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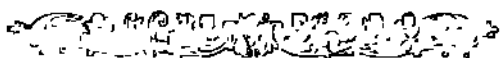
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JAMES SHIRLEY.



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JAMES SHIRLEY

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THE best PLAYS OF the OLD DRAMATISTS.



JAMES SHIRLEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY EDMUND GOSSE, M.A.

Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge.



"Fill with the juice of your full Mermaid wine"—*Pamphlet*

UNEXPURGATED EDITION



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"What things have we seen
Poets at the Mermaid ' heard words that have been
 So numble ,and so full of subtle flame ,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
~~Of the Mermaid~~ **heard words that have been**
Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.



" Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
~~has Field or mossy cavern?~~
choice than the Mermaid Tavern?"

Keats..





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JAMES SHIRLEY.

IN considering the copious work of Shirley we are brought face to face with a man who was obviously a student Of the printed writings of his immediate predecessors. The works of the dramatists had begun to be edited when he first came forward. Ben Jonson had collected his plays in 1616, Shakespeare was edited in 1623; Lyly followed in 1632, Marston in 1633. Shirley was, obviously, a devourer of printed plays, and he is sometimes scarcely to be distinguished from the Barry Cornwalls ani George Darleys who wrote "dramatic scenes" in the Elizabethan spirit two centuries later. More than enough has been said of Shirley as a supposed representative of the decadence; he has never recovered from the unjust sneers of Dryden. Yet, in reality, to study the drama in the process of pulverisation we must turn, not to him, but to Grlapthorne, Brome, and Jasper Mayne. Shirley,

an essentially literary poet, took up the drama as literature, and held it up for fifteen years in an artificial condition. Meanwhile, outside his compact and unaltering- stage, it was rapidly sinking year by year. Shirley neither sinks nor rises. As a purely literary poet, although one that went down to address the public on the boards with great skill, he stood aloof from the theatre, and in the retirement of his study he was unaffected by the tempests of the times. He is one of the most uniform of writers, always graceful, fluent, and accomplished, never deviating far from a certain standard of excellence which he had put before him, entirely unaffected by the striking faults of his age, its violence, its obscurity, its prosodical licence. Shirley writes in the age of Ford, and again in the age of Ravenscroft, without any change of note, always polished, skilful, and unobtrusively adroit. He has an apparently inexhaustible vein of delicate poetry, which he has fed on the romantic parts of Shakespeare, on the masques of Ben Jons³¹¹, on the tragedies of Webster, but most of all on those pliant and luxurious dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher which he so piously edited in 1647.

Little has been gleaned concerning our poet's career since Gifford began, and Dyce so competently finished the editing of his works in six volumes, in 1833. James Shirley or Sheriey, was born, according to seven entries in the tables of Merchant Taylors¹ School, on the

13th of September, 1596, in a house soon afterwards pulled down to make room for the Stocks Market, and therefore presumably in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, London. At the time of his birth Marlowe and Greene were dead, Shakespeare was, opening¹ his career, Beaumont and Ford, the youngest of the great dramatic school were children. At the age of twelve, Shirley was sent to Merchant Taylors' School, where he did well, and remained for nearly four years. From this school he proceeded to St. John's College, Oxford, of which Laud was then President. According to Wood, Laud, although very fond of Shirley, declined to permit him to study for holy orders, on account of a large mole which disfigured the young man's left cheek. There is no sign of this defect in the existing portraits of the poet. It is supposed that Shirley soon transferred himself to Cambridge, for "he did spend some precious years at Catherine Hall," where he took his degree. While he was at Cambridge his first production, *Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers*, was printed in London in 1618. There can be little question that this was the same poem as the reprinted[haccohm)*Narcissus* of 1646; but no copy has been seen since the middle of last century, when Mr. Astle of Yoxall possessed and described the volume.

Narcissus is perhaps the most graceful of the humanistic successors of Shakespeare's popular

Venus and Adoms, published in 1593. It deals with the familiar, long-drawn emotions of an enamoured maiden vainly striving to awaken passion in a cool woodland youth. This poem lacks force and conviction, but it is full of pretty ideas and picturesque conceits, and is composed in smooth verses. The following stanzas give a favourable idea of its merit:—

"The wind, Lhy herald, flies about the gloves,
Aloud proclaiming thee the wood-nymphs' Ling
Snatching up odours, as he whistling loves,
At thy hand to unlade them from his wing,
The sylvans frisk about, while nymphs prepm
A rosy garland to o'ertop thy hair.

¹¹ Shepherds shall all the day new pastimes spring,
A masque of satyrs shall beguile the night,
The choicest bird* illall to thefir] antics sing,
The stars giow brighter to behold the sight,
Yet these but shadows of the mirth we'll pro'e
If Lhou wilt stay and be thy Echo's love.

" I have a cloister ovEilooks the sea,
Where eveiy morning we, secure from fear,
Will EC3 the porpoise and the dolphin play,
And all the wonder* that inhabit there,
While many a baik into the clouds doth leap,
While surges caper ruund about the ship.

" Lovely Naicisus, prithee stay with me,
If thou do thirst, from every spring shall use
Divinest nectar, and thy food shall be
The glorious apples ol Hespentes;
A nymph shall be thy Hebe, if thou need
Shalt have another for thy Gramme de."

Already in this early poem we see Shirley writing as a literary scholar of the greater and older men. There is not merely the influence of Shakespeare upon him, but that of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* and possibly of Beaumont's *Salmacis and Hermaphrvditus* as well. Yet he

is not a plagiarist, nor even a mere imitator; he goes to school to these poets, as the Fletchers went to the school of Spenser, and takes a genuine inspiration at second hand.

In 1619 he was still at Cambridge, and in 1623 he was appointed master at St. Albans Grammar School. Between these dates it would appear that Shirley took orders in the Church of England, received a living in or near the town of St. Albans, and on becoming a convert to Rome, resigned the benefice without leaving the town. It would seem from a passage in the *Grateful Servant* that he was connected, as a Catholic, with the order of Benedictines. He remained faithful to his new convictions until the end of his life. He continued to be a school-master for about two years, probably resigning his appointment, which was extremely irksome to him, soon after the success of his first play.

The comedy originally called *love Tricks* was licensed on the 10th of February, 1625. It was not printed until 1631, when it appeared as *The School of Compliment*; it was one of Shirley's most popular pieces and was reprinted several times. In the prologue Shirley said that his Muse had never before saluted an audience, and that he himself had not made up his mind—

"To swear himself a factor for the scene."

The success of *Love Tricks* probably induced him to take up the dramatic profession in earnest. The play is not a "good one; it is a series of

fragments, most of them reminiscences of scenes from writers of the preceding generation. The first two acts are mainly sustained by fun about the delusions of a love-sick old man, Rufaldo, who fancies that passion has made him look young. Into the third act is abruptly introduced a mildly Aristophanic scene, possibly imitated from *The Clouds*^ of a school where* young men are taught to make rhetorical compliments. In the fourth and fifth acts we get a somewhat naive imitation of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's pastoral passages. There is a brace of sisters, Felice and Selina, who pass away into the forest disguised, the former as a shepherdess, the latter as a shepherd; to them comes the melancholy and romantic Infortunio, who is in love with Selina, but does not recognise her dressed as a boy. The bucolic bewilderment reaches its climax when Selina, in the garb of a youth, dances with Antonio, who is in woman's clothes. The influence of *As You Like It* is very strongly marked in this play, but there are traces also of Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and perhaps Massinger. It is the most imitative of Shirley's works, and yet, if it were anonymous, it would at once be recognisable as his. It has his Hmpid fancy, cheerful tone, and easy but correct versification.

Exactly a year later, in 1526, Shirley produced his second play and earliest tragedy, *The Maid's Revenge*. He did not greatly value this piece

himself; and it was not till 1639, and with many apologies, that he printed it. This Portuguese tragedy was an attempt on the part of Shirley to produce one of the blood-and-thunder melodramas which were so popular at this time; but his gentle gifts were little fitted to be strained in this violent way, and *The Maid's Revenge*, is uninteresting. The only incident which dwells in the memory is the amiable kidnapping of Berinthia, which is not very ingeniously managed. The characters in the piece are singularly devoid of individualisation. Later in the same year Shirley produced another and a better tragedy, *The Brothers*. In this play he has settled down into the manner which is henceforth habitual to his measured, well-constructed, and fluent pieces. There is here an agreeable absence of violence, a recurrence of honest and wholesome fancies and reflections, and a vein of poetry that is genuine if not very deep or rich. The description Fernando gives of his love was long ago made famous by Dr. Farmer's praise. These lines are as graceful and not so well known :—

¹¹ Yes, Felibard.. he is gone, that in
 The morning promised many years , but death
 Hath in few hours made him as stiff as though
 The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
 Andwhisperedhimton~~terrible~~ " "

The last scene of the fourth act of *The Brothers*, between Fernando and Felisarda, may be mentioned as the earliest satisfactory example of Shirley's tender and innocent love-passages.

The next play produced by our dramatist was, it seems probable, *The Wedding* which I propose to attribute to the year 1627. Gifford, from whom no one would rashly differ on such a point, placed it farther on in the list of Shirley's writings, after *The Witty Fair One*. By some accident it was not entered in Sir Henry Herbert's licensing book, but it was printed in 1629. My reason for considering that it should be given to an earlier year is that the style seems to belong to a period of transition between *The Brothers* and *The Witty Fair One*. It is brisker and more skilful in construction than the former, but less easy and accomplished than the latter. *The Wedding* is a variation upon the theme of Shakespeare's *A We'll that Ends Well*. The action is overlaid with comic matter of rather a poor kind, as it appears to me, but the somewhat narrow central thread of tragi-comedy is very tenderly and humorously worked out. The distress and incredulity of Beauford when Marwood first makes his accusation, and the heroic patience of Gratiana under her agony, form some of the best scenes which the poet has left us ; and there is something happy in contriving that Marwood himself should be able to make his charges in good faith, although the particular artifice by which this is effected is coarse and improbable. In *The Witty Fair One*, which is here reprinted, there are perhaps no scenes quite so brilliant as those in the second act of *The*

Wedding, but the former is the better play as a whole, and the more characteristic example of Shirley's skill as a dramatist. *The Wedding*, which was the earliest of his theatrical publications, was very popular and was several times reprinted. *The Witty Fair One*, the author tells us, "wanted no grace on the stage," when it was brought out at Drury Lane in the autumn of 1628; but it was not printed until 1633. In both these plays a sense of reality is secured by the fact that the scene is laid in the neighbourhood of London.

Shirley was now, in 1628, a recognised figure in the world of dramatic letters. He had made writing for the stage his profession, and during the next decade we must look upon him as sharing with Massinger its main profits. He now began to be encouraged by the eulogies of his great contemporaries. In 1629 Ford, who was ten years his senior, declared that "loud Fame" would "in every age renew" Shirley's name; and in 1630 Randolph very neatly defined his friend's position among the "Lycophronian buskins" of the hour. He praised, what we still acknowledge, the grace and suavity of Shirley's style. He says—

" Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream, doth flow,
While others with disturber! channels go,
And headlong, like Nile-cataracts, do fall
With a huge noise, and) el not he aid at all."

The great and excellent Massinger, too, in this same year comes asking leave to be "a modest

votary at the altar of thy Muse;" and Habington promises Shirley the crown of English poesy when "divinest Jonson" dies. These panegyrics, no doubt, express on the part of the poets a feeling shared by the public and by the managers, since from this time forward the pen of Shirley is exceedingly prolific. We possess no fewer than twenty of his plays brought out between 1629 and 1638, and although this is a tribute of more than two dramas a year, doubtless it by no means exhausts the sum of his actual production. It may perhaps a little take away from the impression which we are apt to receive, that Shirley belonged to a period of very late decadence, to remind ourselves that when that great Elizabethan, Ben Jonson, died, Shirley had already brought out on the boards, to our certain knowledge, twenty-four pieces, and that if he had been buried with that rare poet, we should still possess all that is most characteristic and most desirable from Shirley's pen. We should all resign without any great reluctance what our dramatist wrote during the last twenty-five years of his life.

The Grateful Servant is styled a comedy by the author ; we may rather take it as a type of his skill in tragi-comedy. It was produced in 1629 and printed in 1630, being therefore, Shirley's second appeal to the reading public. In this play we meet with a character, Belinda, a lady of frolic temper, in whose mouth the poet

has placed some of his most elaborate and ornate language. "She is poetical/" we are told,
¹¹ more than half a fury." In her extravagances the poet abandons his usual reserve, with something of conscious humour, and his blank verse spreads its wings to the widest. Belinda cries—

¹¹ I was not born to perch upon a dukedom,
 Dr some such spot of earth, which the dull eyes
 Examine by a magnifying glass,
 And wonder at; the Roman eagles never
 Did spread their wings upon so many shored)
The silver moon of Ottoman looks pale
Upon my greater empire ; kings of Spain,
 That now may boast their ground doth stretch as wide
 As day, arc but poor landlords of a cell
 Compar'd to mine inheritance ; the truth is
 I am the Devil."

This is as near as Shirley ever gets to the audacious rapture of Webster and Marlowe, and it is to be noted that his reasonable nature can only concede so much as this with a purpose that is slightly comic. Some choice poetry is placed in the old friar's mouth, and *The Grateful Servant*, though not a very interesting play, shows a definite advance upon its predecessors. It was followed by a tragedy which marks Shirley's highest achievement as a dramatic poet. From this point we travel over a long tableland, and then reach a slow decline.

The tragedy of *The Traitor* which we here reprint, was licensed in May 1631, and published in 1635. It was always much admired, and in 1692 a mysterious attempt was made to wrest it from the crown of Shirley. It was revived at

the Theatre Royal, and the playwright Peter Motteux, who perhaps was responsible for adapting it for revival, wrote that "Shirley only ushered it in to the Stage : the author of it was one Mr. Rivers, a Jesuit, who wrote it in his confinement at Newgate, where he died," Motteux was probably repeating a vague rumour that this Rivers had in some way been connected with *The Traitor*. It is not impossible that Shirley may have visited his co-religionist in prison, and may have accepted from him some hint of the plot. No one, however, who reads the play will doubt for a moment that it is all written as it now stands by the author whom it represents in so typical a manner. The versification, the arrangement of scenes, the morality, all belong to Shirley and to Shirley only. If other evidence were needed, it is to be found in the poet's epistle dedicatory to the Earl of Newcastle, in which he uses language which would be fraudulent were the writer of the letter not also the writer of the play. An adaptation of *The Traitor*, by Shell, was brought on the stage so late as 1819.

Shirley's next contribution to the players was *The Duke*, 1631, which is not now known to exist. *Love's Cruelty* which was acted at Drury Lane late in the same year, was not published until 1643. It is a tragedy, which opens with a very beautiful scene between Bellamonts and his mistress Clariana; the high level of these exqui-

site verses is hardly sustained throughout, and we may consider *Love's Cruelty* as the first play of Shirley's in which a certain languor invades the action, of the piece. At the time when it was produced, *Clariana* was one of the greatest favourites with the public among all the author's creations. It was played, until women's parts were taken by girls, by the actor Burt. *Loves Cruelty* is an unpleasant piece, unusually coarse for Shirley; it may be consulted for two fine soliloquies, one by Hippolita, in Act ii., describing the masques which were at that time so fashionable, and the other Bellamente's description of a virtuous wife, in Act iii. *It was printed but once.

We now reach a period during which Shirley applied himself exclusively to comedy. From 1631 to the close of 1635, when he went to reside in Dublin, the fertile dramatist supplied the actors, to our knowledge, with twelve consecutive comedies, and the list we possess is probably not complete. The series terminated with what is probably Shirley's finest comic work, both in language and in construction, *The Lady of Pleasure*. We must briefly enumerate the individual plays, into a critical examination of which we have no space to proceed, and the less inclination since our reprint presents the reader with two specimens of this attractive and sparkling cluster of comedies. *The Changes or Lave in a Maze*, was acted at Salisbury Court in 1632,

and "printed the same year. *The Bird in the Cage*, 1632 [printed 1633]¹ is ironically dedicated to Prynne, who was at that moment in prison, after standing "earless on high" in the pillory for having printed his insolent *Histnomastix*, 1632. This play comprises a masque, in which the female parts were taken by women, an innovation at that time very rare, and looked upon with much suspicion. In this masque ladies drew a huge cage on to the scene, with Philenzo, in disguise, as "the Bird in the Cage." *Hyde Park*, 1632 [printed 1637], which we reprint, was a very popular play. It was acted on the occasion of the opening of Hyde Park to the public by the first Earl of Holland, to whom the park belonged. During the fourth act races are proceeding; when the play was revived in Pepys' time the horses were led across the stage itself, to the great excitement of the audience. It would not appear that this was attempted by Shirley, since the stage directions—"confused noise of betting within," and "a shout within, and crying, 'A jockey'"—together with the fact that the personages enter to inform their friends of their luck, seem to show that the horses were kept out of sight of the audience, *Hyde Park* is unusually interesting as a study of contemporary manners.

The Ball, in which Shirley enjoyed some help from the aged George Chapman, was brought out in 1632, and printed in 1639,

This play, which includes a masque of the same name, gave great offence at its first performance, from the fact that in imitating one of the fashionable court entertainments the actors travestied the persons of well-known courtiers. This does not appear to have been done in malice, but the victims of the freedom warmly objected, and the poet was threatened with punishment. He was, however, high in favour next year with the Master of the Revels, who has made the following very interesting entry in his office-book on registering there Shirley's comedy of *The Young Admiral* on the 3rd of July, 1633 —

"The comedy called the *Yvung Admiral*, being free from oaths, profanceness or obsceneness, hath given me much delight and satisfaction in the reading, and may seive for a pattern to other poets, not only for the bettering of manners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late When Mr. Shirley hath read this approbation! I know it will encourage him to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry, and when other poets hear and see his good success, I am confident they will imitate the original for their own credit, and make such copies in this harmless way as shall speak them masters in their ait, at the first sight, to all judicious spectators. It maybe acted this 3rd July, 1633. I have entered this allowance for direction to my successor, and for example to all poets that shall write after the date heieof."

The Young Admiral is a very graceful play, and its language is remarkably void of offence ; but, in the face of so very unctuous a recommendation of its chastity, we may notice that there is a page in the fourth act which apparently escaped Sir Henry Herbert's attention, Tha expression " Dh, my stars !" which we regret to find in the fifth act, is perhaps an oath; but, to

be serious, Shirley, after his scare with *The Ball*, is seen in *The Young Admiral* on his very best behaviour. *The Gamester*, 1633 [printed 1637], was acted at Court; it was written to the King's order, and his majesty deigned to supply the outline of the plot. We are therefore not surprised to be informed that "the King- said it was the best play he had seen for seven years." An adaptation of *The Gamester* was acted in 1827.

The prologue to *The Example*, 1634 (printed 1637)⁹ shows that English drama was beginning to pass under the shadow of Puritanism. The author writes in vague fear and trembling; he says:—

" We have named our play
The Example, and for aught we know, it may
 Be made one; for at no time did the laws,
 However understood, more fright the cause
 Of unbecomned poesie."

This was followed in 1634 by *The Opportunity*, printed in 1640, and in 1635 by *The Coronation* [printed 1640], and *Chabot, Admiral of France* [printed 1639], which latter was mainly a posthumous work of Chapman; by *The Royal Master*, printed in 1638, and finally by that brilliant comedy, *The Lady of Pleasure*, printed in 1637. *The Coronation* was early claimed for Fletcher, who probably had some share in it. We know that in 1633 Shirley "corrected" that writer's *Might Walker*, and he had a hand in preparing several other plays of Fletcher's for the stage. It is not

quite certain when *The Royal Master* was produced ; it was not licensed until 1638, but it seems to have been acted in Dublin before the occasion of Shirley's first appearance there, soon after the opening of Ogilby's Castle Theatre in 1635. The beautiful and sprightly drama of *The Lady of Pleasure*, which is certainly the jewel in this charming cluster of comedies, was licensed in October, 1635, and printed in 1637.

After the production of *The Lady of Pleasure*, Shirley proceeded to Ireland. Mr. Dyce considered that this exile was made in the year 1637. I believe that this is considerably too late a date, and that his abrupt disappearance from the books of Sir Henry Herbert, where we do not find his name between January 1636 and June 1640, shows that he had soon after the former time transferred his services to the theatre of his friend Ogilby in Dublin. If we could discover the date of the prologue in which Shirley says that "two year he has lived in Dublin"¹ we could settle this difficulty. As it is, we may perhaps safely conjecture that he went over to Ireland to help Ogilby at the new Werburgh Street Theatre in the early part of 1635. This is borne out by the fact that in the dedication of *The Royal Master*) printed in 1638, he tells Lord Kildare that his affairs in England are hastening his departure from Ireland, so that this is probably the term of the "two year." In 1640 five plays of Shirley's were printed, perhaps on occa-

sion of his final return to England. We cannot tell when these dramas were originally produced, but certainly some, and probably all, of them were designed in the first instance for Irish audiences. They are the tragi-comedy of *The Doubtful Heir*', the comedies of *The Constant Maid* and *The Humorous Courtier*', the pastoral of Sidney's *Arcadia* dramatised, and the curious drama called *St. Patrick for Ireland*. This latter is an extraordinary work, to which due attention has never been paid. The first act, describing the arrival of the saint, is full of the most elevated poetry that Shirley has written ; the second act might have been taken from any of its author's amatory comedies; in the third he stoops to buffooneries that are most unusual with him, and then finishes off with a ghost. The fourth act is a farrago of everything, farce and tragedy, masque and high comedy; while the fifth recovers much of the spiritual dignity of the first act. *St. Patrick for Ireland* is a failure, but it is the failure of a man of genius ; it is Shirley's one divergence into the region of pure eccentricity. The last speech which St. Patrick makes is of singular beauty. A second part of this play was promised, but has either been lost or was never written.

To the brief period which lay between Shirley's return from Ireland and the first ordinance for the suppression of stage plays, belong nine or ten dramas, some of which have disappeared,

One, *The Country Captain* was published at the Hague in 1649, ^{with an} attribution to the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. A. H. Bullen, who printed this play in 1883 from a MS., was the first to point out that the style of his comedy betrays it as manifestly Shirley's. The following¹ fine poetical passage occurs at the end of the fourth act :—

"My dream
Was full of rapture, such as I with all
My wakening sense would fly to meet Melhought
I saw a thousand Cupids slide from heaven,
And landing here made this their scene of revels,
Clapping their golden feathers, which kept time
While their own feet struck music to their dance,
As they had trod and touched so many lute«« ;
This done, within a cloud formed like a throne,
She to whom Love has consecrate this night,
My mistress, did descend, and, coming towards me,
My soul that ever wakes, angry to see
My body made a prisoner and so mock'd,
Shook off the chains of sleep, lest I should lose
Essential pleasure for a dream. 'Tis happy '
I will not trust myself with ease and silence,
But walk and wait her coming that must bless me."

The recovery of this valuable play is one of many debts which the student of poetry owes to Mr. Bullen's taste and industry.

The Gentleman of Venice *The Politician* *The Imposture* *The Cardinal* and *The Sisters* were all first printed between 1652 and 1655, though of course they had been written before the closing of the theatres. These plays are, as a whole, less interesting than Shirley's earlier works, but perhaps only because we reach them when our attention is already somewhat fatigued by the monotony of his method of construction and the

even sweetness of his verse. We have selected *The Cardinal* for the present reprint as a vigorous example of Shirley's latest style, and as perhaps the last great play produced by the giants of the Elizabethan age. When we think what English drama, from *Tamburlaine the Great* to *The Cardinal* consists of, we may well marvel at the wealth poured out in sixty years.

Wood has described in the following terms Shirley's fate during the Rebellion. It is almost needless to say, by way of preface, that the favourite dramatist of the Court was a convinced Royalist:—

"When the Rebellion broke out, and he thereupon forced to leave London, and so consequently his wife and children who afterwards were put to their shifts), he was invited by his most noble patron, William, Earl (afterwards Marquess and Duke) of Newcastle, to take his fortune with him in the wars, for that Count had engaged him so much by his generous liberality towards him, that he thought he could not do a worthier act, than to serve him, and so consequently has prince."

It must, therefore, be taken for granted that, with a neglect of his impoverished wife and children which we could wish better explained, Shirley retired to France, with Newcastle, after the disaster of Marston Moor. It is very singular, by the way, that the Duchess makes no mention of Shirley in her life of her husband, We further learn from Wood that upon the complete decline of the King's cause Shirley crept back quietly to England, and found entertainment with an old and wealthy friend, Thomas Stanley, the poet and Hellenist. To eke out a livelihood

he had to take up the old distasteful business of a schoolmaster, which he practised with great success in Whitefriars. In 1646 he issued a volume of his *Poems*, including his masque of *The Triumph of Beauty*. Copies of this book, in good condition, with the portrait-frontispiece, are much sought after by bibliophiles. At the Restoration Shirley's plays were once more set upon the stage, but they were found to be old-fashioned. His knowledge of the profession was, however, taken advantage of by dramatic amateurs, such as the Duke of Newcastle and the Hon. Edward Howard, though to what extent we cannot now discover.¹ It is also said that Dgilby used Shirley "as a drudge" in his heavy translations of Homer and Virgil. Shirley's end was melancholy in the extreme. His second wife and he, at the great fire of London, were driven out of their house near Fleet Street, and died of terror and exposure on the same day in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where they were buried in one grave, on the 29th of October, 1666. The poet was then aged seventy years and three weeks. His dramatic work almost immediately fell into a disrepute which is positively unaccountable.

¹ In 1853 Mr. Halhwell-Phillip*, printed at the end of the catalogue of the Plymouth Public Library a very poor play called *The General*, Mr. Bullen informs me that he has recently found in the library of Worcester College another MS of the same. But the conjecture by which this performance has been fastened on Shirley is certainly incorrect. *The General* has no trace of his style.

No memoir of Shirley would be complete which did not mention his masques. In the preparation of these elaborate entertainments he is surpassed only by Ben Jonson, whom, in this department of his art, he studiously follows. We have reprinted in this volume *The Triumph of Peace*, which was presented by the Inns of Court before the King and Queen in 1633, as our typical example of these masques, in which the enchantments of motion and melody, of colour and verse, were united. Shirley's language, whether in verse or prose, is nowhere more gorgeous, more jewelled than it is in these pages. But it is another masque, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, 1659, which contains Shirley's noblest lyric, "the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to King Charles :"—

" The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade,"

Almost as good is the ode beginning "Victorious man of earth/" in *Cupid and Death*, 1653. As a lyrical poet Shirley attained great sweetness ; his best songs have something in them of the enamoured and roseate effusion of Carew. Yet graceful as these lyrics are, it is difficult to find one which is absolutely without a flaw. The

following-, from *The Imposture*, is perhaps the best of Shirley's songs :—

"Ye virgins, that did late despair
To keep your wealth from cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair,
Soft peace is come again.

"Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
A [modest ?] flame that will not kill ;
The drum was angry, but the lute
Shall whisper what you will.

¹¹ Sing ID, la ' for his sake,
Who halh restored your drooping heads ;
With choice of sweetest flowers, make
A gaiden where he treads :

¹¹ Whiht we whole groves of laurel bring,
A petty triumph to his brow,
Who is the master of the spring,
And all the bloom we owe.¹

In Shirley's own time his style was recognised as being ^{ff} discreet,¹¹ "sober," and "sweet-tempered."¹ These qualities were particularly admirable in an age that was hurrying to decay, and attempting' to recover its vitality by mere storm and excess. Shirley's style is uniform to an extraordinary degree, and the level country over which his muse reigns, with its broad flowery meadows, slow streams and rich woods, is charming rather than striking, and pleases us without creating astonishment or rapture. His comedies are polite and amusing without grossness ; his tragedies inspire pity rather than terror or indignation. He is a remarkably elegant and competent writer, whose high posi-

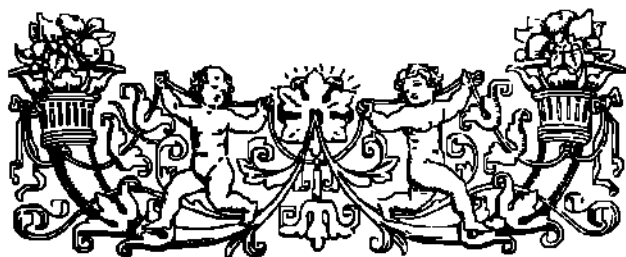
tion in the second rank is never likely again to be seriously assailed. If the experiment which the "Dramatic Students " have been making to restore the Elizabethan masterpieces to the stage should succeed, we may hope to see Shirley again successful on the boards. His skill in theatrical construction would probably make him one of the easiest of the great playwrights to present to a modern audience.

EDMUND GDSSE,





THE WITTY FTAII ONE.





THE Comedy of *The Witty Fair One* was licensed by the Master of the Revels in October, 1628, acted by His Majesty's Servants at the Private House in Drury Lane, and published in 1633. In 1666, shortly after Shirley's death, the play was revived.





To the Truly Noble Knight,

SIR EDWARD BUSHELL

SIR,



OUR candid censure of some unworthy poems which I have presented to the world, long- since made me your servant in my thoughts, and being' unwilling to rest long in the silent contemplation of your nobleness, I presumed at lasL to send this comedy, to kiss your hand, as the first degree to my greater happiness in your more paiticular knowledge of me It wanted no grace on the stage , if it appear acceptable to you in this new trim of the press, it will improve abroad, and you oblige the author to acknowledge a favour beyond the first applause. Pardon the rudeness of my public address to you, in the number of many whom with more excuse I might have interrupted I am bold, but youi mercy will incline you not to despise these [at the worse) but errors of my devotion! and theucak expression of his service whose desires are to be known,

Your true honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR GEORGE RICHLEY, a rich old Knight.

WORTHY, his Brother

AIMWELL, **Lover** of VIOLETTA.

FOWLER, a wild young Gentleman

SIR NICHOLAS TREEDLE, a foolish Knight,

CLARE } GentlEmeni

MANLY

BRAINS, SIR GEORGE RICHLEY'S Servant.

WHIBBLE, WORTHY'S Servant.

TUTOR and Companton to SIR NICHOLAS.

Two Gentlemen

Footman.

Messenger, Servants, &c.

VIOLETTA, SIR GEORGE RICHLEY'S Daughter,

PENELOPE, WORTHY'S Daughter.

SENSIBLE } chambermaids•

WINNIFRED

SCENE—LONDON and CRDYDON^T.





THE WITTY FAIR ONE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—London. The Garden O/WDRIHY'S House.

Enter Sir GEORGE RICHLEY, WORTHY, and WHIBBLL,



OR. So soon after dinner?

Rich. I am engaged, and must away, excuse me, brother.

Wor. Well, make ready his horse.

Wlnb His worship's pad shall be prepared.—If your gelding be not ready in a minute, your worship shall ride me. *[Exit.*

Rich. I shall

Not need to urge your care upon my daughter,
On whom, next the devotion of my soul
To Heaven, all my desires and thoughts reflect
I leave her to your trust,
And, in my absence, doubt not you will be
Both uncle and a father.

Wor. Willingly
I would depose myself from both these titles,
To serve my *niec* her virtue will reward me ;
I know she is your study • in your want¹
I will put on your jealousy.

Rich, It would not

i.e. Absence.

Become me to confine your entertainments
 Of friends and visitants; but, remember, brother,
 She's now my sole heir, and by the late death
 Of her twin sister, she derives the right
 Of all my wealth to her. Gallants, I fear,
 I¹ the town hold too fruitful intelligence
 In these affairs, and if they be not watched,
 They'll with their wit charm all the dragons guard
 These golden applet.

Wor There are such, indeed.

Rich. Dh, sir, there are too many; not a virgin,
 Left by her friends heir to a noble fortune,
 But she's in danger of a marriage
 To some puffed title. What are these enter the garden?

Enicr AIMWELL, followed by FDWLER and CLARE.

Wor. The gentlemen that dined with us.

Foiv. Why, how now Frank? grown musty on a sudden?

Heart hung, and playhlg the thief thus with your friends,
 To steal your person from us! What's the matter?

Aim. Nothing, nothing, gentlemen.

Clare. Very like,
 And yet you leave our company for this nothing I

Fow. Let's in again to the ladies.

\E\citnt AIMWELL, FOWLER, and CLARE.

AW/. What is he?

Wor. Due Master Fowler, a reputed wit
 I¹ the town, affected by young gentlemen
 Foi his converse, yet lives upon no pension
 But his own fortune, and a fair one.
 The other, Master Clare,
 A friend to Master Aim well, whom they both
 Seem to solicit.

Rich. Master Aimwell!

Wor. A hopeful gentleman.

Rich. Brother, did you not observe at dinner

His eyes shoot beams upon my daughter, more
Than I was pleased with? Aimwell call you him?
I may suspect unjustly, but such looks
Are often loose conveyers.

Wor. Make no part
Of him your fear.

Rich. I do not, when I call
To mind my daughter's virtue and obedience.
She knows my purpose to dispose her to
Sir Nicholas Treedle.

Wot. And how do you find
Her inclination?

Rich. As I would direct it.

Wor. She will maintain it to your comfort, sir.
However, with what vigilance becomes me,
I will preserve 't, while she remains within
My custody.

Rich. I'll leave a servant to wait upon her.

Wor. Brains?

Rich. The same.

Wor. He is a cunning fellow.

Rich. He has a sconce
Carries some subtilty, which he employs
Still honestly in discharge of any trust
Committed to him.

Wor. Good.

Rich. And 'tis his pride,
He was ne'er o'er-reached in any action.

Wor. He knows his charge?

Rich. Perfectly; but I lose time; Sn Nicholas
Treedle expects me this night in the country.

Wor. When do you return?

Rich. Within these three days at most,
Trouble yourself no further

Wor. I'll wait on you to your horse, sir. \E\enni.



SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.**Enter* AIMWELL,

Ann. She has shot a fire into my bosom from
 Her eye, or I have drawn in at mine own
 Love poison. Oh, my stars were too ungentle
 To point her out the mistress of my thoughts,
 Who is so much, like them, above the hope
 Of ever climbing to. I see a fatal
 Impossibility divide us, yet,
 The more I would discharge this new guest, it
 Strengthens itself within me, and renews
 Vigour to keep possession She's above me,
 And her great fortune makes my expectation
 So dull and painful, a great heir——Her uncle !

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Master Aimwell, what, alone ! come, let's
 To cards ; where be the gentlemen?

Aim Within, sir.

Has Sir George RiLhley left us ?

Wor. Some affairs

Importuned his departure,

Aim. When shall we expect him?

Wor' Three days hence. This your inquiry
 Doth promise you have business with him,

Aim. Little—

But you did motion cards , I'll choose my partner,
 And for a set or two I'm at your service.

Wor. Make your own election.

Aim, Why do you mock me ?¹

Wor, How! mock you?

Aim, Yes.

Wor. You do n t mean in earnest,

Aim. I shall betray my passion. *[Aside.*

¹ Aimwell affects to understand Worthy as permitting him to
 make choice of his niece as a partner for life.—*Gifford.*

Enter VIOLEITA.

Wor' I find him.

Ami. You may, for I am lost. [*Aside.*

Vio. He's here.—Good uncle, is my father gone?

Wor. Yes, gentle niece.

Vio. Delight to both your walks J I'll take this arbour.
[*Retires.*

Aim. So breaks the day, and hides itself again
Among the western shades ' Were she to dwell
Within your garden, it should need no sun •
Her smiles were powerful to infuse a warmth
Into the flowers, her bieath perfume your arbours.
The trees grow nch in blossom and bear fruit
At the same instant, as 'twere ever spring
And ever summer : when she seats herself
Within some bower, the feathered quirister
Shall play their music to her, and take pride
To warble aery notes till she be weary,
Which, when she shall but with one accent of
Her own express, an hundred nightingales
Shall fall down dead from the soft boughs before her,
For grief to be o'erchanted.

Wor' Here's pretty madness '

Aim Tis so ; you have done my passion justice, sir -.
For love is but a straggling from our reason.

Wor. If you do love my mecc, let you and I
Talk out of metaphor.

Aim. You knew my father?

Wbr' He was my noble friend.

Aim' For his sake, give me your free answer to
One question.

Wor. Whatis't? promise yourself,
What I can do or say is at your service.

Aim. Is there a possibility, admit
I loved your niece, she might be won at last
To be my wife ?

Wor, I'll not dispute the extent

Of what is possible, yet my answer may
Be satisfactory.

Aim. You were ever generous,

Wor. I were uncivil not to reply to
A question \ you shall find my love more fruitful,
You shall have both my answer and my counsel.

Aim. Let me embrace a perfect friend.

Wor. Do you know what
Fortune my young niece may bring her husband ?

Aim. I guess a great one; but I set more value
Upon her person; my affection springs
Not from her wealth.

Wor. But yet her portion
Is worth your taking notice, Master Aimwell,
Her father is a man who, though he write
Himself but knight, keeps a warm house i¹ the country,
Amongst his tenant? • takes no lordly pride
To travel with a footman and a page
To London ; humbly rides in the old fashion,
With half a dozen wholesome hvenes,
To whom he gives Christian wages, and not countenance
Alone, to live on • can spend by the year
Eight hundred pounds, and put up five ; sleeps quietly
Without dreaming on mortgages or statutes,
Or such like curses on his land : can numbe,,
May be, ten thousand pound in ready coin
Of his own, yet never bought an office for't;
Has plate, no question, and jewels too,
In his old lady's cabinet, beside
Dther things worth an inventory, and all this
His daughter is an heir to. Now, pray tell me
What's your revenue?

Aim. Some three hundred pounds—

Wor. Per annum ? Grant it; what expectation
Have you abroad?

Aim. None.

Wor. That's quickly summed.
You have not made your Igve known to my niece yet ?

Aim. No j my intention was. to pre-acquamt you,

Wor. You have done wisely \ do not think on her
When you're at prayers, she will but puzzle
Your devotion \ there's no hope of her.

Aim. Hal

Wor. I mean for you to arrive at her, your own
Disparity in fortune.

Aim. I do find it.

Wor. Excuse my plainness, sir ; her father looks
A great deal higher; and, to take away
Your least encouragement to prosecute,
Within my knowledge she's designed already
To a wealthy gentleman, and within few days
'Twill be a marriage • you shall but procure
Your own affliction to employ your hope
Where things remain so desperate.

Aim. I thank you.

Wor. You do yourself more right.

Aim. If such affairs

Have past, it were not noble to continue
This path ; you have done me gentle office, sir;
I must believe you are generous: this new flame
My reason shall suppress, before it grow
Too mighty for me.

Wor. It becomes you well.
Love, like to sin, inveterate is strong,
He prevents danger that destroys it young.—
Come, to your friends.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III,—*The same.*

Enter FOWLER, PENELOPE, and CLARE.

Fow. Your soft stars will not let you be so cruel, lady,
to give repulse to a lover.

Clare, Do not believe him ; he does but compliment •
I have known him court a hundred, with as much for-

mality, wooed them in the nuptial cut, made verses on their hair, set lilies and roses, a whole garden, in their cheeks, cherries in their lips, stellify their eyes, and yet in a twinkling—

Pen. Sure you do him wrong, sir?

Clare. Wrong!

Fow. He measures my affection by the length of his own : prithee, Satire, choose another walk, and leave us to enjoy this ; thou knowest not my intent.

Clare. Thou mayst be honesL with one, and that's a miracle, and will ask a strong faith to believe it. I hope she has more wit than to trust your voluble courtship, I'll seek out my friend Aimwell.

[VIOLEITA comes from the arbour.

Viol. *Aside fo CLARE.*] Sir, if your engagement require no haste, [They walk aside.

Pen. I do wonder a gentleman of your knowledge should so deceive himself.

Fow. Express yourself, fairest

Pen. Fair sir, I am not taken with your flatteries , I can see through you.

Fow. If you have so active an eye, lady, you may see a throng of passions flaming at myheart, set on fire by your beauty, I protest to you, come, shāme not your wisdom to believe report or opinion of the world; 'tis a malicious age we live in ; if your ears, have been abused with any ill noise of me, you shall tell yourself, if you love me, the world is a shameless and miserable detractor: you do not despise me, lady?—

Pen. No, I pity so handsome a gentleman, and of so fair a fortune, should want his eyes.

Fow. How! blind?

Pen. To your own follies, sir.

Fow. Shall I swear I love you as I am a gentleman ?

Pen. As you are a gentleman, I know you can swear anything, 'tis a fashion you are most constant in, to be religiously wicked ; an oath in your mouth, and a reser-

vation in your heart, is a common courtship ' Do not swear as you aie a gentleman.

Pow. As I am an honest man?

Pen. Out upon't! that's a worse; my tailor cozened me t'other day with the same oath. Save your credit, and let swearing alone, I dare take your word—

Fow. Well said.

Pen. For a greater matter, but not for this. You and I have not eaten a bushel of salt yet; m time I may be converted, and think your tongue and heart keep house together, for, at this time, I presume they are \eryfar asunder.

Foiu Would you have my tongue in my heart, lady?

Pen. No, by my troth, I would rather find your heart in your tongue; but you are valiant, and 'tis only fear, they say, brings a man's heart up to his mouth.

fbiu. Why, your wit is a tyrant; now, pray tell me, do not you love me mightily abo\le potatoes?¹ come I see the little blind boy in your eyes already.

Pen. Love you, sir?

Fow. Yes, I know by your bitterness you wish me well, and think there is some hope I may be won too, you take pains to whip me so handsomely, come, I'll be a good child, and kiss the rod.

Clare. [TO VIOLETTA.]—You oblige my service to you; I am one Aimwell called friend, and shall be happy to Convey him any knowledge may concern him.

Vio. Then briefly thus: I understand he loves me. Fray you, do him the true office of a friend, And counsel him desist; I am disposed of Already in my father's thoughts, and must

¹ Gifford remarks • "I have no gre.it confidence in the genuineness of this capission. if, liowocr, it came from the author, it Would seem to mean, above the power pf philtres or provocatives. Potatoes, long after their in tiodue Lion into (his country, were not considered as an article of food; but were either used as conserves, or brought to table highly seasoned with spices, ambergnse, &c."

Shew my obedience; he shall beget
But his own trouble, if he move
My uncle or my father, and perhaps
Draw their suspicion and displeasure
On me too, by so indiscreet proceeding.
I would not have a gentleman of his worth
Do himself so great injury to run
A course of so much hazard; if you please
To bear the burden of my thanks for his,
Dn my part, undeserved opinion,
And make him sensible, in time he may
Place his affection where he may expect
Better return, you shall discharge a friendship
To him, and with it make my thoughts your debtor.

Clare. You have expressed a nobleness in this ;
Were all of your mind, lady, there would be
Less willow worn.

Fow. You would have me praise you, now; I could
ramble in your commendation.

Pen. I think so.

Fow. Do you but think so ? why, you shall hear me •
Your hairs are Cupid's nets, your forehead like
The fairest coast of Heaven without a cloud,
Your eyebrow is Love's brow, while either eye
Are arrows drawn to wound; your lips the temple
Or sacred fane of kisses, often as they meet, exchanging
roses;

Your tongue Love's lightning, neck the milky path
Or throne where sit the Graces.—

Do not I know that I have abused you all this while, or
do you think I love you a thought the better, or, with all
my poetical daubings, can alter the complexion of a hair,
now ?

