and so to let both Wed-

dings

dings go as one. Come, 'tis an ill Workman that quarrels with his own Tools. I wonder when my Master would have done as much for her.

Don Qu. Why, *Sancho*, I did not think the Girl was prone to marry.

Sanc. Not prone! yes, and blown too; She's so ripe, she'd have fall'n off the Tree with a little more shaking——Oh! yonder comes her Mother, and Gadzooks my Son-in-Law with her——I warrant they want me for something.

Don Qu. Oh, 'tis likely, therefore we'll leave thee to her. And now worthy Sir, [*to Basilius.*] be assured, That in any Action where Justice or Honour are concern'd, tho' ne'er so dangerous, *Don Quixote* shall be foremost.

Basil. Spoke like the Star of Gallantry.

Carasc. Farewel *Sancho*: Whatever business employs us, we shall reserve a Minute to wish *Mary the Buxome* Joy.

Basil. Oh, that we must in course.

[*Exeunt D. Qu. Bas. and Car.*]

Sanc. Ay, you may wish her what you please; but I'm sure I wish'd her hang'd this morning; my wise Son-in-Law that's coming yonder, will have a hopeful Bargain of her; she's the plaguiest Romp, the veriest Hoyden, and, what's the mischief on't, grows every day worse than other. As I was looking up to the Sun-dial this morning, to see what a Clock 'twas, what does this heedless Quean do, but throws out of the Window a great Jordan full of Liquor lukewarm just into my Mouth; Gadzooks, I was over head and ears, like an Ache-bone in a Poudering-tub——But come, thanks to good luck she's going; this Fool will venture on her, and much good may she do him: He loves Mutton well that can dine upon the Wool. Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can. And if Coxcombs went not to Market, bad Ware would not be fold——There's three Proverbs for her however; 'tis all the Portion she's like to have, that I know of.

Enter Jaques and Terefa.

Teref. Come, Man, what have you been doing? I thought you'd have made more haste home, being you know to morrow is to be so busy a day.

Sanc. Doing? Why, conquering Lions, challenging wild Beasts, getting Honour, crooked Rib—a whole Cartload full.

Teref. Lions! What Lions, Fool?

Sanc. What Lions, Fool! I won't tell ye, Fool—
Oh, Son-in-Law, good morrow, good morrow.

Jaq. Good morrow Vather-in-Law.

Sanc. Well, and how go matters?—How does your Spouse that is to be and you agree, humph?

Jaq. Why, by Conscience I like the young Woman well enough; she's a thought too thick and squat, but when she's married, that Belly of hers will come down with working.

Sanc. How's that? Gadzooks have a care what you say; why, she had rather her Belly should get up than down when she's married, Man: Not a word more of that, good Son-in-Law.

Teref. Gadslid, I would not *Mary* should have heard him for an hundred Pounds. *[Clapping her hands.*
I know the Girl's humour so well, that if she had heard him say that, she would never have endured him after.

Jaq. Pshaw wagh, I did not mean jokingly, not I by Conscience; I warrant when she's my Wife, *Mary* shall have no cause to complain: And by Conscience I like *Mary* much the better, because I think she's a Maid; and for my part, I don't love a Pippin that other Folks have handled. Now, tho she be a little unfightly sometimes, yet I believe *Mary* is a pure Maid by Conscience.

Teref. As when I bound her head first with a Biggen, I'll be sworn for her; besides, the Girl is mighty meekly minded, she'll not speak for Money, Meat, nor Clothes—she'll soon think she has enough, I'll say that for *Mary*.

Sanc.

Sanc. Ah the Devil's in that old lying Jade; 'oons the noise of 20 Powder-mills come not near her, if she want but her Bread and Butter in a morning.—[*Aside.* Contrary to Woman-kind, Crooked Rib; for the Proverb says a young Woman, a Priest, and your Poultry, think they never have enough.—Ha, ha, ha.

Teres. So old Sandy-beard, you have always some good thing to say of the Women still — But I'm sure you have no cause to prate, for you have had a good one; and if you did not like me because I was young when we married, you might have taken my Mother, she was old enough, and we both liv'd in a house.

Sanc. No, No, Matrimony, not so neither; one had as good eat the Devil, as the Broth he's boil'd in: Besides, you were both so like, there was nought to choose. She had a Tongue like Thunder—and I think, Spouse of mine, yours is not always as still as a Dormouse: Like Mother like Daughter, faith — and if the Mare have a bald Face, the Philly will have a Blaze.

Teres. Humph, will it so, Good-man Garlick-eater — Hang ye, don't lie vexing me, but come your ways home, and help to fit out *Mary*; she's not like to have her Shoes soal'd, and her blue Jacket edg'd with green, if you won't look after it, but stand idling here.

Jaq. Nay, pray be quiet now, by Conscience I must have a word or two more with my Vather-in-Law about *Mary's* good Parts; for I confess I like her mainly, because she's a Maid: I was wish'd to a Widow a while ago, but I would not have her; for besides that she was no Maid, she had four great Faults, she had three Children, and a lame Leg.

Sanc. He that marries a Widow and three Children, marries four Thieves. You have scap'd a Scouring Son-in-Law.

Teres. Well then, since you must have another Cup of Prate, I'll leave ye, and get me gone to *Mary*; the Girl must have some Colberteen Lace set upon her Wedding Smock: Bless me! what ado has there been about that Smock? Mother, she cries, are the Guffets big enough

nough here? Is it sloped enough at top, and wide enough at bottom? I've had above a hundred Questions about that Smock: I warrant that Smock has been bleaching in her head above this two Months. [Ex. Ter.]

Jaq. So, now she's gone, Vather, let's discourse a little more; for I've a huge Inking to know a few more of *Mary's* good Qualities. By Conscience I look upon *Mary* to have a notable Understanding, Vather-in-Law.

Sanc. Understanding! She can make a Pudding; that's as much Understanding as a Wife has need of.

Jaq. Now if she be but virtuous——against which she has one wicked sign, your Nose, Vather-in-Law; for, to quip you with a Proverb too, one may know by your Nose what Mutton you love——I say, if she be but virtuous, and has but an eye to her Honour, as Gentlefolks call it, then all's right.

Sanc. Virtuous! Ah, I warrant she's as virtuous as the Skin between her Brows; but you must not give your self so much to Jealousy nor Doubt, Son-in-Law: He that's afraid of every Grass, must not piss in a Meadow; if you fear, why will you go to't, why will you marry?

Jaq. Why, Conscience I don't know; I go-to't as other folks do, I think, for ready Pudding: Besides, *Mary* has such a way with her, such a jigging crumptious whim with her Backside, that she's as full of Temptation as an Egg is full of Meat; she has a pure stroke with her fackins——Then, to say the truth, *Mary's* very well forehanded too.

Sanc. Forehanded — oons this Oaf makes a Mare of my Daughter.

Jaq. We shall do hugely together; I'll set her to weeding in the Wheat the next day after we are married; she has curious spud Fingers to grub up the Charvil.

Sanc. Fingers! I think she has, and the Nails of them are an Inch long for the purpose; she has not cut them this Twelvemonth, to my knowledge.

Jaq. Then by Conscience she must help the Plough too a little now and then: You won't be angry if I documentize her, and make her a good Huswife, Vather-in-Law.

Sanc.

Sanc. Angry ——— no not I Boy, prithee yoke her in with thy self, *Tib*, and *Crookhorn*, and the rest of the Oxen, if thou wilt: An idle Wife lets the Pig burn by the Fire: when thou hast her, Boy, e'en draw together a-God's-name.

Jaq. By Conscience, and so we shall, for my mind gives me we shall do mighty well together; for 'tis odd to think how it came about, but ever since I saw *Mary's Bubbies*, as she was sitting without her Waistcoat at our Sheering, I have had a main Good-will to her: by Conscience I have thought of those Bubbies I warrant above a hundred times; and things have grown up to a head, and put forward mightily since that time. Can *Mary* spin, *Vather-in-Law*?

Sanc. Spin! Oons, like a Spider, Boy: Her Mother before her was as good at it as ever put Spindle between her legs.

Jaq. Gadsdiggers ——— come away then; for I'll go presently, and get ready my Wedding-Tackle ——— and to morrow go to Church and say the words ——— and then at night, *Vather-in-law* ——— at night ——— oh Lord, ha, ha, ha, ha, [Exit Jaques.]

Sanc. Ha, ha, ha, ay, at night; oh, poor Man ——— ha, ha, and yet she'll hold ye tack, if I don't mistake her, for all y'are so crank; and so take this Proverb with you by way of Advice.

*If you an old Flea-bitten ride, you need not fear the
Dirt;*

*But when you back a young Colt, see your saddle be
well girt.* [Exeunt.]



A C T II.

A poor Cottage discovers Teresa and Mary sitting on Stools, busy about making a Smock.

Teres.



ERE, *Mary*, prithee thread my Needle, good Girl, whilst I turn down this Selvidge here.

Mary. Ay, come, let's see't. [*Rises from the Stool.*] And so, Mother, you say you had a main

deal of Prate about me with Vather and my Man that is to be——hoh, hah, hoh, hah——What a dickins, I think I can't do't here——I'm blind, I think, with living so long a Maid, hoh, hoh. D'ye think I shall thread it better to morrow, Mother? Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Teres. Ay, ye Jade, if my Husband's Proverb be true that says, Sweet Marjoram and Marriage is good for the eye-sight.

Mary. Hoh, hoh, hoh——there, now 'tis done purely.

[*Gives Teres. the Needle, and sits down again.*]

Well, and pray Mother let's here a little; Icod 'twas rare stuff you talk'd, I warrant, if one had been by to hear it; for my Vather won't spare none of the broad Words when his hand is in, he'll not spice the matter, not he, Icod——And my Man, what said he, I wonder?

Teres. Who *Faquesy*, ha, ha, ha——why, I thought he would have bewater'd himself for joy when I told him I was sure thou wert a Maid; he swore a great Oath he lov'd a Maidenhead better than Buttermilk, or a Sunday-Dumpling at the Parson's. [*Sewing as she speaks.*]

Mary.

Mary. Hoh, hoh, hoh, Did he faith — Well, and good Mother, what said Vather then? — hoh, hoh — Hold, but stay a little — Icod you'll make it too narrow at bottom here; I shan't have half room enough, if you pinch it so in this place; — Odslidikins, if it b'ant wide enough here, Mother, you spoil all.

Teres. I think the Girl is betwattled — why, prithee do but see now — where's the pinching?

[*Stands up, and shews the Smock.*

odsdiggers 'tis wider than mine was, by a Foot and half.

Mary. Well, let me see now, I can tell to a Barly-corn if I measure; look here, from my left Thumb to my Nose is just [*Measures the Smock*] a Yard — Humph, Icod, I thing 'tis pretty well — ay, ay, 'tis well enough — So. And now Mother pray go on: What said Vather then — ha?

Teres. Phoo, Pox take him, he stood choaking himself with laughing at his own Proverbs, but ne'er a one of 'em on our side; I had like to have pull'd him by the ears three times, as I'm a Christian.

Mary. Well, I think the Devil's in my Vather for that; he makes no more of a Woman, Icod, than of a whisp of Hay, he loves nobody but *Dapple*; on my Conscience and Soul he's civiler to that *Afs*, than to you, Mother.

Teres. Ah! 'tis e'en too true, *Mary*; this plaguy Knight-Errantry, a murrain take it, crams his head so, that the Man is, as I'm a Christian, I know not how befotted — so that he never thinks of Family-matters, not he — I've had no Comfort from him this half-Year, Lord help me.

Mary. Icod that's very hard — There, come, now let's set on the Lace.

Teres. And a married Woman's but a solitary thing without Comfort, *Mary*; if I had married *Diego* of our Town, as I might have done if I had not been a Fool, for he cast many a loving Sheep's eye at me, I had had Comforting enough, I had had my Belly-full of Comfort then, as I'm a Christian.

Mary. If my Husband don't comfort me when I've occasion, I'll make him a Cuckold faith——I'd do my self Reason, Icod. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh.

Teres. Ay, *Mary*, in another Country now that might be; but in *Spain* here, the more's the Pity, a Woman can't do her self Reason if she would; if a Woman does her self Reason here, her Husband confines her presently——she's under Lock and Key the next minute.

Mary. O Lord I understand ye; and that's a plaguy thing Icod.

Teres. Ah! well fare little *England*; oddsidikins, they say there a Farmer's Wife, or such a one as I now, may have leave of her Husband to be sociable if she can make any advantage on't; she has no Confinement upon her; all things are open there; they lock up nothing there, but the Cupboard.

Mary. Why, that's a pure place then, I'll swear: but hold ye, what d'ye think, Mother, shall I put any Lace at bottom or no? you know I'm to be a great Lady before I die: And now we are talking of *England*, I've heard there was one at *London*, near the Court I think they call it, that wore Lace thus long, and always took care to have it seen coming down Stairs, or going out of a Coach; and that the Fool her Husband——

Teres. Knew nothing of the matter, *Moll*; he never came so near my Lady, he knew nothing of the Lace, I'm sure.

Mary. No, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, Icod that's good: he know nothing on't! why who should then?

Teres. Who, Fool! Why, some young Blade with long powder'd curl'd hair, and a Patch on's Nose, that watch'd her motions——Why, Husbands have the least to do with their Wives there, Fool, of any folk; either to lie with, or to lead 'em there, is unfashionable and unmannerly.

Mary. Hoh, hoh, hoh——Well Icod, then that's a crumptious place I say again——and then Mother, there's a sort of Cattle they call Citizens, hoh, hoh, hoh; Icod, they say they don't get their own Children neither.

Teres.

Part III. of Don Quixote. 227

Teres. Why no, if they'll drive a subtle Trade, no more they must not, ye silly Jade; if they intend to be rich and be Aldermen, the Courtier must cuckold the Citizen in course, then in course he gets into Debt, and then the Citizen gets his Estate for Satisfaction in course.

Mar. Hoy day! Why, this is Whirly-curly-murly, round about our Coal-fire, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh—— Icod, this is driving a subtle Trade indeed.

Jaques within whistles.] Holloa, Mother-in-Law, and my Flesh that must be, where are ye?

Teres. Odslidikins —— 'tis *Jaques*, he's come to call ye to Church, I'll be hang'd else; I'll go and make an end of my Work within, and get things ready; In the mean time, be sure to coy it, and stand off, and niggle him purely, dost' hear, *Mary*? [*Exit Teresa.*]

Mar. Ah! Icod, I'll niggle him so he was ne'er so niggled since his Mother bound his head, hoh, hoh, hoh —— Go, go, I warrant ye, Mother, let me alone with him.

Enter Jaques.

Jaqu. Why, how now, Flesh of mine, what no farther yet? Good Lord! Now how comes this —— Why, the what d'ye call't, [*Scratching.*] the Can—— the Can——the Canondrical Hour will be past by Conscience; come, good now, d'on thy Jacket lightly, good Flesh of mine, d'on thy Clothes.

Mar. I can't d'on my Clothes.

[*Mary turns away and seems coy.*]

Jaqu. Gadsdiggers, Master *Camacho* and his Bride, and the Man in the Black, tarry for us; good now, *Mary*, go dizzen, and come away and be married lightly; good now do, *Mary*.

Mar. Pish, I can't abide to be married——I'm alter'd.

Jaqu. Gadsdiggers, that's a good one by Conscience; not abide to be married! Was there ever one of thy Age that could not abide to be married——Pshaw, you must not say so, *Mary*; come bus, come bus.

