



THE
ENGLISH DRAMA
WITH
BRIEF REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,
Critical and Explanatory;

BEING THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME TENTH.

CONTAINING

KING LEAR.—INCONSTANT.—MERCHANT OF VENICE.
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.—ROB ROY.

London.

TO BE HAD FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET;
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL MALL.

1821.

**Printed by the Press of Oxberry and Co.
8, White-Hart Yard.**

Oxberry's Edition.

KING LEAR,

A TRAGEDY;

ALTERED FROM SHAKSPEARE,

By Nahum Tate.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

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Remarks.

KING LEAR.

THE *Tempest* and *King Lear* seem to be the opposed and extreme links of the chain which connects imagination with reality ; in the first are the creatures of the wildest and most unbounded fancy ; in the latter is a faithful picture of the human mind in its ordinary habits. The action of the play, coloured as it is by the manners of a barbarous period, tends to blind us to this truth ; we feel that neither kings nor daughters could be so situated in the present state of society ; yet, still their passions and feelings are those of our own day ; the race of unjust fathers and ungrateful children is not yet extinct.

This tragedy alone is a sufficient proof that Shakspeare was not the rude uncultivated genius which it has been the fashion to suppose him ; it would be difficult in the whole circle of the drama, ancient or modern, French or Grecian, to point out a single play of so much dramatic skill ; great as is Shakspeare's merit in the delineation of individual character, it is not in that he has deserved the greatest praise ; it is in the mutual action and re-action of the characters on each other ; in the whole numerous groupe there is not a single figure, whether it stand in light or in shadow, which does not tend to heighten the effect of the principal character. The assumed idiotism of Edgar, the satire of the fool,* the cruelty of Regan and Goneril, and even the folly of Oswald, are made essential to this point ; there is no moral description in the whole play, the language and actions of the several characters are sufficient to their illustration. It is this that the modern dramatist never can accomplish,* and which the best of the French writers never have endeavoured to accomplish ; character is profusely described but it is never called into action : in witnessing a modern English play or a French one of any period, we seem to be called upon to gaze at a lifeless picture, while the author acts the part of a ciec-

* Now wholly omitted in Representation.

rone.—“This is the most noble and most terrible Apostate;” “This is the Lady Evadne,” &c. &c. &c. In this indictment, is not stated, that the said Apostates and Evadne may belong to the moon or the evening star, for certainly they do not appertain to earth.

Much has been said against the horrible catastrophe of this play, and the dictum of Dr. Johnson has been held forth against all who were rash enough to prefer Shakspeare to Nahum Tate. Johnson has left it on record that nothing but his duty of editor could induce him to re-peruse the play; but it is not easy to conceive what the Doctor's nerves have to do with the point in dispute; the merits of the question must be tried on other grounds than that of individual feeling. *Is not the restoration of Lear to felicity, after so much suffering, an anti-climax? Is not death the only thing that could be super-added without untuning the mind of the spectator, wrought up to the highest pitch of sensation? But as authority weighs more than argument with the many, let us enquire what were the opinions of Addison and Schlegel, men as honourably distinguished in the annals of literature as Dr. Johnson.*

“Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds (with happy or unhappy catastrophes,) and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind, and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. The best plays of this kind are the *Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c. King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; *but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty.*”

SPECTATOR, No. 40.

The German Critic is no less decided in its opinion:—

“Man hat ihren Tod zu herbe gefunden, und das Stück wird in England mit der Veränderung aufgeführt, das sie siegreich und glücklich bleibt. Ich gestehe es, ich begreife nicht, welche Vorstellungen von der Kunst und dem dramatischen Zusammenhange

denjenigen haben, welche glauben, man könne einen Trauerspiel nach Belieben einen doppelten Ausgang anpassen; einen trauriger für harther. Zuschauer, und einen fröhlichen für weichgeschaffene Seelen. Nach dem er so vieles überstanden, kann er nur am Schmerz über Cordelia's Tod auf eine tragische Art sterben, und soll er gleichfalls gerettet werden und noch eine glückliche Zeit erleben, so verliert das Ganze seine Bedeutung.

“Zwölfte Vorlesung.”

“Her death (Cordelia's death) has been found too dreadful, and in England the piece is represented with a change, in which she remains victorious and happy. I confess I do not understand what ideas of dramatic art and combination they have, who fancy that one can at pleasure fit a double catastrophe to a piece—a melancholy one for hard-hearted spectators, and a happy one for tender-hearted souls. After Lear has gone through so much, he can only, in a tragic style, die of grief upon Cordelia's death, and the whole loses its meaning if he is saved and lives happily.” *Twelfth Lecture.*

The poetry of this piece is of the highest order; it combines the excellencies of Euripides and the sublimity of Æschylus; it is even superior to them, by as much as reality is superior to description. The Greek poet describes his storm; Shakspeare brings it actually before our eyes; of course we do not allude to the mechanical imitation of the tempest, but to the poetical contrivance of either: all this however will be made more plain by bringing together the two storms, and leaving the reader to form his own judgment.

“Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes; spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!—

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,

Sing my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,

That make ingrateful man.

“Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;

I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;

You owe me no subscription, why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure!"

"—————Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."

Καὶ μὴν Ἔργῳ κούκετι μυθῶ*
Χθῶν σεσαλυταί·
Βρυχία δ' ἤχῳ παραμυκᾶται
Βροντῆς, ἔλικες δ' ἐκλαμπῆσι
Στεροπῆς ζαυροὶ, γρόμβοι δὲ κοινῶν
Εἰλισσοῦσι· σκίρτα δ' ἀνεμῶν
Πνεύματα παντῶν, εἰς ἀλλήλα
Στᾶσιν ἀντιπνῶν ἀποδείκνυμενα·
Συγγεγαραῖται δ' αἰθρῶν ποντῶν.
Τοιαῶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ ριπῆ Διοθεν
Τευχῆσα φόβον, στείχει φανερώς.
Ὡ μητρὸς ἐμῆς σεβας, ὦ παντῶν
Αἰθρῶν κοινὸν φᾶος εἰλισσῶν,
Ἐστσορᾶς μ' ὡς ἐκδικᾶ πάσχῳ.

Have preferred the common reading to Schaeffer's Emendation.

Καὶ μὴν ἔργον κούκετι μῦθος.

Not in words, but in reality, the earth begins to shake; the hoarse roar of the thunder echoes, the blazing volumes of lightning flash, the whirlwinds scatter the dust; all the winds leap and rush in all directions against each other; the air is confounded with the sea; so dreadful a torment does Jove direct against me! O, divinity of my mother! O, air, rolling the common light, you see what and how unjustly I suffer."

Προμηθευς Δεσμωτης

AD FINEM.

The praise of sublimity can not be denied to this description, which must, of course, lose considerably by a prose translation; but yet how much is it out of place; Prometheus, who is in fear and agony, gives this elaborate description. To pursue the argument farther by extending the extracts would little suit our prescribed limits; but let the reader seek for himself; the more he compares the drama of other writers with that of Shakspeare, the more reason he will find to join in our opinion. The little space that is yet left to us we wish to allot to a copious extract from Holingshead, not so much to gratify curiosity as because it will serve to shew the consummate skill of the poet.

Leir the sonne of Baldud was admitted ruler ouer the Britaines, in the yeare of the world 3105, at what time Ioas reigned in Iuda. This Leir was a prince of right noble demeanor, gouerning his land and subiects in great wealth. He made the towne of Caerleir now called Leicester, which standeth vpon the riuier of Soſe. It is written that he had by his wife three daughters without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, which daughters he greatly loued, but especially Cordeilla the yoongest farre about the two elder. When this Leir, therefore, was come to great yeres, and began to waxe vnweldie through age, he thought to vnderstand the affections of his daughters towards him, and preferre hir whome he best loued, to the succession ouer the kingdome. Wherevpon he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well she loued him: who calling hir gods to record, protested that she loued "him more than hir owne life, which by right and reason should be most deere vnto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loued him: who answered (confirming hir saiengs with great othes) that she loued him more

than toong could expresse, and farre aboue all other creatures of the world."

Then called he his yoongest daughter Cordeilla, and asked of hir what account she made of him, to whome he made this answer as followeth: "Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you haue alwaies borne towards me (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke, and as my conscience leadeth me) I protest vnto you, that I haue loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I liue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, ascertaine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are woorth, and so much I loue you, and no more. The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one vnto Henninus the duke of Cornwall, and the other vnto Maglanus the duke of Albania, betwixt whome he willed and ordeined that his land should be diuided after his death, and the one half thereof immediatlie should be assigned to them in hand: but for the third daughter Cordeilla he reserued nothing."

Neuertheless it fortun'd that one of the princes of Gallia (which is now called France) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beautie, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordeilla, desired to haue her in marriage, and sent ouer to hir father, requiring that he might haue hir to wife. to whome answer was made, that he might haue his daughter, but as for anie dower he could haue none, for all was promised and assured to hir other sisters alreadye. Aganippus notwithstanding this answer of deniall to receiue anie thing by way of dower with Cordeilla, tooke hir to wife, only moued hereto (I saie) for respect of hir person and amiable vertues. This Aganippus was one of the twelue kings that ruled Gallia in those daies, as in the British historie it is recorded. But to proceed.

After that Leir was raised into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long yer the government of the land did come to their hauds, arose against him in armour, and rest from him the gouernance of the land, vpon conditions to be continued for terme of life: by the which he was put to his portion, that is, to liue after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in procease of time was diminished as well by Maglanus as by Henninus. But the greatest griece that Leir tooke, was

to see the vnkidnesse of his daughters, which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little: in so much that going from one to the other, he was brought to that raiserie, that scarcelie they would allow him one seruant to wait vpon him.

In the end, such was the vnkidnesse, or (as I maie saie) the vnnaturalnesse which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their faire and pleasant words vttered in time past, that being constrained of necessitie, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia. there to seeke some comfort of his yongest daughter Cordeilla, whom before time he hated. The ladie Cordeilla hearing that he was arriued in poor estate, she first sent him priuilie a certeine summe of monie to apparell himselfe withall, and to reteine a certeine number of seruants that might attend vpon him in honourable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne: and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so ioifullie, honourable, and louinglie receiued, both by his sonne in law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordcilla, that his hart was greatlie comforted: for he was no lesse honoured, than if he had beenc king of the whole countrie himselfe.

Now when he had informed his sonne in law and his daughter in what sort he had beenc vsed by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mightie armie to be put in a readinesse, and likewise a great nauic of ships to be rigged, to passe ouer into Britaine with Leir his father in law, to see him againe restored to his kingdome. It was accorded, that Cordeilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leaue vnto hir, as the rightfull inheritour after his decesse, notwithstanding any former grant made to hir sisters or to their husbands in anie manner of wise.

Herevpon, when this armie and nauic of ships were ready, Leir and his daughter Cordeilla with hir husband, went to sea, and arriuing in Britaine, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battel, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slaine: and then was Leir restored to his kingdome, which he ruled after this by the space of two yeeres, and then died, fortie yeeres after he first began to reigne. His bodie was buried at Leicester in a vault vnder the channell of the riuer of Sore beneath the towne.

Cordeilla the yongest daughter of Leir was admitted Q. and str-

preme gouernesse of Britaine, in the yere of the world 3155, before the bylding of Rome 51, Vzia then reigning in Iuda, and Iero boam ouer Israell. This Cordeilla after hir fathers decease, ruled the land of Britaine right worthilie during the space of fyve yeres, in which mean time hir husband died, and then about the end of those fyve yeres, hir two nephwes Margan and Cunedag, sonnes to hir aforesaid sisters, disdainng to be vnder the gouernment of a woman, lemed warre agunst hir, and destioied a great part of the land, and finallie tooke hir prisoner, and laid her fast in ward, where she tooke such griefe, being a woman of a manlie courage, and despairing to recouer libertie, there she slew herselfe, who since had reigned (as before mentioned) the tarme of fyve yeres.

Nahum Tate was the son of Dr. Faithful Tate, and was born at Dublin, in 1652. At the age of sixteen he was admitted of the college there. He succeeded Shadwell as poet laureat, and continued in that office until his death, which happened on the 12th of August, in 1715, in the Mint, and was buried in St. George's church. He was remarkable for a downcast look, and had seldom much to say for himself—but a free, good-natured, drinking companion. His dramatic works are—*Brutus of Alba*, T. 4to, 1678.—*The Loyal General*, T. 4to. 1680.—*King Lear*, T. altered from Shakspeare, 4to. 1681.—*Richard II*; or, the Sicilian Usurper, *Hist. Play*, 4to. 1681. Printed under the latter title, 4to. 1691.—*The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*; or, the Fall of Coriolanus, T. 4to. 1682.—*Cuckold's Haven*; or, An Alderman no Conjuror, F. 4to. 1685.—*Duke and No Duke*, F. 4to. 1685. Taken from Sir Aston Cokayne's Trappolin.—*The Island Princess*, *Tragic Com.* 4to. 1687.—*Injured Love*, or, *The Cruel Husband*, T. 4to. 1707.—*Dido and Æneas*, *Op.*

Costume.

- KING LEAR.**—First dress.—Richly embroidered Saxon tunic of rich crimson velvet, ditto cap; flesh-coloured arms legs and sandals.—Second dress.—Black.
- DUKE of BURGUNDY.**—Yellow Saxon tunic, crimson robe and cap, flesh-coloured arms legs and sandals.
- DUKE of CORNWALL.**—White tunic, scarlet robe and cap, flesh-coloured arms legs and sandals.
- DUKE of ALBANY.**—Yellow tunic, crimson robe and cap, flesh-coloured arms legs and sandals.
- DUKE of GLOSTER.**—Brown tunic, blue robe and cap, flesh-coloured arms legs and sandals.
- DUKE of KENT.**—Crimson tunic, brown robe and cap, flesh-coloured arms legs and sandals.—Second dress.—Drab-coloured tunic and cap.
- EDGAR.**—First dress.—White tunic, scarlet robe and cap.—Second dress.—Green tunic, and robe of coarse white baize.—Third dress.—Grey tunic and cap.—Fourth dress.—Coat of mail armour.
- EDMUND.**—Scarlet tunic, green robe and cap.—Second dress.—Armour, with leopard skin robe.
- PHYSICIAN.**—Black tunic, and white robe.
- OLD MAN.**—Drab-coloured tunic and cap, flesh-coloured arms and legs.
- OSWALD.**—White tunic, blue robe and cap, flesh-coloured arms and legs.
- CAPTAIN of the GUARD.**—Scarlet tunic and cap, flesh-coloured arms and legs
- PAGE to GONERIL.**—White tunic, scarlet robe, and white cap.
- PAGE to REGAN.**—Blue tunic, scarlet robe, and blue cap.
- GONERIL.**—White muslin dress, trimmed with gold, scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with gold, tiara for the head, flesh-coloured stockings and red sandals.
- REGAN.**—White muslin dress, trimmed with silver, clasped together with metal clasps in front, purple cloth robe, tiara for the head, flesh-coloured stockings, and red sandals.
- CORDELIA.**—White kerseymere dress and drapery, trimmed with scarlet velvet and gold lace, fastened in front with metal clasps, tiara for the head, flesh-coloured stockings and sandals.—Second dress.—White muslin dress, grey mantle, trimmed, black ditto, handkerchief for the head.—Third dress.—White drapery.
- FRANTHE.**—Brown cloth dress, clasped together with metal clasps, fawn coloured mantle, bound with black.
- ATTENDANTS.**—White dress cloth robes, flesh-coloured stockings, and russet sandals.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covènt-garden.</i>
<i>King Lear</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Duke of Burgundy</i>	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Duke of Cornwall</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Jefferies. .
<i>Duke of Albany</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Earl of Kent</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Earl of Closter</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Edgar</i>	Mr. Rae.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Edmund</i>	Mr. Hamblin.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Oswald</i>	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Old Man</i>	Mr. Foote.	Mr. Barnes.
<i>Goneril</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Connor.
<i>Regan</i>	Mrs. Egerton.	Mrs. Yates.
<i>Cordelia</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Miss S. Booth.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is three hours. The first act occupies the space of thirty-seven minutes;—the second, thirty-two;—the third, forty-seven;—the fourth, thirty-nine; and the fifth, forty. The half price commences, generally, at about nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S. E.		Second Entrance.
U. E.		Upper Entrance.
M. D.		Middle Door.
D. F.		Door in flat.
R. H. D.		Right Hand Door
L. H. D.		Left Hand Door.



KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Antichamber in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter EDMUND, R.H.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: why am I then
Depriv'd of a son's right, because I came not
In 'the dull road that custom has prescrib'd?
Why bastard? Wherefore base? when I can boast
A mind as gen'rous, and a shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why are we
Held base, who in the lusty stealth of Nature
Take fiercer qualities than what compound
The scanted births of the stale marriage-bed?
Well, then, legitimate Edgar, to thy right
Of law I will oppose a bastard's cunning.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to legitimate Edgar; with success
I've practis'd yet on both their easy natures.—
Here comes the old man, chaf'd with the information
Which last I forg'd against my brother Edgar:
A tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,
And heighten'd by such lucky accidents,

That now the slightest circumstance confirms him,
And base-born Edmund, spite of law, inherits.

(Retires a little, R.H.)

Enter KENT and GLOSTER, L.H.

Glost. Nay, good my lord, your charity
O'ershoots itself, to plead in his behalf;
You are yourself a father, and may feel
The sting of disobedience from a son
First-born and best-belov'd.—O, villain Edgar!

Kent. Be not too rash; all may be forgery,
And time yet clear the duty of your son.

Glost. Plead with the seas, and reason down the
winds,
Yet shalt thou ne'er convince me: I have seen
His foul designs through all a father's fondness.

Edm. It works as I could wish; I'll shew myself.

(Aside, Advances.)

Glost. Ha, (Crosses to Edmund, R.H.) Edmund!
welcome, boy.—O Kent! see here
Inverted nature, Gloster's shame and glory:
This bye-born, the wild sally of my youth,
Pursues me with all filial offices;
Whilst Edgar, begged of heaven, and born in honour,
Draws plagues upon my head, that urge me still
To curse in age the pleasure of my youth.
Nay, weep not, Edmund, for thy brother's crimes.
O gen'rous boy! thou shar'st but half his blood,
Yet lov'st beyond the kindness of a brother:
But I'll reward thy virtue. Follow me.
My lord, you wait the king, who comes resolv'd
To quit the toils of empire, and divide
His realms amongst his daughters. Heaven succeed it!
But much I fear the change.

Kent. I grieve to see him
With such wild starts of passion hourly seiz'd,
As render majesty beneath itself.

Glost. Alas! 'tis the infirmity of his age:
But his temper ever been unfixt.

Chol'ric, and sudden.

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, R.H.*)

Hark, they approach. [*Flourish.—Exeunt, R.H.*]

Enter CORDELIA, L.H. EDGAR, *following.*

Edg Cordelia, royal fair, turn yet once more,
And, ~~ere~~ successful Burgundy receive
The treasure of thy beauties from the king,
Ere happy Burgundy for ever fold thee,
Cast back one pitying look on wretched Edgar.

Cord. Alas! what would the wretched Edgar with
'The more unfortunate Cordelia?

Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to Burgundy's.

(*A Flourish sounds and continues until the
Scene changes.*)

[*Exeunt; Cordelia, R.H. and Edgar, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, R.H.*)

KING LEAR upon his Throne, ALBANY, CORNWALL,
BURGUNDY, KENT, GLOSTER, GONERIL, REGAN,
CORDELIA, Captain of the Guard, three Knights,
two Pages, two Gentlemen with the Map, two
Gentlemen with the Crown, Physician, Herald,
Bummers and Guards, Lords, Ladies; &c. &c.
discovered.

Lear. Attend, my lords of Albany and Cornwall,
With princely Burgundy.

Alb. We do, my liege.

Lear. Give me the map.—(*The Gentlemen who
hold the Map, I.H. advance a little, and unroll
it.*)—Know, lords, we have divided,

In three our kingdom, having now resolv'd
To disengage from our long toil of state,

Conferring all upon your younger years.
 You, Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albany,
 Long in our court have made your amorous sojourn,
 And now are to be answered.—Tell me, my daughters,
 Which of you loves us most, that we may place
 Our largest bounty with the largest merit.
 Goneril, our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I do love you more than words can utter,
 Beyond what can be valu'd rich or rare ;
 Nor liberty, nor sight, health, fame, or beauty,
 Are half so dear ; my life for you were vile ;
 As much as child can love the best of fathers.

Lear. Of all these bounds, e'en from this line to this,
 With shady forests, and wide skirted meads,
 We make thee lady ; to thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
 Regan, wife to Cornwall ?

Reg. My sister, sir, in part, exprest my love ;
 For such as her's, is mine, though more extended :
 Sense has no other joy that I can relish ;
 I have my all in my dear liege's love.

Lear. Therefore, to thee and thine hereditary,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom.

*(Whilst Cordelia is speaking, Lear, assisted by
 Kent, L.H. and Gloster, R.H. descends from
 the throne, and comes forward into the centre ;
 Kent goes below Burgundy, L.H. and Gloster
 remains at Lear's R.H. a little behind him.)*

Cord. Now comes my trial.—How am I distrest,
 That must with cold speech tempt the chol'ric king
 Rather to leave me dowerless, than condemn me
 To Burgundy's embraces ! *(Aside.)*

Lear. Speak now, our last, not least in our dear love,—
 So ends my task of state,—Cordelia, speak ;
 What canst thou say to win a richer third,
 Than what thy sisters gained ?

Cord. Now must my love, in words, fall short of their's,
 Such as it exceeds in truth.—*(Aside.)*—Nothing,
 My lord.

Nothing ?

Cord. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cord. Unhappy am I that I can't dissemble:

Sir, as I ought, I love your majesty,

No more, nor less.

Lear. Take heed, Cordelia;

Thy fortunes are at stake; think better on't,

And mend thy speech a little.

Cord. O my liege!

You gave me being, bred me, dearly loved me,

And I return my duty as I ought,

Obeys you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they love you all?

Haply when I shall wed, the lord, whose hand

Shall take my plight, will carry half my love;

For I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. And goes thy heart with this?

'Tis said that I am chol'ric. Judge me, gods,

Is there not cause? Now, minion, I perceive

The truth of what has been suggested to us,

Thy fondness for the rebel son of Gloster.—

And oh! take heed, rash girl, lest we comply

With thy fond wishes, which thou wilt too late

Repent; for know, our nature cannot brook

A child so young, and so ungentle.

Cord. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred Sun, and solemn Night,

I here disclaim all my paternal care,

And from this minute hold thee as a stranger

Both to my blood and favour.

Kent. This is frenzy.

Consider, good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between a dragon and his rage.

I lov'd her most, and in her tender trust

Design'd to have bestow'd mine age at ease.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

My heart from her, and with it all my wealth!

(Lear goes to Albany and Cornwall, and beckons the Gentlemen who hold the Crown, R.H. They advance a little towards the King.)

My lords of Cornwall and of Albany,
I do invest you jointly with full right
In this fair third, Cordelia's forfeit dow'r.
Mark me, my lords, observe our last resolve
Our self, attended by an hundred knights,
Will make abode with you in monthly course ;
The name alone of king remain with me,
Yours be the execution and revenues.
This is our final will ; and to confirm it,
This coronet part between you.

Kent. (Kneels.) Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And, as my patron, thought on in my pray'rs,—

Lear. Away ! the bow is bent, make from the shaft.

Kent. (Rises.) No, let it fall, and drench within my heart :

Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad ;
Thy youngest daughter——

Lear On thy life no more.

Kent. What wilt thou do, old man ?

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better first.

Lear. Now, by the gods—

Kent. Now, by the gods, rash king, thou swear'st in vain.

(Lear, attempting to draw his sword, is prevented by Albany, who advances and lays his hand on the King's left arm, and by Gloster, who advances and lays his hand on the King's right arm.)

Lear. Ha, traitor !

Kent. Do, kill thy physician, Lear ;
Strike thro' my throat ; yet with my latest breath
I'll thunder in thine ear my just complaint,
And tell thee to thy face that thou dost ill.

Lear. Hear me, rash man; on thine allegiance
hear me:

*(Lear sheathes his half-drawn sword; Albany
and Gloster retire to their places.)*

Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
And prest between our sentence and our pow'r,
Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear,
We banish thee for ever from our sight
And kingdom: If, when three days are expir'd,
Thy bloodied trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.—Away!

*(Lear turns from Kent; and beckoning Goneril,
Regan, Albany and Cornwall, to him, con-
fers with them in the centre of the Stage till
Kent is gone.)*

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king; since thou art
resolv'd,

I take thee at thy word; I will not stay
To see thy fall. The gods protect thee, maid,
That truly think'st, and hast most justly said.
Thus to new climates my old truth I bear;
Friendship lives hence, and banishment is here.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Lear. Now, Burgundy, you see her price is fall'n;
Yet, if the fondness of your passion still
Affect her as she stands, dow'rless; and lost
In our esteem, she's yours; take her or leave her.

Burg. Pardon me, royal Lear, I but demand
The dow'r yourself propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the hand, duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by a father's rage,
I tell you all her wealth.

(Cordelia throws herself at Lear's feet.)

Away! Away! Away! *(Flourish of Trumpets, &c.)*

[*Exeunt all but Cordelia, L.H.*

Enter EDGAR, R.H.U.E.

Edg. Has heav'n then weigh'd the merit of my love,
Or is it the ravine of a sickly thought?

Cou'd Burgundy forego so rich a prize,
And leave her to despairing Edgar's arms?

(Raises Cordelia.,

Have I thy hand, Cordelia? Do I clasp it?
The hand that was this minute to have join'd
My hated rival's? Do I kneel before thee,
And offer at thy feet my panting heart?
Smile, Princess, and convince me; for, as yet,
I doubt, and dare not trust my dazzling joy.

Cord. Some comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious blot
That has depriv'd me of a father's grace;
But merely want of that that makes me rich
In wanting it; a smooth professing tongue.
O sisters! I am loth to call your fault
As it deserves; but use our father well,
And wrong'd Cordelia never shall repine.

Edg. O heav'nly maid! that art thyself thy dow'r,
Richer in virtue than the stars in light,
If Edgar's humble fortunes may be grac'd
With thy acceptance, at thy feet he lays 'em.
Ha! my Cordelia, dost thou turn away?
What have I done t'offend thee?

Cord. Talk'd of love.

Edg. Then I've offended oft; Cordelia too
Has oft permitted me so to offend.

Cord. When, Edgar, I permitted your addresses,
I was the darling daughter of a King!
Nor can I now forget my royal birth,
And live dependent on my lover's fortune;
I cannot to so low a fate submit;
And therefore study to forget your passion,
And trouble me upon this theme no more.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Edg. Thus majesty takes most state in distress.
How are we tost on Fortune's fickle flood!
The wave that with surprising kindness brought
The dear wreck to my arms, has snatch'd it back,
And left me mourning on the barren shore.

Cord. This baseness of the ignoble Burgundy
Draws just suspicion on the race of men;

'Tis love was int'rest, so may Edgar's be,
 And he but with more compliment dissemble ;
 If so, I shall oblige him by denying ;
 But, if his love be fix'd, such constant flame
 As warms my breast, if such I find his passion,
 My heart as grateful to his truth shall be,
 And cold Cordelia prove as kind as he.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter EDMUND, *hastily*, L.H.

Edm. Brother, I've found you in a lucky minute ;
 Fly, and be safe : some villain has incens'd
 Our father against your life.

Edg. Distrest Cordelia !—but oh, more cruel !

Edm. Hear me, sir ; your life, your life's in danger.
 'Wake, 'wake, sir.

Edg. Say you brother ?—

No tears, good Edmund ; if thou bring'st me tidings
 To strike me dead, for charity delay not ;
 That present will befit so kind a hand.

Edm. Your danger, sir, comes on so fast,
 That I want time t'inform you ; but retire,
 Whilst I take care to turn the pressing stream.
 O Gods ! for heaven's sake, sir,—

Edg. Pardon me, Edmund ;
 But you talk'd of danger,
 And wish'd me to retire.—Must all our vows
 End thus ?—Friend, I obey you.—O Cordelia !

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Edm. Ha ! ha ! Fond man ! Such credulous honesty
 Lessens the glory of my artifice ;
 His nature is so far from doing wrongs,
 That he suspects none :—(*Takes out a Letter.*)—If
 this letter speed,

And pass for Edgar's, as himself would own
 The counterfeit, but for the foul contents,
 Then my designs are perfect.—Here comes Gloster.
 (*Attempts to hide the Letter.*)

Enter GLOSTER, L.H.

Glost. Stay, Edmund, turn; what paper were you reading?

Edm. A trifle, sir.

Glost. What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? Come, produce it, sir.

Edm. A letter from my brother, sir: I had just broke the seal, but know not the contents.

(Gives the Letter to Gloster.)

Yet, fearing they might prove to blame,
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your sight.

Glost. This is Edgar's character.

(Reads.)—This policy of fathers is intolerable, that keeps our fortunes from us 'till age will not suffer us to enjoy them; I am weary of the tyranny. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his possessions, and live below'd of your brother.

Sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy
Half his possessions!—Edgar to write this
'Gainst his indulgent father! Death and hell!

(Crosses to R.H.)

Fly, Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, (1)
That I may bite the traitor's heart, and fold
His bleeding entrails on my vengeful arm.

Edm. Perhaps 'twas writ, my lord, to prove my virtue.

Glost. These late eclipses of the sun and moon
Can bode no less; love cools, and friendship fails;
In cities mutiny, in countries discord;
The bond of nature crack'd 'twixt son and father.—
Find out the villain; do it carefully,
And it shall lose thee nothing.

[Exit, R.H.]

Edm. So, now my project's firm; but, to make sure,

(1) Do me this.

i'll throw in one proof more, and that a bold one ;
 I'll place old Gloster where he shall o'er-hear us
 Confer of this design ; whilst, to his thinking,
 Deluded Edgar shall accuse himself.
 Be honesty my int'rest, and I can
 Be honest too ; and what saint so divine,
 That will successful villainy decline ? [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Court before the Duke of
 Albany's Palace.*

Enter KENT, disguised, L.H.

Kent. Now, banish'd Kent, if thou can'st pay thy
 duty,
 In this disguise, where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 Thy master Lear shall find thee full of labours
 (*Retires a little, R.H.*)

*Enter KING LEAR, attended by his Physician, and
 three Knights, L.H.*

Lear. In there, and tell our daughter we are here.
 [*Exit 1st Knight, R.H.*
Now, what art thou ? (*Kent, advances, R.H.*)

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess, or would'st with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve
 him truly that puts me in trust, to love him that's honest,
 to converse with him that's wise and speaks little,
 to fight when I can't choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. I say, what art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as
 the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for
 a king, thou art poor enough.—Dost thou know me,
 fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your counte-
 nance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, mar a curious tale in the telling, deliver a plain message bluntly ; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for inging ; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Thy name ?

Kent. Caius.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me.

(*Kent goes to R.H. of 2d Knight.*)

Enter OSWALD, I.H. singing, and passing King Lear carelessly.

Now, sir ?

Osw. Sir !—Tol de tol, &c. [*Exit singing, R.H.*

Lear. What says the fellow ? call the clodpole back.

[*Exit Kent and 2nd Knight, R.H.*

3rd Knight. My lord, I know not ; but, methinks, your highness is entertain'd with slender ceremony.

Lear. Say'st thou so ?

Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception.

Re-enter 1st KNIGHT, R.H.

Why came not that slave back when I call'd him ?

1st Knight. My lord, he answer'd i'th' surliest manner that he would not. (*Goes to his former place.*)

Lear. I hope our daughter did not so instruct him.

OSWALD brought in by KENT and 2nd KNIGHT, R.H.

1st and 2nd Knight go behind, L.H.—2nd Knight goes to his former place.—Kent puts Oswald next the King.

Now, who am I sir ?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My ladies father ! My lord's knave.

(*Strikes him.*)

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript, neither, you vile civet-box.

(*Trips up his heels.*)

Lear. I thank thee, fellow : thou serv'st me.

Kent. Come, sit, arise, away ; I'll teach you differences
[*Exit Oswald, crying out, R.H.U.E.*

(*Kent pursues him with his staff till he is off the Stage, then returns to the Knights, L.H.*)

Gon. (*Within, R.H.*) By day and night ! this is insufferable ; I will not bear it.

Enter GONERIL, R.H. attended by Page and two Ladies.

Lear. Now, daughter, why that frontlet on ?
Speak, does that frown become our presence ?

Gon. Sir, this licentious insolence of your servants
Is most unseemly : hourly they break out
In quarrels, bred by their unbounded riches ;
I had fair hope, by making this known to you,
To have had a quick redress ; but find too late
That you protect and countenance their outrage ;
And therefore, sir, I take this freedom, which
Necessity makes discreet.

Lear. Are you our daughter ?

Gon. Come, sir, let me intreat you to make use
Of your discretion, and put off betimes
This disposition that of late transforms you
From what you rightly are.

Lear. Does any here know me ? Why, this is not
Lear !

Does Lear walk thus ? Speak thus ! Where are his
eyes ?

Who is it that can tell me who I am ?

Your name, fair gentlewoman ?

Gon. Come, sir, this admiration's much o'th' sa-
vour(1)

(1) Of the complexion.

Of other your new humours ; I beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright ;
 As you are old, you should be staid and wise :
 Here do you keep an hundred knights and 'squires,
 Men so debauch'd and bold, that this our palace
 Shews like a riotous inn, a tavern, brothel :
 Be then advis'd by her, that else will take
 That which she begs, to lessen your attendants ;
 Take half away, and see that the remainder
 Be such as may befit your age, and know
 Themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils !—

Saddle my horses, call my train together.
 Degenerate viper !—I'll not stay with thee ;
 I yet have left a daughter——Serpent ! Monster !—
 Lessen my train, and call 'em riotous !
 All men approv'd, of choice and rarest parts,
 That each particular of duty know.—
 How small, Cordelia, was thy fault !—(O Lear,
 Beat at this gate—(*Strikes his head*)—that let thy
 folly in,
 And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

Enter ALBANY, L.H.

Ingrateful Duke !—Prepare my horses.—Was this
 your will ?

Who stir's !

[*Exit Knight, I.H.*]

Alb. What, sir ?

Lear. Death ! fifty of my followers at a clap ?

Alb. The matter, madam ? (*To General.*)

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
 But give his dotage way.

Lear. Blasts upon thee !

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out ;
 And ~~cut~~ ye, with the waters that ye lose,
 To temper clay.—No, Gorgon ;—thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

Gon. Mark ye that?

Alb. I'm ignorant,——

Lear. It may be so, my lord, (*Lear throws away
his hat and staff as he falls on his knees.*)

Hear, nature, hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou did'st intend to make this creature fruitful!

Inter her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

That from her derogate (1) body never spring

A babe to honour her—If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be thwart disnatur'd (2) torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits, (3)

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,

To have a thankless child! (*Rises*) Away, away!

(*Kent and the Physician raise the king and
bear him away. The 1st. knight takes up
his hat and staff.*)

Exeunt King Lear and his attendants, I. II.—

Albany, Goneril, and their attendants, R. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, I. II.

Edm. The duke comes here to night; I'll take advantage

1) Degraded; blasted.

2) Wanting natural affection

(3) Good offices.

Of this arrival to complete my project.--(*Knocks, M.D.*)
 Brother, a word; come forth; it s I, you friend!

Enter EDGAR, M.D. (Comes forward, R.H.)

My father watches for you, fly this place;
 Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid!
 Take the advantage of the night.—Bethink,
 Have you not spoke against the Duke of Cornwall.
 Something might shew you a favourer of
 Duke Albany's party?

Edg. Nothing; why ask you?

Edm. Because he's coming here to night in haste,
 And Regan with him.

Edg. Let him come on; I'll stay and clear myself.

Edm. Your innocence at leisure may be heard,
 But Gloster's storming rage as yet is deaf,
 And you may perish ere allow'd the hearing. (*Gloster
 without, L.H.*) This way, this way.

I hear our father coming—Pardon me:—
 In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
 Draw: seem to defend yourself; (*they draw and fight.*)
 now quit you well.

Yield come before my father; help, ho, here!—
 Fly, brother;—help, here, help!—Farewell, farewell.—
 [*Exit Edgar, R.H.*]

Some blood drawn on me wou'd beget opinion
 Of our more fierce encounter I have seen
 Drunkards do more than this in sport.
 (*Stabs himself in the arm.*)

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, L.H. with torches.

Glost. Now, Edmund, where's the traitor?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
 Mumbling of wicked charms,—(*Sheathes his sword.*)

Glost. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed!

(*Wraps his arm up in his handkerchief.*)

Glost. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Sir, he is fled. When by no means he could—

Glost. By no means, what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging Gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To this unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted (1) by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glost. Let him fly far, this kingdom shall not hide
him.

The noble duke my patron comes to night;
By his authority I will proclaim
Rewards for him that brings him to the stake,
And death for the concealer;
Then of my lands, loyal and natural boy,
I'll work the means to make thee capable. (2)

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Gates of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT, R.H. *in disguise*, and OSWALD, L.H.

Osw. Good morrow, friend; belong'st thou to this
house?

Kent. Ask them will answer thee.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th'mire.

(1) Frighted.

(2) Capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar to thy illegitimacy.

Osw. I am in haste, pr'y thee, an'thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why then, I care not for thee.

Kent. An I had thee in Lipsbury pifold, (1) I'd make thee care for me.

Osw. What dost thou mean? I know thee not.

Kent. But, minion. I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. For a base, proud, beggarly, white liver'd, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one that wou'd be a pimp in way of good service, and art nothing but a composition of knave, beggar, coward, pander,—

Osw. What a monstrous fellow art thou, to rail at one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. Impudent slave! not know me, who but two days since, tript up thy heels before the king? Draw, miscreant, or I'll make the moon shine through thee.

(*Draws his sword.*)

Osw. What means the fellow? I tell thee, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal. I know your roguiship's office: you come with letters against the king, taking my young lady Vanity's part against her royal father. Draw, rascal.

Osw. Murder, murder, help.

[*Exit, Kent after him, R.H.S.I.*]

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter DUKE of CORNWALL, REGAN, Captain of the Guard, Attendants, GLOSTER and EDMUND, from the Gates, L.H.

Glost. All welcome to your graces, you do me honour.

Corn. Gloster, we have heard with sorrow that your life

(1) *Lipsbury Pifold* may be a cant expression importing the same as Lob's Pound.—A *pifold* is a pound.

Has been attempted by your impious son
But Edmund here has paid you strictest duty.

Glost. He did bewray⁽¹⁾ his practice, and receiv'd
The hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. 'Is he pursued?

Glost. He is, my Lord.

Reg. Use our authority to apprehend
The traitor, and do justice on his head.
For you, Edmund, that have signaliz'd
Your virtue, you from henceforth shall be ours;
Natures of such firm trust we much shall need.
A charming youth, and worth my farther thought!

(Aside.)

Corn. Lay comfort, noble Gloucester, to your breast,
As we to ours. This night be spent in revels.
We choose you, Gloucester, for our host to-night,
A troublesome expression of our love.
On, to the sports before us! *(Noise within, R. II.)—*
Who are these?

*Enter OSWALD, pursued by KENT. Oswald crying
out for help, runs across the stage to L.H. The
Captain of Guard draws his sword, L.H. stops
Kent, R. II. and then retires a little to R. II.*

Glost. Now, what's the matter?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that
strikes.

Whence, and what are ye?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the king,

Corn. Your difference? speak.

Osw. I'm scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour.
Nature disclaims the dastard; a tailor made him.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. Sir, this old ruffian here, whose life I spar'd
In pity to his beard,—

Kent. Thou Essence bottle!

In pity to my beard!—Your leave, my lord,
And I will tread the musk-cat into mortar.

Corn. Know'st thou our presence?

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
And have no courage; office, and no honesty;
Not frost and fire hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave?

Glost. Why dost thou call him knave?

Kent. His countenance likes me not. (1)

Corn. No more, perhaps, does mine, nor his, or hers.

Kent. Plain dealing is my trade; and, to be plain, sir,
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulders now before me.

Reg. This is some fellow, that having once been
prais'd

For bluntness, since affects a saucy rudeness:
But I have known one of these surly knaves,
That in his plainness harbour'd more design
Than twenty cringing complimenting minions.

Corn. What's the offence you gave him?

Osw. Never any, sir;

It pleas'd the king, his master, lately
To strike me on a slender misconception;
Whilst, watching his advantage, this old lurcher
Tript me behind, for which the king extoll'd him;
And, flush'd with the honour of this bold exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Corn. Bring forth the stocks; (*Two guards exeunt
at the gate.*) we'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I'm too old to learn;

Call not the stocks for me; I serve the king.

On whose employment I was sent to you:

You'll shew too small respect, and too bold malice

Against the person of my royal master,

Stocking his messenger.

(*Re-enter two guards, they bring forth the Stocks,
and seat, which they place R.H. of the gates.*)

(1) Pleases me not.

Corn. Bring forth the stocks ; as I have life and honor,
There shall he sit till noon. (*Guards seize Kent.*)

Reg. Till noon, my Lord ! 'Till night, and all night
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You would not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

(*Captain signs the Guard, who lead Kent away,
and put him in the Stocks.*)

Glost. Let me beseech your graces to forbear him ;
His fault is much, and the good king, his master,
Will check him for't : but needs must take it ill
To be thus slighted in his messenger.

Gon. We'll answer that ;

Our sister may receive it worse to have
Her gentleman assaulted. To our business, lead.

(*Flourish.—Exeunt all but Gloster and Oswald
into the Castle.*)

Glost. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition will not be controuled.
But I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, sir.—

I have watch'd and travell'd hard ;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle :
Farewell t'yc, sir. [*Exit Gloster, into the Castle.*

(*Oswald remains on the stage to indulge a few
vapouring antics with Kent, and then follows
Gloster into the Castle.*)

Good King, that must approve the common saw !
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun — All weary and o'erwatch'd,
I feel the drowsy guest steal on me ; take
Advantage, heavy eyes, of this kind of slumber,
Not to behold this vile and shameful lodging.
(*Sleeps.*)

• SCENE'III.—*A Forest.*

Enter EDGAR, L.H. muffled up.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd,

'And, by the friendly hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
 Where guards and most unusual vigilance
 Do not attend to take me.—How easy now
 'Twere to defeat the malice of my trial,
 And leave my griefs on my sword's reeking point ;
 But love detains me from death's peaceful cell,
 Still whispering me, Cordelia's in distress :
 Unkind as she is, I cannot see her wretched,
 But must be near to wait upon her fortune.
 Who knows but the blest minute yet may come,
 When Edgar may do service to Cordelia ?
 That charming hope still ties me to the oar
 Of painful life, and makes me too submit,
 To th' humblest shifts to keep that life a-foot.
 My face I will besmear, and knit my locks ;
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, iron spikes, thorns, sprigs of rosemary :
 And thus from sheep-cotes, villages and mills,
 Sometimes with pray'rs, sometimes with lunatick
 bans, (1)
 Enforce their charity. Poor Tullygood ! poor Tom ! (2)
 That's something yet. Edgar I am no more.

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

KING, *discovered, in the stocks.*—(Flourish of
Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

Enter KING LEAR, his Knights, and Physician, L.H.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
 home,

(1) To *ban*, is to curse.

(2) We should read, *Tullupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies called *Tullupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe.

And not send back our messenger.

Kent. Hail, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
What's he that has so much mistook thy place,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, sir; your son and
daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't.—
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou may'st deserve, or they impose this usage.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was ris'n, arriv'd another post,
Stew'd in his haste, breathless and panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Whose message being deliver'd, they took horse,
Commanding me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; which I did:
But meeting here that other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Had shewn such rudeness to your highness, I,
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
On which he rais'd the house with coward cries:—
This was the trespass, which your son and daughter
Though worth the shame you see it suffer here.

Lear. Oh! this spleen swells upwards to my heart,
And heaves for passage!—Down, thou climbing rage,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Enter GLOSTER, from the Castle, he advances L.H.

Kent. Within, sir, at a masque.

Lear. Now, Gloster?—Ha!

(Gloster whispers Lear.)

Deny to speak with me? Th'are sick, th'are weary,
They've travell'd hard to-night?—Mere fetches, sir;
Bring me a better answer.

Glost. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke—

Lear. Vengeance! death! plague! confusion!
Fiery?—What quality?—Why, Gloster, *Gloster*
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his

Glost. I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? dost thou understand me,
man?

I tell thee, Gloster,—

Glost. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery? The fiery duke—Tell the hot duke,—

No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;

Infirmity doth still neglect all office;

I beg his pardon, and I'll chide my rashness

That took the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man—But wherefore sits he there?

Death on my state! This act convices me

(*Pointing to the Stocks*)

That this retiredness of the duke and her

Is plain contempt.—Give me my servant forth.—

Go, tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with 'em,

Now, instantly.—Bid 'em come forth and hear
me;

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

'Till it cry, Sleep to death.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *Page, two Soldiers.*
Captain of the Guard, and Guards, from the
Castle, I. H.

Oh! are you come?

Corn. Health to the king!

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are: I know what cause

I have to think so. Should'st thou not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—

(*Cornwall signs to Capt. of Guard, Captain to
the two Guards—they set Kent at liberty,
who goes to R.H. of Physician, behind the
King.*)

Believe me, Regan, thou wilt shake to hear
What I shall utter;—thou cou'd'st ne'er ha' thought
it;—

Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Ingratitude like a keen vulture, here;
I scarce can speak to thee.

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope
That you know less to value her desert,
Than she to slack her duty.

Lear. Ha! How's that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail in her respects, but if, perchance,
She has restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such grounds, and to such wholesome ends,
As clear her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O sir! you're old,
And shou'd content you to be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself; therefore, good sir,
Return to our sister, and say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ha! ask her forgiveness!
Do you but mark how this becomes the house: (1)
(*Kneeling.*)

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old:
Age is unnecessary; (2) on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more of these unsightly passions;
Return back to our sister.

Lear. Never, Regan; (Rises.)
She hath abated me of half my train,

(1) The order of families, duties of relation.
(2) Old age has few wants. *

Look'd black upon me, stabb'd me with her tongue:
 All the stor'd vengeance of heav'n fall
 On her ingrateful head! Strike her young bones,
 Ye taking airs, with lameness!—

Reg. O the blest gods! thus will you wish on me,
 When the rash mood—

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
 Thy tender nature cannot give thee o'er
 To such impiety: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 And dues of gratitude; thou bear'st in mind
 The half o'th' kingdom, which our love conferred
 On thee and thine.

Reg. Good sir, to th' purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i'th' stocks?

(*Trumpet sounds, L.H.*)

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's;(1) this confirms her
 letters.

Enter OSWALD, L.H.

Sir, is your lady come?

Lear. More torture still!

Out, varlet, from my sight!

(*Strikes Oswald: who runs off crying, R.H.U.E.*)

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
 hope

Thou didst not know it. (*Trumpet sounds.*)

Enter GONERIL, Page, and two Ladies, L.H.

Who comes here? Oh, heav'ns!

If you do love old men; if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience; if yourselves are old,

(1) It seems from this passage, that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters.

Make it your cause; (*To Goneril* :) send down, and
take my part! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Why, Gorgon, dost thou come to haunt me here?

(*To Goneril.*)

Is it not ashamed to look upon this beard?—(*Regan
takes Goneril by the hand.*)

Why, my eyes, they play me false!—

Regan: wilt thou take her by the hand?

Goneril: Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,⁽¹⁾

And dotage terms so.

Lear. Heart, thou art too tough!

Regan. I pray you, sir, being old, confess you are so.

If, till the expiration of your month,

You will return, and sojourn with our sister,

Dismissing half your train, come then to me;

I'm now from home, and out of that provision

That shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return with her, and fifty knights dis-
miss'd?

No, rather I'll abjure all roofs, and choose

To be companion to the midnight wolf,

My naked head expos'd to th' merciless air,

Than have my smallest wants supply'd by her.

Goneril. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now, I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
mad!

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;

I do not bid the thunder-bearer strike,

Nor tell tales of thee to avenging heaven.

Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure;—

I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

Regan. Your pardon, sir;

I looked not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome.

* (1) *Finds* is here used in the same sense as when a jury is said
to find a bill.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. My sister treats you fair. What! fifty followers
Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those whom she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they ^{let} ^{me} ^{use};
slack you,

We could control them.—If you come to me,
For now I see the danger, I intreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place.