Pen. I would not have you, sir.

Fow. No dispraise to you,
I have seen as handsome a woman ride upon a sack to
market, that never knew the impulsion of a coat or the

price of a stammel' petticoat; and I have seen a worse face in a countess; what o' that? Must you be proud because men call you handsome? and yet, though we are so foolish to tell you so, you might have more wit than to believe it; your eyes may be matched, I hope; for your nose, there be richer in our sex; 'tis true that you have colour for your hair, we grant it, and for your cheeks, but what do your teeth stand you in, lady? your lips are pretty, but you lay them too open, and men breathe too much upon them, for your tongue, we all leave you, there's no contesting: your hand is fine, but your gloves whiter, and for your leg, if the commendation or goodness of it be in the small, there be bad enow in gentlemen's stockings to compare with it; come, remember you are imperfect creatures without a man; be not you a goddess; I know you are mortal, and had rather make you my companion than my idol: this is no flattery now.

Enter WORTHY, AIMWELL, and BRAINS.

Wor. Where be these gentlemen?

Fow. How now, Frank!

Wor. You look well to your charge, Brains. [*Aside.*

Bra. A question, sir; pray you, are you married, sir?

Clare. Why dost thou ask?

Bra. Because you should answer me;

I cannot see it in your forehead, sir.

Ctare. How now, my officious trencher-squire?

Wor. Excuse him, Master Clare, 'tis his blunt zeal
To do his master service, who enjoined his
Best care and vigilance upon this gentlewoman,

Ctare. I am married, sir.

Bra. Then I hope you have met with your match
already.

I have nothing to say to you—

Clare, This fellow's mad.

¹ A kind of fine wonted.

Bra. Nor my master neither, though he left his brains behind him. I hope a man may ask a question, sir?

Wor. Come hither, Brains.

Fow. Dn my life thou art in love.

Clare. You are not.

Fow. Do not mistake yourself, for I am.

Clare. Caught? I am glad on't.

Fow. No, indeed, not caught neither, therefore be not overjoyed, good morality? why, dost thou think it possible a woman's face, or anything without her, can enchant me?

Bra. [To WORTHY.]—Let me alone [Exit WORTHY.]

Clare. Why dost thou court them, then?

Fvw. Why, to try their wits, with which I sharpen my own. Dost think I am so mad to marry? sacrifice my liberty to a woman; sell my patrimony to buy them feathers and new fashions, and maintain a gentleman-usher to ride m my saddle when I am knighted and pointed at, with Pythagoras for my tame sufferance; have my wardrobe laid forth and my holiday breeches, when my lady pleases I shall take the air in a coach with her, together with her dog that is costive, be appointed my table, what I shall eat, according as her ladyship finds her own body inclined; fed upon this or that melancholy dish by prescription, guarded with officious salads, like a prisoner in a throng, ¹ praise her bountiful allowance of coarse mutton, that have the world of dainty flesh before me? 'twere a sin to discretion, and my own freedom.

Bra. Young mistress, I observe you. [Aside.]

Clare. You do not mean to die in this faith?

Fow. Pnthee, do not talk'of dying; a pox on the bellman and his *Omnia bcncsJ'* but that I think I know thy father, I should hardly believe thou wert a gentle-

¹ I do not understand this, unless a ridiculous pun be intended between salads, vegetables, and sallet, a helmet.—*Clifford.*

• From the manner in which this expression "All's wlll" is introduced; it would seem to have some inference to the times of
¹¹ the sickness," always dreaded, trad always fatall.—*Giffbrd.*

man; however, thy Aristotle's Ethics will make thee incapable of their company shortly; if you catechise thus you shall have few gentlemen your disciples that have any blood or spirit about them. There is no discourse so becoming your gallants now, as a horse race, or Hyde-park,—what ladies' lips are softest, what fashion is most terse and courtly, what news abroad, which is the best vaulting-house/ where shall we taste canary and be drunk to-night? talk of morality!—here be ladies still, you shall hear me court one of them; I hope you will not report abroad among my friends that I love her] it is the love of mounting into her maidenhead, I vow, Jack, and nothing else.

Clare. You are a mad lover.

[As AIMWELL comes towards VIOLETTA she turns, and exit.

Bra. That was cunningly cast about.

Fow. Whither is't, lady?

Pen. I am walking in, sir.

Fow. I'll wait on you, and after that abroad; 'tis an inviting day, are you for the coach?

Pen. No.

Fow. Dr for the couch? Take me a companion for

Pen. Neither. [either.

Fow. How! neither? blame yourself if you be idle; howsoever, you shall not be alone: make use of my arm, fairest; you will to your lute, I heard you could touch it cunningly; pray bless my ears a little.

Pen. My lute's broke, sir.

Fow. A string, you mean; but it is no matter, your voice is not; ravish a little with that, if you please, I can help you to an heir:—by this black eye, which nature hath given you, I'll not leave you, I'll follow you.

[Exeunt FOWLER and PENELOPE.

Aim. All this from her?

Clare. You may believe me, sir.

Aim. Why this to him? Could she not give me

i Brothel.

Shir.

D

repulse, but she must thus proclaim it? I never moved it to her; her uncle hath had nō opportunity to acquaint her. What's the mystery?—[*Aside.*]—Prithee, repeat again the substance of what she said.

Clare. With my best memory her words were: she wished you not proceed, for she was already "disposed of in her father's thoughts."

Aim. "In her father's thoughts"? Haply not in her own.

Clare. "It would be fruitless to move her uncle or her father in it."

Aim. Ha! "not move her uncle or her father"¹?—This may beget encouragement there's hope I may propound my affection to her, and be happy in't. Proceed.

Clare. "She would be sorry a gentleman of your worth should run a course of so much hazard."

Aim. Hazard ' that word does yet imply there is a possibility.

Clare. So, with compliment of her thanks for your fair opinion of her, she'd wish me "make you sensible in time to place your love where you might expect better return."

Aim. Ah, that's wormwood; let me see; better return; this last return hath spoiled the whole term, and undone my suit; umph! No, it doth admit a fair construction; "She would have me sensible in time to plant my love where I may expect better return." Why—that I may from her, for ought I know.

Clare. *Amantes sibi somnia Jingunt*; how apt are lovers to conster¹ all to their desires!

Aim. I will not let my action fall.

Clare. Do not build castles.

Aim. I'll smooth it with her uncle; if it hit,
O my blest stars!

Clare. He's a-bed already!

Aim. Venus assist one to thy altar flies,
And I'll proclaim thy son hath found his eyes [Exeunt.

¹ Conshue.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Croydon. A Room in Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE'S House.*

Enter Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE and a Servant.



TREED. Where's Martext, my chaplain?

Ser. He is newly walked out of his meditation in the kitchen into the garden.

Treed. Bid him read prayers in the dining-room.

Ser. Before your worship come?

Treed. I will not pray to-day.—Dost hear? Bid my tutor come down to me.

Ser. Which of them?

Treed. Why, he that reads travel to me; the wit that I took up in Paul's¹ in a tiffany² cloak without a hatband; now I have put him into a doublet of satin——Stay, he's here.

Enter Tutor.

'Morrow, tutor; what hour take you it?

Tutor. It is no hour at all, sir.

Treed. How?

Tutor. Not directly any hour, for it is between eight and nine, sir.

Treed. Very learnedly; then I was ready between six and seven to-day.

Tutor. Are you disposed for lecture?

¹ St. Paul's was a general rendezvous for those who sought employment.

» Very thin silk.

Treed. Yes, sir, yes.

Tutor. You remember my last prdiction of the division of the earth into parts real and imaginary? The parts real into continent and island, . . . ¹ the subdivision of the continent, into peninsula, isthmus, and promontory?

Treed. In troth, sir, I remember some such things, but I have forgotten them.

Tutor. What is an isthmus ?

Treed. Why, an isthmus is an elbow of land.

Tutor. A neck, a neck.

Treed. A neck? Why, I was near it; if you had let me alone, I should have come up to it.

Tutor. 'Twas well guessed. What is an island?

Treed. An island is an high mountain, which shooteth itself into the sea.

Tutor. That is a promontory.

Treed. Is it so ? An island then is—no matter, let it go; it is not the first island we have lost.

Tutor. How are you perfect in your circles, great and less, mutable and immutable, tropical and polar ?

Treed. As perfect in them as I am in these; faith, I shall never con these things handsomely? may not a man study travel without these circles, degrees, and altilatitudes you speak of?

Tutor. Yes, you may.

Treed. I do not care for the nearest way; I have time enough to go about.

Tutor. Very well, you shall lay aside your globe then,

Tretd. Ay, and ift please you, I will have it stand in my hall to make my tenants wonder, instead of the Book of Martyrs.²

¹ There is probably an omission here,

¹ This custom is now worn nut: but I have seen the *Book of Martyrs*, and Sir Richard Baker and Stow in the window seat of more than one old hall, where, when books were not so common as at piemen', they found many readers among the tenants and casual visitors of the family.—*Gifford.*

Tutor. It will do well ; now name what kingdom or province you have most mind to.

Treed. What say you to England ?

Tutor. By no means; it is not in fashion with gentlemen to study their own nation; you will discover a dull easiness if you admire not, and with admiration prefer not the weeds of other regions, before the most pleasant flowers of your own garden; let your judgment reflect, upon a serious consideration, who teaches you the mimic posture of your body, the punctuality of your beard, the formality of your pace, the elbows of your cbak, the heel of your boot? do not other nations? Are not Italian heads, Spanish shoulders, Dutch bellies, and French legs, the only notions of your reformed English gentlemen?

Treed. I am resolved to be ignorant of my own country; say no more on it. What think you if I went over to France, the first thing I did?

Tutor. By sea i

Treed. Do you think I have no more wit than to venture myself i'the salt water; I had rather be pickled and powdered at home by half, that I had.

Tutor. I apprehend—you are cautious; it is safe travelling in your study; but I will not read France to you.

Treed. No!

Tutor. *Pardonnez-moi*, it is unnecessary; all the French fashions are here already, or rather your French cuts.

Treed. Cuts!

Tutor. Understand me; there are divers French cuts.

Treed. We have had too many French cuts already.

Tutor. First, there is your cut of the head.

Treed. That is dangerous.

Tutor. Pshaw! a hair, a hair, a periwig is your French cut, and in fashion with your most courtly gallants; your own hair will naturally forsake you.

Treed. A bald reason,

Tutor. Right ; observe their prudent and weighty

policy who have brought up this artificial head-piece, because no man should appear light-headed.

Treed. He had no sound head that invented it!

Tutor. Then there is the new cut of your doublet or slash, the fashion of your apparel, a quaint cut.

Treed. Upon taffeta.

Tutor. Dr what you please ; the slash is the emblem of your valour, and, besides declareth that you are open breasted.

Treed. Open, as much as you will, but no valour,

Tutor. Then, sir, there is the cut of your leg.

Treed. That is when a man is drunk, is it not?

Tutor. Do not stagger in your judgment, for this cut is the grace of your bgdy: I mean dancing o' the French cut in the leg is most fashionable, believe it, pupil, a genteel carnage.

Treed. But it is fain to be supported sometime with a bottom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is Sir George Richley, sir, newly alighted.

Treed. Dh, my father-in-law that shall be.

Tutor. Then we are cut off.

Treed. There is a match concluded between his daughter and me, and now he comes for my answer. Conduct him to the gallery.

Tutor. Rather, sir, meet him,

Treed. Let him go before, and tell him we are coming, and we'll be there as soon as he. *\Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—*London. A Room in WORTHY'S House.*

BRAINS and WHIBBLE at table.

Whib. Brains!

Bra. What is the matter?

Whib. Let's rifle the other bottle of wine.

Bra. Do not endanger thy sconce.

Whib. How?

Bra. I'll drink no more.

Whib. Why?

Bra. Because I will not be drunk for any man's pleasure.

WJiib. Drunk!

Mra. It is good English now : it was Dutch.¹ Maybe you have some conspiracy upon me.

Whib. I?—Who has betrayed me? his mistress procured the key of the wine-cellar, and bade me try if I could wind up his brains handsomely! he knows on 't—*Aside*—Not one health more?

Bra. Not one, good Whibble; if you urge again I shall suspect.

Whib. Suspect me?

Bra. And beat you, Whibble, if you be not satisfied.

Whib. I am • but in friendship—

Bra. Dost tempt me?

Whib. I will drink your health and be drunk alone.

[Exit.

Bra. This whelp has some plot upon me, I smell powder; my young mistress would have blown up my brains! this peter-gunner² should have given fire: it is not the first time she hath conspired so, but it will not do, I was never yet cozened in my life, and if I pawn my brains for a bottle of sack or claret, may my nose, as a brand for my negligence, carry everlasting malmsey in it, and be studded with rubies and carbuncles!—Mistress, you must pardon my officiousness] be as angry as a tiger, I must play the dragon, and watch your golden fleece : my master has put me in trust, and I am not so easily corrupted. I have but two eyes, Argus had a hundred, but he must be a cunning Mercury must pipe them both asleep, I can tell you. And now I talk of sleep, my

¹ Meaning that we derived the term as well as the vice from the Germans. This was not strictly the case ; but the belief was pretty general in Shirley's time, and the dissoluteness of those who had served in the Low Countries was some support to it.—*Gifford.*

² A derisive nickname given to guiners and sportsmen.

lodging is next to her chambers; it is a confidence in my master to let his livery lie so near her; servingmen have ere now proved themselves no eunuchs, with their masters¹ daughters; if I were SD lusty as some of my own tribe, it were no great labour to commit a burglary upon a maidenhead; but all my nourishment runs upward into brains, and I am glad on 't; a temperate blood is sign of a good liver; I am past tilting.—Here she is, with the second part of her to the same tune, another maid that has a grudging of the green sickness, and wants a man to recover her.

Enter VIOLETTA and PENELOPE.

Pen. Be this enough between us, to bind each to help the other's designs.

Vio. Here is Brains ; he has not yet been drenched.

Pen. He is too subtle.

Vio. How now, Brains?

Bra. As you see, forsooth.

fen. Thou art very sad.

Bra. But I am in sober sadness, I thank my stars.

Vio. Witty!

Bra. As much wit as will keep Brains from melting this hot weather.

Pen. A dry whoreson, not thus to be wrought upon.

\Ande,

Bra. Very good sack and claret in the house.

Pen. Thou hast not tasted?

Bra. D yes, D yes, my brains swim in canary, exceeding excellent sack; I thank you, ladies, I know it is your pleasure I should not want the best blood of the grape, in hope there might be a stone in my cup to mar my drinking afterwards:—

Enter SENSIBLE with a letter.

Mistress Sensible I what jig's in the wind, she moves so nimbly ?

Pen. From whom?

Sens. Master Fowler.

Bra. A letter! whence flew that paper kite?

Pen. What is this?

Bra. Another enclosed, without direction; happily observed.

Pen. [*Reads.*] "If you can love, I will study to deserve, and be happy to give you proof of my service; in the mean time it shall be a testimony of your favour to deliver this inclosed paper to your cousin, from her servant Aimwell. Farewell, and remember Fowler."

Look you, cousin, what Master Fowler writes; I dare trust you with the secret. At your opportunity peruse this paper.

Bra. Conveyances! I read juggling in that paper already; and though you put it up I will not. Dh, for so much magic to conjure that paper out of her bosom into my pocket I now I do long to know what pitiful lover, for it can be no other, is doing penance in that white sheet already.—[*Aside.*']—Mistress Sensible, hark ye; whence came that letter?

Sens. From Master Fowler to my mistress.

Bra. It is a she letter, it seems.

Sens. A she letter; why so?

Bra. Because it had a young one in the belly of it, or I am much mistaken.

Pen. Does he not write like a bold gamester?

Bra. And a bowling-gamester, too, for his bias was towards my mistress; but I may chance to cast a rub in his way, to keep him from kissing.¹ [*Aside.*]

Vio. He hath very good parts in him, questionless; but do you love him?

Bra. D the cunning of these gipsies! how, when they list, they can talk in a distinguishable dialect; they call men foxes, but they make tame geese of some of us; and

¹ These are all bowling terms; the mistress was the stationary bowl at which the players aimed,

yet, like one of those in Rome, I may prove so happy to preserve your distressed capital.—What news brings this kickshaw? *[Aside,*

Enter WINNIFRED.

Win. Master Fowler desires to speak with you.

Bra. Already ! he might have delivered his own letter. *[Aside.*

Via. I'll to my chamber.

Bra., It will do very well. *[Aside.*

Vio. I hope you will be careful that I am not troubled with any visit of gentlemen; it will become your officiousness, good Dametas, to have a care of your charge Pamela.¹

Bra. So I can suffer this jest. *[Exit.*

Vw. Ha ! is he gone? I am glad of it, I will take this opportunity to read the paper Master Aimwell sent me. No superscription !

Re-enter BRAINS, behind.

Bra. She is at it already; thus far off I can read her countenance, if she spare her voice.

Vio. *[Reads.]*

"I do not court your fortune, but your love
If my wild apprehension of it prove
My error, punish gently, since the fire
Conies from yourself, that kindled my desire.
So my poor heart, full of expectance, lies
To be your servant, or your sacrifice."

It shall be answered. *[Exit.*

Bra. It shall! the game's afoot: were I best to discover thus much, or reserve it to welcome home the old knight withal? I will be more familiar with this juggling, first: the scvener has a name, and if he be worth his own ears, he shall be worth my discovery.

Re-enter PENELOPE with FDWLER.

Here come the gallant and the t'other toy, now.

¹ Dametas ia the foolish shepherd, in Sir P, Sidney's *Arcadia*, in whose charge J'amela was placed by the king her father.

Pen. I received your letter, sir.

Fow. In good time.

Pen. You might have spared your hand a labour if you had resolved to put your feet upon this expedition,

Bra. GoDd.

Fow. I confess I wrote something in my own cause; but the chief cause was to convey my friend's affection to his mistress.

Bra. And I will convey your affection to somebody else. *[Exit.*

Pen. Then you made me a property?

Fow. It is for your honour, if you help any way to advance an honest business; and yet, mistake me not; though the rack should enforce it from me—without a second reason I had not wrote to you; yet, for so much as concerned myself, by this kiss, my pen hath but set down the resolution of my heart to serve you.

Pen. To serve me! how?

Fow. How! why, any way: give me your livery, I will wear it, or a coat with a cognizance,¹ by this light, I fear you are an heretic still, and do not believe as you should do; come, let me rectify your faith, serve you.

Pen. Since the compliment of service came up, gentlemen have had excuse for their love. I would not have you serve me, sir.

Fow. Not serve you! Why, do you think a man cannot love and serve too?

Pen. Not one serve two, well.

Fow. You are too literal; and yet in the strict sense I have known a woman has served half a dozen gentlemen handsomely; so, so; and yet the last had enough of her too: why should not one man serve two gentlewomen? it argues against your sex, that you are more insatiable of the two. But I have a simple affection, I protest, and individual; I'll ne'er serve but one.

Pen. But one at once!

¹ A badge bearing the arms or crest of the family.

Fow. But one at once, and but one always, by this diamond.

Pen. Nay, keep your oath, sir.

Fow. I am forsworn if I do not; for I vowed, before I came, to bestow it; come, wear it in your bosom, it shall be an earnest of more precious jewels, though not of so bright a lustre, that will follow.

Pen. I pray, sir, resolve me one thing, and be plain.—Do you love me?

Fow. Love you!

Pen. It is my question.

Fow. It is a very foolish one; to what purpose have I been talking all this while, that you make it a question? has not it been the theme of all my discourse hitherto, that I do love you?

Pen. In what sense?

Fow. In what sense? Why, in any sense, at your own choice, or in all the senses together, an you doubt me: I do love to see your face, hear your voice, smell your breath, touch your tree, and taste your golden apples.

Pen. But this does not satisfy me.

Fow. You do not doubt my sufficiency, do you?

Pen. Now you are immodest; I only ask if you love me.

Fow. And have I not told you? Fray teach me a better way to express it. Does a wise man love fools' fortune, and a nobleman another beside my lady? Does the devil love an usurer, a great man his flatterer, the lawyer a full term, or the physician a dead time to thnve in?

Pen. Spare yourself; this is but coarse love.

Fow. I'll spin it finer and finer every day, sweet; to be plain with thee, what dost thou think of me for a husband? I love thee that way.

Pen. Would you did else. *[Aside.*

Fow. Is there anything in me would commend itself, that I may spare my other commendations? for I am

resolved to be yours at any rate of my own praise, or what I can purchase from my friends.

Pen. Sir, if your meaning be no stranger to your language, although I cannot promise myself, you bind me to be thankful for it.

Fow. She nibbles already, *[Aside.*

Pen. But pardon me if I suspect you still [you are too wild and airy to be constant to that affection.

Enter BRAINS and WORTHY.

Bra. There be the pigeons.

Wor. An't be no worse I care not.—Master Fowler, A most welcome friend.

Fow. I would be to your daughter,

Bra. Let her use to entertain him so, and he will bid himself welcome.—*[Aside.]*—Hark you, sir, you do like his company.

Wor. Yes,

Bra. So I say, but if I were worthy to give your daughter counsel, she should have a special care how she treads, for if this gentleman be not a whoremaster, he is very like one, and if she chance any way to crack her Venice glass, it will be not so easily soldered.

Wot. Meddle with your charge, sir, and let her alone.

Bra. I have done; here is a fresh gamester.

Enter MANLY.

Man. By your noble leave.

Wor. You are welcome, sir.

Man. I was directed hither to find a gentleman.

Fow. Manly, how is't ?

Man. I was to inquire for you at your lodging.

Fow. Pray know this gentleman, lady; — Master Worthy, he'll deserve your acquaintance.

Man. You oblige my services.—But what make you here, my woman-errant?

Wvr. Come hither, Penelope.

Fow. Soliciting a cause of Venus.

Man. I suspect as much; but with her? is she a whore?

Fow. No, but I'll do the best to make her one; she loves me already, that's some engagement- I dare trust thee with my sins.—Who's here? Aimwell and Clare!

Enter AIMWELL, CLARE, and BRAINS.

Wor. Withdraw yourself.

Foiv. Frank!

Aim. Master Worthy.

Wor. A knot of friends.

Aim. What of my letter? *[Aside to Fowltr.]*

Fow. 'Tis delivered [you must expect.

Wor. What news, gentlemen?

Aim. We hear none • you visit the Exchange, sir; pray furnish us.

Bra. What do all these butterflies here? I do not like it. *[Aside.]*

Aim. I hope your daughter is in health?

Wor. Perfect, I thank Heaven.

Aim. And your niece, at whose naming I am bold to tender my thanks for your last friendship; I might have plunged by this time into passion, had not you nobly, just as I was falling, prevented my unhappiness.

Wor. Your opinion of what I did gives value to the action; however, 'twas a duty I was bound to.

Bra. This is the youth, I'll pawn my brains; —*[Aside.]*—Hark you, sir, what do you call this gentleman?

Clare. Master Aimwell.

Bra. He may shoot short for all his aiming- he wears bachelors¹ buttons, does he not?

Clare. Yes, old truepenny and loops, too; thou art jealous, now.

Bra. Dne word more.

Fow. I have a plot, and thou must help me,

Man. Let it be a safe one.

Aim. May we not see her?

Wor. Brains, where's thy mistress ?

Bra. She's a little busy.

Few. Who's that?

Wor. My niece.

Fow. An she be but a little busy she's more than half at leisure.

Bra. Do not you know that a woman is more troubled with a little business, than some men with managing the troubles of a whole commonwealth ? it has been a proverb, "as busy as a hen with one chicken;" marry, an she had twenty, twenty to one she would not be so fond of them.

Wor. He says right.—Gentlemen, we are friends; it is my brother's pleasure, who is her father, to deny frequent access to her, till he hath finished a design; for my part, I am not of his mind, nor shall my daughter be a prisoner to his fancy:—you see, sir, I do not seclude her; if she choose within any limits of reason, I move in her.

Aim. You speak nobly.

Enter WHIBBLE.

Whib. Sir George Richley, sir, and Sir Nicholas Treedle, are newly arrived.

Wor. My brother! acquaint my niece.

Bra. Tis my office, I'll do it. *[Exit.*

Man. Shall's stay ?

Aim. By all means; let's see the doughty knight that must free the lady from her enchanted castle.

Clare. Didst ever see him ?

Aim. ND; but I've heard his character.

Man. Prithee let's have it.

Aim. They say he's one, was wise before he was a man, for then his folly was excusable; but since he came to be of age, which had been a question till his death, had not the law given him his father's lands, he is grown wicked enough to be a landlord : he does pray but once

a year, and that's for fair weather in harvest ; his inward senses are sound, for none comes from him; he speaks words, but no matter, and therefore is in election to be of the peace and quorum, which his tenants think him fit for, and his tutor's judgment allows, whom he maintains to make him legs and speeches. He feeds well himself, but, in obedience to government, he allows his servants fasting days ; he loves law, because it killed his father, whom the parson overthrew in a case of tithes; and, in memory, wears nothing suitable; for his apparel is a cento, or the ruins of ten fashions. He does not much care for Heaven, for he's doubtful of any such place; only hell he's sure of, for the devil sticks to his conscience: therefore, he does purpose, when he dies, to turn his sins into alms-houses, that posterity may praise him for his bountiful ordination of hot pottage; but he's here already: you may read the rest as he comes towards you.

Enter Sir GEORGE RICHLEY, Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE,
and Tutor.

Wor. Brother!

Rich. Let your kindest respects meet this gentleman.

Wor. Sir Nicholas Treedle, I desire you would wnte me in the number of your servants.

Treed. Tis granted.—Gentlemen, I have an ambition to be your eternal slave.

Fow. 'Tis granted.

Tut. And I to be your everlasting servant.

Aim. 'Tis granted.

Clare. A couple of cockloches.¹

Enter PENELOPE, VIDLETTA, WINNIFKED, SENSIBLE,
and BRAINS.

Rich. Here comes my daughter.

Treed. [To PENELOPE.]—Lady, and mistress of my heart, which hath long melted for you,—

¹ Silly coxcombs. Fr. *Coqueluchc*.

Rich. This is my daughter.

Treed. Then it melted for you, lady,

Fow. His heart is whole again.

Treed. Vouchsafe to entertain a servant, that shall study to command—

Tut. Well said i

Treed. His extremist possibilities—in your business.

Aim. Abominable courtship 1

Sens. [*Aside to AIMWELL.*] Sir, I am servant to Mistress Violetta, who commends this paper to you.

Aim. D, my best angel!

Bra. As the devil would have it¹ are you there, Sensible?

Fow. Master Worthy, I take my leave,

Wbr. Will you not stay supper?

Man. We are engaged.

Aim. My service shall wait on you, gentlemen.

Clare. And mine.

Treed. Come on, my queen of diamonds,

Rich. Brother, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Bra. If she carry away this letter so, call me shallow-brains : I was never yet cozened in my life :—this night? it shall be so; I will not come with bare relation of your plots,

I'll bring active intelligence that shall tell
Your secret aims, so crush them in the shell.

[*Exit.*]





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—Sir GEORGE RICHTLEY'S *House*. VIOLETTA'S *Bedchamber*.

BRAINS *is discovered with a paper in his hand.*



RA. Sure this is it, my mistress and her maid are both fast still, I have watched under the bed all night, to rob hei pocket of this paper, and I have done it. Some fellow, at this opportunity, would have wriggled himself into one

of their flesh.

Vio. Who's there? Sensible?

Bra. Death ! her tongue is awake already.

Vio. Who's in the chamber?

Bra. Help me, brains, before she wakes the t'other.—
'Tis I, forsooth, but looking for the chamber-pot,

[*Counterfeits SENSIBLE'S voice.*

Vio. Beshrew you for your noise.

Bra. Where's the door? [*Stumbles.*

Sens. Who's there?

Bra. The t'other spirit is raised in the trundle-bed.¹
What will become of me now ?

[SENSIBLE *comes forward.*

Sens. Here's nobody.

¹ In the trundle-bed. A low bed occupied by the irrvanls that ran on castors, and was only drawn put at night from beneath the other bed.

Vio. Make an end, and get thee to bed.

Sens. An end of what? Does she talk in her sleep? she was not wont.

Bra. So, so! [Exit.

Sens. [Gottig to the door]—Ha! the spring is open, I might forget to make it fast last night, 'Tis so; and happily some cur or cat Has been in the chamber, for I hear a noise About the door; I'll make it fast, And so to bed again; I think it is day already. [Retires.



SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same*

Enter Tutor in his goju/i, with a paper.

Tutor. So; this fancy, wrote for Sir Nicholas, like a forked arrow, points two ways; wenches are caught with such conceits: they will imagine it none of his invention, then,—whose but mine? my person does invite more acceptance, but the father aims at the estate; no matter, if I can insinuate myself into her opinion; 'tis no impossibility, her portion will be enough for both. Shall I live still dependent, and not seek Ways to advance myself? busy my brains In ballads to the giddy chambermaids? Beggar myself with purse and pincushion? When she that is the mistress may be mine? Twill be a masterpiece if I can gull him.— But he's here already.

Enter Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE with a paper.

Treed. Noble Tutor I 'morrow to you! have you finished the whimsey for my mistress already?

Tutor. I have done it; this paper tarries the love-powder.

Treed, For fear you had forgotten me, I have made a

quibbling in praise of her myself; such a one as will fetch up her heart, Tutor.

- *Tutor*. That were a dangerous vomit, sir; take heed of that,

Treed. Ay, but I will not hurt her, I warrant thce; an she die within a twelvemonth and a day, I'll be hanged for her.

Tutor. Will you, sir?

Treed. Many will I. Look you, sir.—But first let me see yours.—Can you not write it in my own hand? I shall hardly read it.

Tutor. I'll read it to you.

Treed. Sir George!—GIVE me it!

Enter Sir GEORGE RICHLEY and WORTHY.

Rich. See, they are at it.

Treed' And how do you like it?

Wor. 'Morrow, noble Sir Nicholas.

Rich. 'Morrow, gentlemen!

Treed. 'Morrow to you both.—Sir George, I have been making poetry this morning.

Tutor. He has a subtle fancy.

Rich. What's the subject?

Tutor. No subject, but the queen of his affections.

Treed. I scorn subjects; 'tis my empress your daughter's merit¹ hath set my Muse on fire.

Tutor. Read, sir.

Treed. No, you shall read them for me.

Tutor. 'Tis a hue and cry, sir.

Rich. A hue and cry! for what?

Treed. For what! why, for somewhat, I'll warrant you.

Tutor. You may call it "Love's hue and cry."

Treed. Call it what you will, I know what it is.

Wor. Are you so poetical?

Treed. I have been dabbling in Helicon; next to travel, 'tis all my study.—Mark the invention.

¹ Did copy, "muse." Giffbrd suggesLid "merit."¹

Tutor. [*Reads*] " In Love's name you are charged hereby
Tu make a speedy hue and cry,
After a face, who t' other day
Came and stole my heart away ;
For your directions in brief
These are best marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle : her clear brow
Is a comely field of snow.
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
As when it shines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
Lilies, married to the rose,
Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
Her lips betray their virgin red,
As they only blushed for this,
That they one another kiss,
But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she, oh, take her t'ye,
None can rock Heaven asleep but she.¹¹

Treed. How do you like my pippin of Parnassus, gentlemen?

Rich. Wvr. Very handsome.

Treed. Nay, Til warrant you, my Tutor has good furniture in him.

Wor. I do not think he made them. [*Aside to RICH.*

Treed. Now you shall hear some verses of my own making.

Rich. Your own I did you not make these ?

Tutor. He betrays himself. [*Aside.*

Treed. Hum : yes, I made them too, my Tutor knows.

Tutor. I'll take my oath who made them.

Treed. But I wrote them for another gentleman that had a mistress.

Rich. My daughter, you said.

Treed. I may say so; but, - that their faces are no thing alike, you would hardly know one from t' other. For your better understanding, I will read them myself.—

¹¹ Her foot—"

Wor. Do you begin there ?

Treed. Dh, I will rise by degrees.

[*Reads.*] " Her foot is feat¹ with diamond toes,
But she with legs of ruby goes:
Thighs loadstones, and do draw unto her
The iron pm of any wooer."

Wor. Precious conceit!

Treed. " Her head—"

Rich. Her head!

Wor. You were between her thighs but now.

Treed. 'Tis my conceit: I do now mean to go downwards again, and meet where I left, in the middle—

[*Reads.*] " Her head is opal, neck of sapphire,
Breast carbuncles, shine like a fire ;
And the naked truth to tell ye,
The very mother of pearl her belly.
How can she choose but hear my groans,
That is composed of precious stones?"¹

Wor. Ay, marry, sir.

Treed. Now, " If you lik't you may."³

Wor. A word with you, sir: pray what do you think of youT pupil ?

Tutor. I think nothing, sir.

Wor. But deal ingenuously; your opinion ?

Tutor. Shall I tell you ?

Wor. Pray, sir.

Tutor. Nothing.

¹ Fashioned.

⁹ Tim ia from the prologue to Ben Jonion's *Cynthia's Revels*, and was popular as a playful defiance.

Wor. I think so too. What doth my brother mean, to make this fond election ?

Tutor. For my own part, you hear me say nothing; but the good parts and qualities of men are to be valued.

Wor. This fellow's a knave ; I smell him.

Tutor. Something has some savour.

Treed. When you please; name your own time; I'm ready to be married at midnight.

Rich. About a seven-night hence.

Treed. Let it be three or four, I care not how soon. Is breakfast ready?

Rich. It waits upon you.

Treed. I do love to eat and drink in a morning, though I fast all day after.

Rich. I'll follow, brother.

Wor. We'll both attend.

[*E*][*wnt.*



SCENE III.—AIMWELL'S Lodgings.

Enter AIMWELL with a letter.

Aim. This opportunity let my covetous eye
Take to enrich itself; but first prepare
With reverence, as to an altar, bring
No careless but religious beams along
With you to this new object; this small paper
Carries the volume of my human fate,
I hold my destiny betwixt two fingers,
And thus am I wrapt up without a name,
Being, or expectation of world's joy
More than this table [when the curtain's drawn]
Presents in character to my thirsty eyesight.—
Hail, thou ambassador from thine and my
Mistress, bringing peace, or unkind war,
Thou emblem of her whiteness, which I kiss,
And thus again salute

Enter Boy and CLARE.

Boy. There he is, alone.

Clare. So, leave us.

{*Exit Boy.*

Aim. Coming from her,

Can it be guilty of defiance to me ?

Had she not meant me happy, she had given

My letter to the flame, and with it I,

In those thin ashes had been buried,

Nor had she deigned this answer, which the circumstance

Df my receiving prompts me to believe

Gracious; the gentle messenger commended it,

Not as a thing she would have public, but

With eyes full of suspicion, [which had been

Needless, had she contemned my services;)

So, smilingly, departed. Thus I sent my paper,

Which what but love taught her to imitate ?

Without a superscription.—[*Seeing CLARE.*—Dh, Clare, welcome,

welcome to that shall make thy heart dance in thy bosom if thou beest a friend, and canst rejoice to know me happy. You thought me ridiculous, and that I did with too much flattery of myself, expound your story. Had I been, like thee, of frosty apprehension, and cold, phlegmatic judgment, I had missed a blessing that wanton Jove would have been nval for. Dost see this paper?

Clare. Nothing on the outside?

Aim. 'Tis inly precious.

Clare. You have not searched the lining, that you promise so.

Aim. I see through it; hast thou not heard the perfect magnet

Will, though inclosed within an ivory box,

Through the white wall shoot forth embracing virtue

To the loved needle? I can read it, Clare,

And read a joy in't that transports me; this

Came from my mistress; having touched her hand,
Whence it received a, whiteness, hath it not
Brought incense too ? dispersing a rich breath,
Sweeter than all Arabian spicery,
About the room, in which, while it remains,
We suck in perfumed air, It came from her,
My honest Clare, from her, whose rare wit taught,
When in thy dull opinion I was lost,
My apprehension a new hope to thrive
In my ambitious love.—Excellent woman '
The top of all creation, I shall be
At once too happy.—Unrip thou the seal,
Read it, and let thy voice convey it gently,
Lest I be surfeited. But why should any
Be honoured to receive her loving letter '
But I, to whom she hath directed it ?
By thy leave, silent paper;—confident
Of bliss, I open my Elysium,
And let my soul into it.—Ha '—
Laden with mighty hopes, how despoately
Have I launched forth, and find a storm !

[Reads.

Clare. What's this ? Your own letter returned !
Can it be otherwise than in scorn ?

Aim. In scorn !

Clare. Have you not now cause of triumph ? who is
now the truer prophet ? You would nourish hope in spite
of reason; now you feel a punishment in her derision.

Aim. Is this credible ?

Clare. Credible I 'Tis no wonder in a woman;
Though she had promised, vowed, affection to you,
It had not been a miracle to find
A change in her affection; yet you cannot
Accuse her much.

Aim. Appeared I so unworthy,
That 'mong so many ways she had to express
At what poor value she esteemed my proffered

¹ The Words "loving letter" Were supplied by Gifford.

Service, her pride could find out none but this,
To send me mine own again I

Clare. Do but imagine

You sent a servant with a message to hei,
She not within, he is returned again
Without an answer.

Aim. Incivility I

She might have thanked me, and subscribed her name?
I was not bound to her observance.

Clare. Come, be free again.

Aim. I will be so j with this
That I could cancel my affection !

[Tears the Utter in pieces.

Clare. What do you mean? it "having touched her
Is full of incense and Arabian spicery;" [hand,
You are too prodigal of your perfume.

Aim. Do not thou mock me, too.

Clare. Well, I have done.

Aim. Would I had so ! I cannot empty all
My torment I wherefore should a man love woman?
Such airy mockeries ; nothing but mere echo?,
That owe their being to our opinion,
And in reward of honouring them, send back
As scornfully the language we bestowed,
Dut of our too much dotage.

Clare. If they send
All they receive from us, accuse them not,
We have our hearts again.

Aim. And I'll have mine.
I will, I have not yet: here wants a guest,
Invite him home again. Why should not I
Be as coy as she, and with as much neglect
Throw her behind my thoughts ? Instruct me with
Witty revenge, and thou shalt see me toss"
This shuttlecock with as much pride; and when
I'm sated with this sport, let fall this vanity
Into as low disdain; pshal

Clare. Nobly resolved!

Aim. Come, to a tavern ; drench the memDry
Of these poor thoughts.

Clare. Let's seek out Master Fowler ami Manly.

Aim. And warmed with sack, we'll try
Who can make satires best,

Clart. A match ' let's to them. [Exeunt.



SCENE IV.—FOWLERS Lodgings.

FOWLER, *as if sick, upon a couch; and MANLY disguised as
a Physician attending him: phials, &c. on a table,*

Fow. An thou dost not play the doctor handsomely,
I'll set the College of Physicians upon thee, for practising
without a license.

Man. Can you be sick ?

Fow. I would but counterfeit.

Man. So must I the physician.

Fow. I have known a spruce eitpiric hath given his
patient two or three stools with the bare repetition of
crude words and knotty sentences, which have come
from him like a phlegm, which, besides the operation
in the hearers, who admire him for it; while he beats
like a drum, at their barrel head, and turns their brains
like beer, does him the benefit to scour his own dirty
maw, whose dregs else would putrify; and infest his
cheeks worse than a gangrene.

Man. Are you sure she will visit you ?

Fow. As sure as I am well; for, an I were sick and
would sleep, I would rather take a nap on the ridge of
Etna, and the fall of deafening Nilus, than endure the
visitation of any of their tribe.—[Knocking within.—
One knocks; my pillow, and lay my head in the aching
posture.

Enter AIMWELL and CLARE.

Man. Tis Aimwell and Clare.

Aim. Where's my witty bacchanalian?—How now? what means this apothecary's shop about thee? art physical?

Fow. Sick, sick.

Aim. Didst not look in a glass to-day? how scurvily this nightcap shows upon thee!

Clare. What's the disease?

Man. A fever, bir.

Aim. Hang fevers! let's to the tavern, and inflame ourselves with lusty wine; suck in the spirit of sack, till we be delphic, and prophesy, my bully-rook.

Fow. Alas!

Aim. A lass! is that the disease! Drench her, drench her in sack: sick for a lass! do not fool thyself beyond the cure of Bedlam; be wise and well again.

Fow. You are merry; it seems you have won the lady.

Aim. What lady? the lady i' the lobster? I was half sick for a foolish thing called a woman; a toy took me in the head, and had like to have taken away my heart too; but I have recovered. Do not trust thy body with a physician, he'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a seven-night after.

Man. These are no doctors.

Aim. Doctor! art a Parisian, a Paduan, or a Leyden¹ doctor? How many, and be true to us, hast thou killed the last spnng? will it puzzle thy arithmetic, my precious rectifier of nature the wrong way?—Faith, thou must excuse me, Jack, that I cannot condole with thee; by this whey beard of Esculapius, I dare not endanger myself with so much melancholy, lest I fall into a relapse. —Whom have we here?

¹ The old copy reads, "Li 'den"—perhaps the author intended to be witty; if so, there ia a pun spoiled,—*Gifford*,

Enter WHIBBLE and PENELOPE disguised.

Whib. Tis reported that Master Fowler is sick, and keeps his chamber; I hope he is within ?

Pen. Noble sir.

Aim. Fair lady.

Pm. How fare you, sir?

Fow. The better to see you here.

Man. Upon the entrance of this gentlewoman, I find your grief much altered.

Pen. Upon mine ?

Man. Yes, and by that I dare presume to say, you are the cause of his distemper?

Pen. I, sir?

Fow. A cunning doctor¹

Man. For I observed, so soon as his searching eye had fastened on her, his labouring pulse, that, through his fever, did before stick hard, and frequent, now exceeds in both these differences ; and this Galen himself found true upon a woman that had doted upon a fencer.

Clare. Ay!

Whib. She did long for t'other bout then ? [*Aside.*

Pen. Give us leave, pray.

[*AIMWELL and the others walk aside.*

Aim. A very pretty fellow.

Clare. Well skilled i' the pulse.

Aim. You know my disease too, do you not? will not my complexion give you the hint on't ?

Man. You are not very well.

Aim. How, sir?

Man. By your favour, you will come to't.

Aim. To what?

Man. To a burning fever.—Is there not one woman in the world ?—

Aim. I think there is, and too much of that; what then ? what conclude you?

Man. Nothing but syrup of violet would comfort you, going to bed.

Aim. Violet!

Clare. He has given it you.

Fow. It does me good, lady, to feel you by the hand.

Pen. Would it were in my power to recover you.

Fow. The doctor, I thank him, has taken pains with me } but he says—nothing will do me good—

Pen. Nothing?

Fow. But that which is another sickness to reveal.

Pen. Pray, sir, acquaint me.

Fow. I know you love me. I have a great mind, an 'twere but for two or three minutes, to have a maid warm my bed—

Pen. That may be done.

Fow. With her body—else 'twill do me no good, the doctor says—to put life in some of my limbs, a little virgin warmth would do it.

Pen. You have a burning fever.

Fow. But now and then I have such cold fits again—and 'tis the doctor's opinion—a very learned man.

Pen. A learned pander. [Aside.

Man. He's at it,

Fow. Doctor!

Clare. [To AIMWELL.] Again passionate I

Aim. Why, I may love her name without offence to you, Why did he waken my remembrance? I had forgotten her.

