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**Library of Old Authors.**



Suckling, whose numbers could invite  
Alike to wonder and delight;  
And with new spirit did inspire  
The Thespian scene and Delphic lyre :  
Is thus express'! in either part  
Above the humble reach of art.  
Drawn by the pencil, here you find  
His form—by his own pen, his mind.'

[These lines occur beneath the (very indifferent) portrait  
by Marshall prefixed to all the old editions of the works,  
1646-96. They were written, as elsewhere pointed out, by  
Thomas Stanley.]

THE POEMS, PLAYS  
AND OTHER REMAINS  
OF  
SIR JOHN SUCKLING

*With a Copious Account of the Author, Notes, and* **and**  
*an Appendix of Illustrative Pieces*

BY  
W. CAREW HAZLITT

**Second Edition Revised**

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# THE GOBLINS.

*The Goblins. A Comedy. Presented at the Private-House in Slack Fryers. By his Majesties servants. Written by Sir John Suckling.*

Printed in all the editions of Dodsley, except the last, from which it has been excluded on account of the appearance of the present new impression of Suckling's works. It is now given here with the notes of the commentators, and certain coirectious, &c., by the present writer.

## PROLOGUE.

WIT in a prologue poeta justly may  
Style a new imposition on a play.  
When Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, rul'd the  
stage,  
There scarce were ten gooil palates in the age ;  
More curious cooks than guests ; for men wuold eat  
Most heartily of any kind of meat.  
And then what strange variety ! each play  
A feast for epicures, and that each day !  
But mark, how oddly it is conic about,  
And how unluckily it now falls out ;  
The palates are grown high'r,<sup>1</sup> number mcrea&'il,  
And there wants that which should make up the  
feast ;  
And yet you're so unconscionable, you'd have  
Forsooth of late, that which they never gave ;  
Banquets before and after.—  
Now pox on him that first good prologue writ,  
He left a kind of rent-charge upon wit ;  
Which if succeeding poets fail to pay,  
They forfeit all their worth ; and that's their play :  
You've ladies' humours, and you're grown to that,  
You will not like the man, 'less boots and hat<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The later editions, viz., those of 1658 and 1660, read—  
"The palates are grown *higher*, number mcreaa'il "

—*Ortlier*.-

[But *hightr* is also the reading of edition 1648, and is undoubtedly the true one,]

<sup>2</sup> From the following passage in Fabian Philips' "Antiquity, Legality, Reason, Duty, and Necessity of Pre-emption, and Puurveyance for the King," 4to, 1663, p. 384, We learn how universally the fashion of wearing *boots*

Be right; no play, unless the prologue be  
And ep'logue writ to curiosity.  
Well, gentles, 'tis the grievance of the place,  
And pray consider'!, for here's just the case ;  
The richness of the ground is gone and spent,  
Men's brains grow barren, and you raise the rent.

once prevailed in England : "Boots are nutsOfrequently worn as they were in the latter end of King James his Raigh (when the Spanish embasaador, the Conde of Gonilomar, could pleasantly relate, when he went home into Spain, that all the citizens of London were booted, and ready, as he thought, to go out of town) and that for many year since all the men of the nation, as low as the plowmen and meanest nrtizans, which walked in their boots, are now with the fashion returned again, as formerly, to shooes and stockings,"



## Dramatis Personæ.

PRINCE, in love with Sabrina.

ORSABBIN, brother to the Prince, yet unknown

SAMDRAT, belov'd of Sabrina.

PHILATEL,

TORDULAD, brothers to Sabrina.

NASSUBAT,

PELLEGRIN, Cavaliers, friends to Samorat.

TAMDREN, king of the thieves, disguised in devil's habit.

PERIDOR, ambitious of Reginella, disguis'd in devil's habit.

STRAMADOR, a courtier, servant to the Prince.

ARDELLAN,

PIRAMONT, formerly servants to Orsabrin's father.

PHONTREL, servant to Philatel.

SABHINA, beloved by Samorat.

REGINELLA, in love with Orsabrin

PHEMILIA, Sabrina's maid.

Captain and Soldiers.

Two Judges.

Two Lawyers.

Two Serjeants.

Gaoler.

Constable.

Tailor.

Two Drawers.

Fiddlers.

Clowns and Wenches.

Thieves, disguised in devils' habits, living underground  
by the woods.

Guard, Attendants.

THE SCENE, FRANCE Li A.



## THE GOBLINS.

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### ACT 1. SCENE I.

*Enter as to a duel, SAMDRAT, PHILATEL, TOUCULAB.*

*Saviorat.* **B**UT, my lords,  
May not this harsh business yet be  
left undone ?

Must you hate me, because I love your sister ?  
And can you hate at no less rate than death ?

*Philatel.* No, at no less •  
Thou art the blaster of our fortunes ;  
The envious cloud that darkens all our day.  
While she thus prodigally and fondly throws away  
Her love on thee, she has not wherewithal  
To pay a debt unto the Prince.

*Samorat.* Is this all ?

*Torcular.* Faith, what, if in short we do not think  
you  
Worthy of her ?

*Samorat.* I swear that shall not make a quarrel.  
I think so too ; have urg'd it often to myself :  
Against myself have sworn't as oft to her,  
Pray, let this satisfy.

*Philatel.* Sure, Torcular, he thinks we come to  
talk.

Look you, sir. [*Draws.*] And, brother, since his  
friend

Has fail'd him, do you retire.

*Torcular.* Excuse me, Philatel,

I have an equal interest in this,  
And fortune shall decide it.

*Philatel* It will not need ; he's come.

*Enter OHSABRIN.*

*Orsabrin.* Mercury protect me ! what are these ?  
The brothers of the highway !

*Philatel.* A stranger, by his habit.

*Torcular.* And by his looks a gentleman.

Sir, will you make one ? We want a fourth.

*Orsabrin.* I shall be robb'd with a trick now !

*Sanwrat.* My lords, excuse me ; this is not civil:  
In what concerns myself, none but myself  
Must suffer.

*Orsabrin.* A duel, by this light!——

Now has his modesty and t'other forwardness  
Warm'd me. Gentlemen, I wear a sword,

*[Goes toward them.*

And commonly in readiness. If you want one,  
Speak, sir ; I do not fear much suffering.

*[Speaks to Samorat.*

*Samorat.* You're noble, sir ;

I know not how t' invite you to it:

Yet there is justice on my side ; and since  
You please *to* be a witness to our actions,  
'Tis fit you know our story.

*Orsdbrin.* No story, sir, I beseech you ;  
The cause is good enough as 'tis : it may  
Be spoil'd i' th' telling.

*Philatel.* Come, we trifle then.

*Samorat.* It is impossible to preserve, I see,  
My honour and respect to her :

And since you know this too, my lord,

It is not handsome in you thus to press me.

But come———*[Torcular beckons to Onabrin.*

*Orsabrin.* O ! I understand you, sir. *[Exeunt.*

*[Philatel and Samorat fight.*

*Philatel.* In posture still!

*[Samorat receives a slight wound.*

O, you're mortal then, it seems.

*Samorat.* Thou hast undone thyself, rash man ;  
For with this blood thou hast let out a spnit  
Will vex thee to thy grave.

*[Fight again; Samorat takes away Philatel's sword,  
and takes breath, then gives it him.*

*Samorat.* I am cool again. Here, my lord—  
And let this present bind your friendship.

*Philatel.* Yes, thus———*[Runs at him.*

*Samorat.* Treacherous and low '

*Enter ORSABRIN.*

*Orsabrin.* I have drill'd my gentleman. I have  
made

As many holes in him as would sink

A ship royal in sight of the haven. How now ?

*[Samorat upon his knee.*

'Sfoot, yonder's another going that way too.

Now have I forgot of which side I'm on !

No matter : Til help the weakest:

There's some justice in that.

*Philatel.* The villain sure haa slain my brother.

If I have any friends above, guide now

My hand unto his heart!

*[Orsabrin puts it by; runs at  
him. Samorat steps in*

*Samorat.* Hold, noble youth ;

Destroy me not with kindness I Men will say

He could have kill'd me, and that in justice

Should not be. For honour's sake,

Leave us together.

*Orsabrin.* 'Tis not my business, fighting :

*[Puts up.*

Th' employment's yours, sir. If you need me,

I am within your call.

*[Exit.*

*Samorat.* The gods reward thee I  
Now, Philatel, thy worst.

*[They fight again, and close; samorat forces his sword.]*

*Enter* ORSABRIN.

*Orsabrtn.* Hell and the furies are broke loose  
upon us!  
Shift for yourself, sir.

*[Fly into the woods several ways, pursued by thieves in devils' habits.]*

*Enter* TURCULAR, *weak with bleeding.*

*Torcular.* It will not be : my body is a jade.  
I feel it tire and languish under me.  
Those thoughts came to my soul,  
Like screech-owl<sup>1</sup> to a sick man's window.

*Enter* Thieves *back again.*

*Thieves.* Here, here !

*[They bind him and carry him away.]*

*Torcular.* O, I am fetch'd away alive ! *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter* ORSABRIN.

*Orsabrtn.* Now the good gods preserve my senses  
**right,**  
For they were never in more danger !  
I' th' name of doubt, what could this be ?  
Sure, 'twas a conjuror I dealt withal;  
And while I-thought him busy at his prayers,  
'Twas at his circle, levying this regiment.  
Here they are again !

<sup>1</sup> So in "Othello"—

"Ob, it came o'er me

As doth the raven o'er th' infected house."—*Steevena.*

[Reed added a long quotation from Mars ton here, which, as pointed out by Collier, was totally irrelevant.]

*Enter SAMORAT.*

*Samorat.* Friend—Stranger—Noble youth—

*Orsabrin.* Here, here !

*Samorat.* Shift, shift the place, the wood is dangerous :

As you love safety, follow me.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter PHILATEL.*

*Philatel.* They've left the place, and yet I cannot find

The body anywhere. Maybe, he did not

Kill him then, but he recover'd strength,

And reach'd the town. It may be not too.

O that this hour could be call'd back again !

But 'tis too late ;

And time must cure the wound that's given by fate.

*[Exit.*

*Enter SAMORAT, ORSABRIN.*

*Orsabrin.* I th' shape of lions too, sometimes,  
And bears ?

*Samorat.* Often, sir.

*Orsabrin.* Pray, unriddle.

*Samorat.* The wiser sort do think them thieves,  
which but

Assume these forms to rob more powerfully.

*Orsabrin.* Why does not then the state

Set out some forces, and suppress them ?

*Samorat.* It often has, sir, but without success.

*Orsabrin.* How so ?

*Samorat.* During the time those levies are abroad,  
Not one of them appears. There have been,  
That have attempted underground ; but of those,  
As of the dead, there has been no return.

*Orsabrin.* Strange !

*Samorat.* The common people think them  
A race of honest and familiar devils ;

For they do hurt to none, unless resisted.  
 They seldom take away, but with exchange ;  
 And to the poor they often give ;  
 Return the hurt and sick recover'd ;  
 Reward or punish, as they do find cause.

*Orsabrin.* How, cause?

*Samorat.* Why, sir, they blind still those they take,  
 And make them tell the stories of their lives ;  
 Which known they do accordingly.

*Orsabrin.* You make me wonder, sir.  
 How long is't since they thus have troubled you ?

*Samorat.* It was immediately upon  
 The great deciding day, fought 'twixt the two  
 Pretending families, the Tamorens and the Orsabrins.

*Orsabrin.* Ha ! Orsabrins ]

*Samorat.* But, sir, that story's sad and tedious :  
 We're ent'ring now the town, a place less safe  
 Than were the woods, since Torcular is slain.

*Orsabrin.* How, sir ?

*Samorat.* Yes.  
 He was the brother to the Prince's mistress ;  
 The lov'd one too. If we do prize ourselves  
 At any rate, we must embark, and change  
 The clime : there is no safety here.

*Orsabrin.* Hum !

*Samorat.* The little stay we make,  
 Must be in some dark corner of the town ;  
 From whence (the day hurried to th' other world)  
 We'll sally out, to order for our journey.  
 That I am forc'd to this, it grieves me not ;  
 But, gentle youth, that you should for my sake——

*Orsabrin.* Sir, lose not a thought on that:  
 A storm at sea, threw me on land, and now  
 A storm on land drives me to sea again.

*Samorat.* Still noble ! [Exeunt.

*Enter NASSURAT, PELLEQRIN.*

*Nasmrat.* Why, suppose 'tis a wench ;

Yon would not go with me, would you ?

*Pellegrin.* To choose—to choose !

*Nassurat.* Then there's no remedy.

*[Flings down his hat, unbuttons himself, draws.*

*Pdlegrin.* What dost mean ?

*Nassurat.* Why, since I cannot leave you alive,  
I will try to leave you dead.

*Pellegrin.* I thank you kindly, sir, very kindly.  
Now the Sedgly<sup>1</sup> curse upon thee,  
And the great fiend ride through tliea  
Booted and spurr'd, with a scythe on his neck !  
Pox on thee, I'll see thee hang'd first!  
'Sfoot, you shall make none of your fine  
Points of honour up at my charge :  
Take your course, if you are so hot.  
Be doing, be doing. *[Exit.*

*Nassurat.* I am got free of him at last:  
There was no other way : h' has been  
As troublesome as a woman that would be  
Lov'd, whether a man would or not,  
And has watch'd me, as if he had been  
My creditors' serjeant; if they should have dis-  
patch'd  
In the mean time, there would be fine  
Opinions of me. I must cut his throat  
In earnest, if it should be so. *[Exit.*

*Enter PERIDDR, TAMOREN, with other Thieves,  
and TORCULAR.*

*[A horn sounds.*

*Thieves.* A prize ! A prize I A prize !

*Peridor.* Some duel, sir, was fought this morning:  
this,  
Weakened with loss of blood, we took ; the rest,  
Escap'd.

*Tamoren.* He's fitter for our surgeon than for us;

<sup>1</sup> [See Hazlitb'a "Proverbs," 1869, p. 365.]

Hereafter we'll examine him. *[Again a shout.*

*Thieves.* A prize ! A prize ! A prize !

*[They set them down, Ardellan, Piraumont.*

*Tamoren.*

*Bring them, bring them, bring them in.*

*See, if they have mortal sin:*

*Pinch them as you dance about,*

*Pinch them, till t'ie truth come out.*

*Peridor.* What art ?

*Ardellan.* Extremely poor and miserable.

*Peridor.* 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed ;

Nobody will take that away from me,

Fear not. What country ?

*Ardellan.* Franceha.

*Peridor.* Thy name ?

*Ardellan.* Ardellan.

*Peridor.* And thme ?

*Piraumont.* Piraumont.

*Peridor.* Thy story ?

*Ardellan.* What story ?

*Peridor.* Thy life, thy life. *[Pinch him.*

*Aidellan.* Hold, hold : you shall have it.

*[He sighs.*

It was upon the great defeat given by  
The Tamorens unto the Orsabrms,  
That the old prince, for safety of the young,  
Committed him unto the trust of Garradan,  
And some few servants more, 'mungst whom I fill'd  
A place.

*Tamoren.* Ha ! Garradan ?

*Ardellan.* Yes I

*Tamoren.* Speak out, and set me nearer.

So, void the place *[to Attend.]* Proceed.

*Ardellan,* We put to sea, but had scarce lost the  
sight

Of land, ere we were made a, prey to pirates :  
There Garradan, resisting the first board,  
Changed life with death, with him the servants too :

All but myself and Píramont.  
Under these pirates ever since  
Was Orsabrin brought up,  
And into several countries did they carry him.

*Tamoren.* Knew Orsabrin himself'

*Arddlan.* O, no, his spirit was too great: we durst  
Not tell him anything, but waited for  
Some accident might throw us on Franceha ;  
'Bout which we hover'd often, and were near  
It now ; but Heaven decreed it otherwise. [*He sighs.*

*Tamoren.* Why dost thou sigh ?

*Ardellan.* Why do I sigh indeed '  
For tears cannot recall him : last night,  
About the second watch, the winds broke loose,  
And vex'd our ship so long, that it began  
To reel ami totter, and (like a drunken man)  
Took in so fast his liquor, that it sunk  
Down i' th' place.

*Tamoren.* How did you 'scape ?

*Arddlan.* I bound myself unto a mast, and did  
Advise my master to do so ; for which  
He struck me only, and said I did  
Consult too much with fear,

*Tamoren.* Tis a sad story. Within there I  
Let them have wine and fire. But hark you.

[*Whispers.*

*Enter Thieves, with a Poet.*

*Thieves.* A prize ! A prize ! A prize !

*Peridor.* Set him down.

*Poet.* "And for the blue, [*Sings.*

*Give him a vup of sack, 'twill mend his hue."*

*Peridor.* Drunk, as I live ! Pinch him, pinch him.<sup>1</sup>  
What art ?

<sup>1</sup> "Pinch him, pinch him," is given in the old copies as a stags direction; but the repetition and the sense (to say nothing of the measure, which is very irregular) show that those words are part of the text,—*Collier.*

*Poet.* I am a poet,  
A poor dabbler in rhyme.

*Peridor.* Come, confess, confess.

*Poet.* I do confess, I want money.

*Peridor.* By the description he's n, poet indeed.  
Well, Proceed. Pinch him.

*Poet.* What do you mean?

Pox on you I Pr'ythee, let me alone

"Some candles here,'

And fill us t'other quart, and fill us,

Rogue, drawer, t'other quart.

Some small-beer.

And for the blue,

Give him a cup of sack, 'twill mend his hue."

*Tamoren.* Set him by, till he's sober.

Come, let's go see our duellist dress'd. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Tailor, two Serjeants.*

*Tailor.* He's something tall, and for his chin,  
It has no bush below : marry, a little wool,  
As much as an unripe peach doth wear ;  
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.

*Serjeant.* Is he of fury ?

Will he foin,<sup>1</sup> and give the mortal touch ?

*Tailor.* O no, he seldom wears his sword,

*Serjeant.* *Topo* is the word, if he do ;

Thy debt, my little myrmidon ?

*Tailor.* A yard and half, I assure you, without  
abatement.

*Serjeant.* 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:

Is he retir'd into this house of pleasure ?

*Tailor.* One of these he's entered : 'tis but

<sup>1</sup> *ie.* Thrust in fencing. So in "The Merry "Wives of Windsor :"  
"To see the *foin*." See note on this passage.

—*Steevens,*

Again in "The Return from Parnassus," Act i. *so*, 2 :—

" Then roister duster, in his oily terms,

Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoever he meets."

A little waiting, you shall find me at  
The next tavern.

[Exit.

*Serjeant.* Stand close ; I hear one coming.

*Enter OHSABRIN.*

*Orsdrin.* This house is sure no seminary for  
Lucreces.

Then the matron was so over-diligent:  
And when I ask'd for meat or drink, she look'd  
As if I had mistook myself, and call'd  
For a wrong thing. Well, 'tis but for a night;  
And part of it I'll spend in seeing of  
This town, so famous in our tales at sea.

*Serjeant.* Look, look : muffled, and as melancholy  
after't

As a gamester upon loss ; upon him, upon him !

*Orsabrinn.* How now, my friends ; why do you use  
me thus ?

*Serjeant.* Quietly ; 'twill be your best way.

*Orsabrinn.* Best way, for what ?

*Serjeant.* Why, 'tis your best way, because there  
will be

No other ; *Topo* is the word, and you  
Must along.

*Orsabrinn.* Is that the word ?

Why, then, this is my sword, [Run away

*Serjeant.* Murder, murder, murder ! h' has kill'd  
The Prince's officer : murder, murder, murder !

*Orsabrinn.* I must not stay, I hear them swarm.

[Exit.

*Enter Constable, People.*

*Constable.* Where is he, where is he ?

*Serjeant.* Here, here I

O, a man-mender, a man-menfler !

H' has broach'd me in BO many places,

All the liquor in my body will run out.

VOL.

II.

B

*Constable.* In good sooth, neighbour,  
 H' has tapp'd you at the wrong end too ;  
 He has been busy with you here behind,  
 As one would say ; lend a hand, some of you,  
 And the rest follow me. [Exeunt.

*Enter* ORSABRIN.

*Orsabin.* Still pursu'd ! which way now I  
 I see no passage ; I must attempt this wall.  
 O, a lucky door, and open ! [Exit.

*Enters again.*

Where am I now '  
 A garden, and a handsome house !  
 Ift be thy will, a porch to't, and I'm made ;  
 'Twill be the letter lodging of the two.  
[Goes to the porch.

*Enter* PHEMILIA.

*Phemilia.* O, welcome, welcome, sir. My lady  
 hath  
 Been in such frights for you.

*Orsabnn.* Hum ! for me !

*Phemilia.* And thought you would not come to-  
 night ?

*Orsabin.* Troth, I might very well have fail'd her,  
[Aside.

*Phemilia.* She's in the gallery, alone in the dark.

*Orsabin.* Good, very good.

*Phemilia.* And is so melancholy.

*Orsabin.* Hum !

*Phemilia.* Have you shut the garden door ?  
 Come, I'll bring you to her ; enter, enter.

*Orsabin.* Yes, I will enter :  
 He who has lost himself, makes no great venter.

[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

*Enter* SABRINA, ORSABRIN.

*Sabrina.* O, welcome !  
 Welcome, as open air to prisoners ;  
 I have had such fears for you.  
 - *Orsabin.* She's warm, and soft as lovers' language:  
 She spoke, too, prettily. Now have I  
 Forgotten all the danger I was in. *[Aside.*

*Sabrina.* What have you done to-day, my better  
 part ?

*Orsabin.* Kind little rogue ! I could  
 Say the finest things to her, methinks ;  
 But then she would discover me :  
 The best way will be to fall to quietly.

*[Aside. Kisses her,*

*Sabrina.* How now, my Samorat!  
 What saucy heat hath stol'n into thy blood,  
 And height'ned thee to this ? I fear you an?  
 Not well.

*Orsabin.* 'Sfoot! 'tis a Plutonic :  
 Now cannot I so much as talk that way neither.

*[Aside,*

*Sabrina.* Why are you silent, sir ?  
 Come, I know you have been in the Held to-day.

*Orsabin.* How does she know that ? *[Aside.*

*Sabrina.* If you have kill'd my brother, speak :  
 It is no new thing that true love should be  
 Unfortunate.

*Orsabin.* 'Twas her brother I kill'd then ! would  
 I were  
 With my devils again. I got well rid  
 Of them ! that will be here impossible.

*Enter* PHEMILIA,

*Phemilia.* O madam, madam,  
 You're undone ! the garden walls are scal'd.

A flood of people are entering the house.

*Orsabrin.* Good ! why here's variety of ruin yet.  
[*Aside.*]

*Sabrina.* 'Tis so,  
The feet of justice, like to those of time,  
Move quick, and will destroy (I fear) as sure.  
o, sir, what will you do ? there is no vent'ring  
forth,  
My closet is the safest: enter there,  
While I go down and meet their fury,  
Hinder the search, if possible. [Exit.]

*Orsabrin.* Her closet ? yea, where's that ?  
And, if I could find it, what should I do there ?  
She will return. I will venture out. [Exit.]

*Enter the PRINCE, PHILATEL, PHDNTREL,  
Company, Music.*

*Philatel.* The lightest airs ; 'twill make them more  
secure.

Upon my life he'll visit her to-night.  
[*Music plays, and sings.*]

*Prince.* Nor she nor any lesser light appears :  
The calm and silence 'bruit the plane persuades me  
She does sleep.

*Philatel.* It may not be : but hold,  
It is enough, let us retire.  
Behind this pillar, Phontrel, is thy place ;  
As thou didst love thy master, show thy fare :  
You to the other gate ; there's thy ladder. [Exeunt.]

*Enter SABRINA.*

*Sitbrina.* Come forth, my Samorat, come forth,  
Our fears were false, it was the Prince with music.  
Samorat, Samorat ! He sleeps :—Samorat !  
Or else he's gone to find me out i' th' gallery ;  
Samorat, Samorat ! it must be so. [Exit.]

*Enter* ORSABRIN.

*Ortabrin.* This house is full of thresholds and trapdoors.

I have been in the cellar, where the maids lie too ;  
I laid my hand, groping for my way,  
Upon one of them, and she began to squeak.  
Would I were at sea again i' th' storm !  
O, a door : though the devil were the porter,  
And kept the gate, I'd out.

*Enter* SAMORAT.

*Orsabrin.* Ha ! guarded ! taken in a trap ?  
Nay, I will out, and there's no other but this——  
*[Retires and draws, runs at him;  
another pass, they close.*

*Samorat.* Philatel in ambush, on my life !

*Enter* SABRINA and PHEMILIA *with a light.*

*Sahrina.* Where should he be ? Ha !  
Good heavens, what a spectacle is this ! my Samorat!  
Some apparition, sure!

*[They discover one another by the light, throw  
away their weapons, and embrace.*

*fSamorat.* My noble friend !  
What angry and malicious planet govern'd  
At this point of time ?

*Sabrina.* My wonder does grow higher.

*Orsabrin.* That which governs ever :  
I seldom knew it better.

*Samorat.* It does amaze me, sir, to find you  
here :

How entered you this place ?

*Orsabrin,* Forc'd by unruly men i' the street.

*Sabrina.* Now the mistake is plain.

*Orsabrin.* Are you not hurt ?

*Samorat.* No ; but you bleed.

*Orsabrin.* I do indeed, but 'tis not here ; this is

A scratch : it is within, to see this beauty ;  
 For by all circumstance it was her brother  
 Whom my unlucky sword found out to-day.

*Sabrina.* O my too cruel fancy ! *'Weeps.*

*Samwat.* It was indeed  
 Thy sword, but not thy fault; T am the cause  
 Of all these ills. Why do you weep, Sabrina?

*Sabrina.* Unkind unto thyself and me,  
 The tempest this sad news has rais'd within me  
 I would have laid with tears, but thou disturb'st me.  
 O Samorat, hadst thou consulted but with love  
 AH much as honour, this had never been.

*Samorat.* I have no love for thee, that hast not  
 had

So strict an union with honour still,  
 That in all things they were concern'd alike ;  
 And if there could be a division made,  
 It would be found, honour had here  
 The leaner share : 'twas love that told me,  
 It was unfit that you should love a coward.

*Sabrina.* These handsome words  
 Are now as if one bound up wounds with silk,  
 Or with fine knots, which do not help the cure,  
 Or make it heal the sooner. O Samorat,  
 This accident lies on our love like to  
 Some foul disease which, though it kill it not,  
 Yet will't destroy the beauty ; disfigure't so,  
 That 'twill look ugly to the world hereafter.

*Samorat.* Must then the acts of fate be crimes of  
 men ?

And shall a death he pull'd upon himself  
 Be laid on others ? Remember, sweet,  
 How often you have said it in the face  
 Of heaven, that 'twas no love, which length of time  
 Or cruelty of chance could lessen or remove.

O, kill me not that way, Sabrina,  
 This is the nobler. Take it, and give it

*[Kneels, and presents his sword.]*

Entrance anywhere but here ; for you so fill  
That place, that you must wound yourself.

*Orsabin.* Am I so alight a thing ? so bankrupt ?  
So unanswerable in this world that, being  
Principal in the debt, another must  
Be call'i upon, and I not once look'd after ?  
Madam, why d'you throw away your tears  
On one that's irrecoverable ?

*Sabrina.* Why]

Therefore, sir, because he's irrecoverable.

*Orsabin.* But why on him ' he did not make  
him so.

*Sabrina.* I do confess my anger is unjust,  
But not my sorrow, sir. Forgive these tears,  
My Samorat; the debts of nature must  
Be paid, though from the stock of love.  
Should they not, sir ?

*Samivrat.* Yes :

But thus the precious minutes pass and tune,  
Ere I have breath'd the sighs due to our parting,  
Will be calling for me.

*Sabrina.* Parting !

*Samorat.* O yes, Sabrina ! I must part, as day  
Does from the world ; not to return, till night  
Be gone, till this dark cloud be over.  
Here to be found were foolishly to make  
A present of my life unto mine enemy.  
Retire into thy chamber, fair ; there thou  
Shalt know all.

*Sabrina.* I know too much already. [Exeunt.

*Enter PHONTREL.*

Hold rope for me, and then hold rope for him.  
Why, this is the wisdom of the law now : a prince  
loses a subject, and does not think himself paid for  
the loss, till he loses another. Well! I will do my  
endeavour to make him n saver; for this was Samorat.

[Exit.

*Enter SAMORAT, OHSABRIN bleeding.*

*Orsabrín.* Let it bleed uu. You shall not stir, I swear.

*Samorat.* Now, by the friendship that I owe thee, And the gods beside, I will. Noble youth, Were there no danger in the wound, yet would The loss of blood make thee unfit for travel. My servants wait me for direction — With them my surgeon ; I'll bring him instantly. Pray, go back. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter PHILATEL, Guard. Places them at the door.*

*Philatel* There ! You to the other gate ; The rest follow me. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter OnbABRiN, SABRINA.*

*Sabrina.* Hark ! a noise, sir !  
The tread's too loud to be my Samorat's..

*Enter the Searchers to them.*

*Searchers.* Which way ? which way ?

*Sabrina.* Some villaiiy is in hand. Step in here, air : quick, quick. *[Locks him in her closet.*

*Enter PHILATEL, Guard, and pass over the stage.*

*Philrtel.* Look everywhere.

*[Philatel dragging out his sister.*

Protect thy brother's murderer !  
Tell me, where thou hast hid him !  
Or, by my father's ashes, I will search  
In every vein thou hast about thee for him.

*Enter OHSABRIN.*

*Orsabrín.* Ere such a villany should be,  
*[Orsabrín bounces thrice at the door ; it flies open.*

The gods would lend unto a single arm  
Such strength, it should have power to punish  
An army of such as thou art.

*Philatel.* O ! are you here, sir ?

*Orsabrin.* Yes, I am here, sir. *[Fight.*

*Philatel.* Hill her. *[She interposes.*

*Orsabrin.* O ! save thyself, fair excellence,  
And leave me to my fate. Base !

*[The Guard comes behind him,  
catches hold of his arms.*

*Philatel.* So, bring him I One !—the other is not  
far. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter SABIUNA, PHEMILIA.*

*Sabrina.* Run, run, Phemilia, to the garden walls,  
And meet my Samorat. Tell him, O, tell him—  
Anything. Charge him, by all our loves,  
He instantly take horse, and put to sea.  
There is more safety in a storm, than where  
My brother is. *[Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*Enter PERIDOR. and the other Thieves,  
STBAMADOR led in, they dance about him, and siny.*

*Thieves.* A prize ! A prize ! A prize !

*Peridor.* Bring him forth, bring him forth.

*Welcome, welcome, mortal wight,*

*To the mansion of the nyght.*

*Good or bad, thy life discover;*

*Truly all thy deeds declare;*

*For about thee spirits hover,*

*That can tell, tell what they ai e.*

*Pinch him, if he speaks not true ;*

*Pinch him, pvnch him black and blue.*

*Peridor.* What art thou ?

*Stramador.* I was a man.

*Peridor.* Of whence ?

*Stramador.* The court.

*Peridor.* Whither now bound ?

*Stramador.* To my own house.

*Peridor.* Thy name ?

*Stramador.* Stramador.

*Peridor.* O ! you fill a place about his grace,  
And keep out men of parts, d'ymi not ?

*Stramador.* Yes.

*Peridor.* A foolish utensil of state  
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day,<sup>1</sup>  
'S brought forth to make a show, and that ia all ;  
For of no use you are. Y' had best deny this.

*Stramador.* O no !

*Peridor.* Or that you do want wit,  
And then talk loud, to make that pass for it,  
You think there is no wisdom but in form,  
Nor any knowledge like to that of whispers.

*Stramador.* Right, right!

*Peridor.* Then, you can hate,  
And fawn upon a man at the same time :  
And dare not urge the vices of another,  
You are so foul yourself. So the Prince  
Seldom hears truth.

*Stramador.* O, very seldom.

<sup>1</sup> "In the inns of court, there are four of these in the year; that is, one in every term—viz., Ascension-day in Easter Term, Midsummer-day in Trinity Term, All Saints in Michaelmas Term, and Caudl-enius in Hilary Terra. These were no days in court; and on these days double commons are allowed, and musick, formerly on All Saints and Candlemas-day, as the first and last of Christmas. The etymology of the word may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*; because, to say truth, they are days of *joy*, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges, they are most commonly called *Gawdy*; in inns of court, *Grand Days*; and in some places they are called *Collw Days*."—*Blount's Glossographia*.

*Peridor.* And did you never give his grace odd counsels ;

And when you saw they did not prosper,  
Persuade him take them on himself ?

*Stramador.* Yes, yes, often.

*Peridor.* Get baths of sulphur quick, and flaming oils;

This crime is new, and will deserve it.

He has inverted all the rules of state ;

Confounded policy. There is some reason why

-A subject should suffer for the errors

Of his prince ; but why a prince should bear

The faults of a ministers—None, none at all.

Caldrons of brimstone there !

*Thief.* Great judge of this infernal place,

Allow him yet the mercy of the court.

*Stramador.* Kind devil!

*Peridor:* Let him be boil'd in scalding lead a while,  
T'inuru and prepare him for the other.

*Stramador.* O, hear me, hear me '

*Peridor.* Stay ! Now I have better thought upon't,  
He shall to earth again ; for villany

Is catching, and will spread. He will enlarge

Our empire much ' then we're sure of him

At any time. So, 'tis enough, Where's our governor ?

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter Gaoler, SAMORAT, NASSUBAT, PELLEGBIN,  
and three others in disguise.*

*Gaoler.* Hia hair curls naturally : a handsome youth !

*Samorat.* The same. Is there no speaking with him?  
*[Drinks to him.*

He owes me a trifling sum.

*Gaoler.* Sure, sir, the debt is something desperate ;  
There is no hopes he will be brought to clear  
With the world ; he struck me but for  
Persuading him to make even with heaven.

He is as surly as an old lion,  
 And as sullen as a bullfinch. He nevur  
 Ate, since he was taken, gentlemen !

*Samorat.* I must needs speak with him. Hark in  
 thy ear.

*Gaoler.* Not for all the world !

*Samorat.* Nay, I do but motion such a thing.

*Gaoler.* Is this the business, gentlemen ?

Fare you well. [*Run after him, draw their draggers,  
 and set on to his breast.*]

*Samorat.* There is no choice of ways then. Stir  
 not!

If thou but thmk'st a noise, or breath'st aloud,  
 Thou breath'st thy last. So, bind him now.

[*They bind the Gaoler.*]

Undo quickly, quickly—his jerkin, his hat!

*Nassurat.* What will you do? None of these  
 beards will serve ;

There's not an eye of white in them.<sup>1</sup>

*Pellegrin.* Pull out the silver'd ones in his,  
 And stick them in the other.

*Wassuiat.* Cut them, cut them out. The bush  
 will suit

Well enough with a grace still

[*They put a false beard on the Gaoler, and gag him.*]

*Samorat.* Desperate wounds must have desperate  
 cures :

Extremes must thus be serVd. You know your  
 parts. [*Exit in the Gaoler's habit.*]

*Nassurat.* Fear not: let us alone.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Some drink ! what, boy, some drink !

*Fill it up, fill it up to the brink.*

*When the pots cry clink,*

<sup>1</sup> *An eye is a small abode of colour.* So in "The  
 Tempest," Act ii. so. 1—

"*Witli an eye of green in 't.*"—*Stevens.*

And the pockets chink,  
Then 'tis ot merry world.

To tho best, to the Jest, liave at her,  
And a pox take the woman-liater.  
TJiB Prince of Darkness<sup>1</sup> is a gentleman :  
Mahu, Mahu is, 'it's name.

How d'you, sir                   ?                   [To the Gaoler gagcfd.  
You gape, as if you were sleepy.    Good faith,  
He looks like an O yes!<sup>2</sup>

*Ptlkgrin.* Or as if he had overstrain'd himself  
At a deep note in a ballad.

*Nassurat.* What think you of an oyster at a low  
ebb?

Some liquor for him !   Yon will not be  
A pimp for life, you rogue, non hold  
A door to save a gentleman.   You are—  
Pox on him, what is he, Pellegrm ?  
If you love me, let's stifle him, and say  
Twas a sudden judgment upon him for swearing.  
The posture will confirm it.

*Pellegrin.* We're in an excellent humour ;  
Let's have another bottle, and give out  
That Ann, my wife, is dead.

<sup>1</sup> This catch is probably nut the production of Sir John Suckling, but ona much older than his tune in Shakespeare's "King Lear" there is an evident allusion to it, Act iii. so. 4—

" *The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman :*  
*Moio he's call'd, and Mahu.*"

Unless the present performance was wutten from the hints  
iu "King Lear,"

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, Like the crier of a court, whose custom it is to preface what he has to say with a summons to attention in the French language, *Oyez*, vulgarly pronounced *0 yes*. So in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act v. sC. 4—

" Oner hobgoblin, make the fairy *0 yes*."

A mnn, whose jaws are extended by a gag, is not ill compared to one who drawls out this introduction to a proclamation, with his mouth wide *open*. — *Steevens*.

Shall I, gentlemen ?

*Nassurat.* Rare rogue in buckram,<sup>1</sup> let me bite thee.<sup>2</sup>

Before me thou shalt go out wit, and upon  
As good terms as some of those in the ballad do.

*Pellegrin.* Shall I so ? Why then *foutre for the Guise*

*Saints shall agree; and ours shall be  
The black-ey'd beauties of the time.*

I'll tickle you for old ends of plays. *[They sing.]*

*A round, a round, a round:*

*A round, a round, a round.*

Somebody's at the door ! *[Knocking at the door.]*

Pr'ythee, pr'ythec : sirrah, sirrah, try thy skill,

*Nassuiat.* Who's there?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* One Sturjelot a gaoler here ?

*Nassurat.* Such a one there was, my friend, but he's gone

Above an hour ago. Now did this rogue  
Whisper in his heart, that's a lie ; and for that  
Very reason I'll cut his throat.

*Pellegrin.* No, pr'ythee now,—for thinking ?

Thou ahalt not take the pains ; the law shall clo't.

*Nassurat.* How, how ?

<sup>1</sup> Here seems to be an allusion to Falstaff's *rogues in buckram*—*Steevens.*

<sup>2</sup> A Gummom phrase of the times. Mercutio, in "Romeo and Juliet;," Act ii. BE. 3, says—

" I will bite thee by the ear for that jest."

Aud Sir Epicure Mammon, in "The Alchymist," Act ii. sc. 3—

" Slave, I could bite thine ear."

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* In "The Sessions of the Pouts."

<sup>4</sup> A proverbial expression during the League.

*Pelleyrin.* Marry, we'll write it over, when we're gone,  
 He join'd m the plot, and put himself  
 Into tliis posture, merely to disguise  
 It to the world.

*Nassurat.* Excellent! Here's to thee for that conceit.  
 We should have made rare statesmen,  
 We are so witty in our mischief !  
 Another song, and so let's go,  
 It will be time. *[They siny.*

*A health to the nut-brown lass,  
 With the hazel eyes : let it pass.  
 She that hath good eyes,  
 Has good thighs.  
 Let it pass, let it pass.*

*As much to the lively gray,  
 'Tis as good i 'th' night as day ;  
 She that has good eyes,  
 lias good thighs.  
 Drink away, drink away.*

*Ipledge, Ipledge: what ho ! some wine,  
 Herds to thine,  
 And to thine,  
 The colours are divine.*

*But O the Hack, the black,  
 (rive me as much again, and let't be sack.  
 She that has good eyes,  
 Has good thighs,  
 And, it ma,y be, a better knack.*

*[They knock.*

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Nassurat.* A reckoning, boy. There. Dost hear ?  
*[Pay him the reckoning*  
 Here's a friend of ours has forgotten himself

A little (as they call it):  
 The wine has got into his head,  
 As the frost into a hand ; he is benumb'd,  
 And has no use of himself for the present.

*Boy.* Hum, sir—————[*Smiles.*

*Nassurat.* Pr'ythee, lock the door ; and when he  
 Comes to himself, tell him he shall find us  
 At the old place. He knows where.

*Boy.* I will, sir. [Exeunt.

*Enter OHSABRIN, in prison.*

*Orsabr. To die ! Ay, what's that?*  
 For yet I never thought on't .seriously.  
 It may be 'tis—hum—  
 It may be 'tin not too.

*Enter SAMOUAT as the Gaoler ; he undoes his fetters.*

Ha ! [As aniaz'd.

What happy intercession wrought this change ?  
 To whose kind prayers owe I this, my friend ?

*Samurai.* Unto thy virtue, noble youth ;  
 The gods delight 1" that as well as prayers.  
 I am——

*Orsabr. Nay, nay.*  
 Be what thou wilt, I will not question it.  
 Undo, undo.

*Samorat.* Thy friend Samorat.

*Orsabr. Ha !*

*Samorat.* Lay by thy wonder, and put un these  
 clothes :

In this disguise thou'lt pass to the prison gates ;  
 There you shall find one that is taught to know  
 You : he will conduct you to the corner  
 Of the wood, and there my horses wait us.  
 I'll throw this gaoler off in some odd place.

*Orsabr. My better angel!* [Exeunt.

*Enter PERIDOII with the other Thievet.*

*Pevidvr.* It is e'en as hard a world for thieves  
As honest men : nothing to be got,  
No prize stirring.

*1st Thief.* None, but one with horses,  
Who seem'd to stay for some that were to come,  
And that has made us wait thus long.

*Peridor.* A lean day's work, but what remedy  
Lawyers, that rob men with their own consent,  
Have had the name. Come, call in our perdues,<sup>1</sup>  
We will away—————[*They whistle.*]

*Enter ORSABUIN, as srekiny the hoi MS.*

*Orsabin.* I hear them now ; yonder lley are.

*Peridor.* Hallo ' Who are these ? any of ours ?

*Thief.* No, stand dose; they shall be pre-  
sently.

Yield, yield '

*O, 'sabiin.* Again betray'd '

There is no end of my misfortune '  
Mischief vexes me like a quotidian ,  
It intermits a little, and returns,  
Ere I have lost the memory of  
Myformerfit————

*Peridor.* Sentences, sentences '  
Away with him,—away with him ' [Exeunt

*Enter Gaoler and Drawers over the stage.*

*Gaoler.* I am the gaoler : undone, undone '  
Conspiracy ' a cheat ' my prisoner, my prisoner !  
[Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> So in "King Lear," Act iv. sc. 7—

"To watch—poor perdu,—  
With this thin helm?"

See notes on this passage in the eil. of 1778.—*Steeveris.*

*Enter SAMORAT.*

*Samorut.* No men, nor horse! Some strange  
mistake!  
Maybe, th'are sheltered in the wood.