Lear. I gave you all!

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Hold now, my temper, stand this bolt un-
mov'd,

And I am thunder-proof.— (*It begins to rain.*)

Gon. Hear me, my lord

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command t'attend you?

Reg. What need one? (*Distant thunder.*)

Lear. Heav'ns, drop your patience down!

You see me here, ye gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both!—

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's check!—No, you unnatural hags,
You will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—You
think I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,⁽¹⁾

(1) A *flaw*, signifying a crack, or other similar imperfection. Our author, with his accustomed license, uses the word here for a *small broken particle*.

Or ere I'll weep.— (Rain and thunder.)
O, gods, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt, King Lear, Kent, and the Knights,
L.H.—Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Gloster, Os-
wald, Captain of the Guard, and Attendants,
into the Castle.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Desert Heath.*

(*Lamps down.—Rain, thunder, and lightning.*)

Enter LEAR and KENT, L.H.S.E.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drench'd our steeples!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing(1) fires,
Vaunt couriers(2) to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,(3)
That make ingrateful man!

Kent. Not all my best intreaties can persuade him
Into some needful shelter, or to 'bide
This poor slight cov'ring on his aged head,
Exposed to this wild war of earth and heav'n.

(*Thunder, lightning, and rain.*)

Lear. Rumble thy fill! fight whirlwind, rain, and
fire!

(1) Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought.

(2) *Avant couriers*. Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other
riters of Shakspeare's time. It originally meant the foremost
outs of an army.

(3) Crack nature's mould, and all the *seeds of matter*, that are
arded within it.—To spill is to destroy.

Not fire, wind, rain, or thunder, are my daughters : .
 I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness ;
 I never gave you kingdoms, called you children ;
 You owe me no obedience.—Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure !—Here I stand your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old *guy* *of* *course* ;
 (*Rain, thunder, lightning.*)

Yet I will call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high engender'd battle 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. Oh ! oh ! 'tis foul ! (1)

Kent. Hard by, sir, is a hovel, that will lend
 Some shelter from this tempest.

Lear. I will forget my nature. What ! so kind :
 father !—

Ay, there's the point. (*Rain, thunder, and lightning.*)

Kent. Consider, good my liege, things that love
 night,

Love not such nights as this ; these wrathful skies
 Gallow (2) the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves : such drenching rain
 Such sheets of fire, such claps of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring winds, have ne'er been known
 (*Thunder very loud.*)

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undiscovered crimes !—
 Hide, hide, thou murd'rer, hide thy bloody hand !—
 Thou perjur'd villain, holy hypocrite,
 That drink'st the widow's tears, sigh now, and ask
 These dreadful summoners (3) grace !—I am a man
 More sinn'd against, than sinning. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Kent. Good sir, to th' hovel.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
 Come on, my boy ; How dost, my boy ? art cold ?

(1) Shameful ; dishonourable.

(2) *Gallow*, a west country word, signifies to scare or frighten.

(3) *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.

I'm cold myself: shew me this straw, my fellow;
 The art of our necessity is strange,
 And can make vile things precious—My poor knave,
 Cold as I am at heart, I've one place there
 That's sorry yet for thee.

(*Ro' in—Thunder—Lightning.—Exeunt, R.H.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, R.H.

Edm. The storm is in our louder rev'lings drown'd.
 Thus wou'd I reign, could I but mount a throne.
 The riots of these proud imperial sisters
 Already have impos'd the galling yoke
 Of taxes, and hard impositions, on
 The drudging peasant's neck, who bellows out
 His loud complaints in vain.—Triumphant queens!
 With what assurance do they tread the crowd!
 Oh! for a taste of such majestic beauty,
 Which none but my hot veins are fit t'engage:
 Nor are my wishes desp'rate; for ev'n now,
 During the banquet, I observ'd their glances
 Shot thick at me; and, as they left the room,
 Each cast, by stealth, a kind inviting smile,
 The happy earnest—ha!

Enter two Pages, from different entrances, they deliver him each a letter, and Exeunt, R.H. and L.H.

(*Reads.*)—*Where merit is so transparent, not to behold it were, blindness, and not to reward it, ingratitude.*

GONERIL.

Enough! blind and ungrateful should I be,
 Not to obey the summons of this oracle.
 Now for the second letter.

(*Reads.*)—*If modesty be not your enemy, doubt not to find me your friend.*

REGAN.

Excellent Sibil! O my glowing blood!
I am already sick with expectation,
And pant for the possession.—Here Gloster comes,
With business on his brow; be hush'd, my joys.

Enter GLOSTER, L.H.

Glost. I come to seek thee, Edmund, to impart^{arse};
business of importance. I know thy loyal heart^{as}
touched to see the cruelty of these ungrateful daughters
against our royal master.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural.

Glost. This change in the state sits uneasy. The
commons repine aloud at their female tyrants; already
they cry out for the re-instalment of their good old
king, whose injuries, I fear, will inflamē them into
mutiny.

Edm. 'Tis to be hop'd not feared.

Glost. Thou hast it, boy; 'tis to be hop'd indeed.
On me they cast their eyes, and hourly court me
To lead them on; and, whilst this head is mine,
I'm theirs. A little covert craft, my boy,
And then for open action; 'twill be employment
Worthy such honest daring souls as thine.
Thou, Edmund, art my trusty emissary.
Haste on the spur, at the first break of day,
With these dispatches to the Duke of Cambray.

(Gives him letters.)

You know what mortal feuds have always flam'd
Between this Duke of Cornwall's family, and his;
Full twenty thousand hardy mountaineers
Th' inveterate prince will send to our assistance.
Despatch; commend us to his grace, and prosper.

[Exit, L.H.]

Edm. Yes, credulous old man,
I will commend you to his grace,
His grace the Duke of Cornwall:—instantly,
I'll shew him these contents in thy own character,
And seal'd with thy own signet; then forthwith
The chol'ric duke gives sentence on thy life

And to my hand thy vast revenues fall,
 'To glut my pleasures that 'till now have starv'd.
(Retires.)

GLOSTER returns, L.H. followed by CORDELIA and ARANTHE, poorly dressed; Edmund observing at a distance.

Cord. Turn, Gloster, turn; by all the sacred pow'rs
 I do conjure you, give my griefs a hearing: (*Kneels.*)
 You must, you shall, nay, I am sure you will;
 For you were always stil'd the just and good.*

Glost. What would'st thou, princess? Rise, and
 speak thy griefs.

Cord. Nay, you shall promise to redress 'em to,
 Or here I kneel for ever. I entreat
 Thy succour for a father, and a king.
 An injur'd father, and an injur'd king.

Edm. O charming sorrow! How her tears adorn
 her! (*Aside.*)

Glost. Consider princess, (*Raises her.*)
 For whom thou begg'st, 'tis for the king that wrong'd
 thee.

Cord. O name not that; he did not, could not
 wrong me.

Nay, muse not, Gloster; for it is too likely
 The injur'd king ere this is past your aid,
 And gone distracted with his savage wrongs.

Edm. I'll gaze no more;—and yet my eyes are
 charm'd. (*Aside.*)

Cord. Or, what if it be worse?—Can there be worse?
 Ah, 'tis too probable, this furious night
 Has pierc'd his tender body; the bleak winds
 And cold rain chill'd, or lightning struck him dead;
 If it be so, your promise is discharg'd,
 And I have only one poor boon to beg;
 That you convey me to his breathless trunk,
 With my torn robes to wrap his hoary head,
 With my torn hair to bind his hands and feet,
 Then with a show'r of tears
 To wash his clay-smear'd cheeks, and die beside him.

Glost. Oh, fair Cordelia, thou hast piety
Enough t'atone for both thy sisters' crimes ;
I have already plotted to restore
My injur'd master, and thy virtue tells me
We shall succeed, and suddenly. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Cord. Dispatch, Aranthe ;
For in this disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the king, and bring him some relief.
(*Crosses to, L.H.*)

Ar. How, madam ! are you ignorant
That your most impious sisters have decreed
Immediate death for any that relieve him ?

Cord. I cannot dread the furies in this cause.

Ar. In such a night as this ! Consider, madam,
For many miles about there's scarce a bush
To shelter in.

Cord. Therefore no shelter for the king,
And more our charity to find him out.
What have not women dar'd for vicious love ?
And we'll be shining proofs that they can dare
For piety as much. (*Thunder.*)

Blow winds, and lightnings fall ;
Bold in my virgin innocence I'll fly,
My royal father to relieve or die.

[*Exeunt, Cordelia and Aranthe, L.H.*]

Edm. " In this disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the king !"—Ha ! ha ! a lucky change :
That virtue which I fear'd would be my hind'rance,
Has prov'd the bawd to my design.
I'll bribe two ruffians shall at distance follow,
And seize them in some desert place ; and there
Whilst one retains her, t'other shall return
T'inform me where she's lodg'd : I'll be disguis'd
too.

Whilst they are poaching for me, I'll to the duke
With these dispatches ; then to the field,
Where, like the vig'rous Jove, I will enjoy
This Semele in a storm ; 'twill deaf her cries,
Like drums in battle, lest her groans should pierce
My pitying ear, and make the am'rous fight less fierce.
[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Heath.—Rain.—Thunder.—Lightning.*

Enter KING LEAR and KENT, L.H.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good, my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of this open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *(Storm increases.)*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good, my lord, enter?

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break my own.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
storm

invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt: (1)—The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home!
No, I will weep no more.

(Rain.—Thunder.—Lightning.)

In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on, I will endure—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—
Oh, that way madness lies! let me shun that;
No more of that. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Kent. See, my lord, here's the entrance.

Lear. Well, I'll go in.

And pass it all; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
(Thunder.)

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
'That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides

(1) *But where the greater malady is fix'd, the lesser is scarce felt, that of two concomitant pains, the greater obscures or relieves the less, is an aphorism of Hippocrates. See Disquisitions, Metaphysical and Literary, by F. Sayers, M.D. 1793, p. 68.*

Sustain this shock ; your raggedness defend you
 From seasons such as these ? Oh, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'st cast the superflux to them,
 And shew the heav'ns more just !

Edg. (*In the Hovel. R.H.U.E. throwing out Straw.*)
 Five fathom and a half—Poor Tom !

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there with
 straw ? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised, from the Hovel, R.H.U.E.
Advances, R.H

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me—Through
 the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind—Mum, go to
 thy bed and warm thee—Ha ! what do I see ?
 By all my griefs, the poor old king bare-headed,
 And drench'd in this foul storm ! Professing Syrens,
 Are all your protestations come to this ? (*Aside.*)

Lear. Tell me, fellow, didst thou give all to thy
 two daughters ? (*Crosses to Edgar.*)

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom, whom the
 foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, (1)
 through bushes and bogs ; that has laid knives under
 his pillow, and halters in his pew ; that has made him
 proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over
 four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a
 traitor ?—Bless thy five wits ! (2) Tom's a-cold. Bless
 thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking ! (3)—
 Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.
 Sa, sa ; there I could have him now, and there, and
 there again. (*Strikes with his Staff.*)

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this
 pass ! Could'st thou save nothing ? Didst thou give
 them all ?

(1) Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled
 by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction.

(2) So the five senses were called by our old writers.

(3) To take, is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

Kept. He has no daughter, sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat upon pillicock hill; hallo, hallo, hallo.

Lear. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers Should have such little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'Twas this flesh begot Those pelican (1) daughters.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not: commit not with man's sworn spouse: set not thy sweet heart on proud array. (*Wind and rain.*) Tom's a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud of heart; that curl'd my hair; used perfume and washes; that served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spoke words; and broke them all in the sweet face of heaven: Let not the paint, nor the patch, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, (2) thy pen from creditor's books, and defy the foul fiend. (*Wind.*) Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.—Ha, no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

Lear. Death! thou wert better in thy grave, than thus to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the sky. Yet consider him well, and man's no more than this; thou art indebted to the worm for no silk, to the beast for no hide, to the cat for no perfume.—Ha! here's two of us are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked, animal as thou art.

Off, off, ye vain disguises, empty lendings,
I'll be my original self; quick, quick, uncase me.

(1) The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

(2) A *placket* is a stomacher.

Kent. Defend his wits, good heaven!

Lear. One point I had forgot; what is your name?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the wall-newt and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallads, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; that drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; that's whipt from tything to tything; (1) that has three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But rats and mice, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower; peace, Smolkin, (2) peace, thou foul fiend!

Lear. One word more, but be sure true counsel; tell me, is a madman a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Kent. I fear'd 'twould come to this; his wits are gone. (*Aside.*)

Edg. Frateretto (3) calls me, and tells me, Nero (4) is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Lear. Right, ha! ha!—was it not pleasant to have a thousand with red-hot spits come hissing in upon them?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They mar my counterfeiting. (*Aside.*)

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at 'em: 'vaunt, ye curs!

Be thy mouth or black, or white, (5)

Tooth that poisons, if it bite:

(1) A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country as a ward in the city.

(2) The names of the other punie spirits cast out of Trayford, were these: "Hilco, Smolkin, Hilliol," &c. *Harsnet*, p. 49. *Percy*.

(3) *Frateretto*, *Fliberdigibet*, *Hoberdidance*, *Tocobatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice. These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confess." *Harsnet*, p. 49. *Percy*.

(4) *Mr. Oton* observes that *Rabelais*, B. 11. c. xxx. says that *Nero* was a siddler in hell, and *Trojan* an angler. *Nero* is introduced in the present play above eight hundred years before he was born.

(5) To have the roof of the mouth black is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine.

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
 Hound, or spaniel, brache, (1) or lym, (2)
 Bob-tail tike, (3) or trundle-tail ;
 Tom will make 'em weep and wail ;

For with throwing thus my head,

~~Dogs~~ leap the natch, and all are fled.—See, see,
 see. (*Throws his straw head dress at them.*)

Come, march to wakes, and fairs, and market-towns.

— Poor Tom, thy horn is dry. (*Crosses to L. H.*)

Lear. You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only I do not like the fashion of your garments ; you'll say they're Persian ; but no matter, let 'em be changed.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet ; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; (4) he gives the web, and the pin ; knits the elflock ; squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold ;
 He met the night-mare, and her nine fold,
 'Twas there he did appoint her ;
 He bid her alight, and her troth plight,
 And, aroint (5) the witch, aroint her.

Enter GLOSTER, and two Servants with Torches, L.H.

Glost. What, has your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ; Modu he is call'd, and Mahu. (6)

Glost. Go (*To Lear.*) with me, sir ; hard by I have a tenant. My duty cannot suffer me to obey in all your

(1) *Brache*, properly speaking is the female of the *Rache*, but is generally applied to bitches of every description. *Vide.*—*New Way to Pay Old Debts*, A. 1. S. 1.

(2) *A lym, or lyme*, was a blood-hound.

(3) *A Tijk*, is a Runick word for a little, or worthless dog.

(4) It is an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day ; at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock crowing.

(5) *Aroint*, or avoid, be gone.

(6) *Make* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams ; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend, called Modu. *Harsnet's Declaration*

daughters hard commands; though their injunctions be to bar my doors, and let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, yet I have ventur'd to come seek you out, and bring you where both fire and food are ready.

Kent. Good, my lord, take this offer.

Lear. First, let me talk with this philosopher.

(*Lear and Edgar sit on the ground.*)

Say, Stagyrite, (1) what is the cause of thunder?

Glost. Beseech you, sir, go with me.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you a word in private.

(*Whispers Edgar.*)

Kent. His wits are quite unsettled; good sir, let's force him hence.

(*To Gloster.*)

Glost. Can'st blame him? His daughters seek his death,

(*To Kent.*)

This bedlam but disturbs him the more: fellow, be gone.

(*Edgar rises.*)

Edg. Child (2) Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still fie, foh, and fum, (*Crosses to R.H.*) I smell the blood of a British man.—O, torture! (*Aside.*)

[*Exit R.H.U.E. into the hovel.*]

Glost. Now, I pry'thee, friend, let's take him in our arms;

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection.
Good sir, along with us.

Lear. You say right; let 'em anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature for these hard hearts?

Kent. I beseech your grace,—(*They raise him.*)

Lear. Hist!—make no noise, make no noise;—
Draw the curtains; closer, closer;—so, so, so,—we'll
go to supper i'the morning,—so, so, so.

(1) *Aristotle* so called from *Stagira*, a town in Macedonia, where he was born.

(2) The word *child* is often applied to knights.

[*King Lear falls asleep, and is carried off by Gloster and Kent, R.H. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter CORDELIA and ARANTHE, L.H.U.E.

Ar. Dear madam, rest you here, our search is vain ;
Look, here's a shed ; beseech you, enter here.

Cord. Pr'ythee, go in thyself, seek thy own ease ;
Where the mind's free, the body's delicate ;
This tempest but diverts me from the thought
Of what would hurt me more.

Enter Two RUFFIANS, L.H.U.E.

I Ruff. We've dogg'd them far enough ; this place
is private ; I'll keep 'em prisoners here within this
hovel, whilst you return, and bring Lord Edmund
hither ; but help me first to house 'em.—Now, dis-
patch. (*They seize Cordelia and Aranthe.*)

Cord. Help,—murder!—help.—Gods, some kind
thunderbolt
To strike me dead !

Ar. Help ! help !—

Enter EDGAR from the hovel, R.H.U.E.

Edg. What cry was that?—Ha ! women seiz'd by
ruffians.

Is this a place and time for villainy ?

Avaunt, ye bloodhounds.

(*Drives them off with his quarter-staff, L.H.*)

O, speak, what are ye, that appear to be
O' th' tender sex, and yet unguarded wander
Through the dead mazes of this dreadful night,
Where, though at full, the clouded moon scarce darts
Imperfect glimmerings ?

Cord. First, say, what art thou ?
Our Guardian Angel, that wert pleas'd to assume
This horrid shape to fright the ravishers ?

Edg. O, yield to thee.

(*Kneels.*)

My tumultuous blood !

By all my trembling veins, Cordelia's voice!
 'Tis she herself!—My senses, sure, conform
 To my wild garb, and I am mad indeed. *(Aside.)*

Cord. Whate'er thou art, befriend a wretched virgin,
 And if thou canst, direct our weary search. *(Aside.)*

Edg. Who relieves ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ that sleeps on the
 nettle, with the hedge-pig for his pillow?

Whilst Smug ply'd the bellows,
 She truck'd with her fellows;

The freckle-fac'd Mab

Was a blouze and a drab,

Yet Swithin made Obefon jealous.—O, torture!
(Aside.)

Ar. Alack! madam, a poor wand'ring lunatic.

Cord. And yet his language seem'd but now well-
 temper'd.

Speak, friend, to one more wretched than thyself;

And if thou hast one interval of sense,

Inform us, if thou canst, where we may find

A poor old man, who through this heath hath stray'd
 The tedious night.—Speak, saw'st thou such a one?

Edg. The king her father, whom she's come to seek
 Through all the terrors of this night: O gods!
 That such amazing piety, such tenderness,
 Shou'd yet to me be cruel!——*(Aside.)*

Yes, fair one, such a one was lately here,
 And is convey'd by some that came to seek him
 To a neighbouring cottage; but distinctly where
 I know not.

Cord. Blessings on them!

Let's find him out, Aranthe; for thou seest
 We are in heaven's protection. *(Going off, R.H.)*

Edg. O Cordelia!

Cord. Ha!———Thou know'st my name.

Edg. As you did once know Edgar's.

Cord. Edgar!

Edg. The poor remains of Edgar, what
 Your scorn has left him.

Cord. Do we wake, Aranthe?

Edg. My father seeks my life, which I possess
 In hope of some blest minute to oblige

Distrest Cordelia, and the gods have given it ;
 That thought alone prevail'd with me to take
 This frantic dress, to make the earth my bed,
 With these bare limbs all change of seasons 'bide,
 Noon's scorching heat, and midnight's piercing cold,
 To eat upon the earth, and to drink with herds,
 To combat with the winds, and be the sport
 Of clowns, or, what's more wretched yet, their pity.

Cord. Was ever tale so full of misery !

Edg. But such a fall as this, I grant, was due
 To my aspiring love ; for 'twas presumptuous,
 Though not presumptuously pursued ;
 For, well you know, I wore my flame conceal'd,
 And silent, as the lamps that burn in tombs ;
 Till you perceiv'd my grief, with modest grace
 Drew forth the secret, and then seal'd my pardon.

Cord. You had your pardon, nor can challenge
 more.

Edg. What do I challenge more ?

Such vanity agrees not with these rags :
 When in my prosp'rous state, rich Gloster's heir,
 You silenc'd my pretences, and enjoin'd me
 To trouble you upon that theme no more ;
 Then what reception must love's language find
 From these bare limbs, and beggar's humble weeds ?

Cord. Such as the voice of pardon to a wretch con-
 demned ;

Such as the shouts
 Of succouring forces to a town besieg'd.

Edg. Ah ! what new method now of cruelty ?

Cord. Come to my arms, thou dearest, best of men,
 And take the kindest vows that e'er were spoke
 By a protesting maid.

Edg. Is't possible ?

Cord. By the dear vital stream that bathes my heart,
 These hallow'd rags of thine, and naked virtue,
 These abject tassels, these fantastic shreds,
 To me are dearer than the richest pomp
 Than purpled monarchs.

Edg. O, Generous, charming maid ! (*They embrace*)

Cord. Cold and weary,
We'll rest a while, Aranthe, on that straw,
Then forward to find out the poor old king.

[*Exit Aranthe into the hovel, R.H.U.E.*]

Edg. Look, I have flint and steel, the implements
Of wand'ring lunatics; I'll strike a fire,
And make a fire beneath this shed, to dry
Thy storm-drenched garments, ere thou lie to rest
thee;

Then, fierce and wakeful as th' Hesperian dragon,
I'll watch beside thee to protect thy sleep:
Meanwhile the stars shall dart their kindest beams,
And angels visit my Cordelia's dreams.

[*Exeunt into the hovel, R.H.U.E.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Earl of Gloster's
Castle.*

*Enter the Duke of Cornwall, an open letter in his
hand, REGAN, EDMUND, EDWARD, Servants,
and four Guards, L.H.*

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
Regan, see here, a plot upon our state;

(*Gives her a Letter.*)

'Tis Gloster's character, who has betray'd
His double trust, of subject and of host.

Reg. Then double be our vengeance; this confirms
Th' intelligence that we but now receiv'd,
That he has been this night to seek the king.
But who, sir, was the kind discoverer?

Corn. Our eagle, quick to spy, and fierce to seize,
Our trusty Edmund.

Reg. 'Twas a noble service;

O, Cornwall, take him to thy deepest trust,
And wear him as a jewel at thy heart.

Edm. Think, sir, how hard a fortune I sustain,
That makes me thus repent of serving you.
Oh, that this treason had not been, or I
Not the discoverer!

Corn. Edmund, thou shalt find
A father in our love, and from this minute
We call thee earl of Gloster; but there yet
Remains another justice to be done,
And that's to punish this discarded traitor;
But, lest thy tender nature should relent
At his just sufferings, nor brook the sight,
We wish thee to withdraw.

Reg. The grotto, sir, within the lower grove
Has privacy, to suit a mourner's thought. (*Aside to him.*)

Edm. And there I may expect a comforter—
Ha, madam? (*Aside to her.*)

Reg. What may happen, sir, I know not;
But 'twas a friend's advice.—(*Aside to him.*)

[*Exit Edmund, R.H.*]

Corn. Bring in the traitor.

Enter GLOSTER, brought in by two Servants, L.H.

Bind fast his arms.

Glost. What mean your graces?

You are my guests; pray, do me no foul play.

Corn. Bind him, (*They bind him.*) I say, hard,
harder yet.

Reg. Now, traitor, thou shalt find—

Corn. Speak, rebel, where hast thou sent the king?
Whom, spite of our decree, thou saved'st last night.

Glost. I'm tied to th' stake, and I must stand the
course. (1)

Reg. Say where, and why, thou hast conceal'd him,
traitor. (*Crosses to Gloster.*)

Glost. Because I would not see thy cruel hands

Take out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister

Edg. O, the running of the dogs upon me.

Carve his anointed flesh ; but I shall see
The swift wing'd vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't thou shalt never : slaves, perform your
work ; (*The Servants take Gloster out, L.H.*)

Out with those treacherous eyes ; dispatch, I say.

Glost. (Within. L.H.) He that will thus to live
till he be old,

Give me some help.—O cruel ! oh, ye gods !

Edw. Hold, hold, my lord, I bar your cruelty ;
I cannot love your safety, and give way
To such inhuman practice.

Corn. Ah, my villain ! (1)

Edw. I have been your servant from my in-
fancy ;

But better service have I never done you,
Than with this boldness.

Corn. Take thy death, slave.

(*Stabs Edward, and puts up his dagger.*)

Edw. Nay, then, revenge, whilst yet my blood is
warm !

(*Draws his sword, runs Cornwall through the
body, and is carried off by two Guards, R.H.
Cornwall is supported by Servants.*)

Reg. Help here—are you not hurt, my lord ?

Glost. (Within. L.H.) Edmund, enkindle all the
sparks of nature

To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain,

Thou call'st on him that hates thee ; it was he
That broach'd thy treason, shew'd us thy dispatches ;
There—read, and save the Cambrian prince a labour.

(*Throws the letters out to him. L.H.*)

Glost. (Within. L.H.) O my folly !

Their Edgar was abus'd ; kind gods, forgive me
that !

Reg. How is't my lord ? (*To Cornwall.*)

Corn. Turn out that eyeless villain, let him smell

(1) Villain is here used in its original sense, one of low
tude.

His way to Cambray ; throw this slave upon a dunghill.
Regan, I bleed apace ; give me your arm.

*Exeunt Regan, L.H. Cornwall supported by his
Servants, R.H.*

SCENE II. — *A fine open Country.*

Enter EDGAR, in disguise, R.H.

Edg. The lowest and most abject thing of fortune
Stands still in hope, and is secure from fear.
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.—Who comes here?
(Retires a little up the stage.)

Enter GLOSTER, led by an OLD MAN, L.H.

My father poorly led ! depriv'd of sight !
The precious stones torn from their bleeding rings !
When will the measure of my woes be full ?

Old M. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glost. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone ;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;
Thee they may hurt.

Old M. You cannot see your way.

Glost. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;
I stumbled when I saw : O dear son Edgar !
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch, (1)
I'd say I had eyes again.

Edg. Alas ! he's sensible that I was wrong'd,
And, should I own myself, his tender heart
Would break betwixt the extremes of grief and joy.
(Aside.)

Old M. How now ? who's there ?

Edg. *(Advancing R.H. of Gloster.)* A charity for
poor Tom.—Play fair, and defy the foul fiend.—
O gods ! and must I still pursue this trade,
Trifling beneath such loads of misery ? *(Aside.)*

Old M. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. So in another scene, I see it feeling to

Glost. In the late storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm.
Where is the lunatic?

Old M. Here, my lord.

Glost. Get thee now away; if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a fife or two,
I'th' way to Dover, do't for ancient love,
And bring some cov'ring for this naked wretch,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old M. Alack, my lord, he's mad.

Glost. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee.

Old M. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit, L. II.]

Glost. Sirrah! naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot fool it longer.
(Aside.)

And yet I must—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed;
Believe't, poor Tom ev'n weeps his blind to see 'em.

Glost. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-
path.

Poor Tom has been scared out of his good wits. Bless
every true man's son from the foul fiend!

Glost. Here, take this purse; that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heav'n deal so still!
Thus let the griping usurer's hoard be scatter'd,
So distribution shall undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glost. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks dreadfully down on the roaring deep.
Bring me but to the very brink of it,
And I'll repair the poverty thou bear'st
With something rich about me—From that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm? poor Tom shall guide
thee.

Glost. Soft! for I hear the tread of pass-

Enter KENT, in his own Character, and CORDELIA,
L.H.

Cord. Ah me! Your fear's too true, it was the
king;
I spoke but even now with some that met him,
As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,⁽¹⁾ and furrow weeds,
With berries, burdocks, violets, daisies, poppies,
And all the idle flowers that grow
In our sustaining corn: conduct me to him,
To prove my last endeavours to restore him,
And heav'n so prosper thee!

Kent. I will, good lady.
Ha! Gloster here!—Turn, poor dark man, and hear
A friend's condolment, who, at sight of thine,
Forgets his own distress; thy old true Kent.

Glost. How! Kent? From whence return'd?

Kent. I have not, since my banishment, been absent,
But in disguise follow'd th' abandon'd king.
'Twas me thou saw'st with him in the late storm.

Glost. Let me embrace thee; had I eyes, I now
Should weep for joy; but let this trickling blood
Suffice instead of tears.

Cord. O, misery! (*Sees Gloster.*)
To whom shall I complain, or in what language?
Forgive, O wretched man, the piety
That brought thee to this pass; 'twas I that caus'd it;
I cast me at thy feet, and beg of thee (*Kneels.*)
To crush these weeping eyes to equal darkness,
If that will give thee any recompense.

Edg. Was ever season so distress as this? (*Aside.*)

Glost. I think, Cordelia's voice; rise, pious princess,
And take a dark man's blessing. (*Cordelia rises.*)
(*Kent and Gloster confer apart.*)

Cord. O, my Edgar!
My virtue's now grown guilty, works the bane
On those that do befriend me; heaven forsakes me;
And ~~dis~~ ^{his story} by the old herbalists written fumittery.

And, when you look that way, it is but just
That you should hate me too.

Edg. O, wave this cutting speech, and spare to
wound

A heart that's on the rack—

Glost. No longer cloud thee, Kent, in that disguise,
There's business for thee, and of noblest weight;
Our injur'd country is at length in arms,
Urg'd by the king's inhuman wrongs and mine,
And only want a chief to lead them on;
That task be thine.

Edg. (*Aside.*) Brave Britons! then there's life in't
yet.

Kent. Then have we one cast for our fortune still:
Come, princess, I'll bestow you with the king,
Then on the spur to head these forces.
Farewell, good Gloster; to our conduct trust.

Glost. And be your cause as prosp'rous, as 'tis just.

[*Exeunt; Kent and Cordelia, R.H. Edgar and
Gloster, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Albany's Palace*

Enter GONERIL, with a letter, and OSWALD, L.H.

Gon. It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity to his misery, to despatch him.

Osw. No, madam, he's return'd on speedy summons
Back to your sister.

Gon. Ah! I like not that;
Such speed must have the wings of love. Where's
Albany?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd;
I told him of the uproar of the peasants,
He smil'd at it; when I inform'd him
Of Gloster's treason,——

Gon. Trouble him no further;
Send word to our sister. Back to our sister.

Hasten, her musters on, and let her know,
I have given the distaff into my husband's hands;
That done, with special care deliver these despatches
In private, to young Gloster.

Enter CAPTAIN of the Guard, R.H.

Cap. O, madam, most unseasonable news!
The Duke of Cornwall's dead of his late wound,
Whose loss your sister has in part supply'd,
Making brave Edmund general of her forces.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But, being a widow, and my Gloster with her,
'T may blast the promis'd harvest of our love. (*Aside.*)
A word more, sir; (*To Oswald.*) add speed to your
journey;

And if you chance to meet with that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

[*Exeunt; Goneril and Capt. R.H. Oswald, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Country.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, as a Peasant, L.H.U.E.

Glost. When shall we come to'th' top of that same
hill?

Edg. We climb it now; mark, how we labour.

Glost. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horribly steep. Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glost. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glost. So may it be indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd, in nothing am I alter'd,
But my garments.

Glost. Methinks, you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; (*Crosses to R.H.*) here's the
place. How fearful

And ^{his} ~~dis~~ 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money, (1) That fellow handles his bow like a crow keeper;—draw me a clothier's yard. (2) A mouse, a mouse! Peace, ho! There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills; (3) *What* floun, barb; I'th' white, i'th' white—Hewgh! —Give the word. (4)

Edg. Sweet Majoram.

Lear. Pass.

(*Edgar crosses to L.H.*)

Glost. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha, Goneril! With a white beard? They flatter'd me like a dog, (5) and told me I had white hairs on my chin, (6) before the black ones were there.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—To say ay and no to every thing that I said,—Ay, and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came once to wet me, (7) and the winds to make me chatter, when the thunder wou'd not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men of their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Glost. That voice I well remember: is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king: when I do stare, See, how the subject quakes.

(1) It is evident from the whole of this speech, that Lear fancies himself in battle. *Press-money* was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's service, and it appears from some ancient statutes that it was felony in any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after receipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himself in *readiness*. The term is from the French "*prest*," ready.

(2) Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*.

"An arrow of a cloth-yard long

"Up to the head drew he." &c.

(3) A *bill* was a kind of battle axe, affixed to a long staff.

(4) Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch word.

(5) They play'd spaniel to me.

(6) They told me I had the wisdom of age, before I had attained

And *diz.* ^{of} seems to be an allusion to King Canute's behaviour, artiers flattered him as lord of the sea.

I pardon that man's life.—What was the cause?
Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No.—

'The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Engenders in my sight.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Let copu-
lation thrive;

For Gloster's bastard son was kinder to his father,
Than were my daughters, got i'th' lawful bed.

To't, luxury,(1) pell-mell; for I lack soldiers.

'There's money for thee.

Glost. Let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glost. Speak, sir, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Nay, do
thy worst, blind Cupid, I'll not love.—Read me this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glost. Were all the letters suns, I could not see.

Lear. Read, read, read.

Glost. What! with this case of eyes?

Lear. O ho! are you there with me? No eyes in
your head, nor no money in your purse? Yet you see
how this world goes.

Glost. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What! art mad? A man may see how this
world goes, with no eyes. Look with thy ears: see
how you justice rails on you simple thief.—Hark, in
thine ear; shake 'em together, and the first that drops,
be it thief or justice, is a villain.—Thou hast seen a
farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glost. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the man run from the cur; there thou
might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's
obey'd in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody
hand! Why dost thou lash that strumpet? Thou
lust'st to enjoy her in that kind for which thou
whipp'st her; do, do! the judge that sentenc'd her
has been before hand with thee.

Glost. How stiff is my vile sense that yields not yet!
I tell thee, the usurer hangs the cozener.—

The better'd cloaths small vices do appear;

Robes and fur-gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.—
 Why there 'tis for thee, friend; make much of it;
 It has the power to seal the accuser's lips. Get thee
 glass eyes, and, like a scurvy politician, seem to see
 the things thou dost not.—Pull, pull off my boots;
 hard, harder; so, so.

Glost. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster.
 Thou' must be patient; we came crying hither;
 Thou know'st, the first time that we taste the air,
 We wail and cry.—I'll preach to thee: mark me.

Edg. Break, lab'ring heart!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools,——

Enter Physican and two Knights, R.H.U.E.

Phys. O! here he is; lay hand upon him.—sir, .
 Your dearest daughter sends——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
 the natural fool of fortune. Use me well, you shall
 have ransom.—Let me have surgeons. Oh! I am
 cut to the brains.

Phys. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
 I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What!
 I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
 My masters, know you that?

Phys. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

~~*Lear.*~~ It were an excellent stratagem to shoe a troop
 of horse with felt; (1) I'll put it in proof.—No noise, no
 noise.—Now will we steal upon these sons-in-law, and
 then——Kill, kill, kill, kill!

[Exeunt King Lear, and the Physicians, R.H.]

(1) i. e. With flocks kneaded to a mass, a practise sometimes
 used in former ages

Edg. A sight most moving in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking in a king!

Glost. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
strokes,

And prone to pity by experienc'd sorrows.
Give me your hand.

Glost. You, gentle gods, take my breath from me,
And let not my ill genius tempt me more
To die before you please.

Enter OSWALD, L.H.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! O most happily met!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy, traitor,
The sword is out that must destroy thee.

(Draws his Sword.)

Glost. Now let thy friendly hand put strength
enough to't. *(Edgar raises his Staff.)*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence,
Lest I destroy thee too; let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without 'vurther
'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave; or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor
volk pass; and chu'd ha' bin' zwagger'd out of my
life, it would not have been zo long as tis by a vort-
night.—Nay, an' thou com'st near th' old man,
I'st try whether your costard(1) or my ballow be th'
harder.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come, no matter
vor your foines.(2) *(Edgar knocks him down.)*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me; oh! untimely death!
(Dies.)

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;

(Costard, head.)

(Edg.) is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing.

As dutcous to the vices of thy mistress,
As lust could wish.

Glost. What? Is he dead?

Edg. This is a letter-carrier, and may have
Some papers of intelligence, that may stand
Our party in good stead to know.—What's here?

(Takes a letter out of his pocket, and reads it.)
To *Edmund Earl of Gloster.*

*(Reads.)—Let our mutual loves be remember'd:
you have many opportunities to cut Albany off. If
he return the Conqueror, then I am still a prisoner,
and his bed my jail; from the loath'd warmth of
which deliver me, and supply the place for your la-
bour.*

GONERIL.

A plot upon the duke her husband's life,
And the exchange my brother!— *(Aside.)*

In time and place convenient I'll produce
This letter to the sight of th' injur'd duke,
As best shall serve our purpose.

(A march at a distance, L.H.)

Come, your hand;

Far off, methinks I hear the beaten drum;

Come, sir, I will bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.—King Lear asleep on a
couch, R.H.*

*/CORDELIA, R.H. seated, PHYSICIAN, and two KNIGHTS
standing by him.*

Cord. All bless'd secrets;
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears—be aidant and remediate,

In the good man's distress—

Oh, you kind heavens,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature,

Th' untun'd and jarring senses, Oh wind up,

Of this child-changed father. (1)

Phys. We have employ'd the utmost pow'r of art,
And this deep rest will perfect our design.

Cord. O Regan! Goneril! Inhuman sisters!
Had he not been your father, these white hairs
Had challeng'd sure some pity! Was this a face
To be expos'd against the jarring winds?
My enemy's dog, though he had bit me, shou'd
Have stood that night against my fire.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cord. O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy med'cine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy rev'ence made. He wakes;
Speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cord. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'th' grave.

(*Lear rises, and Cordelia supports him down to
the front of the Stage.*)

Cord. (On L.H.)—Speak to me, sir; who am I?

Lear. You are a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cord. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon grow
more compos'd.

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair
day-light?

I am mightily abus'd: I should even die with pity

(1) *Phys.* is figuratively a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps re-
duced to a child's condition by his children.

(2) *Phys.* is nothing more than recovery personified.

To see another thus. I will not swear,
These are my hands.

Cord. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in blessing o'er me. (*Lear at-
tempts to kneel.*)—Nay,
You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish, fond, old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Cord. Nay, then farewell to patience! Witness for
me,

Ye mighty pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd 'till now!

Lear. Methinks, I shou'd know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not these garments; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night.—Pray, do not mock me;
For, as I am a man, I think that lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. O, my dear, dear father!

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith; pray, do not
weep.

I know, I have giv'n thee cause, and am so humbled
With crosses since, that I could ask,
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou couldst grant it;

If thou hast poison for me, I will drink it,

Bless thee, and die. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Cord. O, pity, sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language.

Lear. Tell me, friends, where am I?

Phys. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam; for the violence
Of his distemper's past; we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, 'till he is better settled.
Will it please you, sir, walk into freer air?

Lear. You must bear with me; I am old and foolish.
Forget and forgive.

(*The Physician leads off King Lear, followed by two Knights, L.H.*)

Cord. The Gods restore you!—(*A distant march.*)
 Hark, I hear afar
 The beaten drum. Old Kent's a man of's word.
 Oh! for an arm
 Like the fierce thunderer's when the earth-born sons
 Storm'd heav'n, to fight this injur'd father's battle!
 That I cou'd shift my sex, and dye me deep
 In his opposer's blood! But, as I may,
 With wooden's weapons, piety and pray'rs,
 I'll aid his cause.—You never-erring gods,
 Fight on his side, and thunder on his foes
 Such tempests, as his poor aged head sustain'd!
 Your image suffers when a monarch bleeds;
 'Tis your own cause; for that your succours bring;
 Revenge yourselves, and right an injur'd king.
[*Exit, 11.*]

SCENE II.—*A Valley near the Field of Battle.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER, R.H.U.E.

Edg. Here, sir, take you the shadow of this tree
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Glost. Thanks, friendly sir;
 The fortune your good cause deserves betide you!
(*An alarm within, L.H.*)

The fight grows hot; the whole war's now at work,
 And the wor'd battle bleeds in every vein,
 Whilst drums and trumpets drown loud clang'rs:
 Hear.

Why'st thou Gloster now, that us'd to head the onset,
 To pour the ranks where deadliest danger lay?
 Like a shepherd, in a lonely shade,
 Harm'd, and listening to the fight.
 Of shelter, thou blind worm, but earth
 Into fields the war may come this way,

And crush thee into rest — *(Advances a little.)*
 O, da k despair! When, Edgar, wilt thou come
 To pardon, and dismiss me to the grave?

(A retreat sounded, L.H.)
 Hark! a retreat; the king, I fear, has lost.

Re-enter EDGAR, L.H.

Edg. Away, old man; give me your hand; away!
(Crosses to R.H.)

King Lear has lost; he and his daughter ta'en:

And this, ye gods, is all that I can save

Of this most precious wreck. Give me your hand.

Glost. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must
 endure

Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.

Glost. And that's true too. *[Exeunt, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle.*

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

*Enter the CAPTAIN of the Guard and Soldiers,
 GONERIL, ALBANY, REGAN, and EDMUND, with
 KING LEAR, KENT, and CORDELIA, in Chains,—
 Herald and Prisoners, L.H.*

Alb. (R.H.) It is enough to have conquer'd; cruelty
 Shou'd ne'er survive the fight. Captain o'the guards,
 Treat well your royal prisoners, 'till you have
 Our farther orders, as you hold our pleasure.

Capt. Hark, sir, not as you hold our husband's
 pleasure, *(To the Captain aside.)*

But as you hold your life, despatch your pris'ners.
 Our empire can have no sure settlement
 But in their death.

Capt. I shall obey your orders.

(Crosses behind to L.H.)
Edm. (L.H.) Sir, I approve it best to pronounce

Sentence of death upon this wretched king,
Whose age has charms in it, his title more,
To draw the commons once more to his side ;
'Twere best prevent——

Alb. Sir, by your favour,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Have you forgot that he did lead our pow'rs ?
Bore the commission of our place and person ?
And that authority may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot ;
In his own merits he exalts himself
More than in your addition. (*Trumpet sounds, R.H.*)

Enter EDGAR, disguis'd, R.H.

Alb. What art thou ?

Edg. Pardon me, sir, that I presume to step
A prince and conq'ror ; yet, ere you triumph,
Give ear to what a stranger can deliver
Of what concerns you more than triumph can.
I do impeach your general there of treason,
Lord Edmund, that usurps the name of Gloster,
Of foulest practice 'gainst your life and honour :
This charge is true ; and, wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
In single combat what I do avouch,
If Edmund dares but trust his cause and sword.

Edm. What will not Edmund dare ?—(*Crosses to
Centre.*)—My lord, I beg
The favour that you'd instantly appoint
The place where I may meet this challenger :
Whom I will sacrifice to my wrong'd fame :
Remember, sir, that injur'd honour's nice,
And cannot brook delay.

Alb. anon, before our tent i'th' army's view,
There let the herald cry.

Edg. I thank your highness in my champion's name :
He'll wait your trumpet's call. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Alb. Lead to our tent. [*Exeunt, R.H.*
(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Maient KING LEAR, KENT, CORDELIA, CAPTAIN OF
the Guard, Banners, and Soldiers.

Lear. O Kent! Cordelia!

(*They advance to the front.*)

You are the only pair that I e'er wrong'd,
And the just gods have made you witnesses
Of my disgrace;— the very shame of fortune,
'To see me chain'd and shackled at these years!
Yet were you but spectators of my woes,
Not fellow-sufferers, all were well.

Cord. This language, sir, adds yet to our affliction.

Lear. Thou, Kent, didst head the troops that fought
my battle,

Exposed'st thy life and fortunes for a master,
That had, as I remember, banish'd thee.

Kent. Pardon me, sir, that once I broke your orders :
Banish'd by you, I kept me here disguis'd,
'To watch your fortunes, and protect your person ;
You know you entertain'd a rough, blunt fellow,
One Caius, and you thought he did you service.

Lear. My trusty Caius, I have lost him too!
'Twas a rough honesty.

Kent. I was that Caius,
Disguis'd in that coarse dress to follow you.

Lear. My Caius too! Was't thou my trusty Caius?
Enough, enough——

Cord. Ah me, he faints! his blood forsakes his cheek!
Help, Kent,——

Lear. No, no, they shall not see us weep,
We'll see them rot first.—Guards, lead away to prison.
Come, Kent; Cordelia, come.—Ha! have I caught
you?

He that parts us, must bring a brand from heav'n;
Together we'll out-toil the spite of hell,
And die the wonders of the world.—Away.

[*Exeunt, Captain, Kent, Lear, Cordelia, and
Guards, L.H.*

SCENE IV.—*The Duke of Albany's Tent.*

Flourish, L.H.—Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY, EDMUND, Herald, Attendants, and Soldiers, L.H.

Alb. Now, Gloster, trust to thy single virtue (1) for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Ta'en their discharge. Now, let our trumpets speak,
And, herald, read out this.

(Herald reads)—*If any man of quality, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, suppos'd Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet; he is bold in his defence.*

Sound!—again!—again!

(The trumpet sounds at each order; and is then answered from within, R.H. Herald goes to L.H. and stands in front of the Guard.)

Enter EDGAR, R.H. in Armour.

Alb. Lord Edgar!

Edm. Ha! my brother!

This is the only combatant I cou'd fear;
For in my breast guilt duels on his side.
But, conscience, what have I to do with thee?
Awe thou thy dull legitimate slaves; but I
Was born a libertine, and so I keep me.—*(Aside, L.H.)*

Edg. My noble prince, a word;—Ere we engage,
Into your highness' hands I give this paper;
It will the truth of my impeachment prove,
Whatever be my fortune in the fight.

Alb. We shall peruse it.

Edg. *(Draws.)* Now, Edmund, draw thy sword,
That, if my speech has wrong'd a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: Here, i'th' presence
Of this high prince,
I brand thee with the spotted name of traitor,

(1) *Virtue*, a Roman sense of the word.

False to thy gods, thy father, and thy brother ;
 And, what is more, thy friend, false to this prince ;
~~If then, thou shar'st a spark of Gloster's virtue,~~
 Acquit thyself ; or, if thou shar'st his courage,
 Meet this defiance bravely.

Edm. And dares Edgar, *(Crosses to Centre.)*
 The beaten, routed Edgar, brave his conqueror ?
 From all thy troops and thee I forc'd the field ;
 Thou hast lost the gen'ral stake, and art thou now
 Come with thy petty single stock to play
 This after-game ?

Edg. Half-blooded man,
 Thy father's sin first, then his punishment.
 From thy licentious mother
 Thou draw'st thy villainy ; but, for thy part
 Of Gloster's blood, I hold thee worth my sword.

Edm. Thou bear'st thee on thy mother's piety,
 Which I despise ; thy mother being chaste,
 Thou art assur'd thou art but Gloster's son ;
 But mine, disdaining constancy, leaves me
 To hope that I am sprung from nobler blood,
 And possibly a king might be my sire :
 But be my birth's uncertain chance as 'twill,
 Who 'twas that had the hit to father me,
 I know not ; 'tis enough that I am I ;
 Of this one thing I'm certain, that I have
 A daring soul, and so have at thy heart.

(Trumpets sound ;—They fight ;—Edmund falls.)
 'Tis past,—and so am I.

Edg. As thou art my father's son,
 Exchange we charity on thy repentance.

Edm. Thy sword has prov'd thy truth.—Forgive me
 Edgar.—

Edg. Ere life leaves me, let me do some good,
 In despite of my own nature :—Quickly send,
 Be brief, into the castle ; for my order
 Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia.

Edg. O, let us fly, my lord, to save their lives !

Alb. The heav'ns defend them !—Bear him hence a
 while.

[*Exeunt the Duke of Albany and Edgar, with a part of the Soldiers, L.H. and the other part bear Edmund away, R.H.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*A Prison.*

*King Lear discovered asleep on a truss of straw.
Cordelia seated, R.H.*

Cord. What toils, thou wretched king, hast thou
endur'd,
To make thee draw, in chains, a sleep so sound!
Thy better angel charm thy ravish'd mind
With fancied freedom! Peace is us'd to lodge
On cottage straw; thou hast the beggar's bed;
Therefore should'st have the beggar's careless
thought.—

And now, my Edgar, I remember thee:
What fate has seiz'd thee in this general wreck
I know not, but I know thou must be wretched,
Because Cordelia holds thee dear.—
O gods! a sudden gloom o'erwhelms me, and the
image
Of death o'erspreads the place.—Ha! who are these?