Mar. Pish, I can't bus.

Jaqu.

Jaqu. Pshaw, you can bus, and you must bus; 'sbub, she makes me as hot as a Toast——What a devil ails her tro? Come, good honey Flesh o' mine, bus now.

Mar. I can't bus, I won't bus.

Jaqu. Not bus!

Mar. No.

Jaqu. Not Bus me at all!

Mar. No, no, no, no.

Jaqu. Not at all?

[Sings out of tune.]

Mar. No, no, no, no.

Jaqu. Nor go to be married?

Mar. No.

Jaqu. Gadsdiggers, nor lie with me to night?

Mar. No——I'm asham'd.

Jaqu. Ah, dear sweet honey *Mary*, don't say No——By Conscience I shall hang my self if th'art in earnest: Look here, I'll give thee this pure white Turnip, if thou wilt but bus and [Pulls out a great Turnip.] say I——Odsdiggers, you must go.

Mar. Nay, pish, I won't go.

Jaqu. You shall go.

Mar. Nay, fye——be quiet; O Lord, I can't go.

Jaqu. Master *Camacho* will laugh me to death; I would not but be married to day for a hundred Pound.

Mar. Nor I neither, Icod, for all my fooling;

[Aside.]

Jaqu. Therefore, Gadsdiggers, come along, for I must bus, and I will bus: I must marry, and I will marry, and there's the Resolution of—— [Pulls her out.]

Mar. Well, I will, I will, I will, I will——What a-dickins ails the Man? Icod, you won't be so sharp set seven years hence.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Quixote, Carasco, and Sancho.

Don Qu. Sir Batchelor, I have with care consider'd on each particular of your discourse; nor shall this Sword ever keep back its Aid, when Beauty, Wit, or injur'd Love's in danger——I am my self a Lover, learned Batchelor, and therefore doubly will assist Basilius. [*Sancho starts, and stares at him.*] Sancho shall be my Second; he shall fight too, if there should be occasion.

Caras. My Friend and I are doubly yours, heroick Sir.

Sanc. I fight! With whom must I fight, I wonder? Good Sir, don't let your head run so much upon this Fighting Work: We are going to a Wedding now; and I see no Monsters that I should be engaged a Second to attack there, unless it be an Ox that's roasting yonder;——And I'll attack that presently, with all my heart, if you please.

Don Qu. An Ox——A Calf.——Ha, ha, ha, ha——*Sancho's* a Droll, Sir Batchelor, you'll excuse him——But at a dire Adventure, brave as *Hercules*.

Sanc. A Plague of your Commendations——[*Aside.*]——'sbud, I never knew him praise my Fighting, but some damnable Drubbing or other happen'd presently after.

Don Qu. But are you sure the Virgin has her Cue? Is she resolv'd? Will she assist your Friend?

[*To Carasco.*

Caras. Most vigorously; 'tis the morose Compulsion of an Uncle has brought the thing so far——She hates *Camacho*.

Don Qu. No more then to be said, Sir; if your Plot fails, this Arm shall do her Justice.

Caras. Triumphant Voice! How I adore its Author! Now, by *Apollo* and the sacred Nine, that dip in *Helicon*

licon to write of Glory, you seem, great Sir, an Emperor already.

Sanc. Ah! The Emperor of Darkness take thee—— art thou putting him in mind of being an Emperor again? Gadzooks, I begin to find this tongue-padding Fellow is a very Rogue: They say he's a Scholard, and can tell by his Art how many pound of Candles are set up in the Sky from one years end to t'other; and that he can expound Dreams——I was such a Fool to try him, but nothing came on't but Folly that I know; see, they are complimenting still:——Ah! Go thy ways for a Dream-teller.

Caraf. Who talks of Dreams there?——Then, Sir, if that Title sound too weak for your high Relish, to be Emperor of *Constantinople*——is most grand.

Don Qu. Ye've hit it, Sir; that Place I must renown, since one of our best Knights Patrons of Chivalry, the Star of Arms, great *Palmarin d'Olive*, reign'd there long since.

Sanc. They have made a quick Voyage on't; they are got as far as *Constantinople* in two Minutes—— This plaguy Conjuror, I lay my life, is interpreting a Dream for my mad Master too.

Don Qu. What dost thou mutter about Dreams, *Sancho*?

Caraf. Oh, Sir, his head runs strangely on that Topic; I late was his Interpreter. *Sancho* dreamt he was at Sea, very much tofs'd in a Ship, but amongst the rest, had three great Tosses, that shook him so, he wak'd—— I told him the first signified Preferment——which so happened; for in two days after, he was tofs'd—— into his Government.

Sanc. And in two days after that, I was tofs'd out again——that was the second——But now, where was the third, good Mr. Conjuror? How was I tofs'd the third time?

Caraf. In that, indeed *Sancho*, the Stars are cloudy.

Don Qu. Oh Sir, that falls within the Verge of my small Understanding. *Sancho* was, just before that——
tofs'd

toss'd in a Blanket; and I suppose the Stars meant that the third.

Sanc. A plague on your suppose——have you found it out?——Yes, if that were the third Tossing, I was toss'd with a Vengeance, and you were the Cause, I thank ye——for quarrelling with the Carriers at the Inn——But come, look not too high, lest a Chip fall in your Eye; and don't scald your Lips in another Man's Porridge——I shall take Warning one day, and so perhaps scape a fourth Tossing, I shall, Gad-zooks.

Caraf. But that I know *Sancho's* a Virtuoso, I should imagine these were marks of Choler.

Don Qu. He is angry——Which Passion, as others do express by Oaths and Curses, he always does by Proverbs——But hark, I hear the Marriage-Instruments are sounding, and the Procession coming.

[*A noise of Pipes and Rural Instruments are heard within.*]

I'll stand by; and when you give the Sign.——

Caraf. Great Sir, I'll soon inform you——how to have your Head broke. [Aside.]

Enter, first, Musick playing; then Camacho led like a Bridegroom between two Maids; after him, Quitteria like a Bride, led between two Men: After them, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Dancers and Singers, Men and Women. They place Quitteria in a Bower on a Bank of Flowers.

Camac. Come Neighbours, merry be your Hearts all: And now, let's see ye sing your Songs, and foot it rightly for the Honour of *Camacho* and *Quitteria*. I have got her at last, d'ye mind me: What, must every poor Fellow think to out-sutor me——A Sneak, a Mortgaging Rat; No, I'd have bought his Head off, Boys, but I'd have had her——What, I have Money enough, d'ye mind me?

1 *Shep.*

1 *Shep.* Ay, ay, Cousin, I am glad she's so well bestow'd.

2 *Shep.* I wonder what she could see in t'other, to like him; he could jointure her in nothing but Fiddling and Poetry: And her good Uncle left her too well to give it away all to nothing.

1 *Shep.* Besides, he has been always bred in th' Town: I'll warrant him as rotten as a Medlar—— as slim too as a Lath; and his Legs stand as if they were set on the wrong end upwards——Now yours, Cousin, have some Substance.

2 *Shep.* Ay, ay, they'll carry him out o'th dirt; those Legs are fit for business now——Ah, the Bride shew'd her Understanding in her Choice, I'll say't.

Camac. Oh, thank ye, thank ye,—this is kind, faith——Come, where are these lazy Rogues——Is Dinner ready? Quickly, quickly there——let me be serv'd, ye Knave——What, I have Money enough, d'ye mind me?——Let me have two Sir-loins in one Dish, a dozen of Capons in another, for my first Course at my own Table. Then let the Ducks swim in a River of Sawce, and the Pigeons be stuf't with Parsley till they crack again: Quick, quick, I say; and y'are all welcome, Boys——What, I have Money enough, d'ye mind me?

Omnes. A *Camacho*——a *Camacho*, hey.

[*Sancho leaps for Joy.*]

Sanc. Two Sir-loins! Humph——and a dozen of Capons!——Royal Fare, Gadzooks:——And I've a Stomach as sharp as Heart can wish;——I shall claw those Capons off.——Give your Worship Joy.

Camac. Oh, honest *Sancho*, welcome: What! Thou art hungry, I warrant; hoh, hoh, hoh. Well, thou shalt suck at the Horn of Plenty presently, thou shalt. Eat, Rogue, till thy Guts can hold no more. Where's thy lean-jaw'd Master?

Sanc. Mum, mum, Sir; within-Ear-shot.

Camac. What, he's too proud to dine with us, I warrant, without the Ceremonies of the Great Mogul

to usher him in, tho he be half starv'd. — Hoh, hoh, hoh; How I laugh at these poor Scoundrels!

Don Qu. Sancho.

Sanc. I come, Sir. — Pray Sir, [*To Camacho*] don't turn your Grin that way; for if he sees it, Lord have mercy upon your two Sir-loins, and your Capons: Your Spits will be poking in our own Bellies, and the Blessings of your Porridge-pots be shower'd in Carves on our own Pates.

Don Qu. Sancho, I would not have thee, for I find thee prone, to hold too great a Correspondence with these People, because I know not yet whether they are Friends or Enemies. — And one thing more I tell thee as a Secret: Give me thy Ear — Here's an Adventure coming — we shall have Action suddenly.

Sanc. Action! What — Dinner you mean, Sir, I suppose. Why, Troth, Eating is a very pretty Action, I must needs say; and I am prepar'd, Sir; you need not put me in mind.

Don Qu. Nor do I, *Sancho*; and therefore thus I charge thee, by the unquestion'd Homage that thou owest me, not to dine to day.

Sanc. Not dine, Sir!

Don Qu. No, unless on Thoughts of Honour, as I do: Dinner will strangely dull thy Animal Spirits, which I shall presently have occasion for. — Once more thy Ear; mark me attentively: Within this Hour one more and thou and I must fight with all this Company.

Sanc. The Devil we must! Oh — that ever I was born.

Don Qu. Conquer 'em — and do an Act Ages to come shall story.

Sanc. Conquer 'em — 'Oons, what d'ye mean, Sir? They are tame enough, I think; here's no Strife amongst 'em, that I see; and to provoke 'em to fight — not I, faith, Sir. He goes too soon to that Market where nothing's to be bought but Blows.

Don Qu. Wilt thou not fight then?

Sanc.

Sanc. Not a Stroke, Gadzooks: Besides, to forbid me eating too, when my Belly has rung all-in above this two hours—Sir, I'm your Vassal; but to think I won't Dine at my Daughter's Wedding, is such a Tyrannical Whim, that I must rebel, if you were forty Emperors.

Don Qu. Scoundrel—Thou shalt not have it in thy power to eat—So: No more Words for this time.—I see the Sports begin.

Here follows an Entertainment of Musick and Dancing; which ended, Camacho rises at the sound of some Shrieks and Cries without.

S O N G.

Sung by one representing *J O R.*

Vertumnus, Flora, you that blest the Fields,
 Where warbling Philomel in Safety builds;
 And to the Nymphs and Swains
 That revel on these Plains
 Dispose the Joys that Heav'n and Nature yeilds:
 Call Hymen, call him from his merry home;
 Bid him prepare his Torch, and come,
 To sing and drink full Bowls; Call loud, I say:
 'Tis Beauty's Feast, Quitteria's Wedding-day.

The Second S O N G,

By one representing *Hymen, or Marriage.*

I.

HERE is Hymen, here am I,
 Some Mens grief, and some Mens joy:
 Here's for better and for worse,
 Many Bless and many Curse.

II. *Tender*

II.

*Tender Virgins soft and young,
They that to be Mothers long,
By my Aid Love's Raptures try,
Save their Blushes and enjoy.*

III.

*But none must Love's Banquet taste,
Tho 'tis dress'd, till I say Grace;
Till I license so to do,
Maids that wish, must not fall to.*

IV.

*The vast Universe I sway,
Humane Kind my Laws obey:
By a Power that equals Fates,
I give Honours and Estates.*

V.

*Thousands me a Pillory call,
Mousetrap, Stocks, the Devil and all:
For who tries how I can bind,
Is for all his Life confin'd.*

VI.

*But if any honest Swain
Ask if I am Joy or Pain,
I am both, the truth to tell,
Sometimes Heaven sometimes Hell.*

The Comical History

The Third S O N G,

By one representing *Discord*:

CEASE Hymen, cease, thy Brow let *Discord*
 awe,
 Thou Yoke, where Fools with toil and trouble
 draw ;
 I am sworn Foe to all thy Law does bind ;
 Marriage from first Creation was design'd }
 A Curse, intail'd on wretched Human Kind. }
 'Tis noble *Discord*, generous *Strife*,
 That gives the truest taste of Life ;
 Marriage first made Man fall,
 Had I been in the Garden plac'd,
 The Woman ne'er had made him taste ;
 'Twas foolish Loving damn'd us all,
 Had I been in, &c.

Joy. Happy Mortals, you from me,
 Shall have all felicity.

Hymen. I'll bestow, to raise your Joys,
 Charming Girls and Lovely Boys.

Discord. And to quell each fond Delight,
 I will make you scratch and bite.

Chorus of all. Let Mortals then know,
 Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know, let
 'em know.
 Let us by reflection shew
 What attends the Marriage Vow,
 And what Joys and Troubles grow ;
 Let Mortals then know,
 Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know, let
 'em know.

[Here follows a Dance of six or eight Men and Women,
 representing the Happiness and Unhappiness of Mar-
 riage.]

First Man within. A Surgeon, a Surgeon, help, help for Heaven's sake.

Second Man within. He faints, he faints, keep the Spirit to his Nose, Oh help, help.—

Enter Carasco as frightened.

Caras. Oh unfortunate Accident! Oh dreadful Mis-chance! Make room there; Where's the Bridegroom, where's the cruel Bride?

Cam. What are ye mad, d'ee mind me; here we are, what's the matter? How now, what business have you here, Friend?

Caras. *Basilius*, my dear Friend *Basilius*, Oh, if you have any pity, let him come in and speak to the Bride.

Cam. *Basilius*—sbud, what my Rival?—No, no, no such matter, he comes not here, d'ye mind me.

Caras. O poor *Basilius*, he's past being your Rival now, Sir; for no sooner had the Frier told him, that he was to marry *Quitteria* this morning, but in a desperate Frenzy, with a sharp Tuck he run himself thro' the Body, and there he is without, weltering in his Blood, nor will be Confess'd, do what they can, till he speak with the Bride; and she consents to hear his dying Words.

Cam. What—has he run himself thro' the Body, d'ye say?—

Caras. Oh! Ay, Sir, ay—he has kill'd himself, he has kill'd himself, he can't live half an hour.

Cam. Nay, look ye, d'ye mind me, if he has kill'd himself, I care not much if I do let him come in and tell his Tale—What says *Quitty*?—Let the hot-headed Fool come in, he can't prate long, if he has run himself thro' the Body.

Quit. Oh, Sir, believe not I will hinder him; the Man that sacrific'd his Life for me, if in my Bosom lives a generous Thought, must certainly have there a large Possession.

Cam.

Cam. Well, bring him then,—and d'ye mind me, tell the Cook we'll send him word when the simple Fellow's dead, and then we'll go to Dinner.

Enter Basilius carried between two, a Sword stuck thro' his Body, which appears all Bloody——with him a Frier.

First Shep. Bless us, what a Wound's there, the Sword comes above five inches out at his Back.

Second Shep. Ah, he has taken occasion for the Sun to shine thro' him, Neighbour.