Clare. Think upon her scorn, then.

Aim. I have done: and till I hear her name again, I will throw this dulness off.

Clare. Let's choose another subject.

How closely they consult! the doctor is in a fit of counsel; I suspect some juggling—he comes off; I'll gage a limb this fellow's an impostor.

Aim. Is there not much danger in him?

Man. Within two minutes, gentlemen, I have discovered happier symptoms.

Aim. So, sir.

Man. The redundant choleric matter—

Aim. 'Tis no matter, sir.

Man. I think you do not love him.

Clare. Pursue it.

Ann. What shall I give you to poison him?

Man. How?

Aim. Would he were in Heaven ! do you like well of this complexion ? [*Shows* *him money.*]

Man. It shall hire me to kill your father.

Pen. To show how much I value, sir, your life,
For I believe you do not mock, soon as
Your strength will give you leave to visit me
At my father's house, where I can command
An opportunity, my true love shall
Present you with your wishes; my maid only
Shall be of counsel to admit you ; but
You'll make me satisfaction by marriage?

Fow. At a minute's warning.

Pen. One thing more; ere I give up my honour, I will have your oath no other woman hath enjoyed your person,

Fow. Willingly; alas! I could ne'er be tempted, and but that there is a kind of necessity—

Pen. Be confident of my best love.

Fow. Seal it now ; {*Kisses* *her.*
I feel my spirits gather force already,
My blood shake off the corrupt humour; ha?
What an I go home with you, lady?

Pen. You are pretty well already, then ' you may excuse our meeting.

Fow. D, no, no; we are all apt to flatter ourselves.
Farewell, sweet lady,—if I live, I'll see you; if I die—

Pen. Whibble—

Whth. At hand and foot to do you service.

\Exeunt PEN. and WHIB.

Aim. You will poison him?

Man. He is dead; as you find me in this, let me have your custom.

Aim. You quicksalving rogue ! [Beats Jiim.

Man. Do ; be valiant. [Discovers himself.

Fow. A stratagem, my noble Tully, a stratagem; she's my own, the castle of comfort is yielding up; I see it prostrate already, my valiant engineer.

~ *Clare.* The old humour; now has he the promise of some maidenhead.

Fow. The believing creature could not hold out.

Aim. If you thrive so well in your wench, I am no company for you.

Fow. Not for me! I'll worry thee, Frank, to death, if thou flinchest. To the Oracle,¹ boys, thou shouldst hunt, as I do, these wanton rabbit-suckers. Come, we'll have thy story in Apollo, now my own tale is over. I'll busy my brains to set thy wheals in a handsome motion again. Bold as I am, let no denial make thee remove thy siege; they must come to parly, make but wise conditions, and the fort's thine own, I warrant thee. Come, to the Oracle' [exeurt..



SCENE V.—A Room in Sir GEORGE RICHLEY'S
House.

Enter BRAINS with a letter.

Bra. Crack, my sides, with laughter: here's a purchase happier than I expected; her own letter to Aim-well! his [which was the most I could hope for) would have been but presumption, this is evidence against the world; to this have I added seal and superscription to the old knight my master, Oh, how I could hug myself

¹ Tonson's club-room at the Devil tavern. The allusion is to the line over the door, "To the Oracle of Apollo."—Gifford,

with the thought on't I they may talk of women's wit, 'tis as slender as their apron-strings, from whence they fetch it; they have no reaches in them. Here comes my mistress's moveable,—

Enter SENSIBLE.

she shall do the feat.—Mistress Sensible, here's a letter to my master; I am going in some haste to dispatch some business [when he comes, at opportunity do so much as deliver it, wilt?

Sens. A greater courtesy than this for you.

Bra. Oh, that I were a youth of one and twenty again!—

Sens. What then?

Bra. Hear my wish out,—and ten thousand pounds in a musty coffer, a house well furnished, acres enough of my own about it, fifty ploughs a going, twenty horse in the stable, beside a caruch and six Flanders mares; ten tall knaves in livery, eight velvet pages, six footmen 'in cadis ; I would marry thee, love thee, be with thee, and get so many Erains without sage, as should furnish any nation in Christendom with politicians, girl. Farewell, sweet, kind Sensible! *[Exit.*

Sens. What crotchets be these? the fellow's mad, I think.

Enter VIOLETTA, hastily.

Vio. Dh, look, Sensible, seek everywhere about the chamber; I have lost the letter Aimwell sent me. If we should be discovered, we are quite undone. What's that in thy hand?

Sens. A letter.

Vio. Whence?

Sens. I know not; 'twas left hers, and Brains, having some business to dispatch, requested me to deliver it.

Vio. Let me see't. "To the right worshipful Sir George Richley." I see him coining; lose no time;

¹ The cheap worsted fringe or lace with which the bverics of ervanta were trimmed.

employ thy diligence to search for mine; I will deliver this.

Sens. I shall, mistress.

[Exit.

Vio. My father presses me to marry Treedle: short time's allowed for the prevention.

Enter Sir GEORGE RICHLEY.

My good angel assist me.—Here's a letter, sir.

Rich. Whence?

Vio. I know not; your servant Brains received it.

[RICHLEY opens the letter and reads.

Rich. What's here?—Daughter, do not you know whence this letter came?

Vio. Not I, sir.

Rich. You cannot be so ignorant.

Vio. What means my father?

Rich. You are familiar with the contents?

Vio. I beseech you, sir, have no suspicion.

Rich. I'll read it to you.—*[Reads.]* "Master Aimwell, I received your letter, and praise your apprehension; upon the first view of your person, I conceived opinions of your merit, the flame is now too great to be suppressed: it is no time to protract your hopes, nor dishonour in me to yield upon noble conditions at the first summon; I accept your love, and require your industry to prevent my father's purpose. My servant Sensible you may trust; I will use some invention to delay my expected marriage. Farewell."

Vio. My harsh fate!

[Aside.

Rich. Do you know this character? Where's my man Brains?

Vio. Your man devil.

[Aside.

Re-enter BRAINS.

Bra. Did your worship call?

Rich. Oh, my best servant.—

Does not thy very soul blush to deceive me?

Bra. What's the matter, mistress?

Vio. Hear me, I beseech you.

Rich. In the height and puzzle of my care to make
Thee happy, to conspire thy overthrow !

I will not hear.

Bra. Good sir.

Vto. This was your work, you can read.

Bra. And write, too, the superscription of a lettei
or so.

Rich. Where's Sensible?

Re-enter SENSIBLE.

For your good service to your mistress, housewife,
Pack up your trinkets, I here discharge you.

Bra. I hope you are Sensible?

Vio. Oh, wench, my father hath my letter.

Sens. Yours !

Vio. And I, mistaking, sealed and returned Aimwell
that which he sent.

Sens. How came he by it?

Vio. Talk not of that. Oh, for some heart to help us '
[Thcy converse aside]

Bra. Let me counsel you not to express any violence
in your passions, lest you mar the possibility of redaim-
ing her' it seems Aimwell has missed the intelligence.
Where shame is enforced too much upon the delinquent,
it begets rather an audacious defence of the sin, than
repentance. Soft rain slides to the root, and nourishes,
where great storms make a noise, wet but the skin i' the
earth, and run away in a channel.

Sens. A most rare project i

Vio. It will appear the same ; bolh made together,
Which, since my sister's death, I have not worn.

Rich. Which of my cares reward'st thou with this
folly?

Vio. Sir, can you pardon ?

fiich. I love you but too well; go to your chamber.

Vio. But must we part ?

Rich. Dispute it not.

Bra. 'Bye, sweet Mistress Sensible ! I hope we shall meet again as merry as we part.

Sens. 'Tis very violent, but we obey your pleasure; I have only apparel, and some few trifles—

***Rich.* Take them all with you, and be gone.**

Via. Beside my own misfortune, I have cause to pity thine ; my father is displeased, and not unjustly.—Happy genius!—

[*Exeunt VIDLETTA and SENSIBLE.*

Rich. So, things must be managed wisely; I will hasten the marriage.

Bra. By all means let it be sudden.

Rich. Within two days—to-morrow.

Bra. I would not sleep till she be married—but carry things smooth ; let not the knight suspect you are troubled; your daughter will be fetched about with a bias again.

Rich. How thou deserv'st me! let us in.

Bra. Hereafter, for my sake, and subtle pains,
Whoe'er is wise, let the world call him Brains.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—AIMWELL'S Lodgings.

Enter AIMWELL and SENSIBLE.



IM. Can this be true?

Sens. As I have faith to Heaven.

Aim Take this, and this, and this, for
thy sAveet story. *[Gives her money.*

Thou hast entranced me with thy lan-
guage : laden

With my despairs, like a distressed bark
I gave myself up lost in the imagined
Tempest; but at point of striking
Upon a rock, what a celestial gale
Makes my sails swell with comfort' and enforcing
My ship into the channel, I do feel it
Bound on the waves, discretion at the helm,
Which passion had forsaken; I now bless
The minute I weighed anchor; oh, my destiny,
Dwell longer on this thread, and make it firm ,
Upon it hangs the weight of such a fortune,
That, if it crack, will, swifter than Jove's flaming
Arrow, dig my grave in the earth's centre.
Forgive me, sacred sex of women, that
In thought or syllable, I have declaimed
Against your goodness, I will redeem it
With such religious honouring your names,
That when I die, some ne'er thought-stained virgin
Shall make a relic of my dust, and throw

My ashes, like a charm, upon those men
Whose faiths they hold suspected, To what pitch
Of blessedness are my thoughts mounted I

Sens. Sir,

This is an opportunity for action ;
Time will run fast upon the minute.

Aim. Pardon

The trespass of my joy, it makes me wild;
I am too well rewarded for my suffering,
Promise thyself a noble recompense.

Enter MANLY and CLARE.

Man. Come, have you finished your discourse yet ?

Aim. You are my friends; *[Exit SENSIBLE.*

I was deceived in my Violetta,
She loves, she has sent me proof; but a mistake
Sent back my letter, and detained her answer,
Which was betrayed to her father. But keep your
wonder

To honour her rare wit, which, if the stars
Show themselves not malicious, will assure
All my desires in her; a divine project;
She is the master-engine; you must work too,
Will you not, friends ?

Clare. Man. You know you may command us.

Aim. Then spread your bosoms; you shall straight
procure

A caroch' be ready on the back side of my lodging ;
Do not lose time in questioning; my fate
Depends upon your haste.

Man. Promise it done. *[Exit.*

Aim. You shall disguise yourself; I must employ you
In rougher action.

Clare. I refuse no office
To advance your hopes. -

Aim. My certainties: on thee

The frame of¹ our whole building leans Come on.
Move slowly, time, until our work be done. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir GEORGE RICHLEY'S House.*

Enter VIOLETTA and Tutor.

Vio. I was not blind to your deserts,
Nor can be so ungrateful now, as not
To give encouragement to your affection;
My father may command my person, never
My love, to marry Treedle

Tutor. He is an ass; I made his best verses for him.

Vio. I thought his fancy could not reach them.

Tutor. His sponce is drier than a pumice.

Vio. There be ways to prevent mamage, for I'm
already changed.

Tutor. You are wise; let us run away together.

Vio. But how shall I be sure your love is firm?

Tutor. Try me, and trust me after.

Vw. And I will, for it shall be a hard task I will
impose on you; dare you fight?

Tutor. If I like my enemy.

Vio. It is a poor old fellow.

Tutor. Then I will kill him; his name?

Vio. My father's servant, Brains.

Tutor. He is dead
By this lime.

Vio. Stay, there is a circumstance
To be observed: by some means I'll procure
He waits on me to the Strand this afternoon——

Enter Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE, and WHIBBLE, z
busied in adjusting the knigWs dress.

Sir Nicholas !——your ear for the rest. [*IVJuspers him.*]

Tutor. He will suspect nothing by our pnvacy;

He bade me take occasion to urge
His good parts to you : should he ask, I'd swear
I did but press his commendations.

Treed. Is thy name Whibble ?

Whib. Yes, an't please your worship.

Treed. I like thee the better for that; my name's

Whib. I thank your worship. [Treedle.

Treed. Hast done hooking o' me ?

Whib. Every eye hath his object already.

Treed. A witty knave ! what place dost thou occupy
under thy master ?

Whib. I am commonly his journeyman, sir.

Treed. How?

Whib. I look to his horses, sir.

Treed. Wilt serve me when I'm married ?

Whib. Alas ! I have no good parts to commend me.

Treed. No good parts I an thou hast but skill in horses
and dogs, thou art fit far any gentleman in England.

Vio. Just at that place assault him.

Tutor. By your fair hand I will. [Exit.

Vio. [Coming forward My delight, how fare you?

Treed. I am studying some witty poesy for thy wedding-ring ; let me see—

Vio. Trouble not your head.—Whibble, entreat my
father hither.

Treed. No matter; I will send to the university.

Vio. Were you ever of any college?

Treed. College I I have had a head in most of the
butteries of Cambridge, and it has been sconced to
purpose. I know what belongs to sizing, and have
answered to my cue in my days; I am free of the whole
university, I commenced with no worse than his majesty's
footmen.

Vio. And ever since you have had a running wit. You
were better consult our wits at home; we have excellent
poets in the town, they say.

Treed. In the town ? What makes so many scholars

then come from Oxford and Cambridge, like market-women, with dossers¹ full of lamentable tragedies, and ridiculous comedies, which they might here vent to the players, but they will take no money for them.

Vio. Oh, my dearest! How happy shall I be when
Tin married. *[Kisses him.]*

Enter Sir GEORGE RICHLEY and WORTHY.

Wor. Look ! they are ingendenng at the lip.

Rich. I like it well.

Via. Why are our joys deferred ?

Rich. But till to-morrow.

Vio. Tis an age, methinks.

Treed. Kind worm!

Wor. This cannot be deceit.

Vio. I want some trifles, the Exchange will furnish me;
Let it be your motion to my father.

Treed. Father and uncle, you will excuse our familiar conversation ; I vow I will be honest till I be mimed; not a touch of my flesh within the walls, only the suburbs of her lips or hands, or so, and when, and when?—is to morrow the day, the day of coupling and so forth? have you got a license ?

Rich. It shall be my next work.

Treed. Pray do, we will be married here, but keep our wedding at my own house at Craydon, we will have the city waites down with us, and a noise² of trumpets; we can have drums in the country, and the train-band, and then let the Spaniards come an they dare !—Dost hear ? here is twenty pieces, you shall fribble them away at the Exchange presently.

Rich. How, sir ?

Treed. By this gold she shall, father.—Lay it out in tooth-picks, I will wear them in my hat.—Come, I will with you for the license.

Rich. Who shall with her?

¹ Baskets.

² Band.

Wor. I must attend a project of my daughter's.

Rich. Brains!

[*Exit.*

Enter BRAINS.

Bra. Sir.

Rich. Wait on my daughter to the Exchange ; observe her carefully.

Bra. 'Point me a minute to return with her [if I fail, put my brains into the pot, and let them be served up with a calfs head, to-morrow for dinner.

Vio. It succeeds to my wish.

[*Aside.*

Treed. Violetta, look you lay out my gold at the Exchange in Bartholomew-fairings ; farewell, Violetta.

[*Exeunt* RICH, and TREED.

Bra. Gome, mistress, will you walk? I would fain see any mortal wit cozen me of my charge now. I will live to be the shame of politicians, and when I am dead, be clapt up into the Chronicles.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.— *A Room in WORTHY'S House.*

Enter FDWLER.

Foiv. Ah, the desire of unlawful flesh! what a conjuring dost thou keep within us to lay this little spirit of concupiscence ' The world and the devil are tame and sprightless temptations, poor traffic, to this staple commodity of whoring: this is the place where I must take shipping for the summer islands; if she keep touch, I will call them Fortunate, and once a week make a love voyage to them. [*Music wWnri*—Ha! are we entertained with music ?

[*One sings within.*

SONG.

Back, back again ! fond man forbeai,
Buy not a minute's play too dear ;
Come with holy flame, and be
Welcome to virtue and to me.

Fow. " Come with holy flame, and be
Welcome to virtue and to me."

Flame ! I bring none with me, and I should be sorry to
meet any fireworks here; for those hereafter I look on
them afar off, and apprehend them with less fear.—
Again I *[Music.*

SONG,

Love a thousand sweets distilling,
And with nectar bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes that none may find us ;
Be above, before, behind us ;
And while we thy pleasures taste,
Enforce time itself to stay,
And by the fore-lock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

Fow. Ay, marry this is another manner of invitement ;
I will to her; but—

Enter WINNIFRED.

Here comes the squire of her mistress's body,—How
does my little taper of virgin wax? thou hast been in
some damp, thou burn'st blue, methinks,

Win. *[In a hoarse voice.]* Noble sir.

Fow. What! a cold?

Win. A great cold; I have lost my voice.

Fow. An thou hast not lost thy maidenhead, it is no
matter; have a little care of thy frank tenement, and
thy tongue will come time enough to itself, I'll warrant
thee ; what place has she chosen for the encounter ?

Win. Her chamber.

Fow. Her chamber!

Win. It is all dark.

Fow. Is it all dark? I commend her policy the
better; then the room, and the deed that must be done
in it, will be of one complexion; so she be light I care
not: prythee convey me to her.'

Win. Follow me.

Fow. As thy shadow.—Woe be to some of the dear sex when a chambermaid is usher to a gentleman.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same, darkened.*

Enter PENELOPE and WORTHY.

Pen. It shall be a harmless trial, sir.

Wor. Go too ; I know thou art virtuous ; put in execution thy purpose, I will be within the reach of thy voice.

[*Retires.*]

Pen. It shall be my security.—
What ill star ruled at my nativity,
That I should be so miserable to love
A man, whose glory is his vice, whose study
Is but to ruin virtue !

Enter WINNIFRED.

Win. Mistress j

Pen. Here, Winnifred.

Win. The gamester waits his entrance, jocund as a bridegroom ; he has forgot his fever.

Pen. Away [you know your charge ; be ready.—[*Exit WIN. PEN. goes to the door, and speaks hoarsely.*].—Where are you, sir? Master Fowler.

Enter FOWLER.

Fow. In hell, if darkness will carry it; yet hell cannot be so black, there are too many flames in it. Thy hand; what monk's hole hast thou brought me to? where is thy mistress?

Pen. This is the way.

Fow. Is this the way? it is a very blind one; the devil can hardly know me if he meet here, that is my comfort: yet if he did, he loves the sin too well to interrupt so precious a meeting. Prithee, child of darkness, conduct me to the handsome fairy I must dance withal.

Pen. It seems your fever hath left you.

Fow. My fever! I forget myself, I should have counterfeited sick all this while, but no matter, an thy mistress know it not— thou art skilful in secrets, and I will deserve it: two or three fits when I am in her presence, will make her keep her promise with me about the cure, for that she thinks I was so: Prithoe do thy office, and bring me to her - I hope she is not within hearing.

Pen. Fear not.

Fow. So, about it then.

Pen. There is a fee belongs to my place first.

Fow. A fee belonging to your place? as I hope for a hmb of thy mistress I had forgot it; there is gold, I can feel it: by this darkness, for thou seest I have no light to swear by, it is weight; quick, periwinkle 1 to thy mistress now.

Pen. This is not enough.

Fow. There is more; take silver and all.

Pen. This is nothing.

Fow. Is it nothing? by this hand, would I could see it; it is all I have; wilt search me?

Pen. There is another fee belongs to us.

Fow. Another fee belongs to us what is that? I must kiss her :—*[Kisses her.]*—thou hast a down lip, and dost twang it handsomely; now to the business.

Pen. This is not all I look for.

Fow. She will not tempt me to come aloft, will she?

[Aside.

Pen. If you could see me, I do blush.

Wor. What does my daughter mean? *[Aside.*

Fow. If I could see her she does blush, she says; it is so : oh the insatiable desires of chambermaids 1 they were wont to look no higher than the groom or servingman, and be thankful; or if the master would be pleased to let them show him this lobby, t'other withdrawing chamber, or the turret, in summer, and take occasion to commend the situation and ED forth, it was after the lady had been served, out of his own mere motion and favour.

fiz *THE WITTY FAIR ONE.*

[ACT iv.

and it was taken as an indgarment for ever of their service and secrecy; now they must be tasters to them in the sweet sin; fees of the court must be paid, or no suit commenced with iniquity.—D Venus, what will this world come to I

Pen. Hear me.

Fow. Yes, I cannot see thee.

Pen. This chamber, by my policy, was made dark.

Fow. "This chamber, by your policy, was made dark," so.

Pen. My mistress expected you without this ceremony.

Fow. "Your mistress expects me without this ceremony."¹¹—Cunning gipsy ! *[Aside.*

Pen. But if you condescend not first—

Fow. "But if I condescend not first;" will she threaten me ? *[Aside.*

Pen. To impart to me the sweet pleasure of your body—

Fow. "To impart to you the sweet pleasure of my body ! "

Pe?i. Indeed, you shall not embrace my mistress, and so forth.

Fow. "Indeed I shall not embrace your mistress, and so forth!" You will justify this to her face? 'tis not that I stand upon a camere,¹ but I will not be compelled to lie with any whore in Chnstendom. Was ever such a goat in nature! Why, hark ye, virgin above ground, for a dark room or a cellar are all one for you, you that are a degree above the kitchen, and make your master's man run mad to hear you play on the virginals: whose breath, though strengthened with garlic, you would suck like a domestic cat at midnight, will not diet down with you, but what is reserved for your mistress's palate? You are in hope to filch 'point from my breeches, which, executed at both ends, you will wear about your smutchy wrist for a bracelet I will seek out thy mistress, rifle hex lady-ware, in spite of thee, and give my footmar

¹ Meaning, not caring what ht does.

charge not to kiss thee, an it would keep thee from starving.—Would I could see the way out again !

Pen. I can betray, and will.

Fow. She'll betray us, she has voice enough for such a mischief. [*Aside.*']—Dost hear? do but consider she is thy mistress, there's some reason she should be preferred,

Pen. I'll hear none.

Fow. She'll hear no reason! If the devil hath fed her blood with the hope of me, would he would furnish her with an incubus in my shape, to serve her, or let a satyr leap her ' Dh, unmerciful chambermaids ' the grave is sooner satisfied than their wantonness. [*Aside.*']—Dost hear? wilt have the truth on't? 'twas a condition between us, and I swore no woman should enjoy me before her; there's conscience I should be honest to her; prithee be kind to a young sinner; I will deserve thee hereafter in the height of dalliance.

Pen. I am in die same humour still.

Fow. "She is in the same humour still! " I must go through her to her mistress. [*Aside.*']—Art thou a Christian? Well, thou art a brave girl, and I do love thy resolution, and so soon as I have presented my first fruits to thy mistress only for oath's sake, I'll return and ply thee with embraces, as I am a gentleman. Prithee show me the way.

Pen. I will not trust you, sir.

Fow. Will not you trust me? why, come on then, an there be no remedy.

Pen. Will you satisfy my desire?

Fow. I'll do my endeavour; I am untrussing as fast as I can; nay, an I be provoked, I'm a tyrant; have at your bacon.

Pen. [*Aloud.*] Winnifred !

Re-enter WINNIFRED with a light.

Fow. Have you found your voice ? what mean you by this light?

Pen. That you should see your shame.

Fow. Cheated[ha?

Pen. Is this your love to me, your noble love ? I did suspect before how I should find you.

Fow. Penelope !

Pen. Degenerated man ! what mad disease Dwells in thy veins, that does corrupt the flowings Of generous blood within thee?

Fow. Shall I not vault, gentlewoman ?

Pen. What behaviour Of mine gave thee suspicion I could be So lost to virtue, to give up mine honour? Poor man I How thou didst fool thyself to thy devouring Lust, for 'twas it made thee so late a counterfeit.— Go home, and pray Thy sin may be forgiven, and with tears Wash thy polluted soul.

Wor. I like this well,
And find her noble aim. *[Aside.*

Pen. Be man again;
For yet thou art a monster, and this act Published, will make thee appear so black And hornd, that even beasts will be ashamed Of thy society. My goodness, In hope of your conversion, makes me chide you so— Ha ! Win, dost thou observe him? Dh, my heart Is full of fear ; I tremble to look on him : See, of a sudden, what a paleness has Possessed his face [do not his eyes retire Into their hollow chambers ? Sir, how do you ?

Fow. Well.

Wor. What new project's this ? *[Aside,*

Win. A sudden change.

Sure, Heaven is just unto thy late imposture, And thou art punished now indeed with sickness, For mocking Heaven, I fear. Oh, dost thou see ?

Fow. What?

Pen. Death sits upon his forehead; I ne'er saw
The horror of a dying countenance,
But in this gentleman.—Wmnifred, to my closet,
Fetch me the cordial.

Fow. What do you mean, gentlewoman ?
I do not feel any such dangerous sickness.

Pen. What a hollow voice he has I oh, my misfortune,
If he should die here ' Fetch me some strong waters.

Fow. No, no, I can walk for them myself, if need be.

Pen. He talk? wildly ;
I may suspect him ; if you have so much strength
To walk, go home, call your physician,
And friends; dispose of your estate, and settle
Your peace for Heaven, I do beseech you, sir,
My prayers shall beg a mercy on your soul,
For I have no encouragement to hope
Your glass hath many sands. Farewell, sir; cherish
Pure holy thoughts, that if your life soon end,
Your better part may to yon court ascend.—

Come, to my father. *[Exeunt all but FOWLER.]*

Fow. What's the meaning of this? siLk and dying! I
feel no pains. I have heard of some died with conceit;
if it should kill me, I were a precious coxcomb. Was
ever poor gentleman brought into such a foolish para-
dise? prepared for a race, and mounted into the saddle,—
I must go home and die¹ well, if I live I'll quit your
cunning, and for the more certainty my revenge may
prosper, I will not say my prayers till it take effect.

[Exit.]



SCENE V.—*The Street, near Sir GEORGE RICHLEY'S
House.*

Enter Tutor.

Tutor. This is the place where I must exercise my
valour upon Brains; I was ne'er given to fight, but I'm
Shir. F

engaged for such a prize as I would challenge all the noble sciences in my own defence.

[*Walks about ft achsing with his sword.*

Enter AIMWELL, GLARE, and MANLY.

Aim. I cannot spy them yet; pray Heaven no disaster cross our project.

Clare. What thing's that walks about the door?

Aim. One practising, I think,
The postures of a fencer.

Tutor. Things occur worthy consideration. Were I best to speak before I strike him, or give him blows, and tell him the reason afterwards? I do not like expostulations, they proclaim our anger, and give the enemy warning to defend himself- I'll strike him valiantly, and in silence.

Clare. What does he mutter?

Aim. What business stays him here? some treachery.

Tutor. Being resolved to strike before I speak,
'Tis worth my judgment, whether fist or sword
Shall first salute him : I'll be generous,
And give him first two or three wholesome buffets,
Which, well laid on, may haply so amaze him,
My weapon may be useless ; for I fear,
Should I begin with steel, her very face
Would force me make too deep incision,
And so there may be work for sessions:
I like not that, as valiant as I am:
Killing is common.

Aim. They are in sight! down, down' oh, my rav'shed soul! what bliss is in this object! *[Retircs.*

Tutor. Ha ! they are coming ; 'tis she and the old ruffian; he has but a scurvy countenance; I have the advantage in the first blow, and I should be very sorry he should beat me in the conclusion.

Clare. Why does this fellow stay?

Tutor. I must on; she has spied me through her mask;

I see her smile already ; and command
A present battery.

Enter BRAINS before VIOLETTA.

Clare. Will this fellow prevent my office ? he goes towards him with a quarrelling face. — Ha¹ I'll not engage myself then j 'tis so.

[CLARE and MANLY withdraw. Tutor strikes BRAINS.

Vio. Help! help'

[She runs in, and presently SENSIBLE shps out, dressed like her Mistress.

Bra. Mistress, stay. Fear nothing; alas, good gentlewoman.—*[Beats the Tutor]*—You black maggot; death! I'll tread him into the kennel amongst his kindred.

[Beats him again.

Tutor' Hold ' help ' murder ,

Bra. We shall have the whole street about us presently. Let's on our journey. Who is this mole-catcher? —An ye had not been with me, I would have cut him into more pieces than a tailor's cushion.—Sir Nicholas, you shall know on't too. *[Exeunt BRAINS and SENSIBLE.*

Tutor. They are gone together, pox on this toughness ! He has made an ass of me; next him do I hate the law most abominably, for if I might kill and not be hanged for him, 'twould never trouble me. Shall I lose my reputation so? I'll venture another pounding, but I'll be revenged on him. *[Exit.*



SCENE VI — *Another part of the same*

Enter BRAINS before SENSIBLK.

Bra. My mistress has grdwn very thrifty of her voice D'the sudden • I have asked'her two or three questions, and she answers me with holding out her hand, as the post at St. Alban's, that points the way to London; either she is grown sullen, or the fright she was in of late, like a wolf that sees a man first, hath taken away her

voice.—I'll make her speak to me.—[*He stops, she puts him forward with her hand.*']—Said you, forsooth?—'twill not do—what a blessed comfort shall he enjoy if she continue speechless ! the Persians did worship a god under the name of Silence, and, sure, Christians may have an excuse for their idolatry, if they can find a woman whom nature hath posted into the world with a tongue, but no ability to make use of that miserable organ.—What do you think 'tis o'clock? two not struck, ha?—[*SENSIBLE slips away.*']—How now, mistress, treading on t'other side? this is your way to the Exchange.

Sens. My way, you saucy clown !—take that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bra. You are bountiful; 'tis more than I looked for.

Sens. [*Unmasking*—What have you to say to me, sirrah? Cannot a gentlewoman—

Bra. Ha, ah' my brains melt; I am undone, I am undone; you succuba, where is my mistress? Proserpine, speak!

Enter Tutor, with Serjeants.

Tutor. That's he; your office.

Serj. We arrest you, sir.

Bra. Me, you toads?

Sens. How's this?

Tutor. Away with him to prison; 'tis no slight action: at your penis, Serjeants.—My fairest mistress.

Sens. Mistress !—I'll humour this plot for the mirth¹ sake.

[*Aside, and putting on her mask again, exit with Tutor.*

Bra. Sirrah, tadpole; what do you mean?—I owe him not a penny, by this flesh; he has a conspiracy upon me; I charge you, in the king's name, unbind me.

Serj. We charge you, in the king's name, obey us.

Bra. May you live to be arrested of the pox, and die in a dungeon! may inns o¹ court gentlemen, at next trimming, shave your ears and noses off, and then duck you in their **own** boggards j

[*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FIFTH,

SCENE I.—*The Street before Sir GEORGE RICHLEY'S House.*

Enter Sir GEORGE RICHLEY, Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE, and WORTHY.



REED. So, now we have got a license, I would see who dares marry your daughter besides myself. Is she come from the Exchange yet?

Wvr. Not yet, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your servant Brains remembers his duty in this paper.

Rich. Letters.

Ttced. Letters ! let me read them,

Rich. Your patience, sir.

Wor. I doubt all is not well; what if some misfortune should now befall your mistress ? I hope you have armour of patience?

Treed. Ay, and of proof too, at home, as much as my hall can hold; the story of the Prodigal can hardly be seen for't;¹ I have pikes and guns, enow for me and my predecessors, a whole wardrobe of swords and bucklers ; when you come home you shall see them,

Rich. A conspiracy!

Treed. Dh, treason!

¹ The story worked in the tapestry against which the arms hung,

Rich. My man Brains is arrested by your Tutor; a plot to take away my daughter • she is gone.

Wor. I did prophesy too soon.

Treed, My Tutor read travel to me, and run away with my wench! a very peripatetic—what shall I do, then? an some one had arrested and clapped her up, too, we should have known where to find her. Do you hear? I did not mean to marry with a licence

Wor. How, sir?

Treed. No, sir, I did mean to marry with your daughter. Am I a gull?

Wor. Have patience.

Treed. I will have no patience; I will have Violetta: why does not Brains appear?

Wor. His heels are not at liberty [he's in prison.

Treed. In prison ' why, an he had been hanged, he might have brought us word.

Rich. I am rent with vexation.—Sirrah, you go with me to the prison [Ezeunt RILH. and MES,

Wor. What will you do, sir ?

Treed. I'll geld my Tutor.

Wor. You were best find him first.

Treed. Nay, I will find him, and find him again, an I can light on him • let me alone, I'll take half-a-dozen with me, and about it instantly. *Exit.*

Wor. I wish thee well, niece, but a better husband.

Enter FOWLER.

Who's yonder? 'tis Master Fowler, at an excellent opportunity. *[Exit.*

Fow. I do walk still; by all circumstance I am alive, not sick in part but my head, which has only the pangs of invention, and in travail of some precious revenge for my worse than masculine affront: what if I report abroad she's dishonest? I cannot do them a worse turn than to say so: some of our gallants take a pride to belie poor gentlewomen in that fashion, and

think the discourse an honour to them ; confidently boast the fruition of this or that lady, whose hand they never kissed with the glove off: and why may not I make it my revenge, to blur their fames a little for abusing me?

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

1st Gent. Well met, friend; what! thou lookest sad.

2nd Gent. You will excuse me, and bear a part, when I tell the cause.

1st Gent. What's the news?

2nd Gent. Dur friend, Master Fowler's dead.

Fow. Fowler ' ha •

1st Gent. Master John Fowler?

Fow. That's I, that's I, ha!

2nd Gent. The same.

Fow. Dead ! am I dead?

1st Gent. It cannot be; I saw him but this morning
Lusty and pleasant; how died he?

2nd Gent. Suddenly.

1st Gent. Where ?

2nd Gent. At Master Worthy's house.

1st Gent. Dead?

2nd Gent. TDD true, sir

Fow. I would not believe myself sick , belike I am dead; 'tis more than I know yet.

1st Gent. He was a suitor to Master Worthy's daughter.

2nd Gent. Mistress Penelope , right.

Fow. By all circumstance they mean me . these gentlemen know me, too; how long is it since I departed?
Some mistake—

1st Gent. How poor a thing is life, that we cannot
Promise a minute's certainty, i' the height
And strength of youth, falling to dust again!

Fow. Ha, ha, gentlemen ! what do you think of the dead man ?

2nd Gent. 'Tis the last office I can do him, now,
To wait on him to the earth.

Fow. Coxcombs, do ye not know me? I'm alive, do you not see me?

Ist Gent. He was a noble fellow, and deserves A memory; if my brain have not lost All his poetic juice, it shall go hard But I'll squeeze out an elegy.

Fow. For whom, my furious poet? Ha! not know me! da I walk invisible, or am I my own ghost?—An you will not see me, you shall feel me, you have a nimble pate, I may chance strike out some flash of wit—[*Strikes him.*]—No—

Re-enter WORTHY.

Here comes another.—Save you, Master Worthy.

Ist Gent. Sir, I heard ill news, Master Fowler's dead.

Wor. He is indeed, sir.

Fow. Indeed you he, sir,

Wor. I saw his eyes sealed up by death, and him
Wrapt in his last sheet.
Wrapt in his last sheet. Ist Gent. Where's his body?

Wor. At my sad house, sir

Fow. Is my body at your house?

Wor. I did hope, gentlemen, we should have found My house his bridal chamber, not his coffin. But Heaven must be obeyed, my daughter loved him, And much laments his loss.

Fow. Very good; then I am dead, am I not?

Wor. You both were in the number of his friends, I hope you'll add your presence to the rest At the funeral.

Fow. Whose funeral, you man of Bedlam?

Mid Gent. Cry you mercy, sir [pray keep your way.

Ist Gent. It is a duty which, without invitement, we are both prompt to discharge.

Fow. Master Worthy! Gentlemen! do ye hear? [Exeunt all but FDWLER.]—Is't possible? not know me, not see me! I am so thin, and airy, I have slipped out o¹ the world, it seems, and did not know on't,—If I be

dead, what place am I in? where am I? This is not hell, sure? I feel no torment, and there is too little company; no, 'tis not hell—and I have not lived after the rate of going to Heaven yet; beside, I met just now a usurer, that only deals upon ounces, and carries his scales at his girdle, with which he uses to weight, not men's necessities, but the plate he is to lend money upon: can this fellow come to heaven? Here a poor fellow is put in the stocks for being drunk, and the constable himself reeling home, charges others in the king's name to aid him. There's a spruce captain, newly crept out of a gentleman-usher, and shuffled into a buff jerkin with gold lace, that never saw service beyond Finsbury or the Artillery-garden,¹ marches waving a desperate feather in his lady's beaver, while a poor soldier, bred up in the school of war all his life, yet never commenced any degree of commander, wants a piece of brass, to discharge a wheaten bullet to his belly;—no, this is not Heaven, I know by the people that traffic in't: where am I, then? Umph! I'll to Worthy's before they bury me, and inform myself better what's become of me; If I And not myself there in a coffin, there's hope I may revive again; if I be dead, I am in a world very like the other; I will get me a female spint to converse withal, and kiss, and be merry, and imagine myself alive again.

[*Exit.*



SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE, WHIBBLE, and Footman.

Treed. Come, follow me, and be valiant, my masters.

Whib. Remember yourself, sir; this is your worship's footman, and, for mine own part, though I be not cut

, The usual places of exercise for the city train-bands,

according to your cloth, I am a true servant of yours; where do you think we shall find them?

Treed. Where! where dost thou think?

Foot. I think where his worship thinks.

Treed. No matter, whether we find them or no; but, when we have taken them,—as if they be not, it is their own fault, for we are ready,—for Violetta, upon submission, I will commit manage with her; but for the rogue, my Tutor—

Whib. What will you do with him?

Treed. I'll do nothing to him; thou shalt kill him for me.

Whib' It will show better in your footman.

Treed. Thou sayest right, he can run him through quickly; but it is no matter who; an the worst come to the worst, it is but a hanging matter, and I'll get a pardon first or last. I would kill him myself, but that I should be taxed to kill a poor worm more than ever I did in my life; besides, it is not with my credit to be hanged.

Wliib. An't please your worship, I'll make a fair motion; take your choice, Sir Nicholas, whether we shall kill him and you'll be hanged for him, or you shall be hanged for him, and we'll kill him.

Foot. Under correction, I think it were better to take him prisoner.

Treed. I like my footman's reason; we will take him first prisoner, and whosoever hath a mind to be hanged, may kill him afterwards.—Oh that I had him here now, I could cut him in pieces on my rapier's point'

Whib. Has not your worship been at fence-school?

Treed. At fence-school? I think I have, I'll play so many for so many, I name no weapons, with any high German English fencer of them all.—Canst not thou fence, Whibble?

Whib. I, sir? alas.—

Treed. It is but thus and thus, and there ib a man at

your mercy ; I would cleave a button, an it were as broad as the brim of your hat now. Oh that I had but any friend but to kill a little ' pnthee try me, Whibble.

Wlub. I am none of your friends.

Treed. Why, then, an thou lovest me, be my foe a little, for a bout or so.

Whib. I care not much to exercise your worship; stand aside.

Treed. Stay, let me see first—there is it—I cannot with my honour wound thee, I do not stand upon the odds of my weapon, which is longer than thine, but thou seest thine is shorter than mine by an handful;—too much is too much.

Enter Tutor, and SENSIBLE masked as before.

foot. Your Tutor, sir, and Mistress Violetta!

Treed. How! down with him, somebody!— [*Exit Tutor.*]—he is gone, follow him close!—Dh, run away, cowardly rascal, will ye not fight against three? Mistress, it is my fortune, you see, or my destiny, to recover your lost virginity, I am sorry for nothing, but that I have shed no blood in your rescue: but where there is no valour to be expected, it is best to put up with valour and leputation. Would the rascal my Tutor rm e popped in before me? I am glad I have pre[ented him,—do you hear!—your father is mad, and I am little better myself: but let us be wise, lose no time, I know a parson shall divide us into man and wife ere any body think on it; I will make all sure now, I will not be put into any more of these frights, I will marry you; if any man dare run away with you afterwards, let it light upon mine own head, and that is the worse I am sure they can do me.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—WORTHY'S House. PENELOPE'S Bed'
chamber.*Enter WORTHY and two Gentlemen,*

Wor. Gentlemen, I thank you [you carried it to my desire, most cunningly.

1st Gent. Do you think it has taken ?

2nd Gent. I am covetous to see the event.

Wor. Pray sit.—Penelope!

Enter PENELOPE in mourning.

2nd Gent. In mourning !

Wor. All parties in the engagement.

Pen. You oblige a woman's service.

2nd Gent. Gentle lady,

And if it prove fortunate, the design
Will be your honour, and the deed itself
Reward us in his benefit: he was ever wild.

1st Gent. Assured your ends are noble, we are happy
in't.

Enter WinNIFRED.

Win. Master Fowler.

Wor. Is he come already ?

Pen. Remove the hearse into this chamber.

[A hearse is brought in with tapers.

In your nobleness I desire you will
Interpret fairly what I am to personate,
And by the story you will find I have
Some cause of passion. *[They sit round the hearse.*

Enter FOWLER.

Fow. This is the room I sickened in, and by report
died in; umph I I have heard of spirits walking with
aerial bodies, and have been wondered at by others, but
I must only wonder at myself, for if they be not mad, I
am come to my own burial; certain these clothes are
substantial, I owe my tailor for them to this hour, if the

devil be not my tailor, and hath furnished me with another suit very like it.—[*Rwgs his money.*]—This is no magical noise, essential gold and silver. What do I with it if I be dead? Here are no reckonings to be paid with it, no tavern bills, no midnight revels, with the costly tribe of amorous she-sinners; now I cannot spend it, would the poor had it; by their prayers I might hope to get out of this new pitiful purgatory, or at least know which way I came into it.—Here they are in mourning, what a devil do they mean to do with me?—Not too many tears, lady, you will but spoil your eyes, and draw upon them the misery of spectacles: do not you know me neither?

Pen. Dh, Master Fowler!

Fow. Ha i out with it; nay, an the woman but acknowledged me alive, there is some hope of me.

Pen. I loved thee living with a holy flame,
To purge the errors of thy wanton youth.

Fow. I'm dead again.

Pen. This made
Thy soul sue out so hasty a divorce,
And flee to airy dwellings: this hath left us
Thy cold pale figure,
Which we have commission but to chamber up
In melancholy dust, where thy own worms,
Like the false servants of some great man, shall
Devour thee first.

Fow. I am worms¹ meat 1

fen. We must all die.

Fow. Would some of you would do it quickly, that
I might have company!

Pen. But, wert
Thou now to live again with us, and that,
By miracle, thy soul should with thy body
Have second marriage, I believe thou'd'st study
To keep it a chaste temple, holy thoughts,
Like fumes of sacred incense, hovering

About this heart, then thou would'st learn to be
Above thy frailties, and resist the flatteries
Of smooth-faced lust.

Fou" This is my funeral seimon.

Pen. The burden of which sin, my feais persuade me,
Both hastened and accompanied thy death.

Wor. This sorrow is unfruitful.