*Enter CAPTAIN of the Guard, another OFFICER,
and Soldiers with Cords, L.H.*

Capt. Now, sirs, despatch; already you are paid
In part, the best of your rewards to come.

Lear. (*In his sleep.*) Charge, charge upon their
flank! their left wing halts;
Push, push the battle, and the day's our own;
Their ranks are broken; down, down with Albany.—
Who holds my hands?—(*Wakes.*)—O, thou deceiving
sleep,
I was this very minute on the chase,
And now a pris'ner here!—What mean the slaves?
You will not murder me?

Cord. Help, earth and heaven!
For your souls' sake, dear sirs, and for the gods'—

Off. No tears, good lady; no pleading against gold
and preferment.

Come, sit, make ready your cords.

Cord. You, sir, I'll seize, (*Kneels.*)
You have a human form; and, if no prayers
Can touch your soul to spare a poor king's life,
If there be any thing that you hold dear,
By that I beg you to despatch me first.

Capt. Comply with her request; despatch her
first. (*They draw her down to L.H.*)

Lear. Off, hell-hounds! by the gods I charge you,
spare her;

'Tis my Cordelia, my true pious daughter;—
No pity?—Nay, then take an old man's vengeance.

*(King Lear starts forward to L.H. snatches a
sword from the officer, and strikes down the
two soldiers who had seized Cordelia.—Flou-
rish, L.H.)*

*Enter EDGAR, the Duke of ALEANY, and King Lear's
Knights, L.H.*

Edg. Death! Hell! ye vultures, hold your impious
hands,
Or take a speedier death than you wou'd give.

Alb. Guards, seize those instruments of cruelty.

[Exeunt the Captain and two Guards, L.H.]

Cord. Oh, my Edgar!

Edg. My dear Cordelia! Lucky was the minute
Of our approach; the gods have weigh'd our sufferings;
W' have pass'd the fire, and now must shine to ages.

Knight. Look here, my lord; see, where the gener-
ous king
Has slain two of 'em.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

Have seen the day, with my good biting faulehion
Could have made 'em skip;—(*Crosses to Centre.*)—

I am old now,
And these vile crosses spoil me; out of breath,
Fie, oh! quite out of breath, and spent.

Alb. Bring in old Kent;—[*Exit a knight, c.H.*]—
and, Edgar, guide you hither
Your father, who, you said was near.

[*Exit, Edgar.*]

Enter KENT and the KNIGHT, L.H. Kent advances to the King, L.H. and the Knight goes to his former place.

Lear. Who are you?
My eyes are none o'th' best, I'll tell you straight:
(*To Albany.*)

Oh, Albany! Well, sir, we are your captives,
And you are come to see death pass upon us.
Why this delay?—Or, is't your highness' pleasure
To give us first the torture? Say you so?
Why here's old Kent, and I, as tough a pair
As e'er bore tyrant stroke;—but my Cordelia,
My poor Cordelia here, O pity—

Alb. Thou injur'd majesty,
The wheel of fortune now has made her circle,
And blessings yet stand 'twixt thy grave and thee.

Lear. Com'st thou, inhuman lord, to sooth us back
To a fool's paradise of hope, to make
Our doom more wretched? Go to; we are too well
Acquainted with misfortune, to be gull'd
With lying hope; no, we will hope no more.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Alb. I have a tale t'unfold, so full of wonder,
As cannot meet an easy faith;
But, by that royal injur'd head, 'tis true.

Kent. What would your highness?

Alb. Know, the noble Edgar
Impeach'd lord Edmund, since the fight, of treason,
And dar'd him for the proof to single combat,
In which the gods confirm'd his charge by conquest.
I e'en now the traitor wounded mortally.

Lear. And whither tends this story?

(*Turns back to Center*)

Ere they fought,
Edgar gave into my hands this paper,

A blacker scroll of treason and of lust
Than can be found in the records of hell :
Here, sacred sir, behold the character
Of Goneril, the worst of daughters, but
More vicious wife.

Cord. Could there be yet addition to their guilt ?
What will not they that wrong a father do ?

Alb. Since then my injuries, Lear, fall in with thine,
I have resolv'd the same redress for both.

Kent. What says my lord ?

Cord. Speak ; for methought I heard
The charming voice of a descending god.

Alb. The troops by Edmund rais'd, I have disbanded :
Those that remain are under my command.
What comfort may be brought to cheer your age,
And heal your savage wrongs, shall be apply'd ;
For to your majesty we do resign
Your kingdom, save what part yourself conferr'd
On us in marriage.

Kent. Hear you that, my liege ?

Cord. Then there are gods, and virtue is their care.

Lear. Is't possible ?

Let the spheres stop their course, the sun make halt,
The winds be hush'd, the seas and fountains rest,
All nature pause, and listen to the change !
Where is my Kent, my Caius ?

Kent. Here, my liege,

Lear. Why, I have news that will recall thy youth ;
Ha ! didst thou hear't ?—or did th' inspiring gods
Whisper to me alone ?—Old Lear shall be
A king again.

Kent. The prince, that like a god has pow'r, has
said it.

Lear. Cordelia then shall be a queen, mark that ;
Cordelia shall be queen : winds catch the sound,
I hear it on your rosy wings to heav'n,
Cordelia is a queen.

Look, sir, where pious Edgar comes,
To beg his eyeless father. O my liege,
This prodigious story well deserves your leisure ;

What he has done and suffer'd for your sake,
What for the fair Cordelia's.

Re-enter EDGAR with GLOSTER, J.H.

Glost. Where's my liege? Conduct me to his
knees, to hail

His second birth of empire: My dear Edgar
Has, with himself, reveal'd the king's blest restoration.

Lear. My poor dark Gloster!

Glost. O let me kiss that once more scepter'd hand!

Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the majesty; kneel
here;

Cordelia has our pow'r, Cordelia's queen:

Speak, is not that the noble, suff'ring Edgar?

Glost. My pious son, more dear than my lost eyes.

Lear. I wrong'd him too; but here's the fair
amends.

Edg. Your leave, my liege, for an unwelcome mes-
sage.

Edmund, but that's a trifle, is expir'd.

What more will touch you, your imperious daughters,

Goneril and haughty Regan, both are dead,

Each by the other poison'd at a banquet:

This, dying, they confess'd.

Cord. O fatal period of ill-govern'd life!

Lear. Ingrateful as they were, my heart feels yet
A pang of nature for their wretched fall.—

But, Edgar, I defer thy joys too long:

Thou serv'dst distress'd Cordelia; take her crown'd,

Th' imperial grace fresh blooming on her brow:

Nay, Gloster, thou hast here a father's right;

Thy helping hand to heap blessings on their heads.

Kent. Old Kent throws in his hearty wishes too.

Edg. The gods and you too largely recompense
What I have done; the gift strikes merit dumb.

Cord. Nor do I blush to own myself o'erpaid
For all my suff'rings past.

Edg. Divine Cordelia, all the gods can witness
How much thy love to empire I prefer.

Whatever storms of fortune are decreed,
That truth and virtue shall at last succeed.

Glost. Now, gentle gods, give Gloster his discharge

Lear. No, Gloster, thou hast business yet for life;

Thou, Kent, and I, retir'd to some close cell,

Will gently pass our short reserves of time

In calm reflections on our fortunes past,

Cheer'd with relation of the prosperous reign

Of this celestial pair; thus our remains

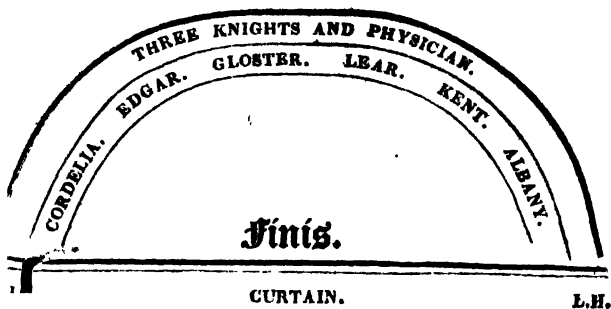
Shall in an even course of thought be past,

Enjoy the present hour, nor fear the last.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)



Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





1804
1805

Engraved by Thomson from an original drawing.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE INCONSTANT;
OR, THE WAY TO WIN HIM,

A COMEDY:

By G. Farquhar.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

ISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

1820.

W. Oxberry, and Co.
2, White Hart St

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. MOTIEUX.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks ;
Plays are like suppers ; poets are the cooks.
The founders you ; the table is this place ,
The carvers we ; the prologue is the grace.
Each act a course, each scene a diff'rent dish ;
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough ;
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit is the wine ; but, 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintner's, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butchers' meat ; a battle's a sirloin.
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, though stale, can please,
Your rakes love *haut-gouls*, like your d—'d French cheese.
Your rarity for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon ;
Or, your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age ;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage.
For when you're treated with different cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt cream ; stage-whims, mere trash ;
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
It comedy—that, that's the darling cheer,
This night we hope you'll an *Inconstant* bear ;
And fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.

Yet since each mind betrays a different taste,
And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favour crav'd, up let the music strike ;
You're welcome all—now fall to, where you like.

}

Remarks.

THE INCONSTANT.

This comedy is little more than the *Wild Goose Chase* of Beaumont and Fletcher, translated from blank verse into prose; the original, however, is like all originals, infinitely beyond the translation; there is the same difference between them that there is between a picture and the living being it portrays; the colours are the same, the features are the same in either; but life is wanting in the portrait, and Farquhar's *Inconstant* is the portrait; a good likeness it must be allowed, but still it is nothing more than a likeness; the more we look at it, the more we are inclined to admire the artist; what a happy resemblance! beautiful colouring! admirable composition!—but how dull it looks when placed by the original.

Farquhar's comedies seem rather the products of exuberant spirits than of wit or genius; he would have made just as good an artist as a comic writer; he would have painted as he has written, from the overflowings of a joyous disposition; one is always inclined to wonder how he acquired so much sedateness as to tell a story with consistent regularity; and yet there was nothing of the poet in Farquhar's composition, or he never would have undertaken such a metamorphosis, or have executed it so indifferently; the hero of the *Wild Goose Chase* is the creation of poetry; in taking away his wild but poetical costume, Farquhar has reduced Mirabel into a something which is neither real nor poetical; a sculptor might as well think of reducing the height of a statue by cutting off its head. Were a writer of the present day to take as many and as great liberties with Farquhar's writings as he has taken with those of Beaumont and Fletcher, how excellently would he be criticized, and hypercriticized by the liberal school of modern criticism; that school which has ordained that no popular novel shall be dramatized without the aid of paste and shears; that expects

the incidents of three volumes to be told in three hours; that looks upon Walter Scott to be the greatest of poets, and Edinburgh to be the most classic of cities.

The chief merit of this piece is in the character of Duretête; his awkward modesty, and modest impudence, are highly diverting; but though the character itself is true to nature, the incidents which are employed to its development are in the broadest style of farce, and therefore in the highest degree objectionable; the Lady Beatrice, too, falls into the common error of mistaking impudence for wit; she lays aside the modesty of a woman without acquiring the energies of a man.

Our preference of Beaumont and Fletcher's play is something opposed to the taste of Farquhar, for he seems only to have entertained a slight suspicion that such authors could be ever heard of; it is curious to see how he wavers between the fear of detection and the assurance of escaping;—he says in his preface, "I took the hint from Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase;" in other words, "If you should happen to read Beaumont and Fletcher's play, I have confessed my plagiarism; if you never meet with it, I am indebted to the Wild Goose Chase for a *hint* only." He observes, moreover, the turn of the plot in the last act is a matter of fact, and is borrowed from "An Adventure of the Chevalier de Chatillon."

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY NATHANIEL ROWE, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

FROM Fletcher's great original, to-day,
We took the hint of this—our modern play ;
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant ;
With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove,
With language, and with softness fram'd to move. }
With little truth, but with a world of love. }
Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat, }
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yct. }
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way ;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise,
There's danger still in darkness and surprise ;
Though from his rampart he defied the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom, and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success :
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
And wastes a ten years siege before one town.
For her own sake, let no forsaken maid,
Our wanderer, for want of love, upbraid ;
Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy pow'r to please.
If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a week ;

As princes, when they resty statesmen doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.
Whate'er you think, grave uses may be made,
And much ev'n for inconstancy be said.
Let the good man for marriage rites design'd,
With studious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over ev'ry page of womankind;
Mark ev'ry sense, and how the readings vary,
And when he knows the worst on't—let him marry.

Costume.

OLD MIRABEL.

Puce coloured spotted suit, embroidered loops.

YOUNG MIRABEL.

Green regimental coat, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches.

DURETÊTE.

Ibid. .

DUGARD.

Blue coat, buff kerseymere waistcoat and breeches.

PETIT.

Livery.

PAGE.

Green jacket, orange waistcoat and breeches.

BRAVOES.

Red coats, cocked hats, blue waistcoats, and red breeches.

SOLDIERS.

Grey Regimentals.

BISARRE.

Spangled muslin dress, festooned up with roses.

ORIANA.

First dress.—White satin body, and muslin petticoat trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—White muslin, black and white veils, stole and rosary.—Third dress.—Brown coat and trowsers, white waistcoat.

LAMORCE.

Pink muslin dress, trimmed with silver.

Persons Represented.

As it was originally Acted.

	1702.	1772.
	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Old Mirabel</i>	Mr. Penkethman.	Mr. Shuter
<i>Young Mirabel</i>	Mr. Wilks.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Duretête</i>	Mr. Bullock.	Mr Woodward.
<i>Dugard</i>	Mr Mills.	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Petit</i>	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Cushing.
<i>Oriana</i>	Miss Rogers.	Mrs. Lessingham.
<i>Bizarre</i>	Mrs. Verbruggen.	Miss Macklin.
<i>Lamorce</i>	Mrs. Kent	Mrs. Dyer.

Drury-lane, 1820.

<i>Old Mirabel</i>	Mr. Dowton
<i>Young Mirabel</i>	Mr. Rae.
<i>Duretête</i>	Mr. Harley.
<i>Dugard</i>	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Petit</i>	Mr. Fisher.
<i>Page</i>	Mr. H. Seymour.
<i>Bravoes</i> Messrs.	{ Maddocks, Evans, Cooke, Minton.
<i>Oriana</i>	Miss Boyce.
<i>Bizarre</i>	Mrs Alsop.
<i>Lamorce</i>	Mrs. Scott.

Soldiers, Servants, Attendants, &c.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and fifty-six minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty-three minutes,—the second, twenty-six;—the third, twenty-six;—the fourth, fifteen, and the fifth, thirty. The half price commences, generally, at about half-past eight o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R H.....	1 st meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....	Left Hand.
S. E.....	Second Entrance.
U. E.....	Upper Entrance.
M. D.....	Middle Door.
D. F.....	Door in flat.
R. H. D.....	Right Hand Door.
L. H. D.....	Left Hand Door.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

On the First of May, 1820, was Published, No. 1. of a New Monthly Publication, entitled

The Spirit of the Magazines;

OR,

BEAUTIES OF MODERN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

WE are fully aware that no Prospectus has been issued, for the last fifty years, without an overwhelming weight of brilliant promises, the largest portion of which are beyond the reach of possibility to effect, though the most refined talent, and unwearied assiduity, toiled for their attainment. They all endeavour to impress upon the reader, that the work proposed is absolutely essential to the filling up of that nameless void, of which every person, possessing a taste for literature, was conscious, though none had been blest with the happy gift of defining it rightly, till the stupendous imagination of the great unknown (*i. e.* the writer of the Prospectus) placed it in his giant grasp, and bestowed upon him the proud triumph of hurling it at the feet of his astonished readers.

Now, with the conviction of the fallibility of others before us, it would be the height of presumption to tread in their very footsteps, borrowing the self-same web to extricate us from a labyrinth, in which they had been lost by its lamentable insufficiency; it would likewise betray a pitiful affectation in appreciating the failings of others, while we registered an indelible record for our own:—we shall, therefore, make no “rash vows,” but after simply developing the plan of our little work, submit its fate to the ordeal of an enlightened Public, at which MERIT is ever triumphant.

We trust it will not be deemed a violation of the above professions, in the first place, to call the attention of our readers to the vast number of Publications which are issued, periodically, from the Press; we likewise venture a remark upon the impracticability of many being enabled to peruse them *all*, even allowing that *every Article* in their voluminous assemblage possessed a degree of excellence equivalent to the *time* which must necessarily be devoted for that purpose:—as the latter clause appears to us *more than doubtful*, we would ask, “Would not a work, containing the carefully selected BEAUTIES of the whole, form an interesting source of valuable information—and, if but common attention were manifested in making that selection, (the extensive field which is open to us considered) can its Contents fail of rendering it worthy of patronage?” The success or failure of the undertaking must be our answer.

It now only remains to say, that a Number will be published on the First of each Month, containing the Selected BEAUTIES of all the Magazines for the Month preceding. A reference to the work from which it is extracted will be given with each Article, by which a fair opinion may in general be formed of the degree of value to be attached to the soil from whence it was transplanted. Each Number will contain 48 Pages, Octavo, of closely printed matter, on Fine Paper, Hotpressed, Price One Shilling. Seven Numbers (including a Supplement) will form a volume; with the Title and Index of which will be given an elegantly Engraved Frontispiece, illustrative of the most interesting subject in its contents.

Published for the Proprietors by SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Hill, to whom all Communications (post paid) are requested to be addressed.—Sold by Sherwood, & Co.,

NEW WEEKLY THEATRICAL REVIEW

On SATURDAY, July 1, will be published, in royal quarto, PRICE SIXPENCE, No. I. of a New Theatrical Review, TO BE CONTINUED WEEKLY, called The

Dramatic Observer :

In which the Stage and its dependencies will be touched upon with a mild, active, and impartial hand, so as to place the fair claims of our Metropolitan Theatres in that light of censure or of praise, to which their measures may be intitled.

The Editors of this Work are aware that an influence attaches to Entertainments of the Stage which becomes either salutary or unwholesome according to the principles upon which they are administered. Their present directors are intrusted with a great national charge. The taste, manners, and morals of the British people lie partially in their keeping ; and one of these individuals, upon a recent occasion, asserted in the plainest manner, that the eminence of our legitimate drama ought to be strengthened and preserved ; that it constituted the sole aim of his ambition, and formed the only basis of his power. To promote so desirable an object, this auxiliary publication has been projected. It offers no pledges, but will abide by its conduct ; and when found to be deficient in spirit, candour, and diligence, must cease to urge its critical utility, or appeal to public support.

THE INCONSTANT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter DUGARD and his Man PETIT, in Riding-Habits, L.H.

Dug. Sirrah, what's a clock?

Pet. Turn'd of eleven, sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Nemours since two this morning! Petit, run to Rousseau's, and bespeak a dinner at a louis-d'or a head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, sir?

Dug. Let me see; Mirabel one, Duretete two, myself three——

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, sir! at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom for want of better company; but among my friends at Paris, pray, remember your distance—Be gone, sir—*[Exit Petit, R.H.]*—This fellow's wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else.—Who's here? Old Mirabel and my sister! my dearest sister!

Enter OLD MIRABEL and ORIANA, L.H.

Ori. My brother! Welcome!

Dug. Monsieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to see you.

O. Mir. Honest Mr. Dugard, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your most humble servant.

Dug. Why, sir, you've cast your skin sure, you're brisk and gay, lusty health about you, no sign of age but your silver hairs.

O. Mir. Silver hairs! Then they are quicksilver hairs, sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver an they will. Adsbud, sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and——no, I can't wench. But, Mr. Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your son's come home, sir.

O. Mir. Come home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr. Dugard, what say ye?

Ori. Mr. Mirabel return'd, sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

O. Mir. Swear it, Mr. Dugard, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Bagnieurs, being a little disorder'd after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

O. Mir. What! and he was asham'd to ask a blessing with his boots on. A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine gentleman, sir. He'll be his own messenger.

O. Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me still?

Dug. Why yes, sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you as most modern sons are to their fathers.

O. Mir. Why, sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Ori. And pray, brother, what's become of his honest companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the captain? The very same he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew that could not change. Your son, Mr. Mirabel, is more obliged to nature for that fellow's composition than for his own; for he's more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable as finger and thumb; but the first instance in the world, believe, of opposition in friendship.

O. Mir. Very well; will he be home to dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to bespeak a dinner for us at Rousseau's, at a louis-d'or a head.

Mir. A louis-d'or a head! Well said, Bob; by blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improv'd. But, Mr. Dugard, was it so civil of Bob to visit Monsieur Rousseau before his own natural father, eh?—(*Crosses to Centre.*)—Harkye Oriana, what think you now of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole louis-d'or at sitting? He must be as strong as Hercules, life and spirit in abundance. Before Gad, I don't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve em. A louis-d'or a head! 'tis enough to stock the whole nation with bastards, 'tis faith. Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your sister. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Dug. Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, our looks resolve me; fair, tall, well-shap'd; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Ori. Why truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank nature and my toilet; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, sister, you remember that upon my going broad you would choose this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family than Prester John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune: therefore, pray be so kind as to tell me without reservation the true cause of making such a choice.

Ori. Lookye, brother, you were going a rambling,

and 'twas proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle Bizarre?

Ori. The same; we live merrily together, without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to bed when we please, rise when we will, all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays go first to church, and then to the play.—Now, brother, besides these motives for choosing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, sister; y love to young Mirabel is no secret, I can assure you but so public that all your friends are asham'd on't.

Ori. O'my word then, my friends are very bashful, though I am afraid, sir, that those people are not asham'd enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay but, sister, the people say——

Ori. Pshaw, hang the people; their court of inquiry is a tavern, and their informer claret: they think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loches: a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

Dug. Ay but, sister, there is still something——

Ori. If there be something, brother, 'tis none of the people's something; marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young Mirabel marry! He'll build churches sooner. Take heed, sister; though your honour stood proof to his home-bred assaults, you must keep a stricter guard for the future he has now got the foreign air, and the Italian softness; his wit's improved by converse, his behaviour finished by ob-

vation, and his assurances confirmed by success. Sister, I can assure you he has made his conquests; and 'tis a plague upon your sex, to be the soonest deceiv'd by those very men that you know have been false to others.

Ori. For heaven's sake, brother, tell me no more of his faults; for if you do I shall run mad for him; say no more, sir; let me but get him into the hands of matrimony, I'll spoil his wand'ring, I warrant him; I'll do his business that way, never fear. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Dug. Well, sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your lover; I expect when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and interest can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your happiness: in the mean time, sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble servant; a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has serv'd me honestly ever since.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd so insufferably on my good humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

Enter PETIT, R.H.

Well, sir, have you been at Rousseau's?

Pet. Yes, sir, and who should I find there but Mr. Mirabel and the captain, hatching as warmly over a tub of ice, as two hen pheasants over a brood.—They would not let me bespeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, sir, you shall serve my sister; I shall still continue kind to you.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Wait on your lady home, Petit. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pet. A chair, a chair, a chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next door.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Tavern.*

MIRABEL and DURETTE discovered rising from the Table.

Mir (L.H.) Welcome to Paris once more, my dear captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women, they look'd so lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid.—Give me the plump Venetian, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine, her person shining as the glass, and spirit like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel, Italy I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are such thin brawn-fall'n jades.

Mir. There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service t'ye.—Ha, Roma la santa! Italy for my money; their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, policies, wine and women! the paradise of the world;—not pester'd with a parcel of precise old gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of; commend me to the Italian familiarity: Here, son, there's fifty crowns, go and pay your girl her week's allowance.

Dur. Ay, these are your father's for you, that understand the necessities of young men: not like our musty dads, who, because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact; nay, every thing among 'em is so; a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is squab, a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short, a Dutch ship is broad-bottom'd; and, in short one would swear the whole product of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take such insufferable pains to ruin what nature has made so incomparably well. But come, *Dur.* let us mind the business in hand; mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place, and, upon a competent diligence, we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend? you know I am so plaguy bashful, so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that—

Mir. Pshaw, you must be bolder man: travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness! A great lusty fellow! and a soldier! fie upon it.

Dur. Lookye, sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little—as thus, or thus now—but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry—what d’ye mean; what d’ye take me for? Fie, sir, remember who I am, sir.—A person of quality to be us’d at this rate! ’Egad, I’m struck as flat as a frying-pan.

Mir. Words of course! never mind ’em: Turn you about upon your heel, with a jantée air; hum out the end of an old song; cut a cross caper, and at her again. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Dur. (*Imitates him.*) No, hang it, ’twill never do. Oons, what did my father mean by sticking me up in an university, or to think that I should gain any thing by my head, in a nation whose genius lies all in their heels?—Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they shall have the education of the country; they shall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they can speak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish humour, put on assurance, there’s no avoiding it; stand all hazards, thou’rt a stout lusty fellow, and hast a good

estate; look bluff, Hector, you have a good side-box face, a pretty impudent face; so that's pretty well.—This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is return'd like an ass. *(Aside.)*

Dur. Let me see now how I look. *(Pulls out a pocket-glass, and looks on't.)* A side-box face, say you?—Egad, I don't like it, Mirabel.—Fie, sir, don't abuse your friends, I could not wear such a face for the best countess in Christendom.

Mir. Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast impudence to set a good face upon any thing; I would change half my gold for half thy brass with all my heart. Who comes here? Odso, Mirabel, your father! *(Go up R.H.)*

Enter OLD MIRABEL, L.H.

O. Mir. Where's Bob? dear Bob?

Mir. Your blessing, sir.

O. Mir. My blessing! Damn ye, ye young rogue; why did not you come to see your father first, sirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, faith.—Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm yours—well, my lads, ye look bravely, faith.—Bob, hast got any money left?

Mir. Not a farthing, sir.

O. Mir. Why, then I won't gi' thee a souse.

Mir. I did but jest, here's ten pistoles.

O. Mir. Why, then here's ten more; I love to be charitable to those that don't want it:—Well, and how d'ye like Italy, my boys?

Mir. O the garden of the world, sir; Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others—all fine.

O. Mir. Ay, say you so? And they say, that Chiari is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy air; the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

Mir. Pshaw, nothing on't; these rascally gazetteers misinform'd you.

O. Mir. Misinform'd me! Oons, sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, sir! we beaten!

O. Mir. Why, how was it, pray, sweet sir?

Mir. Sir, the captain will tell you.

Dur. No, sir, your son will tell you.

Mir. The captain was in the action, sir.

Dur. Your son saw more than I, sir, for he was a looker on.

O. Mir. Confound you both for a brace of cowards: here are no Germans to overhear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well-dressed fellows in the universe; our commanders at the head of us, a lace and feather, like so many beaux at a ball—I don't believe there was a man of 'em but could dance a charmer, Morbleau.

O. Mir. Dance! very well, pretty fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very trenches, and there saw, peeping over, a parcel of scarecrows, olive-colour'd, gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. 'Egad, I shall never forget the looks of 'em while I have breath to fetch.

Mir. They were so civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon; but for the rest, we found 'em such unmannerly, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tir'd of their company, and so we e'en danc'd back again.

O. Mir. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No; two or three thousand of us stay'd behind.

O. Mir. Why, Bob, why?

Mir. Pshaw—because they could not come that night.—But come, sir, we were talking of something else: Pray how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana?

O. Mir. Ripe, sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the Germans, let me tell you. And what would you say, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apart-

ment is ready, and pray let your friend be my guest too; you shall command the house between ye. and I'll be as merry as the best of you. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I — *Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter ORIANA and BISARRE, R.H.

Bis. And you love this young rake, d'ye?

Ori. Yes.

Bis. In spite of all his ill usage?

Ori. I can't help it

Bis. What's the matter wi'ye?

Ori. Pshaw!

Bis. O, hang all your Cassandras and Cleopatras for me.—Pr'ythee mind your airs, modes, and fashions; your stays, gowns, and feathers.

Ori. Pr'ythee be quiet, Bizarre; you know I can be as mad as you when this Mirabel is out of my head.

Bis. I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him; eh!

Ori. Most certainly;—I can't dissemble, Bizarre:—besides 'tis past that, we're contracted.

Bis. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor thing. What, have you chang'd rings, or broken an old broad-piece between you? Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting with all my heart! my business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next; he shall find me one day with a prayer-book in my hand, and with a play-book another: he should have my consent to buy the wedding-ring, and the next moment would I laugh in his face. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Ori. O my dear, were there no greater tie upon my heart than there is upon my conscience, I would soon throw the contract out o'doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being tied that I'm forced to be just,

And the strength of my passion keeps down the inclination of my sex. But here's the old gentleman.

Enter OLD MIRABEL, L.H.

O. Mir. Where's my wenches? where's my two little girls, eh? have a care, look to yourselves, faith, they're a coming, the travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Bizarre, Bizarre, what say you, mad-cap? Mirabel is a pure wild fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

O. Mir. You lie, hussy; you like him the better, indeed you do: what say you, my t'other little Filbert, he?

Ori. I suppose the gentleman will choose for himself, sir.

O. Mir. Why, that's discreetly said, and so he shall.

Enter MIRABEL and DURETETE, L.H. who salute the Ladies.

Bob! Harkye, you shall marry one of these girls, sirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you please.

Bis. He'll find that one may serve his turn. (*Aside.*)

O. Mir. Both! Why, you young dog, d'ye banter me?—Come, sir, take your choice.—Duretete, you shall have your choice too? but Robin shall choose first. Come, sir, begin.

Mir. Let me see.

O. Mir. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

O. Mir. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

O. Mir.—Neither—Don't make me angry now, Bob, pray don't make me angry.—Lookye, sirrah, if I don't dance at your wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your grave.

Mir. That's a bull, father.

O. Mir. A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful sir,

did I make thee a man, that thou shouldst make me a beast?

Mir. Your pardon, sir. I only meant your expression.

O. Mir. Harkye, Bob, learn better manners to your father before strangers: I won't be angry this time.— But, oons, if ever you do't again, you rascal, remember what I say. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Mir. Pshaw, what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green girls?— Come, Duretete, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. Mirabel, you han't forgot—

Mir. No, no, madam, I han't forgot; I have brought you a thousand little Italian curiosities; I'll assure you, madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I han't forgot the least circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the relics, madam, from Rome. I do remember now you made a vow of chastity before my departure; a vow of chastity or something like it; was it not, madam?

Ori. O, sir, I'm answered at present. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract—Would I might despatch t'other.

(*Apart to Duretete.*)

Dur. Mirabel—that lady there. observe her, she's wondrous pretty, faith, and seems to have but few words; I like her mainly; speak to her, man, pr'ythee speak to her.

(*Apart to Mirabel.*)

Mir. Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares—

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing—What the devil do you mean, man? (*Aside to Mir.*)

Mir. He says, madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd lie, madam; I say no such thing: are you mad, Mirabel? Why, I shall drop down with shame. (*Aside to Mir.*)

Mir. And so, madam, not doubting but your ladyship will like him as well as he does you, I think it proper

to leave you together. (*Going ; L.H. Dur. holds him.*)

Dur. Hold, hold—Why, Mirabel, friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone? Pr'ythee speak to her for yourself, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a Frenchman should want impudence!

Mir. You look mighty demure, madam—She's deaf, captain. (*Apart to Duretete.*)

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb. (*Apart.*)

Mir. The gravity of your air, madam, promises some extraordinary fruits from your study, which moves us with curiosity to inquire the subject of your ladyship's contemplation. Not a word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's speechless; if she be, she's mine this moment.—Mirabel, d'ye think a woman's silence can be natural?— (*Apart.*)

Bis. But the forms that logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance—

Mir. Hoity-toity! what a plague have we here? Plato in petticoats.

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, man; she talks in my own mother-tongue.

Bis. 'Tis exposed to invalidity from a contradictory instance, looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

Mir. Rare pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! Axioms! Self-evident principles.

Bis. Then the ideas wherewith the mind is pre-occupate.—O gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my cogitation: I was involv'd in a profound point of philosophy;—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfied that the subject is not agreeable to your sparks that profess the vanity of the times. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mir. Go thy way, good wife Bias: do you hear, Duretete? Dost hear this starch'd piece of austerity?

Dur. She's mine, man; she's mine: My own talent to a T. I'll match her in dialects, faith. I was seven years at the university, man, nurs'd up with

Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton. Did you ever know, man, that 'twas metaphysics made me an ass? It was, faith. Had she talk'd a word of singing, dancing, plays, fashions, or the like, I had founder'd at the first step; but as she is—Mirabel, wish me joy.

Mir. You don't mean marriage, I hope?

Dur. No, no, I am a man of more honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd captain; now for thy credit, warm me this frozen snowball, 'twill be a conquest above the Alps

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why then you shall see me in two moments make an induction from my love to her hand, from her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart and so conclude in bed, *categorematicè*.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is enter'd.—But here comes one to spoil my sport; now shall I be teas'd to death with this old-fashion'd contract. I should love her too, if I might do it my own way; but she'll do nothing without witnesses forsooth. I wonder women can be so immodest.

Enter ORIANA, R.H.

Well, madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, sir, why do you shun me?

Mir. 'Tis my humour, madam, and I'm naturally sway'd by inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our contract, sir?

Mir. All I remember of that contract is, that it was made some three years ago, and that's enough in conscience to forget the rest on't.

Ori. 'Tis sufficient, sir, to recollect the passing of it; for in that circumstance I presume lies the force of the obligation.

Mir. Obligations, madam, that are forc'd upon the will, are no tie upon the conscience; I was a slave to

my passion when I pass'd the instrument ; but the recovery of my freedom makes the contract void.

Ori. Come, Mr. Mirabel, these expressions I expected from the raillery of your humour, but I hope for very different sentiments from your honour and generosity.

Mir. Lookye, madam, as for my generosity, 'tis at your service, with all my heart : I'll keep you a coach and six horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my honour to myself ; for I can assure you, madam, that the thing called honour is a circumstance absolutely unnecessary in a natural correspondence between male and female ; and he's a madman that lays it out, considering its scarcity, upon any such trivial occasions. There's honour requir'd of us by our friends, and honour due to our enemies, and they return it to us again ; but I never heard of a man that left but an inch of his honour in a woman's keeping, that could ever get the least account on't.—Consider, madam, you have no such thing among ye, and 'tis a main point of policy to keep no faith with reprobates—thou art a pretty little reprobate, and so get thee about thy business.

Ori. Well, sir, even all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper ; your travels have improv'd your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Mir. Morals ! Why there 'tis again now—I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals in any business between you and I—Don't you know, that of all commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit as in the traffic between man and woman ? we study all our lives long how to put tricks upon one another—No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do to catch poor innocent men—Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morning ? only with a villainous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. What d'ye sigh for ? What d'ye weep for ? What d'ye pray for ? Why for a

husband. That is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious design of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation a slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolv'd to use it. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Mir. Hold, hold, madam, not so fast—As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us, so we have vows, oaths, and protestations of all sorts and sizes to make fools of you. And this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition. I have sworn and lied briskly to gain my ends of you; your ladyship has patch'd and painted violently to gain your ends of me.—But since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

Ori. With all my heart, sir; give me up my contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, child.

Ori. What, sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you shall die a maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my terms.

Ori. Sir, you're a——

Mir. What am I, mistress?

Ori. A villain, sir! *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Mir. I am glad on't—I never knew an honest fellow in my life, but was a villain upon these occasions.—Ha'nt you drawn yourself now into a very pretty dilemma? Ha, ha, ha; the poor lady has made a vow of virginity, when she thought of making a vow for the contrary. Was ever poor woman so cheated into chastity?

Ori. Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, my friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the test to do me justice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the law shall.

Mir. But the law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

Ori. Pshaw, I despise thee—monster.

Mir. Kiss and be friends then—Don't cry, child.

and you shall have your sugar-plum—Come, madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your life long? No, I did but jest, you shall have your liberty; here, take your contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What is the girl a fool?

Ori. No, sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do myself justice; and since I must not depend upon your love, I'll be revenged and force you to marry me out of spite.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spite; and make a most confounded husband.

Ori. O sir, I shall match ye; a good husband makes a good wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the city to run you in debt for more.

Mir. I'll tear the lace off your clothes, and when you swoon for vexation, you sha'nt have a penny to buy a bottle of hartshorn.

Ori. And you, sir, shall have hartshorn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many mistresses as I have coach-horses.

Ori. And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

Mir. But, sweet madam, there is such a thing as a divorce.

Ori. But, sweet sir, there is such a thing as alimony; so divorce on, and spare not. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Mir. Ay, that separate maintenance is the devil—there's their refuge—o'my conscience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter DURETTE and PETIT, L.H.

Dur. And she's mighty peevish, you say?

Pet. O sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and

talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welsh.

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks/ for her philosophy.

Pet. But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, faith; that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Pet. But, d'ye ever laugh, sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't she endure laughing?

Pet. Why she's a critic, sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour but what gives her the spleen. And then for logic, and all that, you know—

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practising hard words, and no sense, this hour to entertain her.

Pet. Then place yourself behind this screen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I should forget my lesson.

Pet. Here she comes, sir, I must fly.

[*Exit, Petit, L.H. Duretete stands peeping behind the Curtain.*]

Enter BISARRE and Maid, R.H.

Bis. (*With a Book.*) Pshaw, hang books, they sour our temper, spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions. (*Throws away the Book.*)

Dur. Eh! The devil such a word there is in all Aristotle.

Bis. Come, wench, let's be free, call in the fiddler, there's nobody near us.

Dur. Would to the Lord there was not.

Bis. Here, friend, a minuet!—(*Calls off to the fiddler.*)
Quicker time; ha—would we had a man ortwo.

Dur. (*Stealing away, R.H.*) You shall have the devil sooner, my dear dancing philosopher!

Bis. Gods my life!—Here's one.

(*Runs to Duretete, and pulls him back.*)

Dur. Is all my learned preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, sir, don't be asham'd, that's my good boy—you're very welcome, we wanted such a one—Come, strike up—I know you dance well, sir, you're finely shap'd for't—Come, come, sir; quick, quick, you miss the time else.

Dur. But, madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics.

Bis. Hang dialectics—Mind the time—quicker, sir, sh. (*To the Fiddler.*) Come—and how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, doctor.

Bis. All the better, patient, all the better—Come, sir, sing now, sir; I know you sing well; I see you have a singing face, a heavy, dull, sonato face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O, you're modest, sir—but come, sit down; closer, closer. Here, a bottle of wine—Come, sir, fa, la, la; sing sir.

Dur. But, madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O sir, you shall drink first. Come, fill me a bumper—here, sir, bless the king.

Dur. Would I were out of his dominions! By this light, she'll make me drunk too. (*Aside.*)

Bis. O pardon me, sir, you shall do me right; fill it higher.—Now, sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

Dur. Rare philosophy that, faith.

Bis. Come, off with it to the bottom.—Now, how d'ye like me, sir?

Dur. O, 'mighty well, madam!

Bis. You see how a woman's fancy varies; sometimes splenetic and heavy, then gay and frolicsome.—And how d'ye like the humour?

Dur. Good madam, let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tir'd. (*Sits down.*)

Bis. Fie upon't; a young man, and tir'd! up, for shame, and walk about; action becomes us—(*They walk about.*)—a little faster, sir—What do ye think now of my lady La Pale, and lady Coquet, the duke's fair daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk 'lasses? Then there is black Mrs. Bellair, and brown Mrs. Bellface.

Dur. They are all strangers to me, madam.

Bis. But let me tell you, sir, that brown is not always despicable. And then you know the charming Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germain's?

Dur. Upon my soul, I don't—

Bis. And then you must have heard of the English beau, Spleenamore, how unlike a gentleman—

Dur. Hey—not a syllable on't, as I hope to 'be saved, madam.

Bis. No! why then play me a jig. Come, sir.

Dur. By this light, I cannot; faith, madam, I have sprain'd my leg.

Bis. Then sit you down, sir:—(*They sit down.*)—and now tell me what's your business with me? What's your errand? Quick, quick, despatch—Odso, may be you are some gentleman's servant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison.

Dur. 'Sdeath! madam, do I look like a carrier?

Bis. O, cry you mercy; I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my word: you are one of the travelling gentlemen—and pray, sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait upon you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, howe'er your expressions may turn it to a compliment: your visit, sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot.—
"Marry! No, no, I'm a man of more honour."
Where's your honour? Where's your courage now?

Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you.—Go, go to your fellow-rake now, rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon—But I must have you to know, sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel, my virtue is sufficiently approv'd to those whose opinion is my interest: and for the rest, let them talk what they will; for when I please I'll be what I please, in spite of you and all mankind; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tir'd, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you.

[Runs off, R.H.]

Dur. Tum ti dum. (*Sings.*) Ha, ha, ha!—"Ads my life, I have a great mind to kick you!"—Oons and confusion! (*Starts up.*) Was ever man so abused!—Ay, Mirabel set me on.

Re-enter PETIT, L.H.

Pet. Well, sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You son of a nine-ey'd whore, d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog.

[*Petit runs off, and Duretete after him, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter MIRABEL and OLD MIRABEL, L.H.

O. Mir. Bob, come hither, Bob.

Mir. Your pleasure, sir?

O. Mir. Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

Mir. They's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say that I resemble my father.

O. Mir. Your father is your very humble slave—I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow,

and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, sir! Then I must be a very irapudent one, for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm asham'd of.

O. Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture?
(*Shews him a little picture.*)

Mir. Oriana's! Pshaw!

O. Mir. What, sir, won't you look upon't?—Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee come hither now—Dost want any money, child?

Mir. No, sir.

O. Mir. Why then here's some for thee; come here now—How canst thou be so hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly rascal (don't mistake me, child, I an't angry), as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natur'd, dear rogue?—Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is likely to burst—Come, my dear boy, be good-natur'd like your own father, be now—and then see here, read this—the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with thirty thousand pounds to her portion—thirty thousand pounds, you dog; thirty thousand pounds, you rogue. How dare you refuse a lady with thirty thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

Mir. Will you hear me speak, sir?

O. Mir. Hear you speak, sir! If you had ten thousand tongues, you could not out-talk ten thousand pounds, sir.

Mir. Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll be gone, sir! I'll take post for Italy this moment.

O. Mir. Ah! the fellow knows I won't part with him. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, what have you to say?

Mir. The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions, like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

O. Mir. Why this is reason, I must confess; but yet it is nonsense too: for though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

Mir. But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Croesus, you leave me but a beggar for want of my liberty.

O. Mir. Was ever such a perverse fool heard? 'Sdeath, sir, why did I give you education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour now is the head of this cane? You'll say 'tis white, and ten to one make me believe it too—I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Mir. No, sir, I have studied to despise it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

O. Mir. There he has me again now. (*Aside.*) But, sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, sir! In what respect, pray?

O. Mir. Why, to bring you into the world, sir; wan't that an obligation?

Mir. And because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

O. Mir. How is that, sir?

Mir. Because I would not curse the hour I was born.

O. Mir. Lookye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you, nor all the wits in Italy, shall ever be able to shake: so, sir, you're a wit, and I'm a father: you may talk, but I'll be obey'd. (*Retires up the Stage.*)

Mir. This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding that they don't understand, then they turn us out of doors 'cause we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. (*Aside.*) Sir, you have been pleas'd to settle a thousand pounds sterling a-year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great honour for

you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So dear sir, I'm your very humble servant.

[Runs off, L.H.]

O. *Mir.* Here, sirrah, rogue, Bob, villain!

Enter DUGARD, R.H.

Dug. Ah, sir, 'tis but what he deserves.

O. *Mir.* 'Tis false, sir, he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

O. *Mir.* What have you to do with my words? I have swallow'd my words already, I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, sir?—I say that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter BISARRE, L.H.

Bis. That dare I, sir—I say that your son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and were I abused as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it an Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

Dug. Come, sir, 'tis no time for trifling; my sister is abus'd, you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concern'd to see her redress'd.

O. *Mir.* Lookye, Mr. Dugard, good words go furthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself. For although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natur'd, kind old gentleman. (*Wheedling him.*) We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the plot

O. *Mir.* Ah, you coaxing young baggage, what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty three?

Bis. A plot that sixty-three is only good for, to bring other people together, sir; a Spanish plot, less dangerous than that of eighty-eight; and you must act the Spaniard, 'cause your son will least suspect you:

and if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

O. Mir. And what part will you act in the business, madam?

Bis. Myself, sir. My friend is grown a perfect changeling; these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves, but we turn fools. But I am still myself; and he may expect the most severe usage from me, 'cause I neither love him nor hate him. [Exit, L.H.]

O. Mir. Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, sir, who is our engineer-general. And here he comes.

Enter PETIT, R.H.U.E.

Pet. O, sir, more discoveries! Are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, sir—Od's my life, I'm out of breath; you must know, sir—you must know—

O. Mir. What the devil must we know, sir?

Pet. That I have (*Pants and blows.*) brib'd, sir, brib'd—your son's secretary of state.

O. Mir. Secretary of State!—who's that, for heaven's sake?

Pet. His valet-de-chambre, sir. You must know, sir, that the intrigue lay folded up with his master's clothes; and when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legg'd Pindarics.

O. Mir. Impossible!

Pet. Ah, sir, he has lov'd her all along! there was Oriana in every line, but he hates marriage. Now, sir, this plot will stir up his jealousy, and we shall know by the strength of that how to proceed further. Come, sir, let's about it with speed. [Exeunt, L.H.U.E.]

Enter MIRABELL, R.H. and BISARRE, L.H. passing carelessly by one another.

Bis. I wonder what she can see in this fellow to like him! *(Aside.)*

Mir. I wonder what my friend can see in this girl to admire her. *(Aside.)*

Bis. A wild, foppish, extravagant rake. *(Aside.)*

Mir. A light, whimsical, impertinent mad-cap. *(Aside.)*

Bis. Whom do you mean, sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, madam?

Bis. A fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself.

Mir. There is a way, madam, to force me to that resolution.

Bis. I'll do't with all my heart.

Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Lookye, sir, don't think your ill manners to me shall excuse your ill usage of my friend, nor by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent; for I'm resolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a panegyric that shall mortify your pride like any modern dedication.

Mir. And I, madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Bis. Come, sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what piece will you choose?

Bis. Your heart to be sure; 'cause I should get presently rid on't: your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a bad play-maker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

Mir. I had the oddest dream last night of the Duchess of Burgundy; methought the furl-bows of

her gown were pinn'd up so high behind, that I could not see her head for her tail.

Bis. The creature don't mind me! (*Aside.*) Do you think, sir, that your humorous impertinence can divert me? No, sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, sir, my friend, my injur'd friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband as much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of 'em, can make you. (*Here Mirabel pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself while she speaks.*)

Mir. *At regina dolos, (quis fallere possit amantem?)
Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum—*Very true.—*Posse nefas.*

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a rascally trick of your hero to forsake poor Pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. (*Aside.*) The devil——what's Virgil to us, sir?

Mir. Very much, madam; the most apropos in the world—for what should I chop upon but the very place where the perjurd rogue of a lover and the forsaken lady are battling it tooth and nail. Come, madam, spend your spirits no longer: we'll take an easier method; I'll be Æneas now, and you shall be Dido, and we'll rail by book. Now for you madam Dido.

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido——*

Ah, poor Dido. (*Looks at her.*)

Bis. Rudeness, affronts, impatience! I could almost start out even to manhood, and want but a weapon as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say? (*Aside.*)

Mir. Now she runs——

*Qua quibus anteferam? Jam jam nec maxima
Juno.*

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, madam; the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious elf left in the cradle, with human shape to palliate growing mischief.—(*Both speak together, and raise their Voices by degrees.*)

Mir. *Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt uberi tigris.*

Bis. Go, sit, fly to your midnight revels——

Mir. Excellent!

*I sequere Italian ventis, pete regna per undas,
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia Numina possunt.*
(*Together again.*)

Bis. Now the devil take his impudence! he vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

(*Aside.*)

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear Libyan I'll write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall act the part; but you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids; and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful wanderer is, in the very next line, call'd pious Æneas.—There's authority for ye.