Basil. Oh! [to *Quitteria*] Thou to whose fair but relentless Eyes, I sacrific'd my Youth's entirest Duty, behold the latest Tribute Love can offer, my Life paid to appease the cruel Fates; who would not grant that I should live with her, for whom I only thought Life worth enjoying.

Quit. 'Twas the effect of both our rigid Fortunes—Alas! I was not in my own dispose, my Heart ne'er had the power to make amends for your true Love since 'twas confin'd by Friends.

Cam. The short and the long on't is, Friends did it, d'ye mind me; I had Interest with her Uncle, and you had none: What! The thing is plain enough, you lost her, because you were poor; and I had her, because I was rich——What! I had Money enough, d'ye mind me.

Basil. Live happy, Sir, and long, as you can enjoy her; I only beg of you for my Soul's sake, to grant me one request before I die.

Cam. Request? Well, what is't, let's hear, let's hear.

Basil. That whilst I live, which is but till this Weapon be drawn out of my Body——for then 'tis certain my very Soul flows with it——that you'd resign *Quitteria* to me, and to confirm it, subscribe here this Paper.

Cam. How! Subscribe, I don't understand that, d'ye mind me.

Basil.

Basil. Alas, Sir, 'tis but for a wretched minute.

Frier. Come, good Sir, mind your better Part, your Soul; leave these transitory thoughts, and prepare for your Confession.

Basil. 'Tis for my Soul's sake, Reverend Sir, I beg this; for I, alas, have rashly made an Oath, that till she's mine, I ne'er would be Confess'd,—and now am in a State of Desperation. Madam, you may have Charity, tho' no Love—Do you persuade him; alas, you know a Soul's a precious thing.

Quit. I am given all to him; but yet, alas, Sir, whether my Interest be so much, as can assure the Grant of any Suit, I dare not yet affirm.—

[Don Quixote beckons Sancho.

Don Qu. Let 'em alone *Sancho*, stand Foot to Foot by me.

Sanc. What can be the meaning of all this? Sure this plaguy Devil, my Master, has not persuaded this Man to kill himself, only to hinder me of my Dinner.

Frier. Your Charity should exert it self on this Occasion, troth Sir; for, as the poor Man says—A Soul's a precious thing.

Cam. Why, I should be well enough inclin'd, d'ye mind me, to take pity of his Soul, if it would be civil, and go from his Body in good time, and not hinder us too long from Dinner: But to be sure of that now.—

Caraf. That, Sir,—alas, it will be gone next minute; draw out the Sword, you draw out his Soul too: Besides, Sir, you'll be haunted fearfully, if he should die without shrift in this desperate Condition—his Ghost will be glaring ye in the Face every minute.

Cam. His Ghost!

Caraf. Ay, Sir, his Ghost in a bloody Shroud, with a pale Face and goggling Eyes—'twill come every day to Dinner t'ye; and to have a Ghost you know always dipping in one's Dish, Sir.—

Cam. Humph, dipping in my Dish!

Caraf. Ay, Sir, with his cold scraggy Knuckles.

Cam.

Cam. Why, troth, d'ye mind me Friend, I should not much like that, I confess—a Ghost is but an odd Companion at Meals.

Basil. The ebbing Pulse about my Heart grows weaker, and little Spirits skim before my Eyes, all gay and fine in party-coloured dresses, to catch my fleeting Soul—therefore consent this Instant, or for ever—

Quit. You have, Sir, mine, and with it all my Heart, and were my Hand my own, I'd give that too.

Basil. Fidlers, Physicians, Songs, and Glisterpipes.

[*Staring as distracted.*]

Caraf. He begins to talk idly; therefore if you love your quiet, Sir, subscribe quickly, 'tis but for a minute you know—besides, think on the Ghost, Sir.

[*Gives the Paper.*]

Cam. Dipping his scraggy Knuckles in my Dish—my Hair stands an end at the thoughts on't—There, Sir, [*Writes*] there's my Hand, and for the little time he lives I do resign her to him, but not a jot longer, d'ye mind me.

Caraf. No, no, Sir, longer, we desire no longer—there Sir, there's a Balsam for your Wound, [*to Camacho*] and now, Sir, Bridegroom, welcome to our Comedy; stand up Friend— [*Basilus starts up, and draws out the Sword*]

Basil. When stately *Roscins* on the Roman Stage
Was, like some valiant General, to die,
The Steel, not thro' himself he thrust in Rage,
But sily thro' a Wooden Trunk close by *;
The purple Stains, which were a Sheep's warm
Blood,

* *Throws
away the
Trunk.*

Upon his snowy Linen sprinkled were:
But, Oh! The Fools that nothing understood,
How they did wonder, Oh! How they did
stare!

Ha, ha, ha, a Trick, a Trick, a Trick—Oh, my Dear [*to Quit.*] sweet pretty Actress, this was a Scene indeed—Noble Sir, we have the License here to go about our business—We thank you for this preparation

tion

tion—but we have another Entertainment elsewhere;
and so sweet Sir, adieu. [Takes *Quitteria*.

Quit. Oh cruel Man! Am I turned off at this rate?
I shall cry my Eyes out, Ha, ha, ha. ———

Caraf. Ha, ha, ha, you may get another Wife, Sir,
you have Money enough, d'ye mind me.

Cam. Odsbodikins, am I fob'd off thus?—It shan't
do, Sir; I'll have her again with a Vengeance: Fall on,
Friends, I'm abus'd; I'll give a thousand Duckets for
her again; fall on Boys.

Caraf. Now, [to *Don Quix.*] Sir, this is your time,
now shew these Rascals your Heroick Virtue.

Don Qu. Ten Millions shall not fetch her back—
[Draw *Sancho*.] Rascals go on and fight, or ——— [here
Don Qu. *Caraf.* and *Sanc.* beat 'em off, and return:] So,
Sir, now she's your own in peace.

Basil. Brave, brave *Don Quixote*, what Honour shall
I pay him?

Caraf. We'll have a Statue for him and for *Sancho*;
we'll instantly to his Daughter's Wedding, and carefs
him there.

Sanc. Ay, when you have taken away my Stomach
with drubbing, you'll give me a Dinner.

Basil. And now, dear Angel, let's to our own Happi-
ness. ———

*Thus let all Lovers that by Friends are crost,
Thus let 'em be rewarded for't at last.*



L

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Teresa, Mary, and Jaques, Mary in her Wedding Clothes strutting.

Jaques.



HY, here has been mad doings in the Meadow yonder, if all be true as Vather-in-Law has told us; Master *Basilus* has whipt away the Bride, it seems, and by Conscience they have made a mere Fool of my Master *Camacho*.

Teres. Ay, and there's a woundy many Stories about it already; some say the Weapon came out above a handful at's Back, and some say there was above eight or nine inches seen out at's Belly, and every body has a several Tale; but let it be how it will, *Mary*, since Master *Basilus* has offered thee thy Wedding Dinner, as well as t'other, he's as proper a Man as t'other, and deserves a good Wife as well as t'other, every whit, hah!

Mary. Ay, ay, Mother, so I can but be married, and you can but dine, we care not which way it comes, [*Aside.*] not we Icod; but stay, Codslidikins I had forgot, I must not be so rompish before *Jaques*, I'll set my Mouth in prim, [*He looks on her, she prims.*]

Jaqu. Well, Flesh of mine, Rumpsey, Plumpsey, how is't? Hah! Do's Heart thump yet? The hour's a coming, Chuffy Chaps——'tis a coming, Long Nose, ah——Pinckaninny, are your Twinklers twinkling ifaith?——Well, the *Domine* will have said Grace presently——and then I'll fall to with a Tantararara, I've a swinging Stomach by Conscience.

Mary.

Mary. O Lord, what d'ye mean tro? Pray Man don't talk so. [Setting her Face.]

Fagu. Ah——ye Bubbies you, I must talk so, ye little tempting Rogue, I will talk so; well, go thy ways, thou puts down all *Spain* for Bubbies, that's certain——Hark, Mother-in-Law, [*she goes back coily*] never believe me more, if *Mary* the Buxome's Bubbies there be not the making of us when I have made her milch once; she will be sent for to suckle all the great Dons Children about Court, she'll yield a Pail-full a day by Conscience.

Mary. Pish——fye upon't, fecks now I can't abide such talk; can't you let Bubbies alone I wonder.

Teres. Ah, splice ye for a cunning Carrion——the Jade simpers as if Butter would not melt in her mouth; but Cheese of three half pence a pound won't choak her, as the old saying is.

Man within. Come, where's the Bride and Bridegroom? [*Bagpipes within sound*] here——Holloa, Holloa.

Fagu. Hark now, by Conscience our Friends are come to fetch us to Church; come *Molly*, come away Flesh of mine, prithee come.

Mary. Fugh, I can't tell how to come, I'm so ashamed. [He pulls her out.]

Teres. Ah——cunning Quean——Ha, ha, ha, ha——
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter *Basilus, Carasco, Quitteria, and Altifidora.*

Basil. Thus far kind Fortune has improved our Joy, and when the Law has perfected the Work, then I shall call this Treasure of my Soul, my own securely, [*Embracing Quit.*] Oh, my best Brother, how am I bound to thee too? How shall I pay thee for thy friendly Service?

Caraf. The Pay of friendly Service is the doing it, and I am glad at Heart it has succeeded: I knew the mad Knight's Assistance was authentick, and therefore blew him up with Praise and Flattery, which made him, when the brunt of the Business came, to lay about him so: Where have you left him, Madam?

Quit. I'th Garden, dedicating his fond Thoughts to his Romantick Mistress *Dulcinea*; to divert him from whom, and to promote our Mirth, I have laid a Plot, That *Alty* here, my Niece, shall feign her self passionately in love with him, meet him at every turn, and sigh and languish as if she were despairing.

Basil. 'Twill make us excellent Sport——but she must be sure then to cry up Knight-Errantry——sing amorous Dittys often, and humour him in his Romantick Vein.

Altid. Humour him, 'd'slife I have got *Parispus* and *Parismenos* almost by heart, and am as familiar with *Don Bellianis of Greece*, as if I had been his Squire; and then for singing, I have got the most deplorable Matters, the most melancholy miserable Madrigals, that being dismally howl'd about twelve at night, would make all the Cats of the Parish come into the Confort.

Caraf. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the witty Rogue will mimick it better than any Actress in *Spain*, and the Knight will be puzzled damnably: But a Pox on't, we want him all this while.——Oh, here he comes and *Sancho*.

Enter Don Quixote and Sancho.

Basil. The Beauty of the Morning blefs ye, Sir;——and may the Rays of the Meridian Sun shine gently on the Head of the most fam'd of all Knights-Errant in the Universe.

Don Qu. Oh good *Basilus*, generous young Man,——you do me too much Honour,——good faith 'tis far beyond my mean deservings.

Quit. No Flattery can reach *Don Quixote's* Head, he looks above it still.

Caraf.

Caraf. As far as high *Olympus* does a Molehill.

Quit. Or Heaven the lowest Earth.

Don Qu. Most beauteous Lady, happy I am above all other Knights, to have such Praises from so sweet a Mouth; and my most learned Sir, I thank you for your Goodness. [To Caraf.]

Basil. Nor must my good Friend *Sancho* lose his share in our best Compliments——whose Service has been notable.——Well, my trusty Squire——to an Immortal Knight; Is *Mary* sped yet? Are the happy Couple coming? You see we wait for 'em.

Sanc. Yes, yes, Sir, the Job is over by this time, the two Fools are hobbling hither as fast as they can: I should have had a new Jerkin on by right, my Master's Worship gave me an old Mantle to make me one, I thank him; but I have laid it up till another time, I love to be saving. [Sancho speaks as fluster'd.]

Don Qu. I gave thee that as a Reward for the Bruises thou gottest in the late Skirmish: For tho thy Mettle, like a resty Jade, ran back at first, yet with my spurring thou gott'st Honour afterwards; and Scars and Bruises that are got with Honour, all merit to be cover'd with a Mantle

Altis. Ah sweet Man *, how sweetly he talks!

[* *Altisidora* looks amorously on *Don Quixote*.]

Don Qu. What says the Nymph unspotted?

[Looks proudly on her.]

Altis. Ye sweet Face——Ah ye dear Man, you.

Quit. Fie *Alty*, fie, did you not promise me to be more moderate? You must excuse her, Sir the poor Girl can't hide a Passion for you, which you had known before, had not I fear'd the Charms of the bright *Dulcinea*——were so rooted in you, you could heed nothing else;——but now, since she has broke the Ice her self,——I can no longer forbear telling ye, you have bewitch'd my Niece.

Altis. Ah——those alluring Eyes.

Quit. Fie *Alty*——

Don Qu. Prevailing Merit, Madam, is not Witchcraft—I cannot help my—influence; 'tis not my fault, you should lock up your Sisters and your Nieces.

Altif. That Heart-seducing Nose.

Caraf. This is almost distraction, the young Lady is far gone.

Basil. Ah poor young thing, this has been breaking out a great while.

Altif. That precious——

Don Qu. Prithee.

Altif. Graceful.

Don Qu. Nay——look off Maiden.

Altif. Honey-wording Mouth,
And that most charming Phillamot Complexion.

A S O N G sung by Miss Cross, when she makes Love to Don Quixote.

DAmon, Feast your Eyes on me,
Whither simply would you lead 'em?
Can you think another she
Has more Charms than I to feed 'em?
He that leaves a Rosy Cheek,
Lips vermillion'd like a Ruby,
Blindly coarser Fare to seek,
Pox upon him for a Booby.

If a Smile, the Lover's Joy,
Can delight, I'll do't divinely;
Or d'ye love a sleepy Eye,
Here is one can cgle finely.
Charms would make another Man
Gaze an Age, I'll shew to win ye;
And when I've shewn all I can,
If you go the Devil's in you.

——Oh Flower of Knights, Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Don Qu. Oh! Dulcinea del Toboso, guard well the Castle of Constancy——The Foe is strong, the Nymph
is

Part III. *of Don Quixote.* 247

is wondrous lovely. Oh I hear Musick——now I shall get Breath. [*Musick within*] The married Couple's coming——this was lucky.

Altif. He shuns me——then break Heart, I'll go and cry my Soul out. [*Exit Altif.*]

Don Qu. Very strange this——

Sanc. Ay, here comes *Mary*, the Jade tosses her Head like the fore-Horse of a Team; she has made me almost drunk with *Aqua Vite* this morning——and will be fox'd her self before night, she's so crank upon the matter.

Musick plays: Then Enter Jaques led by two Maids; and then Mary led by two Men; Gines de Passamonte and Lopez disguis'd; Then Teresa follows, and Singers and Dancers.

Carasc. A very jolly Troop; their Faces too look merrily.

Quit. A sign their Hearts are tun'd: This is their time, a Wedding Day's the Jubilee of Life.

Basil. Welcome, welcome all; and I wish you Joy my Friend——your Spouse there is well pleased I see by her looks.

Faq. Ay, I'll make her look nine ways at once before I have done with her, by Conscience.

Carasc. Take heed of threatning, Friend; *Mary's* a Girl of Courage.

Mary. Ay, Ay, let him threaten, 'tis all he can do to hurt me,—I'll deal with him well enough I warrant ye: Odsfidikins, what d'e think I can't deal with him? When I was a Maid, and under subjection, I prim'd and simper'd, and was mealy-mouth'd as they call it; but now I am a Wife I gad I'll talk what I please——and be Master too in my turn, old Rock.