*Enter PERIDOB and other Thieves, examining the  
young Lord TOBCULAR that was hurt.*

*Peridor.* And if a lady did but step aside, to fetuli  
A mask or so, you follow'd after still,  
As if she had gone proud? Ha! Is't not so?

*Torcular.* Yes,

*Peridor.* And if you were us'd but civilly in a  
place,  
You gave out doubtful words upon't,  
To make men think you did enjoy.

*Torcular.* O ye, yes.

*Peridor* Made love to every piece of cri'd-up  
beauty,  
And swore the aine things over to them.

*Torcular.* The very same——

*Peridor.* Abominable!  
Had he but sworn new things yet, it had been  
Tolerable.

[*One of them reads the sum of the confusion.*

*Thief.* Let me see, let me see. Hum!  
Court ladies eight, of which two great ones.  
Country ladies twelve; termers all.

*Peridor.* Is this right?

*Torcular.* Very right.

*Thief.* Citizens' wives of several trades:  
He cannot count them. Chambermaids  
And country wenches, about thirty;  
Of which the greater part the night before

<sup>1</sup> *i e.*, Lailies who only visit the city in *term-time*—*i. e.*,  
whon the cuutts of justice are upen, and young lawyers are  
willing to qualify their diy studies with femala dalliance.  
—*Stsevcsns.*

They were married, or else upon the day.

*Peridor.* A modest reckoning ! Is this all ?

*Torcular.* No.

I will be just t'a scruple.

*Peridor.* Well said, well said.

Out with it.

*Torcular.* Put down two old ladies more.

*peridor.* I' th' name of wonder, how could he  
think of old

In such variety of young ?

*Torcular.* Alas ! I could never be quiet for them.

*Peridor.* Poor gentleman !

Well, what's to be done with him now ? Shall he  
Be thrown into the caldron with the cuckolds ?

*Thief.* Or with the jealOUs ? that's the hotter place.

*Peridor.* Thou mistakest ;

It is the same : they go together still:

Jealous and cuckolds differ no otherwise

Than sheriff and alderman. A little time

Makes the one the other. What think you

Of gelding him, and sending him to earth

Again amongst his women ? Twould be

Like throwing a dead fly into an ant's nest ;

There should be such tearing and pulling,

And getting up upon him, they would worry

The poor thing to death !

*1st Thief.* Excellent!

Or leave a string, as they do sometimes

In young colts. Desire and impotence

Would be a rare punishment.

*Peridor.* Fie, fie, the common disease of age :  
Every old man has it.

; *Enter TAMOREN and more Thieves, leading*  
OHSABRIN.

A prize ! a prize ! a prize !

*[Horns blow, brass pots beat on.*

*Ornabrin.* This must be hell, by the noise '.

*Tamoren.* Set him down, set him flown : bring forth

The newest rack and flaming pinching-irons  
This is a stubborn piece of flesh ;  
'Twould I have broke loose.

*Orsabrin.* So, this rome of wishing myself  
With devilb again !

*Pendor.* What ait '.

*Orsabrin.* The .slave of chance ; one of Fortune's  
fools .

A thing she kept alive on earth to make her spoil.

*Fendor.* Thy name '.

*Orsabrin.* Orsabrin.

*Peridor.* Ha 'hethatIn'dwithplates? ~~pirates?~~  
Was lately in a storm ?

*Orsabrin.* The very Sriine.

*Tamoren.* Such respect as you have paid to me —

[*Whispers with Pendor.*

Prepare to revels, all that can be thought on ;

But lut each man still keep his shape. [Exit.

[*They unbind him. All bow to him.*

[*Music and a dance.*]

*Orsabrin.* Ha ' another false smile of Fortune ! --

[*They bring out several suits of clothes and a banquet.*

Is this the place the gowned clerks do fright

Men so on earth with ? Would I had been here  
before !

Master devil, to whose use die these set out ?

*Peridor.* To yours, sir.

<sup>1</sup>soRomeoexclamations —

" O, I am. Fortune's fool ' "

It seems to mean One who is unlucky.

This is a plain allusion to the *fool* in the ancient moiah-ties. See note on "Measure fur Measure," ed. 1778, vol. II. p. 72. — *Steevens*. It is very doubtful whether the author ever dreamb of such a "plum allusion." — *Collier*.

*Orsdbiin.* I'll make bohl to change a little. Couhl you not [Takes a hat, dresses himself. Afford a good plain sword to all this gallantry ?

*Peridor.* We'll see, air.

*Orsabrin.* A thousand times riviller than men, ? And better natur'd!

*Enter TAMOREN, REGineLLA.*

*Tatnoren.* All leave the room.

*Peridor.* I like not this. [Eceunt.

*Tamoren.* Cupid, do thom the rest !  
A blunter arrow, anrl but slacklv drawn,  
Would perfect what's begun :  
When young and handsome meet,  
The work's half clone. [Erit.

*Orsabrin.* She cannot be  
Less than a goddess, and't must be Proserpine  
I'll speak to her, though Pluto's self stood by—  
Thou beauteous qneen of this dark worlrl, that mak'ht  
A place so like a hell so like a heaven !  
Instruct me in what form I must approach thee,  
And how adore thpe.

*Reginella.* Tell me what thou art first ; for siu-h a creature  
Mine eyes did never yet behold !

*Orsabrin.* I am that which they name above a man.  
I th wat'ry elements I much have liv'd ; and there  
They term me Orsabrin. Have you a name too ?

*Reginella.* Why do you ask ?

*Orsabrin.* Because I'd call upon it in a, strom,  
And save a ship from perishing sometimes.

*Reginella.* 'Tia Reginella.

*Orsabrin.* Are you a woman too ?  
I never was in earnest until now.

*Reginella.* I know not what I am ;  
For like myself I never yet saw any.

*Orsabrin.* Nor ever shall. O ! how came you  
lither ?

Sure you were betray'd. Will you lea' e this phu-e,  
And live with such as I am ?

*Reginella.* Why may not you live here with me ?

*Orsdrin.* Yes ; but I'd carry thee where there is  
A glorious light; where all above id spread  
A canopy, studded with twinkling gems,  
Beauteous as lovers' eyes ; and underneath  
Carpets of flow'ry meads to tread on :  
A thousand thousand pleasures, which this place  
can ne'er  
Afford thee.

*Reginella.* Indeed '

*Orsnbrin.* Yea, indeed. I'll bring thee unto shady  
walks,  
And groves fringed with silver purling streams,  
Where thou shalt hear soft-feather'd ipuristetN  
Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.  
I'll fill thy lap with early flowers ;  
And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious ways,  
I'll tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee ;  
Thus press thy hand, and warm it thus with kisses.

*Reginella.* Will you indeed ?

*[Tamoren and Peridor above, with others.]*

*Tamoren.* Fond girl Her rashness  
Sullies the glory of her beauty : 'twill make  
The conquest cheap, and weaken my designs '  
Go part them instantly, and blind him as before.  
Be you his keeper, Peridor.

*Peridor.* Yes, I will keep him.

*Orsabrinn.* Her eyes like lightning .shoot into my  
heart,  
They'll melt it into nothing, ere I can  
Present it to her ! Sweet excellence !

*Enter Thieves, and blind him.*

Ha ! why is this hateful curtain drawn before my  
eyes?

If I have sinn'd, give me some other punishment •  
 Let me but look on her still, and double it !  
 O, whither, whithar do you hurry me ?

[Carry him away.

*Peridor.* Madam, you must in.

*Reginella.* Ah me ! what's this "

Must!-

[Exi

t.

*Enter other Devils.*

*1st Thief.* We have had biuh -spoil ! Youtier's the rarest poet without, 'has made all his confession in blank verse ; not left a god nor a gorld. in heaven, but fetch'd them all down for witiies He.s. He has made such a description of Styx and the Ferry, and verily thinks he has pass'd them ! Inquires for the bless'd shades, and asks much after certain British blades ; one Shakespeare and Fletcher ; and grew so peremptory at last, he would be carried where they were.

*2d Thief.* And what did you with him '

*1st Thief.* Mounting him upon a mill-stall,<sup>1</sup> 'hich (tossing him something high) he apprehended to be Pegasus. So we have left him to tell strange lies ; which he'll turn into verse ; and Aome wine people hereafter into religion.

[Exeunt

#### ACT IV.

*Enter SAMORAT, NASSUHAT, PELLEGRIX.*

*Nassurat.* Good faith, 'tis woiulroua well. We have e'en done  
 Like eager disputers : and with much ado  
 Are got to be juat where we were. This is  
 The corner of the wood.

*Samorat.* Ha ! 'tis indeed !

*Pellegrin.* Had we no walking tire,

<sup>1</sup> [See Nitres, ed. 1850, in v. *Coletataff.*]

Nor paucer-eyed devil of these woods  
That led us ? Now am I as Weary as  
A married man after the first week : and have  
No more desire to move forwards than  
A post-horse that has pass'd his stage.

*Nassurat.* 'Sfoot, yonder's the night too,  
Stealing away with her black gown about her :  
Like a kind Wench that had stay'd out the last  
Minute with a man.

*Pellegrin.* What shall we do, gentlemen ?  
I appreheml falling into the gaoler's hands  
Strangely. He'd use us worse than we did him.

*Nassurat.* And that was ill enough, of conscience.  
What think you of turning beggars ?

Many good gentlemen have done't. Or thieves ?

*Pellegrin.* That's the same thing at court : begging  
Is but a kind of robbing the exchequer.

*Nassurat.* Look, four fathom and a half D O S  
In contemplation of his mistress,  
There's a feast ' you and I are out now, Pellegrin.  
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoying in absence '  
A Vhat a rare invention 'twould be,  
If a man could find out a way to make it real '

*Pellegnn.* Dost think there's nothing in't, as 'tis ?

*Nassurat.* Nothing, nothing.

*Pdlegrin.* Didst never hear of a dead Alexander  
Rais'd to talk with a man ?

Love is a learned conjuror, and with  
The glass of fancy will do as strange things !

Y'ou thrust out a hand ; your mistress  
Thrusts out another. You shake that hand :

That shakes you again : you put out a lip :  
She puts out hers. Talk to her ; she shall

Answer you. Marry ! when you come

To grasp all this, it is but air. [*As out of his study.*<sup>1</sup>

*hamnrat.* It was unlucky.

<sup>1</sup> [This msugiiiml note is not in eds. 1646-48.]

Gentlemen, the day appears : this is no place  
 To stay in : let's to some neighbouring cottage,  
 Maybe, the searchers will neglect  
 The nearer places, and this will best  
 Advance unto our safety.

*Enter Fiddlera.*

*Nussurat.* Who are there .'

*1st Fiddler.* Now, if the spirit of melancholy should  
 possess'em.

*2d Fiddler.* Why, if it should, an honourable  
 retreat.

*Nassurat.* I have the rarest fancy in my head !  
 Whither are you hound, my friends, so early ?

*Fiddler.* To a wedding, sir.

*Nassurat.* A wedding ' I told you so. Whose ?

*Fiddler.* A country wench's here hard by,  
 One Erblm'd daughter

*Nassurat.* Good : Erblin ! the very place !  
 To see how things ill fall out ! Hold ;  
 Here's money for you : hark you,  
 You must assist me in a small design.

*Fiddler.* Anything.

*Samurai.* What dost mean ?

*Nassurat.* Let me alone—  
 I have a plot upon a wench.

*Fiddler.* Your worship is mery.

*Nassurat.* Yes, faith,  
 To see her only. Look you, some of you  
 Shall go back to th' town and leave us your coats ;  
 My friend and I are excellent at a little instrument,  
 And then we'll sing catches rarely.

*Pellegrin.* I understand thce not.

*Nassurat.*<sup>1</sup> Thou hast no more forecast than a  
 squirrel,

<sup>1</sup> What follows is given to Pellegrin in the copy of 1658,  
 The alteration was made in the edition of 1696.—*Collier.*

And hast less wise consideration about thee.  
 Is there a way safer than this ? dost think  
 What we have done will not be spread beyond  
 This place, ere 'tis light?<sup>1</sup> should we now enter  
 Any house thus near the town, and stay  
 All day, 'twould be suspicious : what pretence have  
 We?

*Pellegrin.* He speaks reason, Samorat.

*Sainorat.* I do not like it.

Should anything fall out, 'twouldil not look well;  
 I'd not be found so much out of myself,  
 So far from home, as this disguise would make  
 me,

Almost for certainty of safety.

*Nassurat.* Certainty ! Why thiiis will give it us.  
 Pray let me govern once.

*Samorat.* Well, you suffered first with me, now  
 'Tis my turn.

*Pelleynn.* Pr'ythee, name not suffering.

*Nassurat.* Come, coine, your coats ; our bearda  
 will suit

Rarely to them : there's more money ;  
 Not a word of anything, as you tender——

*Fiddler.* O, sir——

*Nassurat.* And see you carry't gravely too—  
 Now, afore me ! Pellegm's rarely translated.  
 'Sfoot, they'll apprehend the head of the bass-viol  
 As soon as thee, thou art so like it!  
 Only, I must confess, that has a little the better  
 face.

*Pellegrin.* Has it so ?

Pox on thee, thou look'st like, I cannot tell what,

*Nassuiat.* Why, so I would, fool ;  
 The end of my disguise is to have none  
 Know what I am. Look, look, a devil

<sup>1</sup> Some of the old copies rend "with every light,"—  
*Collier.*

*Enter it Devil.*

Airing himself ; I'll catch him like a mole-,  
Ere he can get underground.

*Pelleyrin.* Naasurat, Nssurat!

*Nassurat.* Pox on that noise, he's enrth'd.  
Pr'ythee, let's watch him, and see whether  
He'll heave aavn.

*Pelhgrin.* Art mad ?

*Nassurat.* By this light,  
Three or four of their skins, and we'd rob.  
'Twould be the better way. (Conie, come, let's go.

*[Exeunt..*

*Enter Captain and Soldiers.*

*Captain.* Let the horse skirt about this place ;  
We will make a search within. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter again.*

Now disperse ;  
In the hollow of the wood we will meet again.

*Enter NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN, SAMORAT,  
Fiddlers.*

*Soldier.* "who goes there? Speak !  
O, they are fiddlers ' Saw you no men nor horse  
In the wood to-day, as you came along?

*Nusswrat.* Speak, speak, rogue.

*[Naxsurnt pulls one of the fiddlers by the skirt.*

*Fiddler.* None, sir.

*Soldiers.* Pass on. *[Exeunt.*

*Nassurat.* Gentlemen, what say you to the in-  
vention now ?

I'm a rogue, if I do nut think  
I was design'd for the helm of state .  
I am so full of nimble stratagems,  
That I should have urder'd affairs, and  
Carried it against the stream of a faction

With as much case as a skipper  
Would laver against the wind.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Captain and Soldiers, meet again.*

*Captain.* What, nn news of any ?  
*Soldiers.* No ; nut a man stirring.

*Enter other Soldiers.*

Soho ! away, away !

*Captain.* What ! any discovery ?

*Soldier.* Yes, the horse has stay'il three fellow,  
Fiddlers they call thcnfielves '  
There's something in't; they Inok suspiciously :  
One of them has offer'd. at confession once or twice,  
Like a weak stomach at vomiting,  
But 'twould not out.

*Captain.* A little cold iron thrust flown hia throat  
Will fetch it up. I am excellent at discovery ;  
And can draw a secret out of a knave  
AVith as much dexterity as a barber-surgeon  
Would a hollow tooth.

Let's join forces with                    them                    [*Exeunt.*]

*ORSABRIN discovered in prison, bound.*

*Orsabrin.* Sure 'tis eternal night with me ! would  
**this**  
Were all too ; for I begin to think  
The rest is true, which I have read in books,  
And that there's more to follow.

<sup>1</sup> To *lavw* or *lavccr* is a nautical term, and signifies the same as to *tack*, or to *make boards* againat the wind. Dryden uses it in his " *Aatrsea Redux* "—

"**How** easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,  
AVith full-spread sails to run befurs the wind ;  
But thosethat 'gainst stiff gales *lareering* go  
Must be at *ones rBsolv*'il anil skilful too."—*Collier*

*Enter* REGINELLA.

*Reginella.* Sure this is he———[*She unbinds him,*  
*Orsabun.* The pure and first-created light  
 Broke through the chaos thus !  
 Keep off, keep off, thou brighter excellence,  
 Thou fair divinity : if thou com'st near  
 (So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st),  
 I shall grow saucy in desire again ;  
 And entertain bold hopes, which will but draw  
 More and fresh punishment upon me.

*Reginella.* I see y' are angry, sir .  
 But if you kill me too, ! meant no ill .  
 That which brought me hither,  
 Was a desire I have to be with you  
 Rather than those I live with. This is all,  
 Believe it.

*Orsabrin.* With me ? O thou kind innocent,  
 Witness all that can punish falsehood,  
 That I could live with thee,  
 Even in this dark and narrow prison,  
 And think all happiness confin'd within the walln.  
 O, hadst thou but as much of love as I '

*Aeginella.* Of love ! What's that I

*Orsabrin.* Why, 'tis a thing that's had, before 'tis  
 known:

A gentle flame, that steals into a heart,  
 And makes it like one object so, that it scarce cares  
 For any other delights, when that is present;  
 And is in pain, when 'tis gone ; thinks of that alone,  
 And quarrels with all other thoughts that would  
 Intrude, and so divert it.

*Reginella.* If this be love, sure I have some of it.  
 It is no ill thing, is it, sir ?

*Orsabrin.* O, most divine ;  
 The best of all the gods strangely abound in it,  
 And mortals could not live without it:  
 It is the soul of virtue and the life of life.

*Reyinella*,. Sure, I should learn it, sir, if you would teach it.

*Orsabrin*. Alas, thou taughtest it me ;  
It came with looking thus—

*[They gase upon one another.*

*Enter Peridor.*

*Peridor*. I will no longer be conceal'il, but tell Her what I am, before the smooth-fac'd youth Hath taken all the room up in her heart. Ha ! unbound ! And, sure, by her ' Hell and furies ! What, ho ! within there —

*Itintur other Thieves.*

Practise escapes ?

Get me new irons to lead him unto death.

*Orsabrin*. I am so uaed to this, it takes away The sense of it ; I cannot think it strange.

*Reginella*. Alas ! he never did intend to go. Use him, for my sake, kindly ; I was not wont To be deni'd. Ah me ! they are Hard-hearted all. What shall I ilo ? I'll to my governor, he'll not be thus ci ucl. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter SAMORAT, NASSUUAT, PELLEGIN, RIN.*

*Nassitrat*. 'Tig a rare wench, she i' th' blue stockings :

What a complexion she had, when she uas warm !

<sup>3</sup>Tis a hard question of these country wenches,  
Which are simpler, their beauties or themselves.

There's as much difference betwixt

A town lady and one of these,

As there is betwixt a wild pheasant and a tame.

*Pellegin*. Right :

There goes such easencing, washing, perfuming,

And daubing to th' other, that they arc

The least part of themselves. Indeed,

There's so much sauce a man cannot taste the  
meat.

*Nassurat.* Let me kiss thee for that.

By this light, I hate a woman drest up to her  
height,

Worse than I do suar with muscadine :

It leaves no room for me to imagine

I could improve her, if she were mine.

It looks like a jade, with his tail tied up

With ribamls, going to a fair to be sold.

*Pellegrin.* No, no, thou hatest it out of another  
reason.

*Nassurat.* Pr'ythee, what's that ?

*Pellegrin.* Why, th' are so fine, th' are of no use  
that day.

*Nassurat.* Sirrah, dulst mark the lass i' th' green  
upon yellow,

How she bridled in her head,

And danc'd—a stroke in and a stroke out,

Like a young fillet, training to a pace?<sup>1</sup>

*Pellegrin.* And how she kiss'd !

As if she had been sealing and delivering herself

Up to the use of him that came last:

Parted with her sweetheart's lips still

As unwillingly aud untowardly,

As soft wax from a dry seal.

*Nassurat.* True; and when she kisses a gentleman,

She makes a curtsey, as who should say,

The favour was on his side.

What dull fools are we, to besiege a face

Three months for that trifle ?

Sometimes it holds out longer ;

And then this is the sweeter flesh too !

<sup>1</sup> Hitherto it has stood—

"Like a young filly *straining to pace*,"

which is neither sense nor metre : the copy of 1658 gives the true reading, which is restored.—*Collier*. [But nil the old copies have fillet,, *not filly*, as printed by Mr. Collier.]

*Enter Fiddlers.*

*Fiddler.* You shall have horses ready at the time,  
And good ones too (if there be truth in drink),  
And for your letters they are there by this.

*Samorat.* An excellent officer'

*Enter Wedding.*

*Clown.* Tut, tut, tut!      [*Dance in, ut that time.*]

*Enter Soldiers muffled up in their clones.*

That's a good one, i' faith ! not dance ?

Come, cume, strike up.

*Samorat.* AVho are those that eye us so severely 'I  
Belong they to the wedding'?

*Fiddlers.* I know 'em not.

[*Offer their iionun to them to dance.*]

*Clown.* Gentlemen, will't please you dance?

*Soldier.* No ; keep your women ; we'll take out  
others IPre.

*Samorat* I if I mistake not "

*Samorat.* Hi I betidy'd !      [*A bustle.*]

*Clown.* How now ! that's the matter ? abuse our  
fiddlers !

*2d Soldier.* These are no fiddlcis.

Fools, obey the Prince's officers,  
Unless you desire to go to prison too

*Samorat.* The thoughts uf what must follow dis-  
quiets not

At all ; but tamely thus to be surpria'd

In so unhandsonie a disguise.

[*They earthy him away.*]

*Pellegrin.* Is't even so ? Why then

"Farewell the plumed troops<sup>1</sup> and the big wars,  
Which made ambition virtue."

*Nassurat.* Ay, ay ; let them go, let them go.

<sup>1</sup> See "Othello," Act iii. sc. 2,

*Pellegrin.* Have you ever a stratagem, Naasurat 'I 'Twould be very seasonable. What think you now Are you deaign'd for the helm of state ? Can you layer against this tempest ?

*Nassurat.* Pr'ythee, let me alone, I am thinking for life.

*Pellegrin.* Yes, 'tis for life, indeed ; would 'twere not]

*Clown.* This is very strange ; let's follow after, And see if we can understand it. [Exeunt.

*Enter PERIDOR, OrSABRIN.*

*Pendor.* A mere phantasm, rais'd by art to try thee.

*Orsabin.* Good kind devil, try me once more . Help me to the sight of this phantasm again.

*Peridor.* Thou art undone.  
Wert thou not amorous in th' other world ?  
Didst not love women ?

*Orsabin.* "Who did hate them ?

*Peridor.* Why, there's it • thou thought'st there was  
No danger in the sin, because 'twas common.  
Above the half of that vast multitude,  
Which fills this place, women sent hither ;  
And they are highliest pumsh'd still,  
That love the handsomest.

*Orsabin.* A very lying devil this, certainly !

*Peridor.* All th.it had their women with you,  
Suffer with us.

*Orsabin.* By your friendship's favour, though,  
There's no justice in that: some of them  
Suffered enough, in all conscience, by 'em there.

*Peridor.* O, this is now your mirth ;  
But when you shall be pinch'd into a jelly,  
Or made into a cramp all over,  
These will be sad truths.

*Orsabrin.* He talks  
 Oddjy now ; I do not like it, Dost hear ?  
 Pr'ythee, exchange some of thy good counsel  
 For deeds. If thou be'st an honest devil  
 (As thou seem'st to be), put a sword into my hand,  
 And help me to the sight of this  
 Apparition again.

*Peiidor.* Well, something I'll do for thec,  
 Or rather for mytelf. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter two other Devils.*

*1st Devil.* Come, let's go relieve our poet.

*2d Devil.* How ! l'eliev'c him !

He's released, is he not

*1st Devil.* No, no:

Bersat bethought himself at the mouth of the cave,  
 And found he would be necessary to our masque to-  
 night.

We have set him with his feet in a great tub of  
 water,

In which he dabbles, and believes it to-be Helicon.

There he's contriving i' th' honour of Mercury

Who, I have told him, comes this night of a  
 message

From Jupiter to Pluto, and is feasted here by him.

*Enter Poet and Thieves.*

*Devil* O, they have fetch'd him off '

*Poet.*——Quer'er per solo Quer'er,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or he that made the "Fairy Queen."<sup>2</sup>

*1st Thief.* No, none of these :  
 They are by themselves, in some other place ;

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Fanshawe, who, in 1670, published a  
 paraphrase of a dramatic romance written in Spanish  
 by Don Antonio de Mendoza (1628).

<sup>2</sup> Spenser.

But here's he that writ "Tainerlaire."<sup>1</sup>

*Post.* I beseech you, bring me to him ;  
There's something in" his scene  
Betwixt the emp'rors a little high and cloudy ;  
I would resolve myself.

Is *Thief.* You shall, sir.

Let me see—the author of the "Bold Beau champs,"  
And "England's Joy."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This was Christopher M. ulowi', whose tragedy of "Tamerlane" was [twice] published in 1590. The following extinct from the scene betwixt the emperors will show that it wan, as the poet assert-., "a little high and cloudy:"—

" Now clears the triple region of the ayre,  
And let the majestie of Heaven behold  
Their scourge and terrour treade on empeiours  
Smile stars that raign'd at my nativitis,  
And dim tha brightnes of their neighbour Lampes.  
Disdains to borrow light of Ciuthia,  
For I, bhe chiefest lampe of all the earth ,  
First rising in the east with milde aspect,  
But fixed now in the meridian line,  
Will send up fire to your turning spheares,  
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.  
My sword strunks fire from his coate of steel?,  
Even in Bythmia, whan I tooke this Tuike,  
As when a fiery exhalation,  
Wrapt in the bowels of a freesmg cloud  
Fighting for passage make[s] the welkiu crack,  
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth ;  
But, ere I march to wealthy Persia,  
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,  
As was the fame of Clymeus bramsicke sonne,  
That almost brent the axletree of heaven  
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot,  
Fill all the ayre with fiery meteors :  
Then, when the skie shall wxne as red as blood,  
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,  
To make me thinks of naught but blood and waire."

—[Dyne'sedit, of Marlowe, 1850, i. 77.]

<sup>2</sup> From an account of the singular composition called "England's Joy," see Collier's "Bibl. Oat.," li. 466-6B. Ben Jonnon nlludes to it in the "Masque of Augurs," 1621. "——were three of those gentlewomen that should have noted in that famous matter of 'England's Joy,' in six hundred and three?" In "A Cast over the Water

*Poet.* The last was a well-writ piece, I assure you ;  
A Briton," take it, and Shakespeare's very way.  
I desire to see the man.

*1st. Thief.* Excuse me ; no seeing here.  
The gods, in compliment to Homer,  
Do make all poets poor above, and we,  
A" blind below. But you shall confess, air. Follow.  
[*Exeunt.*]

to William Fennor," by John Taylor, fo. ed , p. 162, is the following proof of "England's Joy" being a dramatic performance:—

" And poor old Vennoi, that plains dealing man,  
Who acted 'England's Joy' inst at the Swan,  
Paid eight crowns for the writing of these things,  
"Besides the covers and the silken strings."

The old play of the "Three Bold Beauchamps" LS mentioned in the fiist act of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle " There is a proverb, "As bold as Beauchamp," which Fuller supposes to have taken its rise from Thomas Eeauchauip, E.ul of Warwick, the tiist of that name who, in the year 1346, with one squire and six archers, fought with an hundred aimed men, at Hogges, in Normandy, and overthrew them, slaying sixty Normans, and giving the whole fleet means in land.—See [Hazhtt's Proverbs, 1869, pp 58, 59, and] Dugdale's "Histoiy of Warwickshire," p. 31G. Drayton, in his "Poly-olbion," song the eighteenth, says of the time of Edward III. —

" Wai wick, of England then high constable th.it was  
As othei of that race, here well I cannot pass  
That brava and godlike brood of Beauchamps, which BO  
long  
Them Bails of Waiwick held; so hardy', great, ami  
strong,  
That after, of that name, it to an adage grew,  
If any man himself advent'rous hapt to show,  
Bold Beauchamp men him teim'd, if none so bold as he,  
With those our Beauchampa, may our Bouchersreck'neil  
be."

<sup>1</sup> [In the old copy *a Brittain*, upon which the former editors (except Collier) have raised an absurd hypothesis, that there was an allusion here to Nicholas Breton, as to whom copious particulars are to be found in Corset's "Collectanea" and elsewhere, and a still more absurd note, full of errors and i'relevancies.]

*Enter* PBRIDOR, ORSABRIN.

*Orsabrin.* Ha ! light and the fresh air again ! The place  
*'Peridor unbinds him and slips away.*  
 I know too ; the very same I fought the duel in.  
 The devil was in the right: this was  
 A mere apparition ; but twas a handsome one ;  
 It left impressions here, such as the fairest substance  
 I shall e'er behold will scarce deface.  
 Well, I must resolve : but what, or where ?  
 Ay, that's the question. The town's unsafe,  
 There's no returning thither ; and then the port—  
*[Some pass over hastily.*  
 Ha ! what means the busy haste of these ?  
 Honest friend ! dost hear ] No. What's the matter,  
 pray? *[Orsabrin calls to one.*

*Enter* Clown.

*Clown.* Gentlemen, gentlemen !  
*Orsabrin.* That's good satisfaction, indeed.  
 Pr'ythee, gooil fellow, tell me,  
 What causes all this hurry ?

*Enter another.*

*Clown.* One Samorat is led to prison, sir,  
 And another gentleman about Lord Torcular.  
*Orsabrin.* Ha ! Samorat ! There is no mean nor end  
 Of Fortune's malice ! O, 'tis insufferable !  
 I'm made a boy whipp'd on another's back !  
 Cruel ! I'll not endure't, by heaven ;  
 He shall die for me. I will not hold  
 A wretched life upon such wretched terms.

*Enter* TAMOREN, PERTDOR, *and others.*

*Tamoren.* Fly, fly, abroad ; search every place, and  
 Bring him back. Thou hast undone us all  
 With thy neglect; deatroy'd the hopes we had

To be ourselves again. I shall **run mad**  
With anger ! Fly, begone ! [*Exeunt all but Tamoren,*

*Enter* REGINELLA.

My Reginella, what brings you abroad ?

*Reginella.* Dear Governor ' I have a suit to you.

*Tamoren.* To **me**, my pretty sweetness? what?

*Rtgindla.* You will deny me, sir, I fear. Pray,  
let me

Have the stranger, that came last night, in keeping.

*Tamoren.* Stranger! Alas! he's gone, made an  
escape.

*Reyinella.* I fear'd he would not stay, they us'd him  
So unkindly. Indeed, I would have us'd  
Him better, and then lie had been here still.

[*She, weeps.*

*Tamoren.* Come, do not weep, my girl:  
Forget him, pretty pensiveness ; there will  
Come others every da-y as good as he.

*Reginella, O, never !*

I'll close my eyes to all, now he is gone.

*Tamoren.* How' catching are the sparks of love!

Still this

Mischance flows more and more unfortunate  
I was too curious :

Come, indeed you must forget him :

The gallant'st and the goodliest to the eye  
Are not the best. Such handsome and fine shapes  
As those are ever false and foul within.

*Reginella.* Why, governor, d'you then put  
Your finest things still in your finest cabinets ?

*Tamoien.* Pretty innocence ! No, I do not; you  
see

I place not you there. Come, no more tears.

Let's in, and have a male at chess ;

" Diversion cures a loss, or makes it less." [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter TAMOREN, PERIDOR, and other Thieves.*

*Peridor.* Cross'd all the highways, search'd all the woods,  
Beat up and down with as much pain and diligence,  
As ever huntsman did for a lost deer.

*Tamoren.* A race of cripples are ye all:  
Issue of snails, he could not else have 'scap'd us  
Now, what news bring you ?

*Thief.* Sir, we have found him out  
The party is in prison.

*Tamoren.* How ! in prison ?

*Thief.* For certain, sir,  
It seems young Samorat and he  
were those that fought the duel t'other day,  
And left our Torcular so wounded there  
For his supposed death was Samorat taken,  
Which when this youth had found,  
He did attempt to free him, sealing the wall  
By night; but, finding it impossible,  
Next morning did present himself  
Into the hands of justice, imagining  
His death, that did the fact, an equal sacrifice.

*Tamoren.* Brave Orsabrin !

*Thief.* Not knowing that the greedy law asks  
more,  
And doth proscribe the accessory as well  
As principal.

*Tamoren.* Just so, i' th' nick ! i' th' very nick of  
time !

*Peridor.* He's troubled.

*Tamoren.* It will be excellent.

**Be** all in soldiers' habits straight.  
Where's Torcular ?

*Thief.* Forthcoming, sir.

*Tamoren.* How are his wounds ? Will they endure  
the air ?

Under your gabardines wear pistols all.

*Pendor.* What does he menu ?

*Tanwren.* Give me my other habit and in' sword.  
I' th' least suspected way haste after me'

Thief. All ?

*Tamoren.* All but Peridor. I will abroad  
My broken hopes and suff rings  
Shall have now some cure.  
Fortune, spite of herself, shall be my friend,  
And either shall redrew, or give them end.

[*Exeunt.*

*Pendor.* I've found it out  
He docs intend to fetch this strauger back,  
And give him Reginella :  
Or else—no, no, it must be that ;  
His anger and the search declare it—  
The secret of the prison-house shall out,  
I swear. Ill set all first on fire :  
For middle ways to such an end are dull [Exit.

*Enter* PRINCE, PHILATEL, and Servant.

*Servant.* Since she has refus'd to speak with you,  
sir,  
She will not look on any ; languishes so fast,  
Her servants fear she will not live  
To know what does become of him.

*Philatel.* Sir, 'tis high time you visit her.

*Prince.* I cannot look upon her and deny her.

*Philintel.* Nor need you, sir ;  
All shall appear to her most gracious.  
Tell her, the formal part o' th' law

<sup>1</sup> " Gabardine" (from Fr. *gaban* or *gilleberrline*), "rough Irish mantle, OK hrapnian's coat, along cossack."  
—*Blount's Glossographa*

" Gaban, a cloake of felt, for raynie weather; a gabardine."—*Cotgratic.*

Must pass : but when it comes t' execute,  
 Promise her that you intend to interpose.

*Prince.* And shall then Samorat live<sup>1</sup>

*Philatd.* O [no, he'll die.]

Nothing less ! The sentence pass'd,  
 His death shall follow without noise :  
 'Tis but not owning of the fact,  
 Disgracing for a time, a secretary '  
 Or so—the thing's not new—  
 Put on forgiving Innk, sir, we arc there——

*Sabrina's chamber.*

A mourning silence. Sister Sahrma

*Sabrina.* Henre, hence, thou cruel hunter after  
 life!

Thou art a pain unto my eyes, as great  
 As my dear mother had when she did bring  
 Thee forth ; and sure that was extreme,  
 Since she produc'd a monster.

*Philatd.* Speak to her yourself ;  
 She's HO incens'd against me, she will not  
 Welcome happiness, because I bring it !

*Prince.* Fair ornament of grief, why are you  
 troubled ?  
 Can you believe there's anything within  
 My power which you shall mourn for ? if you have  
 Any fears, impart them ; any desires,  
 Give them a name, and I will give the rest.  
 You wrong the greatness of my love to doubt  
 The goodness of it.

*Satoina.* Alas ! I do not doubl your love my  
 lord ;  
 I fear it: it is that A' Inch does undo me.  
 For 'tis not Samorat that's prisoner now !  
 It is the Prince's rival.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Queen of Scots' case and Utivison's disgrace, in compliment to the Stuarts.

o ! for your own sake, sir, be merciful.  
**How** poorly will this sound hereafter,  
 " The Prince did fear another's merit so '  
 Found *so* much virtue in his rival, that  
**He** was forc'd to murder it, make it away " ?  
 There can be no addition to you, sir, by his dentil ;  
 By his life there will : you get the point of honour.  
 Fortune does offer here,  
 What time perchance cannot regain .  
 A handsome opportunity to show  
 The bravery of your mind.

*Prince.* This pretty rhetoric cannot persuade me,  
 fair,

To let your Samoral live for my sake :  
 It is-enough, he shall for yours.

*Sabrina.* Though virtue still rawards itself, yet  
 here

May it not stay for that ' but may the gods  
 Show'r on you suddenly such happiness,  
 That you may say, "My mercy brought me this."

*Prince.* The gods no doubt will hear when you  
 do pray

Right ways ; but here you take their names in vain,  
 Since you can give yourself that happiness  
 Which you do ask of them.

*Subrtna.* Most gracious sir, do nut——

*Prince.* Hold,

I dare not hear thee speak, for fear thou now  
 Shouldst tell me, what I do tell myself ;  
 That I would poorly bargain for thy favours.  
 Retire, and banish all thy fears.

I will be kind and just to thee, Sabrma,  
 Whatsoe'er thou prov'st to me. [Exit *Sabrina.*

*Philatel.* Rarely acted, sir !

*Prince.* Ha!

*Philatel.* Good faith, to the very life.

*Prince.* Acted ! No, 'twas not acted.

*Philatel.* How, sir !

*Prince.* I was in earnest.  
I mean to conquer her this way :  
The other's low and poor.

*Philatel.* Ha!

*Prince.* I told thee 'twould be so before.

*Philatel.* Why, sir, you do not mean to save him ?

*Prince.* Yes, I do.

Samorat shall be releas'd immediately.

*Philatel.* Sure, you furget I had a brother, sir;  
And one that did deserve justice at leant.

*Prince.* He did; and he shall have it  
He that kill'd him shall die :  
And 'tis high satisfaction that. Look not.  
It must be so.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter STRAMADOR and PERIDOR.*

*Peridor.* No devils, Stramador.  
Believe your eyes, to which I cannot be  
So lost, but you may call to mind one Peridor.  
*stramador,* Ha ! Peridor ! Thou didst command  
that day,  
In which the Tamorcns fell.

*Peridor.* I did ; yet Tamureu lives.

*Stramador.* Ha !

*Peridor.* Not Tamoveu the prince (he fell indeed);  
But Taiuoren his binther, who that day  
Led on our horse. Young Kegmella too,  
Which is the subject of the suit you have  
Engaged yourself by oath the Prince shall grant.

*Stramador.* O, 'tis impossible !  
Instruct me how I should believe thee.

*Peridor.* Why thus :  
Necessity upon that great defeat  
Fore'd us to keep the woods, and hide ourselves  
In holes, Awhich since we much enlarged,  
And fortifi'd them in the entrance so,  
That 'twas a safe retreat upon pursuit:  
Then swore we all allegiance to this Tamoren.

These habits, better to disguise ourselves, we took  
 At first ' but finding with 'hat ease we robb'd,  
 We did continue 'em, and took an oath,  
 Till some new troubles in" the .state should happen,  
 Or fair occasion to make known ourselves,  
 Offered] itself, we would appear no other.  
 But come, let's not lose what we -shall ne'er  
 Recover—this opportunity. [Exeunt.

*Enter NASSURAT and PILLENRIN, in prison.*

*Pellegrin.* Nassurat, you h a e not thought of any  
 stratagem yet ?

*Nassurat.* Yes, I have thought

*Pellegrin.* What?

*Nassurat.* That if you have  
 Any accounts with heaven, they may go on.  
 This villanous dying's like a strange tune,  
 T has run so in my hearl,  
 No wholesome consideration would enter it  
 Nothing angers me neither, but that  
 I pass my mistress's window to't.

*Pellegrin.* Troth, that's unkind.  
 I have something troubles me too.

*Nassurat.* What's that ?

*Pelhgrin.* The people will say, as we go along,  
 Thou art the properer fellow. Then I break  
 An appointment with a merchant's wife •  
 But who can help it, Nassurat ?

*Nassurat.* Yea, who can help it indeed !  
 She's to blame though, faith, if she does not  
 Bear with thee, considering the occasion.

*Psllegrin.* Considering the occasion, as you say,  
 A man would think he might be borne with,  
 There's a scrivener I should have paid  
 Some money to, upon my word ; but——

*Enter ORSABRIN, SAMORAT, Prince's Servants,  
 with Samorat's rehasement.*

*Orsabin.* By fair Sabrina's name, I conjure you  
Not to refuse the mercy of the Prince.

*Samorat.* It is resolv'd, sir. You know my  
answer.

*Orsabin.* Whither am I fallen !  
I think, if I should live a little longer,  
I should be made the cause of all the mischief  
Which should arise to the world.  
Hither I cam<sup>l</sup> to save a friend,  
Arid by a sleight of fortune I destroy him.  
My very ways to good prove ill.  
Sure, I can look a man into misfortune '  
The plague's so great within rap, tis infectious.  
O, I am weary of myself.  
Sir, I beseech you, yet accept of it ;  
For I shall be this way a sufferpr  
And an executioner too.

*samorat.* I beg of thec, no move ;  
Thou dost beget in me desire to live .  
For when I find how much I am behind  
In noble acts of friendship, I cannot  
Choose but wish for longer time, that I might  
Struggle with thee for what thou hast ton  
Clearly now got from me, the point of honour.  
o, it is wisdom and great thrift to die :  
For who with such a debt of friendship and  
Of love, as you and my Sabrma must  
Expect from me, could e'er subsist ?

*Nassurat.* They are complimenting ;  
'Sfoot, they make no more of it,  
Than if 'twere who should go in first at door.  
I think, Pellegrm, as you and I  
Have cast it up, it comes to something more

enter Messenger.

*Messenger.* Gentlemen, prepare ; the court is  
sitting.

*Samorat.* Friends, this is no time for ceremony ;

But what a rack have I within me to see  
 You suffer ! and yet I hope the Prince  
 Will let his anger die in me, not take  
 The forfeiture of you.

*Nassurat.* If he should, Pellegrin and I are  
 Resolv'd, and are ready—all but our speeches  
 To the people ; and those will not trouble us  
 Much, for we intend not to trouble them. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* PRINCE, PHILATEL, and Attendants.

*Prince.* Not accept it ! Lose this way too !—  
 What shall I do ? he makes advantages  
 Of mine ; and, like a skilful tennis-player,  
 Returns my very best with excellent design.  
 It must not be. Bring to the closet here above  
 The chief of the jury : I'll try another way.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* Judges, Lawyers, SAMORAT, ORS UBRIN,  
 NASSURAT, PELLEQHIN.

*Nassurat.* Of all ways of destroying mankind, the  
 judges  
 Have the easiest; they sleep and do it.

*Pellegrin.* To my thinking now,  
 This is but a solemn kind of puppet-play :  
 How the devil came we to be actors in't ?  
 So, it begins.