*Sorry indeed Æneas stood
To see her in a pout;
But Jove himself, who ne'er thought good
To stay a second bout,
Commands him off with all his crew,
And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you.*

[*Runs off, L.H.*

Bis. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable fellow. O my conscience, I must excuse Oriana.

*That lover soon his angry fair disarms,
Whose slighting pleases, and whose faults are
charms.* [Exit, R.H.

*Re-enter PETIT, L.H. who runs about to every Door
and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. Mirabel! Sir, where are you? No where to be found?

Enter MIRABEL, L.H.

Mir. What's the matter, Petit ?

Pet. Most critically met—Ah, sir, that one who has followed the game so long, and brought the poor hare just under his paws, should let a mongrel cur chop in, and run away with the puss.

Mir. If your worship can get out of your allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three words what you mean !

Pet. Plain, plain, sir. Your mistress and mine is going to be married.

Mir. I believe you lie, sir.

Pet. Your humble servant, sir. (*Going, L.H.*)

Mir. Come hither, Petit ? Married, say you ?

Pet. No, sir, 'tis no matter ; I only thought to do you a service, but I shall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. (*Bows low.*)

Pet. 'Tis enough, sir—I come to tell you, sir, that Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed ; married past redemption.

Mir. I understand her ; she'll take a husband out of spite to me, and then out of love to me she will make him a cuckold. But who is the happy man ?

Pet. A lord, sir.

Mir. I'm her ladyship's most humble servant ; a train and a title ; hey ! Room for my lady's coach ! A front row in the box for her ladyship ! Lights, lights for her honour !—Now must I be a constant attender at my lord's levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee—a Countess, I presume, sir ?

Pet. A Spanish count, sir, that Mr. Dugard knew abroad, is come to Paris, saw your mistress yesterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it so ? and must I follow my cuckold over the Pyrenees ? Had she married within the precincts of a billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her

to church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the banquets.—
Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, sir; he's a rough, cross-grained piece, and there's no tampering with him. Would you apply to Mr. Dugard, or the lady herself, something might be done; for it is in despite to you that the business is carried so hastily. Odsso, sir, here he comes. I must be gone. [*Exit, L. II.*]

Enter OLD MIRABEL, dressed in a Spanish Habit, leading ORIANA, R. II.

Ori. Good, my lord, a nobler choice had better suited your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so to injurious usage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

O. Mir. Breathes he the vital air, that dares presume
With rude behaviour to profane such excellence?
Show me the man—

And you shall see how my sudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.

Is this thing one? (*Strutting up to Mirabel.*)

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good, my lord.

O. Mir. If he, or any he—

Ori. Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

O. Mir. O, your pardon, sir—but if you had—remember, sir—the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me.—Come madam.—(*Leads Oriana to the Door; she goes off. Mirabel runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*)

Mir. Ecoutez, Monsiuer le Count'r

O. Mir. Your business, sir?

Mir. Boh!

O. Mir. Boh! What language is that, sir?

Mir. Spanish, my lord.

O. Mir. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, sir. (*Trips up his heels*)

Q. Mir. A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll bully him. (*Aside.*) *Trinidade* seigneur, give me fair play.
(*Offers to rise.*)

Mir. By all means, sir. (*Takes away his sword.*)—Now, seigneur, where's that bombast look and fustian face your Countship wore just now? (*Strikes him.*)

O. Mir. But hold, sirrah, no more jesting; I'm your father, sir, your father!

Mir. My father! Then by this light I could find in my heart to pay thee. (*Aside.*) Is the fellow mad? Why surc, sir, I han't frightened you out of your senses?

O. Mir. But you have, sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.
(*Offers to strike him.*)

O. Mir. Why rogue—Bob, dear Bob, don't you know me, child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright distracted! Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of threescore and three would run about in a fool's coat to disgrace himself and family? Why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upor my honour'd father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir, mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute!
(*Offers to stab him.*)

O. Mir. Well, well, I am not your father.

Mir. Why then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

O. Mir. The devil take the Spaniards, sir, we have all got nothing but blows since we began to take their part.

Re-enter DUGARD, ORIANA, and PETIT; with Maid,
R.H.—Dugard runs to Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.

Dug. *ſie, ſie, Mirabel, murder your father!*
(*Holding him.*)

Mir. My father! What, is the whole family mad? Give me way, sir; I won't be held.

O. Mir. No, nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.
(*Offers to go.*)

Mir. My father!

O. Mir. Ay, you dog's face! I am your father; for I have bore as much for thee as your mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a trick it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem—Oh! how my bones ache!

O. Mir. Your bones, sirrah; why your's?

Mir. Why, sir, han't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O, madam, (*To Oriana.*) I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed.

Pet. The contrivance was well enough, sir; for they imposed upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear Dulcinea, did your Don Quixote battle for you bravely? My father will answer for the force of my love.

Ori. Pray, sir, don't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—(*Aside.—Comes up between Mirabel and his Sister.*)—Well, sir!

Mir. Well, sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, sir, that you put on your landlord face at me?

Dug. On what presumption, sir, dare you assume thus? (*Draws.*)

O. Mir. What's that to you, sir? (*Draws.*)

Pet. Help! help! the lady faints.

(*Oriana falls into Petit's Arms.*)

Mir. Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself. It it be an angry fit, a dram of asafoetida—If jealousy, hartshorn in water—If grief, ratifia—If it be straight stays or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plaique brandy.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Ori. Hold off; give me air—O, my brother, would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would
[*Re-enters.*]

you defend my reputation, leave it to itself. 'Tis a dear vindication that's purchas'd by the sword; for though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

O. Mir. Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.

Ori. Ay, sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel: the capricious taste of your sex excuses this artifice in ours.

*For often, when our chief perfections fail,
Our chief defects with foolish men prevail.*

[*Exit, R.H.*

Pet. Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage; there is a way still left to fetch him again.

O. Mir. Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

Dug. I scorn all artifice whatsoever; my sword shall do her justice.

Pet. Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him through the body; you run her through the heart at the same time.

O. Mir. And me through the head—rot your sword, sir; we'll have plots; come, Petit, let's hear.

Pet. What if she pretended to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

Dug. That I must confess has a face.

O. Mir. A face! A face like an angel, sir. Ad's my life, sir, 'tis the most beautiful plot in Christendom. We'll about it immediately. [*Excunt, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter OLD MIRABEL and DUGARD, L.H.

Dug. The lady abbess is my relation, and privy to
the plot.

O. Mir. Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter DURETETE, L.H.

Dur. Herc, where are ye all?—O! Mr. Mirabel, you have done fine things for your posterity—And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to answer this—I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, sir, or—
(*To Old Mirabel.*)

O. Mir. Restore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the cause on't.

O. Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, sir, by shutting up your sister yonder to talk like a parrot through a cage? or a decoy-duck, to draw others into the snare? Your son, sir, because she has deserted him, has forsaken the world; and in three words, has—
(*To Old Mirabel.*)

O. M. Hang'd himself!

Dur. The very same—turn'd friar.

O. Mir. You lie, sir; 'tis ten times worse. Bob turn'd friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish crown, when the same razor may cut his throat?

Dur. If you have any command, or you any interest over him, lose not a minute: he has thrown himself into the next monastery, and has order'd me to pay off his servants, and discharge his equipage.

O. Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the spiritual or the natural father has the most right to the child.—But, dear captain, what has he done with his estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the church, sir.

O. Mir. The church! Nay, then the devil won't get him out of their clutches—Ten thousand livres a year upon the church! 'Tis downright sacrilege.

· Come, gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband, and a disobedient son from his own father.—

[Crosses and Exit, L.H.]

· *Dug.* But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a monastery?

Dur. Is your sister gone to the Filles Repenties? I tell you, sir, she's not fit for the society of repenting maids.

Dug. Why so, sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of a Monastery.*

ORIANA discovered in a Nun's Habit, with BISARRE,
L.H.

Ori. I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit?

Bis. To me, the greatest jest in the habit is taking it in earnest: I don't understand this imprisoning people with the keys of paradise, nor the merit of that virtue which comes by constraint. But I must be gone upon my affairs; I have brought my captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourself with that coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a coxcomb; had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an ass of, than a lover like yours, to make a fool of me. (*Knocking below, L.H.*) A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life. (*She runs to the Door.*) Come hither, run; thou charming nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the news?

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Ori. I see nobody but a friar.

Bis. Ah! thou poor blind Cupid! O my conscience,

these hearts of ours spoil our heads instantly! the fellows no sooner turn knaves than we turn fools. A friar! don't you see a villanous genteel mien under that cloak of hypocrisy?

Ori. As I live, Mirabel turn'd friar! I hope, in heaven, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest: ha, ha, ha! are you in earnest? Now's your time; this disguise he has certainly taken for a passport, to get in and try your resolutions; stick to your habit, to be sure; treat him with disdain, rather than anger; for pride becomes us more than passion: remember what I say, if you would yield to advantage, and hold out the attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

*The cunning gamesters never gain too fast,
But lose at first, to win the more at last.*

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter MIRABEL in a Friar's Habit, L.H.

Mir. Save you, sister—Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred habit by confession.

Ori. That's false: the cloven-foot already. (*Aside*) My brother's care I own: and to you, sacred sir, I confess, that the great crying sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was love.

Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest; death and confusion, I have lost her! (*Aside.*) You confess your fault, madam, in such moving terms, that I could almost be in love with the sin.

Ori. Take care, sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards; my chief delight became my only grief; he in whose breast I thought my heart secure, turn'd robber, and despoil'd the treasure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that treasure he esteems so much, that like the miser, though afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Ori. No, holy father: who can be miser in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart

was open, shar'd to all he knew; and what, alas! must then become of mine? but the same eyes that drew this passion in, shall send it out in tears, to which now hear my vow—

Mir. (Discovering himself.) No, my fair angel, but let me repent; here on my knees (*Kneels.*) behold the criminal that vows repentance his.—Ha! no concern upon her? (*Rises.*)

Enter OLD MIRABEL. L.H.

O. Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit nun?

Ori. Madness! Confusion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? (*Puts on his Hood.*) What did you say, sir?

O. Mir. I say she's a counterfeit, and you may be another for aught I know, sir; I have lost my child by these tricks, sir.

Mir. What tricks, sir?

O. Mir. By a pretended trick, sir. A contrivance to bring my son to reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him and a thousand pounds a year.

Mir. (Discovering himself.) My dear father, I'm your most humble servant.

O. Mir. My dear boy, welcome ex inferis, my dear boy, 'tis all a trick, she's no more a nun than I am.

Mir. No!

O. Mir. The devil a bit.

Mir. Then thank ye, my dear dad, for the most happy news—And now, most venerable holy sister, (*Kneels.*)

*Your mercy and your pardon I implore,
For the offence of asking it before.*

(*Rises.—Crosses to R.H.*)

Look ye, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice, be a nun in good earnest; women make the best nuns always when they can't do otherwise.

Ori. O sir! how unhappily have you destroy'd what was so near perfection! He is the counterfeit that has deceiv'd you.

O. Mir. Ha ! Lookye, sir, I recant, ;ne is a nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble servant, ther. I'm a friar this moment.

O. Mir. Was ever an old fool so bantered by a brace o'young ones ; hang you both, you're both counterfeits, and my plot's spoil'd, that's all. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Ori. Shame and confusion, love, anger, and disappointment, will work my brain to madness.

[*Takes off her Habit, and Exit, R.H.*]

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the rags, they have serv'd a turn for us both, and they shall e'en go off together.

[*Exit, throwing away the Habit, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter DURETETE, with a Letter, R.H.

Dur. (*Reads.*) *My rudeness was only a proof of your humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own myself penitent, and willing to make any reparation upon your first appearance to* BISARRE.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it ; then farewell gallantry, and welcome revenge ; 'tis my turn now to be upon the sublime ; I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter BISARRE, L.H.

Well, mistress, do you love me ?

Bis. I hope, sir, you will pardon the modesty of—

Dur. Of what ? of a dancing devil ?—Do you love me, I say ?

Bis. Perhaps I—

Dur. What ?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha ! abus'd again ! Death, woman, I'll—

Bis. Hold, hold, sir ; I do, I do !

Dur. Confirm it then by your obedience ; stand there, and ogle me now, as if your heart, blood, and soul were like to fly out at your eyes—First, the

direct surprise. (*She looks full upon him.*) Right ; next the *deux yeux par oblique*. (*She gives him the side glance.*) Right ; now depart and languish. (*She turns from him, and looks over her Shoulder.*) Very well ; now sigh. (*She sighs.*) Now drop your fan on purpose. (*She drops her Fan.*) Now take it up again : Come now, confess your faults ; are not you a proud —say after me—are not you—

Bis. Proud

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis. Impertinent

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bis. Ridiculous

Dur. Flirt.

Bis. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons ! woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt me to do you a mischief ; ask my pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, sir, I only mistook the word.

Dur. Cry then have you got e'er a handkerchief ?

Bis. Yes, sir.

Dur. Cry then, handsomely ; cry like a queen in a tragedy.

(*She pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing.*)

Enter Six LADIES, laughing, R. II.

Bis. Ha, ha, ha !

Ladies. Ha, ha, ha !

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the furies flutter'd about my ears ! Betray'd again !

Bis. That you are, upon my word, my dear captain ; ha, ha, ha !

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

Lady. What ! is this the mighty man with the bull-face, that comes to frighten ladies ?

Bis. A man ! It's some great dairy-maid in man's clothes.

Dur. Lookye, dear Christian women, pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again ?

Dur. If you please to let me get away with my honour, I'll do any thing in the world.

Bis. Will you persuade your friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the coast be clear.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha! Come, ladies, we'll go make an end of our tea. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

Enter MIRABEL and OLD MIRABEL, L.H.

Mir. Your patience, sir. I tell you I won't marry; and though you send all the bishops in France to persuade me, I shall never believe their doctrine against their practice. You would compel me to that state, which I have heard you curse yourself, when my mother and you have battled it for a whole week together.

O. Mir. Never but once, you rogue, and that was when she long'd for a brace of elephants: Ay, sir, then she was breeding of you, which show'd what an expensive dog I should have of you.

Enter PETIT, L.H.

Well, Petit, how does she now?

Pet. Mad, sir, con pompos—Ay, Mr. Mirabel, you'll believe that I speak truth now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but lies; our jesting is come to a sad earnest, she's downright distracted.

Re-enter BISARRE, L.H.

Bis. Where is this mighty victor?—The great exploit is done; go triumph in the glory of your conquest, inhuman, barbarous man! O sir, (*To Old Mirabel.*) your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you; where her young innocence expected protection, here has she found her ruin.

O. Mir. Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting such another disobedient son as his father did. I have done all I can, madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. (*Cries.*)

Enter DUGARD, with his Sword drawn, L.H.

Dug. Away! Revenge, revenge.

O. Mir. Patience, patience, sir. (*Old Mirabel holds him.*) Bob, draw. (*Aside.*)

Dug. Patience! The coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provok'd—Villain!

Mir. Your sister's frenzy shall excuse your madness; and to show my concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the villain from her brother.—Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like your's, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 'twill find a part within his breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft compassion for her grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as she.

Enter ORIANA, L.H. held by two Maids, who place her in a Chair.

A sister that my dying parents left, with their last words and blessing, to my care. Sister, dearest sister. (*Goes to her.*)

O. Mir. Ay, poor child, poor child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are Amadis de Gaul, sir;—Oh! oh my heart! Were you never in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?—I dream of walking fires, and tall gigantic sights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that face, sure.—How light my head is!

Mir. What piercing charms has beauty, ev'n in madness—Come, madam, try to repose a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I must be up to go to church, and I must dress me, put on my new gown, and be so fine, to meet my love. Hey, ho!—Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried?

Mir. My very soul is touch'd—Your hand, my fair.

Ori. How soft and gentle you feel! I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket—Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—And will you ring my passing-bell?

Mir. Do you know me, injur'd creature?

Ori. No,—but you shall be my intimate acquaintance—in the grave. *(Weeps.)*

Mir. O tears, I must believe you; sure there's a kind of sympathy in madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so toss'd with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she.

(Wipes his Eyes.)

Ori. What, have you lost your lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray. *(Going.)*

Mir. Stay, my fair innocence, and hear me own my love so loud that I may call your senses to their place, restore 'em to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

Bis. Let her alone, sir, 'tis all too late; she trembles, hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, sir.

O. Mir. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Re-enter DURETETE, R.H.

Dur. Where are you all? What the devil! Melancholy, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous subject, such a very good jest among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this impertinence; this is no place for bagatelle: I have murder'd my honour, destroy'd a lady, and my desire of reparation is come at length too late: see there.

Dur. Why rails her?

Mir. Alas! she's mad.

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this light, they're all so; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad; I just now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almost—What, is she dead?

Mir. Dead! heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns further it; for 'till they be as cold as a key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a woman's in earnest till she is nail'd in her coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, sir?

Dur. Oons, madam, are you there?

[*Exit, running, R.H.*]

Mir. Away, thou wild buffoon; how poor and mean this humour now appears? His follies and my own I here disclaim; this lady's frenzy has restor'd my senses, and was she perfect now, as once she was (before you all I speak it), she should be mine; and as she is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this declaration been some hours ago.

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em.

[*Exeunt all but Mirabel and Oriana, L.H.*]

Ori. Oh, sir.

Mir. Speak, my charming angel, if your dear senses have regain'd their order; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

Ori. First, let me bless the cunning of my sex, and that happy counterfeited frenzy that has restor'd to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best belov'd of men.

Mir. Tune all ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs, the happy sounds

of Oriana's health; her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has play'd the fool.

*She was so mad to counterfeit for me;
I was so mad to pawn my liberty
But now we both are well, and both are free.* }

Ori. (*Crosses to L.H.*) How sir, free?

Mir. As air, my dear bedlamite; what, marry a lunatic? Lookye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long—Here, gentlemen.

Ori. Monster! you won't disgrace me?

Mir. O'my faith, but I will; here, come in, gentlemen.—A miracle! a miracle! the woman's dispossessed, the devil's vanish'd.

Re-enter OLD MIRABEL and DUGARD, L.H.

O. Mir. Bless us, was she possess'd?

Mir. With the worst of dæmons, sir, a marriage-devil, a horrid devil. Mr. Dugard, don't be surpris'd, I promis'd my endeavours to cure your sister; no mad doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge; and have a care she don't relapse; if she should, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Ori. Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove the greatest poison to my health; for though my former frenzy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real madness. [*Exit, R.H. Old Mirabel follows.*]

Dug. This was a turn beyond my knowledge; I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I'scap'd! Was not I just now upon the brink of destruction?

Enter DURÉTETE, R.H.

Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom; no lark, escap'd from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehension.

Dur. The matter, man !

Mir. Marriage, hanging ; I was just at the gallows foot, the rüning noose about my neck, and the cart wheeling from me.—Oh—I shan't be myself this month again.

Dur. Did I not tell you so. They are all alike, saints or devils.

Mir. Ay, ay ; there's no living here with security ; this house is so full of stratagem and design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart, I'll bear thee company, my lad ; I'll meet you at the play ; and we'll set out for Italy to-morrow morning.

Mir. A match ; I'll go pay my compliment of leave to my father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What, pretend a command over me after his settlement of a thousand pounds a year upon me ? No, no, he has pass'd away his authority with the conveyance ; the will of a living father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one. [Exeunt, R.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Playhouse.*

Enter MIRABEL and DURETETE, R.H. as coming from the Play.

Dur. How d'ye like this play ?

Mir. I liked the company ; the lady, the rich beauty in the front box, had my attention. These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

*For deaths upon the stage the ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the audience die.*

Dur. Hoity-toity; did Phillis inspire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the play-house is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring triumphant air in the boxes than any where else, they sit commanding on their thrones with all their subject slaves about them: their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes, the treasure of the world in a ring. I could wish that my whole life long were the first night of a new play.

Dur. The fellow has quite forgot this journey — (*Aside.*) Have you bespoke post horses?

Mir. Grant me but three days, dear captain, one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the world's end.

Dur. Hast thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure and quality in so short a time?

Mir. Yes, sir—I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred louis-d'ors in my pocket.

Dur. Five hundred louis-d'ors! You an't mad?

Mir. I tell you she's worth five thousand; one of her black brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head. I compar'd her necklace with her looks, and the living jewels out-sparkled the dead one by a million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating Oriana's pretensions to marriage, you lov'd her passionately, then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I long'd for a partridge t'other day off the king's plate; but d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing

Enter ORIANA, L.H. *in Boy's Cloths, with a Letter*

Ori. Is your name Mirabel, sir?

Mir. Yes, sir.

Ori. A letter from your uncle in Picardy.

(*Gives the Letter*)

Mir. (*Reads.*) *The bearer is the son of a Protestant gentleman, who flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth—A pretty boy—He's fond of some handsome service that may afford him opportunity of improvement; your care of him will oblige Yours.*—Hast a mind to travel, child?

Ori. 'Tis my desire, sir; I should be pleas'd to serve a traveller in any capacity.

Mir. A hopeful inclination; you shall along with me into Italy as my page.

Dur. I don't think it safe; the rogue's (*Noise without.*) too handsome.—The play's done, and some of the ladies come this way.

Enter LAMORCE, R.H. with her Train borne up by a Page.

Mir. Duretete, the very dear, identical she.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis she.

Dur. And what then, sir?

Mir. Then! Why—Lookye, sirrah, the first piece of service I put upon you, is to follow that lady's coach and bring me word where she lives.

(*To Oriana.*)

Ori. I don't know the town, sir, and am afraid of losing my elf.

Mir. Pshaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

Lam. That fellow is got into his old pranks, and fall'n drunk somewhere; none of the footmen there?

Page. Not one, madam.

Lam. These servants are the plague of our lives; what shall I do?

Mir. By all my hopes, fortune pimps for me: now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't sure?

Mir. Won't, brute! (*To Lam.*) Let not your ser-

vant's neglect, madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience, for you can't be disappointed of your equipage whilst mine waits below; and would you honour the master so far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure. (*Aside.*)

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome, for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, madam; and he's a little engag'd; besides, madam, a hackney coach will do as well, madam.

Mir. Rude beast, be quiet! (*To Duretete.*) The farther from home, madam, the more occasion you have for a guard—pray, madam—

Lam. Lard, sir—(*He seems to press, she declines it in dumb show.—They retire a little, R.H.*)

Dur. Ah! the devil's in his impudence; now he wheedles, she smiles; he flatters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a rogue, and she's a w— in a moment.— (*Aside.—Crosses to R.H.*)

Mir. Without there! my coach; Duretete, wish me joy. (*Aside to Dur.—Hands the Lady out, L.H.*)

Dur. Wish you a halter! Here you little Picard, go follow your master, and he'll lead you—

Ori. Whither, sir? (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Dur. To the academy, child; 'tis the fashion, with men of quality, to teach their pages their exercises—go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, sir? that woman may do him some harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why how now, Mr. Page, do you start up to give laws of a sudden? do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters? Lookye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions; and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope that he goes to a bagnio.

Ori. Heavens forbid. (*Exit, L.H.*)

Dur. Now would I sooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman: what a strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures! a woman to me is aversion upon aversion, a cheese, a

cat, a b. cast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, dead small-beer, and the snuff of a candle.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*A handsome Apartment.*

Enter MIRABEL and LAMORCE, L.H.

Lam. To convince me, sir, that your service was something more than good breeding, please to lay out an hour of your company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

Mir. Your desire, madam, has only prevented my request: my hours! make 'em yours, madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy minutes

Lam. But I must trouble you, sir, to dismiss your retinue, because an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be consistent with my reputation.

Mir. By all means, madam, all but one little boy—
Here, page.

Enter ORIANA, L.H.

Order my coach and servants home, and do you stay; [*Exit, Oriana*, L.H.] 'tis a foolish country boy, that knows nothing but innocence.

Lam. Innocence, sir? I should be sorry if you made any sinister constructions of my freedom.

Mir. O madam, I must not pretend to remark upon my body's freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy correspondence, that we enter'd into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.—Now, sir, what are you?

Mir. In three words, madam—I am a gentleman, I have five hundred pounds in my pocket, and a clean hit on.

Lam. And your name is—

Mir. Mustapha.—Now, madam, the inventory of my fortunes.

Lam. My name is Lamorce ; my birth noble ; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, inconstant fellow ; the husband spoiled the gentleman ; my marrying ruined my face, till at last I took heart, leap'd out of a window, got away to my friends, su'd my tyrant, and recover'd my fortune——I liv'd from fifteen to twenty to please a husband ; from twenty to forty I'm resolv'd to please myself, and from thence upwards I'll humour the world.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, I rejoice in your good fortune with all my heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there, I could scarcely believe it right ; pray let me see it.

Mir. Hum ! Yes, madam, 'tis, 'tis right—but, but, but, but, but it was given me by my mother, an old family ring, madam, an old-fashion'd family ring.

Lam. Ay, sir ;—If you can entertain yourself for a moment, I'll wait on you immediately. [*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Mir. Certainly the stars were in a strange intriguing humour when I was born—Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough : but what should I have to-morrow night ? The same. And what next night ? The same. And what next night ? The very same. Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again—But here's variety.

(*Lamorce appears at R.H.D. he runs towards her.*)

Enter Four BRAVOES, LAMORCE following, R.H.D.

MIRABEL starts back.

She comes, she comes—Hum, hum—Wretch—Murder'd, murder'd to be sure ! The cur'd strumpet ! To make me send away my servants—Nobody near me !—These cut throats always make sure work. What shall I do ? I have but one way. (*Aside.*) Are these gentlemen your relations, madam.

Lam. Yes, sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble servant ;

your most faithful; yours, sir, with all my heart; your most obedient—come gentlemen, (*Salutes all round.*) please to sit—no ceremony, next the lady, pray, sir.

(*They all sit.*)

Lam. Well, sir, and how d'ye like my friends?

Mir. O, madam, the most finish'd gentlemen! I was never more happy in good company in my life; I suppose, sir, you have travelled? (*To 1st. Bra.*)

1st Bra. Yes, sir.

Mir. Which way, may I presume?

1st. Bra. In a western barge, sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty; facetious, pretty gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger there—

Mir. Ah! madam, 'tis at your service, with all my heart. (*Offering the ring.*)

Lam. By no means, sir, a family ring! (*Takes it.*)

Mir. No matter, madam. Seven hundred pounds by this light. (*Aside.*)

2nd Bra. Pray, sir, what's o'clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my watch at home.

2nd Bra. I thought I saw the string of it just now—

Mir. Od's my life, sir, I beg your pardon; here it is—but it don't go. (*Puts it up.*)

Lam. O dear, sir, an English watch! Tompion's, I presume.

Mir. D'ye like it madam?—no ceremony——'tis at your service, with all my heart and soul. (*Lam. takes the Watch.*) Tompion's! Hang ye! (*Aside.*)

1st. Bra. But, sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make of your sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, sir.

1st. Bra. Will you part with it, sir?

Mir. I won't sell it.

1st. Not will it, sir?

Mir. No, gentlemen—but I'll bestow it with all my heart. (*Offers it.*)

1st. Bra. O, sir, we'll rob you. (*Takes it.*)

Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn. (*Aside.*) I have

another at home, pray, sir—Gentlemen, you're too modest; have I any thing else that you fancy?—Sir, will you do me a favour? (*To the first Bravo.*) I am extremely in love with that hat which you wear; will you do me the favour to change with me?

1st. Bra. Lookye, sir, this is a family hat, and I would not part with it; but if you like it—

Mir. Sir, your most humble servant.

(*They change Hats.*)

1st. Bra. Madam, your most humble slave. (*Goes up foppishly to the Lady, and salutes her.*)

2nd Bra. The fellow's very liberal; shall we murder him? (*Apart.*)

1st. Bra. No, no; I want but a handsome pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we must act like gentlemen. Here, some wine—(*Wine brought.*) Sir, your good health. (*Pulls Mirabel by the nose.*)

Mir. Oh, sir, your most humble servant; a pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose: ha, ha, ha! the pleasantest pretty-humour'd gentleman.

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass.

(*Mirabel drinks.*)

1st. Bra. How d'ye like the wine, sir?

Mir. Very good o'th' kind, sir; but I tell ye what, I find we're all inclin'd to be frolicsome, and 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry; let's make a night on't, ha!—This wine is pretty, but I have such Burgundy at home.—Lookye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my Burgundy; I defy France to match it;—'Twill make us all life, all air, pray, gentlemen.

2nd. Bra. Eh! Shall us have his Burgundy?

(*Apart.*)

1st Bra. Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the gentleman's servant. (*Apart.*) What think you, Lamorce?

Lam. Yes, yes. (*Apart.*) Your servant is a foolish country boy, sir; he understands nothing but i
sence.

Mir. Ay, ay, madam.—Here, page!

Enter ORIANA, L.H.

Take this key, and go to my Butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red Burgundy, mark'd a thousand; and be sure you make haste; I long to entertain my friends here, my very good friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear sir!

1st. Bra. Here, child, take a glass of wine—Your master and I have chang'd hats, honey, in a frolic.—Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

Ori. Mustapha! *(Aside.)*

Mir. Out of Picardy—this is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red Burgundy, sir?

Mir. The red, mark'd a thousand; and be sure you make haste.

Ori. I shall, sir. *[Exit, L.H.]*

1st. Bra. Sir, you were pleas'd to like my hat, have you any fancy for my coat?—Lookye, sir, it has serv'd a great many honest gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty. *(Aside.)*

Lam. You're melancholy, sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy—he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't; I would not be disappointed of my wine for the universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, sir; but supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, sir?

Mir. O, madam, I never had a better stomach in my life.

Lam. *(Crosses to R.H.)* Come, then—we have nothing but a plate of soup.

Mir. Ah! The marriage soup I could dispense with *(Aside.—Exit, handing the Lady, R.H.)*

End. Bra. Shall we despatch him?

3rd. Bra. To be sure, I think he knows me.

1st. *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I han't the confidence to look a man in the face after I have done him an injury; therefore well muider him;

[*Exe. At.*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter DURETTE, R.H.

Dur. My friend has forsaken me, I have abandon'd my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money burns in my pocket.—But now I think on't, my mymidons are upon duty to night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest lieutenant over a flask of wine, a good story, and a pipe of tobacco. (*Going off.*)

Enter BISARRE, L.H.

Bis. Who comes there? Stand!

Dur. Hey-day, now she's turn'd dragoon. (*Aside.*)

Bis. Lookye, sir, I m told you intend to travel again.—I design to wait on you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Bis. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child, where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a high road.

Bis. Rather always in a high road, 'cause you travel all upon hills;—but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail for the East Indies.

Bis. East or West, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take through Germany, and drink hard?

Bis. Suppose I take through Germany, 'a. d. drink harder than you?

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman, will you go to the guard with me, and snooke a pipe?

Bis. Allons donc !

Dur. The devil's in the woman.—Suppose I hang myself.

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance ; the gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, sir ! (*Catches him by the Arm as he is going.*) one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, madam—

Bis. Stir if you dare, I'll call the women.—Come, sir, stand there now, and ogle me. (*He frowns upon her.*) Now a languishing sigh ! (*He groans.*) Now run and take my fan—faster. (*He runs and takes it up.*) Now play with it handsomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. (*He tears it to pieces.*)

Bis. Hold, hold, dear, humourous coxcomb ; captain spare my fan, and I'll—Why you rude, inhuman monster, don't you expect to pay for this ?

Dur. Yes, madam, there's twelvepence ; for that is the price ou't

Bis. Sir, it cost a guinea.

Dur. Well, madam, you shall have the sticks again.

[*Throws them at her, and exit, L.H.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha ! ridiculous, below my concern. I must follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Lamorce's Lodgings.*

Enter MIRABEL, R.H.D.

Mir. Bloody hell-hounds, I overheard you !—Was not I two hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel ? How did I plume my hopes in a fair coming prospect of a long scene of years ! Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune ; and to be torn away from all my promis'd joys is more than death ; the manner too, by villains.—O, my Oriana ; this very moment might have blessed me in my arms, and my poor boy ! the innocent boy !—

Confusion!—But hush! they come:—I must dissemble still—

Enter the four BRAVOES, R.H.D.

No news of my wine, gentlemen?

1 *Bra.* No, sir: I believe your country booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for't—True, sir, you're a pleasant gentleman: but I suppose you understand our business.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your employments; you, sir, are a lawyer, I presume, you a physician, you a scrivener, and you a stock-jobber.—All cut-throats, 'egad. (*Aside.*)

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashier'd at the head of the army for a coward; so I took up the trade of murder to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a soldier too, and would serve my king, but I don't like the quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no estate; but I must have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1 *Bra.* I am a ruffian too, by the prejudice of education; I was bred a butcher. In short, sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer.—Come, sir, which sword will you die by? mine, sir? (*Draws*)

2 *Bra.* Or mine? (*Draws.*)

3 *Bra.* Or mine? (*Draws.*)

4 *Bra.* Or mine? (*Draws.*)

Mir. I scorn to beg my life; but to be butcher'd thus! (*A knock, L.H.*) O, there's the wine—this moment for my life or death. Lost, or ever lost!

Enter ORIANA, L.H.

Where's the wine, child?

Orf. Coming up, sir.

(*Faintly*)
(*Stamps*)

Enter DURETETE, L.H. with his Sword drawn, and six of the grand Musqueteers with their Pieces presented: the Russians drop their Swords; Oriana goes off, L.H.

Mir. The wine, the wine, the wine! Youth, pleasure, fortune, days, and years are now my own again.—Ah, my dear friends, did not I tell you this wine would make me merry?—Dear captain, these gentlemen are the best natur'd, facetious, witty creatures that ever you knew.

Enter LAMORCE, R H.D.

Lam. Is the wine come, sir?

Mir. O yes, madam, the wine is come—see there! (*Pointing to the Soldiers.*) Your ladyship has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your service.

Mir. O ho! is it so? Thou dear seven hundred pounds, thou'rt welcome home again with all my heart—Ad's my life, madam, you have got the finest built watch there! Tompion's, I presume?

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O madam, by no means; 'tis too much—Rob you of all! (*Takes it from her.*) Good, dear time, thou'rt a precious thing; I'm glad I have retriev'd thee. (*Puts it up.*) What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady.—How now?—Is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleas'd with yours?—Captain, you're surpris'd at all this; but we're in our frolics, you must know.—Some wine here.

Enter Servant with Wine, L.H.

Ye, captain, this worthy gentleman's health.
(*Tweaks the first Bravo by the Nose; he roars.*)

But now, where—where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our crew below stairs have despatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? Despatch'd! I'll have ye all tortured, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my boy.—Here, page! page! page!
(*Runs out, L.H.*)

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, sir, we know you and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, madam snap dragon——He, he, he!—I'm so pleas'd to think that I shall be reveng'd of one woman before I die.—(*To the Soldiers.*) 'Take 'em to justice. (*Pointing to the Bravoes.*)
(*The Guards carry off the Bravoes, L.H.*)

Enter OLD MIRABEL, DUGARD, and BISARRÉ, I.II.

O. Mir. Robin, Robin, where's Bob? where's my boy?—What, is this the lady? a pretty vixen, faith!—Harkye, child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, madam,—and you shall have a swinging equipage, three or four thousand footmen at your heels at least.

Dur. No less becomes her quality.

Bis. Faugh! the monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Re-enter MIRABEL, I.II.

O. Mir. Ah, my dear Bob, art thou safe, man?

Mir. No, no, sir, I'm ruin'd! the savor of my life is lost!

O. Mir. No, he came and brought us the news!

Mir. But where is he?

Re-enter ORIANA, L.H.

Her. (*Runs and embraces her.*) My dear preserver, what shall I do to recompense your trust? Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth that has reliev'd me from the most ignominious death.—Command me, child; before you all, before my late so kind indulgent stars, I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the same stars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the justice of my claim: I shall demand but what was mine before—the just performance of your contract to Oriana. (*Discovers herself.*)

Omnes. Oriana!

Ori. In this disguise I resolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited the letter that got me into your service; and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became the instrument of your preservation.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of imposition! Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary act: this was no human stratagem; but by my providential stars, designed to show the dangers wandering youth incurs by the pursuit of an unlawful love, to plunge me headlong in the snares of vice, and then to free me by the hands of virtue: here on my knees I humbly beg my fair preserver's pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe. And now for ever do protest me yours.

O. Mir. Tall, all, di, dall. (*Sings.*) Kiss me, daughter—no, you shall kiss me first, (*To Lamorce.*) for you're the cause on't. Well, Bizarre, what say you to the captain?

Bis. I like the beast well enough; but I don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange road.

O. Mir. But marriage is so beaten a path that you can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the way is spoil'd.

Mir. (*Crosses to L.H.*) There is but one thing should make me thy husband—I could marry thee to-day for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

O. Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this. Mr. Dugard, are not you pleas'd with this?

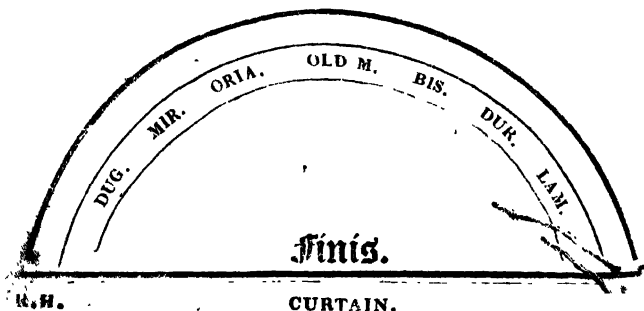
Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might secure your son's affection to my sister, I would double her fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has she not given me mine? my life, estate, my all, and what is more, her virtuous self.—Behold the foil (*Pointing to Lamorce.*) that sets this brightness off! (*To Oriana.*) Here view the pride (*To Oriana.*) and scandal of the sex. (*To Lamorce.*)

What liberty can be so tempting there,
(*To Lamorce.*)

As a soft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here?
(*To Oriana.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





MISS POWRY,
AS JESSICA.

Engraved by the author from an original drawing by the same

Oxberry's Edition.

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE,

A COMEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1820.

Remarks.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Merchant of Venice has always been deservedly popular from the vigour displayed in the character of Shylock, yet it is far from being the best of Shakspeare's comedies. The main plot evidently ends with the fourth act, and, which is worse, the under-plot, though embellished with all the charms of poetry, is not very interesting in its incidents. The story of the casket is too much like a fairy tale; the spectator, when transported from Venice to Belmont, feels that he is no longer treading on the land of reality; he is besides too little prepared for the love of Bassanio and Portia, to sympathize in its success or failure; at best this portion of the play appears like the beautiful dream of a beautiful mind, and very little harmonizes with the stern reality of the main plot, which never for a moment deviates from nature. All that passes at Belmont is in the true spirit of poetry, but of poetry that has left the earth; its creations are as fantastic and unsubstantial as the airy images that the thin clouds build up in a summer's noon; this is more particularly the case in the beginning of the last act; there is a beautiful soul-stealing melancholy in the scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, but which has more of Heaven than of human life about it.

The character of Shylock, the principal feature of this comedy, has long afforded ground for contention amongst the critics. It has been on the one hand very seriously argued that the Jew is an injured man, whose revenge is both just and natural, while the opponents of this doctrine, looking only to the terrible measure of vengeance, have denounced him as a wretch, upon whom all ideas of mercy are thrown away. One would suppose that this point might be very easily settled, but criticism is near akin to law, and loves to raise disputes, where a ground for contention does not naturally exist. That the Jew is an injured man is placed beyond the reach of question; he says to Antonio,—

—————many a time and oft
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances.

* * * * *
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.—Act 1 sc. 3.

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.—*Idem.*

The Jew therefore is justly entitled to call himself an injured man; but what is his revenge? The mean safe revenge of an assassin, who stabs in the back the enemy he does not dare to face. Had Shylock boldly resigned his own life for vengeance, the courage of the deed would have commanded respect, for such is the perverseness of human nature, that it even prefers splendid vice to quiet virtue. Every spectator sympathizes with King Richard, though compared with him the Jew is a perfect innocent; but even in a moral point of view, the open murderer has at least one virtue that the secret assassin wants---namely courage.

Shylock, however, has some redeeming qualities; he has mind and that in the highest meaning of the word; there is an overwhelming energy in all his thoughts and expressions. In the trial scene, when every heart is an enemy to him, and every hand is raised against him, he never for a moment blanches; and his language throughout is as glowing as his thought.

The quibbling, conceited, Launcelot, is a very happy effort, and such as no writer but Shakspeare could have succeeded in; vanity is the leading feature of his mind, but it is infinitely diversified in its effects, and he is always so good-humoured in his egotism, that he never loses the regard of the spectator. His soliloquy is delightful, though it is scarcely possible for any actor to realize its beauty.

It may be doubted, whether in drawing the lovely Portia, the poet did not draw from his own imagination; a Juliet or an Imogene, however rare, may yet be found in life, but where are we to seek for the feminine softness and strong understanding of Portia? Nature is infinitely too economical to unite such rare qualities in a single individual; nor in fact do they seem to harmonize.

Of the language, it is impossible to speak in terms of adequate praise, unless we could borrow the pen of Shakspeare; it is all beauty, and no less simple than it is beautiful; this is more particularly the case in the fifth act: the great poet seems to have felt the deficiency of his plot, and to have lavished in consequence all the treasures of his abundant fancy in decorating the barren ground. To say that he has been successful would be superfluous, for when did Shakspeare task his genius to an effort without

Costume.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Crimson velvet robe, doublet and trunks.

ANTONIO.

Black velvet doublet, trunks and cloak.

BASSANIO.

First dress.—Light mixture Venetian dress.—Second dress.—Green velvet do. trimmed richly with silver, hat and feathers.

SHYLOCK.

Black gaberdeen, with crimson vest, black hat.

SOLANIO.

Green Venetian dress trimmed with silver, velvet hat and feathers.

SALARINO.

Ibid.

GRATIANO.

Scarlet,—Ibid.

LORENZO.

Grey,—Ibid.

TUBAL.

Black gaberdeen and hat.

LAUNCELOT.

First dress.—Black jacket, white sash, orange breeches and stockings.—Second dress.—Brown cloth doublet, breeches and cloak, trimmed with red.

GOBBO.

Drab coloured doublet, breeches and cloak, trimmed with brown.

SERVANTS.

Venetian livery.

SENATORS.

Black robes, bound with ermine, and do. capes.

SOLDIERS.

Scarlet doublets and trunks.

PORTIA.

First dress.—White satin, trimmed with silver and spangled drapery.—Second dress.—Counsellor's dress, complete.—Third dress.—White muslin, trimmed with satin ribbon, white muslin drapery.

NERISSA.

First dress.—Blue sarsnet, trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—Black velvet jacket, trunks and cloak, trimmed with black satin.—Third dress.—White muslin.

JESSICA.

White satin body, and leno petticoat trimmed with silver.

LADJES.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Duke of Venice</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Bassanio</i>	Mr. Rae.	Mr. B. Thornton.
<i>Solanio</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Salarino</i>	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Gratiano</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Lorenzo</i>	Mr. T. Cooke.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Shylock</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Tubal</i>	Mr. Meredith.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Launcelot</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Gobbo</i>	Mr. Butler.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Balthazar</i>	Mr. Elliot.	Mr. Howell.
<i>Portia</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Nerissa</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Miss S. Booth.
<i>Jessica</i>	Miss Povey.	Miss Matthews.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and ten minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty-four minutes;—the second, twenty-two;—the third, thirty-four;—the fourth, thirty;—and the fifth, twenty.—The half-price commences, at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant.	Right Hand.
L.H.	Left Hand.
S.E.	Second Entrance.
U.E.	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	Middle Door.
D.F.	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO, L.H.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sol. (R.H.) Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies(1) with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

(1) In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, " those vast carracks called *Argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. Shakspeare has given the name of *Ragosine* to the Pirate, in *Measure for Measure*.

Plucking the grass,(1) to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sol. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats ;
And see my wealthy Andrew(2) dock'd in sand,
Vailing(3) her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.

Shall I have the thought
To think on this : and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad ?
But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love,

Ant. Fie, fie !

Sala. Not in love neither ? Then let's say, you are
sad,

Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Ja-
nus,(4)

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :

(1) By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

(2) The name of a Ship.

(3) *Vailing*, means to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission.

(4) Here Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus*, is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus ; of Saturn and Apollo, &c.

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,(1)
 And laugh like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,(2)
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Sol. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: fare you well ;
 We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

(*Crosses to Solanio.*)

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, GRATIANO, and LORENZO, I. H.

Sala. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say,
 when ? (*Crosses to Salarino*)
 You grow exceeding strange ; must it be so ?

Sol. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Sol. and Sala.* R. H.]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
 We two will leave you ; but, at dinner time,
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio ;
 You have too much respect upon the world :
 They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
 A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

(1) This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.

(2) Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger.

Gra. Let me play the fool : (1)
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream (2) and mantle like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness (3) entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! (4)
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing : who, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time ;
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
 Come, good Lorenzo :—fare ye well, awhile—

(Crosses to L.H.)

I'll end my exhortation after dinner. (5)

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time :
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

(1) Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces ; from whence came the phrase *to play the fool*.

(2) Alluding to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding.

(3) An obstinate silence.

(4) This seems to be a proverbial expression.

(5) The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the Puritan preachers of those times ; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation* till after dinner.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Lor.* L.H.]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tell me now, what lady is this same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port (1)
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe 'he most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it:
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,

(1) *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance.

To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
 time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have:
 Then do but say to me, what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest (1) unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass: In Belmont is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes (2) from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages;
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors.

O, my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Nor have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,

(1) *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but ready.—*Pret, Fr.*

(2) In old English *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*.

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt*; *Ant.* l.H. *Bass.* R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Portia's House at Belmont.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, R.H.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awearry of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are, And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, (1) but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof, who chooses his mean-

(1) i.e. Superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old.—We till say, How did he *come* by it?—To come by it is to attain.

ing, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level (1) at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. 'Ay, that's a colt, (2) indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the County (3) Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An if you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the

(1) Estimate.

(2) *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*.

(3) *County* and *Count* in old language were synonymous.

right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit: unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, (1) depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, (2) I will die as chaste as Diana, (3) unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray heaven grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think, so he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter BALTHAZAR, L.H.

Por. How now! what news? (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Bal. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from

(1) Command laid upon you.

(2) The Sibylls were prophetesses, and lived to a great age, several centuries. The most celebrated is the *Cumæan Sybil*, mentioned by Virgil, *Æneid* 6, who conducted *Æneas* to the infernal regions.

(3) The chastity of *Diana* is not *unimpeached*. She was suspected of an intrigue with *Endymion*.

a fifth, the Prince of Morocco : who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt*, I. H.]

SCENE III.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter SHYLOCK and BASSANIO, R. H.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: may I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork: to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Who is he comes here?

Bass. This is signior Antonio. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Shy. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip, (1)
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Enter BASSANIO and ANTONIO, L.H.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: but soft; how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good Signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

(*To Ant.*)

(1) This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the Angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See *Gen.* xxxii. 24, &c.

Ant. Shylock,—(*Crosses to centre*)—albeit I neither
lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd, (1)
How much you would? (*To Bass.*)

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months you told me so.
(*To Bass.*)

Well then, your bond;—(*To Ant.*)—and, let me see,—
but hear you;
Methought, you said, you neither, lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
'The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earlings (2) which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands, (3)
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven:
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

(1) Acquainted, informed.

(2) Lambs just dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*.

(3) Now called a *switch*.

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast.

Ant. (*Apart to Bass.*)—Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath ! (1)

Shy. (*Musing.*)—Three thousand ducats,—'Tis a
good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances ;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
You call me—misbeliever, cut throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock we would have monies ; You say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?—*or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—

*Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

(1) *Falsehood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.

If thou wilt leud this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal (1) of his friend?)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
 This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
 I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

(*Ant. and Bas. retire up the stage.*)

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are;
 Whose own hard dealing teaches them to suspect
 The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
 (*They advance.*)

(1) A *breed*, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition.

If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard (1)
Of an unthriftly knave ; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—[*Exit Shylock*, R.H.]
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.(2)

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt* ; I.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO, from L.H.D.F.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew my master : The fiend is at mine
elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Laun-
celot Gibbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good
Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run
away : My conscience says,—no ; take heed, honest
Launcelot ; take heed honest Gobbo ; or, as aforesaid,*

(1) *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives
cause of fear. To *fear*, was anciently to give as well as feel terrors.