[*Gives Jaques a thump on the Back.*]

Basil.——Why well said, Mrs. Bride——give her a Bus for that Friend.

Mary. How now, What, do as you are bid? every Fool does as they're bid, Lobcock.

[*He rumples her to kiss her, and she gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Teres. Ha, ha, ha,—'tis a plaguy mettled young Quean, but 'tis no wonder; for at her Age I was just so my self. This Jade puts me in mind of a pure Proverb, that says, Honest Men marry quickly, but wise Men not at all.

Sanc. Nay, *Mary*,—Gadzooks you'l balk my Son-in-Law if you fight upon your Wedding-Day; that's a little too soon—your Mother and I did not go to Cuffs in a fortnight after at least, Child.

Caraf. Oh! 'tis nothing: she intended perhaps to entertain him as the famous *Spartan* Ladies us'd to do at their Marriages, where a good Box on th' Ear given by the Bride to her new Husband, was held a special favour.

Sanc. 'Tis a special favour that she'll entertain him with then, as often as any *Spartan* of 'em all, I'll say that for her.

Don Qu. A Blow may be a sign of over fondness, as Mothers sometimes kissing bite their Children.

Basil. Ay, ay, 'twas a Jest, they play the Play together: I warrant they're as fond of one another as two Kitlins.

Jaq. Nay I meant no harm not I,——it came a little sour tho upon my left Ear, by Conscience——but come, we won't fall out for all that, *Mary*.

Mary. Fugh, I care not for falling out nor falling in——Icod I won't be bus'd but when I please——What d'e think I'm a Fool, to be slopt and slopt every time you are bid do't? Icod I won't be slopt but when I've a mind to't my self; nay, look as you will——I won't be meally-mouth'd not I, I'm married now, mun.

Basil. Faith, Mrs. Bride, and nothing but reason; and now to end the difference in Mirth——let's have some Musick; the great *Don Quixote's* melancholy: Come, let the Wedding-Sports go forward, and bid the Servants get Dinner ready in the Lodge next to the Grove.

I've

I've heard the Bride dances and sings her self too, my Dear [*To Quit.*] and I hope to pleasure us will add to the Entertainment upon her Wedding-Day.

Quit. I hope she'll be so kind; and to encourage her, there's something towards House-keeping.

[*Gives her a Purse.*]

Mary. O Lord——'tis Gold——Fackins——thank your noble Ladyship.

Jaq. Give your Honour many Thanks.

Mary. Hoy, What do you thank her for?——Look here *Presto*, you are like to see no more on't.

[*Puts up the Purse, and makes Mouths at him.*]

Basil. Nay here's another for the Bridegroom too, we must not be kind by halves.

[*Gives another Purse to Jaques.*]

Jaq. Heaven blefs ye, by Conscience, you are a noble Gentleman. Now Flesh of mine.

[*Shakes the Purse, and she snatches it away.*]

Mary. What now——Why now, 'tis where it should be——nay, stand away, Icod I'll keep it——I'll make it in my bargain, I'll keep all the Money.

Sanc. So——the Jade begins already——she'll shew him rare Pranks ere long.

Jaq. Odsbodikins that were wise work.

Caraf. Ah, let her have it, let her have her Humour till night, you know then you must strip her of all.

Basil. Oh by all means; and besides, 'twill hinder our Mirth, should you cross her now. Come begin there.

The Clowns Song at the Marriage of *Mary* the Buxome, in Eleven Movements, sung to a Division on a Ground-Bafs: The Words implying a Country-Match at Stool-Ball.

Ground Bafs. **C**O M E all, great, small,
Short, tall, away to Stool-Ball.

First Movement. Down in a Dale on a Summer's day,
All the Lads, and Lasses, met to be merry;

The Comical History

*A Match for Kisses at Stool-Ball play,
And for Cakes, and Ale, and Cyder and
Perry.*

*Will, and Tom, Hall, Dick, and Hugh,
Kate, Doll,
Sue, Bess, and Moll, with Hodge, and
Bridget, Ned, and Nanny;
But when plump Sifs got the Ball in her
Mutton Fist,
Once fretted, she'd hit it farther than any.*

Third
Movement.

*Running, Hairing,
Gaping, Staring,
Reaching, Stooping,
Hollowing, Whooping.
Sun a setting,
All thought fitting,
To sit down and rest 'em.*

Fourth
Movement.

*Hall got Sue,
And Doll got Hugh;
All took by turns
Their Lasses and bus'd 'em.*

Fifth
Movement.

*Folly Ralph was in with Pegg,
Tho freckled like a Turkey Egg;
And she as right as is my Leg,
Still gave him leave to touze her.*

Sixth
Movement.

*Harry then to Kitty.
Swore her Dugs were pretty,
Tho they were all sweaty,
And large as any Cows are.*

Seventh
Movement.

*Tom Melancholy was
With his Lafs;
For Sue, what e'er he cou'd do,
Wou'd not note him.*

Eighth

Part III. of Don Quixote.

251

Eighth
Movement.

*Some had told her,
Being a Soldier,
In a Party
Wish Mackarty,
At the Siege of Limerick,
He was wounded in the Scrotum.*

Ninth.
Movement.

*But the cunning Philly
Was more kind to Willy,
Who of all their Ally
Was the ablest Ringer :*

Tenth
Movement.

*He to carry on the Jest
Begins a Bumper to the best,
And winks at her of all the rest,
And squeez'd her by the Finger.*

Ground Bass.

Now Mrs. Bride.

*Mary. Icod I'll sing my Song then of the Miller's
Daughter ; Come give me the Trenchers.*

A Song sung by *Mary* the Buxome.

*THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back :
The Miller so workt it, that in eight months after.
Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack.*

*Young Robin so pleas'd her,
That when she came home,
She gap'd like a stuck Pig and star'd like a Mome ;
She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd, and whoop'd,
And all the day long,
This, this was her Song,
Hoy was ever Maiden so Lerricom Poop'd ?*

Oh Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Clothes are all mealy,
 Both Backside and Belly are rump'd all o'er.
 You Mop, Mow, and Slubber, why what a Pox ails ye,
 I'll go to the Miller, and know all you Whore.
 She went, and the Miller so grinding, did ply
 She came cutting Capers a foot and half high;
 She waddled, and strodled, and hollow'd, and whoop'd,
 And all the day long,
 This, this was her Song;
 Hoy, were e'er two Sisters so Lericom Poop'd?

Then Mary o' th' Dairy, a third of the number,
 Would fain know the cause they so gig'd it about;
 The Miller her Wishes, long would not encumber,
 But in the old manner, the secret made out.
 Thus Celie, and Nelly, and Mary the mild,
 Were all about Harvest-time all big with Child:
 They danc'd in a Hey, and they hollow'd and whoop'd,
 And all the day long,
 This, this was their Song;
 Hoy, were e'er three Sisters so Lericom Poop'd?

Basil. Most excellently perform'd, I see the Bride's an Artist at it.

Quit. Her Motion quick and graceful, her Voice good too.

Teres. Nay, at our Wake *Mary* us'd always to carry away the Garland, I'll say that for her: Bless us, how she Hilding sweats; here take my Muckender Child.

[Takes out a Clout.

Jaq. Do Flesh of mine, and wipe Bubbies.

[He throws it to her.

Mary. I won't now, because you bid me.

[She throws it in his Face.

Caraf. Oh, her Spirits are warm, you must not thwart her now, Mr. Bridegroom.

Don Qu. This exercise of Dancing is of use; it is, as one may say, a kind of Vaulting, and Vaulting ever was held very useful, a proper Science in the Art of War;
 when

when I was young I had it in perfection, and can now without Boots come over *Rosinante*.

Basil. Sir, you excel in every thing.

Gines. Let's in amongst 'em, [To Lopez.] now is the proper time ; save ye Gentlemen.

Faquin. O Lord, here's Master *Peter* come, and has brought his Motion with him, I warrant : Oh Sirs, if ever you'll see a fine thing whilst you live, let's see Master *Peter*'s Poppet-Show : by Conscience, this is the purest chance that he should come to set out our Wedding too.

Mary. Oh Gemini Vather, the Poppet-show ; Icod I am glad of this, for I have long'd to see a Poppet-show, as much as ever I did to be married, I'll swear.

[*Mary jumps and Dances about.*]

Sanc. Well, well, don't make such a noise, don't be such a Hoyden.

Teres. And I too iffecks——

Faquin. There we shall see Kings and Queens, and Moors, and Jews, and Bulls, and Bears, and Ladies, and Bishops, and Barbarians, and all the World by Conscience : Oh rare Master *Peter*, are you come Ifaith.

Quit. Ha, ha, ha,——how the Fool has mixed 'em ! Bears and Ladies, and Bishops and Barbarians.

Basil. Ay I minded it——Well honest Friend, and what new matters have ye, hah ?

Gines. Of all sorts, Sir : I have Motions proper for all kind of Stories. First, Sir, I can entertain ye with a pretty Piece, call'd the taking of *Namur*, with the utter routing of the Confederate Army ; you'll say 'tis very fine when 'tis performed.

Basil. Ay, that will be a very fine Piece indeed.

Caraf. Ay marry Sir, these are notable things indeed.

Faquin. Did not I tell ye what a pure Fellow he was ? Well, by Conscience, there is not the like of this Master *Peter* in all *Spain*.

Gines. Then I've another, and please ye, upon an *English Plot*, 'tis call'd *English Men Satisfied* ; or, *the Impossibility* : 'Tis plaguy satirical, it makes 'em the verriest Maggots, the merest Shatterbrains ; for it shews,
that

that neither Monarchy nor Commonwealth, nor Pope nor Protestant, nor War nor Peace, nor Liberty nor Slavery, nor marrying nor Whoreing, nor Reason nor Treason, can satisfy a right Englishman.

Basil. Humph—these are shreud Matters, Friend.

Gines. Then, Sir, if you please to see any Mimickry, here's my Comrade shall divert ye better than any one in *Spain*: He shall mimick a Cat in a Coal-Basket; a Mastiff Dog in a Court-Yard; a Shoulder of Mutton upon a Spit; and a hundred things beside: all so naturally you would swear it was real.

Sancho. Pox take him for naming a Shoulder of Mutton, the Rogue has set my mouth a watering at it—besides, this plaguy Aquavitæ works so much in my Head, that if they don't make haste to Dinner, I shall ne'er hold out till Night, Gadzooks.

Don Qu. Peace, *Sancho*, but d'ye hear, Friend—
What Tracks of History can your Motion perform? I am for that now: Can you shew nothing about Knight-Errantry?

Gines. Oh, the finest Piece in the World, Sir: I can shew you the History of the disastrous Loves of *Don Gayferos* and *Mallisandra*.

Don Qu. Hah!—Canst thou?

Gines. Yes, Sir, how he freed *Mallisandra* from a strong Castle in *Sanfuenta*, where she had been close lock'd up by the Moorish King *Marcilius*.

Don Qu. Ay, that, that, Friend for my Money; methinks I long to see how the valiant Knight-Errant, *Don Gayferos*, behaved himself in that dangerous Adventure.—What, say Gentlemen and Madam, shall we see this noble History?

Quit. Oh, with all my Heart, Sir, I am a great Admirer of 'em.

Basil. That shall be our Evening-Diversion—Now let's in to Dinner, I warrant the Bride and Bridegroom are hungry; besides, we must have a Rowse or two to their Healths: Come, Mr. Bridegroom, manage your Spouse, and Noble Knight, pray follow.

[*Jaques leads Mary, and Don Q. Quitteria.*

Sancho.

Part III. of Don Quixote. 255

San. Ay, ay, come——a Rowse, a Rowse, let's Sing, and let's Bowse; Gadzooks my Master must Squire himself to day, for I must tope a Brusher or two more, now my hand's in, come what will on't.

[Exit Sancho.

Manent Gines, and Lopez.

Gines. So, thanks to good Luck, thus far I'm undiscover'd; little does this whimsical Knight think that I am that famous *Gines de Passamonte*, that amongst the rest of my Brethren Gally-Slaves whom he freed, beat him so damnably in the Mountains of *Sierra Morena*——My Disguise here, and false Name of *Peter*, has, I find, secur'd me from his knowledge; Adventures on the High-way was my noble Function then, but some time after cunningly cheating a poor dull Fellow of his Motion, I have ever since set up for Master of the Poppets my self, under the umbrage of which Profession, I have play'd Pranks innumerable, no Man scaping my nimble Hand or subtle Brain, that I knew had either Money or Moveable——The two Purses, Comrade, that were given to day, are too weighty to stay long in the Possession of those Fools, therefore are mark'd for ours——This foolish Don and Clodpate Squire have Beasts to ride on too; this must not be, Brother, whilst Men of Brain and Action go on foot——therefore in reason likewise are for us too.

Lopez. Say but how this is to be done, Brother, and I'll warrant I'll play my part.

Gines. Why easily, as easily as you may steel a Hen: As thus now, When all these here are gaping at the Poppets, which I'll take care to hold 'em by th' Ears with, the Purses carelessly put in some Box or Cupboard in the Lodge there; then thou, like *Mercury*, gliding thro' the Doors, may'st snap 'em in a moment.

Lopez. I'll do my best endeavours.

Gines. Then with what pleasure at a private hour shall we laugh at these Fools? Ah, of all Trades a Rogue is the most pleasant: They may talk of Merchants
with

with their subtle Bargains; of Shopmen with fallacious Weights, and Measures; of Gamesters with false Dice, Lawyers with Lying; but for the Wit and Pleasure of Mystery, the ingenious, the right true modell'd Thief, is the delightful function in the World——Come Brother, first let's to the Stable——they are too busy within about themselves to take care of their Beasts without——but hold I think here's some coming out,——d'sdeath, 'tis the Knight and Squire,——and leading the As with them——let's steal cunningly in behind 'em, there's the Horse left still,——and I've a close private place to secure him in——let 'em search how they can. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don Quixote and Sancho drunk, Don Quixote leading the As.

Don Qu. Sancho.

Sanc. ——ugh——well [Hiccoughs as drunk.]

Don Qu. Fixing just now an Eye of Observation, I found in the Oeconomy of thy Behaviour, something opprobrious to the Character of him that is my Squire; thou took'st thy Cups at a too lavish rate; a thing offensive to our sober Order: and tho I six times call'd thee to make ready *Rosinante* for an Adventure I had just then thought on, thou answeredst not; which considering my Greatness, and what I am to thee, is a prodigious fault.

Sanc. Why looky——ugh——tho 'tis true, you did call me six times,——yet I was just then drinking six Bumpers in a hand——which I think, ugh, was another-guess Adventure than yours——And as to your Greatness, ugh; why looky, I am, ugh, six times greater than I was too.

Don Qu. Ah, shame on thee, thou art now less than ever——A Flea's a Creature of much larger Soul, nay and much larger Merit——thou great! no, fordid Fool, the Man that's drunk——

San. Is as great as a King, Gadzooks.

[Hiccoughs like one drunk.]

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Ceases to be all, thou Soul-less Insect—
Heaven—what affront is this to Chivalry—what
scandal to thy Office!

San. Ugh—hang my Office, 'tis a paltry lousy
Office—an Office that, ugh—Gadzooks I am
asham'd of.

Don Qu. How's that, Brute?

San. And as for Chi, Chi, Chivalry, look ye—
the Man that, ugh, carries guts to the Bears, has a
better Trade by half.

Don Qu. Oh Profanation! Oh monstrous Scoundrel!
This to my Face.