*1st Judge.* The Prince's counsel.  
 Are they ready ?

*Lawyer.* Here.

*Judge.* Begin then. [*Prince and Philatel above.*]

*Lawyer.* My lords, that this BO great and  
 strange——

*Samorat.* Most reverend judges, to save the expense  
 Of breath and time, and dull formalities of law,  
 I here pronounce myself guilty.

[*A curtain drawn; Prince, Philatel,  
 with others, appear above.*]

*Prince.* Again he has prevented me !

*Samorat.* So guilty, that no other can pretend a share.

This noble youth, a stranger to everything  
But gallantry, ignorant in our laws and customs,  
Has made perchance I" strict severity

A forfeit of himself : but should you take it,  
The gods, when he is gone, will sure revenge it.

If from the stalk you pull this bud of virtue,  
Before't has spread and shown itself abroad,  
You do an injury to all mankind ;

And public mischief cannot be private justice.

This man's as much above a common man,

As man's above a beast : and if the law

Destroys not man for killing of a, beast,

It should not here for killing of a man.

O, what a mistake 'twould be '

For here you sit to weed the cankers out,

That would do hurt in the state . to punish vice ;

And under that you'd root out virtue too.

*Orsabrin.* If I do blush, 'tis not (most gracious judges)

For anything which I have clone ; 'tis for that

This much-mistaken youth hath here deliver'd.

'Tis true (and I confess) I ever had

A little stock of honour, which I still preserve :<sup>1</sup>

But that (by leaving me behind alive),

He now most cunningly does think to get from me ;

And I beseech your lordships to assist me,

For 'tis most fraudulent all lie desires.

Your laws, I hope, are reasonable, else why

Should reasonable men be subject to them ?

And then upon what grounds is he

Made guilty now / how can he be thought

Accessory to the killing of a man,

That did not know o' the fighting with him ?

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *praerv'd.*]

Witness all those poAvers which search men's hearts,  
 That I myself, until he beck'ned me,  
 Knew nothing of it. If for such a thing  
 A sacrifice must be, why man for man's enough ;  
 Though elder tunes, t'appease diviner justice,  
 Did offer up (whether through gallantry  
 Or ignorance) vast multitudes of beasts in sarnfice,  
 Vet numbers of us men we seldom hear of .  
 One single Curtius purg'd a whole state's sin.  
 you will not say the ofence is now as great;  
 Or that you ought to be more highly satisfied  
 Than heaven.

*Prince.* Brave youths !

*Nassw tit.* Pellegnn, you and I will let our speeches  
 alone. *[Aside.*

*1st Judge.* If that the law were of so fine a web,  
 As wit and fancy spin it out to here,  
 Then these defences would be just, and save you  
 But that is more substantial, and  
 Of another make. And, gentlemen,  
 If this be all, sentence must pass.

*Enter TAMOREn, STRAMADUK.*

*Tamvren.* Orsabin '

*Orsabin.* Ha ' who names me there ?

*Tamorc'n,* A friend. Hear me. I am an officer  
 In that dark world from whence thou cam'st,  
 Sent thus disguised by Reginella  
 Our fair queen, and to redeem thee. *[Aside.*

*Orsabin.* Reginella ! in the midst of all these illn,  
 How preciously that name does sound !

Tamorm. If thou wilt swear to follow me,  
 At the instant thou'rt releas'd,  
 I'll save thee and thy friends in spite of law. *[A side.*

*Orsabin.* Doubt not of that.  
 Bring me where Reginella is, and if  
 I follow not, perpetual misery follow me !  
 It cannot be a hell where she appears. *[Aside.*

*Tamoren.* Be confident. [Asule.] Behold, grave lords, the man [*Goes out, and brings Torcular.*]  
Whose death questioned the life of these,  
Found and recovered by the thieves i'th' woods,  
And rescued since by us, to rescue innocence,

*Orsdrin.* Rare devil!

With what dexterity he has raided this  
Shape up to delude them.

*Prince.* Ha ! Torcular alive'

*Philatel.* Torcular'

I should as soon believe my brother  
Were<sup>1</sup> in being too.

*Torcular.* You cannot wonder more to find me  
here,  
Than I to find myself.

*Nassurat.* Come, unbind ; this matter's answer'd .

*2d Judge.* Hold; they are not free: the law  
exact

The same for breach of prison, that it did before.

*Orsdrin.* There is no 'scaping out of Fortune's  
hands.

Dost hear ! hast never a trick for this ?

*Tamoren.* Doubt me not; I have without at my  
command,

Those which never fail'd me ; and it shall cost  
Many a life yet, sir, ere yours be lost.

*Enter PRINCE, PHILATEL, from above.*

*STRAMADOR, PERIDOR, RUGINELLA, meet them below.*

*Prince.* Stramador, you have been a stranger here  
of late.

*Stramador.* Peruse this paper, sir ; you'll find  
There was good reason fort.

*Prince.* How ! old Tamoren's brother, captain  
Of the thieves, that have infested thus

[old copies, near.]

Our country ! Reginella, too, the heir  
Of that fear'd family ! A happy and a strange dis-  
covery !

*Tamoren.* Peridor and Reginella ! The villain  
Has betray'd me.

*Rtginella.* 'Tia Orsabrin; they have kept then  
words.

*Orsabrin.* Reginella ! she is a woman then.  
O, let me go !

*Gaoler.* You do forget, sure, what you are.

*Orsabrin.* I do indeed : O, to unriddle now !

*Stramador.* And to this man you owe it, air :  
You find an engagement to him there ;  
And I must hope you'll make me just to him.

*Prince.* He does deserve it; seize on him.

*Tamoi en.* Nay, then, all truths must out,  
That I am lost, and forfeit to the law,  
I do confess ; yet since to save this prince——

*Prince.* Prince '

*Orsabrin.* Our Mephostopl'nli's is mad.<sup>1</sup>

*Tamoren.* Yes, Prince, this is the Orsabrin.

*Orsabrin.* Ha !

*Tamoren.* So long ago supposed lost—your brother,  
sir.  
Fetch in there Ardellan and Piramont.

*Enter ARDELLAN AND PIRAMONT.*

*Nassurat.* What mad planet rules this day '  
Ardellan and Piramont!

*Orsabrin.* The devil's wanton,  
And abuses all mankind to-day.

*Tamoren.* These faces are well known to all  
Francelians !  
Now let them tell the rest.

*Piramont.* My noble master living' found in  
Francelia !

<sup>1</sup> This was the familiar spiiit of **Dr.** Fauatus. See a note  
on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Acti. sc. 1.—*Stevens.*

*Ardellan.* The gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.

*Philatel.* Some imposture I

*Orsabrin.* A new design of Fortune :

I dare not trust it.

*Tamorsn.* Why speak ye not ?

*Piramont.* I am so full of joy, it will not out.

Know, ye Francelians,

When Sanborn's fatal field was fought,

So desperate were the hopes of Orsabnu,

That 'twas thought fit to send away this prince,

And give him safety in another clime ;

That, spite of an ill day, an Orsabnu might be

Preserved alive. This you all know.

To Garradm's chief charge he was committed ;

Who, when our bark by pirates was surpris'd

(For so it was), was slain i' th' first encounter :

Since that we have been forc'tl to wait

On Fortune's pleasure.

And, sir, that all this time we kept

You from the knowledge of yourself,

Your pardon. It was our zeal that cr'd,

Which did conclude it would be prejudicial.

*Argella,n.* My lords, you look as if you doubter!  
still.

If Piramont and I be lost unto your memory,

Your hands, I hope, are not. Here's our

Commission : there's the diamond elephant,

That, which our prince's sons are ever known by,

Which we, to keep him undiscovered,

Tore from his riband on that fatal day

When we were made prisoners.

And here are those that took us,

Who can witness all circumstances,

Both how and when, both time and place ;

With whom we ever since have liv'd by force :

For on no kingdom, friend unto Francelia,

Did fortune ever land us, since that hour,

Nor gave ua means to let our country know  
We<sup>1</sup>liv'd.

*Tamoren.* These very truths, when they could have  
no ends

(For they believed him lost), I did receive?,  
From them before; which gave me now  
The boldness to appear here, where I'm lost by law.

*Shoutswithin.* { *Long live Prince Orsabrin*  
                          { *Long live Prince Orsubrin*

*Nassurat.* Pellegrin, let's second this ;  
Eight or wrong, 'tis best for us.

*Pelleyrin.* Observe, observe !

*Prince.* What shouts are those ?

*Stramador.* Soldiers of Tamoren's, the first;  
The second was the people's, who  
Much press to see their long-lost prince.

*Philatd.* Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agrees.  
This was his colour'd hair,  
His hair,<sup>2</sup> though altered much with tune.  
You wear too strange a face upon this news ;  
Sir, you have found a brother :  
I, Torcular : the kingdom, happiness.  
For here the plague of robberies will end.  
It is a glorious day.

*Prince.* It is indeed ! I am amaz'd, not sad ;  
Wonder does keep the passage so, nothing will out.  
Brother (for so my kindred stars will have it),  
I here receive you as the bounty of  
The gods—a blessing I did not expect.  
And in return to them this day Francelia  
Ever shall keep holy.

*Orsabrin.* Fortune, by much abusing me, has so  
Dulled my faith, I cannot credit anything.  
I know not how to own such happiness.

*Prince.* Let not your doubts lessen your joys :

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *He.* ]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies, *mr.* But the allusion is still to the *hair.*]

If you have had disasters heretofore,  
 They were but given to heighten what's to come,  
*Nassurat*, Here's as strange a turn, as if 't'i ere the  
 fifth

Act in a play !

*Pellegrini*. I'm sure 'tis a good turn fur us.

*Orsabrin*. Sir, why stands that lady so neglected  
 there,

That does deserve to be the business<sup>1</sup> of mankind ?  
 O ye gods ! since you'll be kind

And bountiful, let it be here.

As fearfully as jealous husbands auk

After some secrets, which they dare not knou,

Or as forbidden lovers meet i' th' night,

Come I to thee (and 'tis no ill sign this,

Since flames, when they burn highest, tremble most),  
 O, should she now deny me '

*Regindla*,. I knownot perfectly what all this means;  
 But I do find some happiness ia near,

And I am pleas'd, because I see you are

*Orsabnji*. She understands me not !—

Prince. He seems t' have passion for her.

*Tamorm*. Sir, in my dark commands tliepe flames  
 broke out

Equally violent, at firbt sight; and 'twas

The hope I had to reconcile myself.

*Orsabrin*. It is a holy magic, that will make  
 Of you and I but one.

*Regmella*. Anything that you  
 Would ask me, sure I might grant.

*Orsabrin*. Hark, gentlemen, she does consent,  
 What wants there else ?

*Peridor*. My hopes grow cold ; I have undone my-  
 self. *[Aside.*

*Prince*. Nothing: we all join in this; the long-liv'd  
 feud

<sup>1</sup> [This word, if the true one, should mean here the  
 object of universal attention,]

Between the families here dies. This day  
 The hymeneal torches shall burn bright,—  
 So bright, that they shall dim the light  
 Of all that went before. See, Sabrina too !

*Enter* S A B R I N A.

*Tamoren.* Sir, I must have much of pardon,  
 Not for myself alone, but for all mine.

*Prince.* Rise ! hadst thou not deserv'd what now  
 thou su'st for,  
 This day should know no clouds.

*[peridor kneels to Tamoren.*

*Tamoren.* Taught by the Prince's mercy, I forgive  
 too.

*Mabrina.* Frighted hither, sir ! *[To Samorat.*  
 They told me you would not except the Prince's  
 mercy.

*Samorat.* Art thou not further yet in thy intel-  
 ligence. See, thy brother lives !

*Sabrina.* My brother !

*Torcular.* And 'tis the least of wonders has fall'n  
 out.

*Orsabin.* Yes, such a one as you are, fair ;

*[To Reginella.*

And you shall be acquainted.

*Samorat.* O, could your hate, my lords, now,

*[To Philatel and Torcular.*

Or your love die !

*[To Prince.*

*Philatel.* Thy merit has prevail'd with me.

*Torcular.* And me.

*Prince.* And has almost with me.

Samorat, thou dost not doubt thy mistress' con-  
 stancy ?

*Samorat.* No, sir.

*Prince.* Then I will beg of her,  
 That, till the sun returns to visit us,  
 She will not give away herself for ever.

Although my hopes are faint,  
 Yet I would have <sup>'em</sup> hopes ;  
 And in such jolly hours as now attend u.s,  
 I would not be a desperate thing,  
 One made up wholly of despair.

*Sabrina.* You, that so freely gav'n un» Sonuirat's  
 life,  
 Which was in danger,  
 Moat justly may be suffer'd to attempt  
 Upon my love, which is in none.

*Prince.* What says my noble nval ?

*Samorat.* Sir, you are kind m this, anil wisely do  
 Provide I should not surfeit . for here is happiness  
 Enough besides, to last the sun's return

*Nttssurat.* You and I are but savers with all this,  
 Pellegm ;  
 But, by the Lord, 'tis well we came off as  
 We did . all was at stake.

*Prince.* Conic, no more whispers here :  
 Let's in, and there unriddle to each other,  
 For I have much to ask.

*Orsabrin.* A life ' a friend ' a brother ! a mis-  
 tress !

*O, what a day was hers I Gently my joys distil,  
 Lest you should break the vessel you should Jill.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The measure throughout this play is very nregular, and it has been BO confusedly printed in the old. copies, that many speeches of mare prosa have been capriciously cut into verses of various lengths. It was utterly impossible to attempt to restore it in all instances, or if it could be done, perhaps the attainment of the object would hardly reward the trouble —*Collier.*

## EPILOGUE.

**A**ND how, and how, in faith—a pretty plot;  
And smartly carried through too, was it nut  
And the devils, how ? well; and the fighting ?  
Well too ;—a fool, and't had been just old writing.  
O, what a monster-wit must that man have,  
That could please all which now their twelvepence  
gave !

High characters (cries one), and he would see  
Tilings that ne'er were, nor are, nor ne'er will be,<sup>1</sup>  
Romances, cry easy souls ; and then they & wear  
The play's well writ, though scarce a good line's  
there.

The women—O, if Stephen should be kill'd,  
Or miss the lady, how the plot *in* spill'd '  
And into how many pieces a poor play  
Is taken still before the second day !  
Like a strange beauty newly come to court;  
And to say truth, good faith, 'tis all the sport.  
One will like all the ill things in a play,  
Another some o' th<sup>j</sup> good, but the wrong was,  
So that from one poor play there comes to rise  
At several tables several comedies.

The ill is only here, that't may fall out  
In plays as faces;<sup>2</sup> and who goes about  
To take asunder, oft destroys (we know)  
What all together made a pretty show.

<sup>1</sup> " Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
*Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.*"

—Pope's "Essay on Criticisln," l. 252.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Reed allowed it to be repiinted "In plays as  
*farces,*" the sense is very obvious according to the old  
rending. — Collier.

BRENNORALT.

(a) *The Discontented Cohnell*. Written by Sir John Suckhn. London, Printed by E. O. for Francis Eaglefield and are to be sold at the Marrigold in Paul's Churchyard. 40.

(b) *Brennvralt*. A Tragedy Presented at the Private House in Black Fryers, By his Majesties Seriants. Written by Sir John Suckling.

"Brenuoralt," in common with Suckling's other dramatic pieces, is printed in all the old copies, especially that of 1658, very carelessly, and in a style not greatly superior to that of a penny chapbook.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Sir John Suckling was a groat admirer of Shakespeare, and ceitainly studied him to advantage. Aa «i follower of him, he has managed to hit off his style finely, —perhaps better than any imitatoi of him."—*J. Lawson*.

"Imitations of Shakespeare and other contemporary poets are very frequent in this play."—*Wordsworth*.



## The Actors.

SIGISMOND, King of Poland.

MIESTA, }  
MELIDOR } councillors to the King.

A Lord,  
BRENNOBALT, a discontent.

DORAN, his friend.

VILLANOR, }  
GRAINEVERT } cavaliers and officers under Brennoralt.  
MARINEL, }

STRATHEMAN.

FHESOLIN, brother to Francelia.

**IPHIGENE, young Palatine of Florence.**

PALATINE OF MENSEOK, Governor, one of the chief rebels.

PALATINE OF ToRK, a rebel.

ALMERIN, a gallant rebel.

MORAT, his lieutenant-colonel.

FRANOELIA, the Governor's daughter.

OrILLA, a waiting-woman to Francelia.

**RAGUELIN, a servant in the Governor's house, but spy to  
Brennoralt.**

Gaoler.

Guard.

Soldiers.

THE SCENE, POLAND.



## BRENNORALT.



### ACTUS I. SCÆNA. I.

*Enter BrENNORALT and DORAN.*

*Bren.* **I** SAY, the Court is but a narrow circuit,  
Though something elevate above the  
common;

A kind of ants' neat in the great wild field,  
Oercharg'd with multitudes of quick inhabitants  
Who still are miserably busied to  
Get in what the loose foot of prodigality  
As fast does throw abroad.

*Dor.* Good '

A most eternal place of low affronts,  
And then as low submissions.

*Bren.* Right.

High cowards in revenges 'mongst themselves,  
And only valiant when they mischief others.

*Dor.* Stars that would have no names, but fur the  
ills

They threaten in conjunction.

*Bren.* A race of shallow and unskilful pilots,  
Which do misguide the ship even in the calm,  
And in great storms serve but as weight to sink it.  
More, pr'ythee more. *[To the] alarum within.*  
'Tis music to my melancholy.

*Enter Soldier.*

*Sol.* My lord, a cloud of dust and men, the sentinels  
From the east gate discover ;  
And as they guess, the storm bends this way.

*Bren.* Let it be.

*Sol.* My lard ?

*Bren.* Let it be. I will not fight to-day ;  
Bid strutheman draw to the trenches. On, pr'ythee,  
on.

*Dor.* The king employs a company of formal  
Beards-men, who have no other proof of their  
Long life, but that they're old.

*Bren.* Right, and if they are wise,  
'Tia for themselves, not nthera,  
As old men ever are.

[*Alarum.*

*Enter 2 Soldier*

*2 Sol.* Coronel, Curonel ;  
The enemy's at hand, kills all the sentries :  
Young Aimen" leads them on again.

*Bren.* Let him lead them off again.

*2 Sol.* Coronel ?

*Bren.* Be gone ! if th' art afaiaid, go hide thyself.

*2 Sol.* What a devil ails he ? [Exit

*Bren.* This Almerin's the ague of the camp :  
He shakes it once a day.

*Dor.* He's the ill conscience rather; he never  
Lets it rest. Would I were at home again.  
'Sfoot, we lie here i' th' trenches, as if 'twere  
For a wind to carry us inter th' other world.  
Every hour we expect—I'll no more of it i

*Bren.* Pr'ythee !

*Dor.* Not I, by heaven '

*Bren.* What, man ! the worst is but fair death.

*Dor.* And what will that amount to ? a fail-  
epitaph,  
A tine account! I'll home, I swear.

*Enter* STRATHEMAN.

*Str.* Arm, arm, my lord !  
And show yourself, all's lost else.

*Dor.* Why so ?

*Str.* The rebels, like an unruly flood,  
Roll o'er the trenches, and throw down  
All before them.

*Bren.* Ha !

*str.* We cannot make aaland.

*Bren.* He would outrival me in honour too,  
As well as love ; but that he must not do.  
Help me, Stratheman. *[Puts on armour.*  
The danger now grows worthy of our swords ;  
And, O Doran, I would to heaven there were  
No other storms than the worst tempest here !  
*'J8xeunt.*

*Enter* MARINKL, *throwing down one he carries.*

*Mar.* There !

The sun's the neatest surgeon I know,  
And th' honestest; if thou recoveredt, why so :  
If not, the cure's paid—they have maul'd us.

*Enter* GRAINEVERT, *with another upon his lack.*

*Gra.* A curse light on this powder ! It stays valour,  
Ere it is half-way on its journey : what  
A disadvantage fight we upon in this age !  
He that did well heretofore had  
The broad fair day to show it in . witnesses  
Enough ; we must believe one another  
"Tie night, when we begin ? Eternal smoke  
And sulphur smalky. By this hand, I can bear  
With thee no longer. How now ? dead, as I live !  
*[Finds that he is dead.*  
Stol'n away just as he us'd to wench.  
Well, go thy ways ; for a quiet drinker

And dier, I shall never know thy fellow, [*Searches*  
These trifles too about thee ? *his pockets.*

There never was an honest poor wretch  
Born, I think ; look i' th' t'other pocket, too.

Hum ! Marinel ?

*Mar.* Who's that ?

*Gra.* 'Tis I; how go the matters ?

*Mar.* Scurvily enough ;

Yet since our Colonel came, they've got no ground  
Of us ; a weak sculler against wind and tide  
Would have done as much. Hark !

This way the torrent bears. [*Exeunt,*

*Enter* FRESOLIN, ALMERIN, *and* Rebels.

*Fre.* The villains all have left us.

*Alm.* Would they had left  
Their fears behind them ' but come, since we must.

*Enter* BRENNORALT, *with* Soldiers.

*Bren.* Ho ! Stratheman,  
Skirt on the left hand with the horse,  
And get betwixt these and that body ;  
They're new rallied up for rescue.

[*Brennonalt charges through.*

*Dor.* They're ours !  
I do not see my game yet. [*Exeunt.*

*A shout within. Enter* BRENNORALT, DORAN,  
STRATHEMAN, MARINEL.

*Bren.* What shout is that ?

*Str.* They have taken Almerin, my lord.

*Bren.* Almerin? the devil thank 'em for't!  
When I had hunted hard all day,  
And now at length unherded the proud deer,  
The curs have suatch'd him up. Sound a retreat;  
There's nothing now behind. Who saw Doran ?

*Str.* Shall we bring Almerin in ?

*Bren.* No ; gazing's a low triumph :  
Convey him fairly to the king,  
He fought it fairly.

*Enter DORAN.*

*Dor.* What youth was that whom you bestrid, my  
lord,  
And sav'd from all our swords to-day ? Was he  
Not of the enemy ?

*Bren.* It may be so.

*Str.* The governor's Ron, Fresolin, his mistiess'  
brother. *[In Dorctn's ear.*

*Bt m.* No matter who. 'Tia pity the rough hand  
Of war should early courages destroy,  
Before they bud, and show themselves i' th' heat  
Of action.

*Mar.* I threw (my lord) a youth upon a bank,  
Which seeking after the retreat I found  
Dead, and a woman,—the pretty daughter  
Of the forester, Lucilia.

*Bren.* See, see, Doran, a sad experiment!  
Woman's the cDwardli'bt and coldest thing  
The world brings forth: yet love, as fire works  
water,

Makes it boil o'er, and do things contrary  
To 'ta proper nature. I should shed a tear,  
Could I tell how ! Ah, poor Lucilia !  
Thou didst for me what did as ill become thee.  
Pray, see her gently buried.

Boy, send the surgeon to the tent—I bleed.  
What lousy cottages they've given our souls !  
Each petty storm shakes them into disorder;  
And't costs more pains to patch them up again,  
Than they are worth by much. I am weary of  
The tenement. *[Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *is low.*']

*Enter* VILLANOR, GRAINEVEHT, MARINEL, and STRATHEMAN.

*Gra.* Villanor ! welcome, welcome, whence earnest thou?

*Vil.* Look, I wear the kind's highway still on my bunts.

*Gra.* A pretty riding phrase, and how, and how ?  
[Be] ladies cheap ?

*Vil.* Faith, reasonable ;  
Those toys were never dear, thou know'st ;  
A little time and industry they'll cost ;  
But, in good faith, not much : some few there are  
That set themselves at mighty rates.

*Gra.,* Which we o' th' wise pass by, as things  
O'er-valued in the market. Is't not so ?

*Vil.* Y'have said, sir. Hark you, your'friendranrt  
rival's married!<sup>1</sup>  
Has obtain'd the Irmg-lov'd lady, and is such  
An ass after't.

*Gra.* Hum ! It is evey so.  
The motions of married people are as of  
Other naturals, violent :<sup>2</sup> gentlemen to the place,  
And calm in it.

*Mar.* We know this too, and yet we must be  
fooling,

*Gra.* Faith, women are the baggage of life : they  
are  
Troublesome, and hinder us in the great march,  
And yet we cannot be without 'em.

*Mar.* You speak very well and soldier-like.

*Gra.* What? thou art a wit too, I warrant, in

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *the rivals* ]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies read—

" Other naturals . violent getlemen to the place,  
And calm in it,"

in which there is an evident corruption; nor is it clear where it lies.]

Our absence ?

*Vil.* Hum ! No, no, a poor pretender,  
A candidate or so,—'gainst the next Sessions,  
Wit enough to laugh at you here.

*Gra.* Like enough ; valoiu'a a crime  
The wise have still reproached unto the valiant,  
And the fools too.

*Vil.* Raillery apart, Grainevvert ;  
What accommodation shall we find here ?

*Gra.* Clean straw (sweetheart) and meat—  
When thou canst get it.

*Vil.* Hum! straw?

*Gra.* Yes.

That's all will be betwixt incest ;  
You and your mother Earth must lie together.

*Vil.* Ppythee, let us be serious ; will this last ?  
How goes affairs ?

*Gra.* Well.

*Vil.* But well ?

*Gra.* Faith, 'tia now upon the turning of the  
balance :

A most equal business betwixt rebellion  
And loyalty.

*Vil.* What dost mean?

*Gra.* Why ! which shall be the virtue, and which  
the vice.

*Vil.* How the devil cau that be ?

*Gra.* O, success is a rare paint, hides all the ugliness.

*Vil.* Pr'ythee, what is the quarrel ?

*Gra.* Nay, for that excuse us ;

Ask the children of peace.

They have the leisure to study it,  
We know nothing of it; liberty, they say.

*Vil.* 'Sfoot, let the king make an act,  
That any man may be unmarried again ;  
There's liberty for them ! A race  
Of half-witted fellows quarrel about freedom.

And all that while allow the bonds of matrimony !

*Gra.* You speak very well, sir.

*Enter* KINO, Lords, BRENKDHALT.

*Mar.* Soft ' the king and council.

*Gra.* Look, they follow after like tired spaniels  
Quest sometimes for company ; that is, *concur* ;<sup>1</sup>  
And that's their business.

*Mar.* They are na weary of this sport  
As a young unthrift of's land : any  
Bargain to be rid on't.

Can you blame them ? Who's that ?

*Mar.* Brennoralt, our brave Colonel :  
A discontent, but what of that? who is not I

*Vil.* His face speaks him one.

*Gra.* Thou art i' th' right.  
He looks still as if he were saying to  
Fortune : Housewife, go about your business.  
Come, let's retire to Barathen's tent.  
Taste a bottle, and speak bold truths ;  
That's our way now.

*[Exeunt. Manent King and Lords.]*

*Mi.* Think not of pardon, sir ;  
Rignur and mercy us'd m states uncertainly,  
And in ill limes, look not like the effects  
Of virtue, but necessity. Nor will  
They thank your goodness, but your fears.

*Mel.* My lords ;  
Revenge in princes should be still imperfect:  
It is then handsom'st, when the king comes to  
Reduce, not ruin.

*Bren.* Who puts but on the face of punishing,  
And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion:  
He makes that flourish which he would destroy.  
Who would not be a rebel, when the hopes  
Are vast, the fears but small ?

<sup>1</sup> [A *jeu de mot* seems to be intended.]

*Mel.* Why, I would not.  
 Nor you, my lord, nor you, nor any here.  
 Fear keeps low spirits only in ; the bra' e  
 Do get above it when they do resolve.  
 Such punishments, in infancy of war,  
 Make men more desperate, not the more yielding.  
 The common people are a kind of flies :  
 They're caught with honey, not with wormwood, sir.  
 Severity exasp'rates the stirr'd humour ;  
 And state-distempers turns into diseases.

*Bren.* The gods forbid great Poland's state should  
 be  
 Such as it dares not take right physic. Quarter  
 To rebels] Sir, when you give that to them,  
 Give that to me which they deserve. I would  
 Not live to see it.

*3 Lord.* Turn o'er your own and others' chronicles,  
 And you shall find, great sir,  
 " That nothing makes a civil war long-liv'd,  
 But ransom and returning back the brands,  
 Which unextinct kindled still fiercer fires "

*Mi.* Mercy, bestow'd on those that do dispute  
 With swords, does lose the angel's face it has,  
 And is not mercy, sir, but policy  
 With a weak vizard on.

*King.* Y'have met my thoughts,  
 My lords ' nor will it need larger debate.  
 To-morrow, in the sight of the besieg'd,  
 The rebel dies. Miesta, 'tis your care.  
 The mercy of heav'n may be offended so,  
 That it cannot forgive : mortals' much more,  
 Which is not infinite, my lords. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter* IPHIGENic, ALMERIN *(as in prison).*

*Iph.* O Almerin ! would we had never known  
 The ruffle of the world ! but were again  
 By Stolden banks in happy solitude ;

When thou and I, shepherd and shepherdess  
 So oft by turns, as often still have wish'd,  
 That we as eas'ly could have chang'd our sex,  
 As clothes. But, alas ! all those innocent joys,  
 Like gloribus mornings, are retir'd into  
 Dark sullen clouds, before we knew to value  
 What we had.

*Aim.* Fame and victory are light  
 Housewives, that throw themselves into the arms,  
 Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.

To be ta'en thus !

*[To himself.]*

*Iph.* Almerin !

*Aim.* Nipp'd i' th' bud  
 Of honour!

*Iph.* My lord!

*Aim.* Foiled ! and by the man,  
 That does pretend unto Francclia !

*Iph.* What is't you do, my Almerin ? Hit still,  
 And quarrel with the winds, because there is  
 A shipwreck tow'rds, and never think of saving  
 The barque ?

*Aim.* The barque ? What should we do with that  
 When the rich freight is lost, my name in arms ?

*Iph.* Who knowa what prizes arc bphnil, if you  
 Attend and wait a second voyage

*Aim.* Never, never !  
 There are no second voyages in this ;  
 The wounds of honour do admit no cure.

*Iph.* Those slight ones which misfortune gives  
 must needs,

Else why should mortals value it at all ?  
 For who would toil to treasure up a wealth,  
 "Which weak inconstancy did keep, or might  
 Dispose of ?

*Enter MELIDOR.*

*Iph.* O my lord, what newa I

*Mel.* As ill as your own fears could give you ;

The council has decreed him sudden death,  
And all the ways to mercy are blocked up.

[*SV,e weeps and siyks.*

*Aim.* My Iphigene !

This was a misbecoming piece of love :  
Women would manage a disaster better.

*Iphigene weeps and sighs again.*

Again ? thou art unkind !

Thy goodness is so great it makes thee faulty :  
For while thou think'st to take the trouble from me,  
Thou giv'st me more by giving me thine too.

*Iph.* Alas ! I am indeed an useless trifle ;

A dull—dull thing : for could I now do anything  
But grieve and pity, I might help. My thoughts  
Labour to find a way ; but, like to birds  
In cages, though they never rest, they are  
But where they did set out at first.

*Enter Gaoler.*

*Gao.* My lords, your pardon. The prisoner must  
retire.

I have received an order from the King  
Denies access to any.

*Iph.* He cannot be

So great a tyrant

*Aim.* I thank him ; nor can lie

Use me ill enough. I only grieve  
That I must die in debt—a bankrupt ! Such  
Thy love hath made me . my dear Iphigene.  
Farewell: it is no time for ceremony,

Show me the way I must *[Exit.*

*Iph.* Grief strove with such disorder to get out,  
It stopp'd the passage, and sent back my words  
That were already on the place.

*Mel.* Stay, there is yet a way.

*Iph.* O, speak it!

*Mel.* But there is

Danger in't, Iphigenn—to thee high danger.

*Iph.* Fright children in the dark with that, and let  
Me know it. There is no such thing in nature,  
If Almerin be lost.

*Mel.* Thus then ; you must  
Be taken pris'ner too, and by exchange  
Save Ahnerin.

[*Aside.*

*Iph.* How can that be ? [*Aside.*

*Mel.* Why— [*Studies.*

Step in, and pray him set his hand about.

[*To the Gaoler.*

This distance ; his seal too——

*Gao.* My lord, I know not what this is.

*Mel.* Settling of money-business, fool, betwixt us.

*Gav.* Ift be no more———[*Exit.* [*Exit.*

*Mel.* Tell him that Iphigenc and I desne it:  
I'll send by Strathodes his servant  
A letter to Morat thus sign'd and seal'd,  
That shall inform the sudden execution ;  
Command him, as the only means to save  
His life, to sally out this night upon  
The quarters, and endeavour prisoners.  
Name you as most secure and slightest guarded,  
Best pledge of safety ; but charge him  
That he kill not any, if it be avoidable ;  
Lest't should enrage the king yet more,  
And make his death more certain.

*Enter Gaoler with the writing.*

*Gao.* He understands you not, he says, but he  
Has sent it.

*Mel.* So.

*Iph.* But should Morat mistrust now ?  
Or this miscarry ?

*Mel.* Come :

Leave it to me ; I'll take the pilot's part ;  
And reach the port, or perish in the art, [*Exeunt,*

## ACTUS n. SGCENA I.

*Enter ALMERIN, mprí%w'.*

*Aim.* Sleep is as nice as woman ;  
 The more I court it, the more it flies iui'  
 Thy elder brother will be kinder yet.  
 Unsent-for death will come. To-morrow '  
 Well, what can to-murrow do ?  
 'Twill cure the .sense of honour lost;  
 I and my discontents shall rest together,  
 What hurt ia there 1" this ? But death against  
 The willia but  
 A slovenly kind of potion ;  
 And though prescrib'd by heaven, it goes  
 Against men's stomachs.  
 So does it at fourycore too, when the soul<sup>l</sup>  
 Mcw'd up in narrow darkness . neither sees nor  
 hears.

Pish, 'tis mere fondness in our nature !  
 A certain clownish cowardice, that still  
 Would stay at home, and dares not venture  
 Into foreign countries, though better than  
 Its own. Ha, what countries *I* for we receive  
 Descriptions of th<sup>j</sup> other world from our divines,  
 As blind men take relation of this from us :  
 My thoughts lead me into the dark, and there  
 They'll leave me, I'll no more on it. Within !

*[Knocks.*

*Enter Guard.*

*Aim.* Some paper and a light: I'll write to th'  
 king:  
 Defy him, and provoke a quick despatch.  
 I would not hold this Img'ring doubtful state  
 So long again, for all that hope can give.

*Enter three of the guard with paper and ink.*

That award does tempt me strangely : [ *Writing.*  
 Were't in my hands, 'twere worth the other two.  
 But then the guard ? it sleeps or drinks ' maybe  
 To contrive it so that if I should not pass,—  
 Why, if I fall m't, 'tis better yet than pageantry—

[*One of the guard peeps over his shoulder.*

A scaffold and spectators ; more soldier-like—  
 Uncivil villain, read my letter ' [ *Seizes his sword.*  
 I *Guard.* Not I, not I, my lord.

*Alm.* Deny it too ?

*Guard.* Murder, murder !

*Guard.* Arm, arm ! [ *The guard runs out.*

*Aim.* I'll follow, give the alarm with them.

'Tis least suspicious. Arm, arm, arm !

*Enter Soldiers, running over the stage, one throwing  
 away his arms.*

*All.* The enemy, the enemy !

*Sol.* Let them come, let them come, let them  
 come !

*Enter* ALMERIN.

*Aim.* I hear fresh noise,

The camp's in great disorder : where am I now ?

'Tis strangely dark. Goddess without eyes,

Be thou my guide, for blindness and sight

Are equal sense, of equal use, tins might. [ *Exit.*

*Enter* GRAINUVERT, STRA.THEMAN, VILLANOR,  
 MARINEL.

*Gra.* Trouble not thyself, child of discontent:

'Twill take no hurt, I warrant thee ; the State

Is but a little drunk, and when it has spew'd

Up that that made it so, it will

Be well again—there's my opinion in short.

*Mar.* Th' art i' th' right. The State ia a pretty

Forehanded State, and will do reason hereafter.  
Let's drink, and talk no more on't.

*All.* A good motion, a good motion '  
Let's drink.

*Vil.* Ay, ay, let's drink again.

*Str.* Come, to a mistress !

*Gra.* Agreed.

Name, name.

*Vil.* Anybody. Vermiha.

*Gra.* Away with il.

*Shs's pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant too to think on:  
But the, best use of all  
Is, her health is a state  
And helps us to make us drink on.*

*Str.* Excellent. Gentlemen, if you say the word  
We'll vaunt credit, and affect high pleasure ;  
Shall we ?

*Vil.* Ay, ay, let's do that.

*Str.* What think ye of the sacrifice now''

*Mar.* Come, we'll ha't; for trickling tears are  
vain.

*Vil.* The sacrifice ? what's that ?

*Str.* Child of ignorance, 'tis a camp-health.

An *a-la-mode* one, Grainevert, begin it.

*Gra.* Come, give it me.

Let me see

*[Pins up a rose.*

Which of them tins ruse will .serve.

Hum, hum, hum '

*Bright star o' th lower orb, twinkling inviter,  
Which draw'st, as well as eyes, but sett'st men righter:  
For who at thee begins comes to the place,  
Sooner than lie that sets out at the face:  
Eyes are seducing lights, that the good women know,  
And hang out these a nearer way to show.*

*Afar.* Fine and pathetic! Come, Villanor.

*Vil.* What's the matter ?

*Mar.* Come, your liquor and your stanzas :  
Lines, lines !

*Vil.* Of what?

*Mar.* Why, of anything your mistress has given  
you.

*Vil.* Gentlemen, she never gave me anything but  
a box

O' th' ear for offering to kiss her once'

*Str.* Of that box then.

*Mar.* Ay, ay, that box, of that box '

*Vil.* Since it must be,

Give me the poison then. *[Drinks and spits.*

*That box, fair mistress, which thou gav'st to me,  
In human guess is like to cost me threr,  
Three cups of wins and verses six,  
The wine will down, but verse for rhyme still sticks,  
By which you all may easily, gentles, know,  
I am a better drinker than a Po—*

*Enter DORAX.*

*Mar.* Dor. iu.

*Gra.* *A hall, a hall  
To welcome our friend :  
For some liquor call,  
A new orfreface  
Must not alter our pace,  
ttut make us still drink the quicker:  
Wine, wine, O, 'tis divine,  
Come, fill it unto our brother :  
Whatis at the tongues end,  
It forth does send,  
And will not a syllable smother.*

*Then*

*It unlocks the breast,  
And throws out the rest,*

*And learns us to know each other.  
Wint! wine!*

*Dor.* Mad lads, have you been here ever since ?

*Sir.* Yes, faith, thou seest the worst of us.

We debauch in discipline

Four-and-twenty hours is the time.

Baruthen had the watch to-night:

To-morrow 'twill be at my tent.

*Dor.* Good.

And d'you know what has fall'n out to-night ?

*Sir.* Yes :

Gramevert and my Lieutenant-Colonel :

But they are friends again.

*Dor.* Pish, pish ! The young Palatine of Florence  
And his grave guardian [were] surpris'd to-night,  
[And] carried by the enemy out of his quarters.

*Gra.* As a chicken by a kite out of a back-side,  
Was't not so ?

*Dor.* Is that all ?

*Gra.* Yes.

My Colonel did not love him :

He eats sweetmeats upon a march too.

*Dor.* Well—hark ye—worse yet; Ahneriu's gone 1  
Forced the court of guard, where he was a prisoner,  
And has made an escape.

*Gra.* So pale and spiritless a wretch  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And told him half his Troy was burnt. He was  
Of my mind. I would have done so myself.

*Dor.* Well. There is high suspicions abroad ;  
Ye shall see strange discoveries i' the council  
Of war.

*Gra.* What council 1

*Dor.* One called this morning.

Ye are all sent to.

*Gra.* I will put on clean linen, and speak wisely.

*Vil.* 'Sfoot, we'll have a round first.

*Gar.* By all means, sir.

*Sings.*

G'owe, hi the State strty,  
 And drink away :  
 There is no business above it •  
 It warms the cold brain,  
 Makes us speak in high strain,  
 He's a fool that does not approve if.  
 The Macedon youth  
 Left behind him this truth,  
 That nothing is done with much thinking;  
 He drank and he fought,  
 Till he had what he sought,  
 The world was his own by good drinking. [*Exeunf.*]

*Enter* GENERAL OF THE REBELS, PALATINE OF TDRK,  
 PALATINE OF MENSECR, FHANCELIA, ALMERIN,  
 MORAT, IPHIGENE [*disguised.*]

*Gsn.* As your friend, my lord, he has the privilege  
 Of ours, and may enjoy a liberty we would  
 Deny to enemies.

*Aim.* I thank your excellenDP.  
 O Iphigene, he does not know, that thou  
 The nohler part of friendship hold'st,  
 And dost oblige, whilst I can but acknowledge.

*Men.* Opportunity to statesmen is as the just  
 degree  
 Of heat to chemists : it perfects all the work—  
 And in this pris'ner 'tis offered.  
 We now are there, where men should still begin :  
 To treat upon advantage,  
 The Palatine of Tork and Menseck,  
 With Almerin, shall to the king ;  
 Petitions shall be drawn,  
 Humble in form, but such for matter,  
 As the bold Macedonian youth would send

To men he did despise for luxury.  
 The first begets opinion of the world,  
 Which looks not far, hut on the outside dwells :  
 Th' other enforces courage in our own,  
 For bold demands must boldly be maintained.

*Pal.* Let all go on still in the public name,  
 But keep an ear open to particular offers ;  
 Liberty and public good are like great aloes—  
 Must have the upper end still of our tables,  
 Though they are but for show.

*Fran.* Would I  
 Had never seen this shape, 't has poison in't,  
 Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there ?

*Mens.* Press much religion,  
 For though we dress the scruples for the multitude,  
 And for ourselves reserve th' advantages  
 (It being much pretext), yet it is necessary ;  
 For things of faith are so abstruse and nice,  
 They will admit dispute eternally.  
 So howsoe'er other demands appear,  
 These never can be proved unreasonable :  
 The subject being of so fine a nature,  
 It not submits itself to sense, but 'scapes  
 The trials which conclude all common doubts.

*Fran.* My lord, you use me as ill painters paint,  
 Who, while they labour to make faces fair,  
 Neglect to make them like.

*Iph.* Madam, there is no shipwreck of your  
 Virtues near, that you should throw away  
 Any of all your excellences  
 To save the dearest, modesty.