(2) Kind words, good language.

honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels : Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack ; via ! says the fiend ; away ; says the fiend, for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste ;—well, my conscience says,—Launcelot, budge not ; budge, says the fiend ; budge not, says my conscience : Conscience, say I, you counsel well ! fiend, say I, you counsel well ; to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, Heaven bless the mark ! is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself : certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew : the fiend gives the more friendly counsel ! I will run ; fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Gob. (Without, R.H.) Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not :—I will try conclusious (1) with him.

Enter OLD GOBBO, R.H. (2) with a basket.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's ?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left : marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house. .

(1) Try experiments.

(2) It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a hump-back.

Gob. 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? (*Aside.*) Mark me now: now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, Heaven be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot;—talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, Heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (Heaven rest his soul!)—alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. (*Falls on his knees.*) Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun (*Rises.*)—Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I

am Launcelot, the Jew's man : and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present.

Laun. Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as Heaven has any ground :—O rare fortune ! here comes the man ;—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and STEPHANO, R.H.

Bass. You may do so ;—See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making : and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit Stephano, R.H.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. Heaven bless your worship !

Bass. Gramercy ; would'st thou ought with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man : that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew ; and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of Heaven, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: go, father, with thy son:—Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out.—Give him a livery (*To Leonardo.*) More guarded (1) than his fellows'; see it done.

(*Bass. retires up the stage with Leon.*)

Laun. Father, in:—(*Crosses to L.H.*) I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, (*Looking on his palm.*) if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book. (2) —I shall have good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; (3) here are simple 'scapes!

(1) More ornamented.

(2) *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well*, says he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table*, that doth offer to swear upon a book.—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars.

(3) A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.

Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench, for this gear. —Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Laun. and old Gobbo, L.H.D.F.*

Bass. (*Advancing with Leon.*)—I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this ;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

Enter GRATIANO, R.H.

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio.—

Bass. Gratiano !

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then, you must :—but hear thee, Gratiano ;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—

Parts, that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;

But where thou art not known, why, there they shew

Something too liberal ; (1)—pray thee, take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild behaviour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,

And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :

If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes (2)

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen ;

Use all the observance of civility,

(1) Gross, coarse, licentious.

(2) Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes.

Like one well studied in a sad ostent (1)
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing. (2)

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage
me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA, and LAUNCELOT, L.H.

Jess. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! (*Crosses*
to R.H.) if a Christian did not play the knave, and get
thee, I am much deceiv'd:—but, adieu: these foolish
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Jess. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!

(1) Grave appearance; show of staid and serious behaviour.
(2) Carriage, deportment.

But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter SALARINO, SOLANIO, GRATIANO, and LORENZO, R.H.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper time ;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sol. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers. (1)

Salu. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered ;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours
To furnish us :—

Enter LAUNCELOT, L.H.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, (2) it
shall seem to signify.

(*Gives Lorenzo a Letter.*—*Crosses to* R.H.)

Lor. I know the hand ; in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir. (*Crosses to* L.H.)

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica, I
will not fail her ;—speak it privately, go.—

[*Exit Laun.* L.H.]

(1) A torch bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of maskers ; it was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday Evening. Henry the VIIIth. when he went masked to Wolsey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had sixteen torch-bearers.

(2) Break up was a term in carving.

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sol. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sala. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Sol.* L.H.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with.—
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Shylock's House.*

SHYLOCK, L.H. and LAUNCELOT, R.H. *discovered.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could
do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA, L.H.

Jess. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth (1) to supper, Jessica ;
 There are my keys :—but wherefore should I go ?
 I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
 The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
 Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;
 There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master
 doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will
 not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it
 was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on
 Black-monday (2) last, at six o'clock i' the morning,
 falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year
 in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there masques ? Hear you me,
 Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, (3)
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :
 But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements ;
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :

(1) I am invited.

(2) *Black Monday* is *Easter Monday*, and was so called on this occasion : In the 34th of Edward III. (1360.) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris, which day was full of dark mist and hail, and so bitter cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the Blacke Monday.—*Stowe*, 264, 6.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose* : “ As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.”

(3) It appears from hence, that the fifes, in Shakspeare's time were formed differently from those now in use, which are straight, not wry-necked.

But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. (1) [*Exit, R.H.*]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell mistress ; nothing else.

Shy. The patch (2) is kind enough ; but a huge feeder,

Snail slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me ;

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;

Perhaps, I will return immediately ;

Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you ;—

Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

SONG.—JESSICA.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,

To my longing arms repair,

With impatience I shall die ;

Come, and ease thy Jessy's care :

Let me then, in wanton play,

Sigh and gaze my soul away. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*A Street in Venice—Before Shylock's House.*

Enter GRATIANO, SALARINO, & SOLANIO, masqued, L.H.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

(1) A proverbial phrase.

(2) The Fool.—*Patche* being the name of Cardinal Wolsey's fool.

Desired us to make stand. (1)

Sol. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sala. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds:—

Enter LORENZO, masqued, L.H.

Sala. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—
Here dwells my father Jew.

SONG.—LORENZO.

*My bliss too long my bride denies ;
Apace the wasting summer flies :
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.*

*What may for strength with steel compare ?
O, love has fetters stronger far !
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd ;
But cruel love enchains the mind.*

*No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best ;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jessy, haste away*

JESSICA, at the Window in Flat, L.H.

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

(1) *Desir'd us stand*, in ancient elliptical language, signifies, desired us to stand. The words, *To make*, are an evident interpolation, and consequently spoil the measure.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

Lor. But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from the window.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew. (1)

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, D.F.L.H.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO, R.H.

Sol. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;

(1) A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both *Heathen* and *one well born*. Gratiano was in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.—Friars frequently swore by this part of their habit.

With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sol. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !—
Fled with a Christian !—O my Christian ducats !—
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !*
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sol. Marry, well remember'd :
I reason'd (1) with a Frenchman yesterday ; who tol
me, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd o
the narrow seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call th
place ; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the car
cases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if m
gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that a
ever knapt (2) ginger, or made her neighbours believ
she wept for the death of a third husband : but it i
true, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O
that I had a title good enough to keep his name com
pany !

Sol. Come, the full stop.

Sala. Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sol. I would it might prove the end of his losses !

Sala. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cros
thy prayer ; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew

(1) I conversed.

(2) To knap is to break short.—The word occurs in the *Psalm*
—“ He knappeth the spear in sunder.”

Enter SHYLOCK, L.H.

How now, Shylock; what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Sol. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sol. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sala. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Sol. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. (*Crosses to centre.*) He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason?—I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed?—if you tickle us, do we not laugh?—if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in

that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge — (*Crosses to R.H.*)—The villainy, you teach me, I will execute! and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.
[*Exeunt Sol. and Sala. L.H.*]

Enter TUBAL, R.II.

Shy. How, now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing: no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what! ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I, thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal?—Good news; good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again : fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it ; I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my torquoise ; (1) I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true : go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will : go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue, go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt ; Shy.* L.H. *Tubal.* R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Portia's House at Belmont.*

The three Caskets of gold, silver, and lead, are set out.

PORTIA, BASSANIO, L.H. NERISSA, GRATIANO, R.H.
Singers, Musicians, Pages, and other Attendants, discovered.

Bass. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
First, never to unfold to any one

(1) *Torquoise*, or *turkesse*, is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. The imaginary virtues ascribed to this stone are, that it faded or brightened in its colour as the health of the wearer increased or grew less : it is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife. This would be an invaluable gem in many married families.

Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and begone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Bass. And so have I address'd me.—Fortune now
To my heart's hope!

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you: and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.(1)

I could teach you

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me:
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.

I speak too long: but 'tis to peize (2) the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—(*They retire.*)
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him.

(*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the cas-
kets to himself.*)

(1) *Hate would not incline me to wish you should stay.

(2) To retard, by hanging weights upon it. To peize is from *piser*,
Fr. to weigh.

Bass. Some good direct my judgment!—Let me see.—

“ *Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*”

That may be meant

Of the fool multitude, that choose by show ;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice, (1)
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve (2) it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
Thus ornament is but the guiled (3) shore
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.—

Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

“ *Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*”

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit?

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare?

How many be commanded, that command?

And how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new varnish'd?—“ *Much as he deserves*”—

I'll not assume desert.—

“ *Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*”

I'll none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,

(1) Pleasing; winning favour.

(2) Justify it.

(3) Treacherous.—Shakspeare, in this instance as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*.

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. (*Opening the Leaden casket.*) What find I
here!
Fair Portia's counterfeit? (1) Here is the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

(*Reads*)—*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive;
Yet doubtful whether what I say be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.—

(*Kissing her.*)

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, (2) livings,
Exceed account. But now I was the lord

(1) *Counterfeit* anciently signified a likeness. So in *Hamlet*:—
“The counterfeit presentiment of two brothers.”

(2) Riches.

Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
 But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord and lady!

(*Crosses to Por.*)

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou can'st get a wife.

Gra I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
 You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission (1)
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
 For wooing here, until I sweat again;
 And swearing, till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
 I got a promise of this fair one here,
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

(1) Pause, *intervening time, delay*.—So in *Macbeth*—

“ Gentle heaven,

“ Cut short all intermission!”

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal,

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage. (*Bass. and Por. retire up the stage.*)

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO, I.H.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—by your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—for my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sol. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

(*Gives Bassanio a letter; all retire but Bass. and Sol.*)

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sol. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio; what's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sol. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

(*They retire up the stage, R.H.*)

Por. There are some shrewd (1) contents in you
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper, as the body of my friend, (2)
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?

(*Sol. advances.*)

Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sol. Not one, my lord.

(1) Pointed, important.

(2) "The paper as the body" means the paper resembles the body, is as the body. The expression is somewhat elliptical.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it: never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man:
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes,
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honour more appears,
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
 First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
 And then away to Venice to your friend;
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
 When it is done, bring your true friend along:
 My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. (*Reads.*) *Sweet Bussanio, my ships have a miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me. If I might but see yo*

at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste ; but, 'till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter SHYLOCK, ANTONIO, SALARINO, and the Gaoler, L.H.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him ;—tell not me of mercy ;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis :—

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :

Thou call'd'st me dog, before thou hadst a cause ;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :

The Duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond (1)

To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool, (2)

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Sala. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

(1) Foolish.

(2) The epithet *dull-ey'd* is bestowed on *Melancholy* in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*.

Ant. Let him alone ;
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers,
 He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me ;
 Therefore he hates me.

Sala. I am sure, the Duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law ;
 For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, (1) if it be deny'd,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go ;
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.— (*Crosses to L.H.*)
 Well, gaoler, on :—Pray Heav'n Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Portia's house at Belmont.*

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, PORTIA, NERISSA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband ;
 I know you would be prouder of the work,
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

(1) For the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffic here, and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished.

Por. I never did repent me doing good,
 Nor shall not now :
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;
 Therefore, no more of it : hear other things :
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house,
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return :
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this imposition ; (1)
 The which my love, and some necessity,
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart ;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
 pleas'd

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo, L.H.*

Now, Balthazar, (*Bal. advances, R.H.*

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still : take this same letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man
 In speed to Padua : see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario :
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
 thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed(2)

(1) Command.

(2) With celerity like that of imagination.

Unto the tranect,(1) to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us?

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa;
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE V.—*The Garden at Belmont.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT, L.H.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the sins of the father
are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise
you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so
now I speak my agitation of the matter:—therefore be
of good cheer; for, truly, I think—you are damned.
There is but one hope in it that can do you any good:
and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the
sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then, I fear you are damn'd both by
father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your fa-
ther, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are
gone both ways.

(1). From *Tranare*, to swim across. Perhaps the word was in com-
mon use for a *ferry* in the time of Shakspeare.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; (1) he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes. (Crosses to L.H.)

Enter LORENZO, L.H.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter.

Lor. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered: for your coming in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit, R.H.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory

(1) From St. Paul.—The unbelieving wife is sanctified by her husband.

An army of good words : and I do know
 A many fools, that stand in better place,
 Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
 Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
 And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
 How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing.

Lor Even such a husband
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

DUET.—LORENZO AND JESSICA.

Jes. *In vows of everlasting truth,
 You waste your idle hours, fond youth ;
 But leave me once, and I should find,
 That out of sight were out of mind.*

Lor. *Ah, do thyself no wrong, my dear,
 Affect no coy nor jealous fear ;
 Each beauteous object, I might see,
 Would but inspire a thought of thee.*

Jes. & Lor. *Thus absence warms with fiercer flame,
 The fine affections of the soul ;
 As distance points with surer aim
 The faithful needle to its darling pole.*

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*

*The DUKE, the MAGNIFICOES, (In Centre.) ANTONIO,
 BASSANIO, (L.H.) SOLANIO, SALARINO, GRATIANO,
 and others, discovered, (R.H.)*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, (1) I do oppose
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go oue, and call the Jew into the court.

Sol. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK, R.H.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh)
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back ;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commisseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn 'Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;

(1) *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*.

And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
 But say, it is my humour : is it answered ?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it ban'd ; what, are you answer'd yet ?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;
 Now for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
 So can I give no reason, nor will I not,
 More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him : Are you answer'd ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think you question (1) with the Jew :

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well—do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart :—therefore I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no further means,
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs,
 Why sweat they under their burdens ? let their beds,
 Be made as soft as yours, let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands ? you will answer,
 The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
 I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters : call the messenger.

[*Exit Sala.* R.H.D.]

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me ;
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter SOLANIO with NERISSA, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk, R.H.D.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace.
(*Presents a Letter.—Shylock kneels on one knee
and wets his knife.*)

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, (1) who hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court :—

Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here, hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

(1) This allusion might have been caught from some old translation of Pliny, who mentions a Parrhasian turned into a wolf, because he had eaten part of a child that had been consecrated to Lycæan Jupiter.

Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

[*Exeunt Gra. and Sola. R.H.D.*

Meantime, the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.—
Reads.—Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazer. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turn'd o'er many books together ; he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverent estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes ;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws, SOLANIO, and GRATIANO, R.H.D.

(*Portia advancing to the centre of the stage, bows to the court, and then approaches towards the Duke.*)

Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shyllock, both stand forth.
(*They stand forth—Portia in the centre of the stage.*)

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, (1) as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, (2) do you not ?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice : therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ; (3) we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy ; I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! (4) I crave the law

(1) Oppose, controvert.

(2) Within his reach or controul.

(3) Portia referring the *Jew* to the Christian doctrine of salvation, is a little out of character.

(4) An imprecation adapted from that of the Jews to Pilate : " His blood be on us and our children."

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
 Yea, thrice the sum : If that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. (1) And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established :
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath ; I have an oath in heaven.
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
 No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit ;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
 Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
 It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
 You know the law, your exposition
 Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

(1) Malice oppresses honesty ; a *true man* in old language is an *honest man*. *We now call the jury *good men and true*.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife;—

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

'So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
 Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;
 I would she were in heaven, so she could
 Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands : I have a
 daughter ;
 Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !
(*Aside.*)

We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
 thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
 The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come,
 prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh ;
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
 But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the State of Venice.

Gra. O, upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned
 judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act :
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O, learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple! nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That, indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
 thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
 spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio. (1)

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house : you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for Heaven's
 sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
 I'll quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use,—to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter.
 Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,

(1) That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's.

He presently become a Christian ;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
 I am not well ; send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more, (1)
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock, R.H.D.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
 (To *Por.*)

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;
 I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train, R.H.U.E.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
 Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
 Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
 We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
 In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
 And I delivering you, am satisfied,
 And therein do account myself well paid ;
 My mind was never yet more mercenary.
 I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;

(1) A jury of twelve men to condemn him to be hanged.

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I attempt you further :
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa, R.H.*]

Ant. My lord, Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house ;—away, make haste.—

[*Exit Gra. R.H.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently ;

And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, R.H.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this
deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO, R.H.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:

(*Crosses to Por.*)

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice, (1)
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:

This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

(*Aside to Por.*)

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: we shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and out-swear them too.

(*Aside to Ner.*)

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry,

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house?

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

(1) More reflection.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Avenue to Portia's House at Belmont.*

LORENZO and JESSICA, discovered, seated.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night
as this,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith.
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would outright you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter BALTHAZAR, L.H.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Bal. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Bal. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Laun. (*Within, L.H.*) Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola,
sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Enter LAUNCELOT, I.H.

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress
Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, (*Crosses to R.H.*) with his horn full of good
news; my master will be here ere morning.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Lor. My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand.

[*Exit Bal. R.H.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance, L.H.U.E.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

(*A tucket (1) sounds.*)

(1) A flourish on a trumpet.—*Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, and GRATIANO, L.H.:

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—(*Gratiano and Ner. go up the stage.*)

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. (1)

Gra. (*Advancing with Ner.*) By yonder moon I swear, you do me wrong;

In faith I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were hang'd that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give to me; whose posy was

For all the world, like cutler's poetry (2)

Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

(1) This verbal complimentary form, made up only of breath, i. e. words. So in *Macbeth*:

—“Mouth-honour, *breath.*”

(2) Knives, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy (1)
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. (*Aside.*)

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it, but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed,
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours.
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

(1) Short, stunted.

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When naught would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour (1) to retain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony? (2)
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,*
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
 Even he that had held up the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady,
 I was enforced to send it after him.
 Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my husband's bed:
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
 Lie not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*:
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
 I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

(1) How much your honor was concerned in keeping the ring.

(2) What man could have so little modesty as to press the demand of a thing studiously withheld, as considered in the light of a religious obligation, or ceremony.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you: you are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety; give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio: swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven,—it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio:
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome:
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

: *Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then sleep with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

(*Crosses to Lor.*)

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

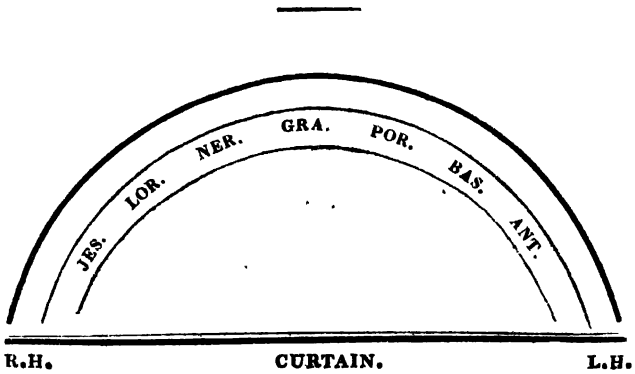
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full; let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: (*Crosses to Ner.*) the first in-
ter'gatory,

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day;
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Finis.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





MRS. C. L. & H. B. R.
AND MRS. C. L. & H. B. R.

Engraved by Wright from a drawing by Hoginman

Orberry's Edition.

R U L E A W I F E

AND HAVE A WIFE ;

A COMEDY :

ALTERED FROM BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

By David Garrick.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

1820.

**Oxberry and Co. Printers,
White-Hart Yard.**

Remarks.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

Of the numerous plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, this is almost the only one that still keeps possession of the stage. The *Chances*, *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and a few others, have at different periods been revived, but they have all invariably passed away with the occasion that called them into a temporary existence. It must not however, be imagined that the superior merit of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* has obtained for it this popularity; if it have fewer faults, it has likewise fewer excellencies, than many of its forgotten brethren which have long ago been consigned to the dust and spiders:—it seems to have acquired this predominant favour, much for the same reason that a steady companion (if he be only tolerably pleasant,) is preferred to the wild excesses of wit and humour, for while few are able to relish excellence, every one is offended by intemperance. The alloy, mixed up with the beauties of the other comedies, has been too for the public taste, which has therefore been contented with the least original of all the plays by these two authors; the fable of it is directly borrowed from Shakespeare's *Catherine* and *Petruchio*, from which, indeed, it is no more than an off-cut; it must however be allowed, that the slip has grown up into a fair tree, which though not so straight nor so fine as the parent stock, is yet of a noble growth and has produced fruit of no indifferent flavour.

This fable is one of those pleasant exaggerations which the mind very readily admits for truth; in fact, the ground-work of it is true; that a licentious woman should wish for an easy, foolish husband as a cloak for her excesses is sufficiently probable; no less so is it that a man should be found knavish enough to take advantage of such a disposition, and cunning enough to put on the disguise

of folly to effect his purpose. So far the reader travels readily enough with the poet, but then the colouring on this simple ground-work is always glaring, and sometimes offensively so; the story is worked up for effect, and does produce effect—but not the effect of truth; from beginning to end it is *Lilliput* or *Brobdignag*. Above all, too, there is no moral interest in the play; it is impossible to take any share in the weal or woe of Leon, who, to speak it candidly, is no better than an impostor; he deceives a woman into marriage, knowing her to be a wanton, and, as it appears, from the vile love of lucre; he sells himself as a stale, a stalking horse, and bites the purchaser into the bargain; it is he, not Margarita, that turns out other than was promised; it is he, not Margarita, that is the deceiver. The spectator may be amused by pleasantness of dialogue, or surprise of situation, but he can feel no sympathy with such a character. Of what can Leon complain? that his wife is a wanton?—Why, he knew her to be such when he married her. What right has he to talk of a husband's honour, this matrimonial trafficker, this seller of his own body? If there had been the least mind, the slightest portion of wit or eloquence in Margarita, the tables would have been turned, and he had appeared an object of disgust. But the character of Margarita is too feebly drawn, so much more like a shadow than a substance, that Leon gets off with the sufferance, though he can not gain the sympathy, of the spectator!

In the subordinate characters of the drama, the poets have been much more fortunate. Estifania is the most amusing Jesabel that ever trod the stage; there is humour and contrivance in the tricks by which she out-plots her plotting husband, gulling him so palpably, till the blood tingles at one's fingers ends. Then, too, the broad, staring impudence, which endeavours to prove, aye, and actually does prove, that all this is right and proper—that he has been thus scurvily fooled for his own good; the impudence of the Copper Captain melts away before her unrivalled assurance; she leads him up and down by the nose, and makes not the least mystery of it, but fairly laughs at him to his face; never were the advantages of impudence more happily portrayed.

The character of my "Mahound Cousin," is also excellent; his misfortunes resemble the serio-comic title-page of a black-letter

play; they are a right merry and conceited tragedy, full of tragic mirth; it is really delightful to see his better half set him up and flog him about as a school-boy flogs his whipping-top. He may not indeed be altogether entitled to say with Sir John Falstaff, "I am witty in myself," but he may very justly join in the other half of the fat Knight's self-congratulation, and affirm he is "the cause that wit is in other men;" he is a very shuttle-cock in the hands of the merry bye-standers, who knock him to and fro with infinite whim and dexterity; not that the rogue is totally destitute of humour either; he has a quaint mode of speech that is oftentimes highly whimsical, as for instance, when he proposes to Leon "to walk out, and be beaten into a proper belief."

Cacafogo, too, is no less good in his way; his body is as bloated and as blown up as his fortune; he appears to think that he carries the world in his purse-strings, and considers vice or virtue only as marketable commodities. He is a full ton of whale-oil, and his language is to the height as coarse and greasy as his appearance. He seems to love pleasure not for itself, but as it is, a thing of purchase—a good which he may possess to the exclusion of his neighbours.

Of the other characters, it can only be said that "they come like shadows—so depart;" they are too thin to be tangible by criticism, and may be properly left to occupy their stations without our notice.

Beaumont and Fletcher were, while living, the most inviolable friends and inseparable companions; as in their works also they were united, the Orestes and Pylades of the poetical world; it would be a kind of injury done to the manes of their friendship, should we here, after death, separate those names which before it were found for ever joined. For this reason we shall, under this single article, deliver what we have been able to collect concerning both.

Francis Beaumont. This gentleman was descended from a very ancient family of that name, seated at Grace Dieu, in Leicester-shire. His grandfather, John Beaumont, had been Master of the Rolls, and his father, Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Nor was his descent less honourable on the side of his mother, whose name was Anne, the daughter of George Pierrepont, of Home Pierrepont, in the County of Notting

ham, Esq. and of the same family from which the late Duke of Kingston derived his ancestry. He was born in the year 1585, and received his education at Cambridge, but in what college is a point which we have not been able to trace. He afterwards was entered a student in the Inner Temple. It is not, however, apparent that he made any great proficiency in the law, that being a study probably too dry and unentertaining to be attended to by a man of his fertile and sprightly genius. For although, out of fifty-three plays which are collected together as the labours of these united authors, Mr. Beaumont was concerned in much the greater part of them, yet he did not live to complete his thirtieth year, the king of terrors summoning him away in the beginning of March 1615, on the 9th day of which he was interred in the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher was born in 1576, and was, as well as his friend, educated at Cambridge, where he made a great proficiency in his studies, and was accounted a very good scholar. His natural vivacity of wit, for which he was remarkable, soon rendered him a devotee to the Muses; and his close attention to their service, and fortunate connexion with a genius equal to his own, soon raised him to one of the highest places in the temple of poetical fame. As he was born near ten years before Mr. Beaumont, so did he also survive him by an equal number of years; the general calamity of a plague, which happened in the year 1625, involving him in its great destruction, he being at that time 49 years of age.

It is generally allowed, that Fletcher's peculiar talent was *wit*; and Beaumont's, though much the younger man, *judgment*. Nay, so extraordinary was the latter property in Mr. Beaumont, that it is recorded of the great Ben Jonson, that he constantly, so long as this gentleman lived, submitted his own writings to his censure, and, as it is thought, availed himself of his judgment at least in the correcting, if not even in the contriving, all his plots.

The pieces they have left behind them are as follow:

The Woman Hater, C. 4to. 1607.—The Knight of the Burning Pestle, C. 4to. 1613.—Cupid's Revenge, T. 4to. 1615.—The Scornful Lady, C. 4to. 1616.—A King and no King, T. C. 4to. 1619.—The Maid's Tragedy, 4to. 1619.—Philaster, T. C. 4to. 1620.—The Tamer and Theodoret, T. 4to. 1621.—The Faithful Shepherdess,

D. P. 4to. *N. D.* (by Fletcher.)—The Two Noble Kinsmen, *T. C.* 4to. 1634.—The Elder Brother, *C.* 4to. 1637.—Monsieur Thomas, *C.* 4to. 1639.—Wit without Money, *C.* 4to. 1639.—The Coronation, *C.* 4to. 1640. [Shirley, however, has laid claim to this play.]—Rollo, *T.* 4to. 1640.—Rule a Wife and have a Wife, *C.* 4to. 1640.—The Night Walker, *C.* 4to. 1640.—The following 36 plays were first published together in folio, 1647; but are, together with the preceding 17, in folio, 1679.—The Mad Lover, *T. C.*—The Spanish Curate, *C.*—The Little French Lawyer, *C.*—The Custom of the Country, *T. C.*—The Noble Gentleman, *C.*—The Captain, *C.*—Beggars' Bush, *C.*—The Coxcomb, *C.*—The False one, *T.*—The Chances, *C.*—The Loyal Subject, *T. C.*—The Laws of Candy, *T. C.*—The Lover's Progress, *T. C.*—The Island Princess, *T. C.*—Humorous Lieutenant, *T. C.*—The nice Valour, *T. C.*—The Maid in the Mill, *C.*—The Prophetess, *T.*—Bonduca, *T.*—The Sea Voyage, *C.*—The Double Marriage, *T.*—The Pilgrim, *C.*—The Knight of Malta, *T. C.*—The Woman's Prize, *C.*—Love's Cure, *C.*—Honest Man's Fortune, *T. C.*—The Queen of Corinth, *T. C.*—Women pleased, *T. C.*—A Wife for a Month, *T. C.*—Wit at several Weapons, *C.*—Valentinian, *T.*—The Fair Maid of the Inn, *T. C.*—Love's Pilgrimage, *C.*—Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, 1612 4to. *N. D.* (By Beaumont.)—Four Plays in One.—The Wild Goose Chase, *C.* fol. 1652, 1679. The same writers were also authors, or assistants to the authors, of the under-mentioned:—The Widow, (by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton,) 4to. 1652.—The Jeweller of Amsterdam; or, The Hague, (by Fletcher, Field, and Massinger,) *N. P.*—The Faithful Friends, *C. N. P.*—A Right Woman, *C.* (both by Beaumont and Fletcher,) *N. P.*—The History of Mador, King of Britain, (by Beaumont,) *N. P.*—The Devill of Dowgate, *C.* (by Fletcher,) 1623. *N. P.*—The History of Cardenio, *P.* (by Fletcher and Shakspeare,) *N. P.*—The Wandering Lovers, *P.* (by Fletcher,) 1623. *N. P.*

PROLOGUE.

Pleasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir you up; do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day we're *Spaniards* all again,
The story of our play, and our scene *Spain*;
The errors too do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their wit, and not their state;
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young, fresh beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband—still 'tis *Spain*:
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign.
You're *vestals* all, and though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
A cruel scene did never lady please.
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you; you're free;
We tax no further than our comedy;
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see.

EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither. To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many to such fortune sends
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste;
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste.

Costume.

DUKE.

Scarlet doublet, white vest and pantaloons, richly embroidered with silver.

DON JUAN.

Light blue Spanish coat and pantaloons, white vest, richly embroidered with silver.

SANCHIO.

Ibid.

ALONZO.

Ibid.

COPPER CAPTAIN.

Scarlet Spanish coat and pantaloons, white vest, richly embroidered with silver.

LEON.

First dress. Light blue vest and cloak, scarlet breeches, trimmed with scarlet and white braid.—Second dress. Puse-coloured velvet Spanish coat, white satin vest and breeches, richly trimmed with silver.

CACAFOGO.

Green cloak, vest, and breeches, trimmed with gold.

Servants.—Green and orange Spanish liveries.

MARGARITA.

White satin dress, trimmed with silver, and silver spangled upper dress.

ESTIFANIA.

Blue sarsnet petticoat, trimmed with black points, black velvet body, blue crape apron, trimmed black, and black veil.

ALTEA.

White sarsnet, trimmed, scarlet points.

CLARA.

Green body, white petticoat, trimmed, green points.

OLD WOMAN.

Brown stuff petticoat, ragged bed gown, hat and cloak.

MAID.

Dark blue petticoat, red stay boddice, old straw hat, and red cloak.

ISABEL and VICTORIA.

Fine Spanish dresses.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and fifteen minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty-one minutes;—the second, twenty;—the third, thirty-eight;—the fourth, thirty-three; and the fifth, twenty-three. The half price commences, generally, at about nine o'clock.

Persons Represented.

As acted at Drury Lane, on its revival by Mr Garrick.

<i>Duke of Medina</i>	Mr. Aikin.
<i>Don Juan</i>	Mr. Packer.
<i>Don Sanchio</i>	Mr. Hurst.
<i>Don Alonzo</i>	Mr. Usher.
<i>Don Michael</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Leon</i>	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Cacafogo</i>	Mr. Moody.
<i>Margarita</i>	Miss Sherry.
<i>Altea</i>	Mrs. Love.
<i>Clara</i>	Mrs. Whitfield.
<i>Estifania</i>	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Old Woman</i>	Mr. Baddely.
<i>Maid</i>	Mr. Waldron.

	1820.	1812.
	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Duke of Medina</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Don Juan</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Don Sanchio</i>	Mr. Elliot.	Mr. Hamerton.
<i>Don Alonzo</i>	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Don Michael</i>	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Leon</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Cacafogo</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Lorenzo</i>	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Diego</i>	Mr. Moss.	Mr. Heath.
<i>Vasco</i>	Mr. Isaacs.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Margarita</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Altea</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Logan.
<i>Clara</i>	Mrs. Scott.	Mrs. Watts.
<i>Estifania</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>Victoria</i>	Miss Phillips.	Mrs. Davies.
<i>Isabel</i>	Miss Carr.	Mrs. Coates.
<i>Ladies</i>	Mrs. Barrett, &c.	{
<i>Old Woman</i>	Mr. Knight.	
<i>Maid</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Simmons.
		Mr. King.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S. E.....		Second Entrance.
U. E.....		Upper Entrance.
M. D.....		Middle Door.
D. F.....		Door in flat.
R. H. D.....		Right Hand Door.
L. H. D.....		Left Hand Door.

RULE A WIFE

AND HAVE A WIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter DON JUAN and DON MICHAEL, R.H.

Mich. Are your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, sir :

Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?

Mich. We pick up still,
And, as our money holds out, we have men come.
About that time, I think we shall be full too :
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienced.
There's one Don Leon, a strange, goodly fellow, (1)
Commended to me from some noble friends.

Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd
before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, Don
Michael,
That ~~is~~ to my ears yet ; ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,

(1) Uncommonly well looking.

To the point less. I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace, if
need be:

Many as stout as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and
whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into molehills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for; but, Mi-
chael Perez,

When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heiress?

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er saw
her;

She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch that wench up,
And live at ease! She's fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness;
He, that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Mich. 'Would I were married, I would find that
wisdom

With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever woman
Of the most subtle mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o'th' parish.

Enter VASCO, L.H.

Vas. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to
speak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome women?

(Crosses to Vasco.)

Vas. They seem so; very handsome; but they're
veil'd, sir.

Mich. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth: how it
melts with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit Vasco, L.H.*]

Mich. Don Juan!

Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish!
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?

Do your eyes glow now?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest; what shame(1) have you then?

Mich. I would fain see that;
I've been i'th' Indies twice, and have seen strange
things;

But, for two honest women only—One I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee, be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing!

Re-enter VASCO, L.H. with DONNA CLARA and ESTIFANIA, veiled.—VASCO, crosses behind to R.H.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies. (*Crosses to Clara.*)

Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well though.

They come not for advice in law sure hither! (*Aside.*)

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you
speak, lady?

Clara. With you, sir, as I guess; Juan de Castro.
(*Unveils.*)

Mich. Per curtain opens; she's a pretty gentle-
woman.—(*Aside.—Mich. crosses behind to Est.*)

L.H. and tries to persuade her to unveil.)

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to for-
tune,

—I may do any service to your beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to
Flanders,

To serve the Catholic king.

Juan. I am, sweet lady.

Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know him,
Don Campusano, captain of carbines,

(1) How will you be *disgraced*, if you offer gallantry where it
will not be accepted.

To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance. (*Gives a Letter.*)

Juan. I shall do it;

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside; I'll serve thee.

[*Mich. signs Vasco to follow Juan.—Exeun*

Juan, Clara, and Vasco, R.H.

Mich. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face?

Esti. Sir, you must pardon me;

Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,⁽¹⁾

And keep suspect off from their chastities,

Had need wear thicker veils.

Mich. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,

Nor bold intruder on her special favours:

I know how tender reputation is,

And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd,

Lady; you may to me——

Esti. You must excuse me, signior, I come

Not here to sell myself.

Mich. As I'm a gentleman! by the honour of a
soldier.

Esti. I believe you; (*He offers to lift her Veil.*)

Pray be civil; I believe you'd see me,

And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me;

But in a strange place, to a stranger too,

As if I came on purpose to betray you!

Indeed, I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly;

And 'tis a sin to fling away affection.

I know not, you have struck me with your modesty,—

And taken from me

All the desire I might bestow on others——

Quickly, before they come!

Esti. Indeed, I dare not;

But, since I see you are so desirous, sir,

To view a poor face that can merit nothing

But your repentance—

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

(1) Fair Characters.

Esti. When I am gone let your man follow me,
 And view what house I enter. Thither come ;
 For there I dare be bold to appear open ;
 And, as I like your virtuous carriage, then
 I shall be able to give welcome to you.

Re-enter DON JUAN, CLARA, and VASCO, R.H.

She hath done her business, I must take my leave, sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you,
 lady.

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.

Vasco, come near ; hark ! *(Whispers to Vasco.)*

Juan. You will command me no more services ?

Clara. To be careful of your noble health,
 dear sir ;

That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,

And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down
 there.

Vasco. I shall do it faithfully.

[Exit with Ladies, L.H.]

Mich. You had the honour to see the face that
 came to you ?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one. What was yours, Don
 Michael ?

Mich. Mine was i'th' eclipse, and had a cloud
 drawn over it.

But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome.

She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of 'em ?

Mich. No. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Juan. Then I do, captain ; *(Aside.)*

But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.

Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

Mich. Were those she brought love letters ?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.

Yours was very modest, methought.

Mich. Some young unmanaged thing ;

But I may live to see.—

Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad and view our companies.
[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter ESTIFANIA, R.H. who crosses the Stage, and goes into L.H.D. VASCO following.

Vasco. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;
They're both fair buildings—she walk'd plaguy fast.

Re-enter ESTIFANIA, L.H.D.

And hereabouts I lost her: stay! that's she,
'Tis very she—she makes me a low court'sy.
Madam, your most obedient servant.

[*Exit Estifania, L.H.D.*]

Let me note the place, the street I well remember.
[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in Margarita's House*

Enter VICTORIA and ISABEL, L.H.

Isa. What should it mean, that in such haste we're
sent for?

Vic. Belike the lady Margarec: has some business
She'd break to us in private.

Isa. It should seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

Vic. And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'tis a pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

Enter ALTEA, R.H.

Altea. Good morrow, ladies.

Isa. 'Morrow, my good madam.

How does the sweet young beauty, lady Margarita?

Vic. Has she slept well after her walk last night?

Isa. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Altea. All's well,
She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

Vic. She does well and wisely.

Altea. She would fain marry.

Isa. 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke
with?

Altea. That's left to argue on. I pray come in
(Crosses to R.H.)

And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

Vic. And good wine breeds good counsel, we'll
yield to ye. [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter DON JUAN and LEON, L.H.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember:

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long questions, I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an ass. (*Aside.*) Did you ne'er draw
your sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away;

For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum?

Leon. It makes my head ache.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk ?

Leon. I think not ; but I am loving, sir.

Juan. What a lump is this man ! *(Aside.)*

Was your father wise ?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure ;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness. *(Aside.)*

Why art thou sent to be my officer,

Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight ?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,

Or I am cozened, sir ; men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou escape a bullet ?

Leon. Why, by chance.

They aim at honourable men : alas ! I'm none, sir.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in his talk that strike me.

He cannot be all fool. *(Aside.—Crosses to Centre.)*

Enter ALONZO, L.H.

Welcome, Alonzo.

Alon. What have we got there ? Temperance into your company ?

The spirit of peace ? We shall have wars by the ounce then.

Cacaf. *(Without, L.H.)* Ay, ay ; enough, enough.

Alon. Oh, here's another pumpkin ;

The cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo.

Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two spoonfuls.

Enter CACAFOGO, L.H. with a Bag of Money.

Cacaf. My father's dead : I am a man of war too, Monies, demesnes ; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o'the Hollanders, your ships may leak else.

Cacaf. I scorn the Hollanders, they are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, sir, I will borrow it else.

Cacaf. I'm satisfied—(*Puts up his money.*)—you shall not. (*Sees Leon.*)

Come out; I know thee, meet mine anger instantly. (*To Leon.*)

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Cacaf. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour. (*Draws his Sword.*)

Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously.

I'll make it good. (*Crosses to Juan.*)

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Cacaf. Thou won't my money too, with a pair of base bones,

In whom there was no truth; for which I beat thee;

I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously. (*Crosses to Leon.*)

This shall provoke thee. (*Attempts to kick Leon.*)

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again; (*Kicks Cacafogo.*) pray pardon me. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cacaf. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon I had kill'd thee:

I leave thee as a thing despis'd! Beso las manos à vuestra senoria—Boh! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle; there is not in all Spain,

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow? (*To Alon.*)

Alon. Turn him off;

He will infect the camp with cowardice,

If he go with thee.

Juan. About some week hence, sir, (*Crosses to R.H. Alonzo follows.*)

If I can hit upon no abler officer,

You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better. [*Exeunt Leon, L.H.*]

Alonzo and Juan, R.H. laughing at Leon.

SCENE V.—*A Chamber in Margarita's House.*

Enter ESTIFANIA and DON MICHAEL, L.H.

Mich. You've made me now too bountiful ex-andz,
lady,

For your strict carriage(1) when you saw me first ;
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd ;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object ;
I could now chide ye, but it shall be thus : (*Kisses her.*)
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

Esti. Y'appear to me so honest and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Mich. Now let me ask your name.

Esti. 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.

Mich. Poor, do you call it ?

There's nothing that I cast my eyes upon,
But shows both rich and admirable ; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here ;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious !
Is all that plate your own too ?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use ; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it :
The suits you see of all the upper chambers,
Are those that commonly adorn the house ;
I think I have, besides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

Mich. Now if she be not married, I have some
hopes. (*Aside.*)
Are you a maid ?

Esti. You make me blush to answer ;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

Mich. Then would I counsel you to marry presently.
(If I can get her I am made for ever.) (*Aside.*)
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty :

(1) Behaviour.

A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort. Will ye walk above stairs?

Esti. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
Above, there are temptations I dare not trust, sir.

Mich. She's excellent wise withal too. (*Aside.*)

Esti. You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict, sir,
But if an honest and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him;
But, above all, he must love.

Mich. He were base else.
There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier; (*Aside.*)
How sweetly should I live!

Esti. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir.
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction. To please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid 'i the kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

Mich. Sweet, rich, and provident; now fortune
stick to me. (*Aside.*)

I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely.
They that use many words, some are deceitful.
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
'Tis true, I shall not meet an equal wealth with ye;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady.

Esti. You're a true gentleman, and fair, I see by ye;
And such a man I'd rather take——

Mich. Pray do so!
I'll have a priest o'the sudden.

Esti. And as suddenly.
You will repent too.

Mich. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

Esti. You're a flatterer;
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that most noble face, that stirr'd my fancy.

Mich. Oh, sweet lady!
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye.
And then, sweet wench—

Esti. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in MARGARITA'S House.*

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, ISABEL, and VICTORIA, R.H.

Mar. Come, sit down, and give me your opinions
seriously.

Isa. You say you have a mind to marry, lady?

Mar. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit;
I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

Vic. 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.

Isa. But might not all this be, and keep ye single?
You take away variety in marriage;
Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then.
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes, why was I made a woman?

Vic. And ev'ry day a new?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it?

Isa. You're still i'th' right, Why should you marry
then?

Altea. Because a husbands stops all doubts.

Vic. What husband mean ye ?

Altea. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure ;
One, though he sees himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door and entertain the maker.

Vic. You grant there may be such a man.

Isa. Yes, marry, but how to bring 'em to this rare
perfection ?

Vic. They must be chosen so ; things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter :

I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

Vic. Methinks now, a rich lawyer ; some such fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe.

Mar. No, there's no trusting them ; they are too
subtle ;

The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

Isa. Then, some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Mar. If he have honour, I'm undone ; I'll none such.

Altea. With search, and wit, and labour,
(*Crosses to Margarita.*)

I've found one out, a right one, and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman ?

Altea. Yes, and a soldier ; but as gentle as you'd
wish him ;

A good fellow, and has good clothes, if he knew how
to wear 'em.

Mar. Those I'll allow him ;

They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little ?

Altea. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better.

Have not the wars bred him up to anger ?

Altea. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites
him ;

Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

Mar. Is he so goodly a man, do you say ?

Altea. As you shall see, lady ;

But, to all this he's but a trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so. (*Crosses to R.H.*)
 Go, find me out this man, and let me see him ;
 If he be that motion(1) that you tell me of,
 And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
 Let him be here.

Altea. He shall attend your ladyship.

[*Exeunt ; Altea, L.H. Mar. Vic. and Isa. R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter DON JUAN, DON ALONZO, and DON MICHAEL, R.H.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed ?

Mich. No, no ; pray think so ;
 Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
 Nor worth a lady's eye !

Alon. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
 And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
 Nor bid us to thy wedding ?

Mich. No, indeed ;
 There was no wisdom in't to bid an artist,
 An old seducer, to a female banquet :
 I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i' the veil !

Mich. Basta,(2) 'twas she. (*Aside to Perez.*)
 (*Aside to Juan.*)
 The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon ;
 The loving'st thief !

Juan. And is she rich withal too ?

Per. A mine, a mine ! there is no end of wealth,
 colonel.

I am an ass, a bashful fool ! Pr'ythee, colonel,
 How do thy companies fill now ?

Juan. You're merry, sir ;
 You intend a safer war at home belike now ?

Mich. I do not think I shall fight much this year,
 colonel.

I find myself giv'n to my ease a little.

(1) Puppet.—(2) Enough. *Spanish.*

I care not if I sell my foolish company ;
They're things of hazard. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench ; (*Aside.*)
Where shall we come to thy house and be freely merry ?

Mich. When I have manag'd her a little more.
I have a house to maintain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come
to thee.

Mich. Where they'll get entertainment is the point,
signior ;
I beat no drum.

Enter VASCO, L.H.

Vas. Sir, Sir!—

Mich. Well, Sir ?

Vas. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're absent ;
She mourns and will not eat.

Mich. Alas, my jewel !
Come, I'll go with thee. (*Exit Vasco, L.H.*) Gentle-
men, your fair leaves.

You see I'm tied a little to my yoke ;
Pray pardon me. Would ye had both such loving wives.
[*Exit, L.H.*]

Juan. I thank ye
For your old boots. Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript your fortune :
Come, let's to dinner ; (*Crosses to R.H.*) when Mar-
garita comes,
We'll visit both ; it may be then your fortune.
[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MARGARITA, VICTORIA, and ISABEL, R.H.
ALTEA, L.H.

Mar. Is he come ?

Altea. Yes, madam, he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,

And find him as fit as you had made the man.

Mar. Call him in, Altea. [Exit Altea, L.H.]

Re-enter ALTEA, with LEON, L.H.

A man of comely countenance. Pray ye come this way?
Is his mind so tame? (To Altea.)

Altea. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm
done.

Mar. Pray ye, come this way. (*Altea puts him by
to Margarita.*)

Can you love a young lady? How he blushes!

Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your
head up,

And speak to th' lady.

Mar. Can you love a young lady?

Leon. Yes, I think I can,

I must be taught. I know not what it means, madam.

Mar. You shall be taught. And can you, when she
pleases.

Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?

You shall have men and horses to attend ye,

And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding;

And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as hand-
somely,

When you are sent for back, come with obedience,

And do your duty to the lady loves you?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her friends here,

Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain

Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,

And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me.

Leon. Ma'am.

Mar. How the fool shakes! (*Aside.*) I will not eat
you, sir.

Can't you salute me?

Leon. Indeed, I know not ;
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on then.

Leon. Come on then. (*Kisses her.*)

Mar. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects ye,
Nay, say I marry ye ?

Altea. Hark to the lady.

Mar. What money have ye ?

Leon. None, madam, nor no friends.
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my master, sir ;
Nor talk i'th' house as though you wore the breeches ;
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not.
Alas, I am not able ; I've no wit, madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any ;
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity ;
And like a servant ye must be unto me.
Can you mark these ?

Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me ; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kiss me again. (*Kisses her.*) If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No: if you kiss a thousand I shall be contented ;
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Altea. I told ye, madam. (*Aside to Mar.*)

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for; (*Aside to Altea.*)

The less you speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.
But when you're married, sir, you must wait on me,
And see you observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.
Come in, and serve for witnesses.

Isa. We shall madam. [*Exeunt Isa. and Vic.* R.H.]

Mar. And then away to th' city presently;
I'll to my new house and new company. [*Exit,* R.H.]

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; I'm a made
man.

Altea. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, wench.

Mar. (*Without,* R.H.) Come, sir, come. [*Exeunt,* R.H.]

SCENE IV — *A grand Saloon.*

Enter CLARA and ESTIFANIA, with a Paper, R.H.]

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Esti. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Esti. Yes.

And the most kind man:
I find him rich, too, Clara.

Clara. Hast thou married him!

Esti. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait,
wench?

I bob for fools. (1) He is mine own. I have him
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily;
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

(1) A technical term in angling, and often used in the sense of
boasting or jeering a person.

-Clara. Does your mistress know this? she's coming now to town,
Now to live here in this house.

Esti. Let her come!
She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her:
She's mad, sure, if she be angry at my fortune.
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Clara. Dost thou not love him?
Esti. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays, and looks no further
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.
O here he is; now you shall see a kind man.
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Enter DON MICHAEL, L.H.D.

Mich. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Esti. I cannot eat else.

Mich. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.

Esti. You're welcome to it, sir.

Mich. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain,
wench;
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i'th garden,
In one o'th arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that? (*Points to Clara.*)

Esti. A friend of mine, sir.

Mich. Of what breeding?

Esti. A gentlewoman, sir.

Mich. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman in th' mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?

Esti. More than I know, sir.