Pen. I have done ;

May this prayer profit him! would his soul were
As sure to gam Heaven as his body is here'

•*2nd Gent.* We must hope the best, he was an inconstant
young man; frequenting of some companies had LDI-
rupted his nature, and a little debauched him

Fow. In all this sermon I have heard little commendations of our dear brother departed; rich men do not go to the pit-hole without complement of chnstian burial. It seems, if I had lived to have made a will, and bequeathed so much legacy as would purchase some preacher a neat cassock, I should have died in as good estate and assurance for my soul as the best gentleman in the parish, had my monument in a conspicuous place of the church, where I should have been cut in a form of prayer, as if I had been called away at my devotion, and so for haste to be in Heaven, went thither with my book and spectacles.—Do you hear, lady, and gentlemen, is it your pleasure to see me, though not know me? and to inform a walking puisne when this so much lamented brDther of yours departed out of this world? In his life I had some relation to him: what disease died he nf, pray? wriD is his heir yet at common law? for he was warm in the possession of lands, thank his kind father, who having been in a consumption sixteen years, one day, above all the rest, having nothing else to do, died, that the young man might be a landlord, according to the custom of his ancestors.

ist Gent. I doubt the project.

[*Aside.*

Few' You should be his **heir** or executor at least, by

your dry eyes, *sir*; I commend thee; what a miserable folly it is to weep for one that is dead, and has no sense of our lamentation. Whcrefoie were blacks invented? to save our eyes their tedious distillations; it ib enough to be sad in our habits, they have cause to weep that have no mourning cloth, it is a sign they get little by the dead, and that is the greatest sorrow now-a-days. You loved him, lady; to say truth, you had little cause, a wild young man, yet an he were alive again, as that is in vain to wish, you know, he may perchance be more sensible, ami reward you with better service, so you would not proclaim his weakness.—Faith, speak well of the dead hereafter, and bury all his faults with him, will ye? what, are these all the guests? ha¹ what papers?¹ .some elegy or epitaph? who subscribes? oh, this is your poetry. *[Reads.*

"How he died some do suppose,
How he lived the parish knows;
Whether he's gone to Heaven or hell,
Ask not me, I cannot tell."

Very well, would the gentleman youi friend weie alive to give you thanks for them. What, have we more? *[Reads.*

¹¹ Underneath, the fair not wise,
Too self-loved Narcissus lies,
Yet his sad destruction came
From no fountain but a flame.
Then, youth, quench youi hot desires,
Purge your thoughts with chaster files,
Lest with him it be too late,
And death triumph in your fate.
Hither all your virgins come,
Strew your tears upon this tomb,
Perhaps a timely weeping may
So dispose his scorched clay,
That a chaste and snouy flower
May reward yuur gentle shower.

¹ These were the elegies or epitaphs fixed to the hearse.

Very well done upon so dead a subject j by the virgin
that is in it. you should owe this parcel of poetry, lady.

Pen. A woman's muse, sir.

Fow. Dh, now you can answer me; am I dead still?

Pen. Yes.

Foiv. Then you talk to a dead man 7

Pen. I do,

Fow. Where am I dead?

Pen. Here, everywhere.

You're dead to virtue, to all noble thoughts,
And, till the proof of your conversion
To piety win my faith, you are to me
Without all life; and chanty to myself
Bids me endeavour with this ceremony
To give you bunal. If hereafter I
Let in your memory to my thoughts, or see you,
You shall but represent his ghost or shadow
Which never shall have power to fright my innocence,
Or make my cheek look pale. My ends are compassed,
And here, in sight of Heaven—

Fow. Stay,

Thou art a noble girl, and dost deserve
To many with an emperor. Remove
This sad thing from us.—

[The hearse and lights are taken out.

You do know me, gentlemen;

Witness my death to vanity, quitting all
Unchaste desires :—revive me m thy thoughts,
And I will love as thou hast taught me, nobly,
And like a husband, by this kiss, the seal
That I do shake my wanton slumber off.
And wake to virtue.

Wvr. Meet it daughter.

Pen. Now you begin to live.

Fow. I will grow old in the study of my honour I this
last conflict hath quite o'ercome me, make me happy in
the style of your son.

Wor. My blessings multiply.

Gent. We congratulate this event

Wor. See, my brother.

Enter SIR GEORGE RICHLEY and BRAINS.

Bra. Let not your rage be so high, sir, I have more cause to be mad

Rich. Thou?

Bra. I.

Rich. I have lost my daughter.

Bra. But I ha[ve] lost my credit, that had nothing else to live by. I was more proud of that than you could be of twenty daughters.

Wor. Have you found them?

Rich. No, not I ; and yet this old ruffian will not let me vex for it, he says the greatest loss is his

Bra. And I will maintain it, it was my boast that I was never cozened in my life, have I betrayed so many plots, discovered letters, deciphered characters, stnpt knavery to the skin, and laid open the very soul of conspiracy, deserved for my tunnng to be called Brains both town and country over, and now to forfeit them, to see them drenched in a muddy stratagem, cheated by a woman, and a pedantical lousy wordmonger ' it is abominable, patience, I abhor thee. I desire him that bids me go hang myself, which is the way to Surgeon's Hall ? I will beg to have my skull cut, I have a suspicion my brains are filched, and my head has been late stuffed with woodcocks' feathers.

FOIL'. Be not mad.

Bra. I will, in spite of any man heie, who shall hinder me, if I have a mind to it ?

Rich. Your happiness removes my affliction.—Ha '

Enter WHIBDLE and Tutor.

Whib. **Where** is Sir Nicholas? we have brought the gentleman.

Shir.

K.

Bra. Are you there !—this was the champion that jostled me j shall I fetch a clog-whip? or let me cut him up, he will make excellent meat for the devil's trencher • I will carve him.—Sirrah '

Ruh. Forbear;—where is my daughter? villain, confess

Tutor Alas, sir, I was waiting upon her home, Sir Nicholas met me, and took her from me.

Ruh. *Wor.* Sir Nicholas '

Whib. Yes, Sir Nicholas hath Mistress Violetta, I am a witness.

Bra. Why did he jostle me? there began the treachery, ask him that.

Tutor. I pray you, sir, list it be forgotten, I have been kicked for it.

Enter at one door AIMWELL, VIOLETTA, MANLY, and CLARE, *at the other* Sir NICHOLAS TREEDLE, and SENSIBLE *disguised as before.*

WHnb. Here she is [no, there she is.

Rich. Sir Nicholas.

Wor. I am amazed.

Treed. Stay, which is my wife?

Rich. Here is my daughter.

Bra. Mistress'

Fow' Fine juggling I Frank, whence comest thou?

Aim, From the priest, if you have any joy for me. We are married.

Treed Are there not two Sir Nicholases? pray what do you call this gentlewoman?

Aim, Her name is Violetta.

Vio. Father, your pardon.

Treed, This is fine, i' faith [well may a woman mistake her husband, when a man, that is the wiser vessel, cannot know his own wife.

Rich. Married to Aimwell'

Man. *Clare.* We are witnesses.

Treed. A good jest, faith; hark you, were you ever catechised? What is your name, forsooth?

Sens. Faith, sir, guess. [*Unmasks.*

Aim. All passion will be fruitless but of joy.

Treed. Sensible¹ Came I from Croydon for a chambermaid? do you hear, every body? I have married Sensible.

Man. *Clare.* We are witnesses of that, too.

Treed. No, no, this is my wife.

Aim. Touch her not with a rude hand.

Treed. Why, I know she meant to be my wife, and only I have married her, as folks go to law, by attorney; she is but her deputy; for the moie state I married her proxy.

Bra. [*Aiide to TREED*]—Do not deceive yourself, sir—though princes depute men to marry their wives, women do not use to be npheis, she is your A[ife in law, let me counsel you, sir, to pre[ent laughter;—somebody hath been cozened, I name nobody, sine it was your fortune to marry this wench, which cannot nou be undone, seem not to be sorry for it, they do purpose to jeer you out of your skin else

Treed. Sayest thou so?

Bra. Be confident, and laugh at them first that they are so simple to think that you are gulled: commend your choice, and say it was a trick of youih to decene their expectation.

Treed. Come hither, Madam Treedle—Gentlemen, you think now I have but an ill match on't, and that, as they say, I am cheated; do not bL'heMMt—a lady is a lady, a bargain is a bargain, and a kmght is no gentleman—so much for that.—I giant I married her, in her mistress's name, and though [at, gicat men, that use to choose wives for their favourites or seivants, when they have done with them) I could put her off to my footman Or my Tutor here, I will not; I will maintain her my

wife, and publish her, do you sec, publish her to any man that shall laugh at it, my own lady-bird.

Foiu. You are happy, su, in being deceived, lit; is a noble gentleman.

Wor. Sir Nicholas has released her,
Let your consent be free, then

Rich. You have won it
Be my loved chihlmi, and I wish a joy
Flow in all bosoms —Biams, we are reconciled.

Treed Tutor, we paidon.

I'w You may, sir; he was my engine. Now, what says my factious servant? nay, we aie fnenrls, the greatest politician may be deceived sometimes, wit without brains, you see.

Bra. And Brains without wit too.

FOIU. Frank, thou art mamed, and Sir Nicholas has made a lady, I ha[e h[ed loose a great while, and do purpose to be made fast to this gentlewoman, to whose act I owe my true conversion.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind. [*Excunt.*





THE TRAITOR.





THE TRAITOR was licensed in 1631, acted by Her Majesty's Servants, and published in 1635. "The plot," Ward remarks, "is based on history; but the author has treated both the character and the fate of the principal personage of his drama with considerable freedom. The real Lorenzino

de' Medici seems to have been singularly heedless in his talk, if cautious in his designs; and instead of (as in the play) falling an immediate victim to his own evil ambition, he had survived his assassination of Duke Alessandro for eleven years, when vengeance (real or pretended) at last overtook him."

Towards the end of the seventeenth century an attempt was made to show that this play was written by Rivers, a Jesuit in Newgate, where he died, and that Shirley "only ushered it to the stage."

The Traitor was revived several times after the Restoration, and a successful play, written at the beginning of the present century, Shell's *Evadne*, is an adaptation of reconstruction of it.





To the Right Honourable
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,
EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD,
LORD BDLSDVER AND DGLE.

MY LORD,



HE honour of your name, and clearness of soul, which want no living- monuments in the heart of princes, ha[e] already made the title of this poem innocent, though not the author, who confesseth his guilt of a long- ambition, by some service to be known to you, and his boldness at last, by this rude attempt to kiss your Lordship's hands

Fame with one breath hath possessed the World with your Lordship's general knowledge and excellent nature, both an ornament to your blood, and in both you stand the rare and justified example to our age. To the last, these cold papers address themselves, which if [with truce to your iicher contemplations) you vouchsafe to read and smile upon, not only they shall receive a life, beyond what the scene exactly g-avc them, in the presentment, rewarded with frequent applause, but your Lordship shall infinitely honour him, whose glory is to be mentioned

the humblest of your Lordship's servants,

JAMES SHIRLEY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALEXANDER, Duke of Florence.
LoKEN/o, his Kinsman and Favourite.
SCIARRHA, Brother to AMIDEA.
PTSANO, Lover to DRIANA
COMID, his Friend.
FLORIO, SLIARRHA'S Brother.
DEpazzI, a Creature of LORENZO'S.
FREDFRILD,
Noblemen
ALDNZO,
PETRUCHIO, PISANO'S -Servant.
RDGERO, Page to DEPAZZI.
Gentlemen.
Servants.

AMIDEA, SCIARRHA'S Sister.
ORIANA, beloved of PISANO.
MOROSA, her Mother.

Youth.
Lust.
Pleasure.
Death
Furies.

SCENE—FLORENCE.





THE TRAITOR.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Room 211 PISAND'S House.*

Enter PISANO and PEIRULHID.



IS, Didst bid him rome?

Pit, I ditl.

Pis Go baik again,
And tell him I am gone abroad.

Pet. He's here
Aheady, sir.

Enttr COSMO,

Pis. Oh, Losmo !

Cos. Dear Pisano,
That I could let ihee nearer into me '
My heart counts this embrace a distance yet;
Let us incorporate.

Pi'. I Avas wooing, Cosmo,
My man, to tell thee I was gone abroad,
Before thou cam'st.

Cos. How's this? your words and looks
Are strange, and teach me to infer I am
Not welcome; that, on riper counsel, you
Do wibh my absence,

Pis. What, for telling truth ?
He thus should have but made thee fit to see
Thy friend ; thou com'st with expectation
To hear me talk sense, dost not ?

Cos. Yes.

Pis. La, now!
And to discourse as I was wont, of state,
Dur friendship, or of women? no such matter.

Cos. This is more wild than usual [your language
Is not so clear as it was wont; it carries
Not the same even thread , although some words
May knit, the sense is scattered.

Pis. Right, right, Cosmo,
The reason is, I have straggled,
And lost myself, I know not where, in what
Part of the world :—and would not this have shown
As well in him [*Points to PLT.*] to have prepared thee nDW ?

Cos. What humour's this, Pisano ? I am yet
To understand.

Pis. To understand? why, Cosmo,
Had I not changed my dialect anil method,
What need this tedious apology?
That's it, I would have had thee know.beforu
Thou canst not understand me, yet thou hast
A name in Florence, for a ripe young man,
Of nimble apprehension, of a wise
And spreading observation, of whom
Already our old men do prophesy
Good, and great things, worthy thy fair dimensions !

Cos. This is an argument above the rest.
Pisano is not well j for being temperate,
He was not wont to flatter and abuse
Hisfriend.

Pis. Beside, there is another reason,
Thou shouldst discover me at heart, through all
These mists j thou art m love, too, and who cannot,
That feels himself the heat, but shrewdly guess

At every symptom of that wanton fever ?—

Oh, Cosmo !

Cos. What misfortune can approach
Your happy love in fairest Amidea ?
You have been long contracted, and have passed
The tedious hope; Hymen doth only wait
An opportunity to light his torch,
Which will burn glorious at your nuptials :
Let jealous lovers fear, and feel what 'tis
To languish, talk away their blood, and strength,
Question their unkind stars ; you have your game
Before you, sir.

Pis. Before me? Where? why dost
Thou mock me, Cosmo? she's not here.

Cos. It is
No pilgrimage to travel to her lip.

Pis. 'Tis not for you.

Cos. How, sir; forme? you've no
Suspicion I can be guilty of
A treason to our friendship. Be so just,
If malice have been busy with my fame,
To let me know—

Pis. You hastily interpret
Thy pardon, I have only cried, but not
With the least scruple of thy faith and honour
To me. Thou hast a noble soul, and lov'st me
Rather too well; I would thou Avert my enemy,
That we had been born in distant climes, and never
Took cement from our sympathies in nature.
Would we had never seen, or known each other I
This may seem strange from him that loves thee, Cosmo,
More precious than his life.

Cos. Love me, and wish
This separation ?

Pis. I will give the proof;
So well I love thee, nothing in the world
Thy soul doth heartily affect, but I

Do love it too : does it not trouble thy
Belief? I wear not my own heart about me,
But thine exchanged, thy eyes let in my objects ,
Thou hear'st for me, talk'st, kissest, and enjoy'st
All my felicities.

C0J. What means this language?

Pis. But what's all this to thee? Go to Driana,
And bathe thy lips in rosy dew of kisses₃
Renew thy eye, that looks as Saturn hung
Upon the lid; take in some golden beam,
She'll dart a thousand at one glance; and if,
At thy return, thou find'st I have a being
In this vain world, I'll tell thee more. [Exit.

Cos. But, sir, you must not part so.

Pet. Not with my good will;
I have no great ambition to be mad.

Cos. Petruchm, let me Lonjure thee, tell
What weight hangs on thy master's heart ? why does he
Appear so full of trouble ?

Pet. Do you not guess ?

Cos, Point at the cause, I cannot.

Pet. Why he loves—

Cos. The beauteous Amidea, I know that

Pet. Some such thing was, but you are his friend, my
lord-

His soul is now devoted to Onana,
And he will die for her, if this ague hold him

Cos. Ha'

Pet. Your doublet pmuh you, su ", I cannot tell,¹
But ne'er a woman in the world should make
Me hang myself. It may be, for his honour,
He'll choose another death, he is about one;
For 'tis not possible, without some cure,
He should live long; he has forgot to sleep,
And for his diet, he has not eaten this se'nnight
As much as would choke a sparrow; a fly is

¹ *t.e.*, I know not what to Ihmk of it.

An epicure to him — Good sir, do you counsel him.—

[Exit COSMO.

So, so, it woiks ,

This was my Lord Lorenzo's plot, and I
Have been his engine in the work, to batter
His love to Amidea, by praising
Onana to him.—He is here.—My lord—

Enta LORENZO attended.

Lor Petrucho, where's your lord? how moves the
work ?

Pet To your own wish, my loid, he has thrown off
The thought of Amidea, and is mad
For Cosmo's mistiL'Ss, uhom, by your instructions,
I have commended su

Lor. My witty villan !

Pet. Cosmo is with him, to whom cunnungly
I have discovered his disease, and I
Beseech you mtenupt them not

Lor. This may
Have tiagical effects, Petmchio :
Foi Cosmo, we shall prune his fortune thus.
Onana's wealth would swell him in the state;
He grows too fast already—Be still ouis.

Pet My loiil, you bought my life, when you procured
My pardon from the duke. [Exit LORENZO.

Re-enter PISAND and CoSMO.

Pis. O, friend, thou canst not be so merciful,
To give away such happiness • my love
Is, for some sin I have committed, thus
Transplanted. I looked rather thou shouldst kill me,
Than give away this comfort; 'tis a charity
Will make thee poor, and 'twere a great deal better
That I should languish still, and die.

Cos. While I have art to help thee? Driana
And I weie but in treaty, howsoever,

I were not worthy to be called his friend,
 Whom I preferred not to a mistress. If
 You can find dispensation to quit
 With Amidea, your first love, be confident
 Dnana may be won; and it were necessary
 You did prepare the mother; be not modest.

Pis. Each syllable is a blessing.—Hark, Petruchio.

[*IVI* uspers him.

Cos. There is an engine levelled at my fate,
 And I must arm.

[*Ande.*

Pis. Away! [Exit PETRUCHID.

Cos. This for thy comfort •
 Although some compliments have passed between
 Me and Dnana, I am not warm
 Yet in the mother's fancy, whose power may
 Assist you much; but lose no time : Let's follow.

Pis. Thou miracle of friendship ! [Exeunt.



SCENE II.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, FREDERICD, FLORID, and ALQNZD.

Duke. Letters to us ? from whom ?

A/on. Castruchio.

Duke. The exile ? whence ?

Alon. Sienna, my good lord ;

It came enclosed within my letter, which
 Imposed my care and duty, in the swift
 Delivery. [*He delivers letters, which the Duke reads.*

Fred. The duke is pale o¹ the sudden.

Duke. A palsey does possess me ; ha ' Lorenzo ?
 Dur cousin the enemy of our life and state '
 My bosom kinsman ?—Not too loud ; the traitor
 May hear, and by escape prevent our justice. [*Aside.*

Flo. What traitor?

Duke. Sigmor Alonzo, come you hither;
What correspondence maintain you with this
Castrucno ?

Alon. None, my lord; but I am happy
In his election, to bring the first
Voice to your safety.

Duke. Most ingrateful man i
Turn rebel ' I have worn him in my blood.

Alon. ⁷Tis time to purge the humour.

Duke. I will do it.—

Dur guard i—Were he more precious, had he shared
Dur soul, as he but borrows of our flesh,
This action makes him nothing; had I been
In heaven, I could have leant him my eternity.
He turn conspirator? oh, the fate of princes !
But stay, this paper speaks of no particular;
He does not mention what design, what plot.

Alon. More providence is necessary.

Duke. Right,
Right, good Alonzo ; thou'rt an honest man,
And lov'st us well.—What's to be done ?

Alon. Tisbest
To make his person sure; by this you may
Discover soonest who are of his faction.

Duke. And at our leisure study of his punishment,
Which must exceed death ; every common trespass
Is so rewarded : first, apply all tortures
To enforce confession, who are his confederates,
And how they meant to murder us; then some rare
Invention to execute the traitor,
So as he may be half a year in (Tying,
Will make us famed for justice.

Enter LORENZO and DEFAZZI.

Alon. He is here,
Shall we apprehend him ?

Lor. Happy morning to
My gracious soveiegn'

Duke Good morrow, coz —

Can treason couch itself within that frame?— [*Aside.*
We have letters for you. [*Gives LORENZO the letters.*

Lor. Letteis ! these, dread sir,
Have no duction to me, your highness
Is only named.

Duke They will concern your reading.—
Alonzo, now obsei[e and watch him —Flono,
Depazzi, come you hither, doe? Lorenzo
Look like a traitor?

Dcp How, sir? a traitor?

Duke. Ay, sir.

Dep. I, sir? by my honour, not I, sir ; I defy him that
speaks it.—I am in a fine pickle. [*Aside.*

Lor. I ha[e read.

Duke Not blush ? not tremble ? read again

Lor. The substance is, that you maintain
A vigilant eye over Lorenzo, who
Hath threatened, with your death, his country's liberty;
And other things, touching reducing¹ of
A commonwealth.

Duke. I like not that [*Aside.*

Dep. All's out!

A pox upon him for a traitor, he
Has hedged me in, but I'll confess. [*Aside.*

Duke. What answer
Make you to this, Lorenzo ?

Lor. This, o' the sudden,
Sir • I must owe the title of a traitor
To your high favours ; envy first conspired,
And malice now accuses : but what story
Mentioned his name, that had his prince's bosom
Without the people's hate? 'tis sin enough,
In some men, to be great; the throng of stars,

¹ / c. Bringing back.

The rout and common people of the sky,
Move still another way than the sun does,
That gilds the creature : take your honours back,
And if you can, that purple of my veins,
Which flows in your's, and you shall leave me in
A state I shall not fear the great ones' envy,
Nor common people's rage , and yet, perhaps,
You may be credulous against me.

Duke. Ha!

Alon. The duke is cool

Duke. Alonzo, look you prove
Lorenzo what you say.

Alon. I say, my lord ?

I have discovered all my knowledge, sir.

Dep. Stand to 't

Lor. With license of your highness, what
Can you imagine I should gam by tieason?
Admit I should be impious, as to kill you—
I am your nearest kinsman, and should forfeit
Both name and future title to the state,
By such a hasty, bloody disposition,
The rabble hate me now, how shall I then
Expect a safety ? Is it reformation
Of Florence they accuse me of? suggesting
I disaffect a monarchy, which how
Vain and ridiculous would appear in me,
Your wisdom judge; in you I live and flourish,
What, in your death, can I expect, to equal
The riches I enjoy under your warmth?
Should I, for the air and talk of a new government,
A commonwealth, lose all my certainties ?
And you above them all, whose favours have
Fallen like the dew upon me? have I a soul
To think the guilt of such a murder easy,
Were there no other torments? or can I
Expect the people will reward your murderer
With anything but death ? a parricide !

Shir

H

Alon. So, so, the duke's already in his circle. *[Aside.*

Lor. But I am tame, as if I had no sense,
Nor other argument to vindicate
My loyalty, thus poisoned by a paper,
In my eternal fame, and by a slave?
Call to my brow some one that dare accuse me,
Let him have honour, great as mine, to forfeit,
Dr, since your grace hath taken me so near
Your own height, that my scale may not expect
Such a proportioned adversary, yet let him
Have name within his country, and allow him
A soul, 'gainst which I may engage my more
Than equal honour, then I'll praise your justice;
But let him not be one condemned already,
A desperate exile.—Is it possible
A treason hatched in Florence, 'gainst the duke,
Should have no eyes at home to penetrate
The growing danger, but at Siena one
Must with a perspective discover alP
Ask this good counsellor, or these gentlemen,
Whose faiths are tried, whose cares are always waking
About your person, how have I appeared
To them, that thus I should be rendered hateful
To you and my good country? they are [irtuous,
And dare not blemish a white faith, accuse
My sound heart of dishonour. Sir, you must
Pardon my bold defence, my virtue bleeds
By your much easiness, and I am compelled
To break all modest limits, and to waken
Your memory fif it be not too late
To say you have one) with the story of
My fair deservings. Who, sir, overthrew
-With his designs, your late ambitious brother,
HippolitD, who, like a meteor, threatened
A black and fatal omen ?

Duke. Twas Lorenzo.

L&r. Be yet as just, and say whose art directed

A countermine to check the pregnant hopes
Of Salviati, who for his cardinal's cap,
In Rome was potent, and here popular?

JJuke. None but Lorenzo,

Dep. Admirable traitor ! *[Aside.*

Lor. Whose service was commended when the exiles,
One of whose tribe accuseth me, had raised
Commotions in our Florence? When the hinge
Of state did faint under the burthen, and
The people sweat with their own fears, to think
The soldier should inhabit their calm dwellings,
Who then rose up your safety, and crushed all
Their plots to air?

Duke. Our cousin, dear Lorenzo.

Lor. When he that should reward, forgets the men
That purchased his security, 'tis virtue
To boast a merit. With my services
I have not starved your treasury, the grand
Captain Gonzales accounted to King Ferdinand
Three hundred thousand crowns, for spies, what bills
Have I brought in for such intelligence?

Dep. I do grow hearty. *[Asidc.*

Duke. All thy actions
Stand fresh before us, and confirm thou art
Our best and dearest friend; thus we assure
Dur confidence; they love us not that feed
Dnc jealous thought of our dear coz, Lorenzo.
New welcome to us all; for you, Alonzo,
dive o'er your paper kites, learn wit, 'tis time —
[Walks aside with LORENZO,

Where shall we meet to-night?

Lor. Pardon me, sir;
I am a dangerous man.

Duke. No more of that;
I'll credit my soul with thee,—Shall we revel
This night with Amidea?

Dtp. The duke courts him.

Well, go thy ways, for one of the most excellent,
Impudent traitors—

[*Aside.*

Duke. Yet a murmuring
Of traitor? we shall soon suspect him
That thinks Lorenzo guilty.

Dip. I, my lord,
Dare boldly swear, his honour is as free
From any treason, as myself,—
I did prophesy this issue.

[*Aside.*

Duke. Tis an age
Till night; I long to fold her in my arms.
Prepare Sciarrha, but be very wise
In the discovery; he is all touchwood.

Lor. I know he is her brother; leave the managing
Of things to me.

Duke. Still when we expect
Our bliss, time creeps, but when the happier things
Call to enjoy, each saucy hour hath wings. [Exeunt,





ACT THE ShCOND.

SLENK I.—*A Room in SLIARRHA'S House*

Enter 5LI[RRIIA and LURENZO.



S My sister ' Though he be the duke,
he dares not —
Patience, patience! if there be such a
irtuc,
I want it, HcaM-n; yet keep it a little
longer,
It were a sin to ha e it, such an injur)
Deserves a wiath next to your own.—My sistei '
It has thrown wild-file in my brain, Loienzo,
A thousand Furies revel in my skull.
Has he not sins enough in's couit to damn him,
But my roof must be guilty of new lusts,
And none but Amidea? these the honouis
His presence brings our house '

Lor. Temper your rage.

Set. Are all the brothels rifled? no quaint piece
Left him in Florence, that will meet his hot
And valiant luxury, that we aie come to
Supply his blood out of our families?
Diseases gnaw his title off!

Lor. My lord—

Sci. He is no prince of mine; he forfeited
His greatness that black minute he first gave
Consent to my dishonour.

Lor. Then I'm sorry—

Set. Why should you be sorry, sir?
You say it is my sister he would strumpet,
Mine ! Amidea ! 'tis a wound you feel not;
But it strikes through and through the poor Sciarrha.
I do not think but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns,
At this report of Amidea's shame :
It is their cause, as well as mine ; and should
Heaven suffer the duke's sin to pass unpunished,
Their dust must of necessity conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple.

Lot. Sir,
You said you would hear me out.

Sci. Why, is there more
Behind ?

Lor. And greater, master your high blood
Till I conclude, Sciarrha I accuse not
Your noble anger, which, I have observed,
Is not on every cheap and giddy motion
Inflamed , but, sir, be thrifty in your passion,
This is a petty trespass.

Set. Has mischief any name
Beyond this ? will it kill me with the sound ?

Lor. My lord, though the dishonouring your sister
Be such a fact, the blood of any othei
But Alexander could no less than expiate,
Yet this sm stretches farther, and involves,
With her's, your greater stain. Did you e'er promise
Yet, why do I make any question ? [him?—
It were another crime to think Sciarrha
Could entertain a thought so far beneath
His birth.—You stoop to such a horrid baseness !
Then all the virtue of mankind would sicken,
And soon take leave of earth.

Sci. You torture me.

Lor. What then could the duke find, to give him any
Encouragement; you would be guilty of

An act so fatal unto honour? What,
When you were hast yourself (as we are all
Frail compositions), did appear so wicked
In you, he should conceive a hope, and flatter
Himself with possibility to corrupt
Your soul to a deed so monstrous ?

Sci. To what?

Lor. Though all the teeming glories of his dukedom,
Nay, Florence¹ state, offered itself a bnbe,
And tempted the betraying of your name
To infamy, yet to imagine you
Would turn officious pander to his lust,
And interpose the mercenary bawd
To court your sister to his sinful coupling!
'Tis horrid, affrights nature ; I grow stiff
With the imagination.

Sci. Ha«

Lor. Yet this
Was his command I should impose.

Sci. Lorenzo,
I do want breath ; my voice is ravished from me ;
I am not what I was j or—if I be
Sciarrha them hast talked to all this while,
Look needfully about me, and thou may'st
Discover, through some cranny of my flesh,
A fire within; my soul is but one flame,
Extended to all parts of this frail building.
I shall turn ashes, I begin to shrink;—
Is not aheady my complexion altered?
Does not my face look parched, and my skin gather
Into a heap ? my breath is hot enough
To thaw the Alps.

Lor. Your fancy would transpoit you.

Set. It is my rage; but let it cool, Lorenzo ;
And then we'll talk of something, something, sir,
Shall be to purpose.

Lor. Now the flame is mounted.

My lord, I have given proof, although he be
My duke, and kinsman, I abhor his vices,
Howe'er the world, without examination,
Shoot their malicious noise, and stain my actions:
Tis policy in princes to create
A favourite, who must bear all the guilt
Of things ill managed in the state; if any
Design be happy, 'tis the prince's own.
Heaven knows, how I have counselled this young man,
By virtue to prevent his fate; and govern
With modesty . D the religious days
Of commonwealths ! we have outlived that blessing.

Set. But I have thought a cure for this great state
Imposthume.

Lor. What?

Sci. To lance it; is't not ripe ?
Let us draw cuts, whether your hand or mine
Shall do an act for Florence' liberLy,
And send this tyrant to another world.

Lor. How! I draw cuts?

Set. Coy it not thus, Lorenzo,
But answer: by your name and birth, you are
His kinsman, we all know it; that you dwell
In's bosom, great in favour as in blood,
We know that too; and Utme tell you more,
We know you but disguise your heart, and wish
Florence would change her title.

Lor. How is this?

Sci. We know you have firm correspondence with
The banished men, whose desperate fortunes wait
Your call to tumult in our streets; all this,
Not to feed your ambition with a dukedom,
By the remove of Alexander, but
To serve your country, and create their peace
Who groan under tKe-tyranny of a proud,
Lascivious monarch.—Is't not true, Lorenzo?
My phrase is blunt, my lord.

Lor. My genius
And thine are friends [I see they have conversed,
And I applaud the wisdom of my stars,
That made me for his friendship who preserves
The same religious fire. I will confess,
When Alexander left his piety
To Florence, I placed him beneath my country,
As we should all; but we have lost our souls,
Or changed our active spirits, for a dull
And lazy sufferance; let this secret be
An argument, how much I dare repose
Upon Sciarra's honour, virtue witness,
I choose no other destiny : command
Lorenzo's fate, dissolve me with your breath ;
I'll either live, in your exchange of faith,
A patriot, or die my country's martyr.

Set. Thou hast a fire beyond Prometheus',
To quicken earth, thy flame is but a prophecy
Of that high pyramid the world shall build
To thy immortal name: it was the glory
Of Romans to prefer their empire's safety
To their own lives, they were but men like us,
And of the same ingredients, our souls
Create of no inferior substance, ha?—

Lor. Heaven knows, I've no particular design
To leap into a throne ; I will disclaim
The privilege of blood, let me advance
Our liberty, lest the ancient laws
Of the republic, rescue from the jaws
Of lust your mothers, wives, your daughters, sisters—

Sci. Sisters"

Lor. From horrid rape—'las, Amidea '

Sci. I am resolved ; by all that's blest, he dies.
Return my willingness to be his pander,
My sister's readiness to meet his dalliance;
His promises have bought our shame:—he dies;
The roof he would dishonour with his lust

Shall be his tomb ;—bid him be confident;
Conduct him, good Lorenzo, I'll dispose
My house for this great scene of death.

Lor. Be constant.

[*exit.*

Enter FLORID and AMIDEA.

Flo. Now, brother, what news brings the great Lorenzo ?

Set. Let me have truce, vexation, for some minutes —

[*Aiiie.*

What news? preferments, honours, offices —

Sister, you must to court.

Ami. Who, I to court?

Set. Or else the court will come to you. The duke
Hath sent already for us, Amidea •

O that I knew what happy stars did govern

At thy nativity I It were no sin

To adore their influence.

Ami. What means my brother ?

Flo. He is transported.

Ami. I shall suspect your health.

Set. I easily could forget I am Sciarrha,
And fall in love myself.—Is she not fair,
Exceeding beautiful, and tempting, Florio?
Look on her well, methinks I could turn poet,
And make her a more excellent piece than Heaven.
Let not fond men hereafter commend what
They most admire, by fetching from the stars,
Dr flowers, their glory of similitude,
But from thyself the rule to know all beauty;
And he that shall arrive at so much boldness,
To say his mistress¹ eyes, or voice, or breath,
Are half so bright, so clear, so sweet as thine,
Hath told the world enough of miracle.
These are the duke's own raptures, Amidea;
His own poetic flames; an argument
He loves my sister.

Ami. Love me ?

Sci. Infinitely.

I am in earnest; he employed Lorenzo,
No meaner person, in this embassy ;
You must to court. Oh happiness!

Ami. For what ?

Sa. What do great ladies do at court, I pray?
Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss
The amorous lords, and change court breath, sing ,
lose

Belief of other Heaven } tell wanton dreams,
Rehearse their sprightly bed-scenes, and boast, which
Hath most idolaters; accuse all faces
That trust to the simplicity of nature,
Talk witty blasphemy,
Discourse their gaudy wardiobes, plot new pnde,
Jest upon courtiers' legs, laugh at the wagging
Of their own feathers, and a thousand more
Delights, which private ladies never think of.
But above all, and wherein thou shalt make
All other beauties envy thee, the duke,
The duke himself shall call thee his, and single
From the fair troop thy person forth, to exchange
Embraces with, lay siege to these soft lips,
And not remove, till he hath sucked thy heart,
Which soon dissolved with thy sweet breath, shall be
Made part of his, at the same instant he
Conveying a new soul into thy breast
With a creating kiss.

Ami. You make me wonder;
Fray speak, that I may understand.

Set. Why will you
Appear so ignorant? I speak the dialect
Of Florence to you. Come, I find you're cunning;¹
The news does please, the rolling of your eye
Betrays you, and I see a guilty blush
Through this white veil, upon youi cheek ; you would

¹ **Knowing.**

Have it confirmed; you shall; the duke himself
Shall swear he loves you.

Ami. Love me! why?

Sa. To court,
And ask him; be not you too peevish now,
And hinder all our fortune: I have promised him,
To move you for his armful, as I am
Sciarrha, and your brother; more, I have sent
Word to him by Lorenzo, that you should
Meet his high flame; in plain Italian,
Love him, and—

Ami. What, far Heaven! be the duke's whore?

Sa. No, no, his mistress, command him, make us.

Ami. Give up my virgin honour to his lust?

Set. You may give it a better name; but do it.

Ami. I do mistake you, brother, do I not?

Sci. No, no, my meaning is so broad, you cannot.

Ami. I would I did then. Is't not possible
That this should be a dream? where did you drop
Your virtue, sir?—Flono, why move you not?
Why are you slow to tell this man,—for sure
'Tis not Sciarrha,—he hath talked so ill,
And so much, that we may have cause to fear,
The air about's infected?

Flo. Are not you
My brother?

Sci. Be not you a fool, to move
These empty questions, but join to make her
Supple and pliant for the duke, I hope
We are not the first have been advanced by a wagtail:¹
No matter for the talk of musty people,
Look up to the reward; thou art young, and skilled
In these court temptings, naturally soft,
And moving, I am ; assist, wilt,
With some quaint charm, to win her to this game?

Flo. **My sister?**

Sci. **Ay, ay.**

¹ Wanton.

Ami. Come not near him, Floriu,
Tis not Sciarrha; sure, my brother's nurse
Flayed the imposter, and with some base issue
Cheated our house.

Set. Gipsy, use belter language,
Dr I'll forget your sex.

Flo. Offer to touch her
With any rudeness, and by all that's virtuous—

Set. Why, how now, boy?

Flo. I do not fear your sword, *[Draws.*
This, with my youth and innocence, is more
Defence than all thy armoury; what devil
Has crept into thy soul?

Set. You will not help?

Flo. I'll never¹ kill thee.

Sci. Tis very well.

Have you considered better o¹ the motion?

Ann. Yes.

Sci. And what is your resolve?

Ami. To have my name
Stand in the ivory register of virgins
When I am dead. Before one factious thought
Should lurk within me to betray my fame
To such a blot, my hands shall mutiny,
And boldly with a poniard teach my heart
To weep out a repentance.

Set. Let me kiss thee,
My excellent, chaste sister,—Fiona,
Thou hast my soul; I did but try your virtues.—
'Tis truth, the duke does love thee, viciously,
Let him, let him 1 he comes to be our guest,
This night he means to revel at our house,—
The Tarquin shall be entertained; he shall.

Enter a Servant.

5er. My lord, Fisano is come.

[Exit.

¹ Query, **lather**.

Set. I had forgot his promise.—Look up, sister,
And shine with thy own smiles- Fisanò's come,
Pisano, thy contracted, honoured friend j
A gentleman so rich in hopeSj we shall
Be happy m's alliance.—

Enter PISANO, COSMO, and FREDERICO.

Welcome allj

But you above the rest, my brother shortly.—

Sister, and Florio, entertain your noble

Friends j some few minutes I am absent. We

Must not forget t¹ prepare for the duke's coming [

I'll soon return.

[Exit.

Ami. You are not cheerful, sir;

How is't, my lord? you were not wont to look

So sad when you came hither.

Pis. I am not well, Amiclea.

Ami. Oh my heart •

Pis. Be you

Comforted, lady; let all griefs repair

To this, their proper centre. *[Lays /its hand on /us breast.*

Flo. Sir, how fare you ?

Pis. Altered of late a little.

Fred. Virtuous lady,

I cannot choose but pity her, and accuse

Pisano's levity.

[Aside.

Pis. Would he were come back !

I might have finished ere he went, and not

Delayed his business much; two or three words,

And I had dispatched.

Ami. How, sir? your language is

Another than you used to speak [you look not

With the same brow upon me,

Cos. 'Las! sweet lady.—

But who shall accuse me ?

[Aside.

Pis. We shall expect too long.—Lady, I am come

To render all my interest in your love,

And to demand myself again; live happier
 In other choice, fair Amidea, 'tis
 Some shame to say my heart's revolted.

Ami. Ha!

Pis. Here's witness, all is cancelled betwixt us;
 Nay, an you weep—Farewell!

Ami. He's gone !

Flo. I am amazed.

Pis. Now lead me to my blessing.

[*Exeunt PISAND, CDSMD, 0«</FREDERICD.*

Flo. Shall a long suit and speeding in his love,
 With the world's notice, and a general fame
 Df contract too, just in the instant, when
 A marriage is expected, be broke off
 With infamy to our house?

Ami. Brother, if ever
 You loved poor Amidea, let not this
 Arrive Sciarrha's ear, there's danger in
 His knowledge of it, this may be a trial
 Df my affection.

Flo. A trial ' no, it showed
 TDD like a truth.

Ami. My tears entreat your silence.

Flo. You have power to command it, dry your eyes
 then,
 He is returned.

Re-enlcrSCIARRHA.

Sci. How now'
 Weeping? Where is Pisano, and his friends?

Flo. They're gone, sir.

Sa. Ha!

Ami. Guess by my eyes you may,
 Something of sorrow hath befallen; no sooner
 You were departed, but some strange distemper
 Invaded him ; we might discern a change
 In's countenance, and though we prayed him to
 Repose with us, he would straight back again;

So, with Frederico,
And Signior Cosmo, he returned.

Flo. The alteration was strange and sudden.

Sci. 'Las ! noble gentleman—but come, clear up
Your face again, we hope it will not last:
Look bright again, I say, I have given order—

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My lord, the duke's already come. *[Exit.*

Set. Remove,
Good Amidea, and reserve thy person
To crown his entertainment; be not seen yet.
[Exit AMIDEA.

Enter DUKE, LORENZO, ALONZO, and Attendants.

Duke. Sciarra, we are come to be your guest.

Set. Your highness doth an honour to our house.

Duke. But where's thy sister? she must bid us welcome.

Set. She is your grace's handmaid.

Duke. For this night,
Let the whole world conspire to our delight.—
Lorenzo— *[Whispers him.*
Lor. Sir, be confident—and pensh. *[Aside.*



SCENE II.—*The Garden of MOROSA'S House.*

Enter MOROSA, ORIANA, and Servant.

Mor. You should not rashly give away your heart,
Nor must you, without me, dispose yourself.—
Pray give access to none—yet, if Fisano
Enquire, direct him to the garden. — *[Exit Servant.*
Cosmo

Is young, and promising, but, while Lorenzo
Lives, must expect no sunshine.

Re-enter Servant with PISANO and COSMD.

Pis. There's for thy pains.— *[Exit Servant.*
They are now at opportunity.

Cos. My lord,
Do you prepare the mother, and let me close
With Oriana.

Pis. What service can reward thee?

Cos. Take occasion
To leave us private, this hour be propitious '
Win but the matron to you.

Pis. She is prepared already.

Cos. Lose no time,
Take the other walk. *[Exeunt PISAND and MORDSA.*

On. My dear Cosmo

Cos. My best Dnana. [you-

On. You have been too much absent, I must chide

Cos. You cannot, sweet; I would I knew which way
To make thee angry; yes, that I might see
How well it would become thee. I do fear
Thou art some angel, and that sin would be
An argument to me, that thou Avert mortal,
I must suspect thy too much goodness else,
And leave thee for the fellowship of saints,
I am too wicked

Ori. You will make me angry

Cos. But you will love me still, I fear.

On. Do you fear it?
Is't a misfortune?

Cos. What?

Ori. My love.

Cos. Your anger;
And yet the t'other oftentimes may carry
An evil with it; we may love too well,
And that's a fault.

On. Not where the object's good.

Cos. O yes: always beware of the extremes.

Shir.

I

On. What mean you ? I affect none but my Cosmo,
Nor him with too much flame.

Cos. If you should, lady,
'Twere nobly done.

On. To love another?

Cos. Yes,
If there be cause, that may be called a virtue :
For what have I to engross the affection
Of any lady, if she can discern
A greater merit in some other man?
Wisdom forbid, hut she command her smiles,
To warm and cherish him.