*Gm.* If they proceed with us, we can retreat  
 Unto our expositions and the people's votes.  
 If they refuse us wholly, then we plead,  
 The king's besieged, block'd up BO straitly  
 By some few, [that] relief can find no way  
 To enter to the king, or to get out to us.  
 Exclaim against it loud,

Till the Polonians think it high injustice,  
 And wish us better yet.  
 Then easily do we rise unto our ends,  
 And will become their envy through their pity,  
 At worst you may confirm our party there,  
 Increase it too : there is one Brennoralt;  
 Men call him gallant, but a discontent ;  
 My cousin, the king, hath us'd him ill '  
 [And] him a handsome whisper will draw.  
 The afternoon shall perfect what we have  
 Loosely now resolved.

*Iph.* If in discourse of beauty  
 (So large an empire) I do wander,  
 It will become your goodness, madam, [To Fran.  
 To set me right; and in a country,  
 Where you yourself is queen,  
 Not suffer strangers lose themselves.

*Gen.* What, making revenge, Palatine ?  
 And taking prisoners fair ladies' hearts ?

*Iph.* Yes, my lord.  
 And have no better fortune in this war, -  
 Than in the other ; for while I think to take,  
 I am surprised myself.

*Fran.* Dissembler, would thou wert. [Aside.

*Mens.* You are a courtier, my Inril;  
 The Palatine of Florence, Almerin,  
 Will grace the hymeneala ;  
 And that they may be, while hw stay is here,  
 I'll court my lord in absence ; take off for you  
 The little strangenesses virgins wear at first,  
 Look to the Palatine !<sup>1</sup> [*Iphigene swoons.*

*Mor.* How is't, my dearest Iphigene ? [Aside.

*Iph.* Not well, I would retire.

*Gen.* A qualm ?

*Lord.* His colour stole away ' sunk down, as water  
 In a weather-glass pressed by a warm hand.

<sup>1</sup> [i.e., Iphigene, who is so disguised.]

*Enter a Trumpet blinded.*

*Hens.* A cordial of kind looks from the king.

*Mor.* Let us withdraw, and hear him. *'Exit,*

*Enter* BBENNORALT, DORAN, RAGUELIN.

*Dor.* Yes, to be married !

What, are you mute now ?

*Bren.* Thou can'st too hastily upim me, putt'st  
So close the colours to mine eye, I could  
Not see. It is impossible.

*Dor.* Impossible ?

*If' twere impossible, it should be otherwise;*

*What can you magine there of constancy ?*

*Where 'tis sr much their nature to love change,*

*That when they say but what they are,*

*Th' excuse themselves for what they do?*

*Bren.* She hardly knows him yet, in such an  
instant.

*Dor.* O, you know not how fire flies,

*When it does catch light matter, woman.*

*B.* No more of that. She is yet the most precious  
Thing in all my thoughts. If it be so,  
I am a lost thing in the world, Dor,'an. *[Studies.*

*Dor.* How ?

*Bren.* Thou wilt in vain persuade me to be other.  
Life, which to others is a good, that they  
Enjoy, to me will be an evil, I  
Shall suffer in.

*Dor.* Look on another face : that's present remedy.

*Bren.* How ill thou dost conclude I

'Cause there are pestilent airs, which kill men  
suddenly.

In health, must there be sovereign, as suddenly  
To cure in sickness I 't never waa in nature. *[Exit.*

*He enters again hastily.*

I waa a fool to think death only kept

The doors of ill-paid love, when or disdain  
Or spite could let me out as well!

*Dor.* Eight; were I as you, it should no more  
trouble me

To free myself of love than to spit out  
That which made me pick.

*Bren.* I'll tell her so, that she may laugh at me,  
As at a prisoner threatening his guard  
He will break loose, and so is made the faster.  
She hath charms. *[Studies.*

Doran can fetch in a rebellious heart, e'en while  
It is conspiring liberty. O, she hath all  
The virtues of her sex, and not the vices  
Chaste and unsullied as first op'mng lilies  
Or untouch'd buds.

*Dor.* Chaste ? why, do you honour me,  
Because I throw myself not off a precipice ?  
'Tis her ruin to be otlmwihe. Though we  
Blame those that kill themselves, my lord,  
We praise not him that keeps himself alive,  
And deserves nothing.

*Bren.* And it is the least.  
She does triumph, when she does but appear :  
I linve as many rivals as beholders.

*Dor.* All that increases but our jealousies ;  
If you have now such qualms for that you have not,  
What will you have for that you shall possess ?

*Bren.* Dull heretic ! Know I have these, because  
I have not her. When I have her, I shall  
Have these no more.

Her fancy now, her virtue then, will govern ;  
And aa I USB to watch with doubtful eye  
The wavering needle in the best sundial,  
Till it has eettled, then the trouble's o'er :  
Because I know, when it ia fixM, it's true :  
So here my doubts are all afore me. Sure,  
Doran, crown'd conquerors are but the types  
Of lovers, which enjoy, and really

Possess what th' other have in dreams ! Til send  
A challenge to him.

*Dor.* Do, and be  
Thought a madman ! To what purpose ?  
If she love him, she will but hate you more.  
Lovers in favour, Brennoralt, are gamesters  
In good fortune : the more you set them,  
The more they get.

*Brtn.* I'll see her, then,  
This night; by heavens, I will.

*Dor.* Where ? 1" the citadel '

*Bren.* Know what and why ]

*Dor.* He raves, [.sarfe.] Brennoralt!

*Bren.* Let me alone. I conjure thee, by the  
Discretion left betwixt us—that is, thine ;  
For mine's devour<sup>d</sup> by injuries of fortune—  
Leave me to myself.

*Dor.* I have done.

*Bren.* Is there such a passage as thou hast told  
Me of into the castle"?

*Rag.* There ia, my lord.

*Bren.* And dar'st thou let me in ?

*Rag.* If you, my lord,  
Will venture.

*Bren.* There are no sentries near it ?

*Rag.* None.

*Bren.* How to the chamber afterward ?

*Rag.* Her woman.

*Bren.* What's she ?

*Rag.* A wicket to my lady's secrets,  
One that stands up to marriage with me.

*Bren.* There 1 upon thy life, be secret.

[Flings a purse.

*Rag.* Else all punishment to ingratitude.

*Bren.* Enough.

I am a storm within, O Doran ! till I am there.  
That that which is so pleasant to behold,  
Should be such pain within !

*Dor.* Poor Brennoralt!  
 Thou art the martyr of a thousand tyrants :  
 Love, honour, and ambition reign by turns,  
 And show their power upon thee.

*Bren.* Why, let them ; Fin still Breimoralt.  
 L'Ev'n kings  
 Themselves are by their servants ruVd sometimes ;  
 Let their own slaves govern them at odd hours,  
 Yet not subject their persons or their powers."  
*[Exeunt.*

ACTUS in. SCG<:NA i.

*Enter* IPHIOENE, *disguised as before, as in a ytM den.*

*fyh.* What have I got by changing place,  
 But as a, wretch which ventures to the wars,  
 Seeking the misery with pain abroad,  
 He found, but wisely thought h' had left at home.  
 Fortune, thou hast no tyranny beyond  
 This usage. *[Weeps.]* Would I had never hop'd,  
 Or had betimes despair'd ! let never in  
 The gentle thief, or kept him but a guest,  
 Not made him lord of all.  
 Tempests of wind thus (as my storms of grief  
 Carry my tears, which should relieve my heart)  
 Have hurried to the thankless ocean clouds  
 And showers, that needed not at all the courtesy,  
 When the poor plains have languish'd for the want,  
 And almost burnt asunder.  
 I'll have this statue's place, and undertake  
 At my own charge to keep the water full.

*[Lies down,*

*Enter* FBANCELIA.

*Fran.* These fond impressions grow too strong  
 upon me ;  
 They were at first without design or end;

Like the first elements, that know not what  
 And why they act, and yet produce strange things :  
 Poor innocent desires, journeying they know  
 Not whither ; but now they promise to themselves  
 Strange things, grow insolent, threaten  
 No rest till they be satisfied.

What difference was between these lords '  
 The one made love, as if he by assault  
 Would take my heart, so forced it to defence ;  
 While t'other blew it up with secret mines,  
 And left no place for it. Here he is,  
 Tears steal, too, from his eyes,  
 As if not daring to be known to pass  
 That way. Make it good, cunning grief,  
 Thou know'st thou couldst not dress thyself  
 In any other looks, to make thee lovely.

*[Iphigene sees her.]*

*Iph.* Francelia !

If through the ignorance of places  
 I have intruded on your privacies, found out  
 Forbidden paths, 'tis fit you pardon, madam ;  
 For 'tis my melancholy, not I, offends.

*Fran.* So great a melancholy would wtl1 become  
 Mischances, such as time could not repan.  
 Those of the war are but the petty cures  
 Of every coming hour.

*Iph.* Why should I not tell her all I since 't'is I  
 her

To save my life ? Who knows, but she may be  
 Gallant so far, as to undo herself  
 To make another happy ] *[Aside.]* Madam,  
 The accidents of war contribute least  
 To my sad thoughts (if any such I have)—  
 Imprisonment can never be, where the  
 Place holds what we must love, and yet—

*Fran.* My lord ?

*Iph.* In this imprisonment—

*Fran.* Proceed,

My lord.

*Iph.* I dare not, madam.

*Fran.* I see

I do disturb you, and entur upon secrets,  
Which when I know, I cannot serve you in them.

*Iph.* O, most of any ! You are the cause of all.

*Fran.* I, my lord ?

*Iph.* You, madam, you alone !

*Fran.* Alas, that 'tis too soon to understand.

*[Aside.*

*Iph.* Must not you marry Almerin ?

*Fran.* They tell me

'Tis ilesign'd.

*Iph.* If he have you, I am for ever lost.

*Fran.* Lost!

The heavens forbid they should design so ill ;  
Or when they shall, that I should be the cause I

*Iph.* Ha! her eyes are strangely kind; she  
prompts

Me excellently. Stars, be propitious !

And I am safe—a way I not expected. *[Aside.*

*Fran.* His passion labours for vent. *[Aside.*

*Iph.* Is there a hope you will not give yourself  
To Almerin I

*Fran.* My lord, this air

Is common ; the walks within are pleasanler,

*[Exit.*

*Iph.* *[An] invitation !*

God of desires, be kind, and nil me now  
With language, such thou lend'.st thy favourites,  
When thou wouldst give them easy victories :  
And I forgive thee all thy cruelties. *[Exit after her.*

*Enter* PALATINE OF TORE, MENSECK, ALMEHIN,  
BHENNDRALT, Lords.

*Mens.* Consider, too, that those who are  
Necessitated to use violence

Have first been violent by necessit)-.

*Pal.* But still you judge not right of the prerogative ;

" For oft it stands with povv'r and law,  
As with our faith and reason : 'tig not all  
Against that is above," my lord.

*2 Lord.* You Lithuanians had of all least reason ;  
For, would the king be unjust to you, he  
Cannot, where there's so little to be luul.

*Aim.* Where there is least, there's liberty, my  
lord ;

And 'tis more injury to pull hairs from  
The bald, lhan from the bushy heads.

*[They go off talLiny.*

*Pal.* Brcnnoralt, a word '

*[Torkpull B)entiomlt.*

My lord, the world hath cast his eye upon yon,  
And mark'd you out one of the foremost men.  
Y<sup>J</sup> have busied fame the earliest of any,  
And send her still on errands.

Much of the bravery of your nation  
Has taken up its lodging in you,  
And gallant meli but copy from you.

*Bren.* <sup>J</sup>Tis goodly language llus ; what would it  
mean?

*Pal.* The Lithuanians wih you wel], and wonder  
So much desert should be so ill rewarded.

*Bren.* Good.

*Pal.* While all the gifts the crown is mistress of  
Are plac'd upon the empty,

*Bren.* Still I take you not.

*Pal* Then, to be plain, our army would be proud  
of you :

Pay the neglected scores of merit double.  
All that you hold here of command, and what  
Your fortune in this Sigismond has suffer'd,  
Repair, and make it fairer than at first.

*Brsn.* How] than nothing I

[My] lord, [a] trifle below ill language !  
How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour ?

*Pal.* My lord ]

*Bren.* Dost think, 'cause I am angry with  
The king and state sometimes, I am  
Fallen out with virtue and myself ? Draw '  
Draw, or by goodness—

*Pal.* "What means your lordship ?

*Bren.* Draw, I say.

He that would think me a villain, is one ;  
And I do wear this toy to purge the world  
Of such.

*Enter* KING OF POLAND, Lords, MELIDOR, MIESTA.

They've sav'd thee. Wert thou good-natur'd,  
Thou wouldst love the king the better during life.

*King.* If they be just, they call for gracious  
answers ;

Speedy, howe'er, we promise.

*[They all kiss the King's hand.*

*All.* Long live great Sigismond !

*Bren.* The Lithuanians, sir,  
Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must  
Be rid with cavezoua<sup>A</sup> and with harsh curbs.  
And since the war can only make them tried,  
What can be used but swords' ? where men have fall'n,  
From not respecting royalty, unto  
A liberty of offending it: what though  
Their numbers possibly equal yours, sir' /  
And now, forc'd by necessity, like cats  
In narrow rooms, they fly up in your face.  
Think you rebellion and loyalty  
Are empty names ? and that in subjects' hearts  
They don't both give and take away the courage ?  
Shall we believe there is no difference  
In good and bad / that there's no punishment

Or no protection ? forbid it, heaven !  
 If when great Poland's honour—safety too,  
 Hangs in dispute, we should not draw our swords,  
 Why were we ever taught to wear 'em, sir /

*Mi.* This late commotion in your kingdom, sir,  
 la like a growing wen upon the face,  
 Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,  
 So tak't away we cannot but with danger.  
 War there hath foulest face, and I mo&t fear it,  
 Where the pretence is fairest. Religion  
 And liberty (most specious names) they urge ;  
 Which like the bills of subtle mountebanks,  
 Fill'd with great promises of curing all, though by  
 The wise pass'd by as common cosenage,  
 Yet by th' unknowing multitude they're still  
 Ailmir'd and flock'd unto.

*King.* *Is there no way*  
 To disabuse them'

*Mel.* All is 1")w too late.  
 The vulgar in religion are hku  
 Unknown lands ; those that fust possess them have  
 them.

Then, sir, consider, justness of cause in nothing,  
 When things are risen to the point they are ;  
 Tis either not examin'd or believed among  
 The warlike.

The better cause the Grecians had of yore,  
 Yet were the gods themselves divided in't;  
 And the foul ravisher found as good protection  
 As the much-injui'd husband.  
 Nor are you, sir, assiu'd of all behind you ;  
 For though your person in your subjects' hearts  
 Stands highly honour'd and belfrv'd, yet are  
 There certain acts of state, which men call grievances,  
 Abroad ; and though they bear them in the times  
 Of peace, yet will they now perchance seek to  
 Be free, and throw them off. "For know, dread sir,  
 The common people are much like the sea,

That suffers things to fall and sink unto  
 The bottom in a calm, which (in a storm  
 Stirred and enrag'd) it lifts, and does keep up."  
 Then time distempers cures more safely, sir,  
 Than physic does, or instant letting blood ;  
 Religion now is a young mistress there,  
 For which each man will fight and die at least;  
 Let it alone a while, and 'twill become  
 A kind of married wife : people will be  
 Content to live with it in quietness,  
 If that at least may be. My voice is therefore, sir,  
 For peace.

*Mens.* Were, sir, the question simply war or peace,  
 It were no more than shortly to be ask'd,  
 Whether we would be well or ill; since war  
 The sickness of the kingdom is, and peace the health.  
 But here I do conceive, 'twill rather lie,  
 Whether we had not better endure  
 Sharp sickness for a time, to enjoy  
 A perfect strength, than have it languish on us ;  
 For peace and war in an incestuous line  
 Have still begot each other.  
 Those men that highly now have broke all laws  
 (The great one only 'tis 'twixt man and man),  
 What safety can they promise, though you give it ?  
 Will they not still suspect, and justly too,  
 That all those civil bonds new-made should be  
 Broken again to them / So being still  
 In fears and jealousies themselves, they must  
 Infect the people ; " for in such a case  
 The private safety is the public trouble."  
 Nor will they ever want pretext; " since he  
 That he will maintain it with his sword he's injur'd,  
 May say't at any time."  
 Then, sir, as terrible as war appears,  
 My vote is fort; nor shall I ever care,  
 How ugly my physician's may be,  
 So he can do the cure.

*Lord.* In venturing<sup>1</sup> physic,  
I think, sir, none so much considers  
The doctor's face as his own body.  
To keep on foot the war with all your wants,  
Is to let blood, and take strong potions  
In dangerous sickness.

*King.* I see, and wonder not to find, my lolds,  
This difference in opinion ; the subject's large :  
Nor can we there too much dispute where, when  
We err, 'tis at a kingdom's charges. Peace  
And war are in themselves indifferent,  
And time doth stamp them either good or bad ;  
But here the place is much considerable ;  
"War in our own<sup>2</sup> is like to too much heat  
Within, it makes the body sick ; when in  
Another country, 'tis but exercise ;  
Conveys that heat abroad, and gives it health.  
To that I bend my thoughts ; but leave it to  
Our greater council, which we now assemble :  
Meantime, exchange of prisoners only we  
Assent unto.

*Lord.* Nothing of truce, sir I

*King.* No : we'll not take up  
Quiet at interest: perfect peace or nothing.  
"Cessations for short times in war are like  
Small fits of health in desp'rate maladies :  
Which, while the instant pain seems to abate,  
Flatters into debauch and worse estate." [Exeunt.]

*Enter* IPHIGENE, *as leading to her chamber* FR'NCBLIA,  
*Servants with lights*, MORAT, *and another* Soldier.

*Iph.* I have not left myself a fair retreat,  
And must be now the blest object of your love,  
Or subject of your scorn.

*Fran.* I fear some treachery ;  
And that mine eyes have given intelligence.

<sup>1</sup>[Old copies, *cntrmy.*]

<sup>2</sup>[*i.e.*<sub>t</sub> Our own country.]

Unless you knew there would be weak defence,  
 You durst not think of taking in a heart,  
 As soon as you sat down before it.

*Iph.* Condemn my love not of such fond ambition,  
 It aims not at a conquest, but exchange, Francelia.  
*[In a whisper.]*

*Mor.* They're very great in this short tune. *[Aside.]*

*Sol.* 'Tis ever so. Young and handsome  
 Are<sup>1</sup> made acquaintances in nature.  
 So, when they meet, they have the less to do,  
 It is for age or ugliness to make approaches,  
 And keep a distance. *[AMe.]*

*Iph.* When I shall see other perfection,  
 Which at the best will be but other vanity,  
 Not more I shall not love it.

*Fran.* 'Tis still one step not to despair, my lord.  
*[Exeunt Iphigene, Framceha, and Servants.]*

*Mor.* Dost think he will fight!

*Sol* Troth, it may be, not.  
 Nature, in those fine pieces, does as painters :  
 Hangs out a pleasant excellence, that takes  
 The eye, which is indeed but a coarse canvas in  
 The naked truth, or some slight stuff.

*Mor.* I have a great mind to taste him.

*Sol* Fie ! a prisoner ?

*Mor.* By this hand, if I thought  
 He courted my colonel's mistress in earnest!

*Enter* IPHIOENE, a Waiting-woman coming after him.

*Worn, [to Iph.]* My lord, my lord, my lady thinks  
 The jessamine walks will be the finer ;  
 The freshness of th<sup>1</sup> morning takes off the strength  
 O' th' heat, she says.

*Iph.* 'Tis well.

*Mor.* Mew I do it so I I suspect viliUy.  
 We'll follow him, and see if he be

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *haie.*]

So far qualified towards a soldier,  
As to drink a crash in'a chamber.

*[ftaguelin pulls the Waiting-woman back.*

Rag. What are these keys I

Worn. Hark yon, I dare not do it.

Rag. How?

Worn. My lady will find——

Rag. Scruples I Are my hopes become your fears ]  
There was no other way I should be anything  
In this lewd world, and now—

'Sfoot, I know she longs to see him too.

Worn. Does she I

Rag. Do you think he would desire it else ?

Worn. Ay, but——

Rag. Why, let me secure it all.

I'll say I found the keys, or stole them. Come.

TVom. Well, if you ruin all now—

Here, these enter the garden from the works,<sup>1</sup>

That the privy walks, and that the back stairs.

Then you know my chamber ?

Rag. Yes, I know your chamber. *[Extunt.*

*Enter BHENNORALT.*

*linn.* He comes not.

One wise thought more, and I return:

I cannot in this act separate the foolish

From the bold so far, but still it tastes o' th' rash.

Why, let it taste ! it tastes of love too,

And to all actions 't gives a pretty relish, that——

*Enter RAOUELIN.*

Rag. My lord?

Bren. O, here !

Rag. 'Sfoot, you're upon our sentries ;  
Move on this hand.

*[Exeunt.*

P The outworks, probably, mentioned in the fourth act.]

*Enter again BRENNORALT and RAGUELIN.*

*Bren.* Where are we now ]

*Rag.* Entering part of the fort,  
Your lordship must be wet a little. *[Exeunt.*

*They enter again.*

*Bren.* Why, are there here no giurds ?

*Rag.* There needs none :  
You presently must pass a place,  
Where one's an army in defence,  
It is so steep and strait.

*Bren.* 'Tis well.

*Rag.* These are the steps of danger. Look to your  
way,  
My lord.

*Bren.* I do not find such difficulty.

*[Exit Raguelin.*

*Enter FRANCELIA, as in a bed, asleep.*

*Bren.* Wait me hereabouts, *[Draws the curtains,*  
So misers look upon their gold, which while  
They jay to see, they fear to lose ; the pleasure  
O' the sight scarce equalling the jealousy  
Of being dispossess'd by others,  
Her face is like the Milky Way i' th' sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without name.  
Heavens ! shall this fresh ornament  
Of the world, this precious loveliness  
Pass, with other common things, amongst  
The wastes of time ! What pity 'twere !

*Fran, [waking.]* Bless me ' is it a vision, or  
Brennoralt l

*Bren.* Brennoralt, lady.

*Fran.* Brennoralt ? innocence guard me ;  
What is it you have done, my lord ?

*Bren.* Alas!  
I were in too good estate if

I knew what I did. But why ask you, madam *I*

*Fran.* It much amazes me to think how you  
Came hither, and what could  
Bring you t'endanger thua my honour,  
And your own life !  
Nothing but saving of my brother  
Could make me now preserve you.

*Bren.* Reproach me not the follies you yourself  
Make me commit. I am reduc'd to *such* extremity,  
That Love himself (high tyrant as he is), if he  
Could see, would pity me.

*Fran.* *I* understand you not.

*Bren.* "Would heaven you did, for 'tis a pain to tell  
you :

I come t' accuse you of injustice, madam !  
You first begot my passion, and was content,  
At least you seemM so, it should live ;  
Yet since would ne'er contribute unto if-,  
Not look upon't; as if you had desired  
Its being for no other end, but for  
The pleasure of its ruin.

*Fran.* Why do  
You labour thus to make me guilty of  
An injury to you—to you, which when it is done,<sup>1</sup>  
All mankind is alike engag'd, and must  
Have quarrel to me ?

*Bren.* I have done ill; you chide me justly,  
madam.

I'll lay't not on you, but on my wretched self;  
For I am taught that heavenly bodies  
Are not malicious in their influence,  
But by the disposition of the subject.  
They tell me you must marry Almerin ?  
Sure such excellency ought to be  
The recompense of virtue, not the sacrifice  
Of parents' wisdom. Should it not, madam ?

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *one*.]

*Fran.* 'Twould injure me were it thought otherwise.

*Bren.* And shall he have you then, that knew you yesterday *I*

la there in martyrdom no juater way,  
But he, that holds a finger in the fire  
A little time, should have the crown from them,  
That have endured the flame with constancy *J*

*Fran.* If the discovery will case your thoughts-,  
My lord, know Almerin is as the man  
T never saw.

*Bren.* You do not marry then ?  
Condemned men thus hear, and thus receive  
Reprieves. One question more, tind I am gone :  
Is there in tli<sup>1</sup> latitude of eternity  
A hope for Brennoralt ?

*Fran.* My lord *I*

*Bren.* Have I a place at all when you do think of  
men ?

*Fran.* My lord, a high one ;  
I must be singular, did I not value you .  
The world does set great rafes upon you,  
And you have first deserv'd them.

*Bren.* Is this all *I*

*Fran.* All.

*Bren.* O, be less kind or kinder :  
Give me more pity or more cruelty, Francelia ;  
I cannot live with this, nor die.

*Fran.* *I* fear, my lord, you must not hope beyond it.

*Bren.* Not hope ? This, sure, is not the body to  
*[Views himself.*

This soul; it wag mistaken, shuffled in  
Through haste : why else should that have so much  
love,  
And this want loveliness to make that love  
Receiv'd ? I will raise honour to a point

<sup>1</sup> [Olil copies, to.]

It never was—do things of such [Htudien.  
 A virtuous greatness she shall love me.  
 She shall; I will deserve her, though  
 I have her not. There's something yet in that.  
 Madame, will't please you, pardon my offence?  
 () Fates ! that I must call thus my affection'

*Fran.* I will do anything, so you will think  
 Of me and of yourself, my lord, and how  
 Your stay endangers both.

*Bren.* Alas!  
 Your parion *is* more necessary to  
 My life, than life to me. But I am gone',  
 Blessings, surfi as my wishes for you in  
 Their ecstasies could never reach, 'fall on you !  
 May everything contribute to preserve  
 That excellence (my destruction), till't meet joys  
 In love, great as the torments I have in't. [Exit.

## ACTUS IV. SOCENA I.

*Enter BRENNORALT.*

*Brm.* Why so, 'tis well. Fortune, I thank thee  
 still,  
 I dare not call thee villain neither.  
 'Twas plotted from the first, that's certain.  
 It looks that way ! Hum ! caught in a trap.  
 Here's something yet to trust to. [To his sword.  
 This was the entry, these the stairs ;  
 But whither afterwards ?  
 He that is sure to perish on the land,  
 May quit the niceties of card and compass ;  
 And safe, to his discretion, put to sea :  
 He shall have my hand to't. [Exit.

*Enter RAGUELIN and ORILLA the waiting-woman.*

*Rag.* Look ! by this light, 'tis day.

*Ori.* [No,] not by this ; by t'other 'tis indeed.

*Rag.* Thou art such another piece of temptation.  
My lord raves by this time. A hundred to one,  
The sentinels will discover us ton :  
Then I do pray for night-watch !

*Ori.* Fie upon thee '  
Thou art as fearful as a young colt.  
Boggiest at everything, fool I As if  
Lovera had considered hours : I'll peep in.

*[She retires to peep.]*

*Ray.* I am as weary of this wench  
As if I were married to her ;  
She hangs upon me like an ape upnn a horse ;  
She's as common, too, aa a barber's ijlass ;  
Conscienced, too, like a dye-dapper.

*Ori.* [*coming lack.*] There's nobody within.  
My lady sleeps this hour at least.

*Ray.* Good, the devil's even with me .  
Not be an honest man neither.  
What course now ?

*Enter BRENNORALT and a Guard (disguised).*

*Sol.* Nay, sir, we hhall older you now.

*Bren.* Dogs,]

*Enter FKESOLIX.*

*Fre.* What tumult's this ?—ha! Brennoralt! 'tis he  
In spite of his disguise : what makes he here ?  
He's lost for ever, if he be discovered ;  
How now, companions, why do you use my friend  
thus]

*Sol.* Your friend, my lord ? if he be your friend  
He has used us ill ;  
He has played the devil amongst us.  
Six of our men are surgeons' work this month.  
We found him climbing the walls.

2 *Sol.* He had no u ord<sup>1</sup> neitlicr ;  
Nor any language but a blow.

*Fre.* You will be doing these wild tilings, my  
**lord,**

Good faith, ye are to blame ; if y' had desir'd  
To view the walla or trenches, 'twas but  
Speaking : we are not nice.  
I would myself have waited on you :  
They're the new outworks you would ace perchance.  
Boy, bring me Black Tempest round about  
And the grey Barbary ;<sup>2</sup> a trumpet come along too.  
My lord, we'll take the nearer way  
And privater here through the sally-port.

*Bren.* What a devil is this' sure I dream.

[*Exeunt. Soldicis remain.*]

*Sol.* Now you are so officious '

2 *Sol.* Death ! could I guess he was a fneml ?

*Sol.* 'T'vas ever to be thought ;  
How should he come there else '

2 *Sol.* Friend or no friend, he might have left us  
Something to pay the surgeon with  
Grant me that, or I'll beat you to't. [*Exeunt*

*Enter FBESOLIN and BRENNORALT.*

*Fre.* Brennoralt, start not :  
I pay thee back a life I owe thee,  
And bless my stars they gave me power to rlo't ;  
The debt lay heavy on me.  
A horse waits you there, a trumpet too  
(Which you may keep, lest he should prate)—  
No ceremony, 'tis dangerous,

*Bren.* Thou hast astonished me •  
Thy youth hath triumphed in one single act  
O'er all the age can boast ; and I will stay  
To tell thee so, were they now firing all  
Their cannons on me. Farewell ! gallant Fresolin<sub>7</sub>

<sup>1</sup> [Password.] - [The names of twu chargers.]

And may reward, great as thy virtue, crown thee.  
*[Exeunt divtrs ways.]*

*Knter IFHIOENE and FRANCELIA.*

*fr'nut.* A peace will come, and then you must l) p  
 gone;  
 And whether, when you once are got upon the  
 wing,  
 You will not stoop to what shall rise,  
 Before ye fly to some lure with  
 More temptation garnish<sup>J</sup>, is a sad rjuestion.

*Iph.* Can you have doubts, and I mt fears 1<sup>J</sup>  
 By this, the readiest and the sweetest oath [*kisses her*],  
 I swear

I cannot so secure myself of you ;  
 But in my absence I shall be in pain.  
 I have cast up what it AY ill be to stand  
 The governor's anger . and, which is more hanl,  
 The love of Almcrin. E hold thee now  
 But by thy own free grant—a slight security !  
 Alas ' it may fall out, giving thyself :  
 Not knowing thine own worth or want of mine ;  
 Thou niayst, like kings deceiv'd, resume the gift  
 Ou better knowledge back.

*Fran.* If I so easily change,  
 I was not worth your love, and by the loss you'll  
 gain.

*Iph.* But when you're irrecoverably gone,  
 'Twill be slight comfort to persuade myself  
 You had a fault, when all that fault must be  
 But want of love to me ; and then<sup>z</sup> again  
 Find in my much defect so much excuse,  
 That it will have no worse name than discretion.  
 If unconcerned [you] do cast it up—  
 I must have more assurance.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copieH, *myfeara.*]  
<sup>2</sup> [Old copies, *that.*]

*Fran.* You have too much already ;  
And sure, my lord, you wonder, while I lilusli,  
At such a growth in young affections.

*Iph.* Why should I wonder, madam "  
Love, that from two breasts sucks,  
Must of a child quickly become a giant.  
Dunces in love stay at the alphabet  
The inapir'd know all before ;  
And do begin still higher.

*Jtinter* Waiting- innan.

*Worn.* Madam, Almerin returned has sent to kisa  
Your hands. I told him you were busy ' "

*Fran.* Must I, my loril, be busy ?  
I may be civil, though not kind.

Tell him, I wait him in the gallery

*Iph.* May I not kiss your hand this night'

*[In n ivhmjter.*

*Fran.* The world ia full of jealous sys my lord ;  
And were they all lock'd up, you are a spy,  
Once entered in my chamber at strange hours.

*Iph.* The virtue of Francelia is too safe  
To need those little arts of preservation.  
Thus to deny<sup>1</sup> ourselves, is to distrust ourlves  
A cherubin despatches not on earth  
The affairs of heaven with greater innocence  
Than I will visit ' 'tis but to take a leave—  
I beg.

*Fran.* When you are going, my lord. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter* ALMERIN, MORAT,

*Aim.* Pish ! Thou liest, thou liest.  
I know he playa with womankind, not loves it.  
Thou art impertinent.

*Mor.* <sup>3</sup>Tis the camp-talk, my lord, though,

*Aim.* The camp's au ass ; let me hear no more nu't.

*[Exeunt talkiny.*

<sup>1</sup> [Oil copies, ~~divide.~~]

*Enter GRAINEVEHT, VILLANOR, and MARINEL.*

*Gra.* And shall we have peace *I*

I am no sooner sober but the state is so too :

Ift be thy will, a truce for a moneth only.

I long to refresh my eyes, by this hand ' <sup>1</sup>

They have been so tir'il with looking upon face?

Of this country.

*Vil.* And shall the Donnazella

To whom we wish so well-a

Look babies again in our eyes-a *I*

*Gra.* Ah ! a sprightly girl about fifteen,

That melts when a man but takes her by the

hand :

Eyes full and quick ; with breath

Sweet as double violets, and wholesome

As dying leaves of strawberries.

Thick silken eyebrows, high upon the forehead ;

And cheeks mingled with pale streaks of red,

Such as the blushing morning never wore.

*Vil* O my chops, my chops !

*Gra.* "With narrow mouth, small teeth,

And lips swelling;, as if she pouted——

*Vil.* Hold, hold, hold !

*Gra.* Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of

marjoram ;

Parttiedinnegligence,partlooselyflowing——

*Mar.* Tyrant, tyrant, tyrant!

*Gra.* In a pink-colour raffata petticoat,

Laced smock-sleeves dangling !

This vision stolen from her own bed,

And rustling into one's chamber !

*Vil* O good Grainevert, good Grainevert !

*Gra.* With a wax candle in her hand,

Looking as if she had lost her way

At twelve at night.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *above*. Peiliafifi we should **read**, *not above*.]

Mar. O, any hour, any hour !

Ghra. Now I think on't, by this hand,  
I'll marry, and be long-liv'd.

Vil, Long-liv'd! howl

Gra. O, he that has a wife cats with an appetite,  
Has a very good stomach to't firiat:  
This living at large is very destructive,  
Variety is like rare sauces : provokes too far,  
And draws on surfeits more than th' other.

*Enter DORAN.*

Dor. So ; is this a tune to fool in '?

Gra. What's the matter?

Dor. Draw out your choice men and away to  
Your Colonel immediately. There's work  
Towards, my boys, there's work.

Gra. Art in earnest ?

Dor. By this light.

Gnt. There's something in that yet.

*This moiety<sup>1</sup> war,*

*Twilight,*

*Neither night nor day :*

*Pox upon it!*

*A storm is worth a thousand*

*Of your calm;*

*There's more variety in it. [Exeunt.*

*Enter ALMERIN and FRANCELIA, as talking earnestly.*

Aim. Madam, that shows the greatness of my  
passion.

Fran. The imperfection rather : jealousy's  
No better sign of love, my lord, than fevers are  
Of life ; they show there is a being, though  
Impair<sup>3</sup>d and perishing : and that, affection,  
But sick and in disorder. I like't not.

Your servant. {.Exit.  
*Aim.* So short and sour ? the change is visible.

*Enter* IPHIGENE.

*Iph.* Dear Almcnn, welcome, y' have been absent long.

*Aim.* Not very long.

*Iph.* To me it hath appear'd so ;  
 What says our camp ? am I not blamed there ?

*AM.* They wonder——

*Iph.* While we smile ?

How have you found the king inclining ?

*Aim.* Well.

The treaty is not broken, nor holds it.

Things are where they were ;

'T has a kind of face of peace ;

You, my lord, may, when you please, return.

*Iph.* I, Almerm ?

*Aim.* Yes, my lord, I'll give you an esuape.

*Iph.* 'Tis least in my desires.

*Aim.* Hum !

*Iph.* Such prisons are beyond all liberty.

*Aim.* Is't possible ?

*Iph.* Seems it strange to you ?

*Aim.* No, not at all.

What, you find the Indies kind ?

*Iph.* Civil. [Smiles.

*Aim.* You make love well too, they say, my lord.

*Iph.* Pass my time.

*Aim.* Address unto Francclia ?

*Iph.* Visit her.

*Aim.* D'you know she is my mistress, Palatine ?

*Iph.* Ha ?

*Aim.* D'you know she is my mistress ?

*Iph.* I have been told so.

*Aim.* And do you court her then ?

*Iph.* Why, if you saw the enemy first,

Would you not charge ? *[Smiles.*

*Aim.* He does allow it too, by heaven :  
Laughs at me too. Thou filcher of a heart, *[Aside.*  
False as thy title to Francelia,  
Or as thy friendship : which with this I do *[Dreams.*  
Throw by. Draw !

*IpJi.* What do you mean ?

*Aim.* I see the cunning now of all thy lo'e,  
And why thou cam'st so timely kind,  
Suffering surprise. Draw !

*Iph.* I will not draw, kill me ;  
And I shall have no trouble in my death,  
Knowing it is your pleasure :  
As I shall have no pleasure in my life,  
Knowing it is your trouble.

*Aim.* O, poor——I look'd for this.  
I knew th' wouldst find 'twas easier to do a wrong  
Than justify it. But——

*Iph.* I will not fight; hear me,  
If I love you not more than T love her ;  
If I do love her more than for your sala<sup>l</sup>,  
Heaven strangely punish me.

*Aim.* Take heed how thou dost play with heaven.

*Iph.* By all that's just, and fair, and good,  
By all that you hold dear, and men hold great,  
I never had lascivious thought, or e'er  
Did action that might call in doubt my love  
To Aimerin,

*Aim.* That tongue can charm me into anything;  
I do believe't. prythee, be wiser then.  
Give me no further cause of jealousy ;  
Hurt not mine honour more, and I am well.

*Iph.* But well? Of all  
Our passions, I wonder nature made  
The worst, foul jealousy, her favourite.  
And if it be not so, why took she care,  
That everything should give the monster nourish-  
ment,

And left us nothing to destroy it with ?

*Aim.* Pr'ythee, no more ; ihou plead'st so cunningly,

I fear I shall be maile the guilty,  
And need thy pardon.

*Iph.* If you could read my heart, you would.  
I will be gone to-morrow, if that will satisfy.  
Indeed I shall not rest until my innocence  
Be niaile as plain as objects to the sense.

*Aim.* Come,  
You shall not go, I'll think on it no more.  
"Distrusts ruin not friendship,  
But build it faner than it was before." [Exeunt.

*Enter* BRENNDRAI,T, Captains, STRATHEMAN,  
DDRAN.

*Bren.* No more but ten from every company ;  
For many hands are thieves, and rob the glory,  
While they take their share. How goes the night !

*Sir.* Half spent, my lord ; we shall have straight  
The moon's<sup>1</sup> weaker light.

*Bren.* It is time, then ; call in the officers.

*Enter* Officers.

Friends, if you were men that must be talk'd into  
A courage, I had not chosen you ;  
Danger with its vizard oft before this time  
Y<sup>r</sup> have look'd upon, and uutfac'd it too ;  
We are to do the trick again — that's all.

Here- [Dram his sword.

And yet we will not swear :  
For he that shrinks in such an action,  
Is damn'd without the help of perjury.  
Doran, if from the virgin-tow'r thou spiest  
A flame, such as the east sends forth about

<sup>1</sup> [To be pronounced as n dissyllable.]

The time the day should break, go tell the king  
 I hold the castk for him ; bid him come on  
 With all his force, and he shall find a victory  
 So cheap, 'twill lose the value. If I fall,  
 The world has lost a thing it used not well ;  
 And I, a thing I car'd not for—that world.

*Sir.* Lead us on, Colonel;  
 If we do not fight like——

*Bren.* No like.  
 We'll be ourselves' similitude,  
 And time shall say, when it would tell  
 That men did in ell, they fought like us.

## ACTUS V. SCCENA I.

*Enter again.*

*Bren.* What made thee stop ?  
*Str.* One in his falling sickness had a fit  
 Which choked the passage ; but all is well :  
 Softly, we are near the place. *[Exeunt.*

*Alarm within, and fight; then enter ALMERIN  
 in his nightgown.*

*Aim.* What noise is here to-night ?  
 Something on fire ? What, ho ! Send to  
 The virgin-tower, there is disorder thereabouts.

*Enter Soldiers.*

*Sol* All's lost, all's lost! The enemy's  
 Upon the place of arms ; and is by this  
 Time master of that and the tower,

*Aim.* Thou liest! *[Strikes him.*

*Enter MORAT.*

Afor. Save yourself, my lord, and haate unto the  
 camp;

Ruin gets in on every side.

*Aim.* There's something in it, when this fellow flies.

Villains, my arms ; I'll see what devil reigns.

*[fixeunt.*

*Enter* IPHIOEWE *and* FnANCELIA.

*Iph.* Look, the day breaks.

*Fran.* You think I'll be *so* kind as swear it does not now ? Indeed, I will not.

*Iph.* Will you not send me neither Your picture, when y<sup>r</sup> are gone ? That when my eye is famish'd for a look, It may have where to feed ; And to the painted feast invite my heart.

*Fran.* Here, take this virgin bracelet off my hair, And if like other men thou shalt hereafter Throw it with negligence amongst the records Of thy weak female conquests : laugh At the kind words and mystical contrivement. If such a time shall come, Know I am sighing then thy absence, Iphigene, And weeping o'er the false but pleasing image.

*Enter* ALMERIN.

*Aim.* Francelia, Francelia, Rise, rise, and save thyself ! the enemy That does not know thy worth, may else destroy it.

*[Thrown open the door.*

Ha ! mine eyes grow sick : a plague Has through them stol'n into my heart ; And I grow dizzy ! Feet, lead me off again, Without the knowledge of my body : I shall act, I know nob, what else.

*[Exit.*

*Fran.* How came he in ! Dear Iphigene, We are betray'd ! let's raise the castle, lest He should return.

*Iph.* That were to make all public. Fear not;  
I'll satisfy his anger : I can do it.

*Fran.* Yes, with some quarrel!  
And bring my honour and my love in danger.

*Enter* ALMERIN.

Look, he returns, and wrecks of fury,  
Like hurried clouds over the face of heaven  
Before a tempest, in his looks appear.

*Aim.* If they would question what our race doth  
act,  
And make it sin, they would not thus provoke men.  
I am too tame. For, if they live,  
I shall be pointed at. Here I denounce a war  
To all the world, and thus begin it. [*Runs at Iphigene.*

*Iph.* What hast thou done? [*Falls.*

*Fran.* Ah me, help, help !

[*Almerin wounds Francelia.*

*Iph.* Hold !

*Alm.* 'Tis too late.

*Iph.* My fond deceits involve the innocent;  
Rather than she shall suffer,<sup>1</sup>

I will discover all. [*A side.*

*Aim.* Ha ! 'what will he discover]

*Iph.* That which shall make thee curse  
The blindness of thy rage—I am a woman !