San. Nay, nay; look'ee, 'tis true, 'tis true: for my
part, I speak nothing but the truth; and ugh—now
am I resolved to speak my Belly full. *When ye're an
Anvil, hold ye still; But when ye're a Hammer, strike
your fill.* Pop—there's a Proverb for ye too.

Don Qu. What am I bound to bear for being rational?
Poor Slave! this is the Wine, not him.

San. And d'ye hear, Friend, ugh, to be even with
ye for all the Counsel ye have given me, let me advise
ye, d'ye hear, to leave your Errantry, and go home,
ugh; for to be plain—look'ee, as ye are, they take
ye for no better—than a Fool, Master of mine.

Don Qu. Oh Dog!—'Sdeath, I shall want Pa-
tience—Come, Sirrah, and mount presently—I am
your Squire for once, and will see ye safe to night—
but to morrow, Rascal—

San. Mount—ay, come, with all my heart—
that I may ride away from—Chi, Chi, Chivalry.
D'ye hear, Friend of mine, the Afs thinks one thing,
and he that rides him another. I'll get far enough
from Chivalry, Gadzooks.

Don Qu. The Villain sputters Proverbs, tho he is so
sleepy, that he can hardly [*Sancho gets on his Afs.*] see
to get up. I'll go now and fetch *Rosnante*, and then
get him into some adjacent Grove or other, that the
Company within mayn't see him. See the drunken
Slave's fast asleep already.

Gines. [*peeping.*] Ah pox on him, there's no way to get by him.

Lopez. I'll bark like a Dog, and try to fright him.

[*Barks like a Dog.*]

Don Qu. Hah, what's this I hear? A Dog, [*Don Quixote starts.*] a fierce one too, yet none kept here, nor in the Houses round us; 'tis obvious now this can be nought but Magick: some curst Inchanter here takes *Saicho's* part, on purpose to disgrace me. But Dog, or Devil, I'll not fear to attack him: Therefore come forth, thou triple-headed *Cerberus*, that with thy Heart's Blood I may quell the Charm, and prove the force of my undaunted Valour [*draws.*] Not yet; nay then I'll drag thee from thy Kennel, and dare thy sharpest Phangs. [*pulls out Lopez staring.*] Hah! What art thou? Can Dogs that bark turn Men?—O monstrous Metamorphosis! [*Lopez is going.*] Nay, shun me not, for I will speak to thee, to know why thou assumest the Face and Shape of one I saw to day—If thou art Substance, I dare thee with my Sword; or if a Ghost, that perhaps wantest Revenge, I promise that too—What gone! Thou shalt not leave me thus; I'll follow thee, tho to the Centre.

[*Lopez goes out, Don Quixote after him.*]

Enter Gines.

Gines. So, I see *Lopez* is got away, and the Knight follows, but must return quickly; for he can no more overtake him, than a paltry Village Cur can a light-foot Roe upon the Mountains——But hush, who have we here?—hah!—oons! 'tis the motly Squire, drunk too, and fast asleep. Humph, tho we have mist our Design upon *Rosinante*, yet methinks that *As* tempts me strangely——Gad, I must have him, and I think I have a trick will do't——but I must go back to the Stable for some Engines I saw there.

[*Goes out and returns with stakes.*]

So, he's at it still, and gaping as if he were devouring Sleep by mouthfuls. Now dear *Morpheus*, let him but dream

Part III. of Don Quixote. 259

dream that he's regaling with Buttock Beef, Bacon, Brewis, and such like, and the Prize is my own. I think I have done it now; wheiwh, wheiwh—Come, Dapple, come. [*Props Sancho's Pannel up with Stakes, and steals the Afs from under him, and Exit.*]

Don Quixote returns.

Don Qu. I'm out of breath with running—the Inchanter has given him Wings upon his Feet to speed him, lest with my Sword I should undo the Charm, and triumph o'er his Art. I'm strangely embarrassed, but must have Patience. Come, where's this Sot here? I'll first remove him to some private hole, and then recount the Miracle within. [*Sees Sancho asleep on the Stakes.*] Ha! what's this I see? By all my Fame, a second Metamorphosis—the Afs turn'd into Wooden Stakes. *Ho Sancho!*

[*Shakes him, he falls to the Ground.*]

San. Another slice of Pudding, good Molly.

[*dreaming.*]

Don Qu. He's dreaming he's at Dinner. Wake, Dolt, Fool, wake.

Sanc. *Ho, Dapple, ho; not too fast, good Dapple.*

[*Scrambles up, and reels out.*]

Don Qu. Thinks the Afs is run from him too, insensible of what has befallen by Magick. Oh Confusion seize this Inchanter! what senseless Tricks they play me; as if Asses transform'd, and Dogs turn'd into Men, could quell *Don Quixote's* Courage. No, ye Hell-searching Crew, if damn'd *Medusa*, or Infernal *Circe*, should round incircle me with *Stygian* Monsters, and Fiery Dragons threaten to devour me,

*No Terror my undaunted Heart should charm,
Or e'er abate the Vigour of my Arm.* [*Exit.*]

A C T



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

Enter Don Quixote, Basilius, Carasco, and Quitteria:

Basil. O U tell us Wonders, Sir.



Don Qu. Sir, my Life is full of 'em. No day e'er passes me without some Accident worthy of Wonder——This last was but a Trial: my Enemies the Inchanters did but

try what Metal I was made of.

Quit. And when they found you Proof against their Malice, shrunk back with Shame——Oh wondrous Power of Chivalry!

Caras. Against the Charm of whose Heroick Virtue, Egyptian Sharp-fang'd Dogs, nor Russian Bears, Tartarian Tygers, Lybian Cat a-Mountains; tho one attack it with invenom'd Teeth, and t'other whisk about with Tabby Tails, can e'er prevail a Jot.

Basil. But what said trusty *Sancho*, whom this strange Adventure did most of all concern?

Don Qu. A Sot, a Swine, drunk as a Bacchanal, past saying any thing, quite drown'd in sleep, his Faculties all doz'd, nor could my Wisdom open his seal'd Eyes, nor sound Instruction penetrate his Scull.

Quit. A mighty fault indeed, Sir Knight, considering the Credit of Knight Errantry's at stake, amongst whose Virtues cool Sobriety is still plac'd foremost—I see it has a little troubled ye; but come, I hope, Sir, this Evening's Diversion will drive it from your thoughts, the Poppet Show's preparing, the Mirth of that will mollify——And see here comes the Bride and Bridegroom, Messengers I warrant from *Don Gayseros* and *Mallifandra*, to invite ye to't.

Enter

Enter Mary, and Jaques.

Mary. Gadflidikins, come away Gentlefolks, the Motion's ready. Master *Peter* hath been so busy within yonder, he has almost sweated himself away with setting on't up; Icod there's the purest fine things that ever were seen, there's a curious fine Poppet with a long Train, that's in Yellow——and another curious fine Poppet that's in Carnation——and then there's one with a little round Pearmain-face, full of Patches——with a what d'ye call it, a Commode cocking——as 'twere any Lady, or Dutcheffs, Icod.

Jaques. Ay, and then there's a crumptious fine little Gentleman with a long Peruke, and a long Sword,——and about five inches long himself; so glistering and brave, that if he were in another place, he'd be taken for a Lord by Conscience——Odsbodikins, pray come away quickly.

Quit. What says your Greatness, are your thoughts at leisure t'employ themselves upon this Sport?

Don Qu. Madam, your Beauty's Servant shall wait on you this moment; and the rather, because I think I see *Sancho* coming yonder, whose odious Metamorphosis from Man to Beast, is more horrible to me, than what I saw to day from Beast to Man.

Mary. Icod, and there's my Mother with him too; get away Master Knight, if you love your hearing, for she's in such a plaguy fuffe about losing the As to day, that she'll be as loud as a Storm; I'll warrant you may hear her forty mile, if the Wind sit right.

Basil. The Bride's in the right, Sir, therefore let's dodge 'em, 'tis no matter if they follow to the Poppet Show, there they'll be quiet——and perhaps cause more diversion, for they're both now in admirable humours for't.

[*Aside to Carasco.*

Caras. I'll stay behind a little, and blow the Coals; we shall have the comical effect on't another time.

[*Aside to Basilius.*

[*Exeunt all but Car.*

Enter

Enter Teresa and Sancho drunk.

Ter. Don't let him tell me of Inchantment, and I know not what, the Afs is gone by a mere trick, 'tis plain; and you, like a drunken Sot as ye are, to put it up thus: odsbores, I'd have pinch'd his lockram Jaws till I had made him bray again, but I'd have had my Afs again, or Money.

Sanc. No noise, Crooked-Rib, no noise, as you hope to scape Correction. [Reels.

Caraf. I have some inkling——of your Affair, Mistrefs——and truly am of your Opinion too——the Afs was gone by a Trick, and not enchanted.

Teres. Incharnted, odsbores, no more than I am, Sir——which my Swine there shall understand when he's sober, or he shall have such a din about his Ears shall make him weary on't.

Caraf. Harkee, the Knight's at bottom on't; I heard him say t'other day——*Sancho* was too well mounted——and that *Dapple* far out-shin'd his *Rosinante*.

Teres. Why look there now, odsbores were I a Man, he should have heard on't at both Ears, I faith——but you see what I am yoak'd to there, Sir. [Weeps.
You see what a Condition he's in—he could pour whole quarts to day down his ungodly Throat——but could not spare me so much as a Knipperkin to wet my Whistle, as the Saying is.

Sanc. Reason,——Iniquity, Reason——I must not let my Mouse-Trap smell of Cheese; he that lets his Wife drink of every Cup, ugh, and his Horse at every Water, shall be sure to have neither of 'em good for any thing.

Caraf. Ay, but to deny her a Knipperkin, friend, *Sancho*, shews that you love to be a little in the mode, and don't value a Wife very much; who, in troth, to me appears now to be a very comely Person, a handsome presence, and very fair.

[*Teresa* simpers, and makes cursies.

Sanc.

Part III. of Don Quixote. 263

Sanc. Fair, ugh, ay, she's peerless Fair indeed; but d'ye hear, Sir, the fairer the Hostess, the fouler the Reckoning; she's a plaguy Devil for all her fair Looks.

Teres. Too good for him that has her, Gravel-face.

[*Simpers, and makes curfies to Carasco.*]

Sanc. How the Jade smickers, and mops and mows at him.

Enter Mary in haste.

Mary. Good Lord, Mother, if you are not bewitch'd, come away presently; Mr. Peter is just sending out a little little Gentleman all in Gold, to speak the Pro—
Pro, Icod I can't tell what they call it; come away with me, good now Mother, come away.

[*Pulls Teresa.*]

Teres. Will your Worship please to go first?

Caras. Oh no, I'll lead ye thither.

[*Exeunt Teresa making mouths at Sancho.*]

Sanc. Hugh, she's very sweet upon his Worship, methinks—she gave me a scurvy look too, that was half as bad as calling me Cuckold to my Face.—Or does the scraggy Quean design to give me Horns to make her self fat? I believe the Jade has read the Proverb, that says, Change of Pasture makes fat Calves; humph—Zooks I'll go in and watch her water. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The Poppet-Show discovers one Poppet dress'd like the Emperor Charlemain seated, another like Orlando Furioso, and a third like Arch-Bishop Turpin standing by. On both sides of the Stage without, are seated Don Quixote, Basilius, Carasco, Quitteria, Altisidora, Jaques, Mary. Then enters Sancho, who sits down by Gines, who stands with a Rod in his hand to explain the Motion; then Don Gayferos enters as Prologue.

Gines. Gallants, and noble Auditors, in the first place, be pleas'd to observe, that before I discover who
I those

those Noble Persons are that appear yonder in motion—
I must inform ye that this is the valiant *Don Gayferos*,
who respectfully introduces himself by way of Prologue.
Come, Noble Knight, make your Honours and begin.

[The Poppet bows to the Company, and Don Quixote rises up, and bows to the Poppet.]

Don Qu. A Noble Presence, and by my Profession of Arms, looks like the Character is given of him.

Quit. The very shape and air of a Knight Errant I warrant he'll fight for his Mistress briskly.

Basil. Oh like a Fury no doubt, his Whiskers declare as much.

Mary. Look Mother, look; there's a fine little Man! there's Clothes! Oh Lord, there's a Sword!

Jaques. By conscience that's he I told you of, and he that sits within yonder, is a Pope I warrant.

Teres. A Pope,—— a Fool, prithee let's hear a little.

Caraf. This must be a very noble Knight—— his very Looks are valiant.

Sanc. Looks, oons—— he looks as if he just came from the Sucking-Bottle,—— he a Knight Errant!—— why he can fight with nothing but a Frog, nor that neither if it has e'er a Bulrush in's Claw.

Don Qu. D'ye hear that Rascal—— that filthy Firkin there, Gentlemen, will do nothing but stink, and disturb us: Pray give me leave to roll him out.

Basil. Oh! 'tis below ye, Sir, we consider *Sancho's* condition. *[Aside.]* I shall laugh out.

Gines. Silence, Silence, pray Gentlemen—— Come, once more your Honours, Don, and then begin.

[Poppet bows again, and Don Quixote returns it.]

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

*You'll find by the ensuing Matters,
 That I'm a Cuckold, kind Spectators;
 Resolv'd, for th' honour of our House,
 From Huckster's hands to free my Spouse:
 For tho' I'd wink at a small shame,
 A Cuckold's such a kind of Name,
 A Scandal so against the hair,
 Our Spanish Puncto cannot bear:
 No more than you can, that sit there.
 Besides, tho' Female Plagues are common,
 Yet there is something still in Woman;
 Some sweet alluring Jen' scay quoy,
 Some pleasing pretty tickling Toy;
 Will make us venture without fears,
 Thro' Dangers——over head and ears:
 'Tis this that sends me to the Moors,
 To fetch her from those Sons of Whores;
 And spite of all their Guards, d'ye mind me,
 To make her gallop home behind me;
 As fast as ere my Horse can carry,
 I've given my word,——so sit ye merry,
 [Exit Prologue.]*

Gines. This——now, Gentlemen and Ladies, is satirically merry, as most alluding to the present Custom of writing Prologues.

Mary. Icod, he spoke it purely: When shall we hear him again, I wonder?

Don Qu. Patience, patience, prithee go on Friend.

Altif. Oh! let me warm me by his fair Eyes——let me sit by him, his very Touch will charm me.

[Ogles Don Quixote.]

Quit. I vow now I'll lock you up, if you are thus unruly——pray sit still, Sir, I'll keep her from you, she'll sit in your Lap else.

M

Gines.

Gines. Be pleased to observe now then, courteous Spectators, that he that sits there with a Crown on's head, and a Scepter in his hand, is the Emperor *Charlemain*, the Father of the Princess *Melisendra*.

Teres. Look there now, he's an Emperor, d'ye hear—I thought he was no Pope.

Mary. Odsheartlikins, that ever I should live to see an Emperor! But hold, let's hear more.

Gines. And he that stands by him there, with that fierce Look, and Beard of Martial Overture—is the very Scare-Crow of *France*, and Flower of Knight-Errantry, *Orlando Furioso*, Cousin-German to *Don Gayferos*, who would fain have tickled the Intellects of the Emperor's youngest Daughter *Angelica*; but she, as great Ladies have their Fancies, rather thought fit to take up with *Medoro* her Page.