On. So we should be
Inconstant

Cos. Why not? if our reason be
Convinced that's no such fault, as the world goes,
Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same; the stars do wander,
And have their divers influence, the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes
Our constitutions vary, herbs and trees
Admit their frost and summer, and why then
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
More subtle than the spirits in our blood,
Be such stayed things within us, and not share
Their natural liberty? Shall we admit a change
In smaller things, and not allow it in
What most of all concerns us?

On. What?

Cos. Our loves.

On. Have you suspicion I am changed, and thus
Would school me for it ? or shall I imagine
That you are altered ?

Cos. Yes, I am, and therefore
Proclaim thy freedom; I do love thee less,
To show I love thee more.

On. What riddle's this ?

Cos. I will explain Upon maturity
Of counsel, Dnana, I have found
I am not worthy of thee, therefore come
To make thee satisfaction for my sin
Df loving thee, by pointing out a way,
And person, will become thy affection better.

On. You have a pretty humour.

Cos. What dost think
Of brave Fisano ? shall his ment plead
Succession in thy chaste thoughts ?

On. I do know him.

Cos. Thou canst not choose, and I could study
none
Worthy thy love but him.

On. 'Tis very likely
You would resign Lhen ?

Cos. Ay, to honour thee;
His service will deserve thee at the best
And richest value.

On. Why, it shall be so.

Cos. Nay, but be seiioiib, and declare me happy,
That I may say, I have made thee just amends,
And I will thank thee.

On. Why, sir, I do love him.

Cos. Oh, when did Cupid aim that golden shaft ?
But dost thou love him perfectly, with a
Desire, when sacred rites of marriage
Are past, to meet him in thy bed, and call him
Thy husband ?

Ori. Why, sir, did you evei think
I was so taken with your worth and person,
I could not love another lord as well?
By your favour, there be many as proper men,
And as deserving ; you may save your plea,
And be assured I heed no lesson to
Direct my fancy. I did love Pisano

Before, but for your sake, I mean to place him
A great deal nearer.—Sure he does but jest, [Aside,
You did lave me.

Cos. Now, by my heart, I love thee.
This act shall crown our story, Onana,
Thou dost not know how much thou honourest me.
For he's not in the common list of friends,
And he does love thee past imagination.
Next his religion he has placed the thought
Of Oriana, he sleeps nothing else,
And I shall wake him into Heaven, to say
Thou hast consented to be his.

On. Pray tell me,
But truly, I beseech you ; do you wish
Pisano mine indeed ? or are you jealous,
And name him to accuse me?

Cos. Not, by goodness ,
But if there be a charm beyond thy innocence,
By that I would conjure thee, Oriana,
Love him, and make three happy; it shall be
My bliss to call you his, let me but own
A servant in your memory.

On. Unkind
And cruel Cosmo ! dost thou think it possible
I can love any but thyself? thou wilt
Undo my heart for ever.

Re-enter PISANO and MOROSA,

Mbr. You shall be
Ever most welcome; If I be her mother,
She must declare obedience.—Oriana—

Cos. Go cheerfully, thy mother calls, to him
Whose orator I have been.—'Las, poor lady!
I half repent me, since she is so constant:
But a friend's life weighs down all other love;
Beside I thus secure my fate; Lorenzo
Threatens my spring, he is my enemy.

[Aside.

Ori. You'll not compel affection ?

Pis. No, but court it;

With honour, and religion, thus invite it.

Mor. I shall forget the nature of a parent,
Unless you show more softness, and regard
To what is urged. What promise could you make
To Cosmo without me? or, if you had—

Cos. Here Cosmo doth give up all title to it,
I have no part in Dnana now.

On. I've heard too much; do with me what you
please,

I am all passive, nothing of myself,
But an obedience to unhappmess.

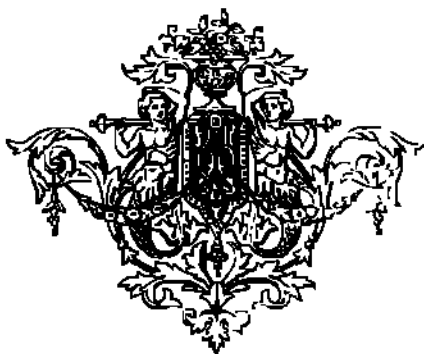
[_Exit.

Cos. Follow her, Piano.

Pis. Thou art all friendship.

Cos. Trace their warm steps, virgins' resolves are
weak.

Leave not her eyes until you see day break. [Exeunt.





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.— *A Room in DEPAZZI'S House.*

Enter DEPAZZI and ROGERO.



EP. Rogero!

Rog. My lord.

Dep. Make fast the chamber door, stifle the keyhole and the cranmus, I must discourse of secret mutters; dost thou smell nothing, Rogero? ha?

Rog. Smell? not any thing, my lord, to offend my nostril

Dep. Come hither, what do the people talk abroad of me? Answer me justly, and to the point; what do they say?

Rog. Faith, my lord, they say that you are—

Dep. They he, I am not; they are a lousy, impudent multitude, a many-headed, and many-horned generation, to say that I am—

Rog. A noble gentleman, a just and discreet lord, and one that deserved to have his honours without money.

Dep. Dh, is that it? I thought the rabble would have said, I had been a traitor—I am half mad, certainly, ever since I consented to Lorenzo; 'tis a very hard condition, that a man must lose his head to recompense the procuring of his honours: what if I discover him to the duke?—ten to one, if Lorenzo come but to speak, his grace will not have the grace to believe me, and then I run the hazard to be thrown out of all on t'other side;

'tis safest to be a traitor. [XnVft.]—Hum, who is that you whispered to?

Rog. I whisper?

Dep. Marry did you, sirrah.

Rog. Not I, good faith, m, I-

Dep. Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah, I smell a rat behind the hangings. [*Takes up the hangings.*]—Here's nobody; ha? are there no trunks' to convey secret voices?

Rog. Your lordship has a pair² on.

Dep. I do not like that face in the arras₁ on my conscience he points at me. 'Pox upon this treason, I have no stomach to t, I Jo see myself upon a scaffold, making a pitiful speech already, I shall have my head cut off Seven years ago I laid my head upon a wager, I remember, and lust it, let me sec,—it shall be so, 'Us good policy to be armed. [*Aside*—Rogero, imagine I were a traitor

Rog. How, sir?

Dep. I but say "imagine-" we may put the rase; and that I were apprehended for a, traitor.

Rog. Heaven defend '

Dep. Hcavun has something else to do, than to defend traitors. I say, imagine I were biought to the bar.

Rog. Good, my lord ' you biought to the bai ?

Dep. I will beat you, if you will not imagine, at my bidding I say, suppose I now w ere at the bar, to answer for my life.

Rog. Well, sir.

Dep. Well, sir? that's as it happens, you must imagine I will answer the best I can for m)self Concei[e, I prithee, that these chans were judges, moit gra e and venerable beards and fares, at my arraignment, and that thyself wert, in the name of the duke and state, to accuse me, what couldst thou say to me?

Rog. I accuse your good honour? for what, I beseech

Dep. For high treason, you blockhead. [you ?

Rog. I must be acquainted with some particulars first.

¹ Tubes.

» i t, Trunk-hose, larpe ~~blockhead~~.

Dtp. Mass, thou sayest right: why imagine,—do you hear? you must but imagine,—that *some* great man had a conspiracy against the duke's person, and that I, being an honest lord, and one of this great man's friends, had been drawn in, for that's the plain truth on't; 'twas against my will, but that's all one. Well, thou understand'st me, show thy wit, Rogero, scratch thy nimble pericranium, and thunder out my accusation *c[tempore*. Here I stand, Sigmor Depaizi, ready to answer the indictment.

Rog. Good, my lord, it will not become me, being your humble servant.

Dep. Humble coxcomb ! is it not for my good? I say, accuse me, bring it home, jerk me soundly to the quick, Rogero, tickle me, as thou lov'st thy lord; I do defy thee, spare me not, and the devil take thee if thou be'st not malicious.

Rog. Why then have at you. First, Sigmor Depazzi, thou art indicted of high treason, hold up thy hand, guilty, or not guilty?

Dep. Very good

Rog. Nay, very bad, sir —answer, I say, guilty or not guilty?

Dep. Not guilty.

Rog. 'Tis your best course to say so,—well, imagine I rise up the duke's most learned in the laws, and his nimble-tongued orator ; have at you sigmor

Dep. Come, come on, sir, here I stand.

Rog. I will prove thou liest in thy throat, if thou deniest thy treason, and so I address myself to the most understanding seats of justice.—"Most wise, most honourable, and most incorrupt judges, sleep not, I beseech you, my place hath called me to pkad, in the behalf of my pnnce and country, against this notable, this pernicious, and impudent traitor, who hath plotted and contrived such high, heinous, and hornble treasons, as no age nor history hath ever mentioned the like. Here he stands, whose

birth I will not touch, because it is altogether unknown who begot him. He was brought up among the small wares in the city, became rich by sinister and indirect practices, married a merchant's wife at adventures, and was soon after advanced to be a head-officer."

Dep. Why, you rascal'

Rog. Peace, sirrah, peace "—" Nay, your lordships shall find him very audacious : this fellow, not content to have his branches spread within the city, I speak it to his face, let him deny it, was afterward, by the corruption of his confederate, and the mere grace of his highness, raised to honour, received infinite favours from his prince of blessed memory, yet, like a wretch, a villain, a viper, a rat of Nilus, he hath practised treasons against the sacred person of the duke, for which he deserveth not only to die, but also to suffer tortures, whips, racks, strapadoes, wheels, and all the fiendly brazen bulls that can be invented, as I shall make it appear to this honourable and illustrious court "

Dcp. This rogue's transported

Rog. With all my heart, "I obey your lordships:—thus then I pass from these circumstances, and proceed to the principal villainies that we have to lay to his charge. *Imprimis*, thou, Signior Depazzi, didst offer to a groom one hundred crowns to poison his highness' hunting-saddle "

Dcp. Did I?

Rog. Do not interrupt me, valet; I will prove it,—his hunting saddle, and woe shall be unto thy back therefore; and finding this serpentine treason broken in the shell,—do but lend your reverend ears to his next designs—I will cut them off presently,—this irreligious, nay, atheistical traitor, did with his own hands poison the duke's prayer-book; oh, impiety¹ and had his highness, as in former times he accustomed, but prayed once in a month, which, by special grace, he omitted, how fatal had it been to Florence! but as by justice his excellence

did then, and by his own want of devotion, prevent this assassmate's purpose, so we hope, in his own discretion, and the counsel of his state, he will take heed how he prays heieafter while he lives, to which every true subject will say, Amen."

Dep. " May it please your honours—"

Rog. Thou impudent, brazen-faced traitor, wilt thou deny it? " Moreover, an't like your good lordships, he hath for this fortnight or three weeks before his apprehension, walked up and down the Lourt with a case¹ of pistols charged, wherewith, as he partly confessed, he intended to send the duke to Heaven with a powder "

Dep. This rogue will undo the devil at invention.—
" May it please this honourable—"

Rog. " These are but sprinklings of his treason "

Dep. Will you justify this? did I any of thesi.' things, you tadpole ?

Rog. Hold yourself contented, my lord; he that ib brought to the bar in case of treason, must look to have more objected than he can anSWIM, or any man is able to justify.

Dep. " 1 confess, an't please your good lordships—"

Hog. " Mark, he will confess—"

Dep. That's the way to be sent of a headless errand: —
" Indeed I confess that I never intended any treason to his highness, nor ever sought the prince's life, true it is, that I heard of a conspiracy."

Rog. "That, that,my lords, hath overthrown him; he saith he never sought the prince's life, *ergo*, he sought his death, besides, he hath heard of treason; now, he that heareth and discovereth not, is equally guilty in fact: for in offences of this nature there are no accessories, *ergo*, he is a principal, and being a principal traitor, he deserveth condemnation.¹

Dep. Shall I not speak?

Rog. No, traitors must not be suffered to speak, for

¹ Couple.

when they have leave, they have liberty, and he that is a traitor deserveth to be close prisoner.

Dep. "All that this fellow hath uttered is false and forged, abominable lies."

Rog. I will speak truth, and I will be heard, and no man else, in this place

Dep. "I never dreamt of a, him Ling-saddie, nor never had so much as a thought of any prayer-book."

Rog. "You sit here to do justice; I speak for the duke, and the safety of the commonwealth "

Dep. "As foi pistols, 'tis well known I could never endure the report of them. I defy powder and shot as I do him that accuscth me."

Rog. "I defy all the world that will hear a traitor speak for himself; 'tis against the law, which provides that no man shall defend treason, and he that speaks for himself, being a traitor, doth defend his treason thou art a capital obstreperous malefactor."

Dep. Thou ,irt a madman.

Rog. Go to, you have played the fool too much.

Dep. Thou continual motion cease; a pox upon thee, hold thy tongue.

Rog. The pox will not serve your turn.

Dep. Why then this shall. *[Beats him*

Rog. Hold, hold, good my lord, I am sensible, I have done, imagine I have done, I but obeyed your lordship, whose baton¹ I find stronger than my imagination — My lord, you will answer this, to stnke in the court thus?

Dep. I am as weary—hark, Rogero, *{Knocking within }* —one knocks, see, see, there's to make thee amends; *[Gtres him money.]*—see, good Rogero, and say nothing. *[Exit RUGERO.]*—Pray Heaven it be no puisuivant.

Re-enter ROGERO with PETRUCHIO bearing a letter.

Rog. Petruchio, my Lord Pisano's secretary.

Dep. But Lorenzo's engine a very knave. *[Asufe.*

¹ Stick. Fr, *finfon*.

Pet. My very good lord. *[Gives him the letter.*

Dep. What's here? it can be no goodness, *[Reads aside.]*—"My lord, I would not have you go to bed to-night,"—he will not let me sleep now, I dreamt as much;—"something will be done to give Florence liberty. In the depth of night you may cunningly disperse some rumours in the city, that the duke is dead, the people must be distracted, in the common fright be not you wanting in your person to assist their fears, and speak well of—Lorenzo." Speak well of the devil.—My humble service to your lord, and say he has power to command me in all things.

Pet. My [ery good lord.

Dep. No matter, an you were both hanged. *[Aside.]*—Rogero, show him the wine cellar, *[Exeunt ROGERO and PETRUCHIO]*—Let me see, I must report the duke's death, I cannot abide this word "death;" yet he desires me but to report it: hum, if it be false, why so much the better; there will be the less harm in it, if it should prove true, they will believe me another time well, I will dnk myself half rliunk, and be fortified *[Exit.*



SCENE II.—A Room in SCIARRHA'S House.

Preparations for a Masque.

Enter DUKE, AMIDEA, LORENZO, SCIARRHA, FLORID,
and Attendants,

Duke. Sciarrha, you exceed in entertainment;
Banquet our eyes too?

Lor: He will feast all senses.

Set. Only a toy, my lord; I cannot call't
A masque, nor worthy of this presence, yet
It speaks the freedom of my heart, and gratitude
For this great honour.

Duke. Aimdea must
Sit near us.

Sci, Lords, your places ['twill not be
Worth half this ceremony.—Let them begin.

Enter Lust, richly apparelled the Pleasures attending-

Duke. Who's the presenter?

Set. Lust, sir, pray observe.

Lust. Now let Lust possess the throne
Of Love, and rule m hearts alone :
You sweet tempters to my sin,
Beauty, smiles, and kisses win
Upon frail mortals, let them know
There is no happiness, but you
Shoot no arrows tipped with lead,
Each shaft have his golden head.
Call no love, delude men still,
Through the flesh their spirits kill,
Nor spend all your heart to take
Common persons , greatness make,
By your potent charms, to be
Subjects unto hell and me.
Inflame but kings with loose desire,
You soon set all the woild on fire.

Enter a Young Man nMy habited, and crowned.'

Duke. What's he?

Set. A wild young man, that follows Lust [
He has too much blood it seems.

Duke. Why looks he back?

Sci. There is a thing called Death, that follows
him;

With a large train of Furies , but the Syrens
Of Lust make him secure, and now the hag
Embraces him, and circles him with pleasures •

The harpies mean to dance too —{*Here Lust, the Plea-
sures, and the Young Man join in a Dance.,*—

Hang his conscience !

It whines too much.

Lor. This is too plain.

[Aside.

Sci. He docs not tremble yet.—

By-and-by, sir, you shall see all his tormentors
Join with them; there's the sport on't.

Lor. Methinks they
Should have been first, for the antimasque.

Sci. Oh no!

In hell they do not stand upon the method,
As we at court, the grand masque and the glory
Begin the revels.—

Enter Death.

Sister, you do ill
To keep the duke in talk; he cannot see
The devil for you, and the whips does not
That death's head look most temptingly? the worms
Have kissed the lips off.—

*Enter Funes, who join m the dance[and in the end carry
the Young Man away. The rest flee in confusion.*

How does your highness like this dance?

Duke. My eyes so feasted here, I did not mark it,
But I presume 'twas handsome.

Sci. O the lethargy
Of princes!—We have kept you, sir, from bed.—
More lights.

Duke. Good night to all, to you the best:—
Sciarrha, bind us ever by performance.

Sci. We are all your's.

Duke. And Florence thine.—Once more—
Brightest of ladies.

Lor. You are firm? [Aside to SCIARRHA.

Set. Suspect not. [Exeunt all but AMIDES and FLORID.

Flo. I do not like my brother's moral masque;
The duke himself was personated : I
Wonder it did not startle him.

¹ A burlesque interlude in the masque,

Ami. I hope
Sciarrha does not mean so ill as that
Did promise. He's returned; his looks are full

Re-enter SCIARRHA.

Of threat'mng.

Sci. Amidea, go not to bed;
And yet no matter, I can do't alone.
Take both your rest, and in your prayers commend
The duke to Heaven, 'tis chancy, he has made
His will already, and bequeathed his body
To you, sister, pity his soul, for 'tis now
Within few minutes of departing.

Ami. How?

Set. Why, this way, [*Showing a poniard.*—I must
help him in his groans,
To bring his flesh a-bed.

Ami. You will not kill him?

Sa. I am not of your mind.

Ami. I know you cannot.

Sa. You are not studied so perfect in
His destiny, I hope, I will endeavour—

Ami. To kill your prince?

Flo. What, here?

Set. No, in his chamber.

Ami. Shall it be read in stories of our Florence,
Sciarrha first did stain his family
With such a treason?

Flo. Was he not invited?

Set. Yes, by his lust.

Flo. And in your crowned table',
And hospitality, will you murder him?

Set. Yes, and the reason wherefore he was murdered,
Shall justify the deed to all posterity,
He came to wrong my sister.

Flo. Wanton heat;
Let youthful blood excuse him.

Sci. So it must,

Flo. Mistake me not; oh, think but who he is,
The duke, that word must needs awake your piety.

Ann. How will good men in this remembrance
Abhor your cruelty, that send to hell
One with the weight of all his sins upon him ?

Sci. It is too late to cool with argument
My incensed blood. Will you go dally with him,
And let him board your pinnace ? I have gone
So far in promise, if you clasp not with him,
It will be dangerous if he outlive
This night.

Ami I have thought on't [send him to my bed.

Set. Ha'

Ami. Do not question what I purpose, Heaven
Witness to my chaste thoughts.

Set. Wilt thou trust him ?

Ami. I will do much, sir, to preserve his life,
And your innocence be not you suspectful,
At the worst you can but respite your revenge.

Sci. Dost thou not fear unhappy Lucrece' chance,
Or wretched Philomel's dishonour?

Ami. No :

Give me his life, and send your wanton to me:
I'll to my chamber, fear me not, Suarrha,
Have not one thought so bad, I shall not prosper;
Virgins in Heaven will suffer with me.

Flo. Trust her. [*Exeunt* AMIDE A and FLORID.

Set. 'Tis but deferring of my justice;
She will not kill him, sure ; draw on her soul
The guilt she hates in mine, if she do yield
To the hot encounter, ha ! 'twill then be just,
That both their hearts weep blood, to purge their lust.

[*Exit.*



SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FLORID and AMIDEA.

Flo. My poniard ?

Ami. I've no black intent
To stain't with any blood.

Flo. Take it, I know
Thou art my virtuous sister, it were wickedness
To doubt thy purpose, or the event.

Ami. Now leave me.

Flo. Thou hast a guard of angels.

Ami. They are coming

[*FLORID conceals himself behind the hangings.*]

Enter SLIARRHA and the DUKE.

Set. Look, there she is, sir: you know how to undress

Duke. Dearest Sciarrha. [her

Sci. To your recreation.—

Here I'll obscure myself. [*Aside, sees FLORIO as he retires
behind the hangings.*—*Fiona ? 'tis well.*]

Duke. Lady, you know me?

Ami. Yes, my prince.

Duke. I was so
Till I saw thee, but I gave up that title
A conquest to thy beauty, whirh, among
Her other wonders, hath created me
A subject and a servant, and I shall
Be happier to be received your's by
One of those names, than Duke of Tuscany

Ami. Dh, take yourself again, sir ; use your greatness
To make the hearts of Florence bow to you,
And pay their duties thus. [Kneeh.

Duke. Rise, Amidea,
And since you have given my power back, it will
Become me to command,

Ami. And me to obey. {.Rises.

Duke. I see thy noble brother hath been faithful

**To my desires; he has prepared thee with
A story of my love, which thou reward'st
With too much humbleness : thou hast a quarrel,**
And a just one, with thy stars, that did not make thee
A princess, Amidea; yet thou'rt greater,
And born to justify unto these times,
Venus, the queen of Love, was but thy figme,
And all her graces prophecies of thine,
To make our last age best. I could dwell ever

Here, and imagine I am in a temple,

To offer on this altar of thy lip, *[Kisses her often.*

Myriads of flaming kisses, with a cloud

Of . . . ! sighs breathed from my heart,

Which, by the oblation, would increase his stock,
To make my pay eternal.

Ami. What mean you?

Duke. That question is propounded timely. hadst
thou

Not interrupted me, I should have lost

Myself upon thy lips, and quite forgot

There is a bliss beyond it, which I came for.

Let others satisfy themselves to read

The wonders in thy face, make proud their eye,

By seeing thine, turn statues at thy voice,

And think they never fix enough to hear thee.

A man half dead with famine would wish heie

To feed on smiles, of which the least hath power

To call an anchorite from his prayers, tempt saints

To wish their bodies on. Thou dost with ease

Captivate kings with every beam, and mayst

Lead them like prisoners round about the world,

Proud of sudi golden chains, this were enough,

Had not my fate provided more, to make me

Believe myself immortal in thy touches.

Come to thy bed, transform me there to happiness;

I'll laugh at all the fables of the gods,

¹ Something appears to have drnppeil out here.

And teach our poets after I know thee,
To wnte the true Elysium.

Ami. Good, my lord,
I understand you not, and yet I fear
You do not mean well, if you have brought wi'h you
A sinful purpose, which I may suspect—

Duke Why, lady, what do you imagine I
Came hither for?

Ami I know not.

Duke. How '

Is't come to that? your brother gave you moie
Desirous of the sport, and brought me hither,
Ripe for your dalliance. Did you not expect me?

Ami Yes

Duke. And to what other purpose?

Ami. To tell you, that you are not [irtuous.

Duke. I'm of youi mind.

Ami. But I am not so wicked
To be of your's : oh, think but uho you aie,
Your title speaks you nearest Heaven, and points
You out a glorious reign among the angels,
Do not depose yourself of one, and be
Of the other disinherited.

Duke. I would
Your brother heard you [prithee, do not ,Waste
This tedious divinity, I am
Resolved to grapple with you.

Am. Keep off. *[Shows the poniard. the poniard d.*

Duke Ha !
Turned Amazon ?

Ami. Prince, come not too near me,
For, by my honour, since you have lost your own,
Although I bow in duty to your person,
I hate your black thoughts • tempi not my just hand
With violent approach, I dare, and will
Do that will grieve you, if you have a soul.

Duke. Thou dar'st not kill me.

Ann. True, but I dare die.

Duke. Be thy own murderer ?

Ann. Rather than you should be my ravisher.

Duke. Thou canst not be so merciless, 'tis less sin
To be unchaste ; I am thy prince, I prithee
Throw by that cruel weapon, let our wai
Be soft embraces, shooting amorous smiles,
Kill and restore each other with a kiss,
I know thou canst not be unkind so long
Then, I command thee.

Ann. I must not obey
To be your strumpet- though my hand be unskilful,
I shall soon find my heart.

Duke. I'll not believe—

Ami. Let this deserve your faith I daie be just,

[*SJic wounds /iet arm.*

This crimson river issuing from my aim

Duke. Hold i

Ami. Never, it shall flow, and if this channel
Yield not enough, I'll strike another vein,
And after that, another, and not pity
The murmunng stream, till through a prodigal wound
I have drained the fountain . this doth weep for you,
And shall extol my death, if it may Leach
You to correct your blood.

Duke. There's so much gone
From me, I cool apace, this action
Hath shot an ague through me , Amidea,
Pity thyself

Am. Not, till you swear repentance ;
I do not faint yet, 'tis somewhat about,
But I can find a nearer way; this does it.

[*Offering to slnke herself again,*

Duke. Contain¹; I am sorry, sorry from my soul,
Trust me, I do bleed inward, Amidea,
Can answer all thy drops : oh, pardon me,
¹ i.e. Abstain,

Thou faint'st already, dost not? I am fearful.
 The phoenix, with her wings, when she is dying,
 Can fan her ashes into another life;
 But when thy breath, more sweet than all the spice
 That helps the other's funeral, returns
 To Heaven, the world must be eternal loser.
 Look to thy wound,

Ami. May I believe you, sir?

Dnke I dare not think aury, again I ask
 Forgiveness, in thy innocence I sec
 My own deformity

[SCIARRHA, followed by FLORID, comes hastily from
 behind the hangings and embraces AMIDEA.]

Set. Now a thousand blessings
 Reward thy goodness; thou rieserv'st a statue,
 A Lall one, which should reach above the clouds,
 Jostle the moon, that people afar off
 Beholding it, may be invited hither,
 In hope to Llnnb to Heaven by't, but apply
 Betimes unto thy wound.—Florin, assist her.—

[FLORID leads off AMIDLA.]

And now, my lord—

Duke. Sciarrha, I'll begin to be thy lord,
 I brought intentions of dishonom to thee,
 And thy fair sister, but I am reconciled
 To virtue, and will study how to satisfy
 For you and Florence

See You will be more precious,
 Than had you never fallen; I am all joy
 In your conversion.

Duke. !

Set. Lorenzo ' I think, he has not said his prayers yet,
 But—

Duke. What?

Set. I cannot tell, may be he does not use it.

¹ Some words have probably dropped out here, as Sciarrha appears to reply to a question from the duke relating to Lorenzo.

Duke. How?

Sci. My lord, you now are lovely;
'Twere better you'd forget him; he's not right
At heart, I fear.

Duke. Fear nothing.

Set. To be plain,
You cherish your disease in him, and are
Not safe while he is near you

Duke. Do not envy him '—

Sci. Then I must tell you, sir, he is a traitor,
Within my knowledge, hath conspired your death.

Duke. With whom?

Set. With me; I should have killed you, sir,
This night, and every minute he expects
To hear you numbered with the dead. I can
Demonstrate this your pardon, but in truth,
The injuries you meant us were severe,
And he with as much violence did urge them
To your destruction, but your piety
Hath charmed my purpose, and I look upon you
With new obedience.

Re-enter FLORIO

Duke. Impossible I

Sci. We will not shift the scene till you believe it —
Florio, entreat my Lord Lorenzo hither—*[Exit FLO.*
Step but behind the arras, and your ear
Shall tell you who's the greatest traitor living.
Observe but when I tell him you are slain,
How he'll rejoice, and call me Florence' great
Preserver, bless my arm, that in your blood
Hath given our groaning state a liberty;
Then trust Sciarra. but obscure, I hear him

[The Duke returns behind the hangings.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Whom talked he to ?

[Aside.

¹ i e Do not bear him any ill-will; do not injure him.

Sci. 'Tis done—

Lor. What, good Sciarrha !

Sci. The duke is dead.

Lor. We are not left so miserable 1
Heav'n is more kind to Florence.

Sci. With this hand
I made a passage for his soul.

Lor. Defend,
Omnipotence ! what! murdered ? and by noble
Sciarrha ? how my ear abuses me !

Sci. Did not we plot it too ?

Lor. How ! we ? collect,
I fear you are not well: pray tell me why
You talk thus ? where's the duke ? he hath a guard,
An army of Heaven about him; who in Florence
Dares be so black a devil to attempt
His death ?

Sci. This is fine cunning; why, that devil is
Lorenzo, if he dare deny it [we are in private,
You need appear no stranger to that's done
By your direction.

Lor. I in the practice ?
Then let me creep into the earth, and rise
A monster to affright mankind. Sciarrha,
I must abhor thee for it. —Oh my prince I
My dearest kinsman I—may thy hand rot off 1—
Treason, treason '

Sci. Then my sword shall fetch
Another witness in thy heart.

*[As they draw the DUKE comes hastily forth, and
interposes. .*

Duke. Hold!

Lot. Tush, let him come,
My royal lord ; nay, let him kill me now :
I've so much joy and peace about me, 'twere
A sin to wish my life beyond this minute.

Duke. Put up, I say.

Set. My lord, we are both cozened :
That very smile's a traitor.

Duke. Come, be calm :
You are too passionate, Sciarrha, and
Mistook Lorenzo.

Lor. But I hold him noble:
I see he made this trial of my faith.
And I forgive him.

Duke. You shall be friends ; you shall, I say.

Enter hastily COSMO and ALONZO.

Cos. The duke—

Alon. Where's the duke ?

Cos. My lord, we are blest to see you safe; report
Hath frightened all the city with your death.
People forsake their beds, and seeking how
To be informed, increase the wretched tumult.

Alon. There's nothing but confusion ; all men tremble,
As if some general fire invaded Florence.

Sci. Have comfort, sir.

Duke. What's to be done?

Lor. Depazzi has remembered.— *[Aside.*
My, lord, there is no safety for the state,
Unless you personally appease them

Duke. How?

Lor. I hope they'll tear him , would he were dead any
way i *[Ande.*

Alon. He hath counselled well.

Cos. Your presence only hath the power to charm them.

Duke. I fear their rage. where is our guard?
Abnzo, haste afore, proclaim our pardon,
And that we live to give the offenders meicy.
Why are we born to greatness, mocked with state,
When every tumult staggers our proud fate?

Sci. *[Aside to Lor.]*—Our quarrel is deferred, sir.

[Exeunt.



ACT THE FOURTH,

SCENE I.—A Room in LORENZO'S House

Enter LORENZO.



OR My plots thrive not, my engines
all deceive me,
And in the very point of their discharge
Recoil with danger to myself- are
theie
No faithful villains left in nature? all

Turned honest? man nor spirit aid Lorenzo,
Who hath not patieiiiLe to expect his fate,
But must compel it How Sciarrha. played
The dog-bolt with me ' and had not I provided
In wisdom for him, that distiess had ruined me.
His frozen sister, Amidea, too,
Hath half converted him, but I must set
New wheels in motion, to make him yet
More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,
Ripe for my vengeance. I'll not trust the rabble,
Confusion on 'em¹—the giddy multitude,
That, but two minutes ere the duke came at them,
Bellowad out "Liberty," shook the city with
Their throats, no sooner saw him, but they melted
With the hot apprehension of a gallows .
And when a pardon was proclaimed (a fine
State-snaffle for such mules), they turned their cry
To acclamations, and deafcd Heaven to beg

His long and prosperous reign. A sudden rot
 Consume this base herd ' an the devil want
 Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sciarrha, my lord, desires to speak with you.

Lor. Sciarrha¹ come near—[*Wlmpers /«///.*]—yotf
 understand ? admit him. [*E[it Serv.*]

Enter SCIARRHA.

Welcome, my noble lord j
 You were not wont to visit me.

Set. Nor mean
 Ever to do't again.

Lor. You bring frowns ;
 I can be sullen too what is your pleasure ?

Set. You have abused me.

Lor. You have injured me.

Sci. In what ?

Lor. Betrayed me basely to the duke.

Sci. You denied then you were a traitor?

Lor. Yes,
 I was no fool to run my neck upon
 The axe, and give you such a cause of triumph.
 Were it again in question—

Sci. You are a villain, sir.

And I
 Must have it certified under your own hand,
 To show the duke.

Lor. You shall be humbled to
 Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe
 That I am honest, and desire my pardon.
 Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigour;
 Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a whirlwind,
 Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,
 And kill thee without scruple, such a strength
 Is innocence.

Sci. Innocence ' dost not fear a thunderbolt?

I shall be charitable to the world, an I
Cut thee in pieces; and yet then I fear
Thou wilt come together again: the devil does
Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,
And has a fear, when thou art dead, he shall not
Be safe in hell • thou wilt conspire with some
Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.
Didst not thou rail upon the duk~"

Lor I grant it.

Set. Call him a tyrant ?

Lor. More, I do confess

I did exasperate you to kill or murder him;
Give it what name you please , with joy I brought him,
Under the colour of your guest, to be
The common sacrifice . all this I remember,
But is Heaven's stock of mercy spent already,
That sins, though great and horrid, may not be
Forgiven, ta the heart that groans with penitence?
Are the eternal fountains quite sealed up ?
I was a villain, traitor, murderer,
In my consenting to his death, but hope
Those stains are now washed off.

Set Hast tliou repented ?

Lor Trust me, I have.

Set. The devil is turned religious '
Augment not thy damnation.

Lor. As he was

A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.
In his return to piety, he commanded
My prayers, and fresh obedience to wait on him ,
He's now my prince again.

Sci. This is but cunning
To save your life.

Lor. My life!— Within there , Ha' Welcome.

Enter divers Gentlemen armed,
ist Gent. My gracious lord.

2nd Gent. Wilt please your honour
Command my service?

yd Gent. Dr me?

4/j Gent. Dr any ?

\$th Gent. Our swords and lives are yours.

Sci. Perhaps your lordship hath some business
with

These gentlemen, I'll take some other time.

Lor. By no means, good Sciarrha
You visit seldom, those are daily with me,
Men that expect employment, that wear swords,
And carry spmts, both to be engaged,
If I but name a cause.—Gentlemen draw.

Sci. My providence has betrayed me *[Aside.*

Lor. Now, Sciarrha,
You that with single valour dare Lome home
To affront me thus, know, but too late, thy heart
Is at the mercy of my breath • these swords
Can fetch it when I please; and, to prevent
Your boast of this great daring—I beseech,
As you do love and honour your Lorenzo,
No hand advance a weapon, sheath again,
And lea[e us; I owe service to your loves,
But must not sa dishonour you

All Gtnt. We obey *[EACHtit.*

Sci. They're gone: this is some nobleness. *[Asitfe.*

Lor. You see

I do not fear your sword, alone, I have,
Too much advantage; yet you may imagine
How easily I could correct this rashness
But in my fear to offend gracious Heaven
With a new urime, having so late obtained
My peace, I give you freedom.

Sa. Do I dream?

Lor. Pray chide me still, I will be patient
To hear my shame.

Sa. Is this to be believed ?

Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue ?
He does : it is impossible he should repent.

Lor. Why? tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue awhile
In cooler blood , did not you once resolve
To kill the duke too?

Sii I Lonfesjs —

Lor. To give him death with youi own hand ?
Methinks it should be the same parricide
In you, if not a greater , yet you changed
Your purposes, why did you not go through,
And murclei him ?

Sci He was converted.

Ior. Good¹
That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance
For your intent.

Set. It dul,

Lor. Why should not, sir.
The same comersion of the duke possess
My heart, with as ninth piety to him,
And .sorrow for myself? If I should say
You are but cunning in this shape of honesty,
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,
Might you not blame my want of charity ?

Sci. He says but right, we arc both men, frail things.

[Aside

"Tis not impossible.

Lor I am reconciled
To Heaven alieady, and the duke if you
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir—

Sci. The circumstance considered, I incline
To think this may be honest.

Lor. Come, Sciarrha,
We are both hasty pardon my rash language
In the beginning, I will study service
Shall make you love me, I have been too wicked,
Too full of passion, inexorable:
My nature is corrected • at this minute

I'm friends with all the world, but in your love
Shall number many blessings.

Sci. I am converted.

Enter PETRULHIO.

Lor. [*Takes PET. aside*]—What's the news?

Pet. My lord, Depazzi prays some conferenCD
In the next chamber; we arnrvd by chanre
Together at your gate I do not like
His talk, sir.

Lor. Hang him, property ' let him
Expect, thou art come in the opportunity
I could have wished, be wise, and second me.

[*VJnspers In in.*

Set. He waits upon Pisano,
Whose health I may enquire; I have not seen him
Since he departed sick ; a fit occasion.

Lor. [*Aloud*] Married to Dnana? thou mistak'st,
'Tis Amidea, Lord Sciarrha's sister.

Pet. That contract's broken, and the old lady Morosa
is violent to have the marriage finished with her daughter.

Lor. [*Coming forward.*]—Sciarrha,
Is't true Pisano marries Driana,
The rich Morosa's daughter?

Sci. Ha!

Lor. WE did expect to hear your sister should
Have been his bride , has he forsaken Amidea?

Set. Do not you serve Pisano ?

Pet. Yes, my lord.

Set. And dare you talk he's to be married
To Onana?

Pet. If they live till to-morrow:
There's great provision, to my knowledge, and—

Set. Take that, and learn to speak a truth hereafter,

[*Strikes him.*

Lor. That blow shall cost his life.—
It is not possible he dare affront

[*Aside.*

You thus; the world takes notice of a contract;
He's much to blame if he should wrong so sweet
A lady as Amidea Now, by Hymen,
Tis not so honourable, he need not scorn
Such an alliance.

Pet. I am not to give
Account for my lord's actions, let him answer
And justify his honour • but, my lord,
Since I am provok'd, I must declare he has
Called back his vows to Amidea, given
Her freedom, and does mean to use his own,
And this he ilares publish.

Lor. What' disclaimed
A lady of her birth and glorious merit?

Sa. Thou art a villain.

Lor. My lord, he is not worth your anger; he
Declares but what his master hath committed,
'Tis none of his fault

Pet. It becomes my duty
To take correction, my lord, from you;
I am a servant, a poor gentleman

Set. Shall I
Suspect the circumstance at his departure? [Aside.

Lor. It is strange you knew not this before.

Set. I must examine if he dares—

Lor. Be patient.

Set. Teach fools and children patience.
May dogs eat up Sciarrha. let me live
The prodigy of sorrow; die a death
That may draw tears from Scythians, if Pisano
Lead o'er his threshold any soon-won dame,
To be my sister's shame ' I am calm now.
One thus false, Heaven, why should thy altars sa[e
'Tis just that Hymen light him to his grave *[E]it.*

Lor. A thousand Funes swell his rage I although
Pisano bleed, this is the safest killing;
Wise men secure their fates, and execute

Invisibly, like that most subtle flame
That burns the heart, yet leaves no part or touch
Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.—
Farewell, dull, passionate fool! how this doth feed me;
Kill, and be lost thyself, or, if his sword
Conclude thy life, both ways I am revenged.
Petruccio, thou didst hit my instructions rarely,
And I applaud thee. now send in Depazzi,
And visit me anon

Ptt I shall, my lord.

[Eut.

Lor. Some politician,
That is not wise but by a precedent,
Would think me weak for using such an instrument
As this Depazzi; but I know by proof,
Such men whom fear and honour make our creatures,
Do prove safe engines • fools will still obey,
When cunning knaves oiu confidence betray

Enter DEPAZZI.

Dep. My lord, I would speak a word or two in pnvate.

Lor. You may.

Dep. Is no body within hearing? all clear behind the arras?

Lor. Make do doubt, sir.

Dep. My lord, the truth is—I am very fearful—is your lordship sure there are no eaves-droppers ?

Lor. What needs this circumstance? I pray come to the point.

Dep. Tis not unknown to your lordship, that you have been my very good lord,¹ neither am I ignorant, that I am your humble servant; you advanced me, brought me into the number of the nobles, and I brought you a reasonable number of crowns: I am not the first wise citizen that hath been converted into a foolish courtier; but, my lord, I beseech you pardon me:—it will out.

¹ z,f, My patron.

Lor. What's the matter?

Dep. I am ready to burst.

Lor. With what?

Dep. Treason, treason,—now 'tis out, and I feel my body the lighter for it already. The last plot did not take, you see- and I would humbly entreat your lordship to excuse me, and get somebody else hereafter to be your traitor, in my stead,

Lor. How, sir?

Dep. If you did but know the tenderness of my constitution, or feel the pangs and convulsions that I suffer, you would pity me . I fall away, you sec, I cannot sleep for dreaming of an axe, I have taused my hangings of Holofernes to be taken clown in my drawing-room, because I dare not look upon a head that is cut off in it, something of my complexion . my wisdom tells me I am a fool to be so fearful, but my conscience tells me I am a greater fool if I have not wit enough in my pate to keep my head on my shoulders. I beseech your loidship take me into your consideration, I am but a mortal, though I be a lord • every man hath not the like gift of impudence ; I have a weak stomach, and treason is physic to me, and although I do not vomit up your secrets, they may out some other way.

Lor. You will not betray me?

Dep. But alas¹ in such a case I may so on bewray myself, and then your lordship may be smelt out- to prevent, therefore, some mischief that may happen, 1 desire to leave off while I am well, and that your lordship may know I mean plainly, I have brought you all your letters, I durst not trust any other place with them, for fear of state rats; I have unnpt my bosom to you, and there they are to a title—now, I may safely swear I have no hand with your lordship.

Lor. This is very strange,

Dep. Mistake not, my good lord, I am still your creature, but I have a great mind to be honest a little,

while among the weaker sort of nobility: yet thus much persuade yourself, I will never wrong your lordship in a syllable; should you tell me of a thousand treasons and stratagems, I will never reveal any; I scorn that: but your lordship must pardon me, I will be a traitor no longer, that's certain, I will be honest, and the rather because no body shall hit me in the teeth after I am dead, and say, "Look where Depazzi carries his head very high!"—And, my lord, the more to induce your lordship to dismiss me—Rogero!

Enter ROGLRU.

Rog My lord.

Dep. Give me the gold.—I have brought fifteen hundred crowns more.

Lor. Wherefore?

Dep. That I may have your lordship's good will, to leave my office before it be taken from me, and preferred to a worse, 'tis half the pnce I paid for't. I love peace, and a little honesty; I know your honour will find an abler man for it, and it is fit I should pay for my *quidus*

Lor. And what do you resolve?

Dep. To return to the dunghill, from whence I came; for though I was born in the city, I have some land in the country, dirty acres, and mansion-house, where I will be the miracle of a courtier, and keep good hospitality, love my neighbours, and their wives, and consequently get their children; be admired amongst the justices, sleep upon every bench, keep a chaplain in my own house to be my idolater, and furnish me with jests; and when I have nothing else to do, I will think of the court, and how much I have been obliged to your lordship. My lord, I may do you service with a leading voice in the country; the kennel will cry on my side if it come to election: you or your friend shall carry it against the commonwealth.

Lor. Well, sir, since you have expressed yourself so freely, I will not counsel you against your disposition to

stay at court; you may go when and whither you please; and though at parting I have nothing worth your acceptance, I will bestow these crowns upon your servant.

[Gives ROGERD the money.]

Dep. Thou shalt give them me again.

Rog. Indeed, my lord, I love a little honesty, 'tis his lordship's bounty, it will be a stock to set me up for myself at court, when your lordship is retired into the country.—I humbly thank your lordship, and take my leave of yours.