Mich. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
'Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.

Esti. What need all this ? why are you troubled, sir ?
What do you suspect ? She cannot cuckold ye ;
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.

Mich. Your very women may do very well, sir,
Towards the matter ; for though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do't by proxy ;
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Esti. Cry ye mercy, you are jealous then,
And haply suspect me ?

Mich. No, indeed, wife.

Esti. Methinks you should not, till you have more
cause,
And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, hus-
band,

A woman forc'd, will free herself through iron.
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,
May be taught tricks.

Mich. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Esti. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you. *(To Clara.)*

Clara: I shall leave you *(Crosses to L.H.)*
'Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye.

[Exit, L.H.D.—A knock at L.H.D.]

Esti. What knocking's that ? *(Knocking at L.H.D.)*
Again ? Who's at the door ?

Mich. Who knocks there ?
Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously ?
Look to the door. *(Retires R.H.)*

Re-enter CLARA, L.H.D.

Clara. As I live, your mistress ;
She's at the door ; I peep'd through, and saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

[Apart to Estifania, and exit, L.H.D.]

Esti. This was a week too soon ; but I must meet
her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.
(Knocking at L.H.D.)

Mich. What, are they at the door ?

Esti. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here ;
Such for our good.

Mich. 'Tis well.

Esti. Nay, 'twill be better,
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune ?

Mich. Do ; I dare trust thee ; I'm asham'd I was
angry ;

I find thee a wise young wife.

Esti. I'll wise your worship
Before I leave ye. (*Aside.*) Pray ye walk by, and
say nothing ;

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir.
I was born to make ye a man. [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Mich. The rogue speaks heartily,
Her good will colours in her cheeks ! I'm born to love
her ;

I must be gentler to these tender natures ;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her her way, for 'tis for me she works now ;
I am her husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter ESCIFANIA, MARGARITA, LEON, ALTEA, VIC-
TORIA, ISABEL, and four other Attendants, L.H.D.

Ha ! who're these ? I hate such flaunting things.
A woman of rare presence ! (1) excellent fair.

Esti. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Mich. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady.—
(*Kisses her*)

[*Exeunt, Mar. Leon, and Ladies, thro' M.D.*]

Esti. Sir, be rul'd now,
And I shall make you rich ; this is my cousin ;

(1) Appearance, handsome form.

That gentleman dotes on her, even to death.
See how he observes her.

Mich. She is a goodly woman.

Esti. She is a mirror ;

But she is poor ; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own,
And presuming upon me and on my courtesy ;—
Conceive me short, he knows not but she's wealthy.

Mich. Forward. She has a rare face.

Esti. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield the house unto her for four days.

Mich. Yield our house up, our goods, and wealth ?

Esti. All this is but in seeming,

To milk the lover on.

Do you see this writing ?

Five hundred pounds a-year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good ; the time's unfit now,
I'll show it you to-morrow.

Mich. All the house ?

Esti. All, all ; and we'll remove too, to confirm him.
They'll into the country suddenly again.

Mich. The whole possession, wife ? Look what you
do.

A part o'the house ?

Esti. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too ; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days ? Had you a sister, sir,
A niece, or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good ?

Mich. If easily it would come back.—

Esti. I swear.

Mich. Ay ?

Esti. Ay. I swear,

You give away no house.

Mich. No ?

Esti. No.

Mich. O ! Clear but that question—

Esti. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Mich. Well then.

Esti. And you shall keep them safe.

Mich. I'm satisfied.

Esti. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have, heav'n knows what.

Mich. I'll remove my trunks strait,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days.
(*Going, L.H.*)

Esti. I have a poor old friend, in the next street;
There we will lodge.

Mich. (*Returns.*) But Estifania—

Esti. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Mich. But for four days.

Esti. Four days. Begone, begone.
That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both!
[*Exeunt, Mich. L.H.D. Esti. M.D.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, and Boy, R.H.

Altea. Are you at ease now? Is your heart at rest?

Mar. I am at peace, Altea.

If he continue but the same he shows,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.

Altea. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd.

Altea. My life, an innocent.(1)

(1) A natural fool; an idiot.

Mar. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too ; then I'm sure I rule him.
Are the rooms made ready to entertain my friends ?
Altea. They are, lady : Your house is nothing now
but various pleasures ;

The gallants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Then let them gaze on.
Where's my good husband ? where does he wait ?
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Altea. He knows his distance, madam,
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar,
Among his fellow servants, or asleep,
Till your commands awake him.

Mar. 'Tis well, Altea,
It should be so ; my ward I must preserve him—(1)
But look, he's here.
Who sent for him ? how dare he come uncall'd for ?
His hat on too.

Altea. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks !

Enter LEON and LORENZO, L.H.

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure ?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre ?

Lor. They are, and yet there must be more,
And richer ; it is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so ? 'tis excellent.
Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masks ?

Lor. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now !

(1) Idiots, as well as minors, were formerly put under the guardianship of some one. By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not ; which must be tried by a jury of twelve men, and if they find him *idiotus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them." *Blackstone's Commentaries*, 1. 303.

I must not call ye master, she has warn'd me,
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion :

What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow ;
I may cut first ? (1)

Lor. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. I thank you, sir. [Exit Lorenzo, L.H.D.]

Enter ISABELLA, L.H.D.

Isa. Madam, the Duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner ; they have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome.

See all be ready in the noblest fashion.

[Exit Isa. L.H.D.]

What do you here ? Go in, and 'till I call ye
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourself handsome, sir ; 'tis for my credit.

Enter VICTORIA, L.H.D.

Vic. Madam, the lady Julia——

Leon. That's a bawd,

A three-pil'd (2) bawd ; bawd-major to the army.

(*Aside.*)

Vic. Has brought her coach to wait upon your lady-
ship,

And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning ?

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery ! (*Aside.*)

Mar. Tell her, no ; i'the afternoon I'll call on her.

Vic. I will, madam. [Exit, L.H.D.]

Mar. Now—why are you not gone, sir, as I bade
you ? (*Crosses to Leon.*)

(1) I may be allowed to cut first at the servant's table.

(2) Velvet was the most fashionable stuff worn by the gallants of the time, and *three-piled* velvet, being the most costly kind, was metaphorically applied to any person, without the substantive to which it originally belonged. A *three-pil'd bawd*, therefore, is one of the first order, one supremely excellent in her trade.

Leon. Faith, madam, in my little understanding
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now? what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye:
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane(1) men, that will not last, ma-
dam;

An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,
And in a well built body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Altea. He breaks out modestly. (Aside.)

Leon. Pray ye be not angry;
My indiscretion has made me bold to tell you
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, madam;
I dare not be so bold as reason bids me:
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your husband!
But what are husbands? Read the new world's won-
ders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you'll scarce find such strange deformities.
They're shadows, to conceal your venal virtues;
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions;

(1) This fashionable confection of former days (still in high repute on the Continent,) was composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flower. From an entry in the stationer's books, it appears, that in 1560, twenty-six shillings and eightpence were paid for nine march-panes. Considering the value of money at that time, they must have been of a very large kind, and, from the phrase "building march-panes," in the text, it may be inferred that various kinds of figures were formed of this confection, as well as of other species of pastry, and some of them fashioned into the likeness of a man.

Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nailed up, with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonness.

Mar. Do you hear him talk ?

Leon. I've done, madam.

An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver :

Shortly I shall be such : then I'll speak wonders !

Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Mar. First, I'll untie myself. Did you mark the
gentleman ?

How boldly, and how saucily he talk'd,

And how unlike the lump I took him for ?

This was your providence,

Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,

Your excellent forecast in the man—your knowledge !

What think ye now ?

Altea. I think him an ass still.

This boldness some of your people have blown into
him,

This wisdom too, with strong wine ; 'tis a tyrant,

And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept
there,

Nor no discovery. I'll keep all fools ;

Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing ;

Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience ;

And such a hand I'll keep over this husband!

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Altea. He'll fall again ; my life, he cries by this
time ;

Keep him from drink ; he has a high constitution.

Re-enter LEON, L.H.D.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam ?

Mar. No, your old clothes, (*Crosses to Centre.*)

And get you into the country presently,

And see my hawks well train'd. You shall have vic-
tuals,

Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,

And lodgings with the hinds ; it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.

Altea. You see now he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam, if it please your ladyship.

Altea. He's humbled;

Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more. (Crosses to R.H.)

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?

I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady.
[Aside.—Exit; L.H.D.]

Mar. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour.
You know his temper! tie him to the grindstone.

The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me

Dispute my life.

Come in, and see all handsome.

Altea. I hope to see you so too; I've wrought it
else. [Aside.—Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

DON MICHAEL, *discovered seated, and Smoking.*

Mich. Shall I never,
Never return to my own house again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserabest dog-hole,
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie, like butter clapp'd together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately;
The fume's are infinite inhabit here too;
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!
Never return to my own paradise?

Why, wife, I say, why, Estifania!

Esti. (Within, R.H.) I'm going presently.

Mich. Make haste, good jewel.

I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands;(1)
 I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.
 The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
 (For they're not able to maintain a cat here,)
 And those appear as fearful(2) as two devils;
 They've eat a map o'the whole world up already;
 And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
 There's an old woman, that's now grown to marble,
 Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and she sits i'the chimney
 (Which is but three tiles raised like a house of cards,)
 The true proportion of an old smok'd Sybil.
 There is a young daughter too, that nature meant
 For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
 She has a husk about her like a chesnut,
 With laziness, and living under the line here:
 And these two make a hollow sound together,
 Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter ESTIFANIA, M.D.

Mercy, deliver me! Oh, are you come, wife?
 Shall we be free again?

Esti. I am now going;

And you shall presently to your own house, sir.
 The remembrance of this small vexation
 Will be argument of mirth for ever.

(Crosses to R.H.)

By that time you have said your orisons,
 And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
 To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Mich. Break my fast! break my neck rather!
 Is there any thing here to eat
 But one another, like a race of cannibals?
 A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!

(1) *Sweet Islands* may at first seem an odd comparison to the stench of the dog-hole here spoken of; but *sweet* means the sugar-islands, Barbadoes, St. Kitt's, &c. the heat and unwholesomeness of which, at particular seasons, is well known.

(2) Frightful or furious; so the verb, to *fear*, is often used actively, i. e. to frighten.

Let's have our house again immediately ;
 And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
 None be embezzled.

Esti. Not a pin, I warrant ye. (*Going, L.H.*)

Mich. And let 'em instantly depart.

Esti. They shall both :

(There's reason in all courtesies;)

For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too : she sent me word, sir,
 And will give over gratefully unto you. (*Going, L.H.*)

Mich. I will walk i'the church-yard ;
 The dead cannot offend more than these living.
 An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Esti. I'll not fail, sir. (*Going, L.H.*)

Mich. And, do you hear ? let's have a handsome dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been ;
 And let me have a strong bath to restore me :
 I stink like a stale fish-shamble, or an oil-shop.

Esti. You shall have all ; which some interpret nothing. (*Aside.*)

I'll send you people for the trunks aforehand.

Mich. Let 'em be known and honest ;
 And do my service to your niece.

Esti. I shall, sir ; (*Going L.H. returns.*)
 But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
 That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy :
 And pray you be brave, (1) for my sake.

Mich. I observe you. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DON JUAN, DON SANCHIO, CACAFOGO, and ALONZO, L.H.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Cucaf. I've reason ; I have money.

San. Is money reason ?

(1) *Well dressed*, a request peculiarly humorous ; Estifania having pillaged Perez's trunks, and left him but that "one civil suit" which was upon his back.

Cacaf. Yes, and rhyme too, captain.
If you've no money, you're an ass.

San. I thank ye.

Cacaf. Ye've manners; ever thank him that has money.

San. Will you lend me any?

Cacaf. Not a farthing, captain.

Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all men. Thou shalt have my bond.

Cacaf. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain.

My mouey is mine own: I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cacaf. I put it to pious uses;

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.

Alon. Are you for the wars, sir?

Cacaf. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward(1) a bullet;
This is no lining for trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cacaf. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it, colonel. I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing.
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

Alon. A right state-usurer. Why dost not marry,
And live a rev'rend justice?

Cacaf. Is it not nobler
To command a rev'rend justice than to be one?
And for a wife—what need I marry, captain,
When ev'ry courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go too, to dinner with us?

Cacaf. I will go and view the pearl of Spain, the
orient(2)

Fair one, the rich one too, and I will be respected.
I bear my patent here; I will talk to her;

(1) Ward off.

(2) A quibble upon the name; Margarita is Spanish for a pearl; and Marguerite was used in the same sense in our author's day.

And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
 And pick your teeth, then I'll pick the purse
 Of her affection.

Alon. The duke dines there to-day too,
 The duke of Medina.

Cacaf. Let the king dine there,
 He owes me money, and so far's my creature;
 And certainly I may make bold with mine own, cap-
 tain!

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cacaf. Like a true born Spaniard!
 Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows:
 And I will drink abundantly, and then
 Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
 To stir the intellectuals of the ladies:
 I learn'd it of my father's amorous scrivener:

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply
 me.

Cacaf. You must pawn a horse troop,
 And then have at ye, colonel! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

San. Come, let's go:
 This rascal will make rare sport. How the ladies
 Will laugh at him! (*Aside to Juan.*)

Juan. If I light on him, I'll make his purse sweat
 too.

Cacaf. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt*; R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

Enter DON MICHAEL, *an OLD WOMAN, and DAUGHTER,* R.H.

Mich. (*Dragging in the old Woman, her Daughter crying clamorously.*) Nay, pray ye come out, and
 let me understand ye,

And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
 I'll hold ye fast. How came my trunks open?
 And my goods gone?

Old W. Ha! what would ye have?

Mich. My goods again: how came my trunks all
 open?

Old W. Are your trunks all open ?

Mich. Yes, and my clothes all gone,
And chains and jewels. How she smells like hung
beef!

The spirit of garlic !

Old W. Where's your gentlewoman ?

The young fair woman ?

Mich. What's that to my question ?

She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Daugh. Is she your wife, sir ?

Mich. Yes, sir ; is that a wonder ?

Is the name of wife unknown here ?

Old W. Is she duly and truly your wife ?

Mich. Duly and truly my wife ! I think so,
For I married her. It was no vision sure !

Daugh. She has the keys, sir.

Mich. I know she has ; but who has all my goods,
spirit ?

Old W. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man ; she has twenty husbands.

Mich. The devil she has !

Daugh. She tells you true.

Old W. And she has cozen'd all, sir.

Mich. The devil she has ! I had a fair house with
her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old W. You're cozen'd too ; 'tis none of hers, good
gentleman ;

'Tis a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench ?

Daugh. The lady Margarita ; she was her servant,
And kept the house ; but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd—

Mich. Plague o'the devil !

I feel I'm cozen'd.

Daugh. When she went out this morning, that I
saw sir,

She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em ;
But what they were—I heard your trunks too
open,
If they be yours.

Mich. They were mine while they were ~~men,~~
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth
owning.

Was she her mistress, say you ?

Old W. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, sir ; and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.

Mich. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings ?

Daugh. Not a farthing ;
She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing.

Mich. No money ?

Old W. Abominably poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.
But for one single gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman !

Mich. I'm mad now ;
I think I am as poor as she, I'm wide(1) else.
One single suit I have left too, and that's all ;
And if she steals that she must flay me for it.
Where does she use ?(2)

Old W. You may find truth as soon.
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in ;
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes, where none can find
her.

Mich. Is she a wanton too ?

Old W. Little better, gentleman :
I dare not say she is so, sir, because
She is yours, sir ; these five years she has pickd up
A pretty living.

Mich. Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen ?
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And am I tricked now ?
Caught in my own noose ? Here's a ryal left yet ;
There's for your lodging and your meat, old hag.
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,

(1) Wide of the mark, a technical term in archery, when the
archer has missed his aim.

(2) Frequent, lodge.

And sleep in a sweeter box.
 Farewell, great grandmother; (Seizes her.)
 If I do find you were an accessory,
 'Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes!
 I'll be the death of you.

[*Mich. flings the Old Woman against her Daughter, throws them both down, and Exit, L.H.*]

Old W. O villain! murder! murder! villain!
 rogue! Anna Maria, child, where are you? Help me.

Daugh. (Gets up, and raises her Mother.) So:—
 are you hurt, mamma?

Old W. I'm kill'd! My hip! my shoulder! Is this
 usage for the fair sex? [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE V.—*A grand Saloon.*

Enter the DUKE of MEDINA, DON ALONZO, DON
 JUAN, DON SANCHIO, and CACAFOGO, L.H.
 through the Archway.

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.

Alon. I like these preparations;
 They intimate the mistress free and jovial;
 I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafofo, how like you this mansion?
 'Twere a brave pawn.

Cacaf. I shall be master of it;
 'Twas built for my bulk; the rooms are wide and
 spacious,

Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
 I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord;
 And take the height of her table with my stomach,
 How my affection stands to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, ISABEL, and VICTORIA,
 R.H.U.E.

Mar. All welcome to your grace, and to these sol-
 diers!

You honour my poor house, with your fair presence;

Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here;
I do beseech your grace command; they're yours;
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless my eyes with your sweet beauty:
It has been a long night since you left the court,
For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Serve in the dinner.

(*Duke and Mar. confer apart.*)

San. She's most excellent!

Alon. Most admirable fair as e'er I looked on.

Juan. I had rather command her than my regiment.

Cacaf. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days. (*Apart.*)

Enter LEON, L.H.D. richly dressed.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam, (*Crosses to Mar.*)
Nor shall it be until I know the guests too;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my Alferes? (1) he looks another
thing!

Are miracles afoot again?

Mar. Why, sirrah, why, sirrah, you——

Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And, as you are my wife, command your absence!
And know your duty: 'tis the crown of modesty.

Duke. Your wife?

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband.
And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.

Cacaf. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown up body
Till thou reboundest again like a tennis-ball.

Cacaf. I'll talk with you another time. [*Exit, L.H.*]

(1) *Ensign*—Spanish.

Aior. This is miraculous!

San. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool?
I am astonished!

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately!

Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age.
You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool; you thought you'd found a cox-
comb.

I'm innocent of any rudeness meant to ye.
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool!

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool! It is not so.
I will not be commanded; I'm above you!
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your estate you never shall. I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use, the law allows it.
And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I braved thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceiv'd; I'm lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't. Your house?
Why, you've nothing to do here, madam,
But as my servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my further will to do me service;
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, madam.
I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding, feeling man,

And sensible of what a woman aims at.

(*Mar. crosses to L.H. and then back again to R.H.*)

A young proud woman, that has will to ^{spat} with,

A wanton woman, that her blood provokes too.

I cast my cloud off, and appear myself

The master of this little piece of mischief.

And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;

They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at

For the mere sign of man, the walking image?

He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,

In his own house, and it becomes me well too.

I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,

To have a wife or servant of your own

(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)

Under your own roof to command ye.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her' and you, sir?

Leon. Not now, my lord; my fortune makes me ev'n;

And as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it

Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach,

And eat your coach too, (which will be hard diet)

That executes your will; or, take your coach, lady;

I give you liberty; and take your people,

Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with ye;

Take all these freely, but take me no more;

And so farewell.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it

So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady

In a high, huffing strain, and think to bear it.

We shall not stand by as bayds to your brave fury,

To see a lady weep. Draw, sir.

(*Draws.*)

Leon. They're tears of anger,

Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not;

She would e'en now swoon, if she could not cry.

Put up, my lord; this is oppression,

And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
 The law to lend her hand, the king to right me :
 All which shall understand how you provoke me.
 In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
 (The Duke advances on him.)

Then to my guard, and if I spare your grace,
 And do not make this place your monument,
 Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
 Mercy forsake me. (Draws.)

I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye!

The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's
 freedom,

The husband's curse stick to him! a tam'd cuckold!

His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,

Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it;

Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,

And at one instant kill both name and honour!

Now, sir, fall on; I'm ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought. I pray, sir, use your
 wife well.

Leon. Sir, mine own humanity will teach me that.

And now you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner;

This is my wedding-day. (Crosses to Mar.)

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. (Aside.)

Juan. I've seen a miracle; hold thine own, soldier!
 Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

Enter DON MICHAEL, L.H. hastily.

Mich. Save ye, which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, sir, that good-natur'd, pretty lady,
 If you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael!

Mich. Pray do not know me; I am full of business.
 When I have more time I'll be merry with ye. (Apart.)
 'Tis the woman.—(Crosses to Mar.)—Good madam,

tell me truly,
 Had you a maid call'd Estifania?

Mar. Yes, truly, had I.

Mich. Was she a maid, d'ye think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her;

For she had but a scant fame.

Mich. Was she your kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better,
I think you married her: give you much joy, sir.

Mich. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

Mich. Is not this house mine, madam?

Was not she owner of it? Pray, speak truly.

Mar. No, certainly: I'm sure my money paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.

Mich. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, sir,

And ev'ry thing you see about the building.
She only kept my house when I was absent;
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Mich. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now, why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

(Crosses between Juan and Alonzo.)

Mich. I saw her later; would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?

Alon. and San. Ha! ha! ha!

Juan. Art thou a man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee? ha!
ha! ha!

San. And eat some rare fruit? Thou hast admirable orchards. Ha! ha!
You are so jealous now; plague o'your jealousy. Ha!
ha! ha!

Mich. Prythee leave fooling;
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.

(Crosses to Mar.)

Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Did she—

Alon. and San. Ha! ha!

Mich. Pray, gentlemen—

Mar. Yes, many times;

So often that I was asham'd to keep her.
But I forgave her, sir, in hopes she'd mend still;
And had not you o'the instant married her,
I had put her off.

Mich. I thank ye, I am bless'd still.
Which way soe'er I turn, I'm a made man.
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery. (*Going, L.H.*)

Juan. Captain, you'll stay and dine?
(*Preventing him.*)

Mich. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'st puppy—

Alon. and San. Ha! ha!

Mich. The miserablist ass!

Alon. and San. Ha! ha!

Mich. But I must leave you, (*Between Alon. and San. who laugh at, and strive to detain him.*) I am
in haste!—Bless you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. What then, sir? (*Crosses to Mich.*)

Mich. No matter if the devil had one to take the
other. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Leon. Will you walk in, sir? will your grace but
honour me,
And taste our dinner? You are nobly welcome;
All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.

[*Exeunt Duke, Mar. Juan, Isabel, Alonzo, Victoria, Sanchio, Altea, and Leon, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DON MICHAEL, L.H.

Mich. I'll to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat,
This pilferer. A plague of veils, I cry,

And covers for the impudence of women !
 Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.
 It is my evil angel let me bless me.(1)

Enter ESTIFANIA, R.H. with a Basket.

Esti. 'Tis he; I'm caught. I must stand to it
 stoutly,
 And show no shake of fear. I see he's angry,
 Vex'd at the uttermost.

Mich. My worthy wife,
 I have been looking of your modesty
 All the town over.

Esti. My most noble husband,
 I'm glad I've found ye; for in truth I'm weary,
 Weary and lame, in looking out your lordship.

Mich. I've been—

Esti. About no good, I warrant you!

Mich. Pray ye, pardon me.

To seek your ladyship, I have been in cellars,
 In private cellars: I have been at plays,
 To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
 At puppet shows, (you're mistress of the motions!)
 And last I went to church to seek you out:
 'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Esti. You've had a pretty progress. I'll tell mine
 now;

To look you out I went to twenty taverns—

Mich. And are you sober?

Esti. Yes, I reel not yet, sir.

Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;
 There I had great hope to find you disguised too:
 From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quarrels
 Needless and senseless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,
 Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
 And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
 And to the surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
 "For," says he learnedly, "if he be tipp'd,
 Twenty to one he quarrels, and then I hear of him:"

(1) Alluding to the supposition that an evil spirit disappears at
 signing the cross.

I sought you where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
 Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile women,
 For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
 'The more the danger, still the more the honour :
 Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
 You were too proud to pray ; and here I've found ye.

Mich. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
 But I shall dash it instantly to nothing. (*Aside.*)

Here we leave off our wanton languages,
 And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I conzen'd ?

Esti. Why am I abused ?

Mich. Thou most vile, base, abominable—

Esti. Captain.

Mich. Thou,—thou incorrigible—

Esti. Captain.

Mich. Do you echo me ?

Esti. Yes, sir, and go before ye,

And round about ye. Why do you rail at me ?

For that was your own sin, your own knavery.

Mich. And brave me too ?

Esti. You'd best not draw your sword, captain !

Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain,

Upon your wife : O most renown'd captain !

Mich. A plague upon thee, answer me directly ;

Why didst thou marry me ?

Esti. To be my husband.

I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Mich. Why didst thou flatter me, and show me
 wonders ?

A house and riches, when they are but shadows,
 Shadows to me ?

Esti. Why did you work on me ?

It was but my part to requite you, sir,

With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,

So much in right rich clothes ?

Mich. Thou hast 'em, rascal ;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,

And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure.

Esti. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to a tinker !
To mend old kettles. *(Opens the Casket.)*

Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!
Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it scenteth !
Worse than the dirty mouldy heels it serv'd for;
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little, I would shame to tie my monkey in't.
These are my jointure ! blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Mich. A fire subtle ye ! are ye so crafty ?

Esti. Here's a goodly jewel.
Did not you win this at Goletta, (1) captain ?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw ?
See how it sparkles—Like an old lady's eyes.

Mich. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Esti. And here's a chain of whiting's eyes for pearls,
A muscle-monger would have made a better.
These are my jointure.

Mich. Nay, pr'ythee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Esti. I'll tell ye,
Your clothes are parallel to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper ;
A kind of candlestick ! a copper, copper captain !

Mich. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about
it ?

No plate nor hangings ?

Esti. There are none, sweet husband.
Shadow for shadow is but equal justice.

(Don Michael and Estifania sing.)

Can you rail now ? pray put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words, you are a soldier, thunder !

Mich. I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Esti. You have spoke well, sir ;
And now I see you're so conformable,
I'll heighten you again. Go to your house,

(1) The memorable siege of Goletta, on the coast of Barbary, is well known, from the immortal work of Cervantes, where the captive gives a very animated account of it. See *Don Quixote*, Ed. Madrid, 1788, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 234.

They're packing to be gone, you must sup there.
 I'll meet you, and bring clothes and linen after,
 And all things shall be well. I'll colt(1) you once
 more, [Aside.

And teach you to bring copper.

Mich. Tell me one thing,
 I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;
 However, I forgive thee: art thou honest?
 The beldame swore—

Esti. I bid her tell you so, sir,
 It was my plot; alas, my credulous husband!
 The lady told you too—

Mich. Most strange things of thee.

Esti. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suf-
 ferance.

And she denied the house?

Mich. She knew me not;
 No, nor title that I had.

Est. 'Twas well carried;
 No more, I'm right and straight.

Mich. I would believe thee,
 But heaven knows how my heart is. Will ye follow
 me?

Esti. I'll be there straight.

Mich. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [Exit, L.II.

Esti. Go, silly fool; thou may'st be a good soldier
 In open fields, but for our private service,
 Thou art an ass.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
 And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.—

Enter CACAFOGO, R.H.

May I crave your leave, sir?

Cacaf. Pr'ythee be answer'd; thou shalt crave no
 leave,

I'm in my meditations, do not vex me!

A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,

(1) To colt, in our author's time, signified to fool, to trick, or to deceive.

That people had compassion on ;
 I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
 And money may do much ; a thousand ducats !

Esti. 'Pray you hear me.

Cacaf. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to
 pawn now,
 Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in't ;
 Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.
 I'll none of 'em. I would she did not know me ;
 Or would this fellow had but use of money,
 That I might come in any way. (*Aside.*)

Esti. I'm gone, sir ;

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
 The lady Margarita—

Cacaf. Stay, I pry'thee.

What is thy will ? I turn me wholly to ye ;
 And talk now till thy tongue ache, I will hear ye.

Esti. She will intreat you, sir—

Cacaf. She shall command, sir.

Let it be so. I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,
 Do not forget thyself.

Esti. She does command, then,
 This courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

Cacaf. Your mistress, by the way ?

Esti. My natural mistress.

Upon these jewels, sir, they're fair and rich,
 And view 'em right.

Cacaf. To doubt 'em is an heresy.

Esti. A thousand ducats ; 'tis upon necessity
 Of present use ; her husband, sir, is stubborn.

Cacaf. Long may he be so.

Esti. She desires withal

A better knowledge of your parts and person,
 And when you please to do her so much honour—

Cacaf. Come, let's despatch.

Esti. In troth, I've heard her say, sir,
 Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
 But in this business, sir—

Cacaf. Let's do it first,
 And then dispute ; the lady's use may long for't.

Esti. All secrecy she would desire. She told me
How wise you are.

Cacaf. We are not wise to talk thus.

Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy lady,
Long monstrously. Now, valour, I shall meet ye,
You that dare dukes. [Exeunt, R.H.D.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

*Enter the DUKE OF MEDINA, DON SANCHIO, DON
JUAN, and DON ALONZO, L.H.*

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent
him.

I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him. (*Gives him a paper.*)

Juan. I am commanded. [Exit, R.H.]

Duke. A fellow founded (1) out of charity.
This must not be.

San. That such an oyster shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must
stir in't

Duke. I'll warrant ye he shall be glad to please us.
[Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE III.—Another Chamber.

Enter LEON and DON JUAN, L.H. with a Commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this noble-
ness,
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;

(1) Living upon a charitable foundation.

And a proud man I should have been to've served
you.

It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
T' make me your companion: this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company:
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands
me,

And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it.
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Lor. (*Without, R.H.*) Sir.

Enter LORENZO and DIEGO, R.H.

Leon. Do you hear, ho? Go, carry this unto your
mistress, sir, (*Gives Diego the Commission.*)
And let her see how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.

[*Exit Diego, R.H.*

Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, and plate, and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour,
And, do you hear, Lorenzo, let all your lady's ward-
robe

Be safely placed in trunks; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Lor. Must my mistress go, sir?

Leon. Ay, your mistress, and you and all; all, all
must go.

Lor. Why Pedro, Vasco, Diego. [*Exit, L.H.*

Juan. He's taken a brave way to save his honour-
By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

*Enter MARGARITA, led by two Ladies, and
ALTEA, R. H.*

Leon. Why, 'how now, wife, what sick at my
preference?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye!
This is a cruelty. I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweetheart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his coun-
try. *(Aside.)*

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, should I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke, my cousin, he shall to th'
king.

Leon. He did me this great office;
I thank his Grace for't: should I pray him now
T' undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not.

(Knocking within, L.B.)

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh, heav'n, my
head, what rascals;
I think the war's begun i' the house already.

Leon. The preparation is; they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate, and jewels,

And all those furnitures that shall besit me
When I lie in garrison.

Re-enter LORENZO, L.H.

Lor. Must the coach go too, sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go, alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye:
I know ye are sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Would I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye.
Am not I with ye, sweet? Are her clothes packed up,
And all her linen? Give your maids direction;
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark.

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye;
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. (*Whispers Leon.*)

Leon. At four days warning? this is something
speedy.
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady.

Mar. You must provide a cradle; and what a
trouble's that!

Leon. The sea shall rock it;
'Tis the best nurse: 'twill roar and rock together.
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Mar. Faith, let me stay; I shall but shame ye, sir.

Leon. An you were a thousand shames you shall
along with me:
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million.
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back: you are mine; I'll sweat for
you.

Enter the DUKE OF MEDINA, DON ALONZO, and DON SANCIO, L.H.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your
country;

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin:
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and huswifely.

Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solita-
riness:

She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her. She shall go along, sir.

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults?
A sickly lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir.
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.

San. Away! it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, sir.

Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears. Fright her with
tempests,
With thunder of the war.

I dare swear if she were able——

Leon. She's most able.

And pray ye, swear not; she must go, there's no
remedy;

Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which smells too rank, too open, too evident,
Shall hinder me. Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,

To such a desolation and discredit, as
Her weakness and your hot will would work her to ;
Fie, fie ! for shame.

Enter DON MICHAEL, I.^h.

What mask is this now ?
More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance ;
What cousin's this ?

Juan. Michael Van Owl, how dost thou ?
In what dark barn, or tod (1) of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid ?

Mich. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal, and shine again.
You're welcome hither, as your friend may say, gen-
tlemen ;

A pretty house ye see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French tailor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

Mich. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so ;
'Tis true I do ; you were merry when I was last here ;
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer ;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house ? what pleasure, sir ? what do
you mean ?

Mich. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove dis-
courteous,
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them ?

(1) A bush. The text alludes to the following rhyme, popular to
this day :

“ How Cain, in the land of Nod,
When the rascal was all alone,
Like an owl in an ivy tod,
Built a city as big as Roan.”

Mich. They're mine, sir, and you know it :
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.

(*A knocking* R.H.)

The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses.
I shall take view o'th'plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution ;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths ad placitum.

Leon. Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman ?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen : but so mad a one,
And so fantastic—all the house ?

Mich. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o'the top on't ?

Leon. Canst thou fight ?

Mich. I'll tell ye presently. I could have done, sir.

Leon. For you must law and claw before you get it.

Juan. Away ; no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd you were ne'er yet in Bedlam ;
Never in love, for that's a lunacy ;
No great 'state left ye that ye never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper ;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield. Do but look at him.

Mich. He has half persuaded me I was bred i'the
moon :
I have ne'er a bush (1) at my back. Are not we both
mad ?

And is not this a fantastic house we are in,

(1) An allusion to the bush, one of the attributes of the man in the moon.

And all a dream we do? Will ye walk out, sir?
 And if I do not beat thee presently
 Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
 Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
 And say I was one o'th' Cæsars, done by a seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the house is his, and all that's in it;
 I'll give away my skin but I'll undo ye;
 I gave it to his wife. You must restore, sir,
 And make a new provision.

Mich. Am I mad now,
 Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin,
 My mighty mahound (1) kinsman, what quirk now?
 You shall be welcome all. I hope to see, sir,
 Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,
 And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank (2) at this? Then I must tell
 ye, sir,
 Ye've no command; now you may go at pleasure,
 And ride your ass troop.

Leon. All this not moves me,
 Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.
 You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
 And rich ones too; I will make bold with those;
 And you have land i'th' Indies, as I take it;
 Thither we'll go, and view awhile those climates,
 Visit your factors there, that may betray ye.
 'Tis done; we must go.

Mar. Now thou'rt a brave gentleman;
 And by this sacred light I love thee dearly.
 Hark ye, sir: (To Mich.)
 The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir;
 You are no coz of mine; I beseech ye vanish.

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet mahound cousin;
 You are welcome, welcome all;
 My cousin too; we are all soldiers,
 And should naturally do for one another.

(1) Mahomet.

(2) Confounded.

Mich. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her. [Exit, L.H.]

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too.
Give me but wil' so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye.
Good morrow to your grace, we've private business.
There lies your way—there.

[Exeunt; LEON and MAR. R.H., the rest, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter DON MICHAEL, L.H.

Mich. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That all men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wish. Would it were made high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry:
I mean for a man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to?
Cut her in pieces, ev'ry piece will live still,
And ev'ry morsel of her will do mischief.
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown; they're cork and feathers:
To burn too cold; they live like salamanders.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO, with a Casket, R.H.

Cacaf. Be cozen'd by a she moth,
That ev'ry silkman's shop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Mich. Who's that is cheated? Speak again, thou vision.

But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort.
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Cacaf. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee;
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know I'm cheated damnably.

Mich. Ha, ha, ha!

Cacaf. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Mich. By whom, good spirit? Speak, speak; ha, ha, ha!

Cacaf. I'll utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a rascal woman.

Dost thou laugh still?

Mich. I must laugh; pr'ythee pardon me;
I shall laugh terribly. By a woman cheated?
A real woman?

Cacaf. By a real devil.
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Mich. Sweet cozen'd sir, let's see them:
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman. I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cacaf. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone man in Europe.
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

Mich. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen these jewels: what a notable pennyworth
Have you had. You will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats?

Cacaf. Thou'rt deceived; I will take
Some any thing, some half'ten, half a ducat.

Mich. An excellent lapidary set these stones sure.
D'ye mark their waters?

Cacaf. Quicksand choke their waters,

And hers that brought 'em too ; but I shall find her.

Mich. And so shall I, I hope ; but do not hurt her.
You cannot find, in all this kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, as you may have
(For such gross natures will desire it often),
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.
She has taken half my anger off with this trick.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Cacaf. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow.
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady ; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter DON MICHAEL, L.H. and ESTIFANIA, R.H.

Mich. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou
rebel,
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal ?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face, to kill thee ?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly ;
But now thou com'st to invite me : com'st upon me.
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manner, (1)
And ready for a halter, dost thou look now ?
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing !
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium ?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
That dare administer a dram of ratsbane,
But thou must fall to me ?

Esti. I know you've mercy.

Mich. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserved'st none.
What new tricks now a-foot, and what new houses

(1) Or with the manner, means, in the language of the law,
taken with the thing stolen about you.

Have you i'the air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?

Esti. Little or nothing.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Mich. Do, a very little;
For I have further business than thy killing;
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready.

Esti. Now, now, sir, now *(Shows a pistol.)*
Come on. Do you start from me?

Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a spirit?

Mich. Do you wear guns?

Esti. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now what's the news? and let's discourse more
friendly,

And talk of our affairs in peace.

Mich. Let me see,
Pr'ythee let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

Esti. No, no, sir, you shall feel.

Mich. Hold, hold, ye villain! what, would you
Kill your husband?

Esti. Let mine own husband then
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand ducats.
Who must provide for you? And yet you'll kill me!

Mich. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Esti. When will you redeem your jewels? I have
pawn'd 'em.

You see for what; we must keep touch.

Mich. I'll kiss thee;
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!

Esti. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.

Mich. I see I am an ass when thou art near me.

[Exeunt, R. 1.]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber.*

Enter LEON and MARGARITA, R.H.

Leon. Come[#] we'll away unto your country house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly.
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetuess dwells about these cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one.
When your obedience waits upon your husband.
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly;
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
O, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
Command ye now, and ease me of that trouble:
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all; now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness.

*(Swords clash. A cry within, "down with their
swords!")*

What noise is this? what dismal cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too,
Sure there's some mischief done i'the street; look out
there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter LORENZO, R.H.

Lor. Oh, sir, the duke Medina!

Leon. What of the duke Medina?

Lor. Oh, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain.

Mar. Away, away, and help him;
All the house help. [*Exit Lorenzo, L.H.*]

Leon. How! slain? why, Margarita,

Wife, sure some new device they have afoot again,
 Some trick upon my credit ; I shall meet it.
 I'd rather guide a ship imperial,
 Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

*Enter the DUKE of MEDINA, led by DON SANCHEZ,
 DON ALONZO, and LORENZO, L.H.*

Mar. How came you hurt, sir ?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel
 My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour :
 And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers.
 For charity,
 Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
 That ere I perish I may show my penitence.
 I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help to bear him in.
 There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
 But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble sir.

Leon. To bed with him ; and, wife, give your at-
 tendance. *[Exeunt all but Leon, R.H.]*

Enter JUAN, R.H.

Leon. Afore me. 'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, sir.
 He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
 As though we purpos'd anger ; that same scratch
 On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
 That he might get into your house more cunningly.
 I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave
 fellow.

Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour ye.
 Never be quiet ! *[Exit Juan, L.H.]*

Re-enter MARGARITA, R.H.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, sir.
 I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted.
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams
thus?

Mar. What ails you, sir?

Leon. Nay, what ails you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer this?

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always;
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad:
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate.
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd;
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye;
Th' maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,
And go through cheerfully or else sleep empty;
The maid shall lie by me to teach you duty;
You in a pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose, thou foolish wicked
woman.

Mar. I've lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience; (*Kneels.*)
My wantonness, my stubbornness I've lost too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd
with,

By your own nobleness——

Leon. Beware, beware!—have you no fetch now?

Mar. No, by my repentance, no.

Leon. But art thou truly, truly honest?

Leon. These tears will shew it.

Mar. I take you up,
And wear you next my heart: see you be worth it.

Enter ALTEA, L.H.

Now, what with you ?

Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fat fellow would *tain* speak with
her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafofo; keep him from the duke;
The duke from him; anon, he'll yield us laughter.

Altea. Where is it, please you, that we shall detain
him ?

He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. To th' cellar with him, 'tis the drunkard's den;
Fit cover for such beasts. Should he be resty .
Say I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,
He'll creep into an augre hole to shun me.

Altea. I'll dispose him there. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Leon. Now, Margarita, comes your trial on;
The duke expects you, acquit yourself to him:
I put you to the test; you have my trust,
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Leon. My work is done, and now my heart's at ease
I read in every look she means me fairly,
And nobly shall my love reward her for it.
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness, or who denies
Affection to the heart he has subdued,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Chamber.*

The DUKE of MEDINA discovered upon a Couch.

Duke. Why, now this is most excellent invention;
I shall succeed spite of this huffing husband.

Enter MARGARITA, R.H.D.

Who's there ; my love ?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend ?

Mar. Alonç, and come to inquire how your wounds are ?

Duke. I have none, lady, not a hurt about me ;
My damages I did but counterfeit :
I am as lusty and as full of health,
As high in blood—

Mar. As low in blood you mean.
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth ;
The man that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margarita.

Mar. Would you take that which I've no right to
give,
Steal wedlock's property, and in his house
Would you his wife betray ? will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast that sav'd him ?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying
penance.

Mar. Ill wishes once, my lord, my mind debas'd :
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it :
Shameful I own my fault, but 'tis repented.
No more the wanton Margarita now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me ;
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty.
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer rites ;
No more mementos, let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses.

Mar. Nay, within then,—

Enter LEON, DON JUAN, DON ALONZO, and DON SANCHIO, R.H.D.

Leon. Did you call, my wife—or you, my lord? .
Was it your grace that wanted me?—No answer.
What out of bed! how do you, my good lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? You were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever; spare your reproach,
I feel too much already.

Leon. I see it, sir; and now your grace shall know
I can as ready pardon as revenge.
Be comforted, all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, sir.

Leon. Wife, you are a right one;
And now with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never
prosper.

Enter DON MICHAEL and ESTIFANIA, L.H.

Leon. Who's this? my mahound cousin?

Mich. Good sir, 'tis very good; would I'd a house too,
For there's no talking in the open air.
My termagant coz, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durst be merry too, I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too, I have miss'd both;
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him.
Do me the courtesy to let me see it,
See it once more. But I shall cry for anger.
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,
And, for my foolery, sell soap and whipcord.
Nay, if you do laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little;
And now I've done. Coz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz, the world shall not divorce us:
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want:

Will this content thee?

Mich. I'll cry, and then be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye;
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest,
And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Esti. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

Mar. Hold, this is yours, some recompense for service.
(*Gives Estifania a Purse.*)

Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, sir.
Now you're a captain. (*To Leon.*)

Leon. You're a noble prince, sir;
And now a soldier.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Altea. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sister?

Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, mine own blood, and my mistress.

Mar. Is she your sister?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

Mar. Well, I could chide ye;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister—

Duke. I'll bring ye on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love ye.

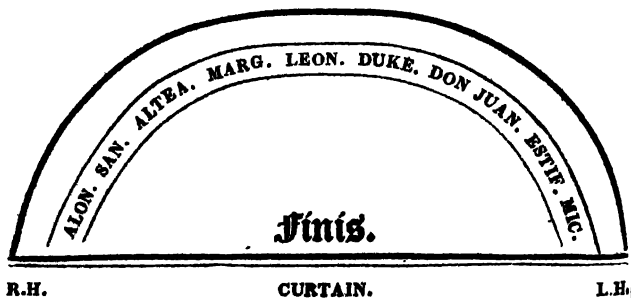
Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,

Near 'em before the bullet, and in blood too;
And all the world shall know we're virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life,
First learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



W. Oxberry and Co. Printers,
8, White Hart-Yard.



WILLIAM S. WOODS

1880

Engraved by Locke from an original portrait,

Cheyne's Edition.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR;

OR, AULD LANG SYNE.

AN OPERA;

By J. Pocock, Esq.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1822.

Printed at the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White-Hart Yard.

Remarks.

ROB ROY.

This is a very successful effort to realize romance ; as successful, at least, as any such effort can be : all that could be done has been done in this drama, but there are radical defects in romance as applied to the purposes of the stage, that all the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Pocock have not been able to overcome. We are the more inclined to enter into the question here, as this is by far the best specimen of its kind, and as the author yields precedence to none in knowledge of the stage.

The first objection to dramatizing these romances is from their celebrity, whether that celebrity be just or unjust : the whole of the novel-reading world, in which is included nine tenths of the audience, come with the romance at their fingers' ends, and expect to find a literal transcript of it on the stage ; the whole three volumes, the usual quantum in which these popular works are doled out, must be spoken and acted in three brief hours, or at least without any material deviations. Any aberration from the direct broad road of the romance, is considered a high crime and misdemeanor against the name of Walter Scott, who, by the bye, needs none of this little party-spirit to support him : it is in vain that the dramatist points out a road better suited to his purpose ; the audience and the critics sing to the same tune, the burden of which is, that every body and any body knows more about dramatic composition than the dramatist.

With such expectations on the part of the audience, it is quite clear that the merit of the play must be limited by the dramatic capabilities of the romance : the author can neither add nor diminish, nor alter the arrangement of the original : in the time of Shakspeare it was otherwise, but the present age, it is presumed, is wiser. Now it unfortunately happens, that the very first merit of the romance is that which is most opposed to the drama. A good romance has a strong resemblance to history ; it enters into the most minute details, and its action

is confined neither by time nor place ; a few lines are sufficient to connect years and distance ; it does not of necessity bring forward a figure in particular, while the others in painting are thrown in the back-ground. The reverse of this, in every instance, holds true with the drama ; it must have one action as its ultimate end, to which all the others are insubservient : it must have one principal figure to which all the rest are secondary. This seems to be a vital principle of the drama, for according as it is observed with more or less strictness is the interest and compactness of dramatic writing.

But there is yet another, and perhaps some more serious objection to dramatising these novels : their principal contents are of a nature not to be represented. A battle may be very striking in narration, but how is it to be put into action ? When the novel-writer describes Lord Lomond, and the midnight skirmish, he is eminently successful, because he leaves so much to the imagination, a potent principle that act with a power beyond all the fables of enchantment : not so the dramatist ; he must present all to the eye, a cold, calculating judge, that is much more difficult to be deceived. That which is sublime in story is often humble or ludicrous in art ; to quote one of a thousand instances in the novel before us—the casting Morris into the lake, the splash of the waters as it receives the body, and the man's cries ; followed by the utter silence and the calmness of the tide ;—all this is beautiful in detail, but what would it be on the stage ?

A candid observation of these difficulties will show the present work in a very favourable light. The chief incidents of the novel have been brought together with great dexterity, and have been compelled, if we may use the phrase, into dramatic form ; the small quantity of additional matter is a judicious imitation of the original, and is not often to be distinguished from it by the most curious eye. Whether the play will be lasting or not, it ought to be, for the sake of the talent which has been wasted upon materials which, though eminently beautiful can hardly be called dramatic.

Mr. Pocock is the son of the celebrated marine painter of that name and has himself been eminently successful as an artist. But in the year 1818, the death of his aunt, Lady Pocock, made all exertions whether in the arts or the drama, unnecessary ; she was the relict of Admiral Pocock, and died possessed of a large estate at Maidstone Bridge, which devolved to her nephew ; on this estate he now resides

having quitted the turmoils of a dramatic life for the independence of a country gentleman. His wife was a Miss Hime, of Liverpool, a young lady of worth and accomplishment, by whom he has a large family, but the precise date of his birth or marriage we have not been able to ascertain.

His dramatic works are :—

~~Green Eyed Monster~~, *F.*—Hit or Miss, *F.* 8vo.—Twenty Years ago, *F.* 8vo.—Yes or No? *F.* 8vo.—Any Thing New? *F.* 8vo.—Harry Le Roy, *Burletta*, 8vo. (altered from the Miller of Mansfield.)—Miller and his Men, *M.D.* 8vo.—For England, Ho! *O.* 2 acts, 8vo.—John of Paris, *O.* 2 acts, 8vo.—Zembuca, *M.D.* 8vo.—Magpie, or Maid? *M.D.* 8vo.—Farce Writer, *F.* (not printed.)—Heir of Vironi, *O.* (not printed.)—Robinson Crusoe, *M.D.* 8vo.—The Libertine, *O.* 2 acts, 8vo.—Rob Roy Macgregor, *O.* 3 acts, 8vo.—Antiquary, (jointly with Mr. Terry) 8vo.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

CAPTAIN THORNTON.—Old fashioned scarlet plain regimentals and high top-boots.