Don Qu. No more of that, good Friend——Her Quality is too great to be jested with——And is that then, that most fam'd and most excellent of all our Order, *Orlando Furioso*?——He was one of the twelve Peers, Gentlemen, the only Scourge of *Rodomont* and the Pagans, till he fell mad for Love of the bright *Angelica*. Oh most Heroick and Immortal Knight! I reverence thy Shoo-lappets.

Gines. And now pray observe, Gentlemen, the moody Countenances that both the Emperor and the Knight have, because *Don Gayferos* makes no more haste to release the Princess *Melisendra*, who was ravish'd away by *Marsilius* King of the *Moors*, and kept in a strong Castle in *Sansuenna*. And pray note how *Don Gayferos* enters, wearing his Cousin *Orlando's* Sword *Dirundina*, which he had sent him to fight, and to free his Wife with. Pray likewise mark with what Submission he excuses himself to the Emperor, and with what Courage he resolves upon the noble Enterprize. Come *Don Gayferos*, where are ye? ——Pox upon ye, why don't ye enter?

Don Qu. No cursing, Friend; no cursing——Here the Noble Knight comes.

Part III. of Don Quixote. 267

Basil. His Boots were not greas'd, I warrant; without doubt 'tis that has made him so tardy.

Enter Poppet Don Gayferos.

Caraf. Ay, or swift-footed *Bayard* might want shoeing.

Teres. Odsbores, here he comes again; now we shall hear him claw it away, *Mary.*

Mary. Ah, ah, so we shall——Icod, 'tis the littlest tiniest thing for a Husband——Icod, if he were mine I should not tell what to do with him, unless 'twere to carry him about with me in my Pocket. But come, now let's hear what he says.

• *P. Don G.* Great is my Sorrow, high and mighty Sir, [To Charlemain.

• That I this Journey did so long defer :

• But this a little may excuse the same,

• My self have had the Stone, my Horse was lame.

Caraf. Ha, ha, ha—that was sad indeed.

Don Qu. Oh ! and by my Honour a very solid Excuse, and very reasonable.

Quit. Extremely reasonable; for to have undertaken such an Enterprize in such a Condition, and on foot too, might have very much hazarded the happy Success.

Don Qu. Right, Madam; it may be so indeed.

Mary. O Lord, d'ye hear, Mother, he said he had the Stone——Icod, I'm sorry for that with all my Heart.

Faques. He would have but ill riding by Conscience. He said his Horse was lame too.

Teres. Well, well; I heard what he said well enough. Hark ! he's going to speak again.

• *P. Don G.* But now all things are suiting to my mind,

• My Horse is well before, and I behind;

• I'll free my Spouse, spite of what-e'er retards,

• From the curst Moorish King, and all his Guards.

- For her *Dirundina* I thus unsheath,
- And speedy Death to all oppose, bequeath.
- She shall behind me be on Courser plac't,
- And if she by the Pummel but hold fast,
- I'll fetch her spite of Bars or Iron Lock;
- And you to morrow, Sir, by Five a Clock,
- Shall find her in my Bed without her Smock.

} [Bows, and Exit.

Gines. Shall find her in Bed without her Smock!
Very well, Sir Knight, and a very good Conclusion
that.

Mary. Icod, that's pure; hoh, hoh, hoh——Did
ye hear that, Mother?

Teres. Did I?——I think I did——'Dsid, I
begin to like the Man a great deal better than I
did——Tho he's but little, there's Mettle in him, I
see.

Sanc. Oons, what plaguy Stuff's this!——Ugh, I
can't understand a word on't, not I—I'll take t'other
Nap, Gadzooks.

Basil. Now——What thinks the Noble *Don Quix-
ote*? Does not your Brother Knight promise very fairly?

Don Qu. Faith, yes; I like his Promise well enough:
But to tell the Emperor her Father, that he should find
her in Bed without her Smock, that methinks wanted a
little Decency——He should have allowed her a little
clean Linen to be seen in.

Quit. I confess I'm of the great *Don Quixote's* Opi-
nion clearly; nay, it should have been very fine Linen
too, to shew her Quality.

Caraf. Ah, all one for that, if the Emperor
own'd her: A Princess is a Princess as well without a
Smock as with one.

Mary. Come now, Mother——I wonder what's to
be next, hah.

Teres. Pish, hold your Tongue; Master *Peter* will tell
us presently.

} *Gines.*

Part III. of Don Quixote. 269

Gines. Now, Gallants, be pleas'd to observe, how the Scene changes to a strong Castle in *Sansuenna*, where the beauteous *Melifendra* is imprison'd by *Marsilius* King of the *Moors*; and cast your Eyes a little farther, and you shall see him with her upon the Terras Walk, first making Love, then threatening her with Torments, if she reject it; which she, resolv'd on Constancy to her dear Spouse, contemns. Pray note 'em, here they come.

Enter Poppet Marsilius, and Poppet Melifendra.

Teres. Oh Gemini! here's two pure fine things more.

Mary. Oh Lord, but one of 'em's a black thing tho; I warrant he's to eat the t'other for being so fair.

Gines. Observe how he seats her, and now commands some Persons of Art of his Retinue to entertain her with a Song and a Dance.

S O N G.

Perform'd by two Poppets, one representing a Captain, and t'other a Town Miss. To the Tune of a Minuet.

Pop. Capt.

DEAR Pinkaninny,
If half a Guinea
To Love will win ye.
I lay it here down:
We must be thrifty,
'Twill serve to shift ye,
And I know fifty
Will do't for a Crown.

Thou

M 3

Duna

*Duns come so boldly,
Kings Money so slowly,
That by all things holy
 'Tis all I can say.
Yet I'm so wrapt in
The Snare that I'm trapt in,
I, as I'm true Captain,
 Give more than my Pay.*

Pop. Mifs Sings.

*Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your Plunder,
Odzounds! I wonder
 You dare be so bold.
Thus to be making
A Treaty so sneaking,
Or dream of the taking
 My Fort without Gold.*

*Other Town Misses
May gape at Ten Pieces;
But who me possesses
 Full Twenty shall pay.
To all poor Rogues in Buff
Thus, thus, I strut and buff;
So Captain Kick and Cuff,
 March on your way.
To all poor Rogues, &c.*

- *P. Mars.* Since your bright Eyes and Beauties of
 your Face
• Have scorch'd my Heart like any burning Glass,
• Think not that I will longer bear your Scorn,
• Or cherish these strong Flames without return.
• If because I am black retards my Joy,
• I'll come at Night, and not offend your Eye.
• But if you slight my Love without Remorse,
• Rather than perish for you, I must force.

• *P. Melis.*

‘ P. *Melis*. My Love long since lockt up is given away,
‘ And of that Lock my Husband has the Key.

‘ P. *Marf*. But for that Casket I a Picklock have.

‘ P. *Melis*. A Picklock suits a Thief, Sir, not the
‘ Brave.

‘ P. *Marf*. We all are Thieves in Love’s free Com-
‘ monweal,

‘ And know the Treasure sweetest when we steal.

‘ P. *Melis*. I know not what by stealing you may
‘ win,

‘ But thro’ my Will you ne’er shall enter in.

‘ *Don Gayferos* my Heart must only have ;

‘ A fam’d Knight Errant, valiant, bold, and brave.

Don Qu. Ah——Well said, sweet Lady——Now by
Knighthood thou deserv’st him richly.

‘ P. *Marf*. I scorn Knights Errant, and such ragged
‘ Imps ;

‘ Your’s is a Fool, and all the rest are Pimps.

Don Qu. You’re a black Son of a Whore, and ye
lye ; and by the Life of *Amadis du Gaul*, were you
and I together on a Mountain——

Gines. Oh good Sir Knight be patient——Good lack,
Sir, the Poppet does not mean any thing to you, Sir ;
he only speaks the Words as they are writ.

Don Qu. Such words as those are odious and offen-
sive.

Basil. That Jest was rarely tim’d, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mary. Icod, I’m cruelly afraid for all this, that black
Devil will swallow up that dear white pretty Creature.

Teres. No, no, Fool ; I tell thee there’s no harm in
him ; he only means to ravish her a little, or so.

Faques. Ay, ay——that must be all ; my Mother-in-
Law has hit it by Conscience.

Don Qu. Go on then, Friend——I shall see how he
behaves himself.

‘ P. *Marf*. Since then for Diet Conjugal you moan,

‘ I’ll teach you how to chew the Cud alone :

‘ In yon strong Castle you shall guard lie,

‘ And to refresh ye no one come but I.

[*Exeunt, he dragging her.*

Teres. Look'ee there now ; he says he'll only refresh her, I told thee, he would not eat her—

Mary. Nay, then 'tis well enough.

Don Qu. That Moorish Tyrant, Mr. *Peter*, is very barbarous ; I have hardly Patience with him.

Gines. Patience—'Dsheart, this is ridiculous enough— He takes Poppets for real Persons, ha, ha, ha, ha— Well, thus far you see how much the poor Princess is in Distress ; but now chear your Hearts, and lift your Eyes to behold the valiant *Don Gayferos* come prancing to *Sansuenna*, to release his Love and dearest *Melifendra*— You must suppose it now to be Night, and that by Instinct he has found her Window the North side of the Castle ; and see how she appears there with a Taper, as ready to receive him.

[*Poppet Melifendra comes to the Window.*

Enter Poppet Don Gayferos on Horseback.

Mary. Icod, here he comes ; this is pure now ; I hope he'll get her down, Faith.

- ' *P. Don G.* Look down, bright Star, if Love has guided right,
- ' With glittering Beauty gilding gloomy Night,
- ' Appear, and bless thy amorous weary Knight.
- ' *P. Melif.* Who calls with Voice as sweet as Morn-
' ing Lark ?
- ' *P. Don G.* 'Tis I, my Love, who come from *France*
' in th' dark,
- ' My dearest *Pinkaninny* to set free.
- ' *P. Melif.* *Don Gayferos* my Husband ! Is it thee ?
- ' *P. Don G.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, the truest kindest Spouse
- ' That ever Marriage Mouse-trap did inclose.
- ' *P. Melif.* Ah me ! what shall I do ?
- ' *P. Don G.* Rouze up thy Wits,
- ' And thro' the Window slide down by the Sheets :
- ' Tie fast the Knot, and when thou hast done so,
- ' I, thy dear Spouse, will Horse thee here below :

' *P. Melif.*

‘ P. *Melis.* I’ll venture Bones and Neck ; for who
‘ is she

‘ My Dearest Lord, would not be hors’d by thee ?

Don Qu. Brave Lady, upon my Honour, her Love and Constancy ! Move me so, that it brings the tears into my eyes, I could weep for her : ——— Oh vexation ——— is that Teazer ——— still there to plague me ?

[*Altif.* makes Love-signs to him.

Quit. This was a very passionate Scene indeed ; ——— pray observe *Altif.* the little Rogue acts it rarely.

[*To Basilius.*

Basil. Ha, ha, ha, ——— I see her, she makes the rarest faces at him.

Mary. Hey Boys, hey Boys ——— she’s coming Mother, she’s coming down faith.

Teres. Ay, and if the Sheet be but ty’d fast now, she’ll be hors’d in a twinkling.

Jaques. The Gentleman’s Nag stands very quiet too, I warrant he knows who he is to carry behind him.

Gines. But now, Noble Spectators, to shew Fortune’s Mutability in Love-Affairs, and to shew ye withal, the regular Ingenuity of the Piece we present ——— here is to be a Turn ——— which is held by all to be a Beauty in Dramatick Writing ; the Turn therefore thus explains it self. Come beauteous Lady *Melisendra* ——— open your Window, and come out.

Here Poppet Melisendra coming out of the Window to get down by the Sheet, is hitch’d by a Tenter-hook, and hangs half-way.

‘ P. *Melis.* Oh ! Fortune, Fortune, still unkind to
‘ Love,

‘ I neither can get down ——— nor stay above.

Gines. There’s the Turn now, she was just falling into his Arms, and now is hang’d half way, upon a Tenter.

- * *P. Don Gayf.* Why sighs my Love ?
 * *P. Melif.* Alas ! I'm hung i'th Air.
 * *P. Don Gayf.* I'll cut thee down——with a swift
 ' Lover's care,
 * *P. Melif.* Ah, Sir, not for the World, my Knees
 ' are bare :
 * And something may undecently be shown,
 * You must not peep upon, tho 'tis your own.
 * *P. Don Gayf.* In such distress, we the best means
 ' must prove ;
 * To save your Modesty, I'll wink, my Love.

Gines. Here you may observe the modest Candor of the Lady *Melisendra's* nice Character, who would not suffer her self to be unhitch'd, till *Don Gayferos* had promis'd her upon his Honour to wink : D'ye mark that ?

Caraf. That was nice truly, and considering she's a married Woman too, very rare.

Mary. Icod, I'll lend her my Muckender——here Friend, pray give her this to cover her Knees a little ; tho 'tis coarse, 'tis clean.

Teres. Pish, nay, prithee *Mary* let her alone.

Mary. What, and let every body see all——Icod but I won't tho ; don't you see how her Legs hang sprawling there ? Here Friend, take it, I say.

[*Holds out her Muckender.*]

Gines. Oh thank ye, Mistriss, thank ye ; but you see the Knight has done the business without——and now there's joy on both sides : Get up, get up——quickly, sweet Lady, get up.

[*Here Poppet Melisendra gets up behind Poppet Don Gayferos, and he gallops off with her.*]

Mary. Hey Boys, hey boys, he has got her, he has got her ; hogh, hogh, she's gone, she's gone, faith.

[*Stands up, and jumps.*]

Gines. But for all this good Success, you must now hear the fatal Catastrophe ; for by this time some malicious Spies have inform'd the *Moorish* King she's fled, who presently consults his Chancellor, Secretary of State,

Part III. of Don Quixote. 275

State, and Principal Officers of his Household and Army to fetch her back——To perform which, see on a sudden how they and all his Guards are ready, and he at the head of 'em, foaming with Rage. Hark, hark, pray hear what he says.——And see how the Emperor *Charlemain* and his Party are, tho' far inferior in number, yet to assist *Don Gayferos*, have march'd a Journey to meet 'em.

Here Poppet Marsilius appears at the head of the rest on Horseback, and Charlemain and the rest on t'other side.

P. Mars. Follow me, Sirs, I'll fetch her back again,
' And spite of th' feeble Power of *Charlemain*,
' And all his resty Knights, the Wench enjoy.

Don Qu. Ye noisy blustering footy Fool——ye lye:
[*Here Don Quixote rises up in a rage.*

For as a Brother of her Husband's Order,
And to revenge me on your Pagan Insolence, I, the
renown'd *Don Quixote*, will defend her, and so have at
ye all.

Here Don Quixote draws his Sword, and fancying he is to fight with Armed Men——cuts, slashes, hacks and demolishes the Spectators: All run out but Carasco, and Sancho.

Gines. Hold, hold, why, Sir Knight——mercy on me, are ye mad? Why these are but Poppets, they are not real——Oh! Undone, undone——why hold, hold——they are but Poppets, I tell ye.

Sanc. What's the matter now? Hey——what, more fighting work? Gadzooks, I'll get out of harms way.
[*Exit.*

Don Qu. Poppets, ay Pigmys too,——and would be Giants presently, if the Inchanters please——But I think I have maul'd 'em, and the Lady's at home by this time.

Gines.

Gines. Ay, you have maul'd 'em, oh that ever I was born——my Motion spoil'd, my Livelyhood lost; Oh, undone, undone, oh! [Howls out.]