[Exit with the money.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The duke, my lord.

[Exit Servant.]

Dep. How" the duke?

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Sigmoi Depazzi.

Lor. He has been earnest with me, an't please your highness,

To be his humble suitor, he may have
Freedom to leave the court.

Duke. He shall be banished.

Dep. How?

Lor. What time will your grace allow him to provide?

Duke. Two hours

Dep. I had rather lose my head at home, and save charges of travel, I beseech your grace.

Duke. Well, 'tis granted; let him not trouble us.

Lor. Enjoy the country, and return when the duke sends for you.

Dep. I humbly thank his highness, and will pray for your increase of grace.

[Exit.]

Duke. Lorenzo, are we private?

Lor. Yes, my lord.

Duke. I am very melancholy.

Lor. I know the cause, 'tis Amidea.

Duke. Right.

- *Lor.* I do wish her dead.

Duke. It were a sin

Lor. Not in Heaven, su; yet theie be ladies, that would think it a promotion.

Duke. It were a pity she should leave the world,
Till she hath taught the rest by her example
The nearest way.

Lor. I am very confident she's yet honest.¹

Duke, Yet, Lorenzo ?

Lor. Ay, sir, but I'm not of opinion
It is impossible to know a change

Duke. Take heed.

Lor' I must confess she has been very valiant,
In making you remove your siege, and showed a
Pretty dexterity at the poniard ,
Let herself blood,—but this a mortal [irgin
Might do, and not be adored for't: other women
Have gone as far, or else false legends ha[e
Been thrust upon the easy world, some say
There have been Lreatures that have killed themselves,
To sa[e their sullen chastities , but I
Have no strong faith that way; yet you were startled
To see her strike her arm, and grew compassionate.

Duke. I was not marble, we break adamant
With blood,² and could I be a man, and not
Be moved to see that hasty ebb of life
For my sake ?

Lor. I have read some aged stories
What think you of Lucrece ? she is remembered.

Duke. Chastity's great example.

Lor. How the world
Was cozened in her? she knew of Tarquin fiist,
And then suspecting she should never meet
Again the active gentleman, and having
Determined of his death, with well dissembled

¹ Chaste.

² This is a very ancient notion; it is mentioned by Greene And Lyly, and many more of our old writers, who had it from Pliny, Solinus, &c.--Gifford.

Sorrow did stab herself, in hope to meet
The gamester in Elysium. Amidea
You will allow beneath this Roman dame ?

Duke. Lorenzo", had the burning ravisher
Made this' attempt on Amidea, she
Would have compelled his penitence, to quench
His fire with holy tears. I had a body
Refined to air, or I was borne up by
A thousand wings : methought I could ha[e flown
And kissed the cheek of Cynthia, thence with ease
Have leaped to Venus' star, but I was wounded,
And the gay feathers, in whose pnde I had
My confidence, served now but with their weight
To hasten me to earth.

Lor. Ascend again,
And fix in your loved orb; he brings this comfort
That can assure it, if you have not lost
A heart to entertain with lo[e and pleasure
The beauteous Amidea

Duke. Ha"

Lor. You shall enjoy hei

Duke. Enjoy fair Amidea? do not tempt
Dr rather mock my frailty with such promise.

Lor. Shake off your melancholy slumber, I
Have here decreed you shall possess her- she
Be sent submissive to your arms, and you
Be gracious to accept what she made coy of.

Duke. Is this in nature?

Lor. Thus: Sciarrha's life
And fortunes are already growing forfeit,
These brains have plotted so: your mercy shall
Purchase what you can wish for, in his sister [
And he acknowledge rifling of her honour
A fair and cheap redemption.

Duke. Do this ;
And I'll repent the folly of my penitence,
And take thee to my soul, a nearer pledge,

Than blood or nature gave me : I'm renewed,
I feel my natural warmth return, When, where
Is this to be expected? I grow old,
While our embraces are deferred.

Lor. I go

To hasten your delight ; prepare your blood
For amorous game : Sciarrha's fate is cast
Firmer than destiny.

Duke. Thou art my prophet,
I'll raise thee up an altar.

Lor. Trust these brains.

Duke. Thou makest my spint caper in my veins
Exeunt.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

SCENE II — *A Street.*

COSMO flwrftwo fGentlemen aj,fear at an Upper Window.

ist Gent. This way they pass.

Cos. I would not see them.

2nd Gent. Why?

ist Gent. What! melancholy o¹ the sudden? it is now
Past cure.

Cos. I know it is, and therefore do not
Desire to witness their solemnity
Should Onana see me to-day—

2nd Gent. What then?

Cos. The object,
I fear, would be too prodigioui.

2nd Gent. We dispute not
Those nice formalities.

Enter ALONZO, PISAND, ORIANA, *and* MORDSA

ut Gent. She has spied you already,

Cos. I am sorry for't.

[ORiANA/a'0£r. COSMO *and* Gentlemen *retire.*

Mor. How is't, my child ?

Pis. My dearest Oriana;—

She faints! what grief is so unmannerly
To interrupt thee now? Onana '

Mor. Daughter¹

Pis. Will Heaven divorce us ere the pnest have made
Dur marriage perfect? we in vain hereafter
Shall hear him teach, that our religion binds
To have the church's ceremony. She returns.

On. Why were you so unkind to call me from
A pleasing slumber? Death has a fine dwelling

Alon. This shows her heart's not yet consenting, 'tis
Her mother's fierce command

On. Something spake to me from that window.

Pis. There is nothing

On. Nothing now.

Pis. Set forward.

Alon, I do not like this interruption, it
Is ominous.

Enter AMIDEA hashlv.

Ami. Not for my sake, but for your own, go back,
Dr take some other way, this leads to death;
My brother—

Pis. What of him ;

Ami. Transported with
The fury of revenge for my dishonour,
As he conceives, for 'tis against my will,
Hath vowed to kill you in your nuptial glory.
Alas i I fear his haste j now, good my lord,
Have mercy on yourselfj I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now, nor would I lob
This virgin of your faith, since you have pleased
To throw me from your love: I do not ask
One smile, nor one poor kiss ; enrich this maid,
Created for those blessings; but again

I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost for ever.

Alon. It is worth
Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.

Pis. Alas I her grief hath made her wild, poor lady
I should not love OnanLI to go hack ;
Set forward.—Amidea, you may live
To be a happier bnde : Snarrha is not
So irreligious to profane these rites

Ami. Will you not then believe me?—Pray persuade
him,
You are his friends.—Lady, it will concern
You most of all, indeed, I fear you'll weep
To see him dead, as well as I.

~~*Pis. No more ;*~~
Go forward.

Ami. I have done ; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well: may Heaven duct
All harms that threaten you , full blessings crown
Your marriage ' I hope there is no sin in this,
Indeed, I cannot choose but pray for you.
This might have been my wedding-day—

Ori . Good Heaven,
I would it were ' my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers;
You shall have my consent to have him still •
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.

Ami. Pray do not mock me,
But if you do, I can forgive you too.

On. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compelled to give away myself,
Your hearts were promised, but he ne'er had mine,
Am not I wretched too.

Am, Alas, poor maid I

We two keep sorrow alive then; but I prithee,
When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
For he esteems thee well; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me; but do not tell him,
'Twas my desire: perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and Heaven be with you all,—
Since you ha[ve] led the way. I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too?

Pis. Thou art

Aim. Let me beseech you then, to be so kmd,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding; I shall be married shortly.

Pis. To whom?

Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,
Your fathers knew him well: one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me,
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses : though our bridal bed
Be not adorned with roses, 'twill be green,
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever • Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here. *[Exit.*

Enter SCIARRHA; *followed at a distance by* LORENZO,
with a Guard. -

A/on. Sciarrha! then I prophesy—

Set. Pisano ! where's Pisano?

Pis. Here, Sciarrha.

I should haVe answered with less clamou.

Sa. But

I would not lose my voice , I must be heard,

And it does concern you, I profess no augury,
 I have not quartered out the heavens, to take
 The flight of birds, nor by inspection
 Of entrails made a divination,
 But I must tell you, 'tis not safe to many.

Pis. Why?

Set. Twill be fatal • Hymen is gone abroad,
 And Venus, lady of your nativity,
 Is found, by wise astrologers, this day,
 I' the House of Death.

Pis. This must not fright me, sir.—Set forward.

Sci. One cold word,—you are a villain !
 I do not flatter.

Pis. I am patient—
 This day I consecrate to love, not anger;
 We'll meet some other time.

Set. Deride my fury?
 Then to thy heart I send my own revenge, *[Stabs him.*
 And Amidea's.

Pis. I am murdered.

Mor. Help ! murder ' gentlemen ' oh, my unhappmess '
 [LORENZO and Guard come forward.

Pis. Bloody Sciarrha !

[Dies. They offer to seize SCIARRHA.

Lor. Hold i

Set. Come all at once,
 Yet let me tell you, my revenge is perfect,
 And I would spare your blood, if you despise not
 My chanty—

Lor. ND man attempt his death;
 I'll give you reasons : this fell deei deserves
 An exemplary justice.

Sa. I am above
 Your politic reach, and glory in the wound
 That punished our dishonour, Is he dead ?
 I would not be so miserable, not to have sped him,
 For the empire.

Enter COSMO.

Cos. Oh, my friend ! poor Onana 1
far. [*To the Guard.*—Disarm him:
Return and comfort one another; some
Remove Pisana's body, while I make it
My care Sciarrha 'scape not.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of PiSANDj all but
LORENZO, SLIARRHA, and Guard,*

Set. None of all
Give me a scratch ?

Lor. [*To the Guard.*—You have forced him with dis-

Sct. Now what must I expect? [cretion.

Lor. You are my prisoner.

Sci. I am so.

Lor. And be confident to find
That favour.—

Set. Favour!

Lor. Be at distance more.— *[The Guard retire.*
My lord, I am soiry for your great misfortune,
And if you can but study how I may
Assist you, you shall soon discern my love,
My readiness to serve you.

Sci. Ha¹ this honest?

Lor. I would deserve your faith,
A friend but in affliction justifies
His heart and honour, I durst run some hazard,
Might I secure your fate, name something to me
that may declare my friendship.

Sci. Be still safe,
And teach the world repentance for mistaking thee ;
I pity not myself, but envy thy
Heroic honours.

Lor. I will impose no more
Restraint, than your own house ; you're honourable :
You have many severe enemies; the duke
Looked graciously upon Pisano, but—

Sci. You shall not lose the smallest beam of favour,
To buy a man so desperate. I never
Thought death the monster that weak men have fancied,
As foil to make us more in love with life
The devil's picture may affright poor souls
Into their bodies' paleness, but the substance
To resolute man's a shadow ; and cold sweat
Dare not approach his forehead. I am armed
To die, and give example of that fortitude
Shall shame the law's seventy: my sister
May now give back Pisano his false vows,
To line his coffin : one tear shed on me is
Enough, the justice I have done shall make
My memory beloved.

Lor. I ha[ve thought a way
To recover you, if you incline to it;
Dare you consent ?

Sci. To any thing that's noble ,
Although I never feared to suffer, I
Am not so foolish to despise a life.

Lor. There is no difficulty attends it; listen,
The time will not permit much circumstance :
The duke, you know, did love your sister.

Sci. Viciously.

Lor. Her virtue did but cool him for the present,
As sprinklings on a flame ; he's now more passionate
To enjoy her.

Sci. Ha'

Lor. If, she consent to meet
His soft embrace, with his first kiss he seals
Your pardon; then the act upon Pisano
Appears a true revenge, when none dares question it.
Beside addition of state and fortune,
To you and Amidea, weigh your danger,
And what a trifle she gives up, to save
Your life, that never can be valued,
Less recompensed; the duke may be so taken

With her return to his delight, who knows
But he may marry her, and discharge his duchess
With a quaint salad—¹ You do apprehend me?

Set. And repent more I had one good thought of thee,
Than I had killed a thousand :—save my life,
And prostitute my sister ! Though I have
No weapon, I will look thee dead, or breathe
A damp shall stifle thee : that I could vomit
Consuming flames, or stones, like Etna! make
The earth with motion of my feet shrink lower,
And Uke thee in alive ' oh that my VOILE
Could call a serpent from corrupted Nile,
To make thee part of her accursed bowels!
Is this your noble friendship? readiness
To save my life? let malice read all stories
Famous for cruelty, awake dead tyrants,
Or be instructed by their ghosts with toitures,
Such as will make a damned Fury weep
Only to sec inflicted, I would bear them,
And weary my toimenters, ere consent
In thought to thy temptation.

Lor. I have done,
And praise your heathen resolution
Of death; go practise immortality,
And tell us, when you can get leave to visit
This world again, what fine things you enjoy
In hell, for thither these rash passions dñve thee:
And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
A melancholy chamber in the earth,
Hung round about with skulls and dead men's bones,
Ere Amidea have told all her tears
Upon thy marble, or the epitaph
Bely thy soul, by saying it is fled
To Heaven, this sister shall be ravished,
Maugre thy dust and heraldry.

Set. Ha! ravished

¹ A sa¹ad dressed **vith** poisonous **oils**.

When I am dead ? Was't not so ? oh my soul I
I feel it weep within me, and the tears
Soften my flesh: Lorenzo, I repent
My fury.

Lor. I advised you the best way
My wisdom could direct.

Sci. I thank you for't,
You have awaked my reason, I am ashamed
I was no sooner sensible; does the duke
Affect my sister still, say you ?

Lor. Most passionately.

Set. She shall obey him then, upon my life;
That's it, my life. I know she loves me dearly.
I shall have much ado to win her to't,
But she shall come ; I'll send her.

Lor. Perform this.

Sci. I will not only send her, but prepared
Not to be disobedient to his highness;
He shall command her any thing.

Lor. Do this,
And be for ever happy. When these have
Only for form waited on you home,
This disengages them.

Set. My humblest service
To the duke I pray, and tell him, Amilea
This night shall be at his dispose, by this.¹

Lor. I'm confident; farewell!—Attend *Sciarrha*.

[*Exit.*

Sa. Pity the seaman, that to avoid a shelf,
Must strike upon a rock to save himself.

[*Exit, with Guard.*

¹ That is, as I conceive, by some token, probably a ring, or
signeignel, which he puts into Lorenzo's hand.—*Gifford.*





ACT THE FIFTH,

SCENE I.—*A Room ? in SCIARRHA'S House.*

Enter SCIARRHA and AMIDEA



CI. The doors are fast;
Enough is wept already for Pisano •
There's something else that must be
thought on, and
Of greater consequence- I am yet
unsafe,

That, for thy sake, am guilty of his blood,

Ami. Though all my stock of tears were spent already
Upon Pisano's loss, and that my brain
Were banquerupt of moisture, and denied
To lend my grief one drop more for his funeral
Yet the remembrance that you have made
A forfeit for my sake of your dear life
Is able to create a weeping spring
Within my barren head : oh, my lost brother
Thou hast a cruel destiny! my eyes,
In pity of thy fate, desire to drown thee.
The law will only seek thee upon land,
Hid in my tears, thou shalt prevent the stroke
Kills both our name and thee.

Sci. I know thou lov'st me.
Poor girl. I shall desire to cherish life,
If thou lament me thus: so rich a comfort

Will tempt me wish I might delay my journey
To Heaven.

Ami. Good Heaven, that we might go together!

Set. That must not be.

Ann. Then let me go before,

Set. How?

Ami. Make my suit unto the prince, my blood
May be your ransom ; let me ill?, Sciarrha,
My life is fruitless unto all the world ;
The duke in justice will not deny this:
And though I weep in telling thee, I shall
Smile on the scaffold.

Set. How my honour blushes
To hear thee, Amulea ! in this love
Thou wound'st me more, than thou desir'st to save.
Suffer for me? why, thou art innocent:
I have provoked the punishment, and dare
Obey it manly, if thou could'st redeem me
With anything but death, I think I should
Consent to live, but I'd not ha e thee ventuie
All at one chance.

Ami. Nothing can be too prec-ious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been.

Sci. Death's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all. what think'st thou of an eye ?
Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recom-
pensed,
To see me safe with t'other ? Or a hand ?
This white hand, Amidea, that hath so often,
With admiration, trembled on the lute,
Till we have prayed thee leave the strings awhile,
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motion, without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument.
No, Amidea, thou shalt not bear one scar'

To buy my life • the sickle shall not touch
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk ;
Thy t'other hand will miss a white companion,
And wither on thy arm what then can I
Expect from thee to save me ? I would live,
And owe my life to thee, so 'twere not bought
Too dear.

Ann. Do you believe I should not find
The way to Heaven ? were both mine eyes thy ransom,
I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand.

Sci. One way there is, if thou
Dost love me with that tenderness.

Ami. Pronounce it,
And let no danger that attends, incline you
To make a pause.

Sci. The duke, thou know'st, did love thee.

Ami. Ha'

Sci. Nay, do not start already, nor mistake me •
I do not, as before, make trial of thee,
Whether thou canst, laying aside thy honour,
Meet his lascivious arms, but, by this virtue,
I must beseech thee to forego it all,
And turn a sinful woman.

Ami. Bless me '

Set. I know the kingdoms of the world contain not
Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall
That will so much undo thee [but I am
Thy brother, dying brother, if thou lov'st
Him, therefore, that for thee hath done so much;
Dyed his pale hands in blood, to revenge thee,
And in that murder wounded his own soul
Almost to death, consent to lose thy innocence;
I know it makes thee grieve, but I shall live
To love thee better for it. we'll repent
Together for our sins, and pray and weep
Till Heaven hath pardoned all.

Shir,

M

Ami. Dh, never, never.

Sci. Do but repeat thy words, to " save my life,"
And that will teach compassion, my life;
Our shame, the stain of all our family,
Which will succeed in my ignoble death,
Thou washest off.

Ami. But stain myself for ever.

Sci Where? In thy face, who shall behold one
blemish,
Or one spot more in thy whole frame? thy beauty
Will be the very same, thy speech, thy person
Wear no deformity.

Ami. Dh, do not speak
So like a rebel to all modesty,
To all religion [if these arguments
Spring from your jealousy that I am fallen,
After a proof you did so late applaud—

Sci. I had not killed Pisano then ; I am now
More spotted than the marble then my head
Did own no forfeiture to law,
It does ache now, then I but tried thy virtue,
Now my condition calls for mercy to thee,
Though to thyself thou appear cruel for't:
Come, we may live both, if you please

Ami. I must never
Buy my poor breath at such a rate. Who has
Made you afraid to die ? I pity you,
And wish myself in any noble cause
Your leader. When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

Set. So valiant¹
I will not interpose another syllable
To entreat your pity [say your prayers, and then
Thou'rt ripe to be translated from the earth,
To make a cherubin.

Ami. What means my brother?

Sci. To kill you.

Ami. Do not fright me, good Sciarrha.

Set. And I allow three minutes far devotion.

Ami. Will you murder me ?

Sci. Do you tremble?

Ami. Not at the terror of your sword,
But at the horror will affright thy soul,
For this black deed. I see Pisano's blood
Is texted in thy forehead, and thy hands
Retain too many crimson spots already,
Make not thyself, by murthenng of thy sister,
All a red letter.

Sci. You shall be the martyr.¹

Aim. Yst stay ; is there no remedy but death,
And from your hand ? then keep your word, and let me
Use one short prayer. [Kneels

Sci. I shall relent. [Aside.

Ami. Forgive me, Heaven, and witness I have still
My virgin thoughts ; 'tis not to save my life,
But his eternal one.—
Sciarrha, give me leave to veil my face, [Rues
I dare not look upon you, and pronounce
I am too much a sister , live j hereafter,
I know, you will condemn my frailty for it.
I will obey the duke.

Set. Barest thou consent ? [Shifts her.

Ann. [Unveilwg.]—Oh, let me see the wound ,
'Tis well, if any other hand had done it
Some angel tell my brother now, I did
But seem consenting.

Sn. Ha! "but seem"?

Ami. You may believe my last breath.

Set. Why didst say so ?

¹ The allusions here are to the custom, still observed, of printing the names of the martyrs in the Roman Calendar in red letters.—*Gifford.*

Ann. To gain some time, in hope you might call
in

Your bloody purpose, and prevent the guilt
Of being my murderer ; but Heaven forgive thee.

Sci. Again, again forgive me, Amidea,
And pray for me ; live but a little longer,
To hear me speak [my passion hath betrayed
Thee to this wound, for which I know not whether
I should rejoice, or weep, since thou art virtuous
The duke, whose soul is black again, expects thee
To be his whore .—Good Death, be not so hasty.—
The agent for his lust, Lorenzo, has
My oath to send thee to his bed: for otherwise,
In my denial, hell and they decree,
When I am dead, to ravish thee—mark that,
To ravish thee '—and I confess, in tears
As full of sorrow, as thy soul of innocence,
In my religious care to have thee spotless,
I did resolve, when I had found thee npe,
And nearest Heaven, with all thy best desires,
To send thee to thy peace : thy feigned consent
Hath brought thy happiness more early to thee,
And saved some guilt[forgive me altogether.

Ann. With the same heart I beg Heaven for myself;
Farewell. [Swoons.

Set. Thou shalt not die yet, Amidea ' sister '—

[Knocking within.

I cannot come :—

But one word more: Dh, which way went thy soul ?
Or is it gone so far it cannot hear me ?—

FLORID breaks open the door and enters.

Look, here's our sister ! so, so [chafe her-
She may return [there is some motion.

Flo. Sister¹

Set. Speak aloud, Florio ; if her spirit be not
Departed, I will seal this passage up ,

I feel her breath again,—Here's Flono, would
Fain take his leave.—So, so, she comes'

Flo. Amidea,

How came this wound?

Ami. I drew the weapon to it:

Heaven knows, my brother loved me : now, I hope,
The duke will not pursue me with new flames.

Sciarrha, tell the rest: lo[e one another

The time you live together, I'll pray for you

In Heaven • faiewell' kiss me when I am dead,

You else will stay my journey

[Dies.

Sa. Didst not hear

An angel call her? Flono, I ha[e much

To tell thee • take her up , stay, I will talk

A little more with her, she is not dead,

Let her alone ,—nay then, she's gone indeed.

But hereabouts hei soul must ho[er stil¹

Let's speak to that fair spirit—

Flo You talk idly

Sci. Do you talk wisely then ? An exLellent pattern,

As she now stands, for her own alabaster,

Or may she not be kept from putrefaction,

And be the very figure on her tomb ?

Cannot thy tears and mine presen e her, Flono ?

If we want brine, a thousand virgins shall

Weep every day upon her, and themseh es,

In winter, leaning round about her monument,

Being moist cieatures, stiffen with the cold,

And freeze into so many white supporters

But we lose time.—I charge thee, by thy lo[e

To this pale relic, be instructed by me,

Not to thy danger ; some revenge must be,

And I am lost already , if thou fall,

Who shall survive, to give us funeral ?

[E'eunt.



SCENE II.—A ROMH *in* LORENZO'S House.*Enta* LLJRLNU and PETRUCHIO.*Lot* Petruchio.*Pet* MyJoid.*Lot*. Thou ait now my servant.*Pet*. I e[er was in heart your humblest vassal.*Lor*. Thou ait faithful; I must cherish thy desert;
I shortly shall reward it, very shortly:Next morning must salute me duke • the sun
And I must rise together.*Pet*. I shall prayYour glory may outshine him in your Florence,
And when he sets, we may enjoy your sunbeam.*Lot*. Tis handsome flattery, and becomes a courtier,*Pet*. I flatter not, my lord.*Lor*. Then, thou'rt a fool

No music to a great man chimes so sweetly,

And men must thrive; come hither,

How many hast tliou killed?

Pet. But one, my lord.*Lor*. But one '*Pet*. And I must owe

My life to your lordship, I had been hanged else.

Lor. But one? wait at the door, [*E[it* PETRULHIO.**He is**

Not fit to kill a duke, whose hand is guilty

But of a single murder, or at least

Not fit alone to act it: I have been

Practised already, and though no man see it,

Nor scarce the eye of Heaven, yet every day

I kill a prince.—Appear, thou tragic witness,

[*Brings forth the duke's picture, a poniard sticking in it.*

Which, though it bleed not, I may boast a murder.

Here first the duke was painted to the life,

But with this pencil, to the death: I love

My brain for the invention, and thus

Confirmed, dare trust my resolution.
 I did suspect his youth and beauty might
 Win some compassion when I came to kill him;
 Or the remembrance that he is my kinsman,
 Might thrill my blood, or something in his title
 Might give my haml repulse, and startle nature
 But thus I have armed myself against all pity,
 That when I come to strike, my poniard may
 Through all his charms as confidently wound him,
 As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it.

[Stah thefuture.

Methmks the duke should feel me now • is not
 His soul acquainted? can he less than tremble,
 When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit ?
 Witches can persecute the lives of whom
 They hate, when they torment their senseless figures,
 And stick the waxen model full of pins.
 Can any stroke of mine carry less spell
 To wound his heart, sent with as great a malice?
 He smiles, he smiles upon me! I will dig
 Thy wanton eyes out, and supply the dark
 And hollow cells with two pitch-burning tapers;
 Then place thee porter in some charnel-house,
 To light the coffins in. - -

Re-enter PETRULHIO.

Pet. My lord.

Lor. The duke's not come already?

Pet. Sigmor FieriD

Desires to speak with you.

Lor. This must retire

Again into my closet.

[Pnts back the picture.

Admit him.

Enter FLORID.

Welcome ' how does Sciarrha ?

Flo. He commends

His service to your lordship, and hath sent—

Lot. His sister?

Flo. Much ado he had to affect it :
He hopes his grace will quickly sign his pardon.

Lor. It shall be done.

Flo. I have a suit, my lord.

Loi. To me ?

Ffa. My sister would mtreat your honour,
She may be admitted privately, and that
I may have privilege to prepare her chamber
She does retain some modesty, and would not
Trust every servant with her shame; their eyes
Are apt to instruct their tongues.

Lor. I will not seehei myself.
Command what you desire

Flo_m You aie gracious.

Lor. I'll give directions instantly : poor lady,
This is the duke's hot blood , but Heaven convert him !
Follow me, good Flono.

Flo. I attend, my lord

Lor. Things shall be uuncd honourably.

Flo. We are all bound to you. *[Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same*

Recorders' sound. *The body of AMIDEA discovered on a
bed, prepared by tiuo Gentle worn en.*

ist Gent. This is a sad employment.

2nd Gent. The last we e'er shall do my lady.

Enter FLORID.

Flo. So; now you may leturn • it will become
Your modest duties not to enquire the reason
Of this strange service, nor to publish what
You have been commanded.—*[Exeunt Gentlewomen.]—*

Let me look upon
My sister now ; still she retains, her beauty,
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.
Thus in a moinmg have I oft saluted
My sister in her chamber, sat upon
Her bed, and talked of many harmless passages;
But now 'tis night, and a long night with her,
I ne'er shall see these curtains drawn again,
Until we meet in Hea[en.—The duke already '

Enter DUKE and LURFNZO

Duke. May I behe[e?

Lor. Trust me, my loid, heieafter.

Duke. Call me no more thy lord, but thy companion ;
I will not wear that honoui in my title,
Shall not be thine.—Who's that?

Lor. Her brother Flono

Duke She is abed

Lor The readier for your pastime.
She means to make a night on't.

Flo. This shall declare thee to posterity
The best of sisters —What of that ? and is not
A brother's life more precious than a trifle?
I prithee do not sigh . how many ladies
Would be ambitious of thy place to-night,
And thank his highness? yes, and urgs too.

Duke. He pleads for me.

Lor. He will deserxe some office 'bout youi person.

Duke. With what words
Shall I express my joy?

Lor. I leave you, sir, to action; Flono
Is soon dismissed.

[Exit.

Flo. He's come . good night—

Duke. Fiona!

Flo. [*Coming forward.*]—Your slav e,

Duke. My fnend!
Thou shalt be near our bosom.

Flo. Pleasuries crown
Your expectation 1 [E[it.

Duke. All perfect; till this minute, I could ne ei
Boast I was happy all this woild has not
A blessing to exchange . Lhis world ' 'tis Hea[en ;
And thus I take possession of my saint.

[Goes up to the bed.

Asleep already? 'twere great pity to
Disturb her dream, yet if her soul be not
Tired with the body's weight, it must convey
Into her slumbers I wait here, and thus
Seal my devotion. *[Kisses the corpsc.]*--What winter dwells
Upon this lip i 'twas no warm kiss ; I'll try
Again—*[Kissesit again]*—the snow is not so cold ; I have
Drunk ice, and feel a numbness spread through all
My blood at once.—Ha ' let me examine
A little better; Amulea ' she is dead, she is dead '
What horror doth invade me ?—Help, LOrenzo '
Murder! where is Lorenzo?

Re-enter LORLNZU with PETRULHIO.

Lor. Here, my lord.

Duke. Some traitor's hid within the chamber; see,
My Amidea's dead ,

Lor. Dead ' 'tis impossible, *[Goes up to the bed.*
Yet, she has a wound upon her breast.

Duke. I prithee kdl me :— *[They stab him.*
Ha ! wilt thou murder me, Lorenzo ?—Villain !—
[To PETRUCHIO.

Dh, spare me to consider ; I would live
A little longer: treason '

Lor. A little longer, say you?
It was my duty to obey you, sir

Pet. Let's make him sure, my lord.

Lor. What would you say?—No ears but ours
Can reach his voice ;—but be not tedious.

Duke. Dh, spare me; I may live, and pardon thee :

Thy prince begs meicy from thee, that did never
 Deny thee any thing , pity my pooi soul,
 I have not prayed

Lot. I could ha[L" wished you bettu
 Prepared, but let your soul e'en take his uliaiiLC.

[M/tifa him again

Duke. No tears prevail' oh, "whither must I wander ?
 Thus Caesar fell by Brutus. I shall tell
 News to the world I go to, will not be
 Believed, Lorenzo killed me.

Lor. Will it not?

I'll presently put in security. *[Stabs him agai?i.*

Duke. I am coming, Amidea, I am coming.—
 For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
 My blood shall fly to Heaven, and there inflamed,
 Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life,
 And when by some as bloody hand as thine
 Thy ,soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend
 In flaming drops upon thee oh, 1 faint '—
 Thou flattering world, farewell! let princes gather
 My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
 Their hour of state, that's all they have [for when
 That's out, Time never turns the glass agen. *[Dies.*

Lot. So i

Lay him beside his mistress; hide their faces.
 The duke dismissed the train came with him ?

Pet. He did, my lord.

Lor. Run to Sciarrha, pray him come and speak with me;
 Secme his passage to this chamber, haste '—

[Exit PETRUCHID.

He's dead; I'll trust him now, and his ghost too,
 Fools start at shadows, I'm m love with night
 And her complexion.

Re-enter PETRUCHID.

Pet. My lord, he's come without your summons.

Lor. Already? leave us. *[E'xit* PETRUCHID.

Enter SCIARRHA and FLORIO.

Welcome, let embraces
Chain us together.—Noble Flono, welcome :—
But I must honour thy great soul.

Sci. Where's the duke?

Lor. They are abed together.

Set. Ha"

Lor. He's not stirrng yet:
Thou kill'dst thy sistei, didst not?

Set. I preserved her

Lor. So i it was biavely done

Sci. But where's the wanton duke ?

Lor. Asleep, I tell you.

Set. And he shall sleep eternally.

Lor. You cannot wake him, look you

[Leads SCIARRHA up to the bed.]

Sci. Is he dead?

Lor. And in his death we two begin our life
Of greatness, and of umpire , nay, he's dead.

Sci. That labour's sa[ert.

LM Now I pronounce, Sciarrlia,
Thy pardon, and to recompense thy loss,
The share of Florence , I'll but wear the title,
The power we'll divide,

Sci. I like this well
You told a tale once of a commonwealth,
And liberty

Lor. It was to gain a faction
With discontented persons, a fine trick
To make a buz of reformation.
My ends are compassed ; hang the nbble rabble '

Set. Shall we sweat for the people ? lose our breath
To get their fame?

Lor. I'll have it given out
The duke did kill thy sister.

***Sci.* Excellent!**

Lor. Having first ravished her: he cannot be
Too hateful; it will dull the examination
Of his own death] or, if that come to question—

Set. What if I say, I killed him in revenge
Of Amidea? they will pity me ;
Beside, it will be in your power to pardon
Me altogether.

Lor. Most discreetly thought on.

Sci. The devil will not leave us o' the sudden.

Lor. Rare wit'—

How hastily he climbs the precipice,
From whence one fillip topples him to ruin. *[Aside.*
We two shall live like brothers.

Sci. Stay; we two?—

Now I consider better, I have no mind
To live at all—and you shall not—
I'll give you proof- if you but make a noise,
You gallop to the devil

Lor. I'm betrayed.

Set. To death inevitable.—Brother, be you
Spectator only

Lor. This is somewhat noble.

Set. Thank me not, Lorenzo [I will not engage
His innocence to blood.—Thy hands are white,
Preserve them, Flono, and unless my arm
Grow feeble, do not interpose thy sword,
I charge thee

Lor. None to assist me ? help, Petruchio ! help !
[Theyfight.

*Enter PETRUCHID, and offers to run at SCIARRHA, but is
ntercepted by FLORID. He runs out, crying Help !
FLORID makes fast the door.*

Stretch thy jaws wider, villain ! cry out Murder i
Treason ' anything ; hold—oh!

Sci. Will you not fall, colossus ?

[LDRENZD/0//J, and dm.

Flo. Are not you hurt?

3d. I know not. Ha ? yes, he has pricked me somewhere,

But I'll make sure of him ; [*Stats him again.*]—Now must I follow.

I'll fight with him in the t'other world—thy hand,

Fieri *DJ* farewell [*Dies.*]

Flo. He's dead too? 'tis in vain for me to fly.

[*Within.*] Break ope the doors '

Flo. You shall not need. [*Oj,ens the door*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, with COSMO, ALONZO, FREDERICO,
and Guard.

Alon. Disarm him.

Cos. Lorenzo and Sciarrha slam?

Alon. Where is the duke ?

Pet. Look here, my lords.

Alon. What traitor?

Fred. See, Amidea murdered too

Cos. I tremble [here is a heap of tragedies.

Alon. We must have an account from Florio.

Flo. He can inform you best that brought you hither.

Alon. Lay hands upon Petruchio ¹ disarm him '

Cos. What blood is that upon his sword? 'tis fresh.

Pet. I'm caught.

Cos. To tortures with him.

Pet. Spare your fury , know

'Twas the best blood in Florence : I must quit¹

Young Florio- Lorenzo, and myself,

Are only guilty of the prince's death.

Alon. Inhuman traitors !

Cos. But who killed Amidea?

Flo. The duke's lust:

There was no other way to save her honour ;

My brother has revenged it here, but fate

Denied him triumph.

¹ i.e. Acquit.

Alon. I never heard
Such killing stones; but 'tis meet we first
Settle the state.—*Cosmo*, you are the next
Of blood to challenge Florence.

Cos. Pray defer
That till the morning Drag that murderer
To prison.—*Fiona*, you must not expect
Your liberty, till all things be examined.—
Lorenzo, now I am above thy malice,
And will make satisfaction to *3nana*.—
'Tis a sad night, my lords; by these you see
There is no stay in proud mortality.

[E[eunt.







HYDE PARK.





YDE PARK Was hcensed in 1632, acted at Drury Lane by her Majesty's servants, and published in 1637 It appears to have been a favourite with the public. After the Restoration it was revived (in 1668), and Fepys tells us that horses were brought upon the slag-e.





To the Right Honourable

HENRY EARL OF HOLLAND,¹

*Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, one of his Majesty's
most Honourable Privy Council, Chancellor of the
University of Cambridge, &c*

MY LORD,



THE comedy, in the title, is a part of your lordship's command, which heretofore graced and made happy by your smile, when it was presented, after a long silence, upon first opening- of the Park? is come abroad to kiss your lordship's hand. The applause it once received in the action, is not considerable with that honour your lordship may give it in your acceptance ; that was too large, and might With some narrow and stoical judgment render it suspected • but this, depending upon your censure (to me above many theatres) is able to impart a merit to the poem, and prescribe opinion. If your lordship retired from business into a calm, and at truce with those high affairs wherein your counsel and spirit is fortunately active, vouchsafe to peruse these unorth papers, you not only give a life to the otherwise languishing numbers, but quicken and exalt the genius of the author, whose heart pointeth at no greater ambition, than to be known,

My Lord,
to your name and honour,
the most humbly devoted,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

¹ This was Henry Rich, the first Earl of Holland, created in the reign of James the First, and beheaded with the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel, in 1648-9, "dying a martyr," as Langbaine says, "to retrieve his former forfeited loyalty to his prince."—*Gifford*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD BONvile

FAIRFieLD, }

RIDER, }

VENTURE, }

amorous Servants to MISTRESS CAROL.

LACY, suitor to MISTRESS BONAVENT.

TRIER, suitor to JULIETTA.

BDNAVENT, a Merchant, supposed *to* have been lost at sea.

JARVIS, Servant to MISTRESS BONAVENT.

Page to BONVILE

Gentlemen.

Jockey.

Officers

Runners.

Bagpipers.

Park-keepers, Servants, &c.

MISTRESS CAROL.

MISTRESSBONAVEST, supposed to be a Widow.

JULIE ITA, Sister to FAIRFIELD

Waiting-woman.

Milkmaid, &c.

SCENE—LONDON and HYDE PARK..





ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter TRIER and LACY,



RI. And how, and how?

Lacy The cause depends—

Tri No mistress?

Lacy, Yes, but no wife

Tri Fur now she is a Widow.

Lacy But I resolve—

Tri What dots she say to thee ?

Lacy. She says— I know not what she says—but I
Must take another course , and yet she is—

Tri. A creature of much sweetness, if all tongues
Be just in her report, and yet 'tis strange,
Having seven years expected, and so much
Remonstrance of her husband's loss at sea,
She should continue thus

Lacy. What if she should
Renew the bond of her devotion
For seven years more?

Tri. You will have time enough
To pay in your affection.

Lacy. I would make
A voyage to Cassandra's temple first,
And marry a deformed maid; yet I must
Confess, she gives me a fair respect.

Tn. Has she
A hope her husband may be living yet ?
Lacy. I cannot tell, she may have a conceit
Some dolphin has preserved him in the storm,
Dr that he may be tenant to some whale,
Within whose belly he may practise lent,
And feed on fish till he be vomited
Upon some coast: or, having 'scaped the seas,
And bills of exchange fading, he might purpose
To foot it o'er the Alps in his return,
And by mischance is fallen among the mice
With whom, perhaps, he battens upon sleep,
Beneath the snow.

Tri. This were a vagary.

Lacy I know not what to think ; or, is she not
The worse for the coy lady that lives with her ?

Tri. Her kinswoman?

Lacy. Such a malicious piece,
[I mean to love,) 'tis pity any place
But a cold nunnery should be troubled with her.
If all maids were but her disciples, we
Should have no generation, and the world,
For want of children, in few years undone by't •
Here's one can tell yuu more Is not that Jams,
The widow's servant?

Enter VENTURE and JARVIS meeting

Vent. Whither in such haste, man?

Jar. I am commanded, sir, to fetch a gentleman.

Vent. To thy mistress? to give her a heat this morning?

Jar. I have spied him.—With your pardon—

[Goes to LAcY.

Tri. Good morrow, Master Venture.

Vent. Frank Trier ?

Tri. You

Look high and jocund, Venus has been piopitious;
I dreamt last night thou wert a bridegroom.

Vent. Such a thing may be; the wind blows now
From a more happy coast.

Lacy. I must leave you; I am sent for.

Tn. To thy mistress?

Lacy. Without more ceremony, gentlemen, my service
Farewell. [Exit

Vent. I'll tell thee, I have a mistress.

Tn. I believe it

Vent. And yet I have her not.

Tri. But you have hope

Vent. Dr rather certainty.

Tn. Why, I hear she is
A very tyrant over men.

Vent. Worse, worse,
The needle of a dial never had
So many waverings, but she is touched,
And she points only this way now, true north;
I am her pole.

Tri. And she your *Urset minor*.

Vent. I laugh to think how other of her nvals
Will look, when I enjoy her.

Tri. You are not yet contracted ?

Vent. No, she changed
Some amuious tokens; do you see this diamond?
A toy she gave me.

Tn. 'Cause she saw you a spark.

Vent. Her flame of love is here, and in exchange
She took a chain of pearl.

Tn. You'll see it hanged.

Vint. These to the wise are aiguments of love,
And mutual promises.

Enter Lord BONVILE and Page.

Tn. Your lordship's welcome to town :
I am blest to see your honour in good health.

Lvrđ B. Prithee visit my lodgings.

Tri. I shall piesume to tender my humble service.

[*Exeunt* Lord B. and Page.]

Vent What's he?

Tri. A sprig of the nobility,
That has a spirit equal to his fortunes ;
A gentleman that loves clean napery.

Vent. I guess your meaning.

Tri. A lady of pleasure; 'tis no shame for men
Of his high birth to love a wench; his honour
May privilege more sins: next to a woman,
He laves a running horse —
Setting aside these recreations,
He has a noble nature, vahant, bountiful.

Vent. I was of his humour till I fell in love,
I mean for wenching; you may guess a little,
By my legs , hut I will now be very honest,
And when I am married—

Tri. Then you are confident
To carry away your mistress from them all?

Vent. From Jove himself, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her; 'tis impossible
She should put any truk upon me, I
Have won her very soul.

Tri. Her body must
Needs be your own then.

Vent. I have a brace of rivals,
Would they were here, that I might jeer them '
And see how opportunely one is come!

Enter RIDER.

I'll make you a little sport.

. *Tri* I have been melancholy,
You will express a favour in't.

Rid. Master Venture! the first man in my wish ;
What gentleman is that?

Vent. A fnend of mine.

Rid. I am his servant, look you, we are friends,
And't shall appeal, however things succeed,
That I have loved you, and you cannot take
My counsel in ill part

Vent. What is the business,

Rid. For my part, I have
Used no enchantment, philter, no devices
That are unlawful, to direct the stream
Of her affection, it flows naturally.

Vent. How's this?—Prithee observe. [*Aside to TRIER.*

Tri. I do, and shall laugh presently.

Rid. For your anger,
I wear a sword, though I have no desire
It should be guilty of defacing any
Part of your body, yet upon a just
And noble provocation, wherein
My mistress' love and honour is engaged,
I daie draw blood.

Tri Ha, ha, ha i

Vent. A "mistress¹ love and honour "' this is pretty.

Rid. I know you cannot
But understand me, yet, I say I love you,
And with a generous breast, and in the confidence
You will take it kindly, I letuin to that
I promised you, good counsel, come, leave off
The prosecution.

Vent. Of what, 1 puthee?

Rid. There will be less affront than to expect
Till the last minute, and behold the victory
Another's; you may guess why I declare this,
I am studious to preserve an honest friendship;
For though it be my glory, to be adorned
With trophies of her vanquished love—

Vent. Whose love?

Tri. This sounds as if he jeered you.

[*Aside to VENTURE.*

Vent. Mushroom 1

[*Draws.*

Tri. What do you mean, gentlemen? friends and fall
About good counsel! [out

Vent. I'll put up again,
Now I think better on't

Tn. 'Tis done discreetly.
Cover the nakedness of your tool, I pray.