MAJOR GALBRAITH.—Ibid.

SIR FREDERICK VERNON.—Plumb-coloured velvet dress and spangled trimming, with breast-plate.

RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE.—Purple cloth dress, and black velvet trimming.

FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.—Buff cloth dress, with blue velvet trimming.

OWEN.—Plain blue cloth suit.

SAUNDERS WYLIE.—A suit of black.

BOB ROY.—First dress: old fashioned Grazier's.—Second dress: Highland Chief's.

HAMISH.—Highlander's plaid.

ROBERT.—Ibid.

DOUGAL.—Scotch dress.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.—Comic, old fashioned drab silk suit.

M'VITTIE.—Old fashioned brown suit.

JOBSON.—Black, *ibid.*

WILLIE.—*Ibid.*, with plaid waistcoat.

LANCIE.

HOST.

ANDREW.

SERJEANT.

CORPORAL.

} Old fashioned clothes.

SOLDIERS.—Old fashioned scarlet clothes, and high top-boots.

DIANA VERNON.—Leno petticoat, trimmed with white satin and ends, plaid silk scarf, white hat and feathers.

HELEN M'GREGOR.—Drab-coloured cloth petticoat, crimson check, stuff plaid robe, leather belt for pistols, Scotch bonnet like the Highlanders, with Heron feathers, flesh-coloured stockings and sandals.

MATTIE.—Light-coloured stuff jacket and petticoat, white apron.

MARTHA.—Blue stuff petticoat and plaid body.

JEAN M'ALPINE.—Plaid petticoat, brown jacket, and plaid over her head.

CHORUS.—Scotch peasants, very poor.

DANCERS.—Striped petticoats, brown stuff jackets, and plaid scarfs.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Sir Frederick Vernon</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Rashleigh Osbaldistone</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Francis Osbaldistone</i>	{ Mr. Sinclair.
	{ Mr. Duruset.
<i>Owen</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Captain Thornton</i>	Mr. Connor.
<i>Rob Roy M^cGregor Campbell</i>	Mr. Macreagh.
	{ Mr. Emery.
<i>Dougal</i>	{ Mr. Tokely.
	{ Mr. Sutton.
<i>Hamish and Robert (Rob Roy's Sons)</i>	{ Master Parsloe
	{ Mr. Taylor.
<i>Major Galbraith</i>	Mr. Couer.
<i>M^cStuart</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Allan</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Bailie Nicol Jarvie</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>M^cVittie</i>	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Jobson</i>	Mr. Penn.
<i>Saunders Wylie</i>	Mr. Treby.
<i>Andrew</i>	Mr. Heath.
<i>Lancie Wingfield</i>	Mr. Tinney.
<i>Host</i>	Mr. Goodwin.
<i>Willie</i>	Mr. Grant.
<i>Serjeant</i>	Mr. Ryalls.
<i>Corporal</i>	
<i>Diana Vernon</i>	Miss Stephens
<i>Martha</i>	Miss Green.
<i>Mattie</i>	Miss Sterling.
<i>Jean M^cAlpine</i>	Mrs. Logan.
<i>Hostess</i>	Mrs. Coates.
<i>Katty</i>	Mrs. Bishop.
	{ Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Helen M^cGregor</i>	{ Mrs. Faucit.

ROB ROY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a small Public-house in Scotland; a Door and a large Window in front, through which is seen Osbaldistone-hall, and Country.—Travellers of various descriptions preparing to set forward on their journey; Host and Hostess assisting them.*

GLEE.—HOST and TRAVELLERS.

*Soon the sun will gae to rest,
Let's awa' together;
Company is aye the best,
Crossing o'er the heather.*

*Tak each lad his stirrup-cup,
His heart will be the lighter;
Tak each lass a wee sup,
Her e'e will sparkle brighter.*

*Bold Rob Roy, the Southernns say,
Is now upon the border;
Should he meet wi' us the day,
'Twad breed a sad disorder.*

*But tak each man his stirrup-cup,
His heart will feel the bolder;
Then set your lip,
The whiskey sip,
And shoulder keep to shoulder.
Soon the sun, &c.*

Host. Brawly sung, my masters, brawly sung! I wish you all safe home, for your own sakes, and a quick return for mine. Here, wife, give our friends their stirrup-cup, while I rub down the table. I wish you good e'en, friends.—

(The Travellers disperse L.H.D.F.)

Odd! there are two more travellers just alighting. — Wha'd a' thought of more company to the th'orie and bagpipes so late in the day? But what with Whigs, and Tories, and Jacobites, and Rob Roy, we in the North here drive a bonny trade.

Enter CAMPBELL, plainly dressed, something like a North-country Grazier; and OWEN, in a plain brown Suit, Boots, a Whip, &c. shewn in by WILLIE, L.H.D.F.

Willie. Travellers to Glasgow, maister.

Camp. Landlord, let us have your best, and quickly.

Host. Troth will I, sir:—ye'll be for a dram, na doubt, till we can tass ye up something hot for your late dinner. *[Exit, L.H.D.F.]*

(Owen has placed a small Saddle-bag on the Table, and sunk into a Chair, apparently greatly fatigued.)

Owen. Oh, my poor bones! the firm of my constitution has been worse shaken than the House of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-alley, London.—*(Willie places Liquor and Cups on the Table.)*—Young man, have you sent my message to the hall hard by?

(Campbell pours out, and Owen drinks.)

Willie. Yes, sir; the lassie will soon be back wi' the answer. *[Exit, L.H.D.F.]*

Camp. Weel, fellow traveller, how does our Scotch whiskey agree with your English stomach?

Owen. Thank you, sir; it cheers the body, but cannot raise the spirit;—I'm quite below par, as we say in the city.

Camp. Try it again, man. *(Filling his Cup.)*

Owen. I hope Mr. Frank Osbaldistone will make haste:—yet, I have a sad tale to tell him. (*Rises.*)

Camp. Osbaldistone! I know something of that family, sir; and if there's any thing I can serve you in, you may command me.

Owen. You are very kind, sir; but it's far beyond your help.

Camp. Perhaps not: will you trust me with the matter?

Owen. Surely I will, sir; the affairs of the great Commercial and Banking-house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-alley, London, are no secret by this time; all public as the Gazette:—that I should live to see it and say it!—Oh, dear!

Camp. Come, come; naught's so bad but what it may be mended. Let's hear the business that brings you to the hall.

Owen. It's a long account, sir; but I'll sum it up by the shortest rules. You must know my name is Owen: I am head clerk to the House of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-alley, London, and now on my way to Glasgow, to recover certain papers which have been taken,—stolen, I'm afraid,—in the absence of the head of the firm.

Camp. Stolen! by whom?

Owen. By his nephew, Mr. Rashleigh.

Camp. Rashleigh! I know—I remember—the son of Sir Hildebrand, late of the hall here.

Owen. The same, sir. Sir Hildebrand and the rest of his sons were taken up on suspicion of treasonable practices:—it's an awful balance they have to strike!

Camp. But how happened it the son,—this Mr. Frank you talk of,—was not left in charge of his father's affairs, rather than the nephew, Rashleigh?

Owen. Ah, sir! there lies all the mischief:—Mr. Frank loathed the counting-house worse than I loathe a bankruptcy. While his father was making money, he was making poetry; and so his father, sir, being a stern man, said that his nephew Rashleigh should take

Mr. Frank's place ; for he would never ask his only child a second time, to be the partner of his fortunes and affections.—Oh, dear !

Camp. Well, sir, but what motive could induce this Rashleigh to betray a trust, which, for his own advantage, one would naturally suppose he would be most faithful to ?

Owen. I suspect, to aid some political purpose, whereby, at the expense of honour and conscience, he expects to make a larger per centage of worldly profit. He knew that to shake the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-alley, London, was to alarm the government :—the cash he took was no hurt, but the assets—the assets, sir !—however, I'll not give them up ;—I know Rashleigh has come north.

Camp. North ! indeed !—Umph—he's a cunning chield that !—he'll be too cunning for himself at last ; a false friend never served a good cause.

Owen. You say true, sir ; such people are as variable as the course of exchange. When we reach Glasgow, sir, perhaps you can assist my inquiries.

Camp. I—I'll meet you there, my friend :—I just recollect a small matter of business that I have to do in this neighbourhood.—(*Aside.*)—I must go to the hall :—Rashleigh has been there, no doubt, and Sir Frederick Vernon may wish to speak—I'll meet you at Glasgow, Mr. Owen.

Owen. Heaven help me ! I shall never live to balance an account there, without a companion, or a guide. I was never ten miles from Crane-alley before, in all my days.

Camp. Pho, man ! there is no fear.—Where shall I hear of you ?

Owen. At Messrs. M'Vittie and M'Fin's, in the Gallowgate, sir. We have another agent, one Mr. Nicol Jarvie, in the Salt-market ; but I can't depend on him.

Camp. Fare ye weel, Mr. Owen.—Rashleigh in the North ! then the heather will soon be on fire.

Enter WILLIE, L.H.D.F.

Willie. Here's the 'Squire to speak with one Master Owen.—(*Campbell retires as FRANK OSBALDISTONE enters, L.H.D.F. and retreats hastily, unperceived, L.H.D.F.*)

Frank. Owen!—my excellent, kind friend!

Owen. O, Mr. Frank!—O, Mr. Osbaldistone, such news!—(*Wiping his eyes.*)—But why did you never answer our letters,—mine and your good father's?

Frank. Letters! I have never yet received one. I have written repeatedly, and have been astonished at receiving no reply.

Owen. O, lord! no letters! O, my stars, no letters! Men they have been intercepted;—how has your poor father been deceived! O, Mr. Frank, what have you not to answer for? But that's past now;—it's all over!

Francis. Good heaven! is my father—he is ill—dead?

Owen. No, no; not so bad as that; thank heaven, his day-book is still open;—but his affairs are in worse confusion than my poor brain.—O, dear!

Frank. Explain yourself, I beseech you, and in terms less technical.

Owen. Well, well, the sum total is,—that your cousin Rashleigh, taking advantage of my good master's absence in Holland, has absconded with papers of such consequence to ourselves and the government, that unless we can recover them, or get help from our agents by a certain day, the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-alley, London, is in the bankrupt list, as sure as the Gazette!

Frank. Gracious heaven, my folly and disobedience, then, have ruined my father! How shall I redeem the consequence of my error?

Owen. O, Mr. Frank, you raise my heart ten per cent. to hear you talk in that way. Repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours. Though you understand little, I grieve to say it, of Debtor and

Creditor, you thoroughly understand, I rejoice to tell it, the great fundamental principle of all moral accounting—the great Ethic Rule of Three:—let A do to B, as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.

Frank. It shall, it must be so;—this very hour I'll bid adieu to the enchantress, who still must rule my destiny, and seek this destroyer, this traitor, Rashleigh! Set forward, Owen, instantly:—by the time you have made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, I shall be with you. Oh, Diana! must we then part?

Owen. Diana!—Ah, love—love—I thought so;—never knew a man open an account with him, but his affairs got into confusion. I never had any dealings with him in all my life. It's more dangerous, Mr. Frank, than meddling with contraband goods: but I've heard of the consignment!—to Miss Diana Vernon, best affections!—Item, heart!—Item, honour!—Item—Oh, Mr. Frank, look at the per Contra—Blank! ruin!—Oh, dear!

[*Exit, L.H.D.F.*

Frank. Yes, for awhile we must separate; yet I cannot cease to love, cannot live without her.

SONG.—FRANK.

(*The words by Burns.*)

*O, my love's like the red red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Tho' a' the seas gang dry.*

*Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.*

*But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.*

[*Exit, L.H.D.F.*]

SCENE II.—*The Library of Osbaldistone-hall.*

DIANA VERNON and SIR FREDERICK VERNON seated at a Table, L.H.—MARTHA attending. *As the Scene is disclosed, Diana and Sir Frederick rise, and come forward.—A Portrait is conspicuous, full-length, after the fashion of which Sir Frederick is dressed.*

Sir F. It is now time we separate. Remember, Diana, my instructions:—we are surrounded by perils, which will require all your prudence to avert: 'tis evident, your cousin Francis suspects the visits of a stranger to these apartments; and though this dress, resembling that of your ancestor's portrait, has hitherto enabled me to impose on the weak minds of the domestics, his penetration may discover who and what I am before the plans are matured, on which my hopes of future happiness now entirely rest.

Diana. Rely on my discretion, sir:—you may with safety.—(*Martha takes a cloak from the back of a chair, resembling that of a catholic priest, and gives it to Sir Frederick, L.H.*)

Martha. Indeed, Sir Frederick,—I beg pardon,—Father Vaughan, your reverence has nothing to fear, though you are a Catholic and a Jacobite. There is not a soul in the place, myself excepted, that dare stir a foot toward this part of the house after night-fall!

Sir F. I repeat, it is not from them I fear discovery; the character I openly bear, of confessor to Miss Vernon, is a sufficient security: but remember, Diana, Francis Osbaldistone and his father are firm adherents of the present government, and should he discover

me, or the purpose which renders my concealment in this part of the country necessary, it might be fatal to the cause of Scotland and to ourselves.

Diana. But my cousin is a man of honourable and affectionate feelings;—he would never betray you, sir.

Sir F. You mean he would never sacrifice his love in the person of Diana Vernon. Subdue those reflections, for the sake of your future peace of mind;—annihilate them, while it is yet in your power;—think that you are devoted to a cloister, or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

[*Exit, at a tapestry pannel, L.H.*]

Diana. You may leave me now, Martha. When my cousin Frank returns, say I wish to speak with him here.—[*Exit Martha, L.H.*].—The bride of Rashleigh! never, never! any lot rather than that;—the convent, the jail, the grave! I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry! Yet, how preferable is the lot of those, whose birth and situation neither render them meanly dependant, nor raises them to the difficulties and dangers that too often accompany wealth and grandeur.

SONG.—DIANA.

RECITATIVE.

*I dedicate my lay to thee,
Endearing, calm Felicity!*

AIR.

*Ah! would it were my humble lot,
To share with thee some lowly cot,
Where fame and fortune ne'er intrude,
To mar the lover's solitude.*

Then I'd sing nonny, O!

And merry be,

With love and thee,

From morn till e'en so bonny, O!

*If far away from lordly pride,
The stream of life could calmly glide;
And I content, if thou wert nigh,
In joy could live, in peace could die.
And I'd sing nonny, O! &c. &c.*

Enter MARTHA, *introducing* FRANK OSBALDISTONE,
L. H.

Frank. Diana, you sent for me.

Diana. Yes; it was to bid you farewell. Suppress your amazement, while I tell you I am acquainted with the distresses which the treachery of Rashleigh has brought upon your father.

Frank. How, in the name of heaven! since but within these few minutes I myself was informed?

Diana. Ask me no questions; I have it not in my power to reply to them. Fate has involved me in such a series of nets and entanglements, that I dare hardly speak a word, for fear of consequences. You must meet, and obviate the difficulties this blow has occasioned.

Frank. And how is that possible?

Diana. Every thing is possible to him who possesses courage and activity.

Frank. What do you advise?

Diana. Quit this place instantly, and for ever.

Frank. Diana!

Diana. You have only one friend to regret: and she has long been accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and comforts to the welfare of others. (*Falters.*)

Frank. What alarms you?—(*Turning.*)—Ha! I thought—

Diana. It is nothing, nothing—(*Detaining him.*) Take Andrew the gardener for your guide, and repair instantly to Glasgow.

Frank. Such was my intention; but if Rashleigh has really forced the scheme of plundering his benefactor, and disturbing the state, what prospect is there

that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?

Diana. Stay, (yes, I will insist upon it;) do not leave this room till I return. [Exit, R. H.

Frank. She has then a confederate, a friend—perhaps a lover!—Every thing confirms it: the light from these windows, which I have seen at unusual times, the footsteps which I have traced in the morning's dew, from the private entrance to the apartment beneath this library;—the report, too, of apparitions; a thousand circumstances tend to confirm my suspicions. But she comes.

Enter DIANA, R. H.

Diana. Frank, I trust you with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of this business rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day;—take this packet, but do not open it till all other means have failed. Ten days before the bills are due, you are at liberty to break the seal.

Frank. It has no superscription.

Diana. If you are compelled to open it, you will find directions inclosed.

Frank. And now, Diana, after the mysterious, but kind interest you have shown to my worldly cares, relieve my heart by explaining—

Diana. I can explain nothing. Oh, Frank! we are now to part, perhaps never to meet more; do not, then, make my mysterious miseries embitter the last moments we may pass together. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less encumbered by unhappy appearances, less influenced by evil fortunes and evil times.

Frank. Never, never!—the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me.

DUET.—DIANA and FRANK.

Diana. } *Tho' { you } leave { me } now in sorrow,*
Frank. } *{ I } { thee }*

Smiles may light our loves to-morrow.
Doom'd to part! my faithful heart
A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow.

Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near,

This heart alone is thine, { for ever,
{ Diana;

Thou may'st find those will love thee, dear,

But not a love like mine, { O never,
{ Diana.

Tho' you leave, &c.

[*Exeunt, Diana R.H. Frank L.H.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, at Glasgow.*

Enter BAILIE and SAUNDERS WYLIE, L.H.

Bailie. I tell you, Saunders, you're daft,—you're mad! Osbaldistone and Co. in danger!—it's impossible!

Wylie. It's true, sir; and I thought it but right to let you, my old master, know on't.

Bailie. Troth, Saunders, you've stunned me with the evil communication. Osbaldistone and Co. fail!
 Stop:—Mattie! *(Calling off, R.H.)*

Wylie. Mr. Owen, the head clerk, and junior partner, has been at our house wi' the tidings, and begging for time to take up the bills.

Bailie. Owen! I remember he's a man of figures! a man of calculation!—if he talks of ruin, by my soul, it's not far off!—but why didn't he call upon Nicol Jarvie? I am a merchant, and a magistrate, as well as

M'Vittie; but he thinks no more of me, I suppose, than of a Scotch pedlar. Mattie! O!

Enter MATTIE, R.H.

Tell the clerk to bring the ledger.

Matt. The clerk! Lord, sir! he's safe in bed these twa hours!

Bailie. The lazy blackguard!—a-bed!—then do you fetch it yourself, Mattie.

Matt. I'll do your bidding, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Bailie. My conscience! I hav'n't had such a shock since my father, the Deacon, (peace be with him!) left me to fight my way alone in this wicked world.—But what says M'Vittie? Will he grant the time?

Wylie. Not a day, Mr. Jarvie; not an hour! things look so bid, I fear my employers mean to resort to the severest measures. I heard them talk of arresting Mr. Owen, so you had best look to yourself.

Enter MATTIE, with a Book, R.H.

Bailie. Let me look at the ledger!—(*Opening it eagerly.*)—L—M—N—O—Os—Osbal—as I'm a Bailie, the balance must be enormous!—but I've no heart to run it up.—(*Returning the Book.*)—How much is M'Vittie out with him?

Wylie. I can't justly say, but some hundreds.

Bailie. Hundreds! only hundreds!—damn their supple snouts, and would they press a falling man for the sake of hundreds, that have made thousands by him?—Your masters, Wylie, have taken many a good job from between my teeth, but I'll snap 'em this turn,

Wylie. I wish you could, Mr. Jarvie, I wish you could. Ah, I made a sair change, when I left you to serve two such infernal—

Bailie. Whish't! Saunders, whish't! while you eat their bread, don't abuse the scoundrels behind their backs.

Wylie. You've a kind heart, Mr. Jarvie, and an honest one too.

Bailie. So had the Deacon, my father; Saunders, rest and bless him.

Wylie. Would you be pleased to consult on this business with our partners, sir?

Bailie. No;—I'll see them both d—d—that is, a man that meddles with pitch, must be defiled!—I'd sooner hold a parley with Belzebub! No, no; Nicol Jarvie has a way of his own to manage this matter.—Go your ways, Mattie, with that huge memorial of misfortune, and get my walking gear, and the lantern. [*Exit Mattie, R.H.*].—As for you, Saunders, speed you home again; and not a word, man, that you've seen me.—[*Exit Wylie, L.H.*].—Osbaldistone and Co. stopt! My conscience!—I'd sooner ha' dreamed o' the downfall of the Bank of London!—Why it's enough to make the very hairs of my wig rise, and stand on end!—But the distress can't be permanent.—At any rate, I'll prove myself a friend: if the house regains its credit, I shall recover my loss; and if not, why I have done as I would be done by, like my father, the Deacon, good man!—blessings on his memory, say I, that taught me good-will towards my fellows!

Enter MATTIE, R.H. decked out for walking, —her Apron pinned up, &c. and bearing the Bailie's Great-coat, Hat, Lantern, &c.

Matt. I've brought your gear, sir; but, gude save us! where wad ye be ganging to, a' sic a time a night?
(*She helps him on with his dress*)

Bailie. You'll soon know, Mattie, for you must e'en tramp along wi' me.—I wouldn't like to be breaking my shins in the dark just now, for truth to speak, I'd never more occasion to stand firm on my legs, both at home and abroad. Now, give us the beaver, lassie.
(*She gives him his Hat.*)

Matt. Weel! to think o' putting on claithe when ye suld be taking them off, and scampering abroad, when ye suld be ganging to your bed!

Bailie. Time and tide wait for no man.

Matt. But where are you going, Bailie?

Bailie. To many places, that I'd as lief bide away from.

Matt. Now wrap this 'kerchief about your thrapple.

(Ties a handkerchief round his throat.)

Bailie. You're a kind-hearted lassie, Mattie.

Matt. There—leave a wee bit room for your mouth, Ye must needs ha' a drap o' the cordial your father, the Deacon, was so fond of;—he aye liked to sip it.

(Gives him a flask.)

Bailie. Rest and bless him, so he did! and so do I, Mattie.—*(Drinks.)*—You're a good-tempered soul, and a bonnie lassie too:—you come of good kith and kin, Mattie—the Laird o' Limmerfield's cousin, only seven times removed.—*(Mattie is moving away the Bottle.)*—Stay! you may bring the bottle with you, Mattie, and tuck yourself under my arm;—there's no disgrace in a Bailie walking hand in arm with gentle blood; so, come your ways, Mattie. Osbaldistone and Co. stopt!—My conscience!—Come along, Mattie.

[Exeunt, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Glasgow. The Bridge extending in perspective to the opposite side of the River.—The Tolbooth, or Jail, conspicuous in front.*

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE and ANDREW, L.H.U.E.

And. Well, sir, thanks to the good guidance of Andrew, here you are in Glasgow, 'spite o' the bogles and bad ways.

Frank. Was it the bogles, or the brandy, that made you ride at such an infernal pace? You are half drunk, you scoundrel! but get you gone:—see the horses taken care of, and order something for my supper; while it's preparing, I shall walk here upon the bridge.—*(Campbell, muffled in a long Cloak, appears at the back, and seeing Andrew, retreats.)*

And. A walk by moonlight after a long ride, is but cold comfort for aching bones!—but your honour

knows best. He's crack-brained, and cockle headed, with his poetry nonsense; he'd sooner by half chatter to Miss Vernon, than hear a word of sense from a sober body like myself.—(*Aside.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

Frank. 'Tis now too late to learn tidings of poor Owen, or inquire the residence of my father's agents. Bitter reflection! All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable profession.

CAMPBELL advances, R.H.

Camp. Mr. Osbaldistone, you are in danger.

Frank. From whom? (*Starting.*)

Camp. Follow me, and you shall know.

Frank. I must first know your name and purpose.

Camp. I am a man, and my purpose friendly.

Frank. That is too brief a description.

Camp. It will serve for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, and without country, is at least a man; and he that has all these, is no more. Follow me, or remain without the information I wish to afford.

Frank. Can you not give it me here?

Camp. No:—you must receive it from your eyes, not from my mouth.—What is it you fear?

Frank. I fear nothing;—walk on, I attend you.

Camp. If you knew who was by your side, you might feel a tremor.

Frank. The spirit of Rashleigh seems to walk round me;—yet, 'tis neither his form or voice.—

(*Apart.*)

Camp. Would you not fear the consequence of being found with one whose very name, whispered in this lonely street, would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him?—on whose head the men of Glasgow would build their fortunes, as on a found treasure!—the sound of whose downfall were as wel-

come at the cross of Edinburgh, as the news of a battle fought and won!

Frank. Who then are you, whose name should create such terror?

Camp. No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place, where if I myself were recognized and identified, irons to the heels, and hemp to the throat, would be my brief dooming.

Frank. You have said either too much or too little, to induce me to confide in you.—(*Campbell makes a step towards Frank, who draws back, and lays his hand on his sword.*)

Camp. What! on an unarmed man, and your friend?

Frank. I am yet ignorant if you are one or the other.

Camp. Well, I respect him whose hand can keep his head: I love a free young blood, that knows no protection but the cross of the sword! I am taking you to see one, whom you will be right glad to see, and from whose lips you will learn the secret of the danger in which you now stand. Come on.—(*Campbell goes to the wicket-gate of the Tolbooth, R.H.S.E. and knocks.*)

Doug. (*Within.*) Who's that?

Camp. Gregarach!—(*The door is opened—Campbell beckons Frank, and they enter—the door heard to be locked and bolted.*)

SCENE V.—*Interior of the Tolbooth.*

Enter DOUGAL, R.H. followed by CAMPBELL and Frank. Dougal expressing extravagant joy!—he has a shock head of red hair, and an extraordinary personal appearance;—a huge bundle of keys at his belt, and a lamp in his hand.

Camp. Dougal, you have not forgotten me?

Doug. De'il a bit—de'il a bit!—Where shall I go? What shall I do for ye?—Oigh! it's lang since she has seen you.

Frank. She!—*she* seen him!—Is it then a female to whom I am conducted? or, is it merely the dialect of his country, in which that animal expresses himself? (*As Frank says this apart, Campbell speaks to Dougal, and points to his Companion.*)

Doug. To be sure she will, with all her heart, with all her soul! but what will come o'ye, if the Bailies should call, or the Captain should wake?

Camp. Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt upon me.

Doug. She would hack 'em off at the elbows first.

Camp. Then dispatch!

Doug. Wi' all her soul!—(*He trims his lamp, and beckons Frank, who perceiving Campbell does not follow,—pauses.*)

Frank. Do you not go with us?

Camp. It is unnecessary,—my company might be inconvenient. I had better remain, and secure our retreat—lose no time!—(*Frank and Dougal go off, L.H.—Campbell, R.H.*)

SCENE VI.—*A Cell in the Tolbooth.—(A Pallet Bed, R.H.S.E. with a person reposing in it.—A small Table and Chair, L.H.S.E.*

DOUGAL opens D.F.L.H. and advances, followed by
FRANK.

Frank. I cannot suppose he means to betray me;—
At 'tis strange.

Doug. (*Having looked towards the bed.*)—She's asleep!

Frank. She! who?

Doug. Gentlemen's to speak wi' her. (*Rousing the Sleeper.*)

Owen Ey! what!—Oh dear! (*Owen pops his*

head, adorned with a red night-cap, from beneath the clothes, just as Frank has eagerly advanced.)

Frank. Owen! (Pausing in surprise.)

Owen. I'll tell you what, Mr. Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum-total of the amount is this;—if my natural rest is to be broken in upon in this manner, I'll complain to the Lord Mayor.

Doug. Ugh!—Cha neil Sassenach. [*Exit, D.F.L.H.*]

Frank. Owen!

Owen. Ey!—Oh dear! have they caught you too!—then our last hope fails, and the account is closed.

Frank. Do not be so much alarmed;—all may not be so bad as you expect. (Owen rises.)

Owen. O, Mr. Frank! we are gone! Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, is no longer a firm! I think nothing of myself! I am a mere cypher;—but you! that were your father's sum-total, as I may say;—his Omnium! that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail.—Oh dear!

Frank. I am no prisoner, my good friend, though I can scarcely account for my being in such a place at such a time.

Owen. Not a prisoner! Heaven be gracious to us!—But what news this will be upon 'Change!

Frank. Cease these lamentations, and let me know the cause of your being here.

Owen. It's soon told, Mr. Frank. When I disclosed my business to Messrs. M^cVittie and M^cFin, instead of instant assistance, they demanded instant security: and as I am liable, being a small partner in our House, they made oath that I meditated departing this realm, and had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law here allows, and,—here I am!—Oh dear!

Frank. Why did you not apply to our other Correspondent, Mr. Nicol Jarvie?

Owen. What, the cross-grained crabstock in the Salt-market? 'Twould have been of no use. You

might as well ask a broker to give you up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the per contra. O, Mr. Frank! this is all your doing! but I beg pardon for saying so to you in your distress.

Enter CAMPBELL hastily, and DOUGAL, D.F.L.H.

Doug. O hone a rie! O hone a rie!—what'll she do now?—It's my Lord Provost, and the Bailies, and the Guard!—hide yourself behind the bed;—the Captain has opened the wicket!

Camp Lend me your pistols:—yet it's no matter, I can do without them:—whatever you see, take no heed—do not mix your hand in another man's quarrel.—*(To Frank.)*—*[Exit Dougal, D.F.L.H.]*—I must manage as I can. *(Seats himself on the table.)*

Enter MATTIE, followed by BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, D.F.L.H.

Bailie. (Looking back.) I'll call when I want you, Stanchells. Dougal shall make all fast, or I'll make him fast, the scoundrel! A bonniething, and beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, knocking as hard to get into jail, as any body else would to get out on't! How's this?—*(Seeing Campbell and Frank.)*—Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hours! Keep the door locked, you Dougal:—I'll soon talk to these gentlemen: but I must first have a crack with an old acquaintance.—Ah! Mr. Owen, how's all with you, Mr. Owen?

Owen. Pretty well, in body, Mr. Jarvie, I thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

Bailie. Ay, ay, we are all subject to downfalls, as my father, the Deacon, used to say—"Nick," said he, (his name was Nicol, as well as mine, so the folks called us Young Nick and Old Nick!)—"Young Nick," said he, "never put out your arm farther than you can draw it easily back again."

Owen. You need not have called these things to my memory, in such a situation, Mr. Nicol Jarvie.

Bailie. What! do you think I came out at such a time o'night, to tell a falling man of his backslidings?—No:—that's not Bailie Jarvie's way, nor his worthy father's, the Deacon, afore him. I soon discovered what lodgings your *friends* had provided you, Mr. Owen;—but give us your list, man, and let us see how things stand between us while I rest my shanks. Mattie, hold the lantern.—*(Taking Papers from Owen, and sitting at the corner of the bed.—Dougal awatches at the door.—Campbell moves towards it, making a sign to Frank.)*

Camp. Say nothing!— *(In a low tone.)*

Bailie. Ey! look to the door there, you Dougal creature;—let me hear you lock it, and keep watch on the outside.

Owen. There, sir, you'll find the balance in the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider—

Bailie. There's no time to consider, Mr. Owen—'tis plain you owe me money; but I can't, for the soul of me, see how you'll clear it off by snoring here in the Tolbooth! Now, sir, if you won't fly the country, you shall be at liberty in the morning.

Owen. O, sir! O, Mr. Jarvie!

Bailie. I'm a careful man as any in the Salt-market, and I'm a prudent man, as my father the Deacon, good soul! was before me;—but rather than that double-faced dog, M'Vittie, shall keep an honest, civil gentleman by the heels, I'll be your bail myself!—I'll be your bail.—*(Owen goes up to him in raptures, but fails in his attempt to speak.)*—There, you've said enough! but in the name of misrule, how got ye companions?—Gi' me the light, Mattie.—*(He catches from her, and holding it towards Campbell, who is seated calmly on the table, starts back.)*—Ey! M' conscience!—it's impossible;—and yet I'm clean bamboozed:—why, you robber! you Cateran! you cheat-the-gallows rogue!

Owen. Bless me! it's my good friend, Mr. Campbell; a very honest man, Mr. Jarv—

Bailie. Honest!—My conscience!—You in the Glasgow Tolbooth!—What d'ye think's the value of your head?
(*To Campbell.*)

Camp. Umph! why, fairly weighed;—one Provost, four Bailies, a town Clerk, and six Deacons!

Bailie. Deacons! Was there ever such a born devil! but, tell over your sins, for, if I say the word—

Camp. True, Bailie; but you never will say that word.

Bailie. And why not,—why not, sir?

Camp. For three sufficient reasons:—first, for auld lang syne;—Secondly, for the good wife, that made some mixture of our bloods;—and last, Bailie Jarvie, because if I saw any sign of your betraying me, I'd plaister that wall with your brains, ere the hand of man could rescue you.

Bailie. (*Clapping his hand to his head.*) My conscience!—Well, well, it would be quite as unpleasant for me to have my head knocked about, as it would be discredit to string up a kinsman in a hempen cravat!—but, if it hadn't been yourself, I'd have gripped the best man in the Highlands.

Camp. You'd have tried, Bailie.

Bailie. And who the devil's this?—(*To Frank; who is R.H.*)—another honest man?

Owen. This, good sir, is Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

Bailie. O, I've heard o'the spark! run away from his father, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Well, sir, what do you say to your handy-work?

Frank. My dislike of the commercial profession, Mr. Jarvie, is a feeling of which I am the best, and sole judge.

Owen. O dear!
(*Holds up his hands.*)

Camp. It's manfully spoken! and I honour the lad for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and all such mechanical persons.—(*Nere Owen goes to-bed again.*)

Bailie. Weavers and spinners indeed!—I'm a weaver and spinner, and who better? Will all your ancestry tell where *Hashleigh* is, or all your deep oaths

and drawn dirks procure Mr. Frank five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due in ten days?

Frank. Ten days! is the time so near? I may then have recourse—(*Frank has drawn out the letter, opened it, and an enclosure falls from the envelope;—the Bailie catches it up.*)

Bailie. My conscience!—for Rob Roy!

Frank. Rob Roy!

(*Campbell instantly snatches the letter.*)

Bailie. As I'm a Bailie, there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand.

Frank. You are too hasty, sir; I was not, in this instance, desirous of your interference.

Camp. Make yourself easy! Diana Vernon has more friends than you know of.

Frank. Is it possible! is the fate of a being so amiable, involved in that of a man of such desperate fortunes and character?

Camp. (*Having read aside.*) So, Rashleigh sent these papers to the Highlands. It's a hazardous game she has given me to play, but I'll not baulk her.—Mr. Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens; and, cousin, if you dare venture to shew him the way, and eat a leg of red deer venison with me, I'll pay the two hundred pounds I owe you; and you can leave Mr. Owen the while to do the best he can in Glasgow.

Bailie. Say no more, Robin;—say no more!—but you must guarantee me safe home again to the Salt-market.

Camp. There's my thumb;—I'll ne'er beguile you;—but I must be going;—the air of Glasgow Tolbooth is not over wholesome for a Highlander's constitution.

Bailie. O! that I should be aiding and abetting an escape from justice! it will be a disgrace to me, and mine, and the memory of my father, for ever!

Camp. Hout, hout, man! when the dirt's dry it will rub out.—Your father could look over a friend's faults, and why not your father's son?

Bailie. So he could, Robin;—he was a good man and a true one;—you remember him, Rob?

Camp. Troth, do I! he was a weaver, and wrought my first pair of hose.

Bailie. Take care his son doesn't weave your last cravat!—You've a long craig for a gibbet, Rob!—But, where's that Dougal creature?

Camp. If he is the lad I think him, he has not wait-ed your thank's for his share of this night's work.

Bailie. What, gone! left me and Mattie locked up in jail for all-night!—I'll hang the Highland devil as high as Haman.

Camp. When you catch him.—But—see—(*Frank and Mattie have hastened to the door, and find it open.*)—He knew an open door might serve me at a pinch.

Bailie. Stanchells, let this stranger out—he—he's a friend o'mine!

Camp. Fare ye well! be early with me at Aberfoil.

“*Now, open your gate, and let me go free,
I dare na' stay longer in bonny Dundee.*”

[*Exit, D.F.L.H.*]

Bailie. So that Dougal creature was an agent of Rob's. I should'n't wonder if he has one in every jail in Scotland.—Well, I have done things this night, that my father the Deacon, rest be with him! would not ha' believed! but there's balm in Gilead.—(*Going to the bed-side.*)—Mr. Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast.—Eh! why the man's fast!—(*Owen snores.*)

Frank. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, sir, the better;—it must be near midnight.

Bailie. Midnight! Well, Mattie shall light you home, but no tricks;—none of your London;—no, now I think again, I'll see you home myself.

(*St. Mungo's clock strikes twelve.*)

FINALE.

FRANK, BAILIE JARVIE, OWEN, STANCHELLS,
and MATTIE.

Frank. Hark! hark! now from St. Mungo's tower
The bell proclaims the midnight hour,
Bome!

Mattie. And thro' the city far and near,
From the spire and turret now I hear,
Bome!

Both. Ere yet the first vibration dies,
Each iron tongue of time replies,
Bome!

Owen. Augh!
Bailie. Hark! hark! from Mister Owen's nose,
A cadence deep! a dying close,
Bome!

Owen. Augh!

Frank. { Ere yet, &c.
Mat. Bail. { Ere yet the first vibration dies,
His nasal organ quick replies,
Bome!

Owen. Augh!
Bless me! every way I'm undone.
I did not dream of being here;
But snug in sweet Crane Alley, London,
And stocks were up, and I—O dear!

ALL.

Frank. } { Home, home, { we } must no longer stay,
Bail. & } { For soon will peep the morning light.
Mat. }
Ow. & } { Now { let us } haste { come, come }
Stan. } { Farewell at once, and at once good night. } away.

• [Exit Frank, Bailie, Mattie, and Stanch.,
D.F.L.H.—(Owen retires to-bed again.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The College Yard, or Walking Grounds at Glasgow.*

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE, L.H.G.R. M'VITTIE, and JOBSON rather behind him, as waiting his instructions:—he walks rapidly, turns, and pauses.

Rash. Galbraith and Stuart are in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. Good!—When did Captain Thornton march?

Job. Yesterday morning, sir.

Rash. Umph! you are certain that order for the arrest of those two persons I described, was given to him?

Job. I delivered it myself into his own hands, sir.

Rash. Mr. M'Vittie!

M'Vit. (*Advancing.*) Mr. Rashleigh.

Rash. You committed Mr. Owen to prison, you say;—is he there now?

M'Vit. He is.

Rash. If my cousin, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, follows him to Glasgow, instantly enforce the warrant, of which Jobson has a duplicate.

M'Vit. It shall be done, you may depend on it, sir.

Rash. 'Tis of importance to keep him out of the way;—that man is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest hopes! Now, sir, a parting word;—if you breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the government has entrusted to my direction, before the blow is struck which must counteract the intended rising in the Highlands, you share the destiny of the rankest rebel among them.—(*M'Vittie bows.*)—As to the papers which I forwarded to M'Gregor, ere long they shall be again in my possession, and himself in your custody.—Jobson, what hour is it?

[*Exit M'Vittie, L.H.*]

Job. Not yet five, sir.

Rash. That's well: we have no time before us. Make yourself ready, and be well armed.

Job. Armed!—There's no retreating; but if I had known I was to have used any weapon but the sword of Justice, I'd never have given her scales into his hands. (*Apart.*)

Rash. Leave me! [*Exit Jobson, L.H.*]—M'Gregor is by this time in the Highlands. He still believes me faithful to the cause I have hitherto so ardently encouraged and assisted; and those papers (which I now regret having committed to his care) will at least serve to aid the delusion. Cursed infatuation! yet I repine not, for I have the power to check the gaze of cunning, probe all hearts, and watch the varying cheek; linked with success, it moulds each other's weakness to my will;—such it hath been, and such it shall be now!—Rejected by her I loved, scorned by him I would have served,—they shall at least find the false friend and the renegade knows how to resent such insults.—Ah!

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTON, R.H.—(*Rashleigh starts, but instantly recovers himself.*)

Frank. You are well met, sir.

Rash. I am glad to hear it.—(*Aside.*)—He's earlier than I expected; but Mr. M'Vittie is prepared.

Frank. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

Rash. You know little of him you sought then. I'm easily found by my friends, still more easily by my foes:—in which am I to class Mr. Francis Osbaldistone?

Frank. In that of your foes, sir, your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

Rash. And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young man, whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

Frank. Your sneer, sir, is no answer ; you shall accompany me to a magistrate.

Rash. Be it so ;—yet,—no—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate ; but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man ; amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

Frank. This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you ! the name we both bear, never yet submitted to insult.

Rash. Right ! right ! you remind me, that it was dishonoured in my person ; and you remind me also by whom !—Think you I have forgotten that blow,—never to be washed out, but by blood ! For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice ;—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know, nor are capable of estimating,—you owe me a long account ! and fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

Frank. Why not the present ? Do your schemes or your safety require delay ?

Rash. You may trample on the harmless worm, but, pause ; ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

Frank. I will not be trifled with.

Rash. I had other views respecting you ; but, enough.—Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence !—(They draw, and at the moment their swords cross, M'Gregor rushes forward from L.H.U.B. and beats down their guard.)

Camp. Hold ! stand off !

Rash. M'Gregor !

Camp. By the hand of my father, the first man that strikes, shall cleave him to the bricket.—(To Frank.)—Think you to establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat ? Or do you.—(To Rash.)—Imagine men will trust their lives and fortunes, and a great political interest, with one that brawls about

like a drunken Gillie? Nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man!—If you're angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you!

Rash. You presume on my present situation, or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned:

Camp. Presume?—And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldistone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not;—but you are neither a better or a braver man than myself;—and it will be news to me, indeed, when I hear you are half so good!—And dare too? dare!—Hout, tout!—much daring there is about it.

Rash. (Aside.) What devil brought him here to mar a plan so well devised? I must lure him to the toils.

Camp. What say you?

Rash. My kinsman will acknowledge he forced this on me. I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastised his insolence too severely.—The quarrel was none of my seeking.

Camp. Well then, walk with me,—I have news for you.

Frank. Pardon me, I will not lose sight of him, till he has done justice to my father.

Camp. Would you bring two on your head instead of one?

Frank. Twenty! rather than again neglect my duty.

Rash. You hear him, M'Gregor!—Is it my fault, that he rushes on his fate?—The warrants are out!

Camp. Warrants! curses on all such instruments! the plague of poor old Scotland for this hundred year—but, come on't what will, I'll never consent to his being hurt, that stands up for the father that begot him.

Rash. Indeed!

Camp. My conscience will not let me.

Rash. Your conscience! M'Gregor!

Camp. Yes, my conscience, sir; I have such a thing for me;—that, at least, is one advantage you cannot boast of.

Rash. You forget how long you and I have known each other.

Camp. If you know what I am you know what usage made me what I am; and however you may think, I would not change with the proudest of the oppressors that have driven me to take the heather-bush for a shelter. What *you* are, and what excuse you have for being *what* you are, lies between your heart and the long day.

Rash. (*Aside.*) Can M'Gregor suspect?—has M'Vittie betrayed?

Camp. Leave me, I say! you are more in danger from a magistrate than he is.—And were your cause as straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it.—(*Frank has persisted in not leaving Rashleigh, and is withheld by Campbell.*)—Take your way, Rashleigh!—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands.—You have done that before now.

Rash. Cousin, you may thank this gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid! and I quit you now, but in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Camp (*As Frank struggles to follow.*) As I live by bread; you are as mad as he! Would you follow the wolf to his den?—(*Pushes Frank back.*)—Come, come, be cool! 'tis me you must look to for that you seek! Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging Justice-Clerk, Johson! above all, from M'Vittie!—Make the best of your way to Aberfoil:—and, by the word of a M'Gregor, I will not see you wronged!—Remember the Clachan of Aberfoil!—(*Campbell shakes the hand of Frank with great cordiality, and Exeunt, L.H.*)

SCENE II.—*The library at Osbaldistone Hall.*—(*A knocking heard without.*)

Enter SIR FREDERICK VERNON *from the Pannel,*
L.H. *with haste and agitation.*

Sir F. I was not mistaken;—it is the private

door.—(*Knocking repeated, L.H.*)—Martha! Martha! I dread the purport of this unexpected visit;—yet, what should I fear? Martha!

Enter MARTHA, R.H.

Martha. I come! I come! bless me, I'm all in a tremble!

Sir F. Is Diana in the next apartment?

Martha. Yes, truly, and full of wonder and apprehension.

Sir F. Haste, and observe the appearance of this person. Question, but do not admit him till I know his errand.—[*Exit Martha, L.H.*]—Can it be Campbell?—Rashleigh?—No! perhaps a courier from the Earl of Mar.—My hopes, my existence hangs upon a thread! either Scotland has her rights restored, or I have nothing more to do with life!—Well!

Re-enter MARTHA, with a letter, L.H.

Martha. A gentleman,—a cavalier,—a—I know not what to call him;—this, he said, would speak for him.—(*Giving a letter, which Sir Frederick opens, and reads with agitation.*)—And well it can, for he had scarcely breath to say, “Deliver that!” when he put spurs to his panting steed, and dashed from the wicket as if he had seen a warlock or a witch, instead of a decent looking lassie.

Sir F. Betrayed! ruined! lost!—Desire my daughter to attend me.—[*Exit Martha, R.H.*]—O villain, villain! I had suspicions, but little did I expect so sudden, so fatal a confirmation! This ill-advised confidence in Rashleigh has ruined all. To yield, or to be taken now, were but to lay our heads upon the block. But 'tis yet too strong a cause to be abandoned for the breath of a traitor's tale! Promptness and decision often restore to health and vigour that which despair would leave hopelessly to perish: I must hasten bravely to the Highlands. If our friends there are as

weak as some are false, but one course remains ;—an immediate escape to France.

Enter DIANA, R.H.

Diana. Dear sir, what means this unusual summons?

Sir F. Diana, our perils are now at the utmost; you must accompany and share them with me.

Diana. Willingly!

Sir F. Contemplate the dangers which surround us with firmness and resolution! rely on the justice of heaven and the unshaken constancy of your own mind.

Diana. I have been taught endurance, and will not shrink from it. What I have borne for your sake, I can bear again!—But the cause?—Some political secret?

Sir F. Yes; which your late rejection of Rashleigh for a husband, has induced him to betray—contrary to the oath by which he bound himself. But prepare instantly for your departure.

Diana. Whither to go?

Sir F. First to the Highlands: I must endeavour to see M^cGregor:—you shall know more when I have made my own arrangements.—I will relieve the distresses of your cousin, Francis, if possible: but the solemn contract that has bound me to Rashleigh, leaves the convent your whole and sole resource, unless, indeed, you renounce the creed in which you have been educated.

Diana. Forsake the faith of my gallant fathers! I would as soon, were I a man, forsake their banners when the tide of war pressed hardest, and turn, like a hireling recreant, to join its enemies!—(*Sir Frederick clasps her with transport to his bosom, and exit, D.F.L.H.*)—Yes, when the gathering cry is heard upon the hills, there's not a lassie but will share her hero's danger, and thus sing the praise of her gallant Highlandman:—

SONG.—DIANA.

(The Words by Burns.)

*A Highland Lad my love was born,
The Lowland Laws he held in scorn ;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.*

*Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman ;
There's not a man in a' the clan,
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.*

*With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.*

Sing hey, &c.

[Exit, R. II.]

SCENE III.—*Interior of Jean M'Alpine's Hut, in the Village of Aberfoil.—Turf-fire, with branches of dry wood.—A door, composed of basket-work, in lieu of plank.—Two square holes by way of windows ; one stuffed with a plaid, the other with a tattered great-coat.*

At an oak table, near the fire, sits Major Galbraith of the Lennox troopers.—M' Stuart, of the Highland Infantry, wearing the trows, which distinguish him from Allan, another Highlander. In one corner lies a Highlander asleep, his sword and target near him.

M' Stuart. Enough! enough! Galbraith.—I'll drink my quart of usquebachi, or brandy, with any
but we have work in hand, just now, and had
look to it.

Alb. Hout, man! meat and mess never yet hin-

dered work! had it been my directing instead of this Rish—Rash—what's the Saxon's name?

M^cStuart. Have a care, Galbraith.—(*Pointing to the sleeper.*)—Don't let the brandy be too bold for your brain.

• *Galb.* I say the garrison, and our troopers, with Captain Thornton's party, could have taken Rob Roy without bringing you from the Glens to Aberfoil here.—There's the hand that should lay him on the green, and never ask a Highlander for help.