*Aim.* Ha, ha, ha ! brave and bold !  
Because thy perjury deceived me once,  
And sav'd thy life, thou think'st to escape again.  
Impostor, thus thou shalt———[*Runs at him.*

*Iph.* O, hold ! I have enough.  
Had I hope of life, thou shouldst not have this  
secret.

<sup>1</sup> [This and the preceding Hue have been transposed, and the sense has apparently by that means been made clearer. If the text had been suffered to remain, as it is in the old copies, we must have printed the former line parenthetically.]

*Fran.* What will it be now I

*Iph.* My father having long desiv'd  
A son to heir his great possessions,  
And in six births successively deceived,  
Made a rash vow—O, how rash vows are punished!—  
That if the burthen then my mother went with  
Prov'd not a male, he ne'er would know her more.  
Then was unhappy Iphigene brought forth,  
And by the woman's kindness nam'd a boy ;  
And since so bred—a cruel pity, as  
It hath fallen out. If now thou find'st that, which  
Thou thought'st a friendship in me, love, forget it.  
It waa my joy—and—death. [Faint?]

*Aim.* For curiosity I'll save thee, if  
I can, and know the end.

If't be but loss of blood—breasts ]  
By all that's good, a woman ! Iphigene !

*Iph.* I thank thee, for I wag fallen asleep before  
I had despatch'd. Sweetest of all thy Bex,  
Francelia, fotgive me now ; my love  
Unto this man, and fear to lose him, taught me  
A fatal cunning, made me court you and  
My own destruction.

*Fran.* I am amaz'd.

*Aim.* And can it be, O mockery of heaven !  
To let me see what my soul often wish'd,  
And nmke't my punishment—a punishment  
That, were I old in sins, were yet too great?

*Iph.* Would you have lov'd me, then ? Pray, say  
you would :  
For I, like testy sick men at their death,  
Would know no news but health from the physician.

*Aim.* Canst thou doubt that,  
That hast so often seen me ecstasi'd  
When thou wert dress'd like woman,  
Unwilling ever to believe thee man ?

*Iph.* I have enough.

*Aim.* Heavens ! what thing

Shall I appear unto the world ? Here might  
 My ignorance find some excuse, hut there  
 I was distracted. None, but one enrag'd  
 With anger to a savagenesa, would e'er  
 Have drawn a sword upon such gentle sweetness.  
 Be kind, and kill me—kill me, one of you !  
 Kill me, ift be but to preserve my wits.  
 Dear Iphigene, take thy revenge, it will  
 Not misbecome thy sex at all; for 'tis  
 An act of pity, not of cruelty,  
 Thus to despatch a miserable man.

*Fran.* And thou wouldst be more misoiable yet,  
 While, like a bird made prisoner by itself,  
 Thou beat'st and beat'st thyself 'gainst everything,  
 And dost pass by that which should let thee out.

*Aim.* Is it my fault, or heaven's *I*  
 Fortune, when she would play upon me,  
 Like ill musicians, wound me up so high,  
 That I must crack sooner than move in tune.

*Fran.* Still you rave ; while we for want  
 Of present help may perish.

*Aim.* Right.  
 A surgeon ! I'll go find one instantly.  
 The enemy too !—I had forgot!

O, what fatality goveru'd thia night' [Exit.

*Fran.* How like an unthrift'a case will mine be  
 now?

For all the wealth he loses shifts but's place ;  
 And still the world enjoys it: and so will you,  
 Sweet Iphigene, though I possess you not.

*Iph.* What excellence of nature's thia ' Have  
 you

So perfectly forgiven already, as to  
 Consider me a loss ? I doubt which sex  
 I shall be happier in. Climates uf friendship  
 Are not less pleasant, 'cause they are leas scorch-  
 ing,

Than those of love ; and under them we'll live :



Awake, fair saint, and bless thy poor idolater.  
 Ha ! pale ? And cold ? And dead ?  
 The sweetest gueat fled ; murdered, by heaven '  
 The purple streams not dry yet !  
 Some villain has broke in before me,  
 Robb'd all my hopes ; but I will find him out,  
 And kick his soul to hell.  
 I'll do it. [*Dragging out Iphigme.*] Speak !

*Iph.* What should I say ?

*Bren.* Speak, or by all——

*Iph.* Alas ! I do confess

Myself th' unfortunate cause.

*Bren.* O, d'you so<sup>1</sup>?

Hailst thou been cause of all the plagues that vex  
 Mankind, thou'dst been an innocent to what  
 Thou art ; thDU ahalt not think repentance. [*Kills her.*

*Iph.* O, thou wert too sudden, anil———[*Dies.*

*Bren.* Was I so ?

The lustful youth would sure have spoil'il her  
 honour :

Which finding highly guarded, rage and fear  
 To be reveal'd counselFd this villany.

Is there no more of them ? [*Exeunt.*

*Enter ALMERIN.*

*Aim.* Not enter? Yes, dog, through thee ! Ha '  
 A corpse laid out, instead of Iphigene !  
 Francelia, dead too ! Where shall I begin to curse ?

*Enter BRENNORALT.*

*Bren.* Here, if he were thy friend !

*Aim.* Brennoralt !

A gallant sword could ne'er have come  
 In better time.

*Brsn.* I have a good one for thee,  
 If that will serve the turn.

*Aim.* I long to try it.

VOL. n.

I

That sight doth make me desperate :  
Sick of myself and the world.

*Bren.* Didst value him ?

A greater villain did I never kill.

*Aim.* Kill

*Bren.* Yes.

*Aim.* Art sure of it ?

*Bren.* Maybe, I do nut wake.

*Aim.* Thou'st taken then a guilt off from me,  
Would have weigh'cl down my sword :  
Weakened me too low [for] resistance.  
I should have made no sports, hadst thou cimceol'd it.  
Know, Brennoralt, thy sword is stam'd in excellence,  
Great as the world could boast.

*Bren.* Ha, ha ! how thou'rt abus'd '  
Look there, there lies the excellence  
Thou speak'st of I Murdered : by him too .  
He did confess he was the cause,

*Aim.* O innocence ill understood, and much worse  
us'd !

She was, alas ! by accident; but I—  
I was the cause in deed.

*Bren.* I will believe thee too, and kill thee :  
Destroy all causes, till I make a stop  
In natuie ; for to what purpose should she  
Work again I

*Aim.* Bravely then;  
The title of a, kingdom is a trifle  
To our quarrel, sir. Know by sad mistake  
I kilPd thy mistress, Biennoralt,  
And thou kill'dst mine.

*Bren.* Thine '2

*Aim.* Yes, that Iphigene,  
Though shown as man unto the world,  
Was woman, excellent woman !

*Bren.* I understand no riddles ; u a r d thee.

[Fight and pause.

*Aim.* O, could they now look down, and see,

How we two strive, which first should give revenge  
They would forgive ua something of the crime.

Hold ! pr'ythee, give me leave

To satisfy a curiosity—

I never kissed my Iphigene as woman.

*Brsn.* Thou motion'st well, nor have I taken leave.  
It keeps a sweetness yet, as 'stils from roses,

When the flowers are gone. *[Rises.*

*Aim.* Even so have two faint pilgrims, scorch'd  
with heat,

Unto some neighbour fountain stepp'd aside,  
Kneel'd first, then laid their warm lips to the nymph,  
And from her coldness took fresh life again,  
As we do now.

*Bren.* Let's on our journey, if thou ait refreshed.

*Aim.* [I] come, and if there be a place reserved  
For height'ned spirits better than other,  
May that which wearies first of ours have it.

*[Fight a good while; Almerinfallh.*

*Bien.* If I grow weary, laugh at me, that's all.

*Aim.* Brave souls above, which will be, sure,  
Inquisitive for newa from earth,  
Shall get no other but that thou art biave.

*Enter* KING, STRATHEMAN, Lords, MENSECK.

*King.* Still gallant, Brennoralt? thy sword not  
sheath'd yet I  
Busy still«

*Str.* To preserve some ladies, as we guess'd.<sup>1</sup>

*Bren.* Revenging, sir,  
The foulest murder ever blasted ears :  
Committed here by Almerin and Iphigene '

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies read—

<sup>n</sup> *Str.* To preserve some ladies, aa we guess'il.

*King.* Still gallant, Brennoralt? thy sword not sheath'd  
yet?  
BusyBtill?" ]

*Aim.* [reviving.] False, false ! the first-created  
purity

Was not more innocent than Iphigenc.

*Bren.* Lives he again ?

*Aim.* Stay, them much-wearied guest,  
Till I have thrown a truth amongst them •  
We shall look black else to posterity.

*King.* What says he ?

*Lord.* Something

Concerning this he labours to discover.

*Aim.* Know, it was I that kill'd Franceha—  
I alone !

*Mens.* O barbarous return of my civilities.  
Was it thy hand ?

*A Im.* Hear anil forgive me, Menseck.  
Entering this morning hastily,  
With resolution to preserve  
The fair Franceha, I found a thief  
Stealing the treasure (as I thought)  
Belong'd to me. Wild in my mind,  
As rmn'd in my honour, in much mistaken rage  
I wounded both. Then (O, ton late !) I found  
My error : found Iphigene a woman,  
Acting [a] stol'n love, to make her own love sale,  
And all my jealousies impossible.  
Whilst I ran out to bring them cure,  
Francclia dies, and Iphigene found here '  
I canno more. [Dies.

*King.* Most strange and intricate !  
Iphigene a woman ?

*Mel.* With this story I am guiltily acquainted,  
The first concealments, since her love,  
And all the ways to it, I have been tiusted with;  
But, sir, my grief, join'd with the instant business,  
Bega a deferment,

*King.* I am amaz'd, till I do hear it out.  
But, i' th' meantime,  
Lest in these mists merit should lose itself,

Those forfeitures of Tork and Menseck,  
Brennoralt, are thine.

*Bren.* A princely gift ! But, sir, it comes too  
late.

Like sunbeams on the blasted blossoms, do  
Your favours fall: you should have given me this,  
When't might have rais'd me in men's thoughts, and  
made

Me equal to Francelia's love. I have  
No end, since she is not.

Back to my private life I will return.

Cattle, though weary, can trudge homewards after.

*King.* This melancholy time must cun<sup>1</sup>. Come,  
take

The bodies up, and lead the prisoners on ;  
Triumph and funerals must walk together,  
Cypress and laurel twirid make up one cmlplet.

For we have got

The day ; but bought it at so dear a rate-,

The victory itself's unfortunate.

*'Extunt.*



THE SAD ONE.

*The Sad One. A Tragedy. By S<sup>r</sup> John Seckling.*

Not in the editiana of 1646 and 1648.

TO THE READER.<sup>1</sup>

I HOPE I shall not need to crave your pardon for publishing this dramatic; piece of Sir John Suckling—imperfect, I cannot say, but rather unfinished—there being a kind of perfection even in the most deficient fragments of this incomparable author. To evince that this copy was a, faithful transcript from his own handwriting, I have said enough in my former epistle,<sup>54</sup> and I thought it much better to send it into the world in the same state I found it, without the least addition, than procure it [to be] supplied by any other pen, which had not been less preposterous than the finishing of Venus' picture, so skilfully begun by Apelles, by some other hand. Nor are we without a sufficient precedent in works of this nature, and relating to an author, who confessedly is reputed the glory of the English stage, whereby you'll know I mean Ben Jonson, and in a play also of somewhat resembling name, "The Sad Shepherd," extant in his third volume, which, though it wants two entire Acts, was nevertheless judged a piece of too much worth to be laid aside by the learned and honourable Sir Kenelm Digby, who published that volume. We have also in print, written by the same hand, the very beginning only (for it amounts not to one full scene) of a tragedy

<sup>1</sup> This preface, which can refer only to "The Sad One," is improperly placed, in the copy of 1658 here employed, before the Poems. In another copy, which appears quite complete, it is not found at all.

<sup>5</sup> See the Prefaces printed at the beginning of the volume.

called "Mortimer;" so that we find the same fate to have happened to the works of two of the most celebrated and happy wits of this nation. Now, as it is to have been wished that this tragedy had come whole and complete to public view, so is it some happiness that there is so much of it preserved; it being true of our author what Dr. Donne said of a famous artist of his time—

'A hand or eye  
By Iilhavd drawn, is **worth** a history  
By a worse painter made.<sup>1</sup>

I shall add no more, but only say (with some just confidence), that I could not have answered myself to the world if I had suppressed this tragedy, and therefore may hope for some favour by its publication. Farewell.

H. M.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>J</sup> Humphrey Mosuley

*THE ARGUMENT INTRODUCING TO THE  
FOLLOWING SCENES.*

**S**ICILY had been a long time tormented with civil wars, and the crown was still in dispute, till Aldebrand, getting the upper hand in a set battle, established himself on the throne, and gave a period to all those troubles in show only, for the old factions were set on foot again shortly after, and the house of the Floretti and the OLeonaxes strove now as much who should be most powerful with the king, as before who should make him. In conclusion, the favour of Aldebrand inclining to the Cleonaxes, and by degrees resting wholly upon them, the Floretti took arms, but in a set field lost all. The father and the son being both taken prisoners, the one was banisli'd, the other condemned suddenly to lose his head.

Thus far the author drew the curtain ; the rest of the plot is wrapp'd up in the following scenes.

## The Actors.

ALUEDHAND, **King** of Sicily.

CLKONAX, senior, **his** treasurer.

CLKDNAX, junior, son of the former.

BELLAMINO, favourite of pleasure, and cousin to Cleonax,

CLABIMDNT, an old lord.

CLARIMUNT, junior, his son.

FIDELIU, friend to Clarimont.

FLOUELIU, a lord married to Francelia.

FLOKLIU, junior, his brother.

LDBENZD, an ambitious courtier.

PARMKNIU, his supposed creature.

DRDLLID, )

**LEPIDP,** (†TMTMTM\*TM\*.)

Doco DISCOPIO, one that pretends to be a great statesman.

SIGNOB MULTKCARNI, the poet.

PETHUDHIO, servant to Florelia.

Ambassador from Spain.

Actors.

AMASIA, queen to Aldebrand

FRANDELIA, daughter to Clarmont.

Keeper.

THK SCKNK, SICILY.



## THE SAD ONE.



### ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Enter old CLARIMONT in piison, in his nightgoivnj-  
his servant following him.*

**C**ONDEMNED unheard ! Just heavens, it cannot  
be:

"Why, tyranny itself could do no more j  
The pale ghosts of Tiberius and Nero  
Would blush to see an act so foul and horrid,  
So full of black ingratitude as thia I  
J' Twaa I that set the crown upon his head ;  
And bad him live knif of his enemies,  
When he durst hardly hope it:  
And does he thus requite me ? Now I see,  
Who by the compass of his merit fails,  
May guide his fraught of hopes in seasons fair  
And calm j but when storms come,  
All his good deeds (with his good days) must perish.  
O my unhappy stars ' *[Heats his breast.*

*{Enter a Servant.]*

*Ser.* My lord, let not a fruitless passion  
Make you to die less man than you have lived.

*Clfr.* Who art thou ?

*Ser.* I waa lately one, my lord,  
Of the vaat crowd that waited on your fortunes,

But am now become the whole train;  
The rest have left you.

*Clar.* Pr'ythee, do thou leave me too.

*[Servant exit,*

This clap o' th<sup>1</sup> vulgar and loud popular applause  
Are not the echo of our acts, but fortunes.  
Great men but dials are, which, when the sun  
Is gone or hides his face, are hardly look'd upon.  
But yesterday I was time's minister ;  
On me the whole court gaz'd, as at  
Some comet set in Cassiopeia's chair :<sup>1</sup>  
Who but old Clanmont could with nods create,  
And with a speaking eye command bare heads and  
knees ;

But "oW ! *[Beats his breast again.*

Greatness is but the shadow of the beams  
Of princes<sup>7</sup> favours, nourish'd in extremes ;  
First taught to creep, and feed on hopes, to live  
Upon the glance, and humbly to observe  
Each under-minion, till its own desire  
Work itself near enough to eet itself on fire.

*[Studies a littk.*

Fain would I make my audit up with heaven,  
For 'tis a large one ; but the small, vain hopes,  
Which yet I have of life and of revenge,  
Smother these thoughts within me  
Faster than they are born.

*Enter FIDELIO disguised like a fnar.*

A ghostly father?

My minutes are but few, I see by this.

Sir, you are welcome :

I was but now considering how to die,  
And (trust me) I do find it something hard,  
I shall extremely need some such good help

<sup>1</sup> [See Lovelace's Works, 1B64, p. 135, note,]

As yours to do it well.

*Fid.* Faith, my lord, divines do hold  
The 'vay to die well is to live AYell first.

*[Discovers himself,*

*Clar.* Fidelio?

*Fid.* Not too loud, there is danger in it  
The king has promised life ; but none as yet  
Must know't; the enemies are too potent,  
And must be softened by degrees.

*Clar.* Why, then, I see he hath not quite forgot  
Pass'd services.

*Fid.* Not too munh of that:  
This is not gratitude ' or, if it be, it does,  
As thankfulness in great ones usnd to do,  
It looks asquint, and sterna to turn to fuvmirs,  
But regartls new ends.

*Clar.* Pr'ythee, unriddle.

*Fid.* Why, to be short, it is your daughter's beauty,  
Not your merit.

*CYnr.* My fears prompt me too quick ;  
She's not turned whore, is she ?

*Fid.* No ' but her honesty is so strait beset,  
That, if she be not victualled well within,  
And have some sudden succours,  
She will, I fear, ere long surrender.

*Clar.* O Fidelio, when kings do tempt,  
They'd need be angels that endure the shock,  
Not women.

*Fid.* Tis true, my lord ; yet  
Let not uncertain fears create new griefs :  
Doubt is of all the sharpest passion,  
And often turns distempers to diseases.  
Collect yourself, and be assur'd my zeal  
Shall watch abroad ; and when I may reveal  
Myself your servant, I'll not do't in breath,  
But with the adventure of my life or death.

*Olar.* O, you are noble, sir, I know't,  
And mean to hope the best. Farewell. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter LORENZO and his father, with servants  
whispering together and frowning—pass over the stage.  
[Exeunt.*

*Enter LOHEXZO solus, as going to prison.*

Arm'd with the love of sovereignty and revenge,  
I'll ravish fortune, and all engines try,  
That heaven or hell have yet discovered ;  
But I will scale my end, and plant desire  
As high as any thought durst e'er aspire.  
The dotage of the king shall not  
Secure thee, poor old man !  
Clarimont, I come ; this night our rjuarrel ends ;  
Nothing but death could ever make us friends.  
*[Knocks at the prison door.*

*Enter the Keeper.*

Where's old Clarimont ?

*Keep.* In's bed, my lord.

*Lor.* in's grave, thou wouldst have said.

*Keep.* Must he then die to-night ?

*Lor.* The king will have it so ;

He feara the people love him, and to wave  
His life may prove tumultuous.

*Keep.* Poor gentleman ! how quick is fate come  
on him !

How sudden is all woe !

Bad days have wings, the good on crutches go.

My lord, wilt please you

[To] walk into that private chamber ?

The executioner shall straight be here.

*[Lorenzo goes forth, murders him  
within, enters again.*

*Lor.* You must be sure to keep it secret now.  
Perchance the king, to try your honesty,  
And blind his daughter's eyes, will send to ask  
Ofs welfare.

*Keep.* O my lord !

*Lor.* Nay, I know you understand. Farewell.

*[Turns back again.*

One thing I had forgot: if any ask  
 What groan that was, say 'tis an usual thing  
 Against [a] great man's death to hear a noise  
 At midnight. So now, royal lecher, Set you safe,  
<sup>3</sup>Tis your death must secure my life ' Til on !  
 Danger is but a bug-word; my barque shall through,  
 Did mountains of black horrors me surround.  
 When fortunes hang in doubt,  
 Bravely to dare is bravely to get out.

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

LORENZO, PANMENIO *attending.*

All leave the chamber ; if any come,  
 I'm busy. Parmenio, be nigher—nigher yet .  
 What dar'st thou do to make thy master king,  
 Thyself a favourite !

*Par.* 'Tis something blunt, my lord ; *[Studies.*  
 Why, I dare do—that which I dare not apeak.

*Lor.* By all my hopes, spoke like the man I want !  
 'Twould be loit time to use much circumstance  
 To thee : shall we this night despatch the king ?

*Par.* This minute, were he my father ;  
 He'S not the first, nor shall he be the last.

*Lor.* Soul of my soul! My better angel sure  
 Foresaw my want, and sent thee hither.  
 Parmenio, there's none but he  
 Stands 'twixt a crown and me :  
 The cloud that interpos'd betwixt my hopes before  
 Is, like a vapour, fall'n, and seen no more.  
 The house of Clarimont is lost:  
 The king has sent one son to banishment,  
 And I have sent the father.

*Par.* How, sir, you have not murdered him ?

[Starts.

*Lor.* Why]

*Par.* Nothing, my lord ; only I'm, sorry  
I had no hand m't.

'i3dealh, hath the villain killed him ?        [Aside.

*Lor.* O, thou art jealous !  
Thy hand comes well enough ; this night  
I have determined that soon, ere  
The royal blood's a-tilr, you shall to horse.  
'Tis easy to outride——

*Par.* Imagination itself, my lord '

*Loi.* For then repuit will Say thou kill'dst him.  
No matter.

*Par.* O, none at all, my luril.

*Lor.* When I am king, I can restoie at eae.

*Par.* True, my lord.    What, if  
Your excellence cast out, when I am gone,  
That Clarimout's youngest son did this, and took  
His flight upon't.    His discontent's known well  
          enough

To make of a suspicion a most received truth ,  
Besides, wheresoever I go, I'll swear 'twas he

*Lor.* By Jove, most rare ; when I am king, I shall  
Be poorer than I am, by giving thee  
Thy due.    Away, let's lose no time in words,  
We're both icsolv'd to put this cause to swords.  
I'll to the kmy : thou to prepare for night.  
Four hours hence wait me in the gallery.    [Exeunt.

## ACTUS II.    SCCENA II.

*Enter CLARIMONT solus.*

Break, heart, and burst!    My father murdered,  
And in the midst of all his hopes of life !  
Methinks I sec millions of furies stand,

Ready to catch my rage's sacrifice,  
 O, for a man that could invent more plagues  
 Than hell could hold ! I have conceiv'd  
 Of wrong, and am grown great already.  
 O sweet revenge ! I humbly thee entreat  
 Be my griel's midwife ; let the mother die,  
 So thou bringst forth her long'd-for progeny.  
 Methinks I feel the villain grow within me,  
 And spread through all my veins.  
 How I could murder now, poison or stab '  
 My head is full of mischief. Sulphur and flaming  
 pitch  
 Shall be but mercy to those deaths I'll give. *[Exit.*

## ACTUS II. SÆNA In.

*Enter the KING, with FIDELIO.*

*Fid.* [Al]though it be not safe iur subjects  
 To pry into the secrets of their princi?,  
 Much less to question about them,  
 Yet the implicit faith of blind obedience,  
 Poison'd with pleasing oft—and 't like  
 Your majesty, why do you court this lady thus '

*King.* Why dost thou ask ?

*Fid.* I know 'tis insolence to make reply,  
 Yet hear me as the echo of the court, great sir '  
 They call your last-giv'n mercy and those favours  
 But fairer ends to lust.

*King.* Thy zeal hath got thy pardon.

*[Stares upon him,*

No more ; he that does offer to give direction  
 To his prince, is full of pride, not of discretion.

*[Exit*

*Fid.* So, to give kings good advice,  
 May show (I see) men faithful, but not wise :  
 I'm honest yet, and I do fare the worst for't

O' the court I  
 There humours reign, and **merits** only serve'  
 To mock with idle hopes those best deserve. *[Exit.*

## ACTUS II. SCCENA IV.

*Enter* FRANCELIA, BELLAMIND.

*Fran.* Sir, leave your compliment;  
 Methinka the'sweetest speech is that that's meant.

*Bel.* Wrong not my love, beat creature, so to think  
 My worda are not the true ambassadors  
 Of my heart; by thy fair self, I swear,  
 Nature has been too partial in  
 Robbing heaven and earth to give you all——

*Fran.* Their weaknesses you mean, and I confess,  
 my lord——

*Bd.* Their richest graces, sweetest;  
 O, do not rack me thus !

I love : can you give love again *I*

*Fran.* Yes, any love that you dare ask,  
 Or I dare give, my lord.

*Bsl* O, but, fair lady, love mu&t have no bounds ;  
 It pines in prison.

*Fran.* O, but, my lord, hot loves, if not contained,  
 Like fiery meteors, promise no good to othera,  
 And are themselves consum'd.

*Enter the* KINS, and Lords in attendance.

*Bel.* O, leave me not in doubt's distracting trance.

*King.* How, my boy? what, courting?

*Bel.* No, sir.

*King.* What was he doing then, Francelia ?

*Fran.* So please your grace, he was i' th' inidst  
 Of all your praises, when your highness entered.

*Bel.* Hum ! there's yet some hope then. *[Aside.*

*King.* HO, you arc glad we arc come, then '  
That discourse was tedious.

*Fran.* No, my lord, I should have hcen wi-"  
pleased  
To have heard him longer.

*King.* You are grown a comtier, fair our '  
Sileo, are the coaches ready ?

*Bil.* Yes, and 't please your majesty.

*King.* Come, we'll abroad then,  
This day invites ua forth ; where's ourjueen', '  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACTLTS II SUIEXA V.

*Enter* CLA.RIMONT, FIDULIO, *and* youny FLORELIO.

*Clar.* Then, with a pause fill'd up with sighs,  
Ask him how strong his guanls uru ; but, above all,  
Be sure t' apply inflaming corrosives  
Screw up his anger to the height,  
And make his fears be double.  
Officious friends and meditation  
May else prove remedies.

*Fid.* Enough. If we do fail to act  
Our parts to th' life in's tragedy,  
May all those horrors that do threaten him  
Fall upon us. Farewell. [*Ewnnt.*]

*Clar.* So, my revenge tilths high .  
The villain first shall kill his father,  
And while his hands are hot i' th' blood.  
This sword shall pierce him.  
Murdered he shall sink quick to hell,  
I will not give him leave t' unload himself  
Of one poor single sin of thought;  
But, lest he should wake out of's great  
Security, and shun his fate,  
I will rock him on.  
Mischiefs are like the cockatrice's eye :  
If they see first, they kill ; if seen, they die. '*Exti.*

## ACTUS In. SCÆNA I.

*Enter* KINS, *young* FLORELIO, *and* FJDELIO.

*King.* And must the villain kill me too ?

*Flo.* This very night.

*King.* Why, 'tis not possible ; what would he have had more ?

He had my heart, and might have had all hut  
The name of king ! O, heaven had tied  
So strict a friendship, we could not part with 't;  
I durst have thought that I had merited  
Fidelity from him.

*Fid.* O my lord, let ne'er so many drops,  
Sweet as the morning dew, fall on the sea,  
The brinish water turns them all to salt.  
Where there's an ocean of ingratitude,  
Favours must needs be lost.

*King.* Thou speak'st but truth  
Who does to merit trust,  
But writes an obligation in the dust.  
Your counsels now my faithful life preserve,  
Is there a way for pardon ?

*Fid.* Faith, sir, it  
Would pollute mercy to use it here '  
The fact's so foul,  
It calls itself for death

*King.* And it shall have it.  
Traitor's enough ; but when ungrateful comes,  
It stops the mouth of pity. Go, take our guards,  
And apprehend him straight.

*Flo.* Soft, great sir,  
'Twere tit your justice should consider  
What way is made : if you shall apprehend him  
For treason unborn, and which he only did intend,  
Foolish report, which never was i' th' right,  
May clear his guiltiness, and censure majesty.

If you'd permit him to approach the chamber,  
 (Yet who'd advise treason should come so neav ?)  
 You would take him in the act,  
 And leave no place for foul suspicion.  
 Then, if your grace sent for his father,  
 And kept him with pretence of business by you,  
 Till he became the witness of th' attempt,  
 Envy itself could have no cause to bark.

*King.* Thou art my oracle ; I cannot tell,  
 Whether my debt be greater to thy faith  
 Or to thy counsel. Go and watch abroad ;  
 Anil let these cares wait upon fate and me.  
 The captain of the guard 'twere fit you sounded ;  
 He may do mischief. Florelio, you  
 Shall to his father ; the rest is mine to manage.

*[Exeunt.]*

These men are honest, and must be rewarded,  
 They do deserve it. 'Tis not rare to find  
 A greatness that enjoys true friends ;  
 For commonly it makes us fear'd and hated.  
 The one doth breed offence : th' other leaves naked.  
 Let the impartial eye but look upon  
 All we call ours, and then again behold  
 The many hungry eyes of expectation  
 That wait upon our bounty, and it shall find  
 That we have scarce enough to keep men's hopes up,  
 "We are rich if we can pinchase friend<sup>1</sup>.  
 Thrones, though they advance their glory ne'er so  
 high,  
 Are but the seats of fear and misery. *'Exit.*

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA II.

*Enter PAHMENIO and LORENZO.*

*Par.* In deep security, my lord,  
 The lady's at one window courted ;

The king, with Florelio and the favourite,  
 Contriving of a masque, which he  
 Must never see.

*Lor.* Good ! winch he must never see.  
 O, thou dost hug my fates !  
 How I am ravished to think upon  
 Ensuing joys! Parmemo,  
 He's dead already.

*Par.* Six hours ago, my lord, you cannot think  
 How much ado I had to keep myself  
 From saying, "And 't snail please your majesty,"  
 F th' open presence to you. Methinka  
 One while I see your highness sit like Jupiter  
 In state, with all the petty gods about you ;  
 And then again, in a more tempting shape  
 Than was the shower ot gold,  
 Lie in some Danae's lap ;  
 More wanton than Europe's bull!  
 Another time, with some great train,  
 As if you went to buttle,  
 Huck'il in a downy coach, o take the mi<sup>l</sup>,  
 And have the thronging city  
 Crowded into a handful, looking  
 Along to bles your eyes, and striving  
 Who shall cry loudest, " God bless your majesty !"

*Lor.* And all the while thou, like my Ganymede,  
 Shalt taste ambroaia 'vith me, while the petty gods  
 Burst with repining at thy happiness.  
 Thou shalt dispose of all, create, displace,  
 Be caird my boy, revel and masque, what not?  
 O, for one half-year  
 I will not speak unto the people,  
 Take you that office, keep that part for youi.s.  
 O, how I long for night!  
 Thou can'st not name the pleasure,  
 Could make the time not tedious.  
 Away unto tliy watch ; and when the king's a-bed,  
 Be here.

*Par.* I shall, my lord —  
And 't please your majesty, I shall. [Exeunt.

## ACTUS In. SCÆNA In.

*Enter the* QUEEN AMASM, IJELKAMINO *her favourite,*  
DROLLIO, *Attendants.*

*Bel.* What is the matter, madam, that the court  
Is in such clouds to-night I The king  
Feigns mirth and frceness, but withal  
Flashes of fury make escapes.

*Queen.* 'Tis strange, my lord, you should not  
know.

*Bel.* Faith, madam, I know nothing.

*Queen.* Troth, nor I ; but I suspect.  
The clock no sooner struck, but all the statesmen  
Started, as if they had been to run a race,  
And the king told me 'twere fit I took my rest.  
There's something in't ; but these designs of state  
We women know no more than our own fate  
To turn our talk — faith, my lord, where lius  
That beauty, that so captivates 'oa all ?  
She has a graceful garb, 'tis true.

*Bel.* Who, madam<sup>1</sup>? Francelm' O, she has  
A dainty foot and daintier hand ;  
An eye, round as a globe, and black as jet .  
So full of majesty and hfc, that Avhen  
It most denies, it most invites.

*Qusen.* These parts she lias indeed ; but is here  
all?

*Bel* All ? heaven forbid '  
Her hair is so preciously fair and soft,  
That were she fall'n into some river, and  
In danger, one would make a conscience  
To save her life, for fear of spoiling it.  
Her lips are gently swelled, like unto  
Some blushing cherry, that hath newly tasted

The dew from heaven ; and her cheeks——

*Queen.* Hold, hold, my lord ; all this is poetry !  
A painter could not flatter more.

To my eye now, she is so slender,  
She's scarce, I think, a span about i' th' middle.

*Bel.* O madam ! you must think wise Nature,  
Of such rich mould aa she was framed,  
Would make as little waste fiq cnulrl be '

*Queen.* So, so.

What think you of the upper part o' th' nosu; then '  
Does it not look as if, did it<sup>1</sup> give way,  
The eyes should shortly have an interview?

*Bel.* You're too severe a critic, madam ;  
So good a wit as yours should make,  
Where there were any,<sup>2</sup> all bless'd perfections  
After all, next to your highness, I'm resolved  
To think she is chiefest beauty.

*Quern.* Not next to me, my lord ' now I am sure  
you flatter,  
But 'tis too late to chide you for it.  
Good night. [Exeunt.

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA IV.

*Kntcr the KING going to bed, OLEONAX, Lorth,  
Attendants.*

*King.* Good night to all. Lord Cleon.ix, a word  
in private; [Whiaper.  
Take away the lights, and shut the door. [Exeunt.

*Enter PARMENIO and LORENZO.*

*Lor.* Is the king gone to bed ?

*Par.* An hour ago, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *it did.*]

<sup>2</sup> [So old copy; perhaps we ought to read, *Were there  
not any.*]

*Lor.* What if he should not be asleep yet 1

*Par.* No matter; ere his tongue can speak, our swords

Shall kill. What, though he call us traitors ?

'Twill be his last, and may be pLirdoneil. Come,

Sir, bravely on ! fear's worse than death,

You're lord of all, or not of your own breath

*Lor.* Nay, if I fear, may I not live ' Follow,

*[The King rails out, Treason,' Old Cleonax, rising to go out at the door to call for help, is met by his son, who took him for the King, and killed him: Lorenzo is presently of set purpose run through by Parmenw.]*

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA V.

*Enter the KING- in his nightgown, Lords, Attenihint.*

*King.* Trust me, most sad and -strange '  
A flood of grief beats at my eyes for vent  
Poor Cleonax, I'm truly sorry for thin<sup>1</sup>.

*Lords.* So are we all.

*King.* This accident  
Commands our pity; but what is done, is ilonr.  
Let it not be as yet divulged. Remove  
The corpse, and let it be the care of thee,  
Florelio, to see his burial honourable  
And private. Good thanks to all the ret.  
Clarimont, stay you with me. *[Exeunt.]*  
The traitor's dead, [and] by Parmenio ' but  
You must know-theie's one yet lives within me—  
I love, Clarimont.

*Clar.* That passion of all others,  
Sir, heaven easiliest pardons :  
He lives not, sure, that love's not.

*King.* Ay, but my love's not pure. 'Tis great,  
Not good, Clarimont. I love Franctilia I

*Clar.* Take heed of unchaste fires, great sir ;

They mischief, sir. Forget her, faith, forget her.  
 Such fits as these are ever cur'd like agues—  
 Best when they are most starved.  
 If you shall give them their desired fuel,  
 They'll not be quench'd with ease, and it  
 Is ever seen (heaven keep my sovereign 's)  
 The house they're bred in feels them first and ever.

*King.* Clamont, thou 'vert ne'er in love ;  
 Thou art philosophical, and wouldst have reason  
 Guide where it was never yet companion.  
 Thou show'st thy want of love,  
 But helpst not mine. Counsel is now *too* late ;  
 It's like smith's water flung upon the coals  
 Which more inflames. Hem  
 Thou twice hast sav'd my life, if thou now speed'st;  
 Go to Francelia, and present  
 This jewel to her, and withal my love.

*[Gives him a jewel.]*

Do't with thy best of language and respect.  
 Fair means at first we'll use,  
 But foul shall come, if she the fair refuse.  
 Good night, and good success.

*Clar.* Obedience is the best of 'that I am,  
 Your will's my law, sir. *'Exil.*  
 Why, then, it must be.

Was there no woman in the court  
 To feed thy lust with, but my sister ;  
 And none to be the bawd, but I ]  
 Couldst thou not think of any other way  
 To express thy greatness, but by doing me wrong ]  
 My father's angry ghost, I see, is not  
 Full appeas'd yet. Why should I make *[Studies.]*  
 Of murder thus begun a massacre ?  
 He did my father right in his revenge ;  
 Ay, but he wrong'd him first and yet, who knows  
 But it was justice to attempt by force ?  
 The removal of great favourites, though enemies  
 To th' state, is not so warrantable—

I'm in a maze.

Something I'll do, but what I cannot tell,

I fear the worst; lust never ended well.

[Exit.

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

*Entsr* FRANCELIA and BELLAMINO.

*Fran.* Fie, leave this importunity, my lurd,  
I shall yield else, by this kiss I shall.

*Bel.* By this, and this, and this, thou shalt '  
Heavens, what a breath is here '  
Thy father fed on musk and amker,  
When he begot thee, sure? The wanton uir,  
Chaf'd by the hot scents of Arabic spices,  
Is nothing nigh so sweet; the ambrosia,  
The gods themselves were drunk with,  
Dwells on thy lips.

*Enter* FLOnELIO, senior, but stands aside.

*Fran.* Come, come, you flatter,  
'Tis on yours, my lord.

*Bel.* On mine? Alas,  
Nature gave us the prickles, you the roses,  
But meant that they should grow together.

[Kisses again.

*Fran.* So, so; what, if the King or Florelio  
saw ye I

*Bel.* What, if they did I I can fear nothing now  
But surfeits. Come, we lose time, my fairest,  
Do we not? this is the minute. [Kisses her again.

*Flo.* By heavpn, this is not fair, madam.

*Fran.* Wonder strikes me dumb. [Exit,

*Flo.* How does she kiss, favourite ?

*Bel.* Who, my lord?

*Flo.* My wife, my lord. Draw, draw, or by all  
my hopes,

My rage will make me turn a murderer.

*Ud.* Not BO easily. *[They fight.*

*Flo.* Hold, let's breathe . why should I do him  
right,

Who has done me such wrong, or rlie for her

That will not live for me ? *[Put up.*

Go, enjoy her ! *[Offers to go out.*

*Rel.* Soft, you have stol'n ji secret here,  
*[Pulls him back.*

That you must give again, or taki my life.

Draw.

*Flo.* Pr'ythee, disturb me not.

*Bel.* No, unless you promise never to disclose,  
What you have here discovered,  
Tlms must be the passage.

*[Stands betwixt the door and him.*

*Flo.* Hum i I will be mute, credit me,

I will not speak one word. *[Offers to yo out again.*

*Vet.* Nay, you must swear it too. *[Pulls him bad.*

*Flor.* If I must, I must.

By heaven and by my honour,

How tame a thing a cuckold is ! *[Exit.*

*Ed.* 'Sdeath, why did I let him go ?

We can no more subsist together

Than fire and water. One of us two must die ;

And charity tells me, better he than I

But how ? it is not for my himour

To kill him basely ; nor is it *[Studie.*

For hers to kill him otherwise ;

Th' whole court will guess the quarrel,

If it be a duel. *[Studies again.*

It is decreed • no matter which way, so he fall :

Mine, in respect of hers, are no respects at all. *[Exit.*

## ACTUS IV. SCENA n.

*Enter DOCODISAPIO und DRULLIO.*

*Doc.* Abused, grossly abused ! a base affront,  
Believe it, Diollio.

*Drol.* Why, what's the matter, siyninr'?

*Doc.* Why, do you hear nothing ?

*Drol.* No. Why, what should it be ?

*Doc.* Pisaro is tlic man.

*Drol.* Fie, ne ! it cannot be ;

The state could not commit so great an oversight,  
Neglect a man of merit for Piparo. Fie, fie !

*Doc.* Want of judgment, Drollio.

An unlearned council: I ever told you so,  
Never more heads, nor never leas wit, believe't.

*Drol.* Say you so, sigmnr? that's hard,  
What say you to Diano ?

*Doc.* Alas ! an ordinary brain ;

Talks and talks, it's true,

But speaks more than he is, believe't

Betwixt you and I, a mere prattler.

There's Falono, too; why, he cannot read his own  
hand ;

Vasquez cannot speak sense without two days<sup>3</sup>

Premeditation. Sillio, Vechio, Caronnio—

All stones in their head !

*Drol.* If I should tell these lords now, signior,  
What you say, it might cost an ear or so.

*Doc.* Ay. Why, there's another abuse l' th' state :  
A man shall have his ears cut off for speaking  
A truth.<sup>1</sup> A sick government, Drollio,  
And a weak one, believe't. It never thrived,  
Since Spain and we grew so great.

<sup>1</sup> [An ftlluaion, peihups, to the fait Prynne.]

There is a mystery in that too, Drollta,  
I will know all before they have  
Any more of my money——

*Drol.* Peace, signior. The king ! *[Kxeunt.*

*Enter the KIND, QUEEN, Lords, an Ambassador, 'row Spainj mho has his audience; after which the KINO goes out talking ivith FIDELID, the rest follow. Then enter the two brothers FLORELIO ; the elder speaks earnestly.*

*Flor. sen.* I pr'ythee, leave me ; by all that's good.  
Thou canst not know it. Why shouldst thou thus  
Tn vain torment thyself and me I *[They whisper.*

*Flor. jim.* Well, I guess, and 'tis enough.  
*[Exsunt nt several doors.*

#### AUTUS IV. SCÆNA In.

*Enter CLA.RIMONT and FHANCELIA.*

*Fran.* Think not, good air, your elegant enforce-  
ments  
Can seduce my weak<sup>1</sup> innocence ; it's a  
Resolution grounded ; and  
Sooner shall the  
Fixed orbs be lifted off their hinges,  
Than I be mov'd to any act that bears  
The name ot foul. You know the way you came,  
sir?

*Clar.* Is this all the respect the king shall have ?  
No, you would do well to clothe this harsh denial  
In better language.

*Fran.* You may please to say,  
I owe my life unto my sovereign,  
And should be proud to pay it in

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *weaker,*]

At any warning, were it ne'er so short.  
 But for my chastity, it doth so much concern another  
 I can by no means part with it:  
 So fare you well, sir. [Exit.

*Olar.* By heaven, a saint, no woman !  
 Sure, she was bom o' th' virtues of her mother,  
 Not of her vices.<sup>1</sup> The whole sex  
 May come to be thought well of for her sake.  
 I long to meet Florelio ; my joy is not complete,  
 Till I have cured his jealousies aa well as mine.  
[Exit.