Vent. Why, look you, sir; if you bestow this Lounsel
Out of your love, I thank you [yet there is
No great necessity, why you should be at
The cost of so much breath; things well Lumulered
A lady's love is mortal, I know that,
And if a thousand YILTI should love a woman,
The dice must lairy her, but one of ill
Can wear the garland

Tn. Now you come to him,

Vent. For my own part, I loved the lady well,
Eut you must pardon me, if I demonstrate
There's no such thing as you pretend, and therefor
In quittance of your loving, honest counsel,
I would not have you build an airy castle,
Her stars have pointed her another way,
This instrument will take her height.

[Shows the diamond ring?]

Rid. Ha!

Vent. And you may guess what cause you have to
triumph;
I would not tell you this, but that I love you
And hope you will" not run yourself into
The cure of Bedlam. He that wears this favour,
Hath sense to apprehend.

Rid. That diamond ?

Vent. Observe it perfectly, there are no trophies
Of vanquished love, I take it, coming toward you ;
" It will be less affront, than to expect
Till the last minute, and behold the victory
Another's."

Rid. That ring I gave her.

Tri. Ha, ha, ha !

Vent. This was his gift to her; ha, ha, ha !
Have patience, spleen ; ha, ha !

Tn. The scene is changed !

Rid. She will not use me thus ; she did receive it
With all the circumstance of love.

Vent. I pity him, my eyes run o'er. Dost hear?—
I cannot choose but laugh, and yet I pity thee.
She has a jeering wit, and I shall love her
More heartily for this. What dost thou think ?
Poor gentleman, how he has fooled himself'

Rid. I'll to her again.

Vent. Nay, be not passionate '
I^l faith, thou wert too confident, I knew
It could not hold ; dost think I'd say so much else ?
I can tell thee more , but lose her memory.

Rid. Were it more rich [*He shows a chain of pearl*]
Than that which Cleopatra gave to Antony,
With scorn I would return it

Tri. She give you this chain?

Rid. She shall be hanged in chains ere I will keep it.

Vent. Stay, stay[let my eye
Examine that——this chain ?—

Rid. Who would trust woman after this?

Vent. The very same
She took of me, when I received this diamond '

Rid. Ha, ha ! you do but jest; she will not fool
You o^l this fashion look a little better,
One may be like another.

Vent. 'Tis the same.

Rid. Ha, ha ! I would it were, that, we might laugh
At one another; by this hand I will
Forgive her: prithee tell me—ha, ha, ha!

Tn. You will " carry her
From Jove himself, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her."

Rid. By this pearl,—O logue,

How I da love her for't¹ — be not dejected;

¹¹ A lady's love is mortal, one of all
Must wear the garland ; do not fool yourself
Beyond the cure of Bedlam."

Tn. She has fitted you
With a pair of fools¹ coats, and as handsomely
As any tailor, that had taken measure.

Vent. Give me thy "hand.

Tn. Nay, lay your heads together
How to revenge it , and so, gentlemen,
I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Vent. She has abused us.

Rid. Let us take his counsel ,
We can be but what we are.

Vent. A pair of credulous fools

Rid. This other fellow, Fairfield, has prevailed.

Vent. Which if he have—

Rid. What shall we do ?

Vent. I think we were best let him alone

Rid. Do you hear ? We'll to her again , [you will
Be ruled by me), and tell her what we think of her.

Vent. She may come to herself, and be ashamed on't.

Rid. If she would affect one of us, for my part
I am indifferent.

Vent. So say I too, but to give us both the canvas ' '—
Let's walk, and think how to behave ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.— A Room in BONAVENT'S house.

Enter Mistress BONAVENT and Mistress CAROL.

Mis'. Car. What do you mean to do with him?

¹ i.e. Dismiss us both. From the practice of journeymen mechanics carrying their tools with them, when dismissed they were said to get the canvas or the bag, or, as we should say, the sack,

Mis. Bon. Thou art
TDD much a tyrant [the seven years are past,
That did oblige me to expect my husband,
Engaged to sea; and though within those limits
Frequent intelligence hath reported him
Lost, both to me, and his own life, I have
Been careful of my vow ; and were there hope
Yet to embrace him, I would think another
Seven years no penance: but I should thus
Be held a. cruel woman, in his certain
Loss, to despise the love of all mankind.
And therefore I resolve, upon SD large
A trial of his constancy, at last
To give him the reward of his respects
To me, and—

Mis. Car. Marry him.

Mis. Bon. You have apprehended.

Mis. Car. No marvel if men rail upon you then,
And doubt whether a widow may be saved.
We maids are thought the worse on, for your easiness,
How are poor women overseen ' We must
Cast away ourselves upon a whining lover,
In chanty: I hope my cousin's ghost
Will meet you as you go to church, or if
You 'scape it then, upon the wedding night—

Mis. Bon. Fie' fie!

Mis. Car. When you are both abed, and candles out,

Mis. Bon. Nay, put not out the candles.

Mis. Car. May they burn blue then, at his second kiss,
And fright him from—well, I could say something ,
But take your course—He's come already

Enter LACY.

Put him off but another twelvemonth. [*Mis. BDNARENT
wa^ks aside with LACY.*—So, so
Oh love, into what foolish labyrinths
Dost thou lead us ! I would all women were

But of my mind, we would have a new world
Quickly. I will go study poetry
On purpose to write verses in the praise
Of th' Amazonian ladies, in whom only
Appears true valour [for the instruction
Of all posterity), to beat their husbands.

Lacy. How you endear your servant '

Mis. Car. I will not
Be guilty of more stay.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Sweet lady'

Mis. Car. You're come in time, sir, to redeem me.

Fair. Why, lady ?

Mis. Car. You will be as comfortable as strong
waters ,
There's a gentleman—

Fair. So uncivil to affront you ?

Mis. Car. I had no patience to hear him longer •
Take his offence, before you question him.

Fair. And be mast happy if, by any service,
You teach me to deserve your fair opinion.

Mis. Car It is not civil to eavesdrop him, but
I'm sure he talks on't now.

Fair. Of what?

Mis Car Of love ; is any thing more ridiculous ?
You know I never cherish that condition: '
In you 'tis the most harsh, unpieasing discord -
But I hope you will be instructed better,
Knowing how much my fancy goes against it
Talk not of that, and welcome.

Fair. You retain,
I see, your unkind temper ; will no thought
Soften your heart ? disdain agrees but ill
With so much beauty ; if you would persuade
Me not to love you, strive to be less fair ;

¹ Humour, disposition.

Undo that face, and so become a rebel
To heaven and nature

Mis. Car You do love my face then ?

Fair. As heavenly prologue to your mind ; I do not
Doat, like Pygmalion, on the colours

Mis. Car. No, you cannot; his was a painted mistress,
Or, if it be the mind you so pretend
To affect, you increase my wonder of your folly,
For I have told you that so often

fair What?

Mis. Cat My mind, so opposite to all your courtship,
That I had rather hear the tedious tales
Of Holhnshed, than any thing that trenches
On love. If you come fraught with any o¹
Cupid's devices, keep them for his whirligigs ,
Or load the next edition of his messenger,
Or post, with a mad packet, I shall but laugh
At them, and pity you.

Fair. That pity—

Mis. Car. Do not mistake me, it shall be a very
Miserable pity, without love ?
Were I a man, and had but half that handsomeness
[For though I have not love, I hate detraction),
Ere I would put my invention to the sweat
Of compliment, to court my mistress' hand,
And call her smile, blessing beyond a sun-beam,
Entreat to wait upon her, give her rings
With wanton, or most lamentable poesies,
I would turn thrasher.

Fair. This is a new doctrine,
From women.

Mis. Car. Twill concern your peace, to have
Some faith in it.

Fair. You would not be neglected ?

Mis. Car. You neglect
Yourselves, the nobleness of your birth and nature,
By servile flattery of this jiggling,

And that coy mistress [keep your privilege,
Your masculine property.

Fair. Is there so great
A happiness in nature ?

Mis. Car. There is one [Points to LACY.
Just of your mind; can there be such happiness
In nature? Fie upon't, if it were possible,
That ever I should be so mad to love,
To which, I thank my stars, I am not inclined,
I should not hold such servants worth my garters,
Though they would put me in security
To hang themselves, and ease me of their visits

Fair. You are a strange gentlewoman; why, look you,
lady:

I am not so enchanted with your virtues,
But I do know myself, and at what distance
To look upon such mistresses • I can
Be scurvily conditioned; you are—

Mis. Car. As thou dost hope for any good, rail now
But a little

Fair. I could provoke you

Mis. Car. To laugh, but not to lie down. Why,
pnthee do.

Fair. Go, you are a foolish creature, and not worth
My services.

Mis. Car. Aloud, that they may hear,
The more the merrier, I'll take't as kindly
As if thou hadst given me the Exchange. What, all this
cloud

Without a shower ?

Fair. You are most ingrateful.

Mis. Car. Good'
Abominable peevish, and a wench
That would be beaten, beaten black and blue,
And then, perhaps, she may have colour for't.
Come, come, you cannot scold
With confidence, nor with grace; you should look big,

And sweat you are no gamester, practise dice
And cards a little better, you will get
Many confusions and fine curses by't.

Fair. Is not she mart ?

Mis. Car. To show I have my leason,
I'll give you some good counsel, and be plain with you ;
None that have eyes will follow the direction
Of a blind guide, and what do you think of Cupid ?
Women are either fools, or very wise,
Take that from me , the foolish women arc
Not worth your love, and if a woman know
How to be wise, she will not care for you.

Fair. Do you give all this counsel without a fee ?
Come, be less wild. T know you cannot be
So hard of soul. *[Offen to take her hand*

Mis. Car. Prithee let my body alone '

Fair. Why are you thus peremptory? Had
Your mother been so cruel to mankind,
This heresy to love, with you had been
Unborn.

Mis. Car. My mother was no maul

***Fair.* How, lady ?**

Mis. Car. She was marned long ere I was born, I
take it,
Which I shall never be, that rule's infallible;
I would not have you fooled in the expectation,
A favour all my suitors cannot boast of.
Go home, and say your prayers, I will not look
For thanks till seven year hence.

Fair. I know not what
To say; yes, I will home, and think a satire.—
Was ever man jeered thus for his good will ' *[Exit.*

Mis. Bon. The license will be soon dispatched.

Lacy, Leave that
To my care, lady, and let him presume,
Whom you intend to bless with such a gift,
Seal on your lips the assurance of his heart. *[A'tsses her.*

Slur.

°

I have more wings than Mercury : expect
Your servant in three minutes.

Mis. Car. Take more time.

You'll overheat yourself; and catch a surfeit.

Lacy. My nimble lady, I have business ; we
Will have a dialogue another time. [*Eut.*

Mis. Car. You do intend to marry him, then ?

Mis. Bon. I have promised

To be his wife; and, for his more security,
This morning—

Mis. Car. How! this morning?

Mis. Bon. What should one,

That has resolved, lose time? I do not IDVB
Much ceremony, suits in love should not,
Like suit; in law, be miked from term to term.

Mis. Car. You will join issue presently, without your
council,

You may be o'erthrown j take heed, I have known wives
That have been o'erthrown m their own case, and after
Nonsuited too, that's twice to be undone.

But take your course; some widows have been mortified.

Mis. Bon. And maids do now and then meet with their
match.

Mis. Car. What is in your condition makes you weary?

You are sick of plenty and command; you have

TOD, too much liberty, too many servants;

Your jewels are your own, and you would see

HDW they will show upon your husband's wagtail.¹

You have a coach now, and a Christian lively

To wait on you to church, and are not catechised

When you come home ; you have a waiting-woman,

A monkey, squirrel, and a brace of islands,²

Which may be thought superfluous in your family,

When husbands come to rule. A pretty wardrobe,

¹ Mistress.

² i e. Shock-dogs. They seem to have been favourites of ladies-Inland i«i the old way of writing **Iceland**.

A tailor of your own, a doctor too,
That knows your body, and can make you sick
I' the spring, or fall, or when you have a mind to't,
Without control; you have the benefit
Df talking loud and idle at your table,
May sing a wanton ditty, and not be chid,
Dance, and go late to bed, say yom own prayers,
Dr go to Heaven by your chaplain.

Mis. Bon. Very fine.

Mis. Car And will you lose all this, foi
" I, Cicely, take thee, John, to be my husband " ?
Keep him still to be your servant,
Imitate me ; a hundred suitors cannot
Be half the trouble of one husband. I
Dispose my frowns and favours like a princess ;
Deject, advance, undo, create again ;
It keeps the subjects in obedience,
And teaches 'em to look at me with distance.

Enter VENTURE and RIDER.

Mis. Bon. But you encourage some.

Mis. Car. 'Tis when I have nothing else to do, for
sport,
As, for example—

Mis. Bon. But I am not now in tune to hear 'em ;
prithee
Let's withdraw. *[_E[twit.*

Vent. Nay, nay, lady, we must follow you.

[Ejjeutif VENTURE and RIDLR.





ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*An outer Room in EoNAVENi's House.*

Enter LDNAVENT m disgimc, listening



ONA. Music anil levels ' the) aie very
meiiy

I'.nter a Servant.

By your favom, sir

Scr. You are welcome

Bonci Pray, is this a d.Lining school ?

Sfr No dancing school

Bona. And yet some [Dices sound like women

Ser Wdt please you

To taste a. cup of wine ? 'tis this day fire

As at a coronation, you seem

A gentleman

Bona. Prithee, who dwells here?

Ser. The house' this morning was a widow[sii,

But now her husband's ; without cncumstame,

She is married.

Bona. Prithee, her name ?

Scr. Her name was Mistress Bonavent

Bona. How long i.s't .since her husband died?

Ser. Tis two years since .she had intelligence

He was cast away; at his departure, he

Engaged her to a seven years expectation,

Which full expired, this morning she became
A bride.

Bona. What's the gentleman she has married ?

Ser. A man of pretty fortune, that has been
Her servant many years.

Bona. How do you mean?

Wantonly? or does he serve for wages?

Ser. Neither, I mean a suitor.

Bona Cry met Ly, may I be acquainted with his name ?

Ser. And his person too, if you have a mind to't ,
Master Lacy , I'll bring you to him.

Bona Master Lacy, may be 'tis he; would thou could-1
help me to

A sight of this gentleman ' I have business with
One of his name, anil cannot meet with him

Ser. Please you walk in

Bona I would not be an mtrudei

In such a day, if I might only see him —

Ser. Follow me, and I'll do you that favour. {*Exeunt.*



SCENE II —*Another Room in the same.*

Enttr LAL[, Mistress BONAVENTI, RIULR, Mistress
CAROL, and VENTURE, dancing, followed at a dis-
tance by BONAVENTI.

Vent. Who is that peeps?

La<,y. Peeps '—Who is that? [*Bnngwgforward* BONA-
VENT]—Faith, you shall dance.

Bona. Good sir, you must excuse me, I am a stranger.

Lacy, Your tongue does walk our language, and your
Shall do as we do : take away his cloak [feet
And sword.—By this hand, you shall dance, Monsieur,
Nnpardonnez mot.

Mis. Car. Well said, master bridegroom,
The gentianan may perhaps want exercise.

Mis. Bon. He will not take it well.

Vent. The bridegroom's merry.

Lacy. Take me no takes ;

Come, choose your firk,¹ for dance you shall.

Bona. I cannot;

You'll not compel me ?

Lacy. I have sworn.

Bona. Tis an affront; as I am a gentleman,
I know not how to foot your chamber jigs.

Lacy. No remedy; here's a lady longs for one
vagary.—

Fill a bowl of sack, and then to the Canaries.

Bona. You are circled with your friends, and do not well
To use this privilege to a gentleman's
Dishonour.

Lacy. You shall shake your heels.

Bona. I shall ?

Ladies, it is this gentleman's desire
That I should make you mirth , I cannot dance,
I tell you that afore.

Mis. Bon. He seems to be a gentleman and a soldier.

Mis. Car Good **Mars**, be not so sullen; you'll do
more

With Venus privately.

Bona. Because this gentleman is engaged, I'll try.

[A Dance.

Will you excuse me yet ?

Lacy. Play excuse me, yes, any thing you'll call for.

Mis. Car. This motion everymornmg will be wholesome
And beneficial to your body, sir.

Bona. So, so.

Mis. Car. Your pretty lump requires it.

Bona. Where's my sword, sir? I have been your
hobby-horse.

Mis. Car. You danced something like one.

¹ i.e. Your **dance, or your partner.**

Bona. Jeer on, my whimsy lady.

Mis. Bon. Pray impute it

No trespass studied to affront you, sir,

But to the merry passion of a bridegroom.

Lacy. Prithee stay: we'll to Hyde Park together.

Bona. There you may meet with morris-dancers: for
You, lady, I wish you more joy, so farewell. *[Exit.*

Lacy. Come, let's have t'other whirl, lustily, boys i
[They dance off.



SCENE III.—*A Room in FAIRFIELD'S House.*

Enter FAIRFIELD, JULIETTA, and Waiting-woman.

Jul. You are resolved then?

Fair. I have no other GUIe left,
And if I dt, it not quickly, my affection
May be too far spent, and all physic will
Be cast away

Jul. You will show a manly fortitude.

Fair. When saw you Master Trier?

Jul. Not since yesterday.

Fair. Are not his visits frequent ?

Jul. He does see me sometimes

Fait Come, I know thou lov'st him, and he will
Deserve it; he's a pretty gentleman.

Jul. It was your character, that first commended
Him to my thoughts.

Fair. If he be slow to answer it,
He loses me again ; his mind, more than
His fortune, gain'd me to his praise : but I
Trifle my precious time.

Farewell! all my good wishes stay wit'li thee. *[Exit.*

Enter TRIER.

Jul. And mine attend you !—Master Trier '

Tri. I come to kiss yoar hand

Jul. And take your leave?

Tri. Only to kiss't again '

Jul. You begin to be a stranger; in two mornings
Not one visit, where you profess affection '

Tri. I should be surfeited with happiness
If I should dwell here

Jul. Surfeits in the spring
Are dangerous, and yet I never heard,
A lover would absent him from his mistress
Through fear to be more happy, but I allow
That for a compliment, and dispute not with) DU
A reason of your actions You are now welcome,
And though you should be guilty of neglect,
My love would overcome any suspicion.

Tri. You are all goodness —

Enter a Servant, and whispers TRIER.

With me? prithee admit him.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Page

Page Sir, my lord saw you enter, and desires
To speak with you

Tn. His lordship shall command, where is he?

Page. Below, sir

Tri. Say, I instantly wait on him — *[Exit Page.]*
Shall I presume upon your favour, lady?

Jul. In what?

Tn. That I may entreat him hither? you will honour
me
To bid him welcome, he is a gentleman
To whom I owe all services, and in
Himself is worthy of your entertainment

Jul. If he be your's command me.

Enter Lord BONVILE and Page

Tn. My lord, excuse—

Lord B. Nay, I prevent your trouble.—Lady, I am

Your humble servant—Pardon my intrusion.

I have no business, only I saw you enter.

Tn. Your lordship honours me

Lord B. What gentlewoman's this ?

Tn. Why—

[III7utfrs hu.i

Lord B. A lady of pleasure ' I like her eye, it 1 j.s

A pretty twirl with't; will she bid one welcome ?

Tn. Be confident, my loid,—Sweet lady, pi.iy
Assuie his lordship he is welcome.

Jill. I want woids

Lot d B. Oh, sweet lady, youi hp in silence
Speaks the best language.

Jnl. Your lordship's welcome to this humble loof

Lwd B. I am confirmed

[Aside

Tri. If you knew, lady, what
Perfection of honour dwells in him,
You would be studious, with all ceremony
To entertain him ' besides, to me
His lordship's goodness hath so flowed, you cannot
Study, what will oblige me moie than in
His welcome

Lord B. Come, you compliment

Jul. Though I want both ability Lind language,
My wishes shall be zealous to expiess me
Your humble servant

Lord B. Conic, that humble was
But compliment in you, too.

Jul. I would not
Be guilty of dissembling with your lordship,
I know words that have more proportion
AVith my distance to your noble birth and foitunc,
Than humble sen ant

Lord B. I do not IDVE these distances

Tn. You would have hei be more humble.—
This will try her,
If she resist his siege, she is a brave one,
I know he'll put her Lo't. He that doth love

Wisely, will see the trial of his mistress,
And what I want in impudence myself,
Another may supply for my advantage;
I'll frame excuse.

[Aside.

Lord B. Frank, thou art melancholy.

Tri. My lord, I now reflected on a business
Concerns me equal with my fortune, and
It is the more unhappy that I must
So rudely take my leave.

Lord B. What' not so soon?

Tri. Your honour's pardon.'

JuL Are you, sir, in earnest?

Tri. Love will instruct you to interpret fairly ;
They are affairs that cannot be dispensed with.—
I leave this noble gentleman.

JuL He's a stranger;
You will not use me well, and show no care
Of me, nor of my honour; I pray stay.

Tri. Thou hast virtue to secure all ; I am confident,
Temptations will shake thy innocence
No more than waves that climb a rock, which soon
Betray their weakness,—and discover thee
More clear and more impregnable.

JuL. How is this?

Tri. Farewell.

I will not sin against your honour's clemency,
To doubt your pardon.

Lord B. Well, an there be no lemedy, I shall see
you
Anon in the Park ; the match holds,—[Exit TRIER.]
am not willing
To leave you alone, lady.

JuL I have a servant.

Lord B. You have many; in their number pray write
me,
I shall be very dutiful.

JuL Oh, my lord.

Lord B. And when I have done a fault, I shall be instructed,

But with a smile, to mend it.

Jul. Done what fault?

Lord B. Faith, none at all, if you but think so.

Jul. I think your lordship would not willingly Offend a woman.

Lord B. I would never hurt 'em,
It has been my study still to please those women
That fell within my conversation.
I am very tender-hearted to a lady,
I can deny them nothing.

Jul. The whole sex
Is bound to you.

Lord B. If they well considered things,
And what a stickler I am in their cause,
The common cause, but most especially
How zealous I am in a virgin's honour,
As all true knights should be, no woman could
Deny me hospitality, and let down,
When I desire access, the rude portculhce ,
I have a natural sympathy with fair ones,
Ab they do, I do , there's no handsome woman
Complains, that she has lost her maidenhead,
But I wish mine had been lost with it.

Jul. Your lordship's merry.

Lord B. 'Tis because you look pleasant.—
A very handsome Judging, is there any
Accommodations that way.

Jul. There's a garden,
Will't please your lordship taste the air on't.

Lord B. I meant other convemency; but if
You please, I'll wait upon you thither.

[*Exeunt Lord BDNVILE and JULIETTA.*

Page. You and I had better stay, and m their absence
Exercise one another.

Wait. How mean you, page ?

Page. I'll teach you a way that we may follow 'em,
And not remove from hence.

Wait. How, prithee?

Page. Shall I beg your lip ?

Wait. I cannot spare it.

Page. I'll give you both mine

Wait. What means the child ?

Page. Because I have no upper lip, do you corn me
I have kissed ladies before now, and have
Been sent for to their chambeis

Wait. You sent for '

Page. Yes, and been trusted with their Ltohets too '
We are such pretty things, we can play at
"All hid under a fardingale," how long
Have you been a waiting creature?

Wait. Not a month yet.

Page. Nay then, I cannot blame yom ignorance -₃
You have perhaps your maidenhead.

Wait. I hope so.

Page. Oh, lamentable ' away with it, for shame,
rhaflfent with the coachman, foi the ciedil
Of your profession , do not keep it long,
'Tis fineable in court.

Wait, fjoood master page,
How long have you been skilled in those affairs ?

Page. E'er since I was in bieeches , and you'll find
Your honesty so troublesome.

Wait How so?

Page. When you ha[e trucked¹ away your maidenhead,
You have excuse lawful to put off gamesters,
Far you may swear, and give 'em "satisfaction,
You have not what they looked for, beside the benefit
Of being impudent as otrasion serves,
A thing much in request with waiting creatures :
We pages can mstrurt you in that quality,
So you be tractable

» TiafllicKed,

Wait. The boy is wild.

Page. An you will lead me a chase, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—A Room in BOXAVENI'S House.

Enter Mistiess CAROL, RIDER, and VENTURE.

Mis. Cat. Why, did you ever think I could affect,
Df all men living, such a thing as you are?
What hope, or what encouragement did I give you?
Because I took your diamond, must you presently
Bound like a stoned horse?

Rid She's a very colt, [danrei,

Mis. Car. 'Cause you can put your hat oft like a
And make a better leg¹ than you were born to,
For, to say truth, your calf is Avell amended,
Must this so overtake me, that I must
Straight fall in love with you? one step Lo church.
Another into the streets? more to a bargain,
You are wide a bow, and something overshot.

Vent. Then this is all that I must trust to, you
Will ncvei ha[e me?

Mis. Car. In my light mind, I think so.
Why, prithee tell me, what I should do with thee?

I'ent. Can you find nothing to do with me?

Mis. Car. To find my monkey spiders, weie an ofike,
Perhaps, you would not execute?

Vent. You aie a gipsy,
And none of the twelve Sybils in a ta[ein,
Have such a tanned complexion; thcie be dogs
And horses m the world.

Mis. Car. They'll keep you company.

Vent. Tell me of spiders!
I'll wring your monkey's neck off.

Mis. Car. And then puzzle
 Your brain to make an elegy, which shall be sung
 To the tune of " The Devil and the Baker; " good '
 You have a pretty ambling wit in summer;
 Do you let it out, or keep't for your own riding?
 Who holds your stirrup, while you jump
 Into a jest, to the endangering
 Of your ingenious quodhbets?

Rid. Gome, thou hast said enough.

Mis. Car. To him; you would have some?

Rid. Some testimony of your love, if it please you.

Mis. Car. Indeed, I have heard you are a precious
 gentleman,
 And in your younger days could play at trap well.

Rid. Fare you well, gentlewoman ! by this light a
 devil;

I'll follow my old game of horse-racing.

Vent. I could tear her ruff! I would thou wert
 A whore, then I'd be revenged, and bring the 'prentices
 To arraign thee on Shrove Tuesday ;¹ a pox upon you '

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Mis. Car. A third man, a third man ' two fair game-
 sters;

Rid. For shame ' let's go.

Mis. Car. Will you stay, gentlemen? you have no
 more wit [*E&eunt VENTURE and RIDER.*

To vent i keep your heads warm in any case,
 There may be dregs in the bottom o' the brain pan,
 Which may turn to somewhat in seven years; and set
 You up again.—Now, sir.

Fair. Lady, I am come to you.

Mis. Car. It does appear so.

Fair. To take my leave.

Mis. Car. Tis granted, sir; goodbye.

¹ Shrove Tuesday was noted for the riotous conduct of the London apprentices, who used to attack the brothels, etc.

Fair. But you must stay and hear a little more.
I promise not to trouble you with courtship,
I am as weary as you can be displeased with't,

Mis. Car. On these conditions, I would have the
patience

To hear the brazen head speak.¹

Fair. Whether, or how I purpose to dispose
Myself hereafter, as I know you have
No purpose to enquire, I have no great
Ambition to discourse; but how I have
Studied your fair opinion, I remit
To time, and come now only to request
That you would grant, in lieu of my true service,
One boon at parting.

Mis. Car. Fortbon! pioceed.

Fair. But you must swear to perform truly what
I shall desire; and that you may not think
I come with any cunning to deceive you,
You shall accept whate'er you would deny me;
And after all, I'll make request

Mis. Car. How's this?

Fair. But it concerns my life, or what can else
Be nearer to me, that you swear.

Mis. Car. To what?

Fair. When you have made exceptions, and thought
What things in all the world you will exempt
From my petition, I'll be confident
To tell you my desire.

Mis. Car. This is fair play.

Fair. I would not for an empire, by a tnick
Oblige you to perform what should displease you.

Mis. Car. Tis a very strange request; are you in
earnest?

Ere you begin, shall I except? 'tis odds

¹ In the preface-tract of the *Famous Historic of Fryer Bacon* it is related how "Friar Bacon made a brazen head to "peik, by which he would have walled England about with biass."

But I may include, what you lia[e a mind to, then
Where's your petition ?

Fair. I will run that hazard.

Mis. Cat. You will? why, look you; for a little mirth's
sake,

And since you come so honestly, because
You shall not say, I am composed of marble,
I do consent.

Fair. Swear.

Mis. Car. I am not come to that,
I'll first set bounds to your request, and when
I have left nothing for you worth my grant,
I'll take a zealous oath to grant you any thing.

Fair. You have me at your meitry.

Mis. Car. First, you shall not
Desire that I should love you

Fair. That's first, proceed.

Mis. Car. No moic but ^{kf}proLeed"? Do you know
what I say ?

Fair. Your first exception forbids to ask
That you should love me

Mis. Car. And you are contented?

Fair. I must be so,

Mis. Car. What, in the name of wonder, will he ask
me ? *[Asuic*

You shall not desire me to many you

Fair. That's the second.

Mis. Car. You shall neithei directly nor mdirei-tly,
wish me to he with you.

Have I not dipt the wings of your conceit?

Fair. That's the third.

Mi'. Car. "That's the thud'" is there any thing a
young man would

Desire of his mistress, when he must neither love, mairy,
nor lie with her?

Fair. My suit is still untouched.

Mis. Car. Suit! if you have another 'tis out of fashion,

You cannot beg my state, yet I would willingly
Give part of that, to be rid of thee,

Fair. Not one jewel. [poison,

Mis. Car. You would not have me spoil my face, drink
Or kill any body?

Fair. Goodness forbid, that I should wish you danger¹

Mis. Car. Then you would not have me ride through
the city naked,

As once a princess of England did through Coventry?

Fair. All my desires are modest.

Mis. Car. You shall not beg my parrot, nor entreat me
To fast, or wear a hairy smock.

Fair. None of these

Mis. Car. I will not be confined to make me ready
At ten, and pray till dinner; I will play

At gleek¹ as often as I please, and see
Plays when I have a mind to't, and the races,
Though men should run Adamites² before me

Fair. None of these trench on what I have to ask.

Mis. Car. Why, then I swear—stay,
You shall not ask me before company
How old I am, a question most unbecom-
I know not what to say more, I'll not be
Bound from Spring-garden,¹ and the 'Sparagus' ¹
I will not have my tongue tied up, when I've
A mind to jeer my suitors, among which
Your worship shall not doubt to be remembered,
For I must have my humour, I am sick else,
I will not be compelled to hear your sonnets,
A thing before I thought to advise you of,
Your words of hard concoction, your rude poetry,

¹ A game at cards.

² Religious enthusiasts who are said to have dispensed with
clothing at their meetings.

³ Situated near Charing Cross and noted for its howling alley
and ordinary, and for its "continual hissing and drinking wine all
day under the trees, and two or three quarrels every week."

⁴ A place of amusement frequented by Fepys, in Lambeth
Marsh.

Have much impaired my health, try sense another while
And calculate some prose according to
The elevation of our pole at London,
As says the learned almanack — but, come on,
And speak your mind, I have done, I know not what
More to except [if it be none of these,
And, as you say, feasible on my part,
I swear.

Fair. By what?

Mis. Car. For once, a kiss, it may be a parting blow.
By that I will perform what you desire. [*Kisses him.*

Fair. In few words thus receive it : by that oath
I bind you never to desire my company
Hereafterj for no reason to affect me ;
This, I am sure, was none of your exceptions.

Mis. Car. What has the man said?

Fair. 'Tis clear, I am confident,
To your understanding.

Mis. Car. You have made me swear
That I must never love you, nor desire
Your company.

Fair. I know you will not uolate
What you have sworn, so all good thoughts possess you.
[*Exit*

Mis. Car. Was all this circumstance for this ? I never
Found any inclination to trouble him
With too much lovej why should he bind me from it,
And make me swear? an oath that, for the present,
I had no affection to him, had been reasonable ,
But for the time to come, never to love,
For any cause or reason, that may move me
Hereafter, very strange¹ I know not what to think on't,
Although I never meant, to think well of him,
Yet to be limited, and be prescribed,
I must not do it,—'twas a poor trick in him ;
But I'll go practise something to forget it. [*Exit.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I,— *A part of Hyde Park.*

Enter Lord BDNVILE and JULIETTA.



DRD B. Lady, you are welcome to
the spring, the Park
Looks fresher to salute you : how the
birds
On every tree sing, with more cheer-
fulness
At your access, as if they prophesied

Nature would die, and resign her providence
To yDu, fit only to succeed her'

Jul You express
A master of all compliment j I have
Nothing but plain humility, my lord,
To answer you

Lord B. But I'll speak our own English,
Hang these affected strains, which we sometimes
Practise, to please the curiosity
Of talking ladies; by this lip thou'rt welcome, [*Kisses her*]
I'll swear a hundred oaths upon that book,
An't please you.

Enter TRIER, behind.

Trt. They are at it.

Jul. You shall not need, my lord, I'm not incredulous,
I do believe your honour, and dare trust
For more than this.

Lord B. I will not break my credit
With any lady that dares trust me.

Jul. She had a cruel heart, that would not venture
Upon the engagement of your honour,

Lord B. What?

What durst thou venture now, and be plain with me?

Jul. There's nothing in the verge of my command,
That should not serve your lordship.

Lord B. Speak, speak truth,
And flatter not, on what security?

Jul. On that which you propounded, sir, your honour :
It is above all other obligation,
And he that's truly noble, will not stain it

Lord B. Upon my honour will you lend me then
But a night's lodging ?

Jul. How, sir?

Lord B. She is angry ,
I shall obtain, I know the trick on't, had
She yielded at the first, it had been fatal [*Ande.*

Jul. It seems your lordship speaks to one you know not,

Lord B. But I desire to know you better, lady.

Jul. Better I should desire, my lord

Lord B. Better or worse, if you dare venture one,
I'll hazard t'other

JnL. 'Tis your lordship's mirth.

Lord B. You're in the right, 'tis the best mirth of all.

Jul. I'll not believe, my lord, you mean so wantonly
As you profess

Lord B. Refuse me,¹ if I do not
Not mean? I hope you have more chanty
Than to suspect, I'll not perform as much,
And more than I have said [I knew my fault,
I am too modest when I undertake,
But when I am to act, let me alone.

Tri. You shall be alone no longer,— [*Comts forward,*
My good lord.

¹ A fasln finable oath

Lord B. Frank Trier.

7W. Which side holds your honour

Lord B. I am o' thy side, Frank.

Tn. I think so,

For all the Park's against me; but six to four

Is odds enough.

Jul Is it so much against you?

Tn. Lady, I think 'tis two to DHL'

Lord B We weie un even terms till you Lamehither —
1 find hei yielding — And when do they run ?

Tn. They say presently

Lot d B Will you ventine anything, lady ?

Tn. Perhaps she resen es herself for the horse-iace

Jul There I may venture somewhat with his loid-
slup

Lord B That was a witty one *[Ande.*

Tn. You will be doing.

Lord B You are for the footmen.

Tn. 1 inn with the company

Entci RHJIR and YLNIURL.

Vent. I'll go your half

Rid. No, thank you, Jack; would I had ten pieces
more on't'

Lord B Which sidu?

Rid. Dn the Irishman.

Lord B Done ; I'll maintain the English.

As many more with you;

I hove to chensh our own countrymen.

Vent. Tis done, my lord.

Tri. I'll rook for once, my loid,

I'll hold you twenty more.

Lord B. Done with you, too.

Jul Your lordship is very confident.

Lord B I'll lay with you, too.

Tn. Lie with her, he means.

[Astdc.

Lord B, Gome; you shall venture something,

What gold against a kiss ? but if you lose,
You shall pay it formally down upon my lip.

Tri. Though she should win, it would be held extortion
To take your money.

JuL Rather want of modesty,
A greater sin, if you observe the circumstance.
I see his lordship has a disposition
To be merry, but proclaim not this free lay
To every one ; some women in the world
Would hold you all day.

Lord B. But not all night, sweet lady.

Vent. Will you not see them, my lord ?

Lord B, Frank Tner, you'll wait upon this gentle-
woman ;

I must among the gamesters, I shall quickly
Return to kiss your hand

[*Exit.*

Tri. How do you like this gallant?

JuL He's one it becomes not me to censure

Tri. Do you not find him coming? a wild gentleman;
You may in time convert him.

JuL You made me acquainted with him to that purpose,
It was your confidence ; I'll do what I can,
Because he is your noble friend, and one
In whom was hid so much perfection
Of honour, for at first 'twas most invisible,
';Jut it begins to appear, and I do perceive
glimmering, it may break out a flame,
[shall know all his thoughts at our next conference;
HE has a secret to impart, he says,
Only to me.

Tri. And will you hear it?

JuL Yes, sir;

If it be honourable, there is no harm m't,
If otherwise, you do not doubt my innocence.

Tri. But do not tempt a danger.

JuL From his lordship ?

Tri. I do not say from him.

JuL, From mine own frailty ?

7/7. I dare not conclude that, but from the matter
Df his discourse, on which there may depend
A circumstance, that may not prove so happy.

JuL Now I must tell you, sir, I see your heart
Is not so just as I deserve, you have
Engaged me to this conversation,
Provoked by jealous thoughts, and now your fear
Betrays your want of goodness, for he never
Was right at home, that dare suspect his mistress.
Can love degenerate in noble breasts?
Collect the arguments, that could mviLe you
To this unworthy tnal, bring them to
My forehead, where you shall inscribe their names
For virgins to blush at me, if I do not
Fairly acquit myself.

Trt. Nay, be not passionate

JuL I am not, sir, so guilty to be angry;
But you shall give me leave, unless you will
Declare, you dare not trust me any further,
Not to break off so rudely with his lordship
I will hear what he means to say to me,
And if my counsel may prevail with you,
You shall not interrupt us; have but patience,
I'll keep the story for you, and assure
My ends have no base mixture, nor my love
To you could bribe me to the least dishonour,
Much less a stranger; since I have gone so fai
By your commission, I will proceed
A little further, at my peril, sir,

Tn. I know thou art proof against a thousand engines.
Pursue what ways you please. [*They walk asitfe*.

Enter LACY, Mistress BONAVENT, Mistress CAROL, and
Servant.

JuL This morning married ?—

Tri. That's your brother's mistress.

Jul She that jeers
All within gun-shot?

Tn. In the way of suitors,
She is reported such a tyrant.

Jul. My brother.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Frank Trier.

Jul. Brother, do you know that gentlewoman?

Fair. Tis she, then you and I must seem more
familiar,

And you—[*To LACY.*—shall not be angry,

Lacy. What gentlewoman's that ?

Tri. She does not know thee.

Mis. Car. [*Seeing FAIRFIELD and JULIETTA.*]—Was this
his reason? [*Ande*]—Fray, if you love me, let's
Walk by that gentleman.

Lacy. Master Fairfield.

Mis. Car. Is that well-tiussed gentleman one of them
that run ?

Mis Bon. Your sweetheart.

Mis. Car. Ha, ha I I'd laugh at that.
If you allow a bushel of salt to acquaintance,
Pray vouchsafe two words to a bargain, while you live,
I scarce remember him.—Keep in, great heart [*Aside.*

Enter BONAVENTI.

Lacy. Oh sir, you are very well met here.

Bona. We are met indeed, sir- thank you for your
music.

Lacy. It is not so much worth.

Bona. I made you merry, Master Bridegroom.

Lacy. I could not choose but laugh.

Bona. Be there any races here ?

Lacy. Yes, sir, horse and foot

Bona. You'll give me leave to take my course, then.

Mis. Car' This is the captain that did dance.

Bona. Not so nimbly as your wit; pray let me ask you
a question, [*Takes Mistress CAROL aside.*
I hear that gentlewoman's married.

Mis. Car. Married' without question, sir.

Bona. Do you think he has been aforehand?

Mis. Car. How do you mean?

Bona. In English, has he played the forward game' ter,
And turned up trump?

Mis. Car. Before the cards be shuffled?—
I lay my life you mean a Loat card,
Deal again, you gave one too many
In the last trick, yet I'll tell you what I think.

Bona What?

Mis. Car. I think she and you might have shown
more wit

Bona. Why she and I?

Mis. Car. She to ha[ve kept herself a widow, and }ou
Not to have asked me such a foolish question;
But if she had been half so wise, as in
My conscience she is honest, you have missed
That excellent occasion, to show
Your notable skill in dancing; but it pleased
The learned Destinies to put things together,
And so we separate, [*27iev wme fotward.*

Bona. Fare you well, mistiess

Mis. Car. [*To RIDER*—Come hither, go to that
gentleman, Mastei Fairfield— [*}Vlmfcis hitn.*

Mis. Bon. Prithee, sweetheart, who iuns?

Lacy. An Irish and an English footman.

Mis. Bon. Will they run this way?

Lacy. Just before you; I must have a bet [*Exit,*

Mis. Bon. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me,

Mis. Car. Do it discreetly; [*Exit RIDER.*] I must
speak to him,

To ease my heart, I shall burst else, [*Aside.*
We'll expect 'em here.—Cousin, do they run naked?

Mis. Bon. That were a most immodest sight,

Mis. Car. Here have been such fellows, cDUsm.

Mis. Bon. It would fright the women.

Mis. Car. Some are of opinion it brings us hither.

[*Noise within.*

Hark, what a confusion of tongues there is !

Let you and I venture a pair of gloves

Upon their feet; I'll take the Irish.

Mis. Bon. 'Tis done; but you shall pay if you lose.

Mis. Car. Here's my hand, you shall have the gloves,
if you win.

[*A cry within.*] A Teague! a Teague ! Make way, for
shame!

Mis. Bon. I think they are started.

*The two Runners cross the stage, followed by Lord BDN-
VILE, VENTURE, and others.*

Lord B. I hold any man forty pieces, yet.

Vent. A hundred pounds to ten! a hundred pieces to
ten! will no man take me?

Bona. I hold you, sir.

Vmt. Well, you shall see.—

[*Within.*}]—A Teague i a Teague ! hey"

Tri. Ha ! well run Irish !

[*Exeunt all but Mis. CAROL and Mis. BDNAVENT.*

Mis. Bon. He may be in a bog anon.

Mis. Car. Can they tell what they do in this noise?

Fray Heaven it do not break into, the tombs

At Westminster, and wake the dead.

Re-enter FAIRFIELD and JULILTTA.

Fair. She's yonder still, she thinks thee a new mistress.

JuL I observe her.

Re-enter TRIER.

Fair. How go things, Frank?

Prithee, observe that creature.

Tri. She leers this way.

Fair. I have done such a strange cure upon her !
She has sent for me, and I entreat thee, *Frank,*
To be a witness of my triumph ; 'tis
Now in my power to punish all her jeers;
But I'll go to her : thou shalt keep at distance,
Only to hear how miraculously
I have brought things about.

Tri. The cry returns {*Exeunt FAIRFIELD and TRIER.*
{*Within.*—Make way there! a Teague! aTeague! a
Teague'

*The two Runners re-cross the stage, followed by Lord BON-
VILE, VENTURE, BONAVENT, &c*

Vent. Forty, fifty, a hundred pieces to ten¹

Bona. I hold you.

Vent. Well, you shall seii, you shall see.

Bona. This gentleman does nothing but talk; he makes
good no bet.

Vent. Talk ? you prate; I'll make good what I please,
sir.