Allan. Come, come, 'tis time we were going.

Galb. Going! why, 'tis here Thornton was appointed to meet us; besides, mind the old saw,—“It's a bauld moon, quoth Benny-gask, —another pint, quoth Leslie.” —We'll not start till we've finished it. (*Rises.*)

SONG.*—GALBRAITH.

*A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy;
But Scotland has a thief as good,—
She has her bold Rob Roy!
A dauntless heart M^cGregor shews,
And wond'rous length and strength of arm;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept his friends from harm.*

Chorus.—A famous man, &c.

*His daring mood protects him still,
For this—the robber's simple plan,
That they should take—who have the will,
And they should keep—who can.
And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snows;
The eagle he is lord above,
And Rob is lord below.*

Chorus.—A famous man, &c.

* The words of this Song are varied, for the purpose of being set to Music, from the first lines of a Poem by Wordsworth, called “Rob Roy's Grave.”

JEAN M'ALPINE is heard in loud expostulation with FRANK OSBALDISTONE and the BAILIE. The party look round ungrily, and then at each other with surprise.—The sleeper raises his head, and discovers the features of Dougal.—He secures his sword and target, and resumes his position as the new comers enter, L.H.

Jean. Indeed, gentlemen, my house is taken up wi' them that will not like to be intruded on.

Frank. But, my good woman, we are dying with hunger.

Bailie. Starving! Six hours since I tasted a morsel, except the rough, tough legs of an old moorcock.

(Crosses to R.H. near the fire.)

Jean. You'd better go farther than fare worse.

Bailie. I've other eggs upon the spit.—I'll not stir, woman.

Jean. Well, well; a wilful man must have his way.—But I wash my hands on't.

Frank. I must make the best apology I can to your guests, but as they are so few, I hope little will be required for adding two more to their company.—[Exit Jean M'Alpine, L.H.]—(The Bailie has turned up a meal-tub, and seated himself very composedly near the fire.)

Galb. You make yourself at home, sir!

(To the Bailie, who looks up.)

Frank. We usually do, sir—(Advancing.)—when we enter a house of entertainment.

Bailie. Pray, gentlemen, don't be angry;—we are only bits of Glasgow bodics, travelling to get in some siller.

M'Stuart. Did you not see by the white wand at the door, that the public-house was occupied?

Frank. The white wand!—I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country, but I am yet to learn how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.

Bailie. There is no reason for it, gentlemen;—we mean no offence, and if a stowp of brandy will make up the quarrel—

Galb. Damn your brandy!

Bailie. That's civil! you seem to have had too much already, to judge by your manners.

M^cStuart. We desire neither your brandy nor your company.

Galb. If ye be pretty men, draw.—(*Unsheaths his sword;—Allan, M^cStuart, and Frank do the same.*)

Bailie. (*Starts up.*) I am neither a pretty man, nor have I any thing to draw; but, by the soul of my father, the Deacon, I'll not take a blow without giving a thrust!—(*Runs to the fire, and seizes a red-hot poker.*)—So, he that likes it, has it!

• (*As they make a till at each other, Dougal starts up, and darts between the Bailie and M^cStuart.*)

Dougl. Her own self has eaten the town-bread o' Glasgow, and she'll fight for Bailie Jarvie at Aberfoil;—troth, will she!

Allan. Hold! hold! the quarrel's not mortal,—and the gentlemen have given reasonable satisfaction.

Bailie. I'm glad to hear it.

Galb. Well, well, as the gentlemen have shewn themselves men of honour—

M^cStuart. But saw ever any body a decent gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before?—Figh! my bonnie pladdie smells like a singed sheep's head!

Bailie. Let that be no hinderance to good fellowship; there's always a plaister for a broken head:—if I've burnt your pladdie, I can mend it with a new one;—I'm a weaver.

M^cStuart. But the next time you fight, let it be with your sword, and not like a wild Indian.

Bailie. My conscience! every man must do as he can:—I was obliged to grip at the first thing that offered, and as I'm a Bailie, I wouldn't wish a better.

Galb. Come, fill a brinner! let's drink, and agree like honest fellows!

(Frank and Galbraith have paused at the interference of Dougal, who leaves the hut during the parley, unnoticed.—Galbraith then turns to the table, after sheathing his sword.—Frank does the same, and the Bailie replaces the poker.)

Bailie. Well, now I find there's no hole in my wame, I sha'n't be the worse for putting something into it.

(Seats himself.—He and Galbraith and Allan converse apart.—Andrew, with a letter in his hand, appears at D.F.I.H. terrified for fear of intruding.—Frank beckons him forward.)

And. I'm an honest lad, sir,—I would not part with your honour lightly;—but, the—the—the—read that!

Frank. 'Tis from Campbell!—*(Reads.)*—“*There are hawks abroad, and I cannot meet you at Aberfoil, as intended. The bearer is faithful, and may be trusted; he will guide you to a place where we shall be safe, and free to look after certain affairs, in which I hope to be your guidance.*”

“ROBERT M'GREGOR CAMPBELL.”

Hawks! he means the government forces.—From whom did you receive this?

And. From a Highland devil wi' red hair—that—that—*(Andrew perceives Dougal's head at the window, L.H.)*

Frank. Have the horses saddled, and be ready at a minute's notice.—*(Dougal, satisfied that the letter has been read, disappears.)*

And. De'il be in my feet if I stir a toe's length further;—to gang into Rob Roy's country, is a mere tempting o' Providence.

Frank. Wait without! one way or other I will determine speedily. *[Exit Andrew, L.H.]*

Bailie. Let Glasgow flourish!—I'll hear no language offensive to the Duke of Argyle, and the name of Campbell;—remember the poker.—My conscience!—I say, he's a credit to the country, and a friend to our town and trade! *(They all rise.)*

Galb. Ah! there'll be a new world soon.—We shall have no Campbells cocking their bonnets so high, and protecting thieves and murderers, to harry and spoil better men, and more loyal clans!

Bailie. More loyal clans, I grant you;—but no better men.

Galb. No! *(Laying his hand on his sword.)*

Frank. Pray, gentlemen, do not renew your quarrel:—in a few moments we part company.

M^cStuart. That's true; why should we make hot blood? But we are plagued and harried here, sir, with meetings, to put down Rob Roy! I have chased the M^cGregor, sir, like a red deer!—had him at bay,—and still the Duke of Argyle gives him shelter;—it's enough to make one mad!—but I'd give something to be as near him as I have been.

Bailie. You'll forgive me for speaking my mind;—but it's my thought, you'd ha' given the best button in your bonnet to have been as far away from Rob Roy as you are now!—My conscience! my hot poker would have been nothing to his claymore.

M^cStuart. A word more o'the poker, and by my soul, I'll make you eat your words, and a handful o'cold steel—

Frank. Come, come, gentlemen, let us be all friends here; and drink to all friends far away.

SONG—FRANK.

(The Words by Burns.)

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o'lang syne?*

*For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

*An' here's a hand, my trusty friend,
An' gi'e's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll toom the stowp to friendship's growth,
An' days o' lang syne.*

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

*An' surely you'll be your pint stowp,
An' surely I'll be mine;
An' we'll tak' a right gude willy-wacht,
For auld lang syne.*

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

(A Drum heard without.)

Enter JEAN M'ALPINE, in alarm, L.H.D.F.

Jean. The red coats! the red coats!

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, L.H.D.F.

Capt. T. You, sir, I suppose, are Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia? And these are the two Highland gentlemen whom I was appointed to meet in this place?

Galb. You are right, sir; Captain Thornton, I believe. Will you take some refreshment?

Capt. T. I thank you, none: I am late, and desirous to make up time. I have orders to search for, and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices. Do these gentlemen belong to your party?

Ballic. No, sir;—travellers, sir; lawful travellers, by law and land.

Capt. T. My instructions are, to place under arrest, an elderly, and a young person;—you answer the description.

Bailie. Me! take care what you say, sir; take care what you say!—It shall not be your red coat, nor your laced hat, that shall protect you, if you put any front on me!—I'll convene you in an action of scandal and false imprisonment.—I'm a free burghess, and magistrate;—Nicol Jarvie is my name, so was my father's afore me.—I'm a Bailie, be praised for the honour, and my father was a Deacon.

Galb. True enough; his father was a prick-eared cur, and fought against the king at Bothwell Brigg.

Bailie. My father paid what he ought, and what he ought, Major Galbraith;—since I know you, Major Galbraith; and was an honest man than ever stood upon your clumsy shanks,—Major Galbraith.

Capt. T. I have no time to attend to all this. And you, sir, what may be your name? *(To Frank.)*

Frank. Francis Osbaldistone.

Capt. T. What! a son of Sir Hildebrand?

Bailie. No, sir; son to a better man:—the great William Osbaldistone, Crane-alley, London, as Mr. Owen has it.

Capt. T. I am afraid, sir, your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of demanding your papers.

Frank. I have none to surrender.

Capt. T. What is that now in your breast?

Frank. O! to this you are welcome;—*(Giving it.)*
—yet it may endanger—I have done wrong.—
(Aside.)

Capt. T. 'Tis confirmed! here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber MacGregor.

Galb. Spies of Rob!

MacStuart. Strap 'em to the next tree!

Bailie. Gently, kind gentlemen, I beseech you;—here's no haste.

Capt. T. How came you possessed of this!

Frank. You will excuse my answering

Capt. T. Do you, sir, know any thing of this?

Bailie No, by my soul!

Capt. T. Gentlemen, you are waited for.—(Significantly to *Galbraith*, &c.)—I'll thank you to order two sentinels to the door.

[*Exeunt, Galbraith, M. Stuart, &c.* L.H.]

Bailie. Sentinels! sentinels! What—

Capt. T. I can hear no remonstrances:—the service I am on, gives me no time for idle discussions.—Come, sir—

Bailie. O, very well, very well, sir.—You're welcome to a tune on your own fiddle, but if I don't make you dance to it before I've done, my name's not Jai-vic!—Gude save us!—Arrest a Bailie!—a free Bui-gess—a Magistrate!—My conscience!

[*Exit, L.H. following Capt. Thornton and Frank.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Clachan of Aberfoil.—The Inn on L.H.—Two sentinels parading before the door.—A few miserable-looking, low-roofed hovels in various parts under the craigs, which rise immediately behind them, interspersed with brush-wood, &c. The back of the scene exhibits the distant Highland country.—Part of a house conspicuous near the front, on R.H.—The soldiers are reposing in groups: their arms piled at the upper end.*

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, from the Inn, R.H.U.P.

Capt. T. Corporal, make the men fall in,—these gentlemen must be taken with us;—I cannot spare a man to guard them here. Is the serjeant on the look out?

Corp. Yes, your honour.

Capt. T. Come, my lads, get under arms!—(The men put their provisions in their knapsacks, and sling their canteens.)—I cannot be mistaken;—the rangers must be the persons described by *Rashleigh Osbaldistone*. Yet his own relative, one would,

think, might have been overlooked. No, no; he is one that makes no exceptions! The self-interested wretch that would have first betrayed his country, and now his dearest friends, respects no tie of honour, kindred, or affection. Sentinels, bring out your prisoners!

(The sentinels enter the hut.—At the same instant a noise heard without; the Serjeant and two men dragging forward Dougal, R.H.V.B. followed by the inhabitants of the village; consisting of women and children, with a very small proportion of young boys and old men, evidently infirm, and clad in the wildest attire: they are eager for the safety of Dougal, and with difficulty suppress their enmity to the soldiers.)

Dougl. Oigh! Oigh!

Serj. Bring him along!

People. Oigh! Oigh! poor Dougal!

Capt. T. Cease this howling, and let the man be heard.

Serj. We caught this fellow lurking behind the Inn, Capt'n;—he confesses to have seen Rob Roy within half an hour.

Capt. T. How many men had he with him, fellow, when you parted?

Dougl. She cannot just be sure about that.

Capt. T. Your life depends upon your answer.—How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him?

Dougl. Not above half so many as there are here now.

Capt. T. And what thieves' errand were you dispatched upon?—*(Dougal looks about him, as beset with doubt and difficulty.)*—Speak, rascal, instantly! I'll not give you time to hatch a lie:—what errand?

Dougl. Just to see what your honour and the red coats were doing at Aberfoil.—*(At this time Frank and the Bailie arrive in front, R.H.)*

Bailie. Mercy on us! if they hav'n't gripped the poor creature Dougal. Captain, I'll put in bail, sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature.

Capt. T. You know him then! are interested for his safety?

Bailie. He did me a good turn when I was sore be-
set, and I—

Capt. T. Mr. Jarvie, you will please to recollect, that for the present you likewise are a prisoner.

Bailie. I take you all to witness the Captain refuses sufficient bail!—the Dougal creature has a good action of wrongous imprisonment, and I'll see him righted!

Capt. T. Mr. Jarvie, unless you keep your opinions to yourself, I shall resort to unpleasant measures.

Bailie. My conscience!

(At this time Rob Roy, in his Highland dress, but unarmed, appears in the back-ground, R.H.U.B. and listens to the examination of Dougal.)

Capt. T. Now, my friend, let us understand each other.—You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree;—but, come,—if you will lead me and a small party to the place where you left your master, you shall then go about your business, and I'll give you five guineas earnest to boot.

Doug. Oigh! Oigh! she cannot do that,—she'd rather be hanged!

Capt. T. Hanged then you shall be!

Bailie. Hanged!—My conscience!

Capt. T. Corporal Cramp! do you play provost marshal.—Away with him!

People. O hone! O hone!

(Corporal and Serjeant seize Dougal.)

Doug. Stop! stop! I'll do his honour's bidding.

Bailie. You will? Then you deserve to be hanged!—Away with him, corporal! Away with him!

Capt. T. It's my belief, sir, when your own turn arrives, you'll not be in so great a hurry.

Bailie. Me? Mine?—I'm a Bailie! my father was a Deacon! would you hang a magistrate?—O, my conscience!

Doug (Perceiving Rob.) You'll not ask her to gang further than just to shew you where the M'Gregor is?

Capt. T. Not a step.

Doug. And the five guineas?

Capt. T. Here they are!

Bailie. The Dougal creature's worse than I thought him!—a worldly and perfidious creature!—My father, the Deacon, (rest be with him, honest man!) used to say, that gold slew more souls than the sword did bodies:—and it's true,—it's true!

Capt. T. Mr. Osbaldistone, and you, Mr. Jarvie, if loyal and peaceable subjects, will not regret being detained a few hours, when it is essential to the king's service;—if otherwise, I need no excuse for acting according to my duty.—(To Dougal.)—Now, observe, if you attempt to deceive me, you die by my hand!

Bailie. Lord save us!

(Here two sentinels place themselves on each side the Bailie, who looks at them with mingled anger and dismay;—the same ceremony is observed with Frank. Dougal leads the march, taking an opportunity to exchange a glance of recognition and understanding with Rob.)

Capt. T. March!

(Military Music, which dies away as the party gradually disappear; R. H. U. E.)

Enter ROB, L. H. U. E. and as it ceases, RASHLEIGH advances from behind the hut, R. H.

Rob. Who'd have thought Dougal has so much wense under that ragged red poll of his.

Rash. Did he act then by your direction?

Rob. Troth did he;—and well acted it was!—he'll

lead the Saxon Captain up the Loch ; but not a red coat will come back to tell what they landed in.

Rash. And their prisoners ;—my cousin, and the Bailie ?

Rob. They'll be safe enough while Dougal's with them.

Rash. Perhaps not. (*Apart.*)

Rob. Fetch my claymore and rifle some of you ! I must away.

Rash. If Thornton has been fool enough to be led into an ambushade :—this opportunity shall not be lost ! (*Apart.*)

Rob. My dirk, and claymore ! I must attack these buzzards in the rear. (*A boy runs into the hut.*)

Rash. A word, M'Gregor ! you told me your whole force was disposed to watch the different parties sent to surprize you.

Rob. I did !

Rash. How then have you been able to provide so suddenly, for this unexpected party of Thornton's ?

Rob. Look around you !

Rash. Well ?

Rob. Think you any but old men, women, and bairns, would stand idle when King James's cause, or M'Gregor's safety needed them ? Ten determined men might keep the pass of Lochard against a hundred ;—and I sent every man forward, that had strength to wield a dirk or draw a trigger.

Rash. Indeed !—Move on then !

(Rob looks toward the direction taken by the soldiers ;—the Boy returns from the hut with his dirk and claymore, which are instantly snatched from him by Rashleigh.)

Now ! now ! Galbraith ! M'Stuart !

(The People shout !—Rob, seeing himself betrayed, springs upon Rashleigh, grips his sword-arm, and wrenches the dirk from him.)

—At the same instant, Galbraith, with three or

four dismounted troopers, enter, l.h. and level at Rob;—he pauses,—throws Rashleigh from him, and is darting off, on r.h. when M^cStuart meets him in the same manner; and Allan, with infantry, fills up the background.)

Rash. Now, M^cGregor, we meet as befits us, for the first time.

Rob. But not the last!—Oh villain! villain! villain!

Rash. I should better have deserved that reproach, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country; but I have done my best to atone for my errors. Galbraith, let him be mounted on the same horse with the strongest trooper of our squadron, buckled in the same belt, and guarded on every side, 'till he's safe in the garrison. (*They bind Rob Roy.*)

Rob. There's a day of reckoning at hand! think on't!—dream on't!—there's not a red M^cGregor in the country, but this time forward marks you for a traitor's doom;—there's a day to come!—You have not yet subdued Rob Roy!

Rash. Away with him!

FINALE.

HIGHLANDERS and SOLDIERS.

High. & } Tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell,
Soldiers. }

Highlanders. M^cGregor's } found,

Soldiers. The Robber's } bound;
Highlanders. M^cGregor's }

Soldiers. The Traitor's }

*The wailing clans shall hear his knell;—
Whose battle cry,
Was "win or die!"*

SOLO.—KATTY.

*Guardian spirits of the brave,
Freedom grant, the chieftain save.*

Full Cho. Tramp, tramp, &c.

[Exeunt, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A romantic pass, bordering the Loch.
—On each side, precipitous rocks.—A track
winding along the water's edge, under the base
of the mountain, seen in the perspective.*

CAPTAIN THORNTON'S party march in, R.H.—
FRANK, BAILIE JARVIE, DOUGAL, &c.

Capt. T. Halt! Front! now, sir, you wish to speak with me.

Bailie. Yes, Captain, I crave that liberty; and, for the sake of all concerned, I'm sorry you did not grant it a full half hour gone by; but it's my sincere advice, for the sake of your friends in general, and myself in particular, that you make the best of your way back again to a place of safety; if you do not, by the hand o' my body, there isn't one of us will go home to tell the tale.

Capt. T. Make yourself easy, sir.

Bailie. Easy! I can't, sir:—he'll have us all butchered. *(Apart)*

Capt. T. As you are friends of the government, gentlemen, you will be happy to learn, that it is impossible, the gang of ruffians can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. Various strong parties from

the garrison, secure the hills in different parts: three hundred Highlanders are in possession of the upper: while Major Galbraith and his troopers occupy the lower passes of this country.

Bailie. Ah! that sounds all very well;—but, in the first place, there's more brandy than brains in Major Galbraith; in the next, I wouldn't have you place too much confidence in the Highlanders. Hawks wont pick out hawks' eyes. They may quarrel among themselves, and give each other a stab with a dirk, or a slash with a claymore now and then; but take my word for't, they are sure to join in the long run, against all folks that wear breeches on their hinder ends, and have got purses in their pockets.

Capt. T. (*Suddenly turning to Dougal.*) The route you have led us is dangerous, and therefore suspicious.

Doug. Dougal didn't make the road;—if gentlemen would travel better ways, they should have staid at Glasgow.

Bailie. That they should indeed!

Doug. Your honour can't expect to take the red Gregarach without some danger.

Bailie. The Dougal creature's right again.

Capt. T. You dog, if you have deceived me, I'll blow your brains out on the spot.—Your caution, sir, shall not go unregarded;—(*To Bailie.*)—but we must proceed.

Bailie. Proceed!—My conscience!—there's something devilish hard in being obliged to risk one's life in a quarrel with which we have no concern.

Frank. I sincerely grieve, that your kindness for me has led you into perils, in a cause which is now so hopeless!

Bailie. We may shake hands on't! Your troubles will soon be over, and I shall slumber with my father, the Deacon.

Capt. T. Now, my lads, forward!
HELEN M'GREGOR appears on the point of a projecting rock, R.H.S.E. with claymore and target, a

brace of pistols in her belt, and wearing a man's bonnet and tartan plaid.

Helen. Hold there!—Stand!—(*Captain Thornton starts; the soldiers, who have made a step forward, instantly regain their position.*)—Tell me what you seek in the country of the M'Gregor?

Bailie. By the soul of my father, it's Rob's wife, Helen! there'll be brocken heads among us in three minutes.

Helen. Answer me! what is it you seek?

Capt. T. The outlaw rebel, M'Gregor Campbell.—Offer no vain resistance, and assure yourself of kind treatment. We make no war on women.

Helen. Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies! Ye have left me neither name, nor fame; my mother's bones will shrink in their grave when mine are laid beside them! Ye have left me neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed, or flocks to clothe us;—you have taken from us all—all! the very name of our ancestors you have taken from us, and now you come for our lives!

Capt. T. I seek no man's life, nor would I rashly lose my own.

Bailie. Nor I, mine!

Capt. T. You have therefore nothing to fear; but should there be any with you, hardy enough to offer unavailing resistance, their own bloods be on their own heads. A hundred guineas for Rob Roy!

Helen. Fire!

Capt. T. Forward!

(The heads of the Highlanders appear above the rocks:—A volley is fired, as Helen disappears.—The first party of soldiers, led on by a serjeant, return it, and rush forward.—The Bailie at the first discharge starts forward in great alarm, and scrambles up a rock, L.H.S.E. Dougal at the same instant attacks Captain Thornton, drives him up the pass, and then ascends the rock to assist the Bailie, amidst a

scattered and occasional fire.—The drum and bugle heard incessantly.—As the tumult subsides in the distance, Frank Osbaldistone advances.)

Frank. The contest has terminated; and, I fear, fatally for the assailants: but where is my poor friend? I saw him in a situation of imminent danger, but I trust no random shot has confirmed his melancholly prophecy.

Enter the BAILIE, L.H.S.E. greatly disordered; the skirts of his coat torn off, and ragged.

Bailie. My conscience!

Frank. Somewhat damaged, I perceive; but I heartily rejoice the case is no worse.

Bailie. Thank you, thank you! the case is nothing to boast of;—they say, a friend sticks as close as a blister;—I wish I had found it so.—(*Putting himself to rights.*)—When I came up to this cursed country,—forgive me for swearing!—on no one's errand but yours, Mr. Osbaldistone, d'ye think it was fair, when my foot slipped, and I hung by the loins to the branch of a ragged thorn, to leave me dangling, like the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a Mercer's shop on Ludgate-hill?—D'ye think it was kind, I say, to let me be shot at like a regimental target, set up for ball-practice, and never once try to help me down?

Frank. My good sir, recollect the impossibility of my affording you relief, without assistance.—How were you able to extricate yourself?

Bailie. Me extricate! I should have hung there a twelvemonth, if it hadn't been for the Dougal creature; he cut off the tails of my coat, and clapped me on my legs again, as clean as if I had never been off them. But what a good thing broad cloth is! if my garments had been made of a rotten French camblet, now, 'twad a screeded like an old rag with such a

weight as mine; whereas, I bobbed and swung yonder, as safe as a bale of goods at the Salt-market.

Frank. And where is Dougal now?

Bailie. Following your example, and taking good care of himself.—He warned me to keep clear of that amiable lady we saw just now; and troth he's right there again, for Rob himself stands in awe of her, when her blood's up.

Frank. Do you know her?

Bailie. A devilish deal too well; but it's long since we've met, and it's odds if she'll remember me.

*Two or three HIGHLANDERS rush forward, L.H.—
DOUGAL following.*

1st High. More Saxons! whiz a brace o' ball through 'em.

2nd High. Three inches o' cold steel!

Doug. (*In centre.*) Haud, haud! they're friends to the Gregarach.

Bailie. Yes! I care not who knows it, I'm a M'Gregor!—We're both M'Gregors.

HELEN, followed by her party, advances down the pass, R.H.U.E. to a march.

Helen. Englishmen, and without arms!—that's strange, where there is a M'Gregor to hunt and slay!

Bailie. (*Hesitating.*) I—I am very happy,—exceeding happy—to have this joyful opportunity—a hem!—this joyful occasion, of wishing my kinsman Robin's wife—a—a—(*She looks at him with great contempt.*)—a good morning!

Helen. Is it so?

Bailie. You have forgotten me, Mrs. Helen Campbell; but—

Helen. How! Campbell! my foot's upon my native heath, and my name is M'Gregor.

Baillie. Nay, nay.

Doug. But they are friends of the chief, as I can testify, and came on his assurance of welcome and safety.

Helen. Dog! do you dispute my commands! should I order you to tear out their hearts, and place them in each other's breasts, to see which there could best plot treason against M'Gregor, would you dispute my orders?—(*Distant voices are heard, L.H. singing the burthen of the Lament.*)—Hark! Hark! what means that strain?—(*An emotion of alarm visible in the Highland group. Helen becomes more agitated as the sounds approach.*)—Why is this? Why a lament in the moment of victory?

Enter ROBERT, HAMISH, and a party of Highlanders, with ALLASTER the minstrel, L.H.

Robert, Hamish, where's the M'Gregor? Where's your father?—(*The young men intimate his captivity.*)—Ah! Prisoner! taken prisoner! then M'Gregor dies! Cowards, did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies,—that you should see him prisoner, and come back to tell it!—(*Suddenly to Frank.*)—Your name is Osbaldistone?

Frank. It is.

Helen. Rashleigh? (*Presenting a pistol.*)

Frank. No; Francis.

Helen. That word has saved you.

(*Puts the pistol in her belt.*)

Frank. Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what cause I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.

Helen. I'll tell you the cause. You have unconsciously thwarted him in love and in ambition. He robbed your father's house of government papers, to aid a cause which he has this day deserted, and by his treachery has my husband fallen. Dare you carry message to these blood-hounds, from the wife of your friend?

Frank. I am ready to set out immediately.

Bailie. So am I.

Helen. No, you must remain, I have further occasion for you!—Bring forth the Saxon captain!

Frank. You will be pleased to understand, that I came into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance of aid in the recovery of those papers you have just now mentioned; and my companion, Mr. Jarvie, accompanied me on the same errand.

Bailie. And I wish Mr. Jarvie's boots had been full of boiling-water, when he drew them on for such a damnable purpose.

Helen. Sons, you may read your father in what this young man tells us, wise only when the bonnet's on his head, and the sword is in his hand. He never exchanges the tartan for the broad cloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of the Lowlanders, and becomes again their agent, their tool, their slave!—(*Captain Thornton is led on, L.H.U.E.*)—But enough of this. Now mark well my message.—If they injure a hair of the M'Gregor's head—if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, I will send them back their Saxon captain, and this Glasgow Bailie, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces, as there are checks in the tartan.

Bailie. Nay, nay, I beseech you send no such message.

Capt. T. (L.H.) Tell the commanding officer to do his duty, sir! If I have been deceived by these artful savages, I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the king I serve, or the country that gave me birth. Bid him not waste a thought on me. I am only sorry for the poor fellows who have fallen into such butcherly hands.

Bailie. Whist!, are you weary o' your life? O, Mr. Osbaldistone! you'll give my service, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a merchant and a magistrate o' Glasgow, and tell them there are some honest men here in great trouble, and like to come to more; and the very best thing they can do for the good of all parties, is

just to let Rob loose again, and make no more stir about it.

Helen. Remember *my* injunctions; for, as sure as that sun shall sink beneath the mountain, my words shall be fulfilled. If I wail, others shall wail with me;—there's not a Lady in the Lennox, but shall cry the Coronach for them she will be loth to lose;—there's not a farmer but shall sing, "Weel awa'," over a burnt barn-yard and an empty byre;—there's not a Laird shall lay his head on the pillow at night with the assurance of being a live man in the morning.—Conduct him on his way.—(She signs to one of her people.—The Bailie takes leave of Frank, and he departs, L.H.)—Now, Allaster, the Lament! the Lament!

LAMENT.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
 Before the sun has sunk to rest,
 The turf will lie upon his breast.
 O hone a rie! &c.
 The pride of all our line deplore,
 Brave M'Gregor is no more!
 O hone a rie! &c.

(She sinks in grief upon the rock in front,
 R.H.U.B.—The Highlanders droop their heads,
 and lean on their arms, while the Lament is
 sung;—at the close—)

Rob. (Heard without, L.H.) Gregarach!

DUGAL rushes in, L.H.

Doug. Rob! Rob Roy!
 (ROB ROY follows, and is received in the arms of Helen, with a wild and exulting shout from the Highland party.—The Bailie exhilarated to the highest pitch of joy from the deepest despondency.)
 M'Gregor!—husband!—life!

Bailie. But how ! how did you slip their clutches, Rob ?

Rob. Passing the ford of Avandaw, Ewan, of Briglands, cut the belt that bound us ; and I ducked, and dived down the river, where not one trooper in a thousand would have dared follow me.

Helen. And how fell you within their grasp ?

Rob. By him, who has placed a brand where he swore to plant the olive ;—Rashleigh Osbaldistone. But were he the last and best of his name, may the fiend keep me, when next we meet, if this good blade and his heart's blood are not well acquainted.

Bailie. Well, there are as many slips between the throat and the gallows, as there are between the cup and the lip.—I'm like a dead man restored to life !

Rob. Drink, lads, drink, and be blythe !

(Dougal passes about horn cups and cans ;—the music strikes.—The Bailie shakes hands with Rob, who pledges him with cordiality.—The group form themselves, and dance the Highland fling, during the chorus.—The Bailie enraptured at his escape from danger, joins the dancers.)

CHORUS AND DANCE.

*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 We can be
 As blythe as she,
 Dancing now the Highland Walloch ;
 Drink and dance, and sing wi' glee,
 Joy can never mak us weary ;
 Rob is frae the sodger free,
 And Helen she has fand her dearie !
 Roy's Wife, &c.*

(Scene closes them in.)

SCENE II.—*Wild Scenery in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil.*

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE, L.H.

Frank. I fear I have dismissed my guide too early. Every step I have taken since his departure, renders my way to Aberfoil more intricate. The twilight darkens rapidly, and each succeeding moment the surrounding objects wear a different feature, changeful as my fortunes.

SONG.—FRANK.

*O! life is like a summer flower,
Blooming but to wither;
O love is like an April hour,
Tears and smiles together.
And hope is but a vapour light,
The lover's worst deceiver;
Before him now it dances bright,
And now, 'tis gone for ever!*

*O joy is but a passing ray,
Lovers' hearts beguiling!
A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
Just a moment smiling;
But though on hopeless dark despair,
The thread of life may sever,
Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,
My heart is thine for ever!*

*Enter SIR FREDERICK and DIANA VERNON, R.H.
muffled in horsemen's cloaks.*

Sir F. Soho, friend, whither go you?

Frank. To Aberfoil: can you direct me?

Sir F. Turn the projecting rock on your left, and the village lies before you. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Frank. I thank you; in return, let me advise, if you travel northward, to wait till the passes are open;—

there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood.

Sir F. We have heard so;—the soldiers had the worst, had they not?

Frank. Yes; but in another quarter, the Outlaw, called Rob Roy, has been captured.

Sir F. Know you not, Rob Roy has again escaped?

Frank. Escaped! I rejoice to hear it! that circumstance will at once secure a friend of mine from danger, and prevent my being detained by a commission with which I was entrusted in his behalf.

Sir F. Who are you? What is your name?

Frank. My name can be of little consequence to an utter stranger.

Diana. Mr. Francis Osbaldistone should not sing his favourite airs, when he wishes to remain concealed.

Frank. Miss Vernon! at such an hour, in such a lawless country!

Sir F. Now, Diana, give your cousin his property, and waste no further time.

Diana. But a moment, sir; but one moment, to say farewell.

Sir F. Remember, 'tis your last. [Exit, L.H.]

Frank. Our last!

Diana. Yes, dear Frank; there is a gulph between us; a gulph of absolute perdition.—Where we go, you must not follow.—What we do, you must not share in. Take from my hand these eventful papers:—poor Scotland has lost her freedom, but your father's credit will at least be restored.

Frank. And is there no way in which I may be allowed to shew my gratitude?

Diana. Alas! none! adieu! be happy!

SONG.—DIANA.

*Forlorn and broken-hearted,
I weep my last adieu!
And sigh o'er joy departed,
That time can ne'er renew.*

*Farewell! my love, I leave thee,
For some far distant shore;
Let no fond hope deceive thee,—
We part to meet no more!*

*Tho' grief may long oppress thee,
Your love I'll ne'er resign;
My latest sigh shall bless thee,
My last sad tear be thine!*

*Farewell! my love, &c.
[Exeunt; Diana, L.H. Frank, R.H.]*

.. SCENE III.—*Jean M'Alpine's Hut.*

BAILIE JARVIE *discovered at the table, R.H.*

Bailie. Well, after the fatigue it has been my lot to suffer this blessed day, a cup o' brandy does no harm. My cousin Rob is bringing up his family to an ill end: and as for my cousin Helen! My conscience!—(*Drinks.*)—Thank Heaven, I shall soon leave this doleful country.

Enter ROB ROY, L.H. he sits down opposite to the Bailie.

Rob again! why, the man's like a bogk, a ghost!

Rob. 'Twas business that made me follow you so quickly, Bailie, and business waits for no man;—there is the payment I promised you.—Never say a Highlander belied his word.

Bailie. You're an honest man, Rob;—that is, you've a sort of honesty,—a kind of—Rob you're an honest rogue.

Rob. Come, come, take your money, and your cup, and say no more about it.

Bailie. Well, here's your health, and my cousin Helen's, and your two hopeful sons, of whom more anon.—(*Drinks.*)—As to Helen, her reception of you this blessed day, was the north side of friendly, that's

Rob. Say nothing of her, but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear.

Bailie. Well, well, we'll let that flea stick by the wa': but I must tell you, that your sons are as ignorant as the very cattle you used to drive to market.

Rob. And where was I to get them teachers? Would you have me put on the College-gate of Glasgow, "Wanted a tutor for the children of Rob Roy, the outlaw?"

Bailie. Why, not exactly; but you might have taught them something.

Rob. I have.—Hamish can bring down a black cock on the wing, with a single bullet; and his brother drive a dirk through a two-inch deal board.

Bailie. So much the worse; but I have been thinking; Rob, to take them 'prentices;—(*Rob starts angrily.*)—and I'll give you back your two hundred pound for the satisfaction.

Rob. What!—a hundred thousand devils!—the son's of M'Gregor weavers! I'd sooner see every loom in Glasgow, beams, traddles, and shuttles, burnt first in hell fire!

Bailie. My conscience!—well, you needn't grip your dirk, as though you were going to drive it through me: I am not a two-inch deal board.

Rob. Give me your hand.—You mean well, but you press over hard on my temper. Consider what I have been, and what I am become; above all, consider that which has forced me to become what I am.

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, L.H.

Frank. Ah! M'Gregor, and Mr. Jarvie,—both safe!

Rob. Ay, and like to keep so;—the worst hour is past.

Bailie. It has left behind it plenty of sore bones; but a man mustn't expect to carry the comforts of the Salt-market at his tail, when he comes visiting his Highland kinsfolk.

Rob. (*Aside to Frank.*) Your father is now in Glasgow; send the packet to him, by Mr. Jarvie.

Frank. My father!—How knew you this?

Rob. Dispatch your business, and follow me.—You shall see the moonlight on the mountain.—You shall hear—

Bailie. What?

Rob. The night-bird scream!—Will you listen to her bodings;—now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregarach walks!—but I forget! you mean kindly.—Farewell, cousin;—farewell;—(*Shakes hands with the Bailie, who is much affected.*)—I would speak with you alone;—(*To Frank.*)—follow me towards the Loch.

[*Erit, L.H. making a sign of dispatch to Frank.*]

Bailie. What did Rob say!

Frank. Something concerning these papers.

Bailie. Ey!—Papers! why, by the son of my father, Rob is an honest!—Stay!—(*Frank tears open the packet.*)—Here's Mr. Owen's list,—“Catch 'em and Whittington 706,” delightful!—“Pollock and Peelman 2—8—7,”—Exact:—“Grubb and Grinder”—right to a fraction! Lord save us, what's this? “Will of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, in favour of his nephew, Francis?”—My conscience!

Frank. Is it possible?

Bailie. True, as I'm a Bailie!

Frank. This then, was the cause of Rashleigh's unrelenting hatred.

Bailie. No matter—we've got the stuff, praise be blest! We've got the stuff!

Frank. Mr. Jarvie, I entrust these documents to your care, as, henceforward, the sole agent of my father's concerns in Scotland. Take some repose, and set forward early.

Bailie. Sole agent! Mr. Osbaldistone,—(*Bowing*) I'll not affect to disclaim having done my best to deserve the favours of my friends in Crane Alley, London; or, that the recompense will not be highly advantageous to Nicol Jarvie, merchant and magistrate,

of the Salt-market in Glasgow—but, I trust, you say as little as need be, of our pranks here among the hills;—the members of the Town Council mightn't think it creditable, for one of their body to fight with a red-hot poker, or to hang dangling like an old scarecrow over a potatoe garden.

Frank. Fear nothing, sir, on that score. Your kindness deserves, and shall receive every expression of the most grateful sentiments; but let me beg of you to lose no time in returning home.

Bailie. That you may swear; and the next time you catch me out o'hearing o'St. Mungo's bells, may Rob Roy sleep with his ancestors, and I—marry his widow!—My conscience!

[*Exeunt; Frank, L.H. Bailie, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Distant view of the banks of the Loch.*

Enter RASHLEIGH and JOBSON, L.H. in great alarm.

Rash. Am I ever to be pestered with these coward fears?

Job. For heaven's sake, sir! if you kill me I must speak. Except our own people, we are entirely unsupported; the government forces are all withdrawn.

Rash. Poh! for that very reason we shall not be suspected;—on that very circumstance alone, we might build our surest hope. This ruffian will not now suppose it possible he is watched, and least of all by me. Did you overhear their conference in the hut?

Job. Partly.

Rash. And you are sure my cousin is in possession of the packet?

Job. Certain.

Rash. Does he accompany that foolish magistrate to Glasgow?

Job. I think not: fearing to be surpris'd, I withdrew some paces from the hut, and crouched in the deepest shade; presently I saw—(*He looks round terrified.*)

Rash. Saw who?

Job. (In a subdued tone.) Rob Roy! In a few minutes Mr. Frank joined him, and they walked away hastily towards the Loch

Rash. To meet Diana and her father in the cave. Well, let them meet;—I'll wait till M'Gregor and his band depart, then spring upon, and crush them in the very nest where their venom was engendered. Did you place Wingfield in the track, to prevent the retreat of Sir Frederick, and the proud dame, his daughter?

Job. I did, sir, exactly as you directed; and all the rest are within call.—Hush! hark!—(Dougal has suddenly appeared, L.H. he instantly falls flat, throwing at the same time his plaid entirely over him.)—As I live and breathe, I heard a step!

Rash. The echo of your own footfall.

Job. No, no! as I'm an honest man,—that is, as I'm a sinner,—I beseech—I implore you to quit this place.

Rash. Never, till my purpose is accomplished. Death alone shall defeat it. Curses on the chance that brought him to Diana's presence;—that ever brought him to my father's house!—but I will not suffer singly; the disappointment and misery they have inflicted upon me, shall be shared by them, in all its bitterness.—Who's there?

Enter LANCIE WINGFIELD, R.H.

Lancie. Word has passed, that the Highlanders are preparing to move.

Rash. Lose not a moment.—Remember, if there be lives sacrificed in the business we are upon, your evidence must justify the act, as necessary to the subjugation of treason. Now, be resolute and be silent.

[*Exit Rashleigh, R.H. followed by Lancie and Jobson;—Dougal looks after them from beneath his plaid;—rises cautiously, and follows.*

SCENE V.—*The cave, the mouth at the upper end opening to the Loch, and opposite mountains.—The moon rising, illuminates the distant scenery, and part of the mouth of the cave.*

Enter ROB ROY and FRANK, L.H.

Rob. Let me now speak of my own concerns: my kinsman said something of my boys, that sticks in my heart, and maddens in my brain;—'twas truth he spoke, yet I dared not listen to it;—twas fair he offered, yet I spurned that offer from very pride. My poor bairns! I'm vexed when I think they must lead their father's life.

Frank. Is there no way of amending such a life, and thereby affording them an honourable chance of—

Rob. You speak like a boy!—Do you think the old gnarled oak can be twisted like the green sapling?—Think you I can forget being branded as an outlaw, —stigmatized as a traitor, —a price set upon my head, and my wife and family treated as the dam and cubs of a wolf? The very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil!

Frank. Rely on it, the proscription of your name and family is considered by the English as a most cruel and arbitrary law.

Rob. Still it is proscribed; and *they* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs.—They shall find the name of M'Gregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal.—Ah!—God help me! I found desolation where I left plenty;—I looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hold, nor hope, shed, nor shelter;—so I e'en pulled the bonnet o'er my brow, buckled the broad sword to my side, took to the mountain and the glen, —and became a broken man!—But why do I speak

of this?—'Tis of my children, of my poor bairns I have thought, and the thought will not leave me.

Frank. Might they not, with some assistance, find an honourable resource in foreign service? If such be your wish, depend on its being gratified.

Rob. (*Stretching one hand to Frank, and passing the other across his eyes.*)—I thank, I thank you.—I could not have believed that mortal man would again have seen a tear in M'Gregor's eye. We'll speak of this hereafter;—we'll talk of it to Helen:—but I cannot well spare my boys yet;—the heather is on fire.

Frank. Heather on fire!—I do not understand.

Rob. Rashleigh has set the torch;—let them that can prevent the blaze.—(*March heard.*)—Ah! they come;—then all's well!

Frank. I comprehend.—(*Seeing the approach of the Highlanders.*)—The Clans are assembling, and the defection of Rashleigh has but hastened this long-expected insurrection.

(*The M'Gregor Highlanders enter, Hamish and Robert directing their movements!—Helen confers with Rob Roy, R.H.U.E.*)

Rob. Have you seen Diana and Sir Frederick on their way! (*Apart*)

Helen. I have.—Stranger, you came to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red;—excuse the rudeness that gave so rough a welcome, and lay it on the evil times, not upon us.

Rob. Helen, our friend has spoken kindly, and professed nobly:—our boys—our children—

Helen. I understand; but no, no; this is not the time; besides, I,—no—no—I will not—cannot part from them.

Frank. Your separation is not required;—leave the country with them.

Helen. Quit the land of my sires!—never! Wild as we live, and hopeless, the world has not a sce-

that could console me for these rude rocks and glens, where the remembrance of our wrongs is ever sweetened by the recollection of our revenge.

Frank. M'Gregor?

Rob. She says truly; 'twas a vain project.—We cannot follow them;—cannot pass with the last ties that render life endurable. Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink like fern i' the winter's frost. No, Helen, no;—the heather we have trod on while living, shall bloom over us when dead!

(*Helen throws herself into his arms.*)

Frank. I grieve that my opportunity of serving those who have so greatly befriended me, is incompatible with their prospects and desires.

Rob. Farewell! the best wish M'Gregor can give his friend is, that he may see him no more.

Helen. A mother's blessing!—for the only kindness shewn for years to the blood of M'Gregor—be upon you! Now, farewell!—Forget me, and mine for ever!

Frank. Forget! Impossible!

Helen. All may be forgotten but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance.

Rob. No more:—strike!

(*March.—The Highlanders file through the mouth of the cave, R.H.—Robert and Hamish M'Gregor stretch forth their hands to Frank, as they pass in the march;—Helen and Rob Roy each take leave of him with cordiality and regret, and exeunt through the cave, R.H.*)

Frank. What a wayward fate is mine! My father's peace of mind is happily restored, but mine, with Diana, is for ever lost!

RASHLEIGH appears at the back of the cave, L.H. and seeing Frank, conceals himself.

What noise? Surely I heard—No, they have left me!

(The boats are seen passing the Loch, from R.H. to L.H. with the Highlanders.)

They are passing the Loch:—I shall see them no more!

DIANA and SIR FREDERICK VERNON, rush in, L.H. greatly alarmed.

Diana. Gone! M'Gregor,—Helen, our friends gone!

Sir Fred. Embarked already! then my course is ended!

Frank. Amazement! Diana Vernon, and—

Diana. Her father! her unhappy, her wretched father! Oh Frank! we are beset by enemies on every side;—the only path by which we could escape, is guarded.

Frank. No danger shall befall you here.

Sir Fred. Do not involve yourself in my fate;—protect my child, but leave me to suffer; I am familiar with danger, and prepared to meet it.

RASHLEIGH advances, from L.H.U.E.

Rash. Meet it then, here.

All. Rashleigh!

(Diana turns from him, to her father's arms.)

Rash. Ay, I come to repay the various obligations conferred on me by my friends.—*(He beckons on Landon Wingfield, Jobson, &c. &c.)*—Apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor; Diana Vernon and Francis Osbaldistone, aiders and abettors of trea-

Frank. Rashleigh, thou art too great a villain for me to speak thee.

Can you forgive your spleen, my gentle cousin; to lose an estate and a mistress in one charge of your prisoners:—if my cousin will, you, lady, thank your minion there.

Frank. I never gave you cause.

Rash. 'Tis false!—In love,—in ambition,—in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house,—I have been its destruction, and disgrace; my very patrimony has become your's:—but, if you ever live to possess it, the death-curse of him you have thus injured, stick to it!—Ah!

Rob. (*Entering.*) Gregarach!

ROB darts in, and confronts Rashleigh, who instantly levels a pistol at him; it flashes in the pan.—Highlanders, led by Dougal, appear at the mouth of the cave.—Rashleigh's party shout "Rob Roy!" and defend themselves, merely to effect their retreat, Dougal attacking Lencie, &c. &c.

Rob. Now ask mercy, for your soul's sake!

Rash. Never! (*Standing on his guard.*)

Rob. Claymore!—Die, traitor, in your treason!

(*Short and rapid combat;—Rashleigh falls, and is caught by Dougal, who returns at the moment, and by signal from Rob, is borne off, l. H.—Helen, with females, enter towards the close of the tumult, R. H. and Bailie Jarvie runs on, confused, R. H. U. E.*)

Bailie. Gude save us! what's here to do! I fear I've lost my way.

Frank. Mr Jarvie! I thought you were on the road to Glasgow.

Bailie. So did I; but, troth, the whiskey has deceived me.—My conscience! to think of a magistrate losing his head, and losing his horse too! A little man, called Jobson, dismounted me just now in a trice, and gallop'd off, as though my cousin Helen, herself, was at his—(*Sees Helen*)—My conscience!

Sir F. Brave Highlander! you have saved my life than my life;—you have preserved my honour!

young man, (*To Frank.*)—have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her. But whence this unexpected aid? I surely saw the boats depart.—
(*To Rob.*)

Rob. With half my band, no more. Dougal overheard, and fortunately apprised me of Rashleigh's intentions, and I kept up the appearance which decoyed the villain to his own snare.

Helen. (*To Frank.*) By Sir Frederick Vernon's means your father's house has been preserved; that consideration must induce his honourable mind to confirm the gift you prize, and endeavour to obtain from the government a remission of the law, in favour of a noble enemy.
(*Pointing to Sir Frederick.*)

Rob. We shall rejoice in your happiness, though we may not share it. If in such moments, you ever think upon M'Gregor, think kindly:—when you cast a look towards poor old Scotland, do not forget Rob Roy!

FINALE.

*Pardon now the bold Outlaw,
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy, M'Gregor, O!
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland Laddie free—
Mak us sing wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!*

Frank. Long the State hath doom'd his fa',
Rob Roy, &c.
*Still he spurn'd the hateful law,
Rob Roy, &c.*
*Scots can for their country die,
Ne'er from Britons' foe they flee,
A' that's past forget—forgie,
Rob Roy, &c.*

~~Rob Roy, &c.~~

MACGREGOR.

*Diana. Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy, &c.*

*Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy, &c.*

*Long your favours ha' been mine,
Favours I will ne'er resign—*

*Welcome then for auld lang syne,
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!*

Cho. Pardon now, &c.



. Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.