*Entzr FLORELIO and a Boy.*

*Fhr.* Thei e was a time,  
 Whin snakes and adders had no being :  
 When the poor infant-world had no u orse reptiles,  
 Than were the melon and the strawberry I  
 Those were the golden times of innocence.  
 There were no kings then, nor no lustful peers,  
 No smooth-fac'd favourites, nor no cuckolds, sure.  
 O, how happy is that man, whose humbler thoughts  
 Kept him from court; who never yet was taught  
 The glorious way unto damnation !  
 Who never did aspire  
 Further than the cool shades of quiet rest.  
 How have the heavens his lower wishes bless'd.  
 Sleep makes his labours sweat, and innocence  
 Does his mean fortunes truly recompense :  
 He feela no hot loves, nor no paLy-fears,  
 No fits of filthy lusts, or of pale jealousies :  
 He wants, it's true, our clothes, our masks, our diet,  
 And wants our cares, our fears, and our disquiets.  
 But this is all but raving,  
 And does distemper more. I'll sleep :  
[Lies all along on the ground.  
 Boy, sing the song I gave you.

## A SONG TO A LUTE.

*Hast thou seen the dawn i' th' air,  
 when wanton blasts have toss'd it;  
 Or the ship on the sea,  
 when luder waves have crossed it ?  
 Hast thou mark'd the crocodile's weepnirj,  
 or the fox's sleeping?  
 Or hast view'd the peacock in his pride,  
 or tha dove by his bride,  
 when he courts for his lechery ?  
 O, so fickle, O, so vain, O, so false, so false is she'*

*Flor.* Good boy, leave me ' *[Boy ejuit.*

*Enter* CLAIUMONT.

*Clar.* How now, Florelio, melancholy?

*Flor.* No, I was studying. Pr'ythce, resolve me,  
 Whether it he better to maintain,  
 A strong, implicit faith, that can.  
 By no means be oppress'd ;  
 Or, falling to the bottom at the first,  
 Arni'd 'viLh disdain and with contempt, to scorn the  
 worst I

*Clar.* This is a subtle one; but -"liy studying  
 about this ]

*Flor.* Failh, I would find a good receipt fur the  
 headache,

That's all.

*Clar.* Hum, I know now whereabouts you are ;  
 No more on't. I'm come to clear those doubts—  
 Your wife is chaste, chaste as the turtledove.

*Flor.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Clar.* Ha ! why do you laugh ] I know she is ;  
 'tis not

So many hours, since I tempted her  
 With all my eloquence, and for the king,  
 Yet found her cold as ice.

*Flor.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Clar.* You do not well to tempt a friend ;  
You do forget she is my sister.

*Flor.* I would I ne'er had known you hail one.

*Clar.* You'll give a reason now for tins.

*Flor.* None.

- *Clar.* By all that's guod, since our dear father  
left us,

We are become his scorn ; look you, sir,

I dare maintain it. *[Draws.*

<sup>1</sup> *Flor.* But I dare not. Put up, put up, young man,  
When thou hast known a woman,

Thou wilt be tamer. *[Exit.*

*Clar.* Ha ! what should this mean I

I know he's valiant, wise, discreet;

And what of that? Passion, when it hath got the  
bit,

Doth oftentimes throw the ruler.

Yet why should I be peremptory?

She may, for aught I know, be yet unchaste

With aome unwoithy groom.<sup>1</sup> *[Studies.*

What if I stole into some corner,

And heard her at confession<sup>f</sup>l 'Twould not be amiss ;

For souls at such a time, like ships in tempests,

Throw out all they have ; and now I think on't,

Her trial shall bu quick, Friend, I'll do thee right,

Come on't what will, she dies, if she be light.

*[Exit.*

#### ACTUS IV. SCÆNA IV.

*Enter SIGNIOR MULTECARNI the Poet, and  
two of the Actors.*

*Mid.* Well, if there beno remedy, one must act  
two parts ;

<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.*, Fullow or man. The word is often used by our  
old writers in this sense.]

Rosaelio shall be the fool and the lord,  
And TISSD the citizen and the cuckold.

1 *Act.* That cannot be, signior, you know,  
One still comes in, when the other goes out.

*Mul.* Ey Jove, 'tis true. Let me see,  
We'll contrive it: the lord and the usurer,  
The citizen and the politician '  
And sure they never are together.  
But who shall act the honest lawyer 1<sup>L</sup>  
'Tis a hard part, that!

2 *Act.* And a tedious one,  
It's admired<sup>2</sup> you would put it in, squire '  
And 'tis against your own rules  
To repiesent anything on the stage  
That cannot be.

*Mul.* Why, dost think  
j'Tis impossible for a lawyer to be honest 1

1 *Act.* As 'tis for a lord treasurer ,to be poor,  
Or for a king not to be cosened.  
There's little Robin, in debt within these three years,  
Grown fat and full by the trade :  
And then there's Eorachio, an unknown man,  
Got it all by speaking loud and bawling :  
Believe it, signior, they ha'e no more conscience  
Than an innkeeper.

*Mul.* I grant you all this ;  
An old cook and a good will please all palates.  
There's that for the young tapers of the law ;  
Then there's a. bawdy jest or two  
Extraordinary for the ladies ;  
And, when it comes to be acted in private,  
I'll have a jerk at the state for the country gentlemen.  
If it does not take, my masters,  
It lies not upon me ' PVB provided u ell. '  
And if the stomach of the times be naught,

<sup>1</sup> [Suckling, perhaps, had in his recollection a play with this titla by S. S., printed in 1616.]

<sup>a</sup> [Wondered.]

The fault's not in the meat or in the cook.  
 Come, let us find out Lepido,  
 And dine at the Merm ud.  
 Come, let ua have one rouse,<sup>1</sup> my Joves, in Aristippua,  
 We shall conceive the better afterwards.

*Act.* Agreed, agreed. *[Exeunt singing.]*

*Come, come away, to the tavern, I soy,  
 For now at home is washing-day •  
 Leave your prittle-prattle, let's have a pottle,  
 We are not so wise as Aristotle.*

#### ACTUS IV. SCENA V.

*Enter CLARIMONT and FLDRELIO.*

*Clar.* By heaven she's false, false as the tears of  
 crocodiles,  
 Or what is yet more feign'd, I do confess.  
 Your pardon, Floreho, come, pray your pardon ;  
 Perchance I may deserve it.

*Flor.* You have it, so has she ;  
 Would heaven would do it as easily as I.

*Clar.* Heaven cannot do so foul an act.  
 She has,—O, she has done too much !  
 And should not I see justice done,  
 The gods would punish me. Brother, clear up,  
 The world shall not be one day elder, ere  
 I see thy injuries revenged, This night  
 The king will revel, and be gamesome :  
 He will change beds with thee.  
 Deny him not, and leave the rest to me.

*Flor.* Thy youth, I see, doth put thee on too fast,  
 Thou hast too much of passion, gentle brother.  
 Thinkst thou the death of a poor lustful king  
 Or peer can give me éase. No ;

<sup>1</sup> [A rouse ia n bumper.]

- For, if it could, **my** hand durat go as far  
That way as thine.  
Had she been chaste, there had no tempters  
been,  
Or if there had, I hail not thought it sin.  
Draw not thy sword at all, I do beseech thee,  
'Twill not deserve One drop of noble blood ;  
Fnrget it, do, for my sake,

*Clar.* May heaven, forget me then !  
Where is the courage of thy house become I  
When didst thou cease to be thyself? Shall two  
Brave families be wrong'd—most basely wrong'd—  
And shall we tamely, like philosophers,  
Dispute it with<sup>1</sup> our reasons ?  
Fust may I live thn scorn of all the world,  
Then die forgotten ! No, no ;  
Were there as many actors in thy wrong,  
As does the vast stage of the world now bear,  
Not one should 'scape my rage : I and my ghost  
Would persecute them all.  
By all our ties, of love, of brother, friend :  
By what thou lioldst most dear, I do conjure thee  
To leave this work to me ; and if  
E'er thou canst think that I present thee not  
A full revenge, then take it out on me.

*Flor.* Thy zeal hath overcome me ;  
What wouldst thou have me do I

*Clar.* Nothing but this :  
Obey the king in all he shall desire,  
And let your servants be at my dispose  
This night. One of your faithful'st confidants  
Send hither presently.

*Flor.* Well, I shall; but what you'll do,  
Heav'n knows : I know not, nor will I.  
It is enough that I (against my will)  
Am made a passive instrument of ill.  
Farewell.

[Exit.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, without.]

*Cltr.* So there is but this :  
 The wanton king this night thinks to embrace  
 My sister ; his bed bhall prove his grave.  
 His own favourite shall make it so ;  
 I have persuaded him she yields,  
 And this night does expect him :  
 He, to make sure o' th' husband,  
 By my advice, as if he did intend  
 Some jest, means to change lodgmgga  
 With wrong'd Florelio the favourite.

*Enter FJCTRUCHIO.*

O Petruchio, welcome ! You have other clothes ;  
 These I would<sup>1</sup> borrow for a little while :  
 In masquiiig times disguises are in fashion.  
 I have a pretty plot in hand ; and if it take,  
 'Twill be some crowns in thy way.

*Pet.* I shall pray hard it may, sir ;  
 My clothes, howsoever, are at your service.

*Clar.* And I at yours, Pctruchio.  
 But you must be dumb and secret now.

*Pet.* As any statue, sir,

*Clar.* Come, then, let us about it.  
*[Exvunt.]*

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

*Enter LEPIDO and DEOLLTO.*

*Drol.* A rare masque, no doubt; who contriv'd it?  
*Lep.* Marry, he that says 'tis good, howsoe'er he  
 has made it,  
 Signior Multecarni.

*Drol.* Who, the poet-laureate ?

*Lep.* The same.

*Drol.* O, then, 'twere blasphemy to speak a gainst it.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *should.*]

What, are we full of Cupids I  
 Do we sail upon the vast, and re-sail,  
 And fetch the masque from the clouds ?

*Lep.* Away, critic, thou never understood at him.

*Drol.* Troth, I confess it; but my comfort is,  
 Others are troubled with the same disease,  
 'Tis epidemical, Lepido ; takc't on my word,  
 And so let's in, and see how things go forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

*Enter FRANCELIA alone, wwping.*

Swell on, my griefs, and O, ye gentler tears,  
 Drop still, and never cease to Jail,  
 Till you become a boundless ocean '  
 Then drown the source that sent you out, and hide  
 Francelia from her husband's sight,  
 Her wronged husband's. O,  
 Could my Florelia but see,  
 How all hot flames withm me are gone forth,  
 Sure, he would love again. Yet sure  
 He would not. Heavens ! how just you are,  
 And, O, how wicked am I!<sup>1</sup>  
 My heart beats thick, as if my end were nigh ;  
 And would it were ! a better time death  
 Cannot take ; an absolution I have had,  
 And have confess'd my unchaste love  
 Unto my ghostly father My peace is made above,  
 But here below ?—What mak'st thou here,  
 Petruchio?

*Enter CLARIMONT tike to Petruchio.*

*Clur.* She weeps ' the whore repents perchance.

[*Aside.*]

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *I am.*]

Madam,

It is my master's pleasure that tins night  
You keep your chamber.

*Fran.* Thy voice and countenance are not the  
same ;

They tell me that thy master is displeased.

*Clar.* Madam, it may be so ; but that to me  
Is as unknown as is the new-found world.

I am his servant, and obey commands.

*Fran.* And so am I. I pr'ythee tell him an ;  
I will not atir. *[Exit.*

*Clar.* How cunning ia  
The devil m a woman's shape ! He had  
Almost again persuaded me  
To have become her brother.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ssr.* Petruchio, the favourite is lighted at the door,  
And asks to see my lady.

*Clar.* My laily is retired : where is he I  
*[Exit Servant.*

This to my heart's desire falls out.

*Enter BELLAMIND the favourite.*

*Bel.* Where is Francelia ?

*Clar.* My lord, she is not well,  
And craves your lordship's pardon.

*Bel.* What, sick upon a masque-niglit,  
And when the king sends for her !

Come, come, that must not be ;

Which May is she ?

*[GtariTnont steps to him and whispers. He starts.*

*Bel.* By heaven !

*Clar.* By heaven, nor will she ever see you more,  
If he

*Bel.* I understand you. I am Bellamino.  
If e'er he see the morning. I had decreed it;

Nor should he have surviv'd three days,  
 Had he been ne'er so silent. This night's  
 His last, Petruccio. This arm shall make it so.  
 I will not trust my brother with the act.

*Clar.* Nobly resolv'd ; but how or where, my  
 lord?

*Bel.* No matter where. Rather than fail,  
 I'll make the presence chamber be  
 The place of execution.

*Clar.* Still nobly ;  
 But, my lord——

*Bel.* But again, Petruccio ?

*Clar.* And again, my lord.

Why, think you that Petruccio, when he is  
 Entrusted in a business, will not see  
 Tt rightly done, and for his lady's honour?  
 You'll kill him, and in public ; then, forsooth,  
 When you're i' th' saddle, all the court shall cry,  
 Francelia was weary of her husband.  
 No, no ; my lady loves you well,  
 But loves her honour too ; and there are ways (I  
 hope)  
 To keep the one, and yet not lose the other.  
 Do not I know my lady lies alone,  
 And will feign herself sick this night,  
 And all on purpose too ? am not I to let you  
 Into her chamber,  
 And to give out, the fact once done,  
 That he killed himself.——<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The play ends hers imperfectly.]

LETTERS.

*Letters to divers Eminent Personages : written on several occasions. By Sir John Swelling. Printed by his oiun copy,*

Printed imperfectly in 1646 and 1648, but with considerable additions in 1653, according to the bookseller's statement, from originals supplied to him by the poet's sister, Lady Southcot, to whom the third edition is inscribed in terms which countenance such a fact

Very few of these interesting, witty, and sensibls epistles bear any indication of the persons to whom they were addressed; but several are directed to one and the same lady, perhaps her from whom he took some hints for " Aglaura.."



## LETTERS.

[To *William Davenant*.<sup>1</sup>]

WILL,—It is reported here a-shipboard that the wind is, as women are, for the moat part bad : that it altogether takes part with the water, for it crosses him continually that crosses the seas : that it is not good for a state-reserved politician to come to sea, for he is subject to lay forth his mind in very plain terms ; that it is an ill gaming<sup>2</sup> place, for four days together here has been very bad casting of all snles, and I think if we had tarried longer it would have been worse : that so much rope ia a needless thing in a ship, for they drown here altogether, not hang : that if a wench at land or a ship at sea spring a leak, 'tis fit anil necessary they should be pump'il : that Dunkirk is the Papist's purgatory, fur men are fain to pay money to be freed of it; or, to speak more like a true Protestant, it is the water-hell, for if a man 'scape this, 'tis ten to one he shall be saved : that lying four nights a-shipboard is almost as bad as sitting up to lose money at threepenny gleeck, and BO pray tell Mr. Brett; and thus much for sea-news.

Since my coming ashore, I find that the people of this country are a kind of infidels, not believing in the Scripture ; for though it be there promised

<sup>1</sup> Aahm. MS. 82G, fol. 101.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *gaminng*.

there shall never be another Delude, yet they do fear it daily, and fortify against it : that they are Nature's youngest children, and so, consequently, have the least portion of wit and manners ; or rather that they are her bastards, and so inherit none at all. And sure their ancestors, when they begot them, thought on nothing but monkeys and boars and asses, and suchlike ill-favoured creature ; for their physiognomies are so wide from the rules of proportion, that I should spoil my prose to let in the description of them. In a word, they are almost as bad as those of Lercestershire ; their habits are as monstrous as themselves to all strangers. But by my troth, to speak the naked truth of them, the difference betwixt the dressing of their women and ours is only this—these bombast their tails, and our theirs arms, As for the country, the water and the King of France beleaguer it loud. Sometimes the Hollander gets ground upon them ; sometimes they upon him. It is so even a level that a man must have more than the quantity of a grain of mustard-seed in faith to remove a mountain here, for there is none in the country. Their own turf is their hiding altogether, and it is to be feared that they will burn up their country before doomsday. The air, what with their breathing in it and its own natural corruption, is so unwholesome that a man must resolve to be at the charge of an ague once a month. The plague is here constantly—I mean excise—and in so great a manner that the whole country is sick on't. Our very farts stand us in I know not how much excise to the states before we let them, To be learned here is capital treason of them, believing that *foituna, favtt fatuis*; and therefore, that they may have the better success in their wars, they choose burgomasters and burghers, as we do our mayors and aldermen, by their great bellies, little wits, and full purses. Religion they use as a

stuff cloak in summer, more for show than anything else, their *summum lonum* being altogether wealth. They wholly busy themselves about it; not a man here but would do that which Judas did for half the money. To be short, the country is stark nought, and yet too good for the inhabitants; but being our allies, I will forbear their character and ret.—Your humble servant,

J. SUCKLING.

LONDON,<sup>1</sup> Nov. 18th, 1629.

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[To Sir Henry Vane.<sup>2</sup>]

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—What my journey through France afforded, your lordship had in haste from Dover by the way of Antwerp. On Tuesday I arrived at Court, and came soon enough to find the face of it extremely changed. Looking asquint upon you in Germany, ris well as upon all of us that were sent from thence, the fault at nrst I laid upon the night and my own bad eyea; but the next day mailc it clear and plain. The packet to my Lord Tiesurer I presented first, and the taking of Donawart, who both to the bearer anil the newa showed alike indifferent, something cool if not culd, perchance hi3 gaib. From thence I went to the king, anil made my way by Maxfie], Murray being not there. His majesty waa well content the king was still victorious, but took it not so hot as those of France, nor dnl he at firdt conceive of it of so

<sup>1</sup> [Although dated from London, it seems doubtful -whether this letter was really written time; it rather seems to have been penned and despatched BDMewheia on Suckling's route homew<ud frmn Dunkirk.]

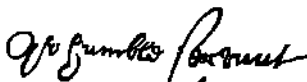
<sup>3</sup> ["Domestic Papers, Chailes I.," No. 216, p. 6. Now first printed. Sea "Calendars," 1631-3, p. 322. The facsimile of Suckling's haudwuting is taken from tins letter.]

great importance. The bedchamber-men were most of them there, and the king spoke loud. That little, therefore, I had to say to him from Sir Isaac Wake and your lordship I reserved for a more private audience, that I might see something more into the king's mind. Master Murray would have had it been the next morning; but I deferred it a day, and having seen my Lord of Middlesex, and spoken with your son, I found, as I conceived, the reason of what I so much wondered at, and a better way than otherwise perchance I had taken. Before, therefore, I went to the king, I attended my Lord Treasurer, and told him that by more particular command I was more specially to wait upon his lordship; that I was to speak to the king that morning, but was come before to kiss his lordship's hands. Anil having in a manner repeated what I was to say, because I knew that which I had both from you and Sir Isaac Wake was something too much Sweden and monarchy, I mingled with it the noise of the Spaniards' passing the Moselle, the confirmation of the Landgrave of Hussen's defeat, and the vuted forces of Wallenstein (of which I conceived by en cumstancB you write nothing), all which more specially he commanded me to represent to his majesty. In the conclusion I told him, that if there were anything in what I had said that could seem less fit to his lordship, or anything besides that his lordship could think more fit, I stood there ready to be disposed of by him, upon which he embraced me, thanked your lordship more especially for that address, promised to send away presently to you, and willed me to attend, while he came to the king, that he might present me, which he did. The king was very well pleased and satisfied: much better than he was at my first appearing. He questioned me much and about many things; resolved for a despatch, but seemed to refer it to my Lord

Treasurers. He conceived you had . . . already, but yet should have more since you required them. Thus things have passed in show well in this last act. By the despatch itself you will easily judge, whether really be intended, or no; if, after all this delay, it be full and without reserves, the fears of all those, that honour you and . . . you, are at an end. Howsoever, though there be some, yet the next from you I receive will take them all away. The disposal of the Cofferer's place after this manner makes the world think that there is some staggering in the friendship betwixt my Lord Treasurer and you, if not a bread j and those that aic of Sir Thomas Roe's Cabinet would persuade that you were sent over to undo the affairs of the King of Swede and your own. Many that really wish you well begin to imagine that you shall be kept there longer than you would. If there be any such thing, the causes certainly will be these : first, your greatness 'vith my Lord Marquis, and your too strict intelligence one with another, winch is here represented to the full. And howsoever your lordship thinks things arc reconciled betwixt my Lord Treasurer and him, yet they say otherwise here, and the effects speak no less. No man dares think well of him here, and by what your son and . . . observed, it is easy to believe the king's ears himself has been a little too open to the reports. I do him all the service I can, where I find it may do any good, though I know Jacob Ashley has lost himself about the same thing. That which may, in a second place, be considerable, "ill be your too lively representations, making the King of Swede to outrage the Emperor more than they will allow him here to do. And indeed your lordship's case in this is not much unlike that of Sharnes's ; for where you are, they thought you too much a Spaniard, and here they think you all much a Spaniard. Then,

again, the women take it ill that your son should be a statesman before theirs ; and my Lady Weston has let fall in a manner so much to my Lord Vane. Besides, which I conceive [as of] more importance, larger instruction? were by him carried to the king than to my Lord Treasurer, ami sooner. Last of all, whether your lordship's cleiks have in your absence followed your directions or no, or whether they have behaved themselves ill or well in the issuing out and disposing of moneys, I cannot tell ; but, I suspect, a sinister report has been made of all. Your person would certainly be necessary here ; and I make no doubt your wisdom will find out the quickest and best way for it, unless you yourself (tis it well may be after all this) know, that all the world on this side of the seas are in errors. That which makes me any way stagger in my hopes of your sudden coming home is, that the King of S'vede knows too well that, England satisfied in the demands of the Palatinate, and things at a full point concerning that particular, this crown will no longer make court to him, and after it he must expect no great matters from hence. Besides, France, which in fallow pretends to go along with us, really, perchance, intends nothing less, since there is nothing but that of the Palatinate that can keep Spam and us from tying a more strict knot together, and nothing but that that has kept us *so* long asunder. And the ill will be that, if his majesty of Swede make larger progress and be more fortunate, we shall here fear him as too great, or he himself will be more difficult. If he be less successful, we shall not conclude with him as too weak. And now, my lord, your lordship has what we talk here, I am not peremptory that things are so as I have here represented them ; but I am certain they are thought to be so. Your lordship's better judgment will resolve it, and I am more

than confident will yet bring everything to its right place. You have many here that can do more towards it, but none that more sincerely wishes it than


  
 May 21, 1682.  
 W. G. Gumbles  
 for Burlington.

If your lordship would please to think it fit to send at landom—and by any messengers rather than none—the news, it would not certainly be amiss.

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[To Aglaure (?).]

FORTUNE and love have ever been so incompatible, that it is no wonder, madam, if, having had so much of the one for you, I have ever found so little of the other for myself. Coming to the town, and having nil as if I had brought intelligence of a new-landed enemy to the State, I find you gone the day before, and with you, madam, all that la considerable upon the place; for, though you have left behind you faces whose beauties might well excuse perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, since to the making that no sin love's casuists have most rationally resolved that she for whom we forsake ought to be handsomer than the forsaken, which would be here impossible. So that now a gallery, hung with Titian's or Vandyke's hand, and a chamber filled with living excellence, are the same things to me; and the use that I shall make of that sex now will be no other than that which the wiser sort of Catholics do of pictures—at the highest, they but serve to raise my devotion to you,

Should a gri-fit beauty now resolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the artillery of her eyes, it would be as vain as for a thief to set upon a new-robbeil passenger. Yon, madam, have my heart already ; nor can you use it unkindly but with some injustice, since, besides that it left a good service to wait on you, it was never known to stay so long or so willingly before with any. After all, the wages will not be high, for it hath been brought up under Platonics, and knows no other way of being paid for service than by being commanded more ; which truth when you doubt, you have but to send to its master and your humble servant,

J. S.

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*A Dissuasion from Love.*

JACK,—Though your disease be in the number of thuc that are better cured with time than precept, yet, since it is lawful for every man to practise upon them that are forsaken and given over (which I take to be your state), I will adventure to prescribe to you ; and of the innocence of the physic you shall not need to doubt, since I can assure you I take it daily mysi-lf.

To begin methodically, I should enjoin you travel ; for absence doth in a kind leniove the cause, removing the object, and answers the physician's first recipe, vomiting and purging j but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can ; for, besides that the rarity of visits endears them, this may bring you to surprise her, and to discover little defects which, though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualify the fury of the fever. As near as you can, let it be unseasonably : when she is in sickness and disorder, for that will let you know

she is mortal, and. a woman ; and the last would be enough to a wise man. If you could draw her to discourse of things she understands not, it would not be amiss.

Continue yourself often into the company of the cried-up beauties ; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you speak or write that style : variety will breed distraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humour.

I would not have you deny yourself the little things, for these agues are easier cured with surfeits than abstinence ; rather, if you can, taste all, for that, as an old author saith, will let you see—

That the thing for which we woo  
Is not worth so much ado.

But since that here would be impossible, you must be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I must tell you, Jack, that mistress and woman differ no otherwise than Frountnac and ordinary grapes ; which, though a man loves never so well, yet, if he surfeit of the last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish humour, Jack, of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her ; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humours are best and safest vented and bled out. Continue your affection to your rival still ; that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite, and preserve your friendship with her woman, for who knows but she may help you to the remedy ?

A jolly glass and right company would much conduce to the cure ; for though in the Scripture (by the way, it is but Apocrypha) woman is resolved stronger than wine, yet whether it will be so or not, when wit is joined to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying, as our friend the late ambassador hath

wittily observed, would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live pigeons laid to the soles of the feet, a last remedy, and, to say truth, worse than the disease.

But, Jack, I remember I promised you a letter, not a treaty.<sup>1</sup> I now expect you should be just; and as I have phowed you how to get out of love, BO you, according to our bargain, should teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me not to look upon Mistress Howard; but for that I must tell you aforehand that it *is in* love as in antipathy—the capers which will make my Lord of Dorset go from the table, another man will eat up. And, Jack, if you would make a visit to Bedlam, you shall find that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.—Your humble servant.

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THOUGH, madam, I have ever hitherto believid play to be a thing in itself as merely indifferent au leligum to a statesman or love made in a privy-chamber; yet hearing you have resolved it otherwise for me, my faith shall alter without becoming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it should do so. So great and just a sovereignty is that your reason hath above all others, that mine must be a rebel to itself, should it not obey thus easily; and, indeed, all the infallibility of judgment we poor Protestants have, is at this time wholly in your hands.

The loss of a mistress (which kills men only in romance, and is still digested with the first meat we eat after it) had yet in me raised up so much passion, and so just a quarrel, as I thought, to fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the first occasion; yet, madam, hus it not made me so desperate, but that I can sit down

<sup>1</sup> [Treatise.]

a loser both of that, time and money too, when there shall be the least fear of losing you.

And now, since I know your ladyship is too wise to suppose to yourself impossibilities, and therefore cannot think of such a tiling as of making me absolutely good, it will imt be without some impatience that I shall attend to know what sin you will be pleased to assign me in the room of this . something that has less danger about it, I conceive it would be ; and therefore, if you please, madam, let it not be women, fur, to say truth, it is a dret I cannot yet relish, otherwise than men do that OH which they surfeited List.—Your humblest servant,

J. S.

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[To Aglaum (?).]

MADAM,—Before this instant I did not believe Warwickshire the other world, or that Mileot walks had been the Blessed Shades. At my arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dend, and have had joy given me prepesterously and us im-  
peitmently as they give it to men who many where they do not love. If I .should now die in earnest, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharged the rites of funeral soirow beforehand. Nor do I take it ill that report, which made Richard the Second alive so oflen after he "as dead, thould kill me as often when I am alive. The advantage is on my side. The only quariel I have is, that they have made use of the whole "Look of Martyrs " upon me ' and without all question, the first Chns-  
tians under the great persecutions suffered not in 500 years so many several ways as I have done in BIX days in this lewd town, This, madam, may seem strange unto you now, who know the com-  
pany I was in ' and certainly, if at that time I had

departed this transitory world, it had been a way they had never thought on, and this epitaph of the Spaniard's (changing the names) would better have become my gravestone than any other my friends the poets would have found out for me :—

EPITAPH.

Here lies Don Alonzo,  
 Slain by a wound received under  
     His left pap,  
 The orifice of which was so  
 Small, no chirurgeon could  
     Discover it.  
     Reader,  
 If thou wouldest avoid so strange  
     A death,  
 Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

Now all this discourse of dying, madam, is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from London, especially in a place which is concluded out of the world. If you are not to be frightened hither, I hope you are to be persuaded ; and if good sermons or good plays, new braveries or fresh wit, revels, madam, masques that are to be, have any rhetoric about them, here they are, I assure you, in perfection, without asking leave of the provinces beyond seas, or the assent of——. I write not this that you should think I value these pleasures above those of Milcot; for I must here protest, I prefer the single tabor and pipe in the great hall far above them ; and were there no more belonging to a journey than riding 80 many miles, would my affairs conspire with my desires, your ladyship should find there, not at the bottom of a letter, Madam, your humble servant.

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[To Lady Southcot.]

MADAM,—I thank heaven we live in an age in which the widows wear colours, and in a country where the women that lose their husbands<sup>1</sup> may be trusted with poison, knives, and all the burning coala in Europe, notwithstanding the president<sup>2</sup> of Sophonisba and Portia. Considering the estate you are in now, I should reasonably imagine meaner physicians than Seneca or Cicero might administer comfort. It *is* so far from me to imagine this accident should surprise you, that, in my opinion, it should not make you wonder, it being not strange at all that a man who hath lived ill all his time in a house should break a window, or steal away in the night through an unusual postern. You are now free; and what matter is it to a prisoner whether the fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If instead of putting off handsomely the chain of matrimony he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his own charge; nor should it cost you a tear. Nothing, madam, has worse mien<sup>3</sup> than counterfeit sorrow; and you must have the height of woman's art to make you appear other, especially when the spectators shall consider all the story.

The sword that was<sup>4</sup> placed betwixt a contracted princess and an ambassador was as much a husband; and the only difference was that that sword, laid in bed, allowed one to supply its place. This husband denied all, like a false crow<sup>5</sup> set up in a garden,

<sup>1</sup> [Though without supera cription of any kind in the original copies, it is clear, from internal evidence, that this letter was written by Suckling to his sister Mivrtha, and just after the receipt of the news that her husband had deserted her.]

<sup>2</sup> [Precedent.]

<sup>4</sup> [Old copies, *is*.]

<sup>3</sup>

<sup>5</sup>

[Old copies, *mine*.]

[A scarecrow.]

which keeps others from the fruit it cannot taste itself. I would not have you so much as inquire, whether it were with his garters or hia cloak-bag strings, nor engage yourself to fresh sighs by hearing new relations.

The Spanish princess Leonina, whom Balzac delivers the ornament of the last aye, was wise, who, hearing a post was sent to tell her husband was dca'l, and knowing the secretary was m the way for that purpose, sent to stay the post till the arrival of the secretary, that she might not be obliged to shed tears twice. Of all things, the less we know the better. Curiosity would here be as vain as if a cuckold should inquire whether it were upon the courh or a bed, anil whether the cavalier pulled off Ins spurs first or not.

I must confess it is a just subject for our sorrow to hear of any that does quit his station without his leave that placeil him there ;<sup>1</sup> and ] et, as ill a mien as this act has, 'twas a-la-Romansci, aa you may see by a line of Master Shakespeare's who, bringing in Titinius after a lost battle, speaking to his sword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds—

"By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part."<sup>12</sup>

'Tis true, I think, cloak-bag strings were not then so much in fashion ; but to those that are not sword-men the way is not so despicable ' and, for mine own part, I assure you Christianity highly governs me in the minute in which I do not wish with all my heart, tbat all the discontents in hia majesty's three kingdoms would find out this very way of satisfying themselves and the world. J. S.

<sup>1</sup> [How sadly this passage, and how strangely ton, reads by the aide of the catastrophe which deprived the world BO prematurely of the writer of it !]

<sup>2</sup> ["Julias Cwsar," Act v. SD. 3.]

SIR,—Since the settling of your family would certainly much conduce to the settling of your mind, the care of the one being the trouble of the other, I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes that my affairs deny me the content I should take to serve you in it.

It would be too late now for me, I suppose, to advance or confirm you in those good resolutions I left you in, being confident your own reason hath been so just to you as long before tins to have represented a necessity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking a handsome revenge upon yourself for the injuries you would have done yourself.

Change, I confess, to them that think all at onre, must needs be strange, and to you hateful, whom first your own nature, and then custom, another nature, have brought to delight in those narrow and uncouth<sup>1</sup> ways we found you in. You mutt therefore consider that you have entered into one of those near conjunctions of which death is the only honourable divorce, and that you have now to please another as well as yourself, who, though she be a woman, and by the patent she hath from nature hath liberty to do simply, yet can she never be so strongly bribed against herself aa to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your sake resolve to live miserably. Examples of such loving folly our times afford but few ; and in those there are, you shall find the stock of love to have been greater, and their strengths richer *to* maintain it, than [it] is to be feared yours can be,

Woman, besides the trouble, has ever been thought a rent-charge ; and though through the vain curiosity of man it has often been enclosed, yet has it seldom been brought to improve or become profitable. It faring with married [men for the

<sup>1</sup> [Little known, obscure.]

moat part as with those that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten melons elsewhere, than in their own gardens cucumbers. The ruins that either time, sickness, or the melancholy you shall give her, shall bring, must all be made up at your cost; for that thing a husband is but tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place tenantable to the next that shall take it. To conclude, a young woman is a hawk upon her wings; and if she be handsome, she is the more subject to go out at check. Falconers, that can but seldom spring right game, should still have something about them to take them down with. The lure to which all stoop in this world is either garnished with profit or pleasure; and when you cannot throw her the one, you must be content to shew out the other. This I speak not out of a desire to increase your fears, which are already but too many, but out a hope that, when you know the worst, you will at once leap into the river, and swim through handsomely, and not, weatherbeaten with the divers blasts of irresolution, stand shivering upon the brink.

Doubts and fears are, of all, the sharpest passions, and are still turning distempers to diseases. Through these false optics 'tis, all that you see is, like evening shadows, disproportionate to the truth, and strangely longer than the true substance. These, when a handsome way of living, and expense suitable to your fortune, is represented to you, makes you in their stead see want and beggary, thrusting upon your judgment impossibilities for likelihoods, which they with ease may do, since, as Solomon saith, they betray the succours that reason offers.

TIB true that all here below is but diversified folly, and that the little things we laugh at children for, we do but act ourselves in great/ yet is there difference of lunacy; and, of the two, I had much

rather be mad with him that, when he had nothing, thought all the ships that came into the haven his, than with you who, when you have so much coming in, think you have nothing. This fear of losing all in you is the ill issue of a worse parent, desire of getting, in you; so that, if you would not be passion-vent, you must cease to be covetous. Money in your hand is like the conjuror's devil, which while you think you have, that has you.

The rich talent that God hath given, or rather lent, you, you have hid up in a napkin, and man knows no difference betwixt that and treasures kept by ill spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of these golden apples of necessity must be kept those never-sleeping dragons, fear, jealousy, distrust, and the like; so that you are come to moralise Æsop, and his fables of beasts are become prophecies of you; for, while you lieve caught at the shadow, uncertain richer, you have lost the substance, true content.

The desire I have ye should be yet yourself, and that your friends should have occasion to bless the providence of misfortune, has made me take the boldness to give you your own character, and to show you yourself out of your own glass; and though all this tells you but where you are [hurt], yet it is some part of a cure to have search'd the wound, and for this time we must be content to do like travellers, who first find out the place, and then the nearest way.

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MY NOBLE LORD,—Your humble servant had the honour to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon our march, and the places we are come

to have afforded rather blood than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, specially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your band, they can assure that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it ' and that it must be no less than necessity itself that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me ' I am still the humble servant of my Lord——that I was, and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

JOHN SUCKLING.

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[To Aglaura.]

SINCE you can breathe no one desire that was not mine before it was yours, or full as soon (for hearts united never knew divided wishes), I must chide you, dear princess, not thank you, for your present; and (if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are conscious of much, what am I then, who guilty am of all you can pretend to, am I (something more— unworthiness. But why trouble you at all, heart of my heart, disturb the happiness you have so newly given me, or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on Bion's a diet? *If I have granted your request,* ' O, why will you ever say that you have studied me, and give so great an interest to the contrary ! That wretched *if* speaks as if I would refuse what you desire, or could—both which are equally impossible. My dear princess, there needs no new approaches where the breach is made already; nor must you ever ask anywhere, but of your fair self, for anything that shall concern your humble servant.

[To the same.]

MY DEAREST PRINCESS,—But that I know I love you more than ever any did any, and that yet I hate myself, because I can love you no more, I should now moht unsatisfied despatch away this messenger.

The little that I can write to what I would, makes me think writing a dull commerce, and then—haw can I choose but wish myself with you—to say the rest. My dear dear, think what merit, virtue, beauty : what and how far Aglaura, with all her charms, can oblige ; and so far and something more I am, your humble servant.

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*A letter to a friend<sup>d</sup> to dissuade him from marrying a widow which he formerly had been in love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when no hot planet fires the blood, and when the lunatics of Bedlam themselves are trusted abroad, that you should run mad, is, sir, not so much a subject for your friends' pity as their wonder. 'Tis true, love is a natural distemper, a kind of small-pox. Every one either hath had it, or is to ex-

*An answer to the letter.*

CRAKE to wonder, honest Jack, and give me leave to pity thee, who labourest to condemn that which thou confessest natural, and the Booner had the better.

Thus far there needs no excuse, unless it be on thy behalf, who style thy second thoughts (which are by all allowed the best), a relapse, and talk of a quagmire where no man ever stuck fast, and accuseth constancy of mischief in what is

## LETTERS.

and the sooner natural and advisedly  
ser. undertaken.

us far you are ex-  
ased. But having been changed often doth noth-  
well cured of a fever, to ing—nay, 'tis nothing;  
court a relapse, to make fur love and change are  
love the second time in incompatible ; but where  
the same plate, is, not it is kept fixed to its  
to flatter you, neither first object, though it  
better nor worse than to burn not, yet it warms  
fall into a quagmire by and cheriaheth ; so as it  
chance, and ride into it needs no transplantation  
afterwards on purpose. or change of soil to make  
Tis not love, Tom, that it fruitful; and certainly,  
doth the mischief, but if love be natural, to  
constancy ; for love is of marry is the best recipe  
the nature of a burning- for living honest.  
glass which, kept still in  
one place, fireth ; changed  
often, it doth nothing—  
a hind of glowing coal  
which, with shifting from  
hand to hand, a man  
easily endures. But then  
to many, Tom ! Why,  
thou hadst better to live  
honest. Love, thonknow-  
est, is blind; what will  
he do when he hath fet-  
ters on, thinkest thou ?

Dust thou know what  
marriage is ? 'Tis curing  
of love the dearest way,  
or waking a losing game-  
ster out of a winning  
dream, and after a long  
expectation of a strange  
banquet, a presentation

'Tis cnnfessed that love  
changed often doth noth-  
ing—nay, 'tis nothing;  
fur love and change are  
incompatible ; but where  
it is kept fixed to its  
first object, though it  
burn not, yet it warms  
and cheriaheth ; so as it  
needs no transplantation  
or change of soil to make  
it fruitful; and certainly,  
if love be natural, to  
marry is the best recipe  
for living honest.

Yea, I know what  
marriage ia, and know  
you know it not, by  
terming it the dearest  
way of curing love ; for  
certainly there goes more  
charge to the keeping of  
a stable full of horses,  
than nne only steed ; and  
much of vanity is there-  
in besides, when, be  
the errand what it will,  
this one steed shall serve  
your turn as well as  
twenty more. O, if you  
could serve your steed  
so!

Marriage turns pleas-  
ing dreams to ravishing  
realities, which out-do  
what fancy or expecta-

of a homely meal. Alas ! Tom, love seeds when it runs up to matrimony, and is good for nothing. Like some fruit-trees, it must be transplanted, if thou wouldst have it active, find bring forth anything.

Thou now perchance hast vow'd all that can be vowed to any one face, and thinkest thou hast loft nothing unsaid to it; do but make love to another, and if thou art not suddenly furnished with new language and fresh oaths, I will conclude Cupid hath used thee worse than ever he did any of his train.

After all thia, to marry a widow, a kind of chewed meat I What a fantastical stomach hast thou, that canst not eat of a dish till another man hath cut of it / Who would wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking ?

Life is sometimes a long journey. To be tied to ride upon one

tion can frame unto themselves.

That love doth seed when it runs into matrimony, is undoubted truth ; how else should it increase and multiply, which is its greatest blessing.

'Tia not the want of love, nor Cupid's fault, if every day afford not new language and new ways of expressing affection; it rather may be caused through an excess of joy, which oftentimes strikes dumb.

These things considered, I will marry ; nay, and to prove the second paradox false, I'll marry a widow, who is rather the chewer, than thing chewed. How strangely fantastical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a strait boot,<sup>1</sup> when he may be forthwith furnished with enough that will come on easily, and do him as much credit and better service ] Wine, when, first broached, drinks not half BO well as after

<sup>1</sup> [A pleasant thrust at the boots Suckling affected.]  
VOL.n. N

beast still, and that half tired to thy hand too ! Think upon that, Tom.

Well, if thou must needs marry (as who can tell to what height thou hast sinned), let it be a maid, and no widow ; for, as a modern author hath wittily resolved in this case, 'tis better, if a man must be in prison, to lie in a private room than in the hole.

a while drawing. Would you not think him a nrndman who, whilst he might fair and easily ride on the beaten roadway, should trouble himself with breaking up of gaps ? A well-wayed horse will safely convey thee to thy journey's end, when an unbacked filly may by chance give thee a fall. 'Tis prince-like to marry a widow, for 'tis to have a taster.

'Tis true, life may prove a long journey ; and so, believe me, it must do. A very lung one too, before the beast you talk of prove tired. Think you upon that, Jack.

Thus, Jack, thou seest my well-ta'en resolution of mairying, find that a widow, not a maid ' to Avhich I am much induced out of what Pythagoras suith, in his 2d sect. " Cimiculorum," that it is better lying in the hole than sitting in the stocks.

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[To Aylaura.]

WHEN I receive your lines, my dear princess, and find there expressions of a passion, though reason and my own mimerit tell me it inubt nut be for me, yet is the coscnage so pleasing to me, that I, bribed by my own desires, believe them still before the other. Then do I glory that my virgin-love h stayed for auch an object to fix upon, and think how good the stars were to me that kept me from quenching those flames youth or wild love furnished mo withal in common and ordinary waters, and reserved me a sacrifice for your eyes. While thought thus smiles and solaces himself within me, cruel remembrance bleaks in upon our retirements, and tells so sad a story that, trust me, I furgefc all that pleased fancy said before, and turn<sup>1</sup> my thoughts to where I left you. Then I consider that storm neither know courtship nor pity, and that thoe rude blasts will often make you a prisoner this winter, if they do no wor<sup>c</sup>e.