Bona. .Make the best you can of that

{*They switch, and then draw.*

Mis. Bon. For Heaven's sake, let's remove.

Mis. Cai What' for a naked weapon ?

{*Exeunt Mis. BONAVENT and CAROL.*

Lord B. Fight, gentlemen,

You aie fine fellows, 'tis a noble cause.—

{*Exeunt VENTURE and BONAVENT.*

Come, lady, I'll discharge your fears.

A cup of sack, and Anthony at the Rose.¹

Will reconcile their furies.

{*Exeunt BONVILE and JULIETTA,*

¹ A famous tavern in Russell Street, Cuvent Garden.



SCENE [*.-Another part of the Park.*

Enter FAIRFIELD and TRIER,

Fair. I make a doubt whether I should go to her,
Upon a single summons.

Tri. By any means.

Fair. What women are forbidden
They're mad to execute, she's here, be you
In the rearh of her vnu e, ami see how 1 will humble hei.

Enter Mistiess CAROL and RIDLK

Mis. Car But keep at some fit distance

Rid. You honour me, and shall

Command me any service [Exit

Mis. Car. He has gone a strange way to woik with me.

[Aside

Fair. Well advised, observe and laugh, without a
noise. [TRTLR drops Mnnd.

Mis Car I am ashamed to think what I must say
now. [Aside

Fair. By your leave, lady' I take it you sent for me?

Mis. Car. You will not be so impudent? I send for
By whom, or when? [you '

Fair. Your servant¹—

Mis. Car Was a villain, if he mentioned
I had any such desne, he told me, indeed,
You courted him to entreat me, that I would
Be pleased to give you another audience,
And that you swore, I know not what, confound you,
You would not trouble me above six words.

Fair. You are prettily disposed.

Mis. Car. With much ado, you see, I have consented.
What is it you would say?

Fair. Nay, what 1s't you would say?

Mis Car. Have you no prompter, to insinuate

² i.e. Your lover, Fairfield means **Rider**.

The first word of your studied oration ?—

He's out on's part,—Come, come, I will imagine it,

Was it not something to this purpose—" Lady,"

Or "Mistress," or what you will, " although

I must confess, you may with justice laugh at

My most ridiculous suit, and you will say

I am a fool—"

Fair. You may say any thing.

Mis. Car. "To come again, whom you have so tormented,

For ne'er was simple camomile so trod on,

Yet still I grow in love, ' but since there is

No hope to thaw your heart, I now am desperate,

Oh give me, lend me but the silken tie

About your leg, which some do call a garter,

To hang myself, and I am satisfied "

Am not I a witch ?

Fait I think thou art past it

Which of the Furies art thou made already?

I shall depart the world, ne'er fear it, lady,

Without a necklace Did not you send for me ?

Tri I shall laugh aloud sure.

Mis. Car. What madness has possessed you? have I not sworn,

You know by what, never to think well of you,

Of all men living, not to desire your company ?

And will you still intrude ? Shall I be haunted

For ever? no place give me privilege ?

Oh man, what art thou come to '

Fair. Oh woman '

How far thy tongue and heart do live asunder '

Come, I have found you out ; off with this veil,

It hides not your complexion, I do tell thee,

I see thy heart, and every thought within it,

¹ Falstaff in *Henry IV.* says, "Though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet [n]uth the mcne it is wasted the sooner it wears "

A little peevishness, to save your credit,
 Had not been much amiss, but this over-
 Over-doing the business,—it appears
 Ridiculous, like my suit j as you inferred ;
 But I forgive thee, and forget thy tricks
 And tlllabubs, and will swear to love thee heartily;
 Wenches musb have their ways.

Mis. Car. Pardon me, sir, if I have seemed too light;
 It was not rudeness from my heart, but a
 Disguise to save my honour, if I found
 You still incredulous.

Fair. I love thee better
 For thy vagaries.

Mis. Car. In vain, I see, I should dissemble with you,
 I must confess you have caught me j had you still
 Pursued the common path, I had fled from you ;
 You found the constitution of women
 In me, whose will, not reason, is their law;
 Most apt to do, what most they are forbidden,
 Impatient of curbs, m their desires.

Fair. Thou say'st right,

Mis. Car. Dh love, I am thy captive;—
 But I am forsworn, am I not, sir?

Fair. Ne'er think of that,

Mis. Car. Ne'er think on't ,

Fair. Twas a vain oath, and well may be dispensed
 with.

Mis. Car. Oh, sir, be more religious; I never
 Did we late an oath in all my life ;
 Tho it I have been wild, I had a care of that.
 An oath's a holy obligation,
 And never dreaming of this chance, I took it
 With true intention to perform your wishes.

Fair. Twas but a kiss, I'll give it thee again.

Mis. Car. But 'tis enrolled in that high court already.
 I must confess, I could look on you now
 With other eyes, for my rebellious heart

Is soft and capable of love's impression ;
Which may prove dangerous, if I cherish it,
Having forsworn your love.

Fair, Now I am fitted !

I have made twigs to jerk myself. [*Aside.*']—Well
thought on'

You shall absolve yourself • your oath does not
Oblige you to perform what you excepted,
And among them, if you remember, you
Said you must have your humour, you'd be sick else -
Now, if your humour be to break your oath,
Your obligation's void.

Mis. Car. You have relieved me '
But do not triumph in your conquest, sir,
Be modest in your victory.

Fair. Will not you
Fly off again, now you're at large ?

Mis. Car. If you
Suspect it, call some witness of my vows,
I will contract myself.

Fair. And I am provided —
Frank Trier, appear, and shew thy physnomy.—
He is a friend of mine, and you may trust him.

[*TRIER comes forward*

Mis. Car. What sum of money is it you would
borrow?

Tri. I borrow?

Mis. Car. This gentleman, your friend, has fully
Possessed me with your wants , nay, do not blush,-'
Debt is no sin . though my own monies, sir,
Are all abroad, yet, upon good security,
Which he answers you can put in, I will speak
To a friend of mine

Fair. What security?

Mis. Car. Yourselves! and two sufficient aldermen.
For men are mortal, and may break.

pair. What mean you ?

Mis. Car. You shall have fifty pounds for forty weeks,
To do you a pleasure.

Fair. You'll not use me thus?

Tn Fare you well,

You have miraculously brought things about. *[Exit'*

Mis. Car. You work by stratagem and ambuscado.

Do you not think yourself a proper gentleman,
Whom by your want of hair some hold a wit too ?
You know my heart, and every thought within it '
How I am caught' do I not melt like honey
I¹ the dog-days? Why do you look so staring?

Fair. Do not you love me for all this ?

Mis. Car. Would I had art enough to draw your
picture,

It would show rarely at the Exchange, you have
A medley in your face of many nations
Your nose is Roman, which your next debauchmcrt
At tavern, with the help of pot or candlestuk,
May turn to Indian, flat, your lip is Austrian,
And you do well to bite it, for your chin,
It does incline to the Bavarian poke,
But seven years may disguise it with a beaul,
And make it—more ill favoured , you have eyes,
Especially when you goggle thus, not much
Unlike a Jew's, and yet some men might take 'em
For Turk's by the two half moons that rise about 'cm.—
I am an infidel to use him thus. *[Aside.*

Fair. Till now, I never was myself; farewell
For ever, woman, not worth love or anger.

Mis. Car. Do you hear? one word.—I'd fain speak
kindly to him. *[Aside.*

Why dost not rail at me ?

Fair. No, I will laugh at thee, and at myself,

¹ i e The new Exchange in the Strand, occupying part of the site of the present Adelphi, and at the time a place of great resort with people of fashion. It is frequently referred to in the plays of the period.

To have been so much a fool; you are a fine may game.

Mis. Car. I shall fool too much. [*Asidt*]—But one
word more;

By all the faith and love of womankind,

Believe me now—it will not out. [*Aside.*

fair. Farewell,

When next I doat upon thee, be a monster.

Mis. Car. Hark, sir, tht nightingale; there is better
luck

Coming towards us.

Fair. When you are out of breath,

You will give over; and far better luck,

I do believe the bird, for I can leave thee,

And not be in love with my own torment.

Mis. Car. How, sir?

Fair. I have said; stay you and practise with the
bird,

'Twas Philomel, they say, an thou wert one,

I should new ravish thee. [*Exit.*

Mis. Car. I must to the coach and weep, my heart
will break else ,

I'm glad he does not see me. [*_Exit.*





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.— *Another part of the Park*

Enter Lord BONVILLE and JULIEITA.



UL. Whither will you walk, my lord ",
you may engage

Yourself too far, and lose your spoit.

Lord B. I would

Go farther for a little sport, you
mean

The horse-race; they're not come
into the Park yet,

I might do something else, anil icturn time
Enough to win five hundred pieces.

JiiL Your lordship had no fortune in the hst matr h ,
I wished your confidence *Li* happier success

Lord B, We must lose sometimes.— Hark the
nightingale '

Jul. You win, my lord, I dare engage myself.

Lord B. You make the omen fortunate, this bird
Doth prophesy good luck.

Jul. Tis the first time I heard it.

Lord B. And I, this spring₃ let's walk a little
further.

Jul. I am not weary, but—

Lord B, You may trust your person, lady.

Jul. I were too much wicked to suspect your honour,
And in this place.

Lord B. This place' the place were good enough,
If you were bad enough, and as prepared
As I. There have been stones, that some have
Struck many deer within the Park.

JuL Foul play
If I did think your honour had a thought
To venture at unlawful game, I should
Have brought less confidence.

Enter TRIER, at a distance.

Lord B. Ha, Trier?
What, does he follow us ?

Jul. To show I dare
Be bold upon your virtue, take no notice,
I'll waft him back again, my lord, walk forward.

[*Waves her hand, and exit with Lord BDXVILE.*

Tn. Thus far alone ? yet why do I suspect ?
Hang jealousy, 'tis naught, it breeds too many [me—
Worms in our brains, and yet she might have suffered

Enter LACY and Mistiess BDNVLNe.

Master Lacy, and his bride '

Mis. Bon. I was wont to have one always in my
chamber.

Lacy. Thou shalt have a whole quue of nightingales.

Mis. Bon. I heard it yesterday waiblc so prettily'

Lacy. They say 'tis lucky, when it is the first
Bird that salutes our ear.

Mis. Bon. Do you believe it?

Tn. I am of his mind, and love a, happy augury.

Lacy. Observe the first note always—

[*Within.*] Cuckoo !

Lacy. Is this the nightingale ?

Mis. Bon. Why do you look so ?

Lacy. Are not we married ?

I would not have been a bachelor to have heard it.

Mis. Bon. To them they say 'tis fatal.

Tri. And to married men
Cuckoo is no delightful note ; I shall
Be superstitious.

Mis. Bon. Let's walk a little further.

Lacy. I wait upon thee. [" Cuckoo i" again within.']
Hark, still, ha, ha, ha !

[*Exeunt* Mistress BONAVENT and LACY.]

Tri. I am not much in love with the broad ditty.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Frank Trier, I have been seeking thee
About the Park.

Tri. What to do ?

Fair. To be merry for half an hour; I find
A scunny melancholy creep upon me,
I'll try what sack will do , I ha[e sent my footman
To the Maurice¹ for a bottle, we shall meet him.
I'll tell thee t'other story of my lady.

7'. I'll [[ait on you

Fair. But that she is my sister,
Fd have thee forswear women , but let's walk. [*E&eunt.*



SCENE II—*The same*

Enter BONAVENT.

Bona. This way they marched, I hope they will not
hap
The pale [I do not know the disposition
Df my capering gentleman, and therefore 'twill not
Be indiscretion to observe him; things
Must be a little better reconciled.—
The nightingale '—this can presage no hurt,
But I shall lose my pigeons j—they are in view,
Fair and far off. [*Exit.*

¹ The lodge, with the sign of Brave Manner's head.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the samt.**Enter VENTURE and RIDER.**Vent.* He must be a Pegasus that beats me.*Rid.* Yet your confidence may deceive you; you will ride

Against a jockey, that has horsemanship

Vent. A jockey i a jackanapes on horseback rather;
A monkey or a masty¹ dog would show
A giant to him; an I were Alexander,
I would lay the world upon my mare, she shall
Run with the devil for a hundred pieces,
Make the match who will*Rid.* Not I, you shall excuse me,
Nor would I win his money*Vent.* Whose?*Rid.* The devil's;
My gold has burnt this twelve months in my pocket;
A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighs,
And make such tinder of my linings, that
My breeches never after would hold money;
But let this pass; where's Lacy and his bride?*Vent.* They are walked to heai the nightingale.*Rid.* The nightingale ' I have not heard one this year*Vent.* Listen, and we shall hear one piesently.[*Within.*— Cuckoo!*Vent.* The bird speaks to you.*Rid.* No, 'tis to you*Vent.* Now do I suspect
I shall lose the race.*Rid.* Despair for a cuckoo '*Vent.* A cuckoo will not flatter,
His word will go before a gentleman's,—
In the city; 'tis an understanding bird,
And seldom fads; a cuckoo ' I'll hedge 111
My money presently.¹ Mastiff.

Rid. Foi shame, be confident.

Vent. Will you go half?

Rid. I'll go it all, or any thing.

Vent. Hang cuckoos then.

Enter Lord BONVILLE, JULIETTA, LACY, and Mistiess
BDNAVLNT.

Lord B How now, gentlemen?

Vent. Your honour's servants.

Rid. Ladies, I kiss your hands,

Lord B. You are the man will run away with all

The gold anon

Vent. Your jockey must fly else

Rid I'll hold your honour thirty pieces more

Lord B 'Tis done

JuL Do you nde yoursell?

Vent I shall have the reins in my own hand, lady.

Mis. B. Master Ridei, saw you not my cousin?

Enter Mistress CAROL,

Cry mercy, she is here.—I thought you'd followed us.

Lord B. Your kinswoman?—

I shall be honoured to be your servant, lady.

Mis. Car Alas, my loid, you'll lose by't

Lord B. What?

Mis. Car. Honour, by being my servant; here's a
brace

Df gentlemen will tell you as much.

Vent But will

Say nothing, for our credits

Mis. Bon. You look as you had wept.

Mis. Car. I weep i For what?

Come towards the lodge, and drink a syllabub,

Mis. Bon. A match'

Lacy. And as we walk, Jack Venture, thou shalt sing
The song thou mad'st o' the horses.

Vent. You shall pardon me.

Rid, What, among friends? my lord, if you'd speak to him.

Lord B. A song by all means,
Prithee let me entreat it; what's the subject?

Lacy Of all the running horses.

Vent Horses and mares, put them together.

Lord B Let's have it, come, I hear you can sing rarely,

Rid, An excellent voice

Lacy A ravishmg tone.

Vent. Tis a very ballad, my loid, and a coaise tune.

Lord B. The bettei, why, does any tune become
A gentleman so well as a ballad? hang

Curiosity¹ in music, leave those crotchets

To men that get their living with a song.—

Lome, come, begin [VentURE *sings,*

Song,

Come, Muses all, that *dwell* nigh the fountam
Made by the wingbrt horse's heel,
Which firked² with his ruler ovei each mountain,
Let me your galloping laptuies feel

I do not sing of fleas, or fiogs,

Noi of the well-mouthed hunting dogs.

Let me be just, all praises must

Be given to well-breathed Jihan Trimst.

Young Constable and Kill Deer's famous,
The Cat, the Mouse, and Neddy Giay,
With nimble Peggybrig, you cannot shame us
With Spaniard nor with Spmola

Hill-climbing White Rose piaise doth not lack,

Handsome Dunbar, and Yellow Jack,

But if I be just, all piaises must

Be given to well-breathed Jihan Thrust.

Sure-spurred Sloven, true-running Robin,
Of Young Shaver I do not say less,

¹ Nicety.

² Hastened.

Strawberry Soam, aod let Spider pop in,
Fine **Bracklyj** and brave Lurching Bess.

Victorious too was Herring Shotten,
And Spit-in's-arse is not forgotten ;
But if I be just, all honour nuibt
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.

Lusiy CJeorye, and, gentlemen, hark yet,
To winning Mackard, fine-mouthed FreaH,
Bay Tarrall, that uon the cup at Newmarket,
Thundering Tempest, Black Dragon eke.

Precious Sweet Lips, I do not lose,
Nor Toby with his golden shoes;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.

Lord B. Excellent! how think you, lady?

Jul I like it very well.

Mis. Car. I never thought you were a poet, sir.

Vent. No, no, I do but dabble.

Mis. Car. You can sing rarely too ; how were these
parts

Unobserved, invisible ?

Vent. You may see, lady.

Jul Good sir, your pardon.

Vent. Do you love singing? hum; la, la. *[Stngs.*

Mis. Car. Who would have thought these qualities
were in you?

Vent. Now or never.

Mis. Car. Why, I was cozened.

Vent. You are not the first I have cozened; shall I
wash

Your faces with the drops of Helicon?

I have fancies in my head.

Mis. Car. Like Jupiter, you want a Vulcan but
To cleave your skull, and out peeps bright Minerva.

Jul When you return I'll tell you more, my lord,

Vent. Give me a subject.

Mis. Bon. Prithee coz, do.

Mis. Car. Let it be—How much you dare suffer
for me.

Vent. Enough—hum, fa, la, la.

Enter Page.

Page. Master Venture, you are expected.

Lord B. Are they come?

Page. This half hour, my lord.

Lord B. I must see the marc: you will excuse this
rudeness.—

Sirrah, stay you, and wait upon these ladies.

[*E'tt* Lord BONVILE.

Vent. Tis time to make me ready.—

Ladies, I take this leave in prose,

You shall see me next in other feet [Ejuf.

Rid. I wish your syllabub were nectar, lady.

Mis. Bon. We thank you, sir, and here it conies
already.

Enter Milkmaid with a bowl.

Jnh So, so, is il good milk?

Mis. Bon. Of a red cow?

Mis. Car. You talk as you inclined to a consumption [
Is the wine good?

Milk. It comes from his Excellence' head.¹

Mis. Car. My seivice to you, lady, and to him
Your thoughts prefer.

Mis. Bon. A health I

Mis. Car. No deep one, 'tis lawful for gentlewomen
To wish well to their friends.

Jul. You have obliged me—the wishes of all happiness
To him your heart hath chosen !

Mis, Bon. Duty now
Requires I should be willing to receive it:
As many joys to you both, when you are married i

¹ Griave Maurice's.

Mis. Car. Married?

JuL. You have not vowed to die a virgin,
I know an humble servant of your's, lady.

Mis. Car. Mine¹

JuL. Would be sorry you should be a nun.

Mis. Car. Do you think he loves me, then ?

JuL. I do not think

He can dissemble where he does profess

Affection [I know his heart by mine:

Fairfield is my brother '

Mis. Car. Your brothei ? then the danger's not so
great-

But let us change our argument With your pardon,
Come hither, pretty one • how old are you?

Page. I am young, lady,
I hope you do not take me for a dwarf.

Mis. Bon. How young, I pray then ?

Page. Four summers since my life was questioned,
And then a jury of years did pass upon me.

Mis. Car. He is upon the matter, then, fifteen.

Page. A game at noddy.¹

Mis. Car. You can play your cards already, it seems •
Come, drink of this syllabub.

Page. I shall spoil your game, ladies;
For if there be sack in it, it may make
You flush a three.

JuL. The boy would seem witty.

Page. I hope, ladies, you will pardon me; my lord
commanded me to wait upon you, and I can do you no
better service than to make you laugh.

Enter FAIRFIELD and TRIER.

Fair. They're here, bless you !

Mis. Bon. Master Fairfield, you are welcome.

Fair. I presume so, but howsoever it skills² not.

¹ An old game at cards.

² Matters.

Tri. I do not come to borrow money.

Mis. Car. And yet all they that do so are no fools ;
Money or lands make not a man the wiser,
I know handsome gentlemen have pawned their clothes.

Tri. I'll pawn my skin too, with a woman.

Mis. Car. Wipe your mouth; here's to you, sir !

Tri. I'll pledge you, quicksilver. Where is your lord ?

Page. He has left Virgo, sir, to go to Libra,
To see the horsemen weighed.

Tn. Lady, my service '

Jul. Brother, you interpose too far; my lord
Has used me honourably, and I must tell you,
Somebody has made a fault.

Mis. Bon. Master Faufiehl'

Fait. I kiss youi hand

Tn. My lord and you have [valked.

ful Yes, sir

fair. My sister shall excuse; here's to thee and thy
cream bowl.

Milk. I thank your worship.

Fair. Theie is more honesty in thy petticoat,
Than twenty satin ones.

Mis. Bon. Do you know that?

Fair. I know by her pail₃ an she were otherwise,
T'would turn her milk.—Dome hither, let me kiss thee
[Kisses the Milkmaid.

Now I am confirmed, he that shall marry thee
Shall take thee a virgin at my peril

Mis. Bon. Have you such skill in maidenheads?

Fair. I'll know't by a kiss,
Better than any doctor by her urine.—
Be merry with thy cow, farewell I—Come, Frank :
That wit and good clothes should infect a woman !

Jul. I'll tell you more hereafter, pray let's hear
Who wins.

Tn. Your servant, ladies.

[*E'cunt* FAIRFIELD and TRIER.

Enter Jockey and Gentlemen.

ist Gent. What dost think, Jockey?

'nd Gent. The crack o' the field's against you,

Jock. Let 'em crack nuts

ist Gent. What weight?

2nd Gent. I think he has the heels.

yd Gent. Get but the start.

Jock. However, if I get within his quarters
Let me alone.

\$rd Gent. *Montez d cheval.* [Exeunt.

[Confused noise of betting within, after that a shout.

Mis. Car. They are started,

Re-enter Lord BONVILLE, RIDER, TRIER, and FAIRFIELD.

Rid. Twenty pounds to fifteen!

Lord B. 'Tis done wi^l ye!

Fair. Forty pounds to thirty!

Lord B. Done! done! I'll take all odds.

Tri. My lord, I hold as much.

Lord B. Nat so.

Tn. Forty pounds to twenty.

Lord B. Done, done '

Re-enter LACY.

Lacy. You have lost all, my lord, an it were a million.

Lord B. In your imagination, who can help it?

Lacy. Venture had the start, and keeps it.

Lord B. Gentlemen, you have a fine time to triumph,
'Tis not your odds that makes you win,

[Within.] Venture! Venture'

[Exeunt all but the ladies.]

Jul. Shall we venture nothing o' the horses?
What odds against my lord!

Mis. Car. Silk stockings.

Jul. To a pair of perfumed gloves? I take it.

Mis. Car. Done 1

Mis. Bon. And I as much.

Jul. Done, with you both !

Mis. Car. I'll have 'em Spanish scent.

Jul. The stockings shall be scarlet; if you choose
Your scent, I'll choose my colour

Mis. Car. Tis done; if Venture

Knew but my lay, it would half break his neck now.

[*A shout within, and cry of A jockey !*

Jul. Ha I is the wind in that coast ? hark ! the noise
Is jockey now.

Mis. Car. Tis but a pair of gloves

[*Within.*] A jockey!

Jul. Still it holds —

Re-enter Lord BDNVILE.

How have you sped, my lord ?

Lord B. Won, won ' I knew by instinct
The mare would put some tnick upon him.

Mis. Bon. Then we have lost j but, good my lord, the
circumstance.

Lord B. Great John-at-all-adventurc, and grave Joe-
key.

Mounted their several mares.—I shall not tell
The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha I—
But this in brief—Jockey was left behind,
The pity and the scorn of all; the odds
Played 'bout my ears like cannon, but less dangerous.
I took all still, the acclamations were
For Venture, whose disdainful mare threw dirt
In my old Jockey's face, all hopes forsaking us,
Two hundred pieces desperate, and two thousand
Daths sent after them, upon the sudden.
When we expected no such tnick, we saw
My rider, that was domineering ripe,
Vault o'er his mare into a tender slough,
Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,
For saving of his neck [his beast recovered,

And he by this time somewhat mortified,
 Besides mortanned,¹ hath left the triumph
 To his Olympic adversary, who shall
 Ride hither in full pomp on his Bucephalus,
 With his victorious bagpipe.

Mis. Car. I would fain see
 How Venture looks.

LordB. He's here, ha, ha!

Enter VENTURE, covered with imid and RIDER.

Vent. I told you as much before;
 You would not believe the cuckoo.

Mis. Car. Why, how now, sir?

Vent. An I had broke my neck in a clean way,
 'Twould ne'er have grieved me.—Lady, I am your's •
 Thus Caisarfell.

Lord B. Not in a slough, dear Jack.

Vent. You shall hear further from me.

Rid. Come to Knightsbndge

Vent. That cuckoo was a withr, I'll take my death

on't.

[Exit [Exit

Lord B. Here comes the ronqiicror.

Enter a Bagpiper, and Jockey /// triumph followed by
BDNAVENT, TRIER, and FAIRFIELD.

"Lo, from the conquest of Jerusalem
 Returns Vespasian ' "—Ha, ha ' mer—mercy, Jockey.

Jock. I told you, if I came within his quarters.

All. A jockey, a jockey'

[Exeunt all but LACY, his Bride, and Mistress CAROL

Re-enterBDNAVENTandBagpiper.

Bona. This shall be but your earnest- [Gives him
Money.]—follow me

At pretty distance, and when I say " draw,"

¹ Suggested by Gilford in place of the "mortified of the old copy.

Play me a galliard.¹—By your favour, sir,
Shall I speak a cool word with you?

Lacy. With all my heart.

Bona. You do owe me a dance, if you remember,
And I will have it now ; no dispute.—Draw '

[Bagpiper plays. *LACY draws his sword.*

That will not seive your turn; come, shake your
heels,

You hear a tune, I will not rhangc my tool
For a case² of rapiers , keep off, at your penis,
I have sworn.

Mis. Bon. For Heaven's sake some to part 'em.

***Lacy.* Dost hear?**

Bona. And you may hear the bagpipe is not dumb :
Will you to this gear? or do you mean to try

[*Draws his sword.*

How this will scower you? Come, come, I will have it.

Lacy. Hold ' I will

[*He dances, meantime enter Lord BONVILLE and TRIFR.*

Bona. So , now we arc on equal terms, and if
You like it not, I'll use my t'other irstmment.

Lacy Thou art a. brave fellow; come your ways.

LordB. Hold"

You shall not fight, I'll understand your nuariel.

Lacy. Grood my lord.

Let's have one pass,

Mis. Bon. Your weapons shall run through me.
And I must tell you, sir, you have been injurious—

Bona. Good lady, why? in doing myself right?

Mis. Bon. In wronging me.

Bona. I am not sensible of that.

Mis. Bon' Could any shame be fastened upon him,
Wherein I ha[e no share?

Bona. I was provoked
By him, if you remember, and was not

¹ A lively dan re tune.

' Couple.

Born so unequal to him, I should suffer
His poor affront,

Mis. Bon. This was a day of peace,
The day wherein the holy priest hath tied
Dur hearts together; Hymen's tapers yet
Are burning, and it cannot be a sin
Less than a sacrilege, to extinguish them
With blood, and in contempt of Heaven's proceeding,
Thus to conspire our separation.

No Christian would profane the marriage day •
And when all other wish us joys, could you
Intrude yourself to poison all our mirth,
Blast, in the very budding, all our happiness
Our hopes had laid up for us ?

Bona. I was a stranger.

Mis. Bon. That makes you more uncivil, we were merry,
Which could not offend you.

Bona. I had no thought
To violate your mirth.

Mis. Bon. What came you for ?
With whom had you acquaintance? or what favour
Gave you access, at so unfit a time,
To interrupt our calm and free delights ?
You cannot plead any abuse, where you
Were never known, that should incite you to
Revenge it there: I take it you were never
His rival.

Bona. 'Tis confessed.

Mis. Bon. What malice then
Prevailed above your reason to pursue us
With this injustice ?

Bona. Lady, give me leave.
I were a villain to be guilty of
The baseness you accuse me : your servant
Shall quit me from intrusion, and my soul
Is my best witness, that I brought no malice
But unstained thoughts into your roof; but when

I was made the common laughter, I had been
Less than a man, to think of no retuin,
And had he been the only of my blood,
I would not be so much the shame of soldier,
To have been tamed, and buffered ; and you are
Too hasty in your judgment, I could say more,
But 'tis dishonour to expostulate
These causes with a woman I had reason
To call him to account, you know not all
My provocation ; things arc not with me
As with another man.

Mis. Bon. How is that? the matter
May spread too fai, some former quarrel,—'tis
My best to reconcile 'em. [*Aside*—Su, I may
Be ignorant; if anything have passed
Before this morning, I pray pardon me 7
But as you are a gentleman, let me
Prevail, your differences may here conclude;
'Las, I am part of him now, and between
A widow and his wife, if I be thus
Divorced—

Bond I'll be his servant

Mis. Bon. Sir, you show
A noble disposition.— Good my lord,
Compose their differences.— Pnthee meet his friend-
ship.

Bona. I have satisfaction, and clesne his love

Lacy. Thou hast done but like a gentleman , il y
hand,

I'll love thee while I live.

Lord B. Why so ; all friends.

Bona. I meet it with a heart; and for disturbing
Your mirth to-day—

Lacy. No, no disturbance.

Bona. Then give me but the favour
To show I wish no sorrow to the bride:
I have a small oblation, which she must

Shir,

R

Accept, or I shall doubt **we** are not friends ;
Tis all I have to offer at your wedding.

[Gives Mistress BONAVENT a paper.]

Mis. Bon. Ha I

Bona. There's my hand
To justify it at fit time.—Peruse it,
My lord, I shall be studious
How to deserve your favour.

Lord B. I am yours.

Lacy. My lord, let me obtain you'll honour me
To-night.

[Mistress BONAVENT walks aside with the paper, and reads.]

"I was taken by a Turkish pirate, and detained many
years a prisoner in an island, where I had died his cap-
tive, had not a worthy merchant thence redeemed and
furnished me."—

Mis. Bon. Blessed delivery '

Enter a Servant and delivers a letter to Mistress CAROL.

Mis. Car. To me! from Venture? he is very mindful;
[Reads.]

Good, I shall make use of this.

Mis. Bon. [Reading.]—"Till then conceal me."

Mis. Car. Excellent stuff,
But I must have another name subscribed.

Lord B. Will you walk, ladies?

[Gives money to the Park-keepers.]

Mis. Car. Your servants wait upon you.

Keepers. We humbly thank your honour.

2nd Keep. A brave spark.

[1st Keep.] Spark ! he's the very Bonfire of nobility.

[Eieiuit.]

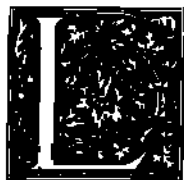




ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—A Room in BDNAVENI'S House,

Enter LACY, Mistress BONAVENT, Lord BONVILE,
JULIETTA, Mistress CAROL, CT/U/TRIIR.



ACY. My lord, you honour us.

Mis. Bon. And what we want
In honourable entertainment, we be-
seech
Our duties may supply in your con-
struction.

Lord B. What needs this ceie-

Lacy. Thou art welcome, too, Frank Trier [mony ?
Tn. I give you thanks, and wish you still more joy,
sir.

Mn. Bon. We'll show your bidslup a pooi galleiy.

Lacy But, where's my new acquaintance ?

Mis. Bon. His nag outstripped the coaches,
He'll be your guest anon, fear not!

[*E[ennt all but* Mistress CAROL and JULIEIIA.

Mis. Car. While they
Compliment with my lord, let you and I
Change a few words.

JuL As many as you please.

Mis. Car. Then to the purpose. Touching your
brother, lady,
'Twere tedious to repeat he has been pleased
To think well of me [and to trouble you

With the discourse how I have answered it,
 'Twere vain ; but thus—howe'er he seem to cany it
 While you were present, I do find him desperate.

Jul How"

Mis. Car. Nay, I speak no conjectuie;
 I have more intelligence than you imagine.
 You are his sister,
 And nature binds you to affect his safety.
 By some convenient messenger send for him,
 But, as you love his life, do not delay it:
 Alas, I shall be sorry any gentleman
 Should, for my sake, take any desperate coime,

Jul. But are you serious?

Mis. Car. Perhaps good counsel
 Applied while his despair is green, may cure him,
 If not—

Jul You make me wonder.

Mis, Car. I know the inLOHMDelate will blame
 Me for his death , I shall be railed upon,
 And have a thousand cruelties thrown on me;
 But would you have me piomise love, and flattei him?
 I would do much to save his life- I could
 Show you a paper that would make you bleed
 To see his resolution, and what
 Strange and immutable wayb he has
 Vowed to pursue ; I tremble to think on 'em,
 There's not a punishment in fiction,
 (And poets write enough of hell, if you
 Have read their story,) but he'll try the worst.
 Were it not that I fear him every minute,
 And that all haste were requisite to save him,
 You should peruse his letter.

Jul. Letter I Since
 We saw him?

Mis Car. Since; I must confess I wondered,
 But you in this shall see I have no malice.
 I pray send for him; as I am a gentlewoman,

I have pure intention to preserve his life;
And 'cause I see the truth of his affliction,
Which may be your's, or mine, or anybody's,
Whose passions are neglected, I will try
My best skill to reduce¹ him. Here's Master Trier.

Re-enter TRIER

He now depends upon your chanty,
Send for him, by the love you bear a brother.

Tri. Will you not chide my want of manners, gentle-
women,

To interrupt your dialogue ?

Jul. We have done, sir.

Mis. Car. I shall be still your servant.

Jul. Here's a riddle,

But I will do't—

Shall I presume upon you for a favour?

Re-enter Lord BONVILL.

Tri. You shall impose on me a greater trouble.
My lord "

Jul. Youi ear. [*Whispers TRIER,*

Lord B. We miss yau above, lady.

Jul. My lord, I wait upon you; I beseech
Your pardon but a minute.—Will you do this ?

It is an office he may thank you for,
Beside my acknowledgment.

Tri. Yes, I'll go,—
And yet I do not like to be sent off,
This is the second time. [*Aside, and exit.*

Jul. Now I am for your lordship. What's your pleasure?

Lord B. I would be your echo, lady, and return
Your last word—pleasure.

Jul. May you never want it!

Lord B. This will not serve my turn.

¹ Recover

Jul. What, my lord?

Lord B. This is the charity of some rich men,
That, passing by some monument that stoops
With age, whose ruins plead for a repair,
Pity the fall of such a goodly pile,
But will not spare from their superfluous wealth,
To be the benefactor.

Jul. I acknowledge
That empty wishes are their shame, that have
Ability to do a noble work,
And fly the action

Lord B. Come, you may apply it
I Would not have you a gentlewoman of your word
Alone, they're deeds that crown all what you wish me,
Is in your own ability to give;
You understand me: will you at length consent
To multiply? we'll 'point a place and time,
And all the world shall envy us.

Jul. My lord '

Lord B. Lord me no lords; shall we join lips upon't?
Why do you look as you still wondered at me?
Do I not make a reasonable motion?
Is't only in myself? shall not you share
I' the delight? or do I appear a monster
'Bove all mankind, you shun my embraces thus?
There be some ladies in the world have drawn
Uts for me; I have been talked on and commended,
Howe'er you please to value me.

Jul. Dill they
See you thus perfectly?

Lord E. Not always; 'twas
Sometimes a little darker, when they praised me.
I have the same activity

Jut. You are
Something—I would not name, my lord.

Lord B. And yet you do; you call me lord, that's
something,
And you consider all men are not born to't,

fill. 'Twere better not to have been born to honours,
Than forfeit them so poorly; he is truly
Noble, and then best justifies his blood,
When he can number the descents of virtue.

Lord B. You'll not degrade me?

Jill. 'Tis not in my power,
Or will, my lord, and yet you press me strangely.
As you are a person, separate and distinct,
By your high blood, above me and my fortunes,
Thus low I bend; you have no noble title
Which I not bow to, they are characters
Which we should read at distance, and there is
Not one that shall with more devotion
And honour of your birth, express her service :
It is my duty, where the king has sealed
His favours, I should show humility,
My best obedience, to his act.

Lord B. So should
All handsome women, that will be good subjects.

Jul. But if to all those honourable names,
That marked you for the people's reverence,
In such a vicious age, you dare rise up
Example too of goodness, they which teach
Their knees a compliment, will give their heart;
And I among the number of the humblest,
Most proud to serve your lordship, and would refuse
No office or command, that should engage me
To any noble trial [this addition
Of virtue is above all shine of state,
And will draw more admirers : but I must
Be bold to tell you, sir, unless you prove
A friend to virtue, were your honour centupled,
Could you pile titles till you reach the clouds,
Were every petty manor you possess
A kingdom, and the blood of many princes
United in your veins, with these had you
A person that had more attraction
Than poesy can furnish, love withal,

Yet I, I in such infinite distance, am
As much above you in my innocence,

Lord B. This becomes not.

////. 'Tis the first liberty

I ever took to speak myself; I have
Been bold in the comparison, but find not
Wherein I have wronged virtue, pleading for it,

Lord B. How long will you continue thus ?

Jul. I wish

To have my last hour witness of these thoughts ;
And I will hope, before that time, to hear
Your lordship of another mind.

Lord B. I know not,

'Tis time enough to think o¹ that hereafter :

I'll be a convertite within these two days,

Upon condition you and I may have

One bout to-night; nobody hears,

Jul. Alas'

You plunge too far, and are within this minute,
Further from Heaven than ever,

Lord B. I may live to

Requite the courtesy.

Jul. Live, my lord, to be

Your country's honour and support, and think not
Of these poor dreams.

Lord B. I find not

Desire to sleep;—an I were abed with you—

Jul. 'Tis not improbable, my lord, but you

May live to be an old man, and fill up

A seat among the grave nobility,

When your cold blood shall starve your wanton thoughts,
And your slow pulse beat like your body's knell,

When time hath snowed upon your hair, oh then

Will it be any comfort to remember

The sins of your wild youth ? how many wives

Dr virgins you have dishonoured ? in their number,

Would any memory of me [should I

Be sinful to consilt), not fetch a, tear
From you, perhaps a sigh, to break your heart ?
Will you not wish then you had never mixed
With atheists, and those men whose wits are vented
In oaths and blasphemy, (now the pnde of gentle-
men,)

That strike at Heaven, and make a game of thunder?

Lord B. If this be true, what a wretched thing
should I

Appear now, if I were any thing but a lord?

I do not like myself.—

[*Ande.*

Give me thy hand; since there's no remedy,
Be honest'—there's no harm in this, I hope,
I will not tell thee all my mind at once ;

If I do turn Carthusian, and renounce
Flesh upon this, the devil is like to have

The worst on't. But I am expected

[*E[it.*

Jul My lord, I'll follow you.—

Enter FAIRFIELD and TRIER,

Brother, welcome !—

Sir, we are both obliged to you.

A friend of your's desires some private conference.

Fair. With me?

Jul He does not look so desperate.—

[*Aside.*

How do you, brother?

Fait. Well •—dost not see me ?—

Jul. I'll come to you presently.

[*Exit.*

Fair. What's the meaning ?

Tri. Nay, I know not,
She is full of mysteries of late.

Re-enter JULIETTA with Mistress C.ARDLE,

She's here again; there is some trick in it.

Jul Brother, I sent for you, and I think 'twas time;
Pray hearken to this gentlewoman, she will
Give you good counsel.—You and I withdraw, sir.

Tri. Whither you please.

[*Exeunt JULIETTA and TRIER.*]

Mis. Car. You are a strange gentleman j
Alas ! what do you mean ? is it because
I have dealt justly with you, without flattery
Told you my heart, you'll take these wicked courses?
But I am loath to chide, yet I must tell you,
You are to blame; alas ! you know affection
Is not to be compelled; I have been as kind
To you as other men, nay, I still thought
A little better of you, and will you
Give such example to the rest?
Because, forsooth, I do not love you, will you
Be desperate?

Fair. Will I be desperate?

Mis. Car. 'Twere a fine credit for you, but perhaps
You'll go to hell to be revenged on me,
And teach the other gentlemen to follow you,
That men may say, 'twas long of me, and rail at
My unkindnes? ; is this all your Christianity
Or rould you not prosecute your impious purpose,
But you must send me word on't, and perplex
My conscience with your devilish devices ?
Is this a letter to be sent a mistress ?

Fair. I send a letter? [*Gives him the letter.*]

Mis. Car. You were best deny your hand.

Fair. My name subscnbcd ' who has dsne this?—

[*Reads.*]

"Rivers of hell, I come, Charon, thy oar
Is needless, I will swim unto the shore,
And beg of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
That all the damned torments may be mine ;
With Tantalus I'll stand up to the chin
In waves; upon Ixion's wheel I'll spin
The sister's thread • quail Cerberus with my groan,
And take no physic for the rolling stone:
I'll drown myself a hundred times a day—"

Mis. Car. There be short days in hell.

Fair. "And burn myself as often, if you say
The word.—"

Mis. Car. Alas! not I.

Fair. " And if I ever chance to come
Within the confines of Elysium,
The amazed ghosts shall be aghast to see,
How I will hang myself on every tree,
Your's, till his neck be broke, Fairfield."
Here's a strange resolution '

Mis. Car. Is it not ?

Whither is fled your piety? but, sir,
I have no meaning to exasperate
Thoughts that oppose your safety, and to show
I have compassion, and delight in no
Man's ruin, I will frame myself to love you.

Fair. Will you ? why, thank you.

Mis. Car. Here's my hand, I will,
Be comforted; I have a stronger faith.

Fair. I see then you have charity for a need.

Mis. Car. I'll lose my humour to preserve a life
You might have met with some hard-hearted mist_cs,,
That would have suffered you to hang or drown
Yourself.

Fair, I might indeed.

Mis. Car, And carried news
To the distressed ghosts ; but I am meiciful-
But do not you mistake me, for I do not
This out of any extraordinary
Former good will, only to save your life.
There be so many beams convenient,
And you may slip out of the world before
We are aware; beside, you dwell too near
The river ; if you should be melancholy,
After some tides, you would come in, and be
More talked off than the pilchards • but I have done.
You shall go to hell for me : I now

Tri. How's this ?

JuL Unworthily you have suspected me,
And cherished that bad humour, for which know
You never must have hope to gain my love.
He that shall doubt my virtue, out of fancy,
Merits my just suspicion and disdain.

LordB, Oh fie, Frank, practise jealousy so soon '
Distrust the truth of her thou lov'st ' suspect
Thy own heart sooner.—What I have said I have
Thy pardon for; thru wert a wife for him
Whose thoughts were ne'er corrupted.

Tri. 'Twas but a trial, and may plead for pardon.

JuL I pray deny me not that liberty :
I will have proof, too, of the man I choose
My husband ; and believe me, if men be
At such a loss of goodness, I will value
Myself, and think no honour equal to
Remain a virgin.

Tn. I have made a trespass,
Which if I cannot expiate, yet let me
Dwell in your charity.

JuL You shall not doubt that.—

Enter FAIRFIELD, Mistress CAROL, LACY, and Mistress
BONAVENT.

Pray, my lord, know him for your servant.

Fair. I am much honoured.

Lord B. You cannot but deserve more
By the title of her brother.

Lacy. Another couple!

Mis. Bon. Master Fairfield and my cousin are con-
tracted.

Mis. Car. 'Tis time, I think; sister I'll shortly call you.

JuL I ever wished it.

Fair. Frank Trier is melancholy.—How hast thou
sped?

Tn. No, no, I am veiy merry.