Caraf. Bless me, what a Massacre is here?——What have you done, Sir?

Don Qu. Done, Sir!

Gines. Done, Sir? Ay, and undone, Sir——Oh Lord! Was there ever such a mad Prank?

Don Qu. Why, have I not assisted the Noble Knight *Don Gayferos*?

Caraf. 'Sdeath you have assisted nothing, Sir——the Figures were not real, you have only confounded the Motion, spoil'd the Poppets, and undone the poor Fellow here.

Don Qu. Humph——why then by my Renown I thought 'em all in earnest, and being very angry with that black King there for his Insolence, gave my Relief accordingly.

Gines. You thought——ay that's fine amends for me indeed——Will your thought mend my Motion?——Oh unfortunate hour, oh! [Howls.]

Caraf. Peace, Friend, the generous Knight will consider on't, and pay thee for thy Loss.

Don Qu. 'Tis I confess against my Order to do wrong——therefore go, Fellow, gather up thy Fragments, and put rates upon 'em, I'll make thee satisfaction.

Gines. Why, look ye, in the first place, here's the Emperor *Charlemain* with his Head off: Oh poor Emperor, [Takes up the Poppet.] I shall never get such another, it deserves a Pistole as well as one Penny deserves another——but Six and Eightpence I must have for him, that's the lowest.

Don Qu. Is this that Noble Emperor that so boldly held *Paris* against the Pagans? Oh, I heartily beg his Pardon, and am agham'd to see him thus dismember'd: Thou shalt have Six and Eightpence, Friend.

Gines. But then, oh dismal to behold!——Here's *Orlando Furioso* without an Arm, and his nether Jaw——here's a *Furioso* for ye, here's a Knight-Errant, a router

a router of Giants, and killer of Dragons, see how he looks——oh dismal to behold! [*Shews the Puppet.*]

Caraf. Sirrah——hold that up at a good rate, Knights-Errant are worth money.

Gines. I know't, I know't—— [*Aside.*] As for him, considering his Chivalry, I look upon him to have twice the value of the Emperor, a Pistole is the least, the least that can be, and cheap too.

Don Qu. 'Tis so indeed——but prithee take him from my sight Friend, for I cannot look on the brave Knight thus hack'd without remorse of Conscience——and by his Fame I cannot help confessing, that I deserve for those two blows I gave him, to be serv'd so my self: But prithee go on Friend.

Gines. Then here's Arch-Bishop *Turpin*——pox on't, I go to Church so seldom my self, that I don't know how to value a Bishop.

Caraf. Ha, ha, ha, what would I give *Basilus* were here!

Gines. Then here's——the Chancellor——and Privy-Counsellor to the black King——Gad forgive me, one without a Nose, and t'other an Ear snipt off, and three Fingers of his left Hand; let me see, a King's Chancellor and Privy-Counsellor——I should have a Statesman here now, to help to value these.

Don Qu. They should be valu'd, 'tis true, by their own Peers——But come, make haste Friend.

Gines. Why look ye then, nine Pence a-piece I think one with another; for you know one must rate them according to their Honesty, and as they are true to their Trust.

Caraf. Very reasonable, faith.

Don Qu. Ay, ay, 'tis so——but come, without praising more in particular, let's know what thou valuest the rest at in a lump, and come in and take your Money.

Gines. You have gelt the King's Captain here too, maim'd above twenty of the Guards, and hamstring'd
their

their Horses ; Oons you laid about ye like a Devil, so that between Turk and Jew, if you'll pay for them in the lump, I think forty shillings more will but just do.

Don Qu. That makes in all much about three Pounds ; well, come in, and thou shalt have it Fellow.

Caraf. Why this is Noble, like *Don Quixote's* Character.

Gines. Why bless him I say, and send him to be a King as soon as possible. [*Gines makes mouths at him.*]

Don Qu. All this now was for want of heed and patience. But we must do right, good Sir, we must do right, for here I was in the wrong unhappily.

Fate send me far from such another broil,

Gines. And me more Motions, for such Fools to spoil.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Basilius, Carasco, Quitteria, and Altifidora.

Basil.



A, ha, ha, has he paid the Pop-pet-Man?

Caras. To a Farthing, and is now retir'd there into that Closet to avoid the intolerable Passion, as he calls it, of your Niece *Altifidora*.

Quit. His sculking up so close shan't hinder our coming diversion; for we have a new Plot upon him, our new Dairy-Maid is to act Inchanted *Dulcinea*——and *Altif.* is ready here for a new Attack upon him.

Altif. I intend to teaze him now with a whimsical Variety, as if I were possess'd with several degrees of Passion——sometimes I'll be fond, and sometimes freakish; sometimes merry, and sometimes melancholy, ——sometimes treat him with Singing and Dancing, and sometimes scold and rail as if I were ready to tear his eyes out. Go you to your Peeping-place, and you shall see such a Scene.

Basil. And then I have given order to the Servants to supply *Sancho* with more Liquor——we must have a Combat Royal about the Asfs too, or we lose half our sport.

Caras. Time enough for that anon. Let your Niece act her Whim first: Come, let's to our Peeping-Hole, I hear him moving within.

[*Exeunt all but Altifidora, who knocks at the Door.*

Don Quix.

Don Quix. within.] What Boldness dares me from
my Thoughts remove ?

What art thou ? Speak.

Altif. A Votary of Love ;
Fond as the Lids that close those precious Eyes,
From whence, tho Sun be missing, Day does rise.

Enter Don Quixot undress'd in his Night-cap.

Don Qu. Oh luckless Maid ! Why dost thou follow
me ?

Altif. I can't help it, ye sweet, sweet Honey Man
you.

Don Qu. Thou talkst erroneously——I am not
sweet; none of our bustling Order can be so——nor
am, nor ever was, a Honey-pot : I've not a drop of
Honey, Child, about me. Man's but a bitter sort of
Animal——If he be brave and honest, he may
smell——in Virtues sweet, tho he's himself not
Amber——

Altif. Ah——me——Must I ne'er hope then to find
Grace——in those ador'd black Eyes ?

Don Qu. Grey, grey——Another notorious Mistake
——my Eyes are grey as *Grimalkin*——Bless me ! How
blind is Love ?

Altif. Grey let them be then ; they are twinkling still,
and in their Sockets, like two farthing Candles, burn
out themselves, and leave poor me in Darkness.

Don Qu. Ha !——there's another sign now, how
much the poor Creature's Sense is disturb'd——her de-
fect in Simile ; she would else have put in Tapers of
Four in the Pound——For to say my Eyes are like
Farthing Candles, is but a diminutive Compliment.

Altif. Death, Dungeon, Darkness, Furies, Fate, and
Fire ! What's in him that can cause this Wrack within
me ? For now I consider better, and look on him, he's
not handsom a bit ; nay, by my Virginity [*Here she
starts into her freakish Fit*] not tolerable, nor so sweet
as a Dock-leaf, nor so cleanly as a Radish new pull'd
——his Shape aukward and ghastly.

Don Qu.

Don Qu. So.

Altif. And his Face——ugly and abominable.

Don Qu. Very good——she look'd Eastward last Minute, but now some little Cub Devil sits upon the Fane of her Fancy, and turns it Northerly.

Altif. And then for his foolish Profession, his Knight-Errantry——

Don Qu. Hah——

Altif. 'Tis the most absurd, the most ridiculous, the most——hah! What am I saying? [*Here she turns in a very Passionate Tone.*] O mighty Love, forgive me; I lye, I lye, I lye, I lye; he is handsom, he is sweet, he is clean; his Wit is admirable, his Profession glorious, his Shape adroit, and graceful as a Hero's; his Face serene, and charming as a Cherubin.

Don Qu. Hey——shew me, thou fam'd and skilful Mariner, the Face of the unfathom'd Gulph of *Florida*, where Winds from all the Corners of the Globe, by fickle Nature change their Course each moment, and I'll shew thee this other Gulph of Woman——Young as she now appears, yet right, right Woman——Woman, that like the Satyr in the Fable, can with the self-same Breath blow hot and cold.

Altif. Ah——must then, *Dulcinea*——have ye all?——What Parts has she——beyond me?——look in my face——Is it not pretty?——

Don Qu. Compar'd with hers, a Pebble to a Diamond——A Virgin indeed thou art like her, and——

Altif. Younger I'm sure by far——Perhaps too young; but I'll so swell my Breasts, and heave and fall, and mould 'em with my Hands to make 'em grow——pull down my Stays, that they may shew themselves, and jett it up and down. [*Jetts up and down the Stage*] Pray mind me, Sir, to shew my Shape and Air; that, as the Loadstone does the obedient Iron——should draw by force to me all Hearts but yours——

[*Sighs, and looks amourously on him.*]

Don Qu. Thus will it be where-ever I reside——If Women chance to see me: There is a Saying old and very famous, That when a Man's a Favorite of the Fair, he

he has been wrapt up in his Mother's Smock. Sure mine, to make me charm thus, flead her self, and made me Blankets of her very Skin.

Altif. Has *Dulcinea* Legs? I'll lay ten Duckets that mine are streighter; for if Fame lye not—she had the Rickets once, and hers are crooked; her Feet too big and splay, as I have heard, and turn in like a Mawkin's at a Boarding-School. But look how small mine are, like little Mice. [*Shews her Feet.*] And had I leave to speak of other matters—ah, Sir—

Don Qu. By Fame, if I don't curb her, the Creature is so rapt, that she'll talk Baudy.

Altif. She may boast of gaining ye by her rare Qualities; but, Sir, did I but shew—

Don Qu. No, Maid; no shewing—I will conceive things well of ye without it—'tis as I said—Oh strong effect of Passion!

Altif. I mean some rare Perfections of the Mind, as well as Graces of the Body, Sir. Come now, you shall see me sing and dance, and how far I excel dull *Dulcinea*.
[*Here Altifidora sings.*]

In Five Movements.

1. Movement. **F**ROM Rosy Bowers, where sleeps the
God of Love,
Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly,
Teach me in soft melodious Strains to
move,
Love. With tender Passion my Heart's darling
Joy.
Ah! Let the Soul of Musick tune my
Voice
To win dear Strephon, who my Soul enjoys.

2. Movement. Or if more influencing,
Be doing something airy,
With a Hop and a Bound,
And a Frisk from the round,
I'll trip, trip like a Fairy.

} Gayly.

As

*As when on Ida dancing
Were three Celestial Bodies,
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's Goddess.*

3. Move. slow. *Ah! 'Tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Despair must end the fatal
Pain ;
Cold, cold Despair disguis'd, like Snow and
Rain,
Falls on my Breast: Bleak Winds in Tem-
pests blow,*

Melancholy. *My Veins all shiver, and Fingers glow :
My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Re-
pose,
And to a solid lump of Ice my poor fond
Heart is froze.*

4. Movement. *Or say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw my self, and drown
Amongst the foaming Billows,
Passion. Increasing all with Tears I shed ?
On Beds of Ooze, and Crystal Pillows,
Lay down my Love-sick Head ?*

5. Movement, *No, no, I'll streight run mad,
Swift. That soon my Heart will warm ;
When once the Sense is fled,
Love has no Power to charm.
Frenzy. Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
And dare some savage Boar ;
A thousand Deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain adore.*

Don Qu. This I confess, another Heart might charm,
but mine is constant as the Northern Star——and
Dulcinea only must enjoy it.

[*She pauses, and then frowns.*]

Alif. Let her enjoy it then, and some ten Thousand,
some fifteen Hundred, fourscore and odd Furys, take
her for her pains; but I'll not die however——No,
hear me, *Don Bullet-head*; thou Jack-a-lent, fit to
hang on a Sign Post; thou Skeleton of *Barber-Surgeons-
Hall*; thou Walnut-colour'd, lean-jaw'd Head of a Base-
Viol——thou Baboon on Cock-Horse, fit only to
ride before the Bears; thou maim'd, miserable, mis-
chievous, mouldy, mangy, Maggot-eaten Monster; thou
poor, paltry, pimping, putrefi'd, proud, Penny-less
Puppy, hear me. *Merlin* is coming, he'll revenge all
my Wrongs; I see him there in Vision, and *Dulcinea*
with him,

Who spite of thee, shall be enchanted still,
And so thou wither'd Eel-skin stuft, farewell.

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

[*Merlin and Dulcinea rise out o'th' Stage.*]

Don Qu. Why, what a Hurricane of Extravagancy is
there in Woman, when she's once enrag'd——But
hold, either my Senses fail me, or *Dulcinea* greets my
Eyes indeed——'Tis so, and the immortal *Merlin* with
her. Cou'd then that little passionate Imp speak Truth?
O gracious Figures! What do ye intend?

Dul. To fricasee thy Soul, thou dull Performer of
Womens business, when there's most occasion; and to
dine upon thee, if I could get leave of my Reverend
Keeper here, to have my Wish and Diet that I long
for: Is this the Honour of Knight-Errantry, to promise
and not do? Oh most dishonourable! Was I not to be
freed from my Enchantment by some few Lashes laid
on lazy *Sancho*? Yet to thy lasting shame, the Debt's
not paid yet, when tho he might be resty——yet a
Lover, as thou pretend'st to be——might have en-
gag'd him, or at least have, from its Covering, stript
thy own tough Hide, and with a Horse-whip or strong
Bridle-Reins, have given thy self five hundred Jerks by
Proxy;

Part III. of Don Quixote. 285

Proxy ; this had begun a means for my Releasement : but on the contrary, I have a Rival here ; and *Dulcinea* is no more remembred than the old Boots are when they left off. Well, since 'tis so, farewell Ingrate for ever ; I'll to my Cave agen, far under ground —

Chaw Roots and Acorns, and enchanted lie,
Worm-eaten Knight and musty Squire defy ;
And wish they both were hang'd, and so goodb'ye.

[Descends.]

Don Qu. Stay, Princess, sweet surprizing Vision, stay : I have been much to blame in not performing, by my Authority, dull *Sancho's* Task——which when I meet him next, shall trebly make amends ; and see blest Fortune sets him before my Eyes this very moment, but in a vile Condition——Drunk——no matter ; that may now chance to be convenient to make him bear his Whipping-Penance better.

Enter Teresa, and Sancho.

Teres. Here he is, and I'll begin with him first my self ——here's a foul House as one may say in a twinkling, the whole Family is together by the ears already——the Ass was lost yesterday, and Master *Carasco* tells us your Worship can tell within a mile of an Oak where he is——and now the new-married Couple have lost their Purfes that were given 'em, no one knows how, and they believe each other is the Thief, there's a foul House within yonder.

Don Qu. Prithee Woman leave me, why prat'st thou to me of Purfes and of Asses ? I cannot hear these vulgar matters now——*Sancho*, a word.

Teres. Vulgar Matters——nay, then let me tell ye, as vulgar as the matter is, your Worship is shreudly suspected to have a hand in't——and that the Ass and you are not far off one another.

Don Qu. Alas I hear thee not, nor mind thee.

[To Teresa.]

Come hither, *Sancho*——I have had a Vision just now
of

of *Dulcinea*——has torn my heart in pieces——she complains *Sancho*——

Sancho. Look ye, Master, Ruin —— ugh—— let's divide things equally, ugh; *Dulcinea*——is your Friend, and *Dapple* is mine.

Don Qu. Still muttering about *Dapple* —— what dost thou mean, why dost thou clog my ears with thy strange folly?