While I here enjoy fresh diversion, you make the sufferings more by having leisure to consider them ; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them, but by often considering that they are not so ; for the thought that I cannot be with you to bear my share is more intolerable to me than if I had borne more. But I was only born to number hours, and not enjoy them ; yet can I never think myself unfortunate, while I can write myself Aglaura her humble servant.

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[To the same.]

WHEN I consider, my dear princess, that I have no other pretence to your favours than that which all men have to the original of beauty, light, which

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, turner,]

we enjoy, not that 'tis the inheritance of our eyes, but because things most excellent cannot restrain themselves, but are ours, as they are diffusively good ; then do I find the justness of your quarrel, and cannot but bñih tn tlnnk what I do owe, but much more to think "luit I do pay, since I have made the principal so great, by sending in so little interest.

· When you have received this humble confession, you will not, I hope, conceive me one that would, though upon your bidding, enjoy myself, while there is such a thing in the world as Aglaura.—  
Her humble servant,

J. S.

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[To the same.]

So much, dear——, was I ever yours, since I had first the honour to know you, and consequently so little myself, since I had the unhappiness to part with you, that you yourself, dear, without what I would say, cannot but have been so just as to have imagined the welcome of your own letters ; though indeed they have but removed me from one rack to set me on another—from fears and doubts I had about me of your welfare to an inquietness within myself, till I have deserved this intelligence.

How pleasingly troublesome thought and remembrance have been to me, since I left you, I am no more able now to express, than another to have them so. You only could make every place you came in worth the thinking of ; and I do think those places worthy my thought only, because you made them so. But I am to leave them, and I shall do't the willinger, because the gamester still is so much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my losses. Yet every place will be alike, since every

good object will do the same. Variety of beauty and of faces, quick underimmers of constancy to others, to me will be but pillars to support it, since, when they please me most, I most shall think of you.

In spite of all philosophy, it will be hottest in my climate when my sun is farthest off; and in spite of all reason, I proclaim that I am not myself, but when I am yours wholly.

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[To the same.]

THOUGH desire, in those that love, be still like too much sail in a storm, and man cannot so easily strike, or take all m when he pleases ; yet, dearest princess, be it never so hard, when you filial! think it dangerous, I shall not make it difficult; though—well, love is love, and air is air ; and, though you are a miracle yourself, yet do not I believe that you can work any. Without it I am confident you can never make these two, thus different in themselves, one and the self-same thing; when you shall, it will be some small furtherance towards it, that you have your humble servant, J. S.

Whoao truly loves the fair Aglaura, that he will never know desire, at least not entertain it, that brings not letters of recommendation from her, or first a fair passport.

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[To the same.]

MY DEAR DEAR,—Think I have kissed your letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer; or that, now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on I For, you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here,

because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And O ! why should I write then? Why should I not come myself? Those tyrants, business, honour, and necessity, what have they to do with you and I? Why should we not do love's commands before theirs, whose sovereignty is but usurped upon us? Shall we not smell to loses 'cause others du look on, or gather them Vause there are prickles, and something that would hinder us? Dear, I fain would, and know no hindrance but what must conic from you; and why should any come? since 'tis not I, but you, must be sensible how much time we lose, it being long tune since I was not myself, but yours.

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[To the same.]

DEAR PRINCESS,—Finding the date of your letter so young, and having an assurance from———who at the same time heard from Master———that all our letters have been delivered at B——,<sup>1</sup> I cannot but imagine some ill mistake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith, I have none in Welshman ;<sup>2</sup> and though fear and suspicion look often so far that they oversee the right, yet, when love holds the candle, they seldom do mistake so much. My dearest princess, I shall long, next hearing you are well, to hear that they are safe ; for though I can never be ashamed to be found an idolater to such a shrine as yours, yet since the world is full of profane eyes, the best way, sure, is to keep all mysteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the best part of devotion. So thinks, my D. D. P. Your humble servant.

<sup>1</sup> [Query, Baron-Hill. See a note *post.*]

<sup>2</sup> [A. Welshman employed us a messenger.]

*To thv same.]*

SINCE the inferior orbs move but by the first,<sup>1</sup> without all question desires and hopes in me are to be governed still by you, as they by it. What mean these fears, then, dear princess?

Though planets wander, yet ig the sphere that carries them the same still; and though wishes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whom they make their motion is, you know, my dear princess, yours, and wholly to be disposed of by you.

And till we hear from you, though, according to the form of concluding a letter, we should now rest, we cannot,

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*[To the same.]*

FAIR PRINCESS,—If parting be a sin, as sure it is, what then to part from you? If to extenuate an ill be to increase it, what then now to excuse it by letter] That which we would allege to lesson it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our sudden leaving you. Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when spinning out of time is but the weaving of new sorrow. And thus we thought *j* yet being not all able to distinguish of our own acts, the fear we may have sinned farther than we think of has made us send to you to know whether it be mortal or not.

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*For the two Excellent Sisters.*<sup>2</sup>

THOUGH I conceive you, ladies, so much at leisure that you may read anything, yet since the stories of the town are merely amorous, and sound nothing but

<sup>1</sup> [i.e., The primary orb.]

<sup>2</sup> [Probably Aglaura and her sister.]

love, I cannot, without betraying my own judgment, make them news for Wales. Nor can it be less improper to transport them to you, than for the king to send my Lord of C—over ambassador this winter into Greenland,

It would want faith in so cold a country as Anglesey to say that your Cousin Duchess, for the quenching of some foolish flames about her, has endured quietly the loss of much of the king's favour, of many of her houses, and of most of her friends.

Whether the disfigurement that travel or sickness has bestowed upon B. W——be thought so great by the Lady of the Isle as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his face has bred a change in her mind, it never troubles you, ladies, what old loves are decayed, or what new ones are sprung up in their room. Whether this lady be too discreet, or that cavalier not secret enough, are things that concern the inhabitants of Anglesey not at all. A fair day is better welcome and more news than all that can be said in this kind ; and for all that I know now, the devil's chimney is on fire, or has pot seething over, and all North Wales not able to stay the fury of it. Peichance, while I write this, a great black cloud IB sailing from Mistress Thomas's bleak mountains over to Baron-Hill,<sup>1</sup> there to disgorge itself with what the sea or worse places fed it with before.

It may be, the honest banks about you turn bankrupt too, and break ; and the sea, like an angry creditor, seizes upon all, and hath no pity, because he has been put off so long from time to time. For

<sup>1</sup> [In Beaumuris, the seat of Sir Richard Bulkeley, son of a father of both his names, who was Elizabeth's favourite. Baron-Hill was built (Pennant's "Tours in Wales," 1B10, ill. 42) by Sir Richard in 1611. The B. W. above mentioned may represent the inverted initials of one of the same family. The B——referred to in a former letter is doubtless Bai on-Hill.]

variety (and it is not impossible), some boisterous wind flings up the hangings; and thinking to do as much to your clothes, finds a resistance, and so departs, but first breaks all the windows about the house for it in revenge.

These things, now, we that live in London cannot help, and they are as great news to men that sit in boxes at Blackfriars, as the affairs of love to flannel weavers.

For my own part, I think I have made a great compliment when I have wished myself with you, and more than I dare make good in winter ; and yet there is none would venture farther for such a happiness than your humble servant.



*The JVine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting:*

WHEREAS, by your ambassador, two days since sent unto us, we understand that you have lately had a plot to surprise, or, to speak more properly, to take the waters, and in it have not only a little miscarried, but also met witli auch difficulties that, unless you be speedily relieved, you are like to suffer in the adventure. We, as well out of pity to you as out of care to our state and commonwealth (knowing that women have ever been held necessary, and that nothing relisheth so well after wine), have so far taken it into our consideration, that we have neglected no means, since we heard of it first, that might be for your contents or the good of the cause ; and therefore to that purpose we have had divers meetings at the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and now at length have resolved to despatch to you one of our cabinet council, Colonel Young, with some slight forces of canary, and some few of sherry, which no doubt will stand you in

good stead, if they do not mutiny and grow too headstrong for their commander. Him Captain Puff of Barton shall follow with all expedition, with two or three regiments of claret; Monsieur de Granville, commonly called Lieutenant Strutt, shall lead up the rear of Rhenish and white. These succours, thus timely sent, we are confident will be sufficient to hold the enemy in play, and, till we hear from you again, we shall not think of a fresh supply. For the waters (though perchance they have driven you into some extremities, and divers times forc'd their passages through some of your best-guarded places), yet have they, if our intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worst of it still, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear, this fourth of July.

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SINCE joy, the thing we all so court, is but our hopes stripped of our fears, pardon me if I be still pressing at it, and, like those that are curious to know their fortunes aforehand, desire to be satisfied, though it displeases me afterward. To this gentleman (who has as much insight as the t'other wanted eyesight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much swell a letter. If they shall not please you, 'tis but fresh subject still for repentance, nor ever did that make me quarrel with anything but my own stars. To awear new oaths from this place were but to weaken the credit of those I have sworn in another. If heaven be to forgive you now for not believing of them then, as sure as it was a sin, heaven forgive me now for swearing of them then, for that was double sin. More than I am I cannot be, nor list, yours,

J. S.

I am not so ill a Protestant as to believe in merit, yet if you please to give answer under your own hand, such as I shall for ever rely upon, if I have not deserved it already, it is not impossible but I may.

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*To a Cousin, who still loved youny girls, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them, and fell in love with fresh, at Insfathe?<sup>J</sup>s request, who desired he miffht be persuaded out of the humour, and marry.<sup>1</sup>*

HONEST CHARLES,—Were there not fools enou' before in the commonwealth of lovers, but that thou must bring up a new pect *I* Why delighted with the first knots of roses ; and when they come to blow, can satisfy the sense, and do the end of their creation, dost not care for them? Is there nothing in this foolish transitory world that thou canst find out to set thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt-piu-s, and is but preparing itself for loam and a green sickness? Seriously, Charles, and without ceremony, 'tis very foolish, and to love widows is as tolerable an humour, and as justifiable as thine ; for beasts that have been rid oft' their legs are as much for a man's use as colts that are unwayed, and will not go at all. Why the devil such young things ? Before these understand what thou wouldst have, others would have granted. Thou dost not marry them neither, nor anything else. 'Sfoot, it is the story of the jackanapes and the partridges : thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee ; and then lett'st out another, and starcat after that till it is gone too ! Never considering that it is here as in the Thames, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides ; while thou cuntemplateat

<sup>1</sup> [This is the letter to Charles Suckliug mentioned in the Memoir.]

the coming-in tide and flow of beauty, that it ebba with thee, and that thy youth goes out at the same time. After all this, too, she thou now art cast upon will have much ado to avoid being ugly. Pox on't, men will say thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any inn. Well, Charles, there is another way, if you could find it out. Women arc like melons—too green or too ripe are worth nothing—you must try till you find a right one. Taste all—but hark you, Charles, you shall not need to eat of all; for one is sullicient for a surfeit.—Your most humble servant.

I should have persuaded you to marriage; but, to deal ingenuously, I am a little out of arguments that way at this present. 'Tis honourable, there's no question on't; but what more, in good faith, I i-annot readily tell.

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MADAM,—To tell ynu that neither my misfortunes nor my sins did draw from me ever so many sighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet tears in mine eyes left undried for it: or that melancholy has so deeply seized me, that colds and diseases hereafter shall not need above half their force to destroy me, would be, I know, superfiuous and vain, since so great a goodness as yours cannot but have out-believed already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loss of your company greater than the Imperialists can all this time the loss of all their companies; and he shall never know you that can think it greater than I who, though I never had any wisdom, nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my judgment ever so much right in it as to admire you above all. And thus he says that dares swear he is your most devoted servant.

MADAM,—The distrust I have had of not being able to write to you anything which might pay the charge of reading, has persuaded me to forbear kissing your hands at this distance. So, like women that grow proud because they are chaste, I thought I might be negligent because I was not troublesome ; and were I not safe in your goodness, I should be, madam, in your judgment, which is too just to voluc little observances, or think them necessary to the right honouring my<sup>1</sup> lady.

Your ladyship, I make no doubt, will take into consideration that superstition hath ever been fuller of ceremony than the true worship. When it shall concern any part of your real service, and I not throw by all respects whatsoever to manifest my devotion, take what revenge you please. Undo me, madam ; resume my beat placi<sup>1</sup> and title, and let me be no longer your humble servant.

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MADAM,—By the same reason the ancients made no sacrifice to death, should your ladyship send me no letters, since there has been no return on my side. But the truth is, the place affords nothing : all our days are (as the women here) alike, and the difference of Fair does rarely show itself. Such great state do beauty and the sun keep in these parts. I keep company with my own horses, madam, to avoid that of the men ; and by this you may guess how great an enemy to my living contentedly my lady la, whose conversation has brought me to so fine a diet that, wheresoever I go, I must starve: all days are tedious, companies troublesome, and books themselves (feasts heretofore) no relish in them. Finding you to be the

<sup>1</sup> [Perhaps any,]

cause of all this, excuse me, madam, if I resent, and continue peremptory in the resolution I have taken to be, madam, during life your humblest servant.

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MADAM,—But that I know your goodness is not mercenary, and that you receive thanks either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as virgins unexpected love, this letter should be full of them. A strange, proud return you may think I make, you, madam, when I tell you, it is not from everybody I would be thus obliged ; and that, if I thought you did me not these favours because you love me, I should not love you, because you do me these favours. This is not language for one in affliction, I confess, and upon whom, it may be, at this present a cloud is breaking; but finding not within myself I have deserved that storm, I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, lest, madam, you should think I take your favours, as tribute, to my own great grief I here declare, that the services I shall be able to render you will be no longer presents, but payments of debts, since I can do nothing for you hereafter which I was not obliged to do before. Madam, your most humble and faithful servant.

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MY NOBLE FRIEND,—That you have overcome the danger of the land and of the sea is news most welcome to us, and with no less joy received amongst us than if the King of Sweden had the second time overcome Tilly, and again passed the Maine and the Rhine. Nor do we in this look more upon ourselves and private interests than on the public, since in

your safety b'gth were comprised ; ami though you had. not had about you the affairs and seereta of state, yet to have left your own person upon the way had been half to undo our poor island, and the loss must have been lamented with the tears of a whole kingdom.

But you are now beyond all our fears, and have nothing to take heed on yourself but fair ladies. A pretty point of security, and such a one as all Germany cannot afford. We here converse with northern beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a spark in any man's breast, where heaven had been first so merciful as to put in a reasonable soul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world, and I cannot name the thing can give me any content, but the thought that you enjoy enough elsewhere. I having ever been, since I had the first honour to know you, yours more than his own.

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MY LORD,—To persuade one that has newly shipwrecked upon a coast to embark suddenly for the same place again, or your lordship to seek that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a solitude among the disorders and troubles of a court, were, I think, a thing the king himself (and majesty is no ill orator) would find some difficulty to do ; and yet, when I consider that great soul of yours, like a spider, working all inwards, and sending forth nothing but, like the cloistered schoolmen's divinity, threads fine and unprofitable—if I thought you would not suspect my being serious all this while, for what I should now say, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your age is, and for a little time, whether you will or not, entertain you scurvily.

When I consider you look (to me) like——, I cannot but think it as odd a thing as if I should see Vandyke with all his fine colours and pencils about him, his frame and right light, and everything in order, and y<sup>p</sup>f, his hands t i t l behind him ; and your lordship must excuse me, if upon it I be as bold.

The wisest men and greatest states have made no scruple to make USB of brave men whom they had laid by with some disgrace ; nor have those brave men, so laid by, made scruple, or thought it a disgrace, to serve again when they were called to it afterwards.

These general motives of the state and common good I will not so much as once offer up to your Lordship's consideration, though, as 'tis fit, they have still the upper end. Yet, like great aloes,<sup>1</sup> they frather make a show than provoke appetite. There are "two things which I shall not be ashamed to propound to you as ends, since the greater part of the wise men of the world l i f i v e not been ashamed to make them theirs, and, if any has been found to contemn them, it hath been, strongly to be suspected that either they could not easily attain to them, or else that the readiest way to attain to them was to contemn them. These two are honour and wealth ' and though you stand possessed of both of them, yet is the first in your hands like a sword which, if not through negligence, by mischance hath taken rust, and needs a little clearing, and it would be much handsomer a present to posterity, if you yourself in your lifetime wipe it off.

For your estate (which, it maybe, had been more, had it not been so much), though it is true that it is so far from being contemptible that it is nobly competent, yet must it be content to undergo the same fate greater estates (commonwealths themselves) have

<sup>1</sup> [Suckling employs this figure in "Brunnoralt," Act n. so. I.]

been and are subject to ; which is, when it comes to be divided in itself, not to be considerable. Both honour and estate are too fair and sweet flowers to be without prickles, or to be gathered without some scratches.

And now, my lord, I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in yourself to the service of this state, when indeed you have made the only bar you have by imagining you have one.

I confess, though, had vice so large an empire in the court as heretofore it has had, or were the times so dangerous that to the living well there wise conduct were more necessary than virtue itself, your lordship would have reason, with Æsop's country mouse, to undervalue all change of condition, since a quiet mediocrity is still to be preferred before a troubled superfluity. But these things are now no more ; and if at any time they have threatened that horizon, like great clouds, either they are fallen of themselves to the ground, or else, upon the appearing of the sun, such a prince as ours is, they have vanished, and left behind them clear and fair days. To descend to parts, envy is so lessened, that it is almost lost into virtuous emulation, every man<sup>1</sup> trusting the king's judgment so far, that he knows no better measure of his own merit than his reward. The little word behind the back and undoing whisper which, like pulling of a sheet-rope at sea, slackens the sail, and makes the gallantest ship stand still ; that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I believe, now so forgot, or at least so unpractised, that those that are the worst have leisure to grow good before any will take notice they have been otherwise, or at least divulge it.

'Tis true, faction there is ; but 'tis as true, that it is, as the winds are, to clear and keep places free

from corruption, the oppositions being as harmless as that of the meeting tides under the bridge, whose encounter makes it but more easy for him that is to pass. To be a little pleasant in my instances ; the very women have suffered reformation, and wear through the whole court their faces as little disguised now as an honest man's actions should be ; and if there be any have suffered themselves to be gained by their servants, their ignorance of what they granted may well excuse them from the shame of what they did. So that it is more than possible to be great and good ; and we may safely conclude, if there be some that are not so exfirr, as much as they fall short of it just HO mui-li they have gone fioin the great original, Gnd, and from the best copies of him on earth, the lung and the queen.

To conclude : if those accidents or disasters which make men grow less in the world (as some such, my lord, have happened to you) wore inevitable as death, or, when they were once entered upon, us, there were no cure for them, examples of others would satisfy me for yours ; but since there have been that have delivered themselves from their ills, either by their good fortune or vntuc, 'twould trouble me that my friends should not be found in that number, as much as if one should bring me a catalogue of those that truly honoured my Lord of——, and I should not find among the first your humble servant.<sup>1</sup>

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MY LORD,<sup>2</sup>—But that you do and say things in Scotland now, my lord, unfit for a good subject to hear, I should have hoped your lordship, by a true

<sup>1</sup> [This letter is followed in the editions of 1646-48 by the epistle to Henry Jermyn, which now stands by itself, taken from the edition of 1641. See post.]

<sup>2</sup> [This and the following letters first appeared in the edition of 1653.]

relation of the passages there, would have disabused your humble servant here. Distance and men's fears have so enlarged the truth, and so disproportioned everything about the town, that we have made the little troop of discontents a gallant army, and already measure no Scotchman but by his evening shadow.

We hear say you have takpn livery and seisin of Northumberland, and there are that give in Cumberland for quietness' sake, and are content to think it part of Scotland, because it is so barren. London scriveners begin to wish they had St Michai'l-Moimt'smen's security for the burderers they have standing bound in their shops; and the Witheringtons' and Howard estates are already freely disposed to the needier rebels. Much of this part of the world is in agues, but not all, my lord; there are that have read the chronicles, and they find the English oftener marched into Edinburgh than the Scots into London.

Your old friend, Alderman——, a learned bard, and a great inseer into times, sarth it is a boil broken out in the breech of the kingdom, and that when it is ripe, it will heal of itself. Others use a handsomer similitude, and compare Scotland to a hive of swarming bees which, they say, the king watches to reduce them for the better. There is a saucy kind of intelligence about the town, of ten thousand pounds that should be sent by my Lord M——for redemption of affairs there; but this the wiser sort suspects, for, besides that his majesty buys his own again, they say none but the king would give so much for it.

Some are scandalised at the word of union, and protest they find no resemblance betwixt this new covenant and our Saviour's. Others wonder why they would make uae of religion rather than their poverty for the cause of their mutming, since the

one is ever suspected, and the other none would have disputed.

In short, while one part of the town is in whisper and serious, the other part smiles. I therefore desire your lordship to send me word in what state things stand there, that I may know of which side to be. Eat I beseech you think it not any inbred love to mischief that I now send to inquire how rebellion prospers, but impute it to a certain foolish and greedy curiosity in man's nature of news, and remember that he that hath this disease about him is, your humble servant.



GOOD MASTER ALDERMAN,<sup>1</sup>—It is most trup, I confess, that we do say things here unlit for you to hear there, and for this very reason I will foibear particulars. Hut this I do, Master Alderman, not so ninL'h out of fear for myself as care for you; for though you write in the present tense, and use the particle *now*, which is a kind of an exclusive word, yet it is well enough known a Scotchman at all times might speak what an Englishman durst not hear. It seem, sir, strange to me, that m the beginning of your letter you give us the name of rebels, when none are more his majesty's ino&t humble subjects than we, as in the front of our petitions and messages most plainly appears. True it is, that in case the king will not do what we would have him, we have provided aims, and have persuaded those here, and sent to others abroad to assist us ; but that we have at any time denied

<sup>1</sup> [This letter seems to have been wrtten by Suckling in tho character and nama of a Scottish Covananter, answering the imputations of a letter pievitm&ly wrtten by an English alderman—the same person to whom reference is made in the preceding epistle. Both that and the present were wrtten in 1639]

ourselves to be his most faithful subjects, by your favour, Master Alderman, I think will hardly appear, For the taking of livery and seism of Northumberland, if there be any such thing, neither you nor my Lord——ought to be troubled at it, for that la a business belongs to the law, and upon a trial had here in Edinburgh before any of the Covenant, no question but there will be a speedy end of it. The thing I most wonder at is, that our old friend bhmild be so much muUikiMi as to call Scotland the breech of the kingdom, .since you know that is a part of all the rest most subject, and is still put to endure the lash, so that in all likelihood it bhould rather be your country than ours.

For your simile of the bees, and reducing us to the better, you may assure his majesty from me that it will not quit cost; for both his predecessors and himself have found sufficiently that, hived or unhivcd, we yield not much honey.

Now, sir, for our new Covenant's having relation to the other, you must know that, though it is not absolutely alike in all, yet in some things it doth not disagree, and l" this especially it suits—that there is but little care taken for settling High Commission Courts in either.

The laht .scruple that troubles you is, why in this case we have made use of religion, which every one is apt to dispute, rather than poverty, which no man would have disputed ; and to say truth l" thie, I was something unsatisfied myself, until I had spoken with one of the learneder of the Covenant, who told me that he had observed very few to thrive by publishing their poverty, but a great many by pretending religion. And now I doubt not but I have in part satisfied your curiosity. There remains only that I give you my opinion concerning which party you ought to be of, ami

according to the friendship that is betwixt ua, I will deal plainly with you, that if yon hail no more to lose than some of ua have, this would be no ill side, for yon see how God hath blessed the Hollanders, But, as you arc, London is no ill place ; for, should you bring your innney hither, the temptation would be too strong for the men, and like a hungry man brought to a fetrange table, we should fall to, without much inquiring whose the meat waa.

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*An Answer to a (lentlcman that sent to iuquie after the Scottish business.*<sup>1</sup>

SIR,—That you may receive an accimnt of the Scottish business, and why there hath brcn such irresolution and alteration about the levies lately, it ig fit you know that this northern storm, like a new disease, hath so far posed the doctors of state that as yet they have not given it a name, though perchance they all firmly believe it to be rebellion. And therefore, sir, it is no wonder if these do here as the learned in physic, who, whim they know not certainly the grief, prescribe mcdu'inca .sometimes too strong, sometimes too weak, The truth is, we here consider the Scottish affair much after the rate the mortals do the moon : the simpler think itno bigger than a bushel, and some (tuo wise) imagine it a vast world, with strange things undiscovered in it—certainly two ill ways of casting it up, since the first would make us too secure, the other too fearful. I confess, I know not how to meet it in the middle, or set it right; nor do I think you have, since I should believe the question to be rather a, king or no king there, than a, bishop or no bishop. In great

<sup>1</sup> [There is a copy of this letter in MS. Ashmole 826, art. 49.]

mutinies or insurrections of this nature pretentions speciously conacionable were never wanting, and indeed are necessary, for rebellion is itself so ugly, that did it not put on the vizard of religion, it would fright rather than draw people to it, and being drawn, it could not hold them without it.

Imaginary cords, that seem to fasten, man to heaven, have tied things here below surer together than any other obligation <sup>1</sup> If it be liberty of conscience they ask, 'tis a foolish request, since they have it already, and must have it in despite of power. For, as Theodoric the Goth said to the Jews, *Nemo cogitur credere invitus*. If the exercise of that liberty, 'tis dangerous; for not three men are of the same opinion in all, and then each family must have a war within itself. Look upon their long preparations, and consider "ithal prophecy is ceased,<sup>2</sup> and therefore they could not foretel this book should be sent unto them, and you "ill conclude they rather employed Conscience than Conscience employed them Impure after their leaders, and you will hardly find them apostles, or men of such sanctity that they should order religion. Lesley himself, if lua story were searched, would certainly be found one who, because he could not live well there, took up a trade of killing men abroad, and now is returned, for Christ's sake, to kill men at home. If you will have my opinion, I think their ijuorrel to the king is that which they may have to the sun : he doth not warm and visit them as much as others. God and nature have placed them in the shade, and they are angry with the King of England for it. To conclude : this is the case. The great and wise Husbandman hatli

<sup>1</sup> [The Ashmole MS. renda—"Imaginary cords, that seeks to tye man and heaven, when aa they tye them surer below then any obligation."]

<sup>2</sup> [So Ashmole MS. Printed copies, seal'd.]

planted the beasts in outfields, and they would break hedges to come into the garden. This is the belief of your humble servant.

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SIR,—We are at length arrived at that river,<sup>1</sup> about the uneven running of which my friend Master William Shakespeare<sup>2</sup> makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow-rebels, and for his sake I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry monsieur would have had in, but cannot find it could deserve his choler, nor any of the other side ours, did not the king think it did. The account I shall now give you of the war will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the slate that part of the four and twenty hours is, in which we can neither call night nor day. I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lords Covenanters' letters to our Lords here something divide me. So, sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of Tweed like the Tower lions in their cages, leaving the people to think what we would do if we were let loose. The enemy is not yet much visible. It may be, it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forwards as plants; but it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all this to a dumb-show, and so destroy a handsome opportunity, which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future chronicle.

These are but conjectures, sir. The last part of my letter I reserve for a great and known truth, which is, that I am, sir, your most humble servant, &c.

<sup>1</sup> [The Tweed.]

<sup>2</sup> [An early instance of the use of a common modern colloquialism.]

MY LORD,—At this instant it is grown a calm greater than the storm, and if you will believe the soldier, worse. Good arms and hordes are already cheap, and there is nothing risen in value but a Scotchman. Whether it be, my lord, the void *native*, or the kind's gnod nature, we know not; but we find they leally have that mercy on earth which we do but hope for from heaven; nor can they sin so fast as they ate forgiven.

Some, and not unreasonably perchance, will imagine that this may invite good subjeeta to be ill, and that, as the nun melts ice but hardens clay, majesty, when it softens rebellion, may make allegiance stubborn. If, my lord, they shall more straitly now besiege the king's ear, and more boldly engross suits, posterity must tell this miracle, that there went an army from the south, of which there was not one man lost, nor any man taken prisoner but the king.

All we have to raise the present joys above the fulture feais is, that we know majesty nath not swallowed down so severe pills aa it was thought necessity would prescribe for the purging and setting itself right. Your humble servant.



SIR,—The little stops or progres5ea which either love of the public, private feara, niceties of honour, or jealousy have caused in the treaty now on foot, arrive at me so slowly, that unless I had one of Master Davcnant's Barbary pigeons (anil he now employs them all, he says, himself for the queen's use), I durat not venture to send them, sir, to you, lest, coming to your hands so late, you should call for the map to see whether my quarters were in England or in Barbary. The truth is, I am no firft favourite to any Lord of Secrets at this time;

but when they come from Council, attend the short turn with those that are, and as in discharge of pieces, see a whisper go off some good space of time before I hear it, so satisfy my thirst of novelty from the stream, not from the fountain.

Our very thoughts are hardly news ; and while I now intend to wnte you other men's (for my own are nut worthy of knowledge), it is not without some fear that they have already sent them to Whitehall themselves.

There are, sir, here that have an opinion, necessity, not good nature, produced this treaty, and that the same necessity which made them thus wise for peace will make them as desperate for war, if it succeed not suddenly.

Some conceive little distrusts among themselves will facilitate the work, and that the danger, now grown nearer, will divide the boily, by persuading each man to lonk tn his own paiticular safety. So we sec men l" & hips, while there is hope, asibt each other ; but when the wreck grows visible, leave the common care, and consult only their own escape.

There are some imagine this treaty of either side is not so much to beget a good peace as a good cause, ami that the subject could do no le,s than humbly petition, not to appear a rebel, nor the king no le&a than graciously to hear those petitions, not to appear a tyrant, and that when one party ahall be found unreasonable, the other will be thought excusable.

J. S.

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SIR,—I send to you now to know how we do here, for in my Lady Kent's<sup>1</sup> well-being much of ours consists. If I am the last, you must impute it to the tenderness of my fears, which durst not in-

1 [See "My Ineilited Poetical Miscellanies," 1870, Notes.]

quire into so great a misfortune, or to the coming of bad news, which ever comes latest thither whither it knows it shall be most unwelcome. For I confcs«, the repoit of so great a sickness as my Lady Kent's would give me more trouble than half the acx, although amongst the rest a mistress DI- two took their fortunes ; and though such excellence cannot change but for the better, yet you must excuse us that linjoy the benefit of her conversation here, if we are content Heaven should only give her the blessing of the Old Testament, and for a "hile defer those of the New. The unty comfort I have had in the midst of variety of.rcpuits hath been that I have seen nothing of extraordinary in the elements of late, and I conceived it but reasonable that so general an ill, as my Lady Kent's death would be, should be proclaimed by no less than what foretells the evil of great princes or the beginning of great plagues. When so unlucky a minute shall arrive, I would conclude the vntuoua and betLei- sort of people have lost some of their power and credit above, and that the sins are more particularly punished of him that is her much obliged, and, sir, your mnst humble servant,

J. S.

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LADIES,—The opinion of things is the measure of their value, as was wisely said of a niece of King<sup>1</sup> Gorboduc's. Know then that, if another than the coronet had received this script, he would not perchance have valued it so highly. The Sybil leaves had not so much consultation about them, nor were they half so chargeable as these are like to be. We have first sent them to Secretary Cook, imagining nothing but a state key could unlock those mysteues.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy has, and perhaps Suckling wrote, *quecne.*]

Now we are in quest of an Arabic figure-caster, for as much of it as we conceive is Chaldee or Syriac. The coronet believes there are noble things in it; but what Beaumont said of worth wrapped up in ravelled ekm, he saith of this. Who would go in to fetch it out ? Indeed the opinions about it have been different: some thought it a little against the state, others a ballad 'uth the pictures the wrong way, and the most discreet have guessed it to be a collection of charms and spells, and have adventured to cut it into bracelets, to be distributed and worn by poor people as remedies against cramps and toothaches—only we will preserve the faces. And for Mistress Delaine's, we do not despair but Vandyke may be able to copy it. Threescore pounds we have offered, and I think fourscore will tempt him. For Mistress T[hnm]as] thi're are in that certain *je ne sai quois*, which none but those that have stulied it can discover, and Sir Anthony shall hold his hand till Mr. H——conies to town. This is all the favour can be done in this business by your humble servant,

J. S.

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SIR,—Lest you think I had not as perfectly forgot you as you glory to have done me, let these lines assure you that, if at any time I think of you, it ia with as much scorn as you vainly hitherto may have supposed it has been with affection; a certain general compassion in me, and pity of poor follies, of which number I take this to be one. A triumph, where there has been no conquest, has persuaded me to let you know this much.

And now, if that you have had so much faith as that you could believe a thing so impossible as that of my loving of you, would you but reduce yourself

to believe a thing so reasonable, as that there never was any such matter, you would make me step into a belief that you never yet had the good thoughts of

J. S.

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[To Agla,ura(1).]

THERE was (O selilom-happy word of *was* ') a time when I was not Montferrat ; and sure there was a tune too, when all was handsome in my heart, for you were there, dear princess, and filled the place alone. *Wire there* (O wretched word again !); and should you leave that loilgmg, more wretched than Montferrat needs must be your humble servant,

J, S.

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To T[humas] C[arew].<sup>1</sup>

THOUGH writing be as tedious to me as no doubt reading will be to thee, yet considering that I shall drive that trade thou speakest of to the Indies, and for my beads and rattles have a return of gold and pearl, I am content for thy sake, and in private thus to do penance in a sheet.

Know then, dear Carew, that at eleven lust night, flowing as much with love as thou hast ebbed, thy letter found me out. I read, considered, and ail-nnreil; and did conclude at last, that Horsley air did excel the waters of the Bath, just so much aa love is a more noble disease than the pox.

No wonder if the Countesses think time lost till they be there. Who would not be, where such cures flow ? The care thou hast of me, that I should

<sup>1</sup> There is **no** unilateral information extant, *so* far as we are aware, capable of throwing light on the allusions in this letter.

traffic right, drawa me by way of gratitude to persuade thee to bottle us some of that, and send it hither to town. Thy returns "ill be quicker than those to the Indies; nor nneedst them fear a vent, since the disease *la* epidemical.

One thing more : who knows, wouldst thou be curious in the search, but thou mayest find an air of contrary virtue about thy house, which may, as thia destroys, so that create allVctiun] If thou couldst,

The latly of Hightfate then should embrace  
 Tlit; disease of the stomach and tho word of disgrace.  
 Gredtiline and grass-gi ecu  
 Shall sometimes be seen,  
 Its aims ta entwine  
 About the wuodbmc.

In honest prose thus : we would carry ourselves first, anil then our friends manage all the little loves at Court, make more Tower work, and be the Duke of B[uckmham] of our age, winch without it we shall never be. Think on't, therofore, and be assured that, if thou joinest me m the patent with thee, in the height of all my greatness I will be thine, all but what belongs to DtiSilemona, which is just (as I mean) to venture at thy horae-racc Saturd.iy pomeseven-night. J. S.

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[To a Lady respecting a Marriage.]

IT is none of the least discourtesies money hath dune us mortals, the making things, easy in themselves and natural, difficult. Young and handsome people would have come together without half thia trouble, if that had never been. This 'would tell you, madam, that the offer, having nothing about it of new, begot in our young lover very little of any-

thing else but melancholy which, notwithstanding, I could easily perceive, grew rather from a fear of his father's mind, than a care of satisfying his own. That persuaded me to throw in all and add the last reserve, which foitunately turned the scale, the cavalier setting a gmitur rate, and truly, upon the kindness of il, than upon the thing, and in that showed the courtesy of his judgment, as well as his ability. The uncle is no less satisfied than the nephew, and both are confuBnl to draw to the same thoughts, to whom (as it wan lit) I have left the office.

And now, madam, you may saMy conclude the cause to be removed out of Pluto's court into Cupid's—from the God ol Moneys to the God of Love whi, if lie break not off old customers, will quickly despatch them, since he seldom delays those that have pass'd their trials in the other place.—Your humble servant,

J. S.



LETTER TO HENRY JERMYN.

[This is rather a short political essay than a letter, and, without partiality, may be pronounced a most remarkable State paper, considering the writer and the period of composition. It is in the highest degree creditable to Suckling's sagacity, foresight, and good sense, and shews, perhaps, as conclusively as possible, that he was much more than the mere "light and agreeable" author he has been represented.

The text here employed is the original one of 1641, where it forms a 4to. tract of eight leaves, with the title, of which we have given a representation below. It is, with certain changes and a few omissions, in all the editions of the "Fragmenta,"<sup>1</sup> where it is headed, "To Mr. Henry German, in the beginning of Parliament, 1640." The text of 1641 has been corrected occasionally by those of 1646-49.

It is proper to explain that a design, which is still carried out as regards the matter in the Appendix, had been formed to reproduce all the separately-printed pieces by or relating to Suckling in their original shape, which may account for this exceptional departure from the rule of adopting modern orthography.<sup>1</sup>]

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<sup>1</sup> The production was translated into French, and was inserted in an edition of the *Elkon Basilike*, 12mu, 1649, with an introductory note by the editor, in which he says—"J'ay trouva a piopos d'anouster, a l'extrait precedent una lettre ecrite dans ls commencement da ce dermar Pailement l'annee 1640, par ls chevalier Suckhug, unu des plus elegantes Plumes, & des meilleura eaprits de la Nation, a un ie ces Amis au Court. ..." This is et pleasing piece of contemporary testimony and homage.

A  
COPPY  
OF  
A LETTER  
FOVND IN THE  
PRIVY LODGE-  
iNGs AT *WHITE-*  
*HALL.*

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Printed in the yeare,  
1641.





A  
COPPY OF A  
LETTER FOVND  
IN THE PRIVY LODG-  
INGS AT *WHITE-*  
*HALL.*



That it is fit for the King to doe something extraordinary at this present, is not onely the opinion of the wifest, but their expeftation also ; men obferve him more now, then at other times : for MajeJly in an ecpfe, like the Sunne, drawes eye's, that would not fo much as have looked towards it, if it had fhined out and appeared like it selfe. To lie flill now, at leafl, fliewes but a calme-  
neffe of mind, not a magnanimitie : fince in matters of government to thinke well at any time (much more in a very active) is little better then to dreame well ; nor mufl hee flay to aft till his people defire, becaufe tis thought nothing relifheth with them  
leffe:

lesse : for therefore hath nothing relished with them, because the King for the most part hath flayed till they desired, and done nothing- but what either they have, or were petitioning for. But that the King should doe, will not bee so much the question, as what hee would doe. And surely for the King to have right councell given him at all times is strange, and at this time almost impossible ; his party for the most part (I would it were modestly spoken and it were not all of them) have so much to doe for their owne preservation, that they cannot, without breaking a law in nature, intend anothers. Those that have courage, have not perchance innocency, and so dare not mew themselves in the Kings businesse ; and if they have innocency, they want parts to make themselves considerable, and so consequently the things they undertake. Then in the Court, they give such councell as they believe the King is inclined to, and determine of his good by his desire, which is a kind of setting the Sunne by the diall : interest which cannot erre by passion, which may. In going about to mew the King a cure, a man would first mew him the disease. But to Kings, as to some kind of patients, it is not always proper to mew them how ill they are ' and is too much like a country clowne, not to mew the way unless hee know of you first, from whence you come, and discourse of things before. Kings may be mistaken, and Councillors corrupted, but true interest alone (saith the Duke of *Rohan*) cannot erre. It were not amiss therefore to find out this interest, for setting downe right principles before conclusions is weighing the scales before wee deale for the commodities.

Certainly the interest of the King is the union of the people, and whosoever hath told him otherwise, (as the Scripture saith of the Divell) was a  
Seducer

Seducer from the firfl. If there had beene one Prince in the whole World, that made felicity in this life, and left a faire fame after death, without the love of his Subjects, there were some colour to depife it. There was not among all our princes a greater Courier of the people then *Richard* the third ; not fo much out of feare as out of wifedome, and fhall the worft of Kings have flriven for that, and fhall not the beft? it being an Angelicall thing to gaine love.

There bee two things in which the people expect to bee fatiffied, Religion and juftice, nor can it bee done by any little Acts, but by Reall and Kingly refolutions. If any thmke that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) hee fhall mafler the refl, hee will bee ftrangely deceived, for in beginning of things it would doe much ; but when whole Kmgsdomes are refolv'd. Of thofe now that leade thofe parties, if you would take off the major number the leffer would governe, and doe the fame things Mill. Nay, if you could take off all, they would fet up one and follow him ; for as *Cato* faid of the *Romans* they were like fheepe, and that the way to drive them was in a flocke, for if one would bee extravagant, all the refl would follow ; fo it will bee here. It will dearely appeare, that neither the perfon of the *Scottifli* or *Englijh* Actours upon the ftage are confiderable to the great Body of *England*, but the things they undertake, which, done by another hand and fu done that there remames no jealoufie, leaves them where they were and not much rifen in value.<sup>1</sup> And of how great confequence it is for the King to refume the right and bee Authour himfelfe, let any body

<sup>1</sup> [This passage is rather obscure; it is one of those omitted in the "Fragments." Original has *and leaves.*]

judge ; since (as *Comines* saith) those that have the art to please the people, have the power to raise them.

To do things so that there remaine no jealousy is very necessary, and is no more then really reforming, that is, pleasing them; for to do things that (shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love, amongst Lovers themselves, where there is the easiest faith, will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they desire, but he must do something more ; for that will (hew the heartineffe ; I meane by doing more, doing something of his owne, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving that they expelled not; and when they see the King doing the same things with them, that will take away all thought or apprehension, that hee thinkes the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the difference, and takes away the suspense for the future, the cause will fall out to be no worse, then when two duellists enter the field, the worsted partie (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his sword given him againe without any farther hurt, after hee hath bene in the others power. But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what will follow, for the people are naturally not valiant, nor not much Cavaliers. Now tis the nature of Cowards to hurt when they receive none, and wound even the dead ; they will not be content, while they feare and have the upper hand, to fetter onely royaltie, but perchance, as timorous spirits use, will not thinke themselves safe while it is at all. And possibly this is now the (late of things.

In this great worke, at least to make it appeare perfect and lasting to the Kingdome, it is necessary that the Queene really joyne : for if (hee stand aloofe, there will be still suspition, it being a received

ceived opinion in the World, that ſhee hath a great intereſt in the Kings favour and power. And to invite her : ſhee is to confider with her ſelfe, whether ſuch great vertues and eminent excellencies (though ſhee bee highly admired and valued by thoſe that know her and are about her), ought to reſt ſatiffied with ſo narrow a payment as the eſtimation of a few, and whether it bee not more proper for a Queene ſo great to aime at univerſal honour and love then private eſteeme and value. Befides, how becoming a worke of the ſweetneſſe and ſoftneſſe of her ſex is compounding of differences and uniting hearts : and how proper for a Queene, reconciling King and people I

There is but one thing more remaines, which whifperd abroad buſieth the Kings mind, if not diſturbes it, in the midſt of theſe great reſolutions : and that is the preſervation of ſome ſervants, which hee thinkes ſomewhat hardly torne from him of late, which is a thing of ſo tender a nature, I mail rather propound ſomething about it then reſolve it.

The firſt Quere will bee, whether (as things now (land) Kingdomes in the ballance, the King is not to follow nature, where the conſervation of the generall weale commands and governes the leſſe : as iron in particular ſympathy ſticks to the Loadſtone, but, if it be joyned with a greater body of Iron, it quits thoſe particular affections to the Loadſtone, and moves with the other the greater body, the common Country.

The ſecond will bee whether, if hee could preſerve theſe Miniſters, they can bee of any uſe to him hereafter, ſince no man is ſerved with a greater prejudice, then hee that employes ſuſpected Miniſters, or not belovM, though able and deſerving in themſelves.

The third is, whether to preſerve them there bee any

any other way then for the King firft to bee right with his people, fince the rule in Philofophy muft ever hold good : *nemo dat quod non habet*. Before the King have power to prefeive, hee must have power.

And laflly, whether the way to preferve this power, bee not to give it away; for the people of *England* have ever bin like wantons, which pull and tugge as long as the Prince hath pulled with them, as you may fee in King *Henry* the third, King *Iohn*, and King *Edward* the fecond ; and indeed all the troublefome and unfortunate raignes. But when the Princes have let it goe, the people come and put it in their hands againe, that they may play on, as you may fee in Queenc *Elizabeth*.

I will conclude all with a prayer, not that I thinke it needs for the prefent (prayers are to keepe us from what may bee, as well as preferve us from what is), that the King may not bee too unfeinfble of what is without him, nor too refolv'd of what is within him. To be ficke of a dangerous difcafe and feel no paine cannot bee but with loffe of underflanding: 'tis an Aphorifme of *Hippocrates*.

And on the other fide Opimomftrie is  
 a fullen Porter, and (as is wit-  
 nefled of *Conjlaney*) Thuts out  
 oftentimes better things  
 then it lets in.

AN ACCOUNT OF RELIGION.

*An Account of Religion by Reason. A Discourse upon  
Occasion presented to the Earl of Dorset: By Sir John  
Suckling. Printed by his own Copy.*

Lucret. page 227. *Tentat enim dubium mentem ratwnis  
egestas.*

A MS. copy of this essay is in the State Paper Office. John Lawaun, the friend of Wordsworth, characterises Suckling's views on religion as "always just, sometimes profound." (MS. note in a copy of the "Fragment Aurea," 1658.)

## THE EPISTLE.

I SEND you here, my lord, that discourse enlarged, which frightened the lady into a cold sweat, and which had like to have made me an atheist at court, and your lordship no very good Christian. I am not ignorant that the fear of Socinianism at this time renders every man that offers *to* give an account of religion by reason suspected to have none at all; yet I have made no scruple to run that hazard, not knowing why a man should not use the best weapon his Creator hath given him for his defence. That faith was by the apostles both highly exalted and severally enjoined, is known to every man, and this upon excellent grounds ' for it was both the easiest and best way of converting, the other being tedious and almost useless, for but few among thousands are capable of it, and those few not capable at all times of their life, judgment being required. Yet the best servant our Saviour ever had upon earth was so far from neglecting or contemning reason, that his epistles were admired even by those that embraced not the truths he delivered ; and, indeed, had the fathers of the Church only bid men believe, and not told them why, they had slept now unsainted in their graves, and as much benighted with oblivion aa the ordinary parish priests of their own age.

That man is deceivable la true, but what part within him is not likelier than his reason ? For as Manilius said—

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the prerogative above other creatures, and wholly entitles us to future happiness, should be laid aside, and not used to the acquiring of it!

But by this time, my lord, you find how apt those which have nothing to do themselves are to give others trouble. I shall only therefore let you know that your commands to my Lord of Middlesex are performed ; and that when you have fresh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, than by your humble servant,

JOHN SUCKLING.

BATH, *Sept. 2.*



## A DISCOURSE OF RELIGION.

**A**MONG the truths, my lord, which we receive, none more reasonably commands our belief than those which by all men at all times have been assented to. In this number, and highest, I place this great one—that there is a Deity, which the whole world had been so eager to embrace, that rather than it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there should be a great Disposer and Orderer of things, a wise Rewarder and Punisher of good and evil, hath appeared so equitable to men, that by instinct they have concluded it necessary. Nature, which doth nothing in vain, having so far imprinted it in us all that, should the envy of the predecessors deny the secret to succeeders, they yet would find it out. Of all those little ladders with which we scale heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that seem to me not the worst of which man is the first step. For but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine own being, should be here, I come to ask the same question for my father, and so am led in a direct line to a last Producer, that must be more than man ; for if nature made man, why died not I when my father died ? since, according to that maxim of the philosophers, the cause taken away, the effect does not remain. Or, if the first man gave himself being, why hath he it not still, since it were  
anil

unreasonable to imagine anything could have power to give itself life, that had no power to continue it? That there is then a God, will not be so much the dispute as what this God is, or how to be worshipped—[this] is that which hath troubled poor mortals from the first ' nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diversity, that some have almost thought God was no lesa delighted with variety in his service than he was pleased with it in his works. It would not be amiss to take a survey of the world from its cradle, and, with Varro, divide it into three ages—the Unknown, the Fabulous, and the Historical.

The first was a black night, and discovered nothing ; the second was a weak and glimmering light, representing things imperfectly and falsely; the last, more clear, left handsome monuments to posterity. The unknown I place in the age before the Flood,, for that deluge swept away things as well as men, and left not so much as footsteps to trace them by. The fabulous began after the Flood ; in this time godheads were cheap, and men, not knowing where to choose better, made deities one of another. Where this ended, the historical took beginning ; for men began to engrave in pillars, and to commit to letters, as it were by joint-consent; for the three great epochs or terms of accompt were all established within the space of thirty years, the Grecians reckoning from their Olympiads, the Romans from the building of their city, and the Babylonians from their King Psalmanasar. To bring into the scale with Christian religion anything out of the first age we cannot, because we know nothing of it.

And the second was so fabulous, that those which took it up afterwards smiled at it as ridiculous and false, which, though, was easier for them to do than to show a true. In the historical it improved and

grew more refined ; but here the fathers entered the field, and so clearly gained the victory, that I should say nothing in it, did I not know it still to be the opinion of good wits that the particular religion of Christians has added little to the general religion of the world. Let us take it, then, in its perfect estate, and look upon it in that age, which was made glorious by the bringing forth of so many admirable spirits. And this was about the eightieth Olympiad, in the year of the world 3480; for in the space of 100 years flourished almost all that Greece could boast of—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Architas, Iacrates, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Heraclitus, Zenophon, Zeno, Anaxagora, Democritus, Demosthenes, Parmenides, Zenoerates, Theophrastus, Empedocles, Tymreus, with divers others, orators and poets. Or rather (for they had their religion one from another, and not much different), let us take a view of it in that century in which Nature, as it were to oppose the Grecian insolence, brought forth that happy birth of Roman wits—Varro, Cicero, Caesar, Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Vitruvius, Ovid, Pliny, Cato, Marcus Brutus ; and this was from Quintus Servilius his consulship to that of Augustus, 270 years after the other. And to say truth, a great part of our religion, either directly or indirectly, hath been professed by heathens, which I conceive not so much an exprobration to it as a confirmation, it being no derogating from truth to be warranted by common consent.

First, then, the creation of the world is delivered almost the same in the Phœnician stories with that in Moses ; from this the Grecians had their chaos, and Ovid the beginning of his "Metamorphosis." That all things were made by God was held by Plato and others ; that darkness was before light, by Thales; that the stars were made by God, by Aratus; that life was infused into things by the

breath of God, Virgil ; that man was made of dust, Heaiod and Homer ; that the first life of man was in simplicity and nakedness, the Egyptians taught; and from thence the poets had their golden age. That in the first times men's lives lasted a thousand years, Berosus and others ; that something divine was seen amongst men till that the greatness of our sins gave them cause to remove, Catullus ; and this he that writes the story of Columbus reports from the Indians ; of a great deluge, almost all. But to the man they hold one God ; and though multiplicity hath been laid to their charge, yet certainly the clearer spirits understood these petty gods as things, not as deities : second causes and several virtues of the great power—by Neptune, water ; Juno, air ; by Diapater, earth ; by Vulcan, fire. And sometimes one god signified many things, as Jupiter the whole world, the whole heaven ; and sometimes many gods one thing, as Ceres, Juno Magna, the earth. They concluded those to be vices which we do ; nor was there much difference in their virtues, only Christians have made ready belief the highest, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good and punishments for the ill ; had their Elysium and their hell ; and that they thought the pains eternal there is evident in that they believed from thence was no return. They proportioned sufferings hereafter to offences here ; as in Tantalus, Sisyphus, and others, among which that of conscience, the worm that never dies, was one, as in the vulture's gnawing of Prometheus's heart, and Virgil's ugliest of furies thundering in Pirithous' ear, was not obscurely shown ; and (yet nearer us) they held the number of the elect to be but small, and that there should be a last day, in which the world should perish by fire. Lastly, they had their priests, temples, altars.

We have seen now the parallel; let us inquire whether those things they seem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner; and whether the rest, in which we differ from all the world, we take not up with reason. To begin, then, with their Jupiter (for all before were but little stealths from Moses' works)—how much more like a deity are the actions, our stories declare our God to have done, than what the ethnic authors deliver of theirs? How excellently elevated are our descriptions of Him, theirs looking as if they knew that power only by their fears, as their statutes erected to him declare, for when he was Capitolmus, he appeared with thunder; when Latians, besmeared with blood; when Feretrius, yet more terrible. We may guess what their BOnceptions were by the worship they gave him. How full of cruelty were their sacrifices, it being received almost through the whole world that gods were pleased with the blood of men; and this custom neither the Grecian wiydom nor Buinan civility abolished, as appears by [the] sacrifices to Bacchus.

Then the ceremonies of Liber Pater and Ceres, how obscene! and those days, set apart for the honour of the gods, celebrated with such shows as Cato himself was ashamed to be present at. On the contrary, our services are such as not only Cato, but God Himself, may be there. We worship Him, that is the purest Spirit, in purity of spirit; and did we not believe what the Scriptures deliver from Himself, yet would our reason persuade ua that such an essence could not be pleased with the blood of beasts, or delighted with the steam of fat; and in this particular Christians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans, besides whom there has been no nation that had not sacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the same virtues with them is very true; but who can deny that those virtues have received additions from Christianity, conducing to men's better living together? Revenge of injuries Moses both took himself and allowed by the law to others; Cicero and Aristotle placed it in virtue's quarter. We extol patient bearing of injuries / and what quiet the one, what trouble the other, would give the world, let the indifferent judge. Their justice only took care that men should not do wrong; our a, that they should not think it, the very coveting severely forbidden; and this holds, too, in chastity: desire of a woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commandment as the enjoying, which showed not only the Christian's care, but wisdom to prevent ill, who provided to destroy it, where it was weakest, in the cradle, and declared .He was no less than a God which gave them these laws; for had He been but man, He never would have provided or taken care for what He could not look into, the hearts of men, and what He could not punish, their thoughts. What charity can be produced answerable to that of Christians? Look upon the primitive times, and you shall find that, as if the whole world had been but a private family, they sent from province to province, and from places far distant, to relieve them they never saw nor knew.

Now for the happiness which they proposed. If they take it as the heathens understood it, it was an Elysium, a place of blessed shades, at best but a handsome retirement from the troubles of this world; if according to the duller Jews, feastings and banquetings (for it is evident that the Sadducees, who were great observers of the Mosaical law, had but faint thoughts of anything to come) there being in Moses' books no promises but of temporal blessings, and if any, an obscure mention

of eternity. The Mahometans are no less sensual, making the renewing of youth, high feasts, a woman with great eyes, and dressed up with a little more fancy, the last and best good.

Then the hell. How gentle with the heathens—but the rolling of a stone, filling of a sieve with water, sitting before banquets and not daring to touch them, exercising the trade and businesses they had on earth. With the Mahometans, but a purgatory acted in the grave, some pains inflicted by a bad angel, and those qualified and mitigated too by an assisting good one. Now, for the Jews, as they had no hopes, so they had no fears. If we consider it rightly, neither their punishment was great enough to deter them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite men to strictness of life; for, since every man is able to make as good a heaven of his own, it were unreasonable to persuade him to quit that certain happiness for an uncertainty; whereas Christiana, with as much more noble consideration both in their heaven and hell, took care not only for the body but the soul, and for both above man's apprehension.

The strangest, though most epidemical, disease of all religions has been an imagination men have had that the imposing painful and difficult things upon themselves was the best way to appease the Deity, grossly thinking the chief service and delight of the Creator to consist in the tortures and sufferings of the creature. How laden with chargeable and unnecessary ceremonies the Jews were, their feasts, circumcisions, sacrifices, great Sabbaths and little Sabbaths, fasts, burials, indeed almost all their worship, sufficiently declare; and that the Mahometans are much more infected appears by the cutting of the prepuce, wearing iron rings in the skin of their foreparts, lancing themselves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the sight of their prophet's tomb,

and the like. Of these last we can show no patterns amongst us ; for though there be such a thing as whipping of the body, yet it is but in some parts of Christendom, and there perchance too more smiled at than practised, Our religion teaches us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon ourselves , for we believe the God we serve wise enough to choose His own service, and therefore presume not to add to His commands. With the Jews, it is true, we have something in common, but rather the names than things, our fasts being more the medicines of the body than the punishments of it: spiritual as our Sabbaths . both good men's delight, not their trouble.

But, lest this discourse should swell into a greatness such as would make it look rather like a defence, which I have laboured to get, than an acknowledgment which I always carry about me, I will now briefly examine whether we believe not with reason those things we have different from the rest of the world. First, then, for the persuasion of the truth of them in general, let us consider what they were that conveyed them to us—men, of all the world, the most unlikely to plot the crossage of others, being themselves but simple people, without ends, without designs : seeking neither honour, riches, nor pleasure, but suffering, under the contrary, ignominy, poverty, and misery : enduring death itself, nay, courting it; all which are things distasteful to nature, and such as none but men strangely assured would have undergone. Had they feigned a story, certainly they would not in it have registered their own faults, nor delivered Him, whom they propounded as a God, ignominiously crucified. Add to this the progress their doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other, either before or since ' other religions were brought in with the sword, power forcing a custom, which

by degrees usurped the place of truth, in this even power itself opposing; for the Bomans, contrary to their custom, which entertained all religions kindly, persecuted this, which by its own strength so possessed the hearts of men, that no age, sex, or condition refused to lay down life for it. A thing so rare in other religions that, among the heathens, Socrates was the sole martyr; and the Jews (unless of some few under Manasses and Antioclms) ha'c not to boast of any. If we cast our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave, and but with a touch or word, we must conclude them done by more than humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; these busy not themselves so much about the good of man. And this religion not only forbids by precept the worship of wicked spirits, but in fact destroys it, wheresoever it comes. Now, as it is clear by authors impartial (as being no Christians) that strange things were done, so it is plain they were done without imposture. Delusions whim the light; these were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the Master and disciples daily looking on. But let us descend to those more principal particulars which so much trouble the curious wits—these I take to be the Incarnation, Passion, Ilesurrection, and Trinity.

For the first. That man should be made without man, why should we wonder more at it, in that time of the world, than in the beginning? Much easier, ceitainly, it was here, because nearer the natural way—woman being a more prepared matter than earth. Those great truths and mysteries of salvation would never have been received without miracles; and'wherc could thpy more opportunely be shown than at His entrance into the world, where they might give credit to His following actions aud doctrine? So far it is from being against my reason to think Him thus born, that

it would be against it to believe Him otherwise, it being not fit that the Son of God should be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be assumed by a Deity, the enemy of Christians, Julian, confirms, and instances (himself) in -flSsculapius, whom he will have descend from heaven in mortal fahape, to tench ua here below the art of physic. Lastly, that God has lived with men, has been the general fancy of all nations, every particular having this tradition, that the Deity at some time or other conversed amongst men. Nor is it contrary to reason to believe Him residing in glory above, and yet incainate here. So, in man himself, the soul is in heaven when it remains in the llesh, for it reacheth with its eye the sun. Why may not God then, being in heaven, be at the same tune with us in the flesh, since the soul without the body would be able to do much more than with it, and God much more than the soul, being the soul of the soul ? But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in heaven, and all in earth ? Observe man speaking (tis you have done seeing); is not the same speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every place ? receives not each particular ear alike the whole, and shall not God be much more ubiquitary than the voice of man ? For the Passion (to let alone the necessity of satisfying divine justice this way whiuh, whosoever reads more particularly our divines, shall find rationally enforced), we find the heathen had something near to this, though, as in the rest, imperfect, for they sacrificed single men for the sins of the whole city or country. Porphyrius, having laid this foundation, that the supreme happiness of the soul is to see God, and that it cannot see Him unpurified, concludes that there must be a way for the cleansing of mankind ; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that arts and sciences serve but to Bet our wits right in the

knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God. The like judgment he gives of purging by theurgy, and by the mysteries of the sun ; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universal for the benefit of all mankind—in the end resolves, that this cannot be done but by one of the three In-beggings, which is the word they use to express the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinest of the heathens, and his master Plato, delivers to admiration, and as it were prophetically, to this purpose. "That a truly just man be shown," saith he, "it is necessary that he be spoiled of his ornaments, so that he inu&t be accounted by others a wicked man, be scoffed at, put in prison, beaten, nay, be crucified ; and certainly for Him that was to appear the highest example of patience, it was necessary to undergo the highest trial of it, which was an undeserved death.

Concerning the Resurrection, I conceive the difficulty to lie not so much upon our Lord as us—it being with easy reason imagined, that He which can make a body can lay it down and taks it up aain. There is something more that urges and presses us ; for [if] in our estate we promise ourselves hereafter, there will be no need of food, copulation, or excrement, to what purpose should we have a mouth, belly, or less comely parts ? it being strange to imagine God to have created man for a moment of time, a body consisting of particulars which should be useless to all eternity. Besides, why should we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a trouble, that very wise men, were it not forbidden, would throw it off, before it were worn out / To this I should answer that, as the body is partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it should share in the rewards or punishments hereafter J and though

by reason of sin we blush at it here, yet when that shall cease to be, why we should be more ashamed than our first parents were, or some in the last-discovered parts of the world are now, I cannot understand. Who knows but these unsightly parts shall remain for good use, and that, putting us in mind of our imperfect estate here, they shall serve to increase our content and happiness there? What kind of thing a glorified body shall be, how changed, how refined, who knows? Nor is it the meanest invitement to me now to think that my estate there is above my capacity here. There remains that which does not only quarrel with the likelihood of a resurrection, but with the possibility; alleging that man, corrupted into dust, is scattered almost into infinity, or devoured by an irrational creature: goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature, perchance, is made like food to another; and truly did we doubt God's power, or not think Him omnipotent, this were a labyrinth we should be lost in. But it were hard, when we see every petty chemic in his little shop bring into one body things of the same kind, though scattered and disordered, that we should not allow the great Maker of all things to do the same in His own University.

There remains only the mystery of the Trinity, to the difficulty of which the poverty and narrowness of words have made no small addition.

St Austin plainly says the word person was taken up by the Church for want of a better. Nature, substance, essence, hypostasis, suppositum, and persona have caused sharp disputes amongst the doctors; at length they are contented to let the three first and three last signify the same thing. By all of them is understood something complete, perfect, and singular; in this only they differ, that nature, substance, essence, are communicable *ad yuid* and *ut quiv*, as they call it; the other are not at all,

But enough of this. Those that were the immediate conveyers of it to us wrapt it not up in any of these terms. We then hold God to be one and but one, it being gross to imagine two Omnipotents, for then neither would be so ; yet since this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodness cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication (nor to an unequal or created, for then it must be inordinate) ; we conclude a Second Coeternal, though Begotten ; nor are these contrary, though they seem to be so, even in created substances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that, from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it, as 1<sup>o</sup> the sun and light. But in these high mysteries similitudes may be the best arguments. In metaphysics, they tell us, that to the constituting of every being there is a *passive sui esse*, from whence there is a *sapientia sui esse*; and from these two proceedeth an *amor sui esse*: and though these three be distinct, yet they may make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly, there is an hidden original of waters in the earth ; from this a spring flows up ; and of these proceeds a stream. This is but one essence, which knows neither a before nor an after, but in order—and that, too, according to our considering of it—the head of a spring is not a head but in respect of the spring ; for if something flowed not from it, it were no original; nor the spring a spring, if it did not flow from something; nor the stream a stream but in respect of both. Now, all these three are but one water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible, of infinite by finite things), yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of reason

needed no more the spectacles of faith, than for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the loadstone, or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instance from his own nature ; nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant; far this is distant and removed from sense, these near and subject to it ' and it were stranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and distinct, within Himself, because I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding ; than if a clown should say the hand of a watch did not move because he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreasonable, because I do not understand it, that it would be unreasonable I should. For why should, a created substance comprehend an uncreated — a circumscribed and limited, an uncircumscribed and unlimited ? And this I observe in those great lovers and lords of reason, quoted by the fathers, Zoroastes, Trismegistua, Plato, Nunienius, Plotinus, Proclus, Amplius, and Avicen, that when they spoke of thua mystery of the Trinity, of which all writ something, and some almost as plainly as Christians themselves, that they discusseil it not as they did other thinga, but delivered them, as oracles which they had received themselves, without dispute.

Thus much of Christian profession compared with others. I should now show which, compared within itself, ought to be preferred ; but this is the work of every penj perhaps to the prejudice of religion itself. This excuse, though, it has, that (like the chief empire), having nothing to conquer, no other religion to oppose or dispute against, it hath been forced to admit of civil wars, and suifer under its own excellency.

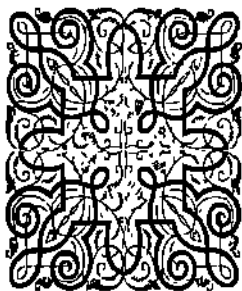
## APPENDIX.



A  
LETTER SENT  
BY  
SIR IOHN SVCK-  
LING FROM

*France*, deploring his fad  
Eftate and flight:

With a difcoverie of the plot  
and confpiracie, intended  
By him and his adherents  
againft England.



Imprinted at London. 1641.





A Letter fent by Sir *John Suckling* from *France*, deploring his  
fad Eftate and flight:

With a difcoverie of the plot  
and confpiracie, intended by  
him and his adherents  
againft *England*,

I **G**Oe, dolefull fheet to everie freet  
Of London round about-a,  
And tell'um all thy mailers fall  
That lived bravely mought-a,

2 Sir John in fight as a brave wight  
As the Knight of the Sun-a,  
Is forc'd to goe away with woe,  
And from his cuntry run-a,

3 Vnhappy flars to breed fuch iars  
That England's chief *Suckling*-,  
Should prove of late the fcurm of fate  
And fortunes unlucklin-a,

4 But ye may fee inconflancie  
In all things under heaven-a:  
When God withdraws his gracious laws  
We run at fixe and feven-a,

5 Alas,  
R

5 Alas, alas, how things doe paffe :  
What bootes a handfome face-a,  
A pretty wit and leggs to it  
Not feafond well with grace-a ?

6 I that in court have made fuch fport  
As never yet was found-a,  
And tickled all both great and fmall  
The Maides of honour round-a

7 I that did play both night and day  
And revelled here and there-a,  
Had change of fuits, made layes to lutes  
And blu(ler'd everie where-a :

8 I that could write and well indite  
As 'tis to Ladies known-a,  
And bore the praife for fongs and playes  
Far more than were mine own-a,

9 I that did lend and yearly fpend  
Thoufands out of my purfe-a,  
And gave the King a wondrous thing,  
At once a hundred horfe-a.

10 Bled providence that kept my fence  
So well, that I found elfe-a,  
Should chance to hit to have the wit,  
To keep one for my felfe-a

11 I that marcht forth into the *North?*  
And went up-hills a main-a  
With fword and lance like king of France,  
And fo came down againe-a.

12 I that have done fuch things, the Sun  
And moone did never fee-a,

Yet

Yet now poore John, a pox upon  
The fates, is faine to fiee-a.

13 And for the brave, I uf'd to have  
In all I wore or eate-a  
Ac curffed chance to fpoyle the dance,  
I fcarce have clothes or meate-a

14 Could not the plot, By which I got  
Such credit in the play-a  
Aglaura bright that Perfian wight,  
My roving fancie ftay-a,

15 But I muft flie at things fo high,  
Above me not allow'd-a?  
And I Sir John, like Ixion,  
For Juno kiffe a cloud-a ?

16 Would I had burn'd it, when I turn'd it  
Out of a Comedie-a :  
There was an omen in the nomen  
(I feare) of Tragedie-a,

17 Which is at laft upon me caft  
And I proclaim'd a fott-a  
For thinking to with Englifh doe  
As with a Perfian plot-a

18 But now I finde with grieve of minde  
What will not me availe-a,  
That plots in left are ever bell,  
When plots in earneft faile-a.

19 Why could not I in time efpie  
My errour ; but whats worfe-a,  
Vnhappy vermin muft bring in *lermin*  
The mailer of the horfe-a

20 The valiant *Percie* God have mercie  
Vpon his noble foule-a ;  
Though hee be wife by my advice  
Was in the plot mofl foule-a

21 The wittie poet (Let all know it)  
*Davenant* by name-a,  
In this defigne, that I call mine,  
I utterlie difclaime-a

22 Though he can write, he cannot fight,  
And bravely take a fort-a :  
Nor can he fmell a proiect well,  
His nofe it is to[o] fhort-a

23 Tis true wee met, in counfell fet,  
And plotted here in profe-a,  
And what he wanted, it is granted,  
A bridge made of his nofe-a,

24 But to impart it to his art,  
Wee had made prettie ftuffe-a.  
No, for the plot, that we had got,  
One poet was enough-a.

25 Which had not fate and prying flate  
Crufht in the very wombe-a,  
We had ere long by power ftrong  
Made England but one tombe-a.

26 Oh what a fright had bred that fight,  
When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,  
Within the wall of London all  
In feverall troopes fhould prance-a.

27 When men quarter'd, women flaughter'd  
In heapes everie where-a,

So

So thick should lie, the enemy  
The very fight should fear-a.

28 That they afraid of what they made,  
A stream of blood so high-a,  
For safety fled Should mount the dead  
And unto heaven get nigh-a.

29 The scarlet gowne and beft i'th towne  
Each other would bewaile-a  
That their fhut purfe had brought this curfe,  
That did so much prevaile-a.

30 Each *Alderman* in his own chaine,  
Being hanged up like a dog-a,  
And all the city without pittie,  
Made but one bloody bog-a.

31 The Iristi Kerne in battell flerne  
For all their faults so foul-a :  
Pride, use, ill gaine, and want of braine,  
Teaching them how to howle-a.

32 No longer then the fine women  
The Scots would praise and trust-a :  
The wanton Dames being burnt in flames,  
Far hotter than their lust-a.

33 But too too late lament their fate,  
And miserie deplore-a  
By the French knocks having *got* a pox,  
Worse than they had before-a.

34 Infants unborne should scape the home  
By being murdered then-a ;  
Which they were sure if life endure  
To have when they were men-a.

35 The precife frie, that now mounts high,  
Full lowe we call their Lot-a,  
And all that thinke it fin to drinke,  
We doorn'd unto the pot-a.

36 The Parliament is fully bent  
To roote up Bifhops cleane-a,  
To raze their fort and fpoile their fport  
We did intend and meane-a.

37 With many things confufion bringes  
To Kingdoms in an hour-a,  
To burne up tillage, fack and pillage,  
And handfome maides deflour-a.

38 But Argus eye did foon epy  
What we fo much did trufl-a.  
And to our fhame and loffe of fame  
Our plot laid in the dufl-a.

39 And had we (laid, I am affraid  
That their *Briarian* hand-a  
Had flruck us dead (who now are fled)  
And ceifed all our land-a.

40 But thanks to heaven, three of the feven,  
That were the plotters chiefe-a,  
Have led to France their wits a dance  
To finde out a rehefe-a.

41 But *Davenant* fhakes and Buttons makes  
As flrongly with his breech-a.  
As hee ere long did with his tongue  
Make many a bombaft fpeech-a.

42 But yet we hope hee'le fcape the rope,  
That now him fo doth fright-a :  
The Parliament being content  
That he this facl fhould write-a.

*From Paris, lune 16, 1641.*

*I.S.K.*

*Finis.*



Four fugitives meeting  
OR,  
The Discourfe amongft my *Lord Finch*,  
*Sir Francis Windebank*, *Sir*  
*Iohn Sucklin*, and  
*Doctor Roane*, as they accidentally met  
in *France* with a deteftion of  
their feveral **pranks** in  
ENGLAND,



Printed In the Yeare, 1641.

*[The original tract has on the title-page a common ballad cut, not in any way belonging to it; and it did not therefore seem worth while to have it copied.]*



## *Fours Fugitives meeting, &c.*

*Suckling.*

**I**Mmenfe Dodlor *Roan*, you are moſt happily encountred, they have wiſt it your Company a long time in England, the poor Civilians look like ſpirits now they are deprived of their body.

*Roan*, Body, Sir John, what doe you meane ?

*Suck*. Why, the Body of the civill Law, *Corpus luris Civiliſ*) for fo they call you.

*Roan*. And pardon of your Poetry, how fare your hundred Horſe i' the North, doe they ſtand to their colours, now their Commander is fled? I wonder much, Sir John, that you being a noble Gentleman, a Commander, and a Volunteere, that [you] would leave your poore fouldiers without pay, and come away without taking leave of your Friends.

*Wind*. I heard that Sir John had made a new play and for feare left it mould be hift off the (lage, betooke himſelfe to travel!.

*Finch*. And I have heard, that by reaſon of his abſence, that play was not worth the ſtudying, here was an intricate plot in it that could not well  
be

be understood, there were two Poets in it that were found to be the chief Politicians, which the State perceiving, made diligent pursuit after them, the one whereof had the happiness to escape, the other was apprehended, and then the Play ended, before the Poets execution: which was very much disliked.

*Suck*, How came you to the knowledge of this, my good Lord Finch? you do not flye over into England every night, and there load your selfe with newes against the morning, doe you?

*Wind*, No, Sir John, he needes not, wee were informed by——

*Suck*. Spare your Wind, good M. Secretary Windebank, I perceive you hold intelligence with those Jesuits, you compounded withall at fo easie a rate.

*Roan*. Still you are beside the marke; we were informed, Sir John, by one *Kilfcot* one of your Worships Cap and Feather men, who came over hither to know if your voyage into *Portugal* held or no: he said that fume two or three hundred buffe-men did much admire, that now the way is faire, you will not be their guide; they would fane have kisl their discontented Colonels hand before he mistooke *France* for *Portugallj* but you were fo unkind to leave them on a fudden.

*Sue*. Hold there, good Doftor *Roane*, and take me with you: you are to be blam'd too, for not bidding farewell to Sir *Paul Pinder* (at whose beauteous house you have devoured the carkafle  
of

of many a cram'd Capon) before you fled: but I wonder more, why you came hither so unprovided ' methinks some English dyet would have bin good for a weake stomack : the Church-Wardens of North-hamptonftre promised to give you a good fee, if you will goe to 'em, and resolve 'em whether they may lawfully take the oath &c. or no.

*Wind.* That may very well be, for they have given him a great Addition : they ftile him Og the great Commiflary, they fay he was as briske in difcharging the new Canons, as he that made them ; but I pray, Sir John, relate the caufe of your comming hither.

*Sue.* Then muft I addrefle my felfe to you, my good Lord Finch; I have fame papers to deliver you from the commons of England, who are forry they are deprived your company, and promife if your Lordfhip will go into England and CD lie 61 the fhip money, they will with all willingneffe pay you.

*Finch.* With a Powder will they not, Sir John you have not forgot the skirmifh i'th North, have you? you call the poore Scots Pedlars, but they were angry, and made your fiery horfe run away with you.

*Wind.* I thinke, Sir John, your coat of Male would fcarce have kept out the Pedlars bullets, as it did the Rapier in Black-fryars, when you came from *Aglauro*.

*Sue.* No more, I believe, would your high and mighty

mighty (late **have** fecured your neck, had you (laid there.

*Wind.* I am of opinion, that my Lord of *Canterbury* would remit the greateft fine in the high Commiffion on the condition hee were here ; but I believe, if I had ftaid, all his Tobacco would not have cur'd the (lopping in my throat; if it fecure his owne, tis well.

*Sue.* For my part, I ever held my head to be my felfe, and honour to be but my neighbour; and the rules of nature command me to love my felfe better then my neighbour. I lov'd honour well, but not with fuch a zeale to venture my life for her, when I my felfe could never enjoy her.

*Roan.* Well faid of all fides I why (ould we that are all alike, fall out? come, lets to dinner, you (hall fall to your dainty difhes, but give me a rib and a leg, Roaft-beefe and Capon, the very meat I eate at the commons, and then after dinner wee'll play a game at Ticktake or Irifh for halfe a pounce of reafons.

*Sue.* Pox upon reafons I I cannot endure your mechanicke games. lie play at Inne and Inne for a Piece the Caller—my old game.

*Wind.* No, Sir John, you may excufe your friends, and ufe the art of (lirring a dye to flrangers : win their money and welcome.

*Finch.* I, Sir John, 'tis charity to cheat the Monfieurs, you ufe your Quick-filverd dye amongil them,  
as

( "7i )

as fecurely as you could in England, and when you  
have got their money, wee'l fpend it bravely.

*Sue. Come, my brave boyes money weel never  
**lack,**  
But drowne ourforjroives in a cup of Sack,*

FINIS.





# NEWES

FROM SIR

JOHN SVCKLIN

*BEING*

A RELATION

*OF HIS*

CONVERSION

*FROM*

A PAPIST TO A PROTESTANT.

Alfo,

What Torments he endured by thofe of the *Inquifition* in  
SPAINE,

And how the Lord Lekeux his Accufer, was (Irucken dumbe,  
hee going to have the Sentence of Death paffe upon him.

*Sent in a Letter to the Lord Conway, now being in Ireland.*



Printed for M. Rookes, and are to be fold in Grubflreet, 1641,  
VOL, II S

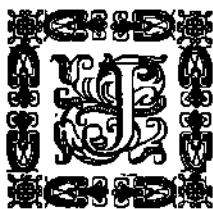




# N E W S

FROM

Sir John Sucklin.



T is an old proverb that he far runs, that never turns ; as will be now made apparent by this enfung ftory, which will treat of one which was accounted a treacherous and disloyall Subject, and not long fmce made an eſcape out of this Kingdome, by name Sir *John Suclin*, who was ſuppofed to be a *Romanift*) but now will his ſuffenngs make manifeſt to the contrary.

When firſt he flew out of this Kingdome, he took up his habitation in *Roan*, belonging to the King of *France*: but there ſeme diſcontent growing between another Knight [and] himſelfe, he left *Roan*, and to *Paris* he bent his journey, where he had much honour attributed to him, in reſpec~l of his furniſhing

ing a hundred men and horfes againft the *Scofs*, in the time of Diffention between both Kingdomes.

In *Parts* as aforefaid, he lived in great honor, where he fell in league with the Lady *Damaife* nigh kinfwoman to the Dutcheff of *Sheverey*, but a proteftant.

This Lady bore affection to him, after the fame manner that he did to her, but upon this condition, that he mould purge hnnfelfe of all popifti dregs whatfoever.

To which hee moft willingly condifcended, and thereupon renounced the Pope with all his Complices.

But this is requifit to be declared, that there was a Lord in *Part's*, by name *Lequeux*; which bore affection to the fame Lady, and, to have his defire, invented a plot to take away *S'rjohn Sucklins* life ; but he, having notice thereof, acquainted his lady with the pretended purpofe of the Lord *Lequeux*, whereupon he defired him to flye to fome other parts.

But his reply was, enjoying her fociety hee would be ambitious to flye any whither, but otherwife to Hay ; the word thing which could happen, would be but death, and not to enjoy her company would be no left.

To whofe requeft he willingly granted ; and in a fhort fpace they together tooke fhipping, and fayled to the hither parts of Spaine, whereas thefe two Turtles without any interception thought for to be.

But, alas ! Fortune did prove adverfe againft them, and inflead of bleffing their hope with a prosperous Gale, he played the part of (lorming Boreas, and fplit their fhipe againft an envious Rocke.

For being arrived fafely, as they did thinke, within the Confines of Spaine, the afore-named malicious  
Lord

Lord *Legueux*, having notice given of their escape, presently pursued them, and having overtaken them, complained to the great Arch-priest of Spaine, how that they were both Traytors to *Rome*, and were arrived in *Spaine* for no other cause, but to conspire the death of the great Master, and King of Spaine.

To confirme and bind which accusation, he swore by the Sacrament, and sacred body of Christ.

Whereupon the *Arch-priest* committed Sir *John Suclin* to the custody of those of the *Inquisition* and his Lady to a close prison, command being given that, unless Sir *John Suclin* did recant from any intent to do injury unto the Church of *Rome* that he should not want for torments, according to the ancient custom of the *Inquisition*. Sir *John* made answer thus : That both his Lady and himselfe were accused falsely; for although he bore no affection to the church of *Rome*, yet was he far from any intent for doing the least Member of it any wrong : much more the King of *Spaine* himselfe, chiefe Agent to the *Pope*.

Notwithstanding, hee was committed, and suffered those torments which are commonly inflicted upon those which are prisoners to the *Inquisition*. Once had he the *Spanish Strapado*; twice tortured by sharpe needles, three times did he lodge in a (linking Dungeon, and upon the fourth day was carryed to heare the Sentence of Death passe upon him ; but was miraculously delivered; for the Lord *Lequex*, going to accuse him the second time, was struck downe [*sic*], and by signes first, and then by writing, did confesse to the whole Assembly, that hee had falsely accused Sir *John Suclin* and his Lady.

Whereupon they were both delivered, and the Lord *Lequex* committed to tortures.

Sir

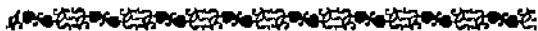
( 278 )

Sir John and his Lady are now living  
at the *Hague in Holland* pioufly  
and religioufly, and grieves  
at nothing, but that  
he did the King-  
dome of Eng-  
land wrong.

x x  
x



FINIS



AN  
ELEGIE,

VPON THE

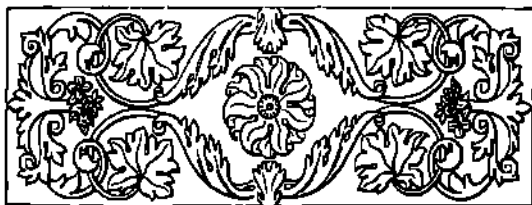
DEATH

OF THE

RENOWNED

SIR

IOHN SVTLIN.



Printed in the Yeare, 1642.





AN  
ELEGY VPON  
THE  
Death of the Renowned  
S<sup>R</sup> JOHN SVTLIN.

---

I had thought (great King of Poets) thy death muſt  
Have raiſ'd the meaneſt ſtationer from the duſt;  
Inſpird with ſacred raptures every pen  
Dead *Suthn* living in the mouths of men ;  
That from thy<sup>1</sup> confum'd Pile there would have  
flowne,

Amazing us, more Phoenixes then one.  
All Preſſes would have groan'd, and Preſſe-men too  
Swear at the thought, how much they had to doe.  
Pardon me, Reader, if that I did think,  
The very drops would have waſh'd away the Inke :  
As when warm'd *Vulcan* to make armes was wonne,  
Not for his owne, but for the faire Venus, ſonne.  
Such was his aident and mflam'd deſire,  
The ſweaty ſtreames had almoſt quencht the fire.  
Naught

<sup>1</sup> [Original *they*,]  
281

Naught seen in every towne but watry eyes,  
 And no booke read but *Sutlins* Elegies.  
 What, not one line, one word, one teare, not  
 any:

To find him dead, who hath eternizd many?  
 What is become of *Dcmenant*, who alone,  
 And onely he, is able to bemone  
 So great a losse? Thou too maist praise his wit  
 With all the (kill thou hast, not equall it:  
 Speake, learned *Davenant*, speake, what was the  
 reason?

To praise thy friend, I hope, will not prove treason!  
 Or was thy griefe so great, thou didst conceale,  
 What neither tongue nor penne can well reveale?  
 Or art thou dead with him? When a true friend  
 Is dead, what followes, but the other's end?  
 Vbenous *Horace*, had *Macenas* died,  
 Would not have writ nor sung, but onely cried:  
 Or if he needs must sing, as well as cry,  
 Had done as Swans doe, onely sing and dy.  
 I might conclude, since one's so farre hence fled,  
 And th<sup>j</sup> other silent, that they both are dead.  
 Dead to their countrey both; the one's not here,  
 The other (present) dares not speake for feare.  
 Which of these two is surest flave to death?  
 One breaths not, th' other dares not use his breath.  
 Pardon, if with the rest I silent be,  
 Great *Sutlin* since all Poets dyed in thee!  
 That he was valiant, none can better know,  
 Then can the valiant *Scot* that was his Foe;  
 That he was full fraught with all humane wit,  
 Will need no proof of mine: *Aglaura* doth it.  
 That hee was constant ever unto the end,  
 Aske *Davenant* who was once, and still, his friend.  
 His hundred Horses hooves doe yet still ring  
 His liberall loyalty to his King.

Rip

<sup>1</sup> [Original has *at.*]

Rip up this flefhy Cafket where there lay  
Much gold, much filver, but much more of clay.  
Nature did never make a piece fo rare,  
Where all the Vertues met, each hath his fhare.  
Some this, fome that; mould he give all thats beft  
To one, that one would laugh at all the reft.  
That he was noble, generous, open, free,  
Is not deny'd, even by his enemy.  
Which might have been approved too, as fome fay,  
Even to the State, had he not runne away.  
He not maintains his Faults ; if any one  
Lift, [he] may reade these Verfes on his Stone.  
Whom many thoufand foes could not make fly,  
Fled from his friends to France, and there did dye.

FINIS.