Teres. Your ears, Odslidikins I'll be drumming there this Month unless we have the Afs——you need not have put this trick upon us, my Husband has not got so much in your Service.

Sancho. Well said, ugh——Buttock—— thou'rt in the right, and d'ye hear, Sir, as great as you are, remember this, the Nightingale and Cuckoo sing both in a Month, therefore let *Dapple* be produc'd——What, I am not grown so rich with being a Squire, but I can miss 'em, when any of my Goods are purloin'd—— Better have a Mouse in the Pot, than no Flesh at all ——*Dapple* was a considerable Moveable.

Teres. I am sure, if I had brought him forth——I could not have been more careful of him——and therefore Odsbores, bring him again, and quickly, or—— you shall hear such a noise—— [Noise within. I must be gone now to make peace between *Mary* and her Husband, whom I hear in a filthy squabble yonder —— But if *Dapple* be not forth-coming against I come back again—— the roaring Sea shall be nothing to me.

[Exit *Teresa*.]

Don Qu. Was ever such a Couple join'd as these; one's drunk and dos'd, t'other bewitch'd, and mad? —— But at this juncture I must bear with all —— and as I was telling thee, *Sancho*, the beauteous *Dulcinea* complains——as well she may, of our remissness to her, that thou hast not yet given thy self the Lashes —— nor I ungrateful have refresh't thy memory—— But come, five hundred I expect this moment——the Place is as it should be, still and proper, thy Doublet too unbutton'd seems consenting——and I my self will help thee to unstrip.

Sancho.

Sancho. Strip—yes, yes, you are good at stripping—my Wife says you have strip'd me of my *Dapple* already—and if you can, strip me of my Doublet too: gad-zooks you shall strip me of my Skin, and that will be pretty difficult.

Don Qu. No, fleaing will be over-doing it—some brisk smart Lashes to the blood or so, will serve to disinchant the Princess, and those thou hast already given thy word for.

Sanc. Ay—ugh, that may be—but there's difference between a Word and a Blow, Seignor—Besides, I promis'd for a Government worth something—Now my Government happening to be worth nothing, my Promise is void in Law.

Don Qu. Come, I'll bear part with thee, to honour the Performance; I'll take off fifty from thee, and flaug my self.

Sanc. That you may—and to honour—the Performance, as you say, I'll help you to unstrip, if you please.—but by thinking to have me curried, is a malignant design upon my Person; come, come, Sir, 'tis a hard Winter when one Wolf eats another: if *Dapple* had been here, and Promises perform'd—some Lashes might have follow'd; but now—

Don Qu. What now, ungrateful?

Sanc. Why now I shall say unto my Buttocks—ugh, Friends of mine sit ye down in a whole skin—for if flauging must do yours and the Princess's business—all that I can advise is, to flaug one another.

Don Qu. You shall be kick'd into compliance, incorrigible Rascal.

Sanc. Hearkee Master of mine—not a Word more of kicking—A small Sum, look'ee, will pay a short Reckoning; I am not so much in your Debt now *Dapple's* gone—to bear that; and therefore if you kick here, as the Song says, were you as good as *George a Green*, I should make bold to kick agen.

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Oh Slave! What? Rebel against thy natural Lord! I'll pound thee into Ashes.

[*Here they fight; Don Quixote falls, and Sancho gets astride on him.*]

Sanc. Ay, ay, come on——many Words go to a bargain——Now have I great [*Enter Basilius, Quitteria, and Altifidora.*] mind to beat him from a Knight to a Squire, that we may be both upon equal terms.

Basil. Wonder of Wonders! What's this I see? *Don Quixote* overthrown, and by his Varlet too——Why how now, *Sancho!*——d'ye know who you are pounding so?

Sanc. Why, he was for pounding me; and now you see the Dice are turn'd, I'm pounding him.

[*They take him off.*]

Altif. What! the fam'd Knight swing'd by his Man. Oh! I shall die to see this——ha, ha, ha——

Don Qu. Have then my cruel Stars disgrac'd me thus, Knight-Errantry avaunt!——forgot be *Dulcinea*——I'll never see the Sun shine forth again.

[*Rises up, and runs out in a Rage.*]

Quit. Ha, ha, ha, ha; this is *Carasco's* Trick upon him: I find he has been managing *Sancho*.

Basil. Here comes the rest of em, and brawling; never was Marriage turn'd to such a Counter-Scuffle.

Enter Teresa, Jaques, and Mary.

Mary. Come, come, say what you will, I'll have my Purse again; Icod, I won't be chous'd so——What! take away your Wife's Money the first Week of her Marriage? Ah, Nicompoop.

Jaq. You chous'd——No, no, 'tis——I am chous'd by Conscience. What? D'ye think I'm blind? D'ye think I can't see how things go between ye?

Teres. Between us——Come Son-in-Law, don't put your Afflictions upon me, you had not best; for tho I've had my Daughter's Concerns, I have never had your Concerns in my Hand, I'm sure——And say what you will, you must have the Money, or no body; and truly, as
she

Part III. of Don Quixote. 289

she says, 'tis a Nicompoop thing to be so dirty the first Week.—No body robs their Wives the first Week they are married, whatever they do afterwards.

Basil. How's that? Robb'd d'ye say?

Quit. Of the Purfes we gave 'em, I warrant.

Mary. Ay, as true as you are there, Madam; and I never handled it but once since I had it.

Teres. Ay, and I'd have it again, and upon his Knees too, or he should never handle me as long as he had a Nose on his Face, if I were as *Mary*.

Mary. No more he than't, Icod. [*Clapping her Hands.*]

Faq. 'Sbud, I think you are all mad—I know no more what's become of the Purfes, than I know what I did before I was born. And if I must not handle, nor have to do with my own Wife, Mother-in-law, by Conscience, that's very hard—Come, I'll tell ye what we'll do, we'll go to the Cunning Man—he'll tell us which way 'tis gone presently.

Teres. Do, do, *Mary*; since he's so crank about it.

Mary. With all my Heart—to the Cunning Man, faith—he'll ask the Devil, but he'll tell us what's become of 'em—And if I have but this, if ever thou gettest any thing of mine in thy hands again.

Then tell among thy Friends once in thy Life.

Thou foundst a Cuckold wiser than his Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Carasco.

Basil. How now Friend, thou look'st as if thou wert big with some new Event: what's the matter?

Carasco. 'Dsheart, we have carried the Jest too far, the Knight is dying yonder—swooned twice at his Chamber-door, and is now got to Bed, and has sent for a Notary to make his Will. He's troubled with delirious Fits too; for I hear him often mutter *Dulcinea*—but against *Sancho* he rails perpetually.

Quit. Nay, this last Miscarriage must needs stick upon his Conscience, if he has any, as long as he lives—

Come let's go and comfort the Knight. See *Sancho*

N

looks

looks wisely now, this frightful News has made him sober.

[*Exeunt Bas. Quit. and Car.*]

Carasc. To beat his Master—Oh incorrigible!

Sanc. Oh—Drink, Drink, Drink—thou devilish damnable Enemy, that dost more to a Man's Brains in a Minute, than all the Good they can recompense in his Life-time: Thou *Jordan* of foul Juice, thou hast undone me—I shall never get into favour again now—nor into his Will I'm sure, and that's worse—Well, I'll go to him, fall down on my Knees, and if he does not pardon me—rise instantly and hang my self at the Window. Oh Drink, Drink, Drink! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Don Quixote is discover'd in Bed, Basilius, Quitteria, Carasco, Notary, and Servants standing by; Sancho enters cringing, and looking sneakingly.

Don Qu. Remove my Pillow—set me up a little so, [*Speaks squeaking and sickly*] draw near, pray Gentlemen—What, *Sancho* too? Ah—thou ungodly—Vermin. [*Sancho cringes, and shakes his Head.*]

Sanc. I'll hang my self, Sir—I can do no more.

Basil. No faith—that's pretty reasonable satisfaction.

Don Qu. Egh, egh—you wonder, Sirs—at this sudden Alteration; but this is nothing in the hand of Providence—Thousands that are struck so have dy'd ere this time—Therefore pray wonder not, but ere I go witness my Will—and so farewell—Are ye ready, Friend?

Notary. Yes, Sir, Yes; begin when you please.

Quit. Methinks his Sense is very clear now.

Notary. For a minute or two, Madam—but then he falls to strange Extravagancies—I am only here to humour him.

Don Qu. Well first then—egh, egh—without complimenting the Worms about my Carkase; for 'tis so

so lean and scraggy, that they'll have but poor feeding
 _____ give my chiefest Quality, my Knight-Errantry, to
 the veriest Idiot amongst my Contrymen, that he may
 have it in his head to conquer Kingdoms; and that—
 may be heartily drubb'd about it as I have been—
 Quickly, quickly, set it down, I say. [peevishly.]

Notary. I do, I do, Sir. Now pray observe—
 Now the Fit begins.

Don Qu. In the next place I bequeath my Valour,
 which in me was but a worse sort of Itch, to all the
 Cowards and Faint-hearted in the Armies abroad, that
 they may fight with one another to the end of the
 World, without knowing why or wherefore.

Carasc. That is indeed—a very mad Legacy.

Basil. Satirical tho, if you mind it.

Don Qu. Egh, egh—Set me a little higher—so
 —my Conscience and one half of my Brains—
 I give to the French—that—they may learn to be
 contented with their own Country—and not leap like
 wild Horses into other Mens Grounds, till they are
 secure their Neighbours are not strong enough to lash
 'em out again.

Quit. These are, I confess, more than common Le-
 gacies.

Basil. Well said again, Faith—

Don Qu. To all Statesmen, Politicians, Privy-Coun-
 sellers, and such like, I bequeath my Integrity of Soul
 to be an Umpire between their Gain and their Honesty
 —that whenever they chance to boil over in 'em,
 it may cool and allay, like a wooden-Ladle, when the
 Fire hath provok'd the Pottage into fury.

Basil. A Solon—A Solon—I say still.

Don Qu. To the great Clergy, and the small—I
 give my Voice and Lungs, loud and found as they were
 at twenty—and a good will to use 'em often—
 they preach so faintly now, as if they were asham'd of
 their Trades, and the Priest dozes at Church as often as
 the Parish.

Carasc. Good again, that was close somewhere too.

Don Qu. To all Knights of the Curtain, Court-fol-
 lowers-

lowers, and so forth,——I generally bequeath——the Empire that I propos'd to my self to get, to defray their reasonable Expences, till they come to Preferment.

Notary. This is strange, I expected he would have chang'd——before now.

Don Qu. Give me a Tun of Wine there——Bordeaux, Burgundy, Sherry, Champaign, quick, quick, I grow thirsty. *[Starts suddenly into a Rage.*

Notary. Oh, now, Sir, mind him.

Don Qu. My Soul's upon a Spit alive——I feel it roasting——hark, it squeaks like a Lobster; some Wine, I say——ye Scoundrel,

[Sancho gives him a Bottle, trembling he drinks.

Hum——hum——your ears once more, my Friends.

[Mildly again.

To all Old Batchelors, Drunkards and Amoretto's above Sixty Five and upwards——I give——humph——I give——a Whore——and a Bottle.

[Throws his Night-Cap at Quitteria, and the Bottle at Basilius.

that they may'nt lose there Character at last, but die as they liv'd in their Calling.

Notary. I told ye there would be a turn,—see now he's calm again.

Don Qu. To all Loyal and Wise Citizens that are married, I soberly bequeath my hollow Eyes, and my hearty Patience, that they may never see the sprouting of their own Horns, nor grumble at the payment of the King's Taxes.

Carasc. That's soberly said enough, I'll swear.

Don Qu. You too——that wait here to see my End, must have some remembrance; and first to you, Sir, that are newly married, I frankly give my lepid Age, and limber Experience, that by knowing the Folly you have committed now, it may prevent ye from conjugating a second time.

Quit. How's that, Sir Knight?

Don Qu. Nay, nay, no noise, no noise, and ye shall all have something——to you, Madam, I give and transfer, and much good may it do ye, my Chastity, to support

support your own; for a Woman of your Age and Constitution——has not singly enough to keep her honest, I'm sure.

Basil. Ha, ha, ha — the Knight grows merrier as he draws nearer the bottom.

Don Qu. To you, Sir, that are a great Scholar——and Book-learned, I bequeath my Wit and gentile Air, to help your College-breeding; for search the Universities, and you'll find this Saying true, *the greatest Clerks are still the aukward'st Blockheads.*

Carasc. Oh, thank ye, Sir, I should be loth to have been left out.

Don Qu. Lastly, to *Sancho* there.——

Sancho. Ay, a small Purse, if you please, poor honest *Sancho*, Sir.

Don Qu. Dull, saucy, drunken *Sancho*, I do bequeath two Gallons a day of my Small-beer——to keep him cool from state of Reprobation, during his Life.——

Sancho. Small-beer, Oons, that's small Comfort; well, I'll go get the Rope ready, oh, oh, oh——

[Weeps and goes out.]

Don Qu. This is all, Sirs, there's no great need of Executors, or Overseers——the Will can walk alone, without Leading-strings——and now methinks I would fain rest a little.

Basil. Do, Sir, and to divert your Melancholy, and cheer the fading Spirits, we'll treat ye with some Musical Performance; you us'd to love it, let 'em begin there.

Here follows the last Entertainment of Singing and Dancing, which Ended, Don Quixote sleeps.

A Dialogue Sung between *Lifis* and *Altifidora*, a Boy and a Girl, suppos'd to be Brother and Sister.

I.

Lifis. **A**H my Dearest *Celide*,
T'other day I ask'd my Mother,
Why thy Lodging chang'd must be,
Why not still lie with thy Brother?

Altif. I remember well you did,
And I heard too what she said.

Lifis. You are a great Boy grown,
Therefore now must lie alone.
To part us the Custom of Modesty votes,
Unless both had Breeches,

Altif. Or both had long Goats.

II.

Lifis. Ah! what mischief can there be
In these little tynny Breeches,
That can part me thus from thee?
Sure there's Witchcraft in the stitches.

Altif. Or what Devil here resides,
That my Petticoat thus hides;
Mother laughs an hour or two,
When I sometimes ask to know,

Lifis. Why a He,

Altif. And a She,

Lifis. May not bed at our Size,

Altif. As well as two Girls,

Lifis. Or as well as two Boys?

III. *Lifis.*

III.

Lifis. *I will since I'm kept from you,*

Get a Wife as soon as may be ;

Altif. *And I'll get a Husband too,*

Three times bigger than my Baby.

Lifis. *Father to Mamma tells all,*

When in Bed they chatting fall ;

Altif. *And when we are married too,*

We as much as they shall know.

Lifis. *The Secret will out,*

Altif. *In comparing of Notes ;*

Lifis. *What's hid in these Breeches,*

Altif. *Or lies in these Coats.*

Chorus of both.

Let's laugh then, and follow our innocent play,

And kiss, when Mamma is gone out of the way ;

For I fear, I fear, we shall cry when we know,

'Tis all that a Brother and Sister may do.

Basil. *He's fallen asleep, remove him out there softly,*
'twill either ease or end him.

Quit. *'Tis pity he's condemn'd to such Extravagance,*
the Man has excellent Parts.

Carasc. *And on all Themes, excepting his Knight-*
Errantry, is most ready and acute.

Basil. *Come, Sweet, let's take the Air.*

Whilst I amongst all great Contentments known,

Looking on thee, am happiest in my own.

[Curtain falls.]

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